



LAUDERDALE
BY-THE-SEA

A LIVING HISTORY

Martha E. Munzer

Laura Ward

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Martha Munzer was born in New York City in 1899, attended the Ethical Culture School, and graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with a degree in electrochemical engineering. She then married, had three children, and for many years taught high school chemistry.

Since 1954 she has been involved as writer, teacher and lecturer in the field of conservation and environmental planning.

On the family side, Mrs. Munzer is the proud great-grandmother of nine (at latest count).

Other books by Martha E. Munzer

Teaching Science Through Conservation
(With Dr. Paul Brandwein)

Unusual Careers

Planning Our Town

Pockets of Hope

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In memory of Corky, who made this a
home town for me, and to my niece
Ann, who loves to visit.

Acknowledgements

If it had not been for the original idea of Saul Rubinoff, former conscientious, competent and innovative chairman of the town's Planning and Zoning Board, this book would never have been written.

Thanks are due to George Spare, our new Town Manager, for suggesting to the Commissioners that the book be published for the townspeople by the town itself. A welcome grant was helpful in making the dream a reality.

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Martha E. Munzer

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Frontispiece

A town is a thing like a colonial animal. A town has a nervous system and a head and shoulders and feet. A town is a thing separate from all other towns, so that there are no two towns alike. And a town has a whole emotion. How news travels through a town is a mystery not easily to be solved. News seems to move faster than small boys can scramble and dart to tell it, faster than women can call it over the fences.

- John Steinbeck, The Pearl

Introduction

It was in 1925 that the state of Florida became a reality to me. Until then it had merely been a pictured peninsula jutting out on the southeastern tip of a map of the United States. But in that particular year, my father, caught up in Florida's land fever, decided to see for himself what all the "shooting" was about. He invited my sister and me to accompany him on his visit.

Before leaving the north my father had bought property, sight unseen, somewhere in the vicinity of Miami. He might, he reckoned, want to invest still further.

The young city, suddenly a boom town, was in turmoil. Everyone was talking real estate; everyone dreamed of becoming an instant land owner, from the sporting gentlemen of the north to the excited bus boys at the new hotel. And we, in the midst of the bedlam, discovered to our dismay that his original land purchase was not solid ground at all, but a watery swamp instead. My father immediately decided to make no further investment.

Our disillusionment left me with the feeling that the last place on earth I'd want to come back to would be southeastern Florida.

More than half a century later, however, I — long since a widow and now a great-grandmother — returned to Florida once more. The cause was a strange coincidence more likely to occur in fiction than in real life. A lieutenant beau of World War I, since turned widower and grandfather, found me again after all those many years.

And the outcome of that joyous reunion? We octogenarians presently became man and wife, and soon settled in Lauderdale-By-The-Sea, where my new husband had lived for a number of years. Known and loved by many of the townspeople as "Corky," he transmitted his affection for the town to me until it became my town too.

The place was further endeared to me at the time of Corky's sudden death in 1986. It was during those first dark hours that a police officer, arriving with the paramedics, stayed compassionately at my side until dawn. This kindness was indeed far beyond the call of duty. Later I learned his name — Brian Behan — one of the town's native sons.

Many other neighborly acts, coupled with my own involvement in town affairs by appointment to the Planning and Zoning Board, have made this town the place in which—God willing—I should like to spend the rest of my days.

During these last months, I've been invited and helped by the town's administration to chronicle a most absorbing and unique story. Without the assistance of the townsfolk themselves, both old-timers and newcomers, the task would not have been possible.

Unfortunately, owing to limitations of time and space, it was not feasible to arrange interviews with all but a selected few. Each member of our community would, I feel sure, have an interesting story to tell. It is with regret that so many individual reminiscences had to be omitted.

Despite these unavoidable gaps, it is with pleasure that I present this living history of Lauderdale-By-The-Sea; its beginning, its growth and its journey toward the future.

August 1989



Chapter I
The Beginning



Our Town's First House

Lauderdale-By-The-Sea is unique — an oasis in a desert of towering concrete. Its mile of beachfront with low profile buildings set far back from the ocean is a welcome interruption to the giant condos, bordered by narrow strips of sand both to the south at Fort Lauderdale and to the north at Sea Ranch Lakes, neighbor to Pompano Beach.

It is hard to believe that this tiny stretch of land was once a freshwater swamp with semi-tropical vegetation, sedges and wildlife, including alligators, snakes and mosquitoes. Yes, the site of our town was originally a minute part of the vast South Florida wetlands, edged by a beautiful expanse of beach with protective coastal dunes and coral reefs not far from shore.

The ecology of this area, on the fringe of the original Everglades, was drastically altered early in this century with the dredging of South Florida's wetlands and the completion of the Intracoastal Waterway. The ocean itself started seeping into the freshwater marshes all along the southern coast of Florida, until these wetlands were altered to such an extent that tangles of mangroves gradually replaced the freshwater vegetation. Why not, wondered the first daring pioneers of the early 1900s, get rid of the mangroves, dredge the marshes and begin to develop the waterfront property? The real estate boom, the "Florida fever" of the mid-twenties quickly accelerated the process.

This was exactly what was taking place in our own region, when an enterprising real estate company, W.F. Morang and Son, started to sell improved lots in a growing seacoast village called Pompano Beach. Furthermore, Morang, deep in a number of ventures, had platted the area south of Pompano, land which he expected would become an additional new town bordering the ocean. And that's where another daring, far-sighted pioneer came in, a man from the north called Melvin I. Anglin.

The history of the founding and development of Lauderdale-By-The-Sea was related to me by his daughter, Mrs. Margaret Demko, a lively and engaging matron who still lives in the second home her father built for his wife Sarah and their six children. This attractive, two-story Spanish-style Anglin Homestead can be seen on the eastern side of what is now traffic-laden State Road A-1-A, more elegantly called North Ocean Drive.

Mrs. Demko's son, Wesley, and Shelby Dale, the family's long-time attorney and partner in various enterprises, joined us as we sat at a window table at the Wharf. This restaurant, originally built, owned and run by Margaret Demko and her family, overlooks what to me is one of the most beautiful sights on earth, the long stretch of white sand, the foamy breakers, the blue-green of the sea over the coral reefs, the fishing pier — adding a sharp man-made accent — and the ever-changing, overarching sky.

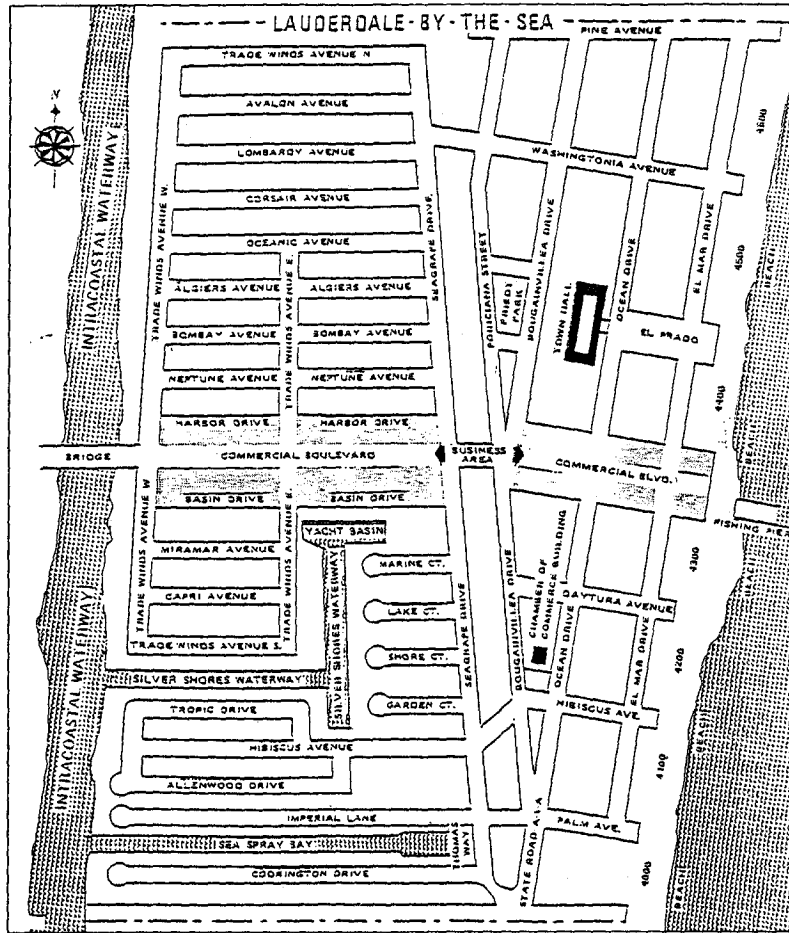
It is small wonder that when Melvin Anglin first discovered the pristine pierless oceanfront more than 60 years ago, he fell in love with this very spot and decided that this was the place for him and his family and those to join him in the future. He would buy the land platted by Mr. Morang and develop a new town.

Who was this enterprising and adventuresome man with the bold vision? Melvin I. Anglin, of British and Irish descent, was a well-to-do building contractor and real estate investor in his home town of Gary, Indiana. He was attracted to southeastern Florida in the early twenties and to Palm Beach in particular. Interested as he was in home building, he had soon established a sawmill in Florida's town of Madison.

One day he hopped into his car and bumped his way on the dirt road that led from Palm Beach to the new town of Pompano Beach, "way out the road from Fort Lauderdale." He then strolled southward along the oceanfront. It was indeed a long walk — a hike that was to lead to the creation of Lauderdale-By-The-Sea, a brand new town.

After Anglin had decided that this spot was "the best piece of oceanfront property around," he determined to supply the finances needed to make Morang's visionary town a reality. The transaction was confirmed on Christmas Eve in 1924. Melvin, his wife Sarah and their sons Tom and Bill were the first residents of Lauderdale-By-The-Sea.

The original platting of the town from the ocean to Poinciana Street, with the later addition of newly filled in land up to the Intracoastal Waterway, controls the growth of the town to this day.



OUR TOWN

When the catastrophic hurricane hit Florida in September 1926, the real estate boom collapsed and the promotion of Lauderdale-By-The-Sea was brought to a halt. However, the town came back to life just a year later with Melvin Anglin as first mayor and constable. Then it was abolished as an independent municipality in 1933 during the Great Depression, returning to and remaining under county jurisdiction, until a new charter, instituted in 1947, was validated in the 1949 session of the Florida legislature. Lauderdale-By-The-Sea marks 1947 as its official birthday.

By this time, Anglin was getting on in years. He had distributed choice pieces of property among his children, including his sons, Tom and Bill. However, in 1948, when he decided to set up a trust for all his unsold lots, he put their titles in the names of his elder daughters, Fay Lundsford and Margaret Demko. Using initials instead of first names for the trustees, R. F. Lundsford and M. H. Demko, the real estate people were constantly amazed when they discovered that titles to the lots to be sold were in the hands of two women. At that time in Florida, it was unusual and difficult for a female to deal in real estate. Over the years, however, they made a name for themselves as sharp and competent sellers of the platted land. They developed a program to keep the most desirable properties under 99-year leases rather than selling them. For example, the land under much of the Howard Johnson's motel and parking lot at the northern end of town, is still held in this fashion all the way from Route A-1-A to the ocean.

Before their deaths, Melvin and Sarah Anglin gave the town a tremendous boost when they presented it with the lots on which City Hall stands, as well as what was to become a town park just to the west.

The trustees, Lundsford and Demko, besides selling lots, developed some of their properties themselves, including the Anglins' Mel Sara Apartments (where Howard Johnson's Villas now stand) and the Wharf Restaurant erected by the Demkos. The pier, originally built and rebuilt by their father, and the Wharf, run by new proprietors, are now under 99- and 40-year leases.

When Mrs. Lundsford died in 1987, her younger brother Bill took her place as trustee of the family properties. One of the very first residents, he still lives in Lauderdale-By-The-Sea on Allenwood Drive.

As for Margaret Demko, if you think she has retired by now, you are quite mistaken. With her son Wes and their lawyer, Shelby Dale, she travels each summer to Franklin, in the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina, where they assume their roles as proprietors of Dale and Demko's Ruby Mine, "the complete resort for Rock Hounds."

Margaret Demko has indeed inherited her father's pioneering spirit. She is quite a remarkable lady, a citizen of our town of whom we may well be proud.

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Business women, rarities in the early part of the century, played an unusually large role in the promotion and growth of our town. After Fay and Margaret, the Anglin girls, along came two other women, both professional Realtors. One was Mrs. Boulware, but no one in town seems to remember her except by name. Her story is therefore lost to the town's history.

Mrs. Alice Myatt Lord's adventuresome career in Lauderdale-By-The-Sea is, however, by no means lost. Her real estate company is still in business in its second home on A-1-A just north of Commercial Boulevard. Mrs. Lord died a few years ago at the age of 84, but her son, Frank Myatt, a zestful, silver-haired man, is still very much alive, actively carrying on from where his mother left off.

Alice Lord and her son travelled from Sharon, Connecticut to Miami Beach around 1935. Frank was then a first grader. His mother, who had written a daily column for a local paper up north, went into the real estate business once she reached South Florida. As for Frank, he was quickly enticed by the call of the sea, and as he grew older, became a charter boat fisherman.

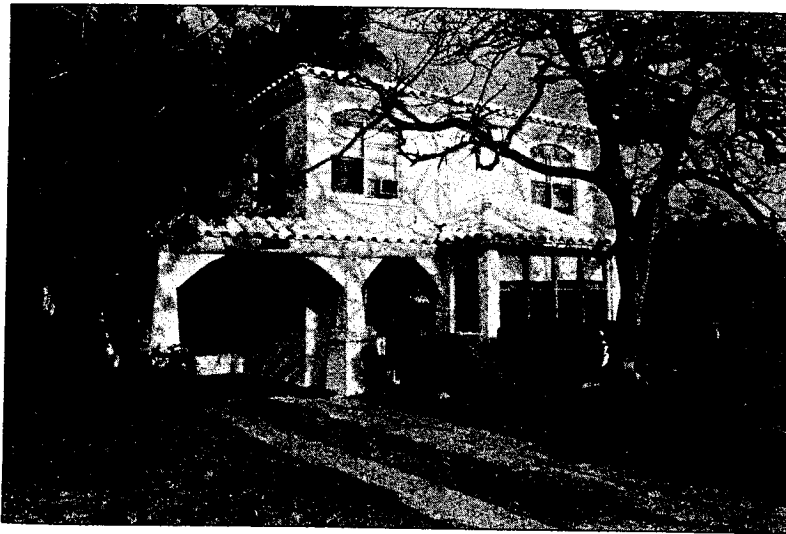
After Lauderdale-By-The-Sea was finally and permanently incorporated in 1947, Alice Lord decided that a bright future might well await her there. She and her son found a home in the Beachway Apartments on Elmar Drive, close to the ocean. Soon she opened a real estate office next-door to the pier. Many of the lots on which homes, motels and apartments now stand were sold by Lord's Realty, Inc. through the efforts of this energetic and successful businesswoman, joined by her son Frank after he had completed his education.

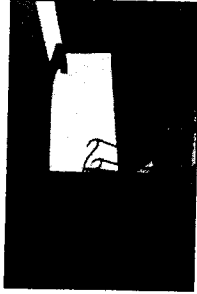
Alice spent a bit of her spare time in Franklin, North Carolina, near the Tiffany mines where she enjoyed hunting and finding rubies. Soon she became engaged in real estate in the area, and it was she who

induced the Demkos to come up and look around. And that's how the Dale and Demko Mountain Resort got started. As for Alice Lord, it was in Franklin, in the mining country of the Great Smokies she so enjoyed, that she spent her last days.



*The Demko Homestead
inside and out*





Chapter II

Early Settlers



Taken from A1A at Commercial Blvd, looking toward the beach, sometime in the 30's.

Among the very earliest families to make history in Lauderdale-By-The-Sea were the Glenn Friedts. Glenn, Sr. and his wife Lucy, a native of North Carolina, came down to southeastern Florida from Grosse Pointe, Michigan in the thirties. They settled, during the northern cold winter months in the town that was then called Hollywood-By-The-Sea.

They enjoyed their winter excursions so much that they decided to stay in Florida long enough to enable their children, Glenn, Jr. and Theodore, to get their schooling in the South.

Mr. Friedt, Sr. had made his start in the electroplating field. At the time he was manufacturing and selling auto parts and railroad appliances in the midwest, not only in Michigan but in Ohio and Kansas as well. Eventually he became a highly successful entrepreneur, dealing in manufacturing in the North and developing real estate in the South.

The Friedts had a deep love of the land. In 1938, while looking for more open space in Florida, they chanced upon Lauderdale-By-The-Sea. There was little to discover aside from surf and sand — half of the main street, now Ocean Drive, being covered with the white gritty stuff. They found only a few houses, but were attracted to a new, spick-and-span two-bedroom bungalow on Elmar Drive and El Prado. Eventually, though it was not at first for sale, the Friedts were able to buy Villa Serena for their new home. Soon they built a four-

apartment addition to accommodate their midwestern friends.

In the very early days, the only telephone in town was at the Friedts, shared by those in need of a connection with civilization.

One of Lucy Friedt's memories is of a neighbor named Helen Neff. This sturdy pioneer and her husband made bricks out of which they fashioned an adobe-like home. Gradually, when alone, she constructed with her own hands, two rental units in the same pioneering way.

Though other buildings were beginning to spring up, World War II put an end to development. The town, for all intents and purposes, was dead or dying, in the words of Ted Friedt.

He, a tall, well set up man in what may indeed be his retirement years (except that he is far from retired) recalls vivid scenes of World War II — the convoys going by, the wreckage of ships floating down the beach, the frightening darkness during the periodic blackouts.

At the tail-end of the War, the Friedts had so many friends and associates wishing to join them for winter vacations that they started additional building on their extensive A-1-A Elmar Drive property. First they constructed a 12-unit motel and then a number of others, all comprising a related series of tourist accommodations. One large lot south of El Prado and just east of today's Town Hall, was left vacant.

"My mother used to play an active role in our motel enterprise," recalls Ted Friedt. "She took great pleasure in overseeing the management of the complex to make sure things were just right."

In the early fifties, the Friedts acquired the large block of property at the newly platted Surf and Yacht Estates which runs from the ocean to the Intracoastal at the southern end of town. One of their enterprises was the dredging of an east-west canal, giving new residents on its banks access to the Intracoastal Waterway by boat. Today, the condos Fountainhead and Caribe, the only high-rise structures in town, and approximately 100 fine single family homes separate the south end of Lauderdale-By-The-Sea from Fort Lauderdale.

One of the actions of which the family is most proud is the role it played in bringing city water into Lauderdale-By-The-Sea. A member of the family travelled to Chicago to see Arthur T. Galt, owner of the property bordering the southeastern tip of our town. This area was to become the high-rise development known as Galt Ocean Mile. But at the earlier time this land was still a jungle of

mangroves and palm trees. A trench was dug north and south across the property, thus enabling Lauderdale-By-The-Sea to acquire its water supply from the city of Fort Lauderdale.

As one wanders through the streets of the town today, one is well-aware that the Friedts were not only residents but added their visible stamp to the community. Across from Town Hall, to the west, is Friedt Park. In addition, there is a sign that reads Friedt Fellowship Hall on the north side of the town's Community Presbyterian Church, just south of the park. In recent years when the church fell on hard times, Lucy and Glenn Friedt contributed \$100,000 to establish a trust fund to help defray the annual shortage of monies to operate the church.

Yes, this family has indeed left its mark on Lauderdale-By-The-Sea.

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While the Friedts were at their work in the town, other enterprising people were building low-rise tourist accommodations on the waterfront and inland to the east side of A-1-A. Still other more modest and less expensive apartments, motels and private homes were also being constructed westward as far as Poinciana Street.

But what of the expanding number of people who wanted to own more elaborate single family homes or duplexes away from the winter crowds? The marshland west of Poinciana Street bounded by the Intracoastal Waterway was gradually being filled in and served as the ideal spot for sizeable homes for those of comfortable means not necessarily interested in running tourist attractions.

One man responsible for the erection of a number of these new residences was Arthur Seaver from Smithtown, New York.

The Seavers, Arthur and Dorothea, who owned and managed a successful farm on the north shore of Long Island, started in 1940 to pay winter vacation visits to a daughter living in Fort Lauderdale.

Occasionally, the pair would drive north on the two-lane dirt road, A-1-A, to spend the day at the beach at the Sea Ranch Hotel, "a lovely place," as Mrs. Seaver recalls. She remembers, too, that alligators used to come slithering by, and at night, when driving home, there were land crabs by the thousands on the road, probably attracted by the car lights. Echoes of the crunching sounds, as the car was forced to drive over the crabs, still linger in her memory.

Yet another recollection, this one in regard to the first Oakland Park Boulevard bridge which the couple had to cross to reach Lauderdale-By-The-Sea: "It was some sort of a one-lane drawbridge," she explained. "A man stood in the middle and turned a crank to open it. There was a long wait before you could reach the other side. Finally, the old bridge was getting more and more rickety, barely held together by the paint."

One day, a truck passing over it went straight through and plunged into the water. There was nothing to do except to build a second bridge. This was a pontoon brick affair opening for one-way traffic only. The present two-way bridge was built much later. "Traffic is still slow," laughed Dorothea, "but for completely different reasons."

The Seavers were more and more attracted to Lauderdale-By-The-Sea and in 1948 decided to leave the farm to be managed by a son, and to make the town their permanent home. It would be a fine place, they reckoned, in which to spend their later years. Though retirement time lay in the future, retirement was not in their blood.

Mr. Seaver, who had himself constructed most of the farm buildings around his Long Island homestead, became the creator of beautiful residential houses, not only in the town but in Pompano and Fort Lauderdale as well. His widow guesses that her husband, along with capable assistants, must have constructed about 60 homes, many situated in the then new Silver Shores subdivision near the Intracoastal Waterway.

The Seaver home, now shared with her daughter Lyn Shupe, a former commissioner and an active Realtor by profession, is one model Arthur Seaver built. It is attractively designed, spacious and airy, with extra-large windows front and back of an expansive living/dining room, thus helping to bring the Florida outdoors into the indoors.

"You should see the custom-built houses my husband was responsible for," Dorothea remarked. "They are really elegant." It was quite evident that her own home on Oceanic Avenue was in itself a modestly elegant one.

Dorothea Seaver, now in her early nineties, is in her own right a remarkable woman. She has recently learned to use a computer. With its aid she turns out intriguing and charming computer graphic cards for her relatives and friends. But of course, she's always been a doer and this particular activity is only one of her latest. An earlier

one — an absorbing interest that started 40 years ago and continues to this day — is her work as a licensed ham radio operator. Dorothea has won a citation from the American Radio Relay League for having conducted two-way communication with other amateur stations in at least 100 countries.

Her involvement in the community, especially her role in helping to found the Women's Club, is a story in itself.

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A second important developer and builder in the Silver Shores subdivision was Harry Evertz who with his wife Darlene came to Fort Lauderdale from New Jersey in 1943. The family moved in 1956 to make a permanent home here. About 50 of the attractive houses in the area are due to the skill and fine architectural taste of Henry Evertz.

Richard, his son, worked for his dad during some of this period and has remained in his charming old homestead on Oceanic and Tradewinds East Avenues. The house is surrounded by three magnificent trees, an overarching ficus, a tall black olive and a native sea grape. Along with his wife Barbara, the couple raised a family of five, now grown and scattered but periodically returning with their own families for welcome visits.

"And what a great place this was to raise children," commented Barbara. "They had freedom to explore the entire town in complete safety, at least until the bridge came. They also had the companionship of plenty of other youngsters."

"And there were all kinds of parties and other events designed especially for them," her husband added.

The Evertz family became active members of the new Community Presbyterian Church built in 1961, which at that time offered a Sunday School for a number of children, some of whom Barbara taught, while Richard assumed many of the offices of the church.

"We're glad to see the young families who are now coming into our community. They bring with them the hope of our having children around once more," declared Richard. Then he shook his head, "There are far too few right now."

Today, as "empty nesters," the Evertzes have kept actively busy. Barbara teaches at Broward Community College, while Richard still works in the roofing business. Sailing from the Intracoastal to the

open sea is their lasting hobby. Their love of young people is a constant one.

As for recollections of the old days, there was the memory of an amazing happening some time in the fifties. Hundreds of newly hatched sea turtles, about two inches long, attracted to the lights on Elmar Drive, were headed in the wrong direction. The police, unable to cope, sounded bullhorns, signalling for help. Many of the townspeople dashed out to pick up the tiny creatures and head them back to the beach and the sea.

This incident well illustrates the kind of community spirit that has made Lauderdale-By-The-Sea a very special place indeed.



Chapter III
More Early Birds



As it was in the early days.

Hermann and Greta Riediger came to town in 1947 with their young son and daughter, looking for a country home away from the hustle and bustle of Fort Lauderdale. Riediger was the wine steward and food supervisor at the fashionable Lauderdale Beach Hotel and one of the experts called a "sommelier," a high order of specialist in the winery field.

The Riedigers, who had met and married in Bermuda, first rented an apartment from Helen Neff in one of the units she had built with her own hands. The family at once started to look for a site on which to erect a permanent home. They found the ideal spot on Poinciana Street, where one or two houses already stood. At that time, there was even a glimpse of the sea, for there was not yet a church or other building to obstruct the view.

The town, built on an ocean ridge, offered opportunities for those willing to brave the deeps, to chip off blocks of coral, swim to shore and cart them home to erect decorative walls both on their houses and around the borders. The act of mutilating and destroying parts of the living rock was finally declared illegal and the practice brought to a halt. But the walls are to be found among other places at the southern end of Poinciana Street in all their original and intricate beauty.

In 1949, the Riedigers built themselves and their children a most attractive home, constructed to withstand even the most violent hurricane. The water they obtained some 40 years ago was drawn from a well which today is used for sprinkling the greenery.

The home itself is almost like a museum, with memorable artifacts and pictures of many kinds, including two former presidents, Nixon and Kennedy, autographed to Riediger. There are autographed likenesses of lesser luminaries, too, including Ann Landers and Fred Waring.

Hermann, called Harold in the community, retired in 1973 but maintains the art of gracious hospitality. And his wife Greta is also a warm and welcoming person who is still actively involved in many aspects of community life.

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Another early bird is Geraldine Murphy, a small slender lady with eyes that sparkle as she tells her story. Mrs. Murphy, who still lives on Poinciana Street, came to South Florida in 1945 with her husband Clarence and daughter Charlotte. They were induced to move to Fort Lauderdale from Petoskey, Michigan by their friends who owned and operated Maus and Hoffman, still an exclusive men's store on Las Olas Boulevard.

These friends urged the Murphys to open an eating place in the neighborhood. By good fortune, they were able to obtain a concession in a drug-store across the street where they served three meals a day seven days a week.

Soon, however, there was talk of the small town to the north. Jerry Brinkley, who ran a flourishing barber shop on Las Olas, was beginning to invest in real estate in that distant area. It was he who erected The Market Basket (now Circle K) on Commercial Boulevard not far from the pier, and later the building which presently houses the Village Pump.

When the Murphys learned of Brinkley's new and continuing enterprises, they decided to take a chance and make a move. They rented an apartment from Bill and Allene Anglin in a duplex located where Mack's Groves stands today. They then opened The Market Basket as a convenient supplier of vegetables, fruits and groceries, a most welcome service to an area distant from such conveniences in Pompano and Fort Lauderdale.

Recalling that in the late forties Lauderdale-By-The-Sea was still

on the border of South Florida's primitive wetlands, daughter Charlotte (now the manager of the Chamber of Commerce) well remembers an organized alligator hunt in town. Imagine lassoing not one or two but 15 of those reptiles in a single day! Later, the alligators were released unharmed into the marshes west of town.

During this same period Brinkley continued his development projects, erecting a building suitable for a restaurant and a cocktail lounge. Upon completion, the restaurant was opened as Murphy's and the liquor store was moved next to it, where it operates today as the Village Pump and Package Store. The restaurant flourished, for Mrs. Murphy's reputation as a superb cook made the new eating place famous.

What was even more memorable was the take-out hamburger hour from noon till 1:00 p.m. when the dining room was closed. It was then that people came to the kitchen through the back door to place their orders. The business grew to such an extent that Mrs. Murphy had to acquire extra help. But the several hundred hamburgers sold each day were never allowed to leave her kitchen without her vigilant supervision.

Those hamburgers were so fabulous that even after Mrs. Murphy sold the restaurant (now Bianca's which serves Italian Continental food), one can still find a take-out burger window on the building's west side and a huge painted sign on the wall on the ocean side proclaiming Bianca's Famous Murphy's Burgers. Thus, the memory and practice lingers on.

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From Florence Behan, one of the real old-timers, come other parts of the town's early history. The Hugh Behans were good friends of the Murphys, having lived in the same town in Michigan. Both families had mutual friends already living in Fort Lauderdale. So, in 1949, Hugh and Florence, with their two children, also decided to pull up stakes and start anew in the thriving city in South Florida.

Four more children were soon added to the family and the Behans began to think about moving again, this time to that small, developing town to the north. At first they lived in the duplex in which the Murphys started out. Then they purchased The Market Basket from their friends, and the second telephone in town was installed. Behan, hard worker that he was, ran his store successfully until his death in 1976.

At the beginning, The Market Basket was neighbor to Place's Sundry Store, Alice Lord's Real Estate office, Thompson's gas station, and the liquor store. Business activities were confined to this small cluster of buildings in the early days.

As time went on, the Behans were able to purchase a piece of property on Corsair Avenue in the northwest part of town. Theirs was one of the first homes to be erected on the block, and to this day the only two-story building on Corsair. They needed this extra floor to accommodate their large family which had added two boys, making a total of eight children.

Florence Behan, a small, slim, young-looking woman, despite her tell-tale neatly trimmed snow-white hair, is a gold-mine of information about the town's early days.

She recalls a river, named "the Spanish," and a pond on the north end of Poinciana, just across the street from Mrs. Murphy's home. In addition to the alligators and gnats, Florence remembers civet cats and the coons that were able to lift the lids off garbage cans to help themselves, and the excitement about rattlesnakes, discovered close to the new Community Presbyterian Church. This wildlife represented the last traces of the wetlands, whose elimination to make way for the town had not yet been completed.

Mrs. Behan also recalls a hurricane in '49 or '50 with winds of 80 miles an hour, and a freak storm in 1956 during which waves raged out of bounds, flooding the neighborhood streets. These quirks of nature added excitement to the routine of daily living and the raising of a large family.

Beside her verbal recollections Mrs. Behan has a host of snapshots showing the way things looked in the old days. These pictures she has preserved and treasured through the years.

Her comfortable, cozy home, filled with memorabilia, tells a tale of its own — of a pioneer family having deep roots in a place they have valued for many years as their own home town.



Chapter IV
Banding Together — Some Early Clubs



The original Women's Club

Pioneering along the undeveloped coast of southeast Florida during the second quarter of the century was no easy matter, even with dirt roads and automobiles to lead the way. There was filled in land to make ready for building homes, gardens to plant, fruit trees to grow, distant shopping facilities to have to reach for many of the daily needs of living. Then there were biting and crawling insects and the larger swamp wildlife to bring under control.

It was a busy but isolated life at first, with so few people, each family fending for itself. But gregarious humans were soon learning to organize into groups for mutual assistance, companionship, entertainment and good works.

Among these groups, and there gradually grew to be many, were the Women's Club, Hibiscus, Kiwanis, Lions and its Auxiliary, Rotary, Property Owners Association, Women's Association of the Community Presbyterian Church, Young at Heart Club, Volunteer Fire Department, and the Citizens Beautification Committee, each with its unique story.

The Women's Club was one of the very first to become organized. The story of this club's beginning was recounted by Dorothea Seaver, one of the club's organizers and first members.

Very few year-round families lived in town, but presently there were enough so that six women decided to form a club. Mrs. Linardy, the first mayor after the town's rebirth in 1947, was one of its

organizers. The others were the Mmes. Humiston, Parkhill, Wolfe, Bartell and Judge. They were able to round up 19 others, among them Dorothea Seaver. They first met in Carrie Humiston's White Cap — a small beach cottage which today houses apartments of the same name. The ladies first expressed desire was to have a clubhouse of their own.

In 1947, when Lauderdale-By-The-Sea was officially made a municipality, a Men's Improvement Association had been formed, headed by George Widekind as president and Frank Parkhill, Ed DeBroghe, Ralph Wolfe and Frank Humiston as officers. These were the men who told the infant Women's Club they might build their clubhouse on the point of land at which A-1-A and Bougainvillea came together.

The women raised the money for materials; the men volunteered to provide the labor. Doughnuts and coffee were offered the workers to encourage them as they sweated under South Florida's fabled sunshine.

The building was crudely finished in 1949 and was called the Civic Center because the commission, police department and town clerk all used it for headquarters.

That fall a concrete platform was erected at the back of the building. The event was celebrated by a masquerade Halloween party. A four-piece band for square dancing, the serving of hot dogs, rolls, apples, soft drinks and cider (spiked personally if desired) provided gala entertainment at the cost of 50 cents per person.

A Christmas party was soon inaugurated for the children. Santa, alias Marion Frolich, handed out candy and gifts to the youngsters. The invitations to a holiday party for the grown-ups were sent by Martha Donaldson, secretary of the club. The rhymed messages were written by hand and sent on penny postcards. For this particular event she wrote:

Come to our Christmas dinner
We hold one every year,
To meet your neighbors
And spread good cheer.
Lots of fun and good food too.
Please come — we'll be expecting you.

Soon the club was outgrowing its small Civic Center clubhouse. So, in 1954, the members started talking seriously about building their very own.

With treasury funds of \$2,000, the club was able to purchase a piece of land in the newly platted Silver Shores subdivision in the far western section of town, bordered by the Intracoastal Waterway and just north of Commercial. Theretofore this section was still part of the mangrove wilderness.

Tales were circulated that pirates had buried treasure at this identical spot. Many of the townsfolk went on searching parties but all they ever dug up was an old rusty still.

As plans for the clubhouse progressed, money became the prime necessity. Old Margaret Kirkpatrick kept saying in her Irish brogue, "Sure and I want the club to be built while I'm still here to see it." True to her goal she crocheted an exquisite scarf which at a raffle added \$100 to the club's treasury.

Ten \$1,000 bonds were sold and the construction job put up for bids. The lowest bidder, after cutting out all extras except for the acoustic ceiling and drinking fountain erected the new clubhouse for \$12,000. The groundbreaking ceremony took place in 1956. The then President of the club, Marie Weisbrod, dug the first spadeful of earth, Mayor Brady provided the oratory and the Reverend Finn of the Community Presbyterian Church the blessing.

With four walls and a roof over their heads, the first meeting took place at the new bare-bones clubhouse, which has since been beautifully panelled and decorated.

The old Civic Center was given to the Chamber of Commerce which still has its headquarters at 4201 North Ocean Drive.

In the club's later days, many activities were added. Aside from the monthly meetings there are now various kinds of bridge games and money-raising events for civic causes. In 1976 a flu scare swept the country and the Women's Club was asked to man the immunization program for the town. Hundreds of people were given shots, and the organizers of the project were presented with an award by the State of Florida's Department of Health and Rehabilitative Services.

In an effort to diversify and reach those of varying interests, the club has over the years arranged for a number of musical events including choral singers, a fashion show, a book review, bingo and outside speakers on a variety of subjects.

The club now numbers over 100 and is a focal point in bringing together old-timers, mid-timers, newcomers and also many who now live in neighboring towns.

The Women's Club indeed serves a useful and happy purpose in the lives of many of our townspeople once but no longer known as the weaker sex.

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Another organization, motivated by a banding together for good works is our Lions Club which had its birthday in June 1956 under the presidency of William Bond. Only two of the 25 charter members, Mel Rice and Sidney Kirkpatrick, both early presidents, are still living.

Dr. John Del-Zio, another president in the early seventies, was kind enough to provide background on the history of the Lions Club, founded in 1917, an organization with branches all over the world. Originally, at the suggestion of Helen Keller, the first club adopted as its mission "Sight for the Blind." This goal gradually took many forms: eye conservation, storing eyes in eyebanks, all kinds of equipment for eye care in conjunction with hospitals, glasses for those unable to afford them, braille typewriters for the people to whom these welcome gifts gave a new kind of sight. Hundreds of blind men and women have thus found the ability to be part of the community because the Lions treat them as humans.

The club's first community service included the placing of flags on national holidays throughout whatever business section existed at the time. This task was later taken over by the newly organized volunteer fire department.

Most exciting were the Fourth of July fireworks on the beach at El Prado. This event was also started by the Lions and eventually turned over to the fire department.

What celebrations these occasions turned out to be! The eye-filling, ear-piercing, oh-ing and ah-ing festivities had eventually to be abandoned as they became too hazardous and unmanageable for the ever-swelling crowds.

In May, in the sixties, a Youth Week was inaugurated under the sponsorship of the Lions. It was they who supplied the original funds and the leg work for most of the activities.

All young people between 12 and 18 years old were permitted



*Miss Lauderdale-By-The-Sea
Dawn Miller and Mayor Colnot*

to vote for their chosen candidates for junior town officers. Election night was celebrated by a banquet at which the winners were announced. In addition came the choosing and crowning of Miss Lauderdale-By-The-Sea.

One night during the following week became a hands-on lesson in civics. The occasion was called "Junior Official Night," during which the chosen young people occupied the chairs of the real officials and conducted the business of the town. Following that event, the junior fire and police chiefs served a tour of duty with the

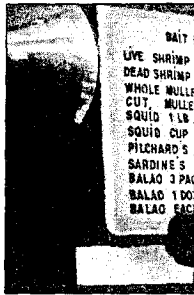
regular officers.

At the height of Youth Week's days, 150 young people participated. Other town departments and clubs pitched in to help with the general expenses, among them the Town Commission, the Caribe, the Women's Club, Garden Club, Chamber of Commerce, Fire Department and Property Owners Association. The Athletic Club contributed a final event at the fishing pier at which refreshments were served and prizes handed out for the best fishermen.

Unfortunately, as the young people grew up and there were not enough others to replace them, the delightful program had to be abandoned.

A Women's Auxiliary was started in 1967, working enthusiastically with the Lions in their chief activities. The Auxiliary is still functioning and now numbers 25 active members.

Our town's Lions Club is the top ranking one in the mapped district, which includes some 60 others. Its mottos, Touch a Life With Hope, and People Caring for People, reflect its driving force. Perhaps the most meaningful slogan of all is "When the chips are down, there are the Lions." One might also add, "Along with their feminine counterparts."



Chapter V
Our Recreational Landmarks
The Pier



Ward Keesling at the Pier, October, 1956

The founder of our town, Melvin Anglin, must have been an enthusiastic fisherman as well as a keen businessman. Working nearly ten years, he built a pier almost 800 feet long out from the beach at the eastern end of Commercial Boulevard. He chose this particular spot because it was located right over the town's productive fish-yielding coral reef. Using a handmade pile driver for knocking in the wooden posts, he completed this formidable task in 1941.

Anglin's Fishing Pier gradually became one of the most popular fishing holes in all of South Florida. Fishermen agreed that the place had atmosphere as well as an abundance and large variety of fish, among them blue fish, snook, tarpon, grouper, Spanish mackerel and pompano too numerous to count. In addition, crabs and spiny lobster abounded, easily captured in metal traps.

Wind and weather, including hurricanes, did great damage to the handmade wooden pier, so that after 20 years or so it started to crumble into the sea.

"Just before they tore down that old pier," said Tony Calderone, who leases the present snack bar restaurant, "I remember a guy fishing out there at the very end one day, when all of a sudden the section fell apart and he went right into the sea." Then he added, "It was the funniest thing I ever saw because this guy had a fish on the line and he wouldn't let go - - not even if the pier was crumbling."

It was at this point that two real estate developers signed a 99-year lease for the property. One of these men was Frank Myatt, who in 1960 acquired a co-worker and eventually a partner.

In '59 Everett Sorenson of Iowa decided that South Florida offered exciting opportunities for an enterprising young man. He and Frank met each other through a "Lots for Sale" ad placed in the newspaper by Sorenson. They soon decided to join forces and have been doing just that ever since.

One of their early ventures was the complete rebuilding of the pier. Carpenters, working on the 30-foot sections one at a time, replaced each wooden piling with reinforced concrete, all side railings and every plank with pressure-treated wood. The length of the pier remained intact but the width was increased from 12 to 20 feet. It took five months to complete the job.

"Not one splinter of the original pier remains," declared Frank Myatt, "the rotted pieces were all hauled away." He paused and then added ruefully, "We should have saved at least a fragment as a keepsake. Wish we had.

"The new pier with its vast fishing area, restaurant and tackle shop was formally dedicated on the evening of November 22, 1963," Frank continued, "the very day President Kennedy was assassinated. It was a bittersweet thing for all of us."

The pier is open 24 hours a day every day of the year, and closed only once when Hurricane David swept through the area in August 1979.

A recent visit added insight into what actually goes on throughout the pier's lengthy span. Walking the well-scrubbed planks, one is first of all greeted by pelicans, some perched, some strutting, some diving.

One sees people of all sizes and ages, some of them holding their rods in hand, others at a small distance from the railing, keeping an eye on their extended gear. They sit on provided benches or on beach chairs they've brought with them. All seem to be enjoying the

sun and the sea as much as the sport.

They've chosen favored spots; those who are interested in certain fish such as pompano sit near the shore, while others, out to try their luck at deeper sea fishing, are found at the pier's far end where there is a wide extension forming a T. At its center is a gazebo for viewing and relaxing.

A fisherwoman, Anne Terse, who has been living in Fort Lauderdale for 30 years, has been a habitue for the past 10 or 12. She related her adventure of the day before, when a huge tarpon, weighing she guessed more than 150 pounds, got on her line. "I played him for 20 minutes — but he finally won. My line wasn't strong enough. He got it. But here I am again," she added with a grin.

Chatting with a few of the older men, one discovers that many of them have been pier visitors for years, spending three or four days a week at their favorite spot.

Some of them, wintering away from the cold, travel from Pompano Beach, Sunrise and all the way from Davie to their special spot. One fisherman, Tim Fitch, comes all the way from London, England, lured by the pier.

All seem to agree that what draws them most is the camaraderie, the unique atmosphere that makes this place so very special. Anglin, followed by Myatt and Sorenson, have indeed created and preserved Lauderdale-By-The-Sea's most famed and well-loved landmark.



Chapter VI
Other Recreational Landmarks
The Parks and the Beach



Friedt Park on the 4th of July, 1989

Friedt Park is another favored recreational spot. The land, directly west of Town Hall, was originally presented to the town by the Anglins; the Friedts supplied all the equipment, providing recreational facilities for people of all ages.

A lovely Sunday afternoon was just the time for a first visit to the tree-shaded part of the park reserved for the small fry. Swings, slides, merry-go-rounds and tunnels were all in active use.

Two young mothers, Janice and Kate, were relaxing while one of the husbands was busily pushing the swings to the delight of the youngsters.

"We often come here from Fort Lauderdale," remarked Janice, "because it is a far safer place than the park near us."

"And," added Kate, "we come here in summer because it's the only park within miles that is cool enough and shady enough for our kids to have this kind of fun."

A visit to the park's shuffle-board area one balmy morning in March proved to be entertaining as well as informative. On this particular day, there were five gray-haired gentlemen in summer sport togs, three of them snowbirds, spending only the winter months in town; the others, retired permanent residents.

Four of the men were intently playing; the fifth was resting, taking a breather. The players' skill was evident as the puck knocked an opponent's into the minus ten area, and then, on the next move

placed his own into the plus ten. It was fun to watch the players — they were having such a good time.

"Often," one of them remarked, "all four courts are busy. Today we're just by ourselves."

"We're here every morning," added another. "And you'll find us here every afternoon, too."

"Except Sunday," a third chimed in, "That's the Sabbath, the day of rest."

This brief visit revealed the important part these shuffle-board courts are playing in the six-day recreation of certain of our residents and visitors.

Close by, a few teenagers were shooting baskets on the court provided for this lively activity. And the ping of balls on the two well-kept tennis courts indicated that they, too, supply welcome recreational opportunities for those who enjoy this ever-popular sport. A small fee provides families with keys to the courts for a full year.

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Across the street from Friedt Park, on the east side of Bougainville Drive, there is still another park — a small one. It is called "Spicola" in honor of one of the town's outstanding commissioners during the eighties. Due to his numerous acts of kindness and charity, city officials wanted to honor his memory by dedicating this special park to him. A placard reads Michael S. Spicola Memorial Park, 1985. Carved on a wooden plank are these words: For Those Young At Heart.

One finds the young at hearters several mornings a week playing bocce, the Italian variety of the game of bowls. Others are tossing horseshoes, a game which traces its origin to Ancient Rome and popularized once more because President Bush enjoys pitching the shoe. All are intent and skillful at their preferred sport as the shuffle-board enthusiasts at theirs.

Under a well-designed pavilion, giving shade from the sun, are two checkerboard tables and benches for those seeking a quieter hour or two of friendly competition in the out-of-doors. Spicola Park is also the scene of several yearly twilight picnics for Young at Heart Club members.

This diminutive, carefully planned space provides yet another area serving the special needs and variety of interests of a growing

number of the town's residents and tourists. Lauderdale-By-The-Sea, for its small size, has indeed an abundance of recreational facilities for its transient and year-round townspeople.

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The most important of our recreational landmarks is the beach. Other stretches to the north and south are bordered by high-rise condominiums, preventing sea-breezes from reaching inland, blocking out the sun in the afternoons, providing scant if any public access to an invaluable resource belonging to all the people.

Our own one-mile stretch is outlined by attractive low-rise motels and hotels. The sun shines on the shore all day until twilight. Palm trees planted to provide needed shade are scattered about, contributed by interested and generous residents. Shaded pavilions at public access spots — and there are at least half a dozen, add extra protection from the sun for those not desiring to sit on the beach, but who enjoy just resting and watching.

There is indeed much to watch — the boundless sky with its ever-changing clouds, the winged creatures, both natural and man-made, including sea birds, airplanes, helicopters and an occasional kite pulled by invisible strings performing its fascinating loop-the-loop stunts.

Looking toward the sea, there are vessels of various kinds — sailboats, fishing craft close by, and on the horizon, cargo ships, steamers and naval craft headed for some port farther to the south.

Closer to shore are the swimmers, the occasional snorkelers, the daring youngsters riding the waves on their surfboards. On the sand itself are the baskers, relaxing on their beach chairs or mats and the beachcombers collecting shells or hunting for buried magnetic objects with their scanners.

Through the years of our town's existence, there have been a few habitues of the beach well-known and admired in the circle of their neighbors. One such person in the northern section at the east end of Washingtonia Avenue is Ella Scussel, fondly named "Ella, the Bird Lady."

She and her husband came down to Lauderdale-By-The-Sea from Groton, Connecticut in 1962. Soon she was walking the beach — about a mile and a half of it — collecting shells. With these gifts from the sea, she started to create a variety of artifacts — exquisite replicas of birds, ducks, and turtles.



The "Bird Lady" shows her work to Martha.

Once fashioned, they were dried in the oven and ready for distribution to friends and beach visitors.

"After my husband died, this occupation has kept me busy, busy. Without it, I'd have had an empty life."

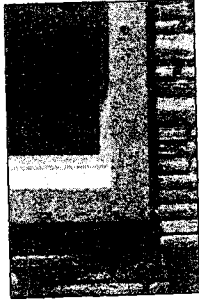
The lady's life, after all these years, has been far from empty. And she still takes pleasure in being known as "Ella, the Bird Lady."



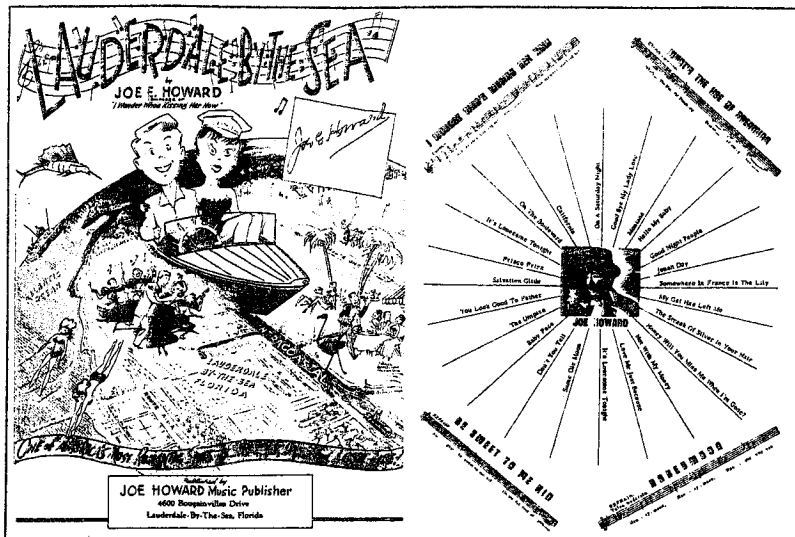
A stroll on the beach.

Yes, our beach remains a delightful one, with its beauty and its recreational opportunities and unusual characters. True, there are headaches also — lack of adequate parking space, the needed clean-up of ever increasing litter, the violation of beach regulations, the problems of safety. Some of these difficulties are produced by people who do not live here but come to our beach from other communities. Our commissioners are deeply involved in trying to find solutions.

Despite the headaches, where on all of Florida's Gold Coast can such another gem of a recreational landmark be found?



Chapter VII
Intermezzo



A musical interlude in Lauderdale-By-The-Sea? Yes, indeed! For in 1956 Joe E. Howard, famed songwriter, well-remembered by some of us as the composer of "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," lived on Bougainville Drive and felt inspired to write a ditty about our town.

On the cover of the sheet music one finds:

Lauderdale-By-The-Sea
by
Joe E. Howard

In the background, there is a cartoon of the town's glories including boating, swimming, waterskiing, dancing, golfing, eating, drinking and just plain basking. A caption reads "One of America's Most Romantic Spots to Swim, Ski, Dance and Love Life!"

The words and music are herewith reproduced. Get an accompanist and start singing, just sing along.

Lauderdale By The Sea

Arranged by
John A. King

Words and Music by
JOE E. HOWARD

Introduction

VOICE

I know a place where food lov-ers can spon De-cem-ber, May or June — The

heavens are bright, it's a lov-ers de-light... So lie-ten to me his-ter Moon —

Trou-bles and cares mean noth-ing down there as we dance the hours a-way — The

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fish-ing is fine You can swim-an-y time Un-der a too-pi-cal moon —

CHORUS

LAU-DER-DALE DOWN BY THE SEA That's the place for me — Where the

sun shines ev-'ry day And there I long to be — It's there you'll

meet your sweet-heart and friends of long a-go — There's plen-ty of

fun for the old and the young — at LAU-DER-DALE BY THE SEA.



Chapter VIII
Our Protective Services
The Police and Volunteer Firemen

Our town's official police department dates back to the early fifties with a single officer, Chief George Garland, in charge. Other chiefs to follow were: George Mulholland, Joseph Iacone, Lawrence Sheehy, John Hovey, Richard Kuepper, John Burns and Walter Robinson. The latter served for eight years until his retirement in '82. He was succeeded by Chief Joseph Fitzgerald who is now at the helm.

Little by little the department grew from one to three to six men and finally in 1974 to a complement of 14. Today, two of these officers are women. One of the present members of the force is Gerald Leighton who has served as an officer for the past 18 years.

The history of the police department truly reflects the changes going on in the town, as the force moved from a quasi-amateur group of semi-retired men to today's highly trained professionals armed with the finest equipment and information systems.

Our police chief recalls an old wives' tale of the earlier days. It seems there was one man on night duty in 1967. Radio communication came to him from the Oakland Park Police Headquarters. All was very quiet on the eastern front; there had been practically no trouble whatsoever at night. But suddenly a problem arose. Attempts to reach this lone officer by radio were all in vain. He simply was not responding. A patrol car was sent on a search only to find the truant seated on the beach with a beer in hand, listening not to radio orders but rather to music!

In the very early days, the single police officer had his headquarters, along with other town officials, in the small building originally erected by the Women's Club on Bougainville Drive. When the Town Hall was constructed in 1958, the police were housed in that new building. A separate home for the department was erected some ten years ago. These facilities were gradually updated and expanded in 1987 to include not only the latest information equipment but physical improvements as well. "We owe these important changes," commented the police chief, "to the hard work of our former town manager, Jack Forrest."

After the opening of the Commercial Boulevard bridge over the Intracoastal Waterway in 1965, the police department concentrated most of its efforts on traffic control as the influx of cars grew to almost unmanageable proportions. Innumerable traffic violation tickets were handed out as a consequence.

By 1969 our town was well-known as a "speed trap." This reputation peaked when Johnny Carson came on national television to talk about his having been cited in that little town of Lauderdale-By-The-Sea.

At this very time there was a joke going the rounds: Question: "How do you get to Lauderdale-By-The-Sea?"

Answer: "You go east on Commercial Boulevard until you get a ticket."

These slips of paper added sufficient funds to the town's treasury to pay a third of the costs of running the department.

In the eighties, however, the police force gained another reputation, due to its high level of compliance with the law and its professional investigations. These actions have become part of the countywide effort to bring all the aspects of law enforcement together in close cooperation. Mayor Wally Kilday was the first signer of the Mutual Aid Pact by means of which officers can act with full authority beyond their jurisdictions when confronted with misdemeanors as well as felonies.

Thus, over time, the emphasis on traffic control has gradually shifted to crime prevention. Chief Fitzgerald feels there is less crime of a serious nature today than there was eight years ago. "Public safety is the first responsibility of government," he maintains, "for without safety on the streets, none of us are truly free."

The beginning of dealings in 1987 with a newly-formed union, the Fraternal Order of Police, is a fact of life today which Fitzgerald feels we must accept and live with.

"Our town," he declares, "is a close-knit community. Everybody knows everybody else. We must never lose our treasured ability to communicate with each other." Then he adds, "I believe we are in the eye of the hurricane — a small refuge from the storm. May we continue to stay there."

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Our volunteer fire department, organized in November 1959, received its charter from the state on April 2, 1961. Twenty-two men comprised the original fire fighting force with Ray Summers as its first chief.

At the start, a Dodge Howe Pumper truck was installed in the garage which later became the headquarters for the police department.

In 1978 the volunteer firemen finally had a building of their own. The old fire truck was replaced with a Ford Cabover Seagraves Pumper of vivid yellow, followed by an American LaFrance in bright red, given the town in 1981 by a resident of Sea Ranch Lakes, Victor F. Tomasso. His was a gift in gratitude for the fire protection services rendered his neighboring town by ours.

There have been in the course of time as many as 20 or so volunteers; the number today is 16. They assemble regularly in an attractive meeting room for instruction and drill. Their competence is unquestioned.

This is the way the fire protection system works: in case of a blaze, Oakland Park headquarters sounds the alarm siren. Our men, thanks to their alerting radio beepers, dash to their bunkers in the firehouse, don their protective gear, and are ready to go into action in a breathtaking two to three minutes.

There have been, in the history of the department, two large fires; one in April 1963 in Grandma's Kitchen, successor to Swiss Inn, the building erected by Steve Calder but never used as a gambling casino. It was impossible to put the fire out — only ashes remained. The other was an even larger blaze at the Sea Ranch Lakes Shopping Center in November 1977. There was heavy smoke damage and businesses were actually destroyed. In all the days of fire fighting by the volunteers, only one victim was lost because he had foolishly hidden himself in a closet of his apartment. He was discovered too late.

In addition to their dangerous and gruelling duties, the volunteer firemen have undertaken a far more pleasant responsibility, that of running the Fourth of July celebration in the town. The year 1989 marks the 29th time. These festivities include a parade of marches, decorated floats and vehicles of various kinds accompanied by an enthusiastic high school band.

After the parade, all are invited — both marchers and watchers — to join in the fun at Friedt Park, with hot dogs, soft drinks, pony rides, a clown, a raffle, plus games and prizes throughout the day. This event is the only fund raising effort of the year, a partial way to provide equipment, maintenance and supplies for the department.

Dudley Greene retired as fire chief in 1988 after eight years of service; Paul La Courseiere now takes his place. Meanwhile, Greene is now director of public works having served the town in one capacity or another for more than 12 years.

Among his many present duties (in charge of the maintenance of the beach, streets, parks and public buildings), he has made sure that the brick planters on either side of the Commercial Avenue business section between A-1-A and Elmar Drive are constantly filled with colorful blossoms, small touches of beauty to brighten the bare concrete sidewalks.

"There's no place on earth I'd rather be working," this energetic public servant declares, "No doubt about it — I love this town."



*Volunteer Fire Department - 1988
Dudley Greene - Fire Chief (far left),*



Chapter IX
Our Governing Body and Town Clerk

After its founding in 1926 by Mel Anglin, its chartering a year later, the devastation by hurricane and abolishment during the Depression, our town was finally resurrected beginning in 1945. At that time a group of local citizens met at Glenn Friedt's Villa Serena Apartments to choose members of an organization to be called the Lauderdale-By-The-Sea Improvement Association. The new group fought legal battles to upgrade conditions, clean up and improve lots and the shore and make arrangements for proper drainage and a good water supply.

As membership grew, discussion centered on incorporation. A meeting at George Wedekind's home on Elmar Drive terminated in the decision not only to incorporate but also to elect a mayor. One hundred and four residents turned out to vote on January 28, 1947. The results showed 98 in favor of incorporation and six against. The new charter was finally validated in the 1949 session of the Florida Legislature.

George Wedekind was unanimously declared the first mayor but felt he could not accept because of his position at the Fort Lauderdale News. Mrs. Margaret Linardy was then elected in his place.

In the course of its history, Lauderdale-By-The-Sea has had altogether seven mayors. These chief officials have been selected by the five elected commissioners as their choice for leader. In addition, there is an appointed town manager, legal staff, town clerk and deputies, building inspectors, director of public works and crew, police and volunteer fire department, appointed planning and zoning board and board of adjustment, both of these units now serving as advisors to the commissioners. Maintenance of the sewer system is by contract with outside professionals.

Under the direction of commissioner Lorna Perks in 1957, Town Topics, a semi-monthly newsletter, has afforded residents and visitors details of commission meetings, town affairs, civic, social and church events, and other notices concerning the general welfare of the community. Mrs. Perks was its first editor, followed by many years of conscientious and creative service by Ethel McCabe.

Town Topics, on yellow, legal-size paper, started out as a single sheet. Today, there are three front and back pages, single-spaced. In the late fifties there were, in addition, local and business advertisements on separate white paper. Proceeds from the ads were distributed among the youngsters who spent their after-school hours

on alternate Fridays delivering the newsletters to residences and businesses in town. Later, Young at Heart members and others have volunteered to act as delivery persons. A yearly dinner has been inaugurated as a gracious and delicious way of saying thanks.

One of the delightful features of Town Topics was the column "Leaves From a Gardener's Notebook," authored by Elsie Montgomery, a former president of the town's Garden Club. The column first appeared in 1963 and ran for 25 years.

Once when Elsie rose at a town meeting to speak about the crying need for tree plantings after the palms had died, she was introduced by Mayor Colnot as "The Tree Nut."

Her well-informed column was long treasured by other enthusiastic "tree nuts," and garden nuts, too. Here is a small excerpt from an article appearing in July 1986:

Aside from the beauty of the trees, think what a tree does for you; a shade canopy...a pollution absorber...a supplier of life-giving oxygen...Thomas Jefferson has said, "The greatest service which can be rendered to any country is to add a useful tree to its culture." How about YOU? Add a tree this summer. Our rainy season goes far in caring for new plantings. Have a wonderful vacation time. Until fall...Always, Elsie

*Elsie Montgomery/Lauderdale-
By-The-Sea Garden Club*

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Juanita Pendlebury, town clerk, has worked in this capacity for over 34 years. Wally, as she is affectionately called, has remained longest in public service in the town's history, having served under the last five administrations.

She arrived in Lauderdale-By-The-Sea in 1954 from the small town of Guilford, in south central New York. By 1955, Wally had obtained her post, taking the place of Carol Garland during the administration of George Shea.

One of her chief duties as clerk was the handling, recording and reporting of the town's money matters. Wally recalls that her first job was to send out bills of assessment to all property owners for the new water supply system.

"I had had no experience whatsoever in bookkeeping. I just had to learn by doing." And she's been doing it ever since with skillfulness and verve.

In one of her capacities as record keeper, Wally was able to pass on some illuminating statistics: the first officially recorded town budget in 1958 was \$107,613; by 1989 the figure stood at \$2,334,662. From a town of 250 when she arrived, the population has risen to approximately 3,500 residents and about 7,000 tourists from many corners of the globe. From the three or four land-selling companies in the fifties there are now 32 licensed Realtors busily reselling residences, motels, condos and places of business, for the town was just about "built out" in the seventies, leaving practically no room for new building.

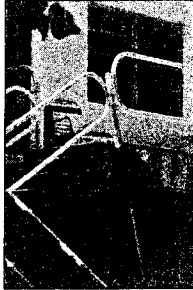
There are now 29 eateries of various sorts, from famed and elegant restaurants to comfortable small eating places, including among others a renowned diner, a popular Irish pub, plus Chinese, Italian and American take-outs. There is even a "Nature Boy" for those interested in health food and its accessories, accompanied by the assurance of a warm welcome by friendly Oriental proprietors.

There are now five banks, one award-winning gas station, 50 retail sales establishments, including the longstanding Beach Hardware, Cookie Shop and Village Pharmacy, in addition to clothing stores, ranging all the way from stacks of flamboyant T-shirts to the latest imported fashions. Then there are florists, travel agencies, tailors, a jeweler, a cobbler, and specialty shops ranging from garish novelties to exotic fruits, shells, corals and fine glassware. Fortunately, there is also a misnamed Five and Ten Cent Store for those whose purses have become slim.

In addition, there are 15 businesses devoted to personal beautification: barber shops, beauty parlors, even a wig shop, along with establishments providing various kinds of health care, all housed in low-rise buildings, thus keeping alive the image of an old-fashioned, small town beach resort.

Business is brisk during the season, from about Christmas time to mid-April. Then the town takes a breather, once more enjoying the quiet and serenity of earlier days.

Wally comments, "It's been such an adventure to watch our town grow and grow and grow, yet still retain its special flavor." Then a smile and a last word: "After all these years, it seems it's just my town."



Chapter X
Town Mayors of the Past



*Twenty Fifth Anniversary - 1972
Wally Pendlebury, Gil Colnot, Lorna Perks, Bill Karley
Howard Hall and John Forrest*

A bird's-eye view of the town's history may best be glimpsed by noting the important events that took place during the administrations of its mayors.

Margaret Linardy (1947-50) presided in the beginning when the voting population was 98. In 1949, Lauderdale-By-The-Sea received its charter from the state legislature and the municipality was finally official. Lauderdale-By-The-Sea, however, commemorates its birthday as dating back to 1947.

The town has been paying school taxes ever since, although, without any educational institution of its own, children have been bussed to schools, both public and private.

Little is known about the administration of H.W. Roberts (1950-52) except that the town was starting to grow. Perhaps one of the most memorable occurrences was when William Karley and his family came aboard as permanent residents. Karley served as commissioner for 20 years until his retirement in 1980. To learn almost anything of the town's history, just ask Bill.

Next came Raymond E. Brady who served two separated terms, 1952-54 and 1956-58. During his mayoralty, the water supply system was installed, Friedt Park opened and the community was completely platted. Originally, the mapping covered only that area east of and including Poinciana Street. In the early fifties, Surf and Yacht Estates,

Silver Shores and Beverly Shores became parts of the town. The addition of Golden Shores, the last of the sub-divisions, took place in the late fifties. And most important of all, the community finally had a town hall of its own.

George Shea served as mayor from 1954-56. During his administration the first Easter Sunrise Service was conducted at Holiday Beach. Though the location is now at El Prado, the religious rites are simple and moving, conducted in an awe-inspiring setting by the Rev. Mr. Donald Meeder of the Community Presbyterian Church.

To the great credit of Mayor Shea, it was he who selected Mrs. Wally Pendlebury as town clerk, despite her lack of experience — a fortunate choice indeed.

The mayor with the longest term of office was Gilbert H. Colnot who served for 20 years (1958-1978). During his lengthy administration the town grew from a small, struggling municipality to a full-fledged entity, a built-out community with a mere handful of vacant lots. It could hardly grow any further.

In his two decades in office as mayor and town manager, Colnot presided during the erection of the Community Presbyterian Church (1958), the first issue of Town Topics (1959), the organization of the volunteer fire department (1961), the rebuilding of the pier (1963), the construction of the Christian Science Church (1964) and the creation of the only high-rise towers in town — the Caribe and the Fountainhead, the 16 and 17 story apartment dwellings on the southeastern tip of Lauderdale-By-The-Sea.

The erection of Jarvis Hall (1965) was an enormous boon to the town. When resident Ernest Jarvis asked Colnot what he might do for the place he so loved, the latter suggested a building to serve as a focal point for social and civic events — a recreational hall for meetings, parties, breakfasts, lunches, dinners for various clubs — in other words, a real community center. A generous gift by Jarvis plus additional funds from the town made this dream a reality.

Perhaps the most significant event was the building of the Commercial Boulevard bridge across the Intracoastal Waterway (1965). Though Colnot and the other commissioners fought to prevent this from happening, their attempts were all in vain. The bridge brought with it a host of new problems as innumerable carloads of people from the westward section of Broward County started to travel over the bridge. Parking became more and more of a headache

and beach cleaning a heavy financial burden. Then, too, youngsters who previously had been allowed to visit each other from the north and south side of town were separated by the new and hazardous crossing at Commercial Boulevard. The town was almost literally split in two. On the plus side, the businesses lining the thoroughfare grew and flourished, especially during the winter tourist season.

The traffic and parking problems became so serious that in 1970 the business community hired Betty Sullivan to become a meter maid. Betty was officially certified as a member of the police force in 1976, thereby becoming the town's first policewoman.

During Colnot's administration the beach was replenished with sand pumped from the ocean, and sanitary sewers were installed throughout the community. A medical center arose in '68 along with the first hotel, Holiday Inn. Howard Johnson's followed in '73.

A momentous change took place in the early seventies to alter the future growth of the town. Prior to that time, buildings as high as five stories were permitted under the town's zoning code. Half a dozen such structures had been erected. One neighbor to such an alleged high-rise eyesore called it a "Chinese Wall."

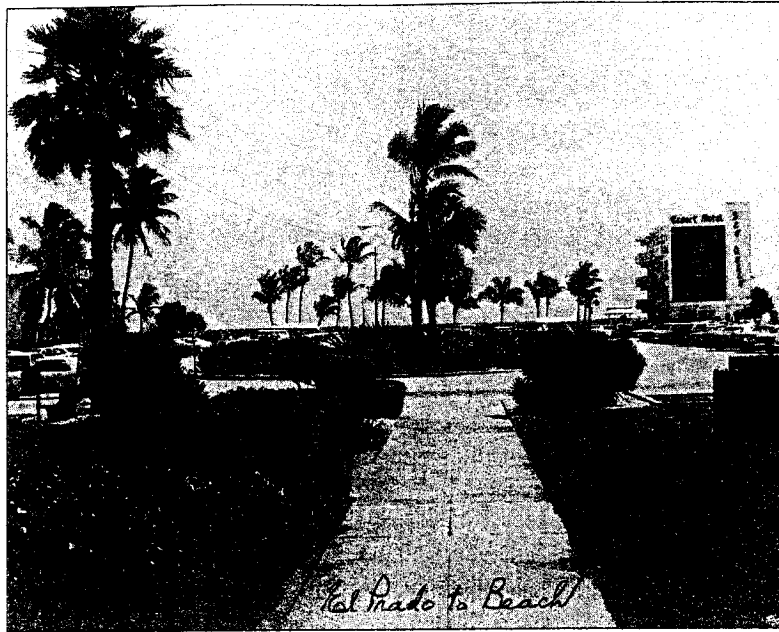
A petition signed by town residents proposed that the height of all multi-family dwellings be restricted to three stories no higher than 33 feet.

There ensued heated discussion and violent disagreement, but a referendum in 1973 validated the proposal by a sizeable three to one majority. As a consequence, the allowable density of development from that time on was materially cut down.

Mayor Colnot expressed only one regret, namely that the new code did not require as much green space between buildings as did the old. Others have voiced the same objections over the years.

Gil Colnot was highly respected and well-loved by the townspeople. A plaque in his memory may be found at the entrance to the fire house, built in his administration, which reads:

COLNOT HALL
in honor of
GILBERT H. COLNOT
Dedicated by Lauderdale-By-The-Sea
VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT
July 4, 1978.



El Prado to Beach - Developed during Colnot's administration.

The next person to become mayor/town manager was John Forrest (1978-85). Having moved to Lauderdale-By-The-Sea in 1954, John and Shirley Forrest were soon proprietors of an oceanside motel in the northern part of town. John was first elected commissioner just four years after his arrival. He was re-elected year after year, 14 times in all. Forrest became vice mayor in 1970 and eventually became mayor/town manager eight years later. When it was discovered that a new state law required that no one could serve in both capacities, Jack gave up his mayoralty to become town manager, an office into which he did not receive reappointment in 1989.

During Forrest's administration the quarters and equipment of the police department were completely updated, Spicola Park for the Young At Heart was placed on the site of a weedy vacant lot, the entire mile of beachfront was renourished, and the Volunteer Fire Department's new home was dedicated.

In Forrest's administration there was increasing and active interest in keeping the town a beautiful one. A box was placed in Town Hall for contributions to tree planting. Nickels and dimes didn't really help much. An article appearing in Town Topics in the early eighties announced that the town itself would match dollar for

dollar any funds that might be raised for such a project by the residents.

Allen and Mae Gibson, owners of an attractive motel on Elmar Drive, which they had beautified with abundant native vegetation, took up the challenge. In just two hours, \$1,100 had been raised by residents of the drive to buy and plant trees.

Today, tall, healthy sable palms adorn the once weed-filled median at Elmar. The trees are placed in front of the houses and motels of contributors. Elmar Drive has now become the showplace of the town.

Later, under the sponsorship of the Chamber of Commerce, coconut palms, providing welcome shade on the beach, were supplied by the property owners directly facing the shore and even by others who did not live directly on the oceanfront.

Another welcome improvement in the town's aesthetic appeal was brought about in 1985 by one enterprising and hard-working Realtor, Shirley Russotti. She wrote a "To Whomever it May Concern" letter stating: "The 'For Sale By Owner's Agent' signs are an eyesore, and I as Realtor feel it is to our town's advantage to have uniform-size signs allowing Realtors to use their office logos and phone numbers."

As a result of Shirley's efforts, a new ordinance amending the old one was approved and remains in force today. The signs are thus no longer "eyesores" but are now attractive and of conforming size.

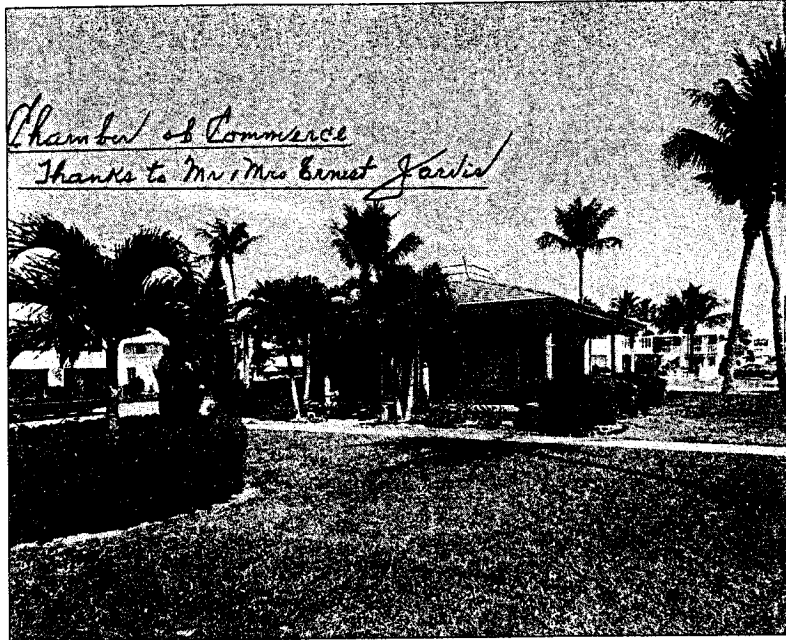
One of the happenings in the Forrest administration — a social event Jack remembers with great pleasure — was the visit of Harry Richard, the Lord Mayor of Coventry, England in 1979. The distinguished house guest of the Forrests was introduced to the community at a variety of functions and presented with the keys to the town.

A year later Jack and Shirley paid a return visit to Coventry, a city 100 times larger than Lauderdale-By-The-Sea. The Forrests were feted at a dinner sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce. How proud they felt to be honored as representatives of what the people of Coventry called "that wee charming town from overseas."

In looking back over his many years as a public servant, Jack Forrest recalls the numerous wise laws that were passed during that time — codes and ordinances that have preserved the integrity and uniqueness of this seaside resort.

He feels that what is taking place today was made possible by the prudent and conservative management of the town's finances. This came about, Jack declares, through the town's leadership over the last three decades.

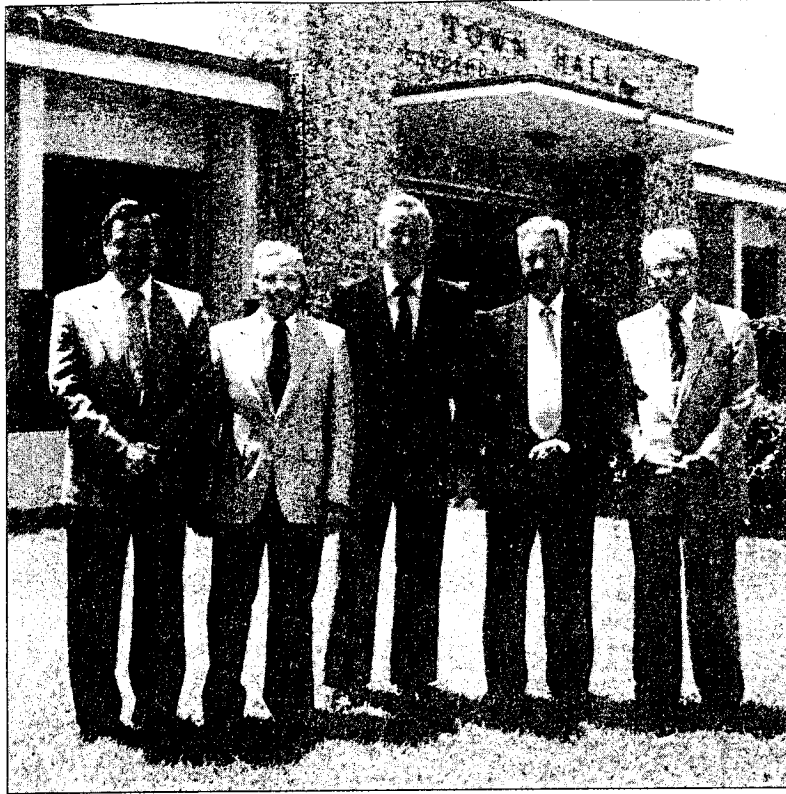
Perhaps Forrest made some mistakes (as who doesn't?) but he played his part to the best of his ability to serve the town he loves and believes in, through 30 long years of devoted and generous service.



The Chamber of Commerce



Chapter XI
Our Present Governing Body



*Our Present Commission, 1989
Tom McKane, Joe Barbara,
Mayor Wally Kilday, George Vogeney, and Paul Davis*

Mayor Wally Kilday (1985 -) was originally a New Yorker. He left the Big Apple, where he had been a stockbroker, to move to the Gold Coast in 1971. Three years later he bought himself and his wife Betty a home on West Tradewinds Avenue, bordering the Intracoastal.

Over the years, Wally became an investment consultant and also began to show an interest in politics. Gil Colnot was mayor at the time and Wally started to attend town meetings. Soon he was appointed to serve on the Board of Adjustment, ending up as its chairman.

Wally ran for public office in 1980, was elected each time and was finally chosen mayor when John Forrest resigned that office in 1985 to become town manager. Kilday's administration has been dotted with significant events. First came the revision of the thirty-

seven year old town charter. Obsolete sections were deleted and the entire document brought up-to-date.

At the end of August, 1985, the Broward County Sheriff's Office pushed proposals to take over police services at a financial saving to the taxpayers. In November, more than 200 residents crowded into Jarvis Hall to discuss the issue. A straw poll showed 139 people, a clear majority, favored the takeover. But in less than two weeks the mayor had received calls from 200 people with only three residents favoring the contract with the sheriff. The commissioners decided the issue with a majority vote in favor of keeping the police department under the town's and not the sheriff's jurisdiction.

Then came the fight against annexation to Fort Lauderdale in 1986. The mayor went on television to voice his protest. His appearance was reinforced by the vigorous action of the other commissioners, supported eloquently by a group of citizens — about 60 of them. They had been corralled by Bill and Eve Karley to attend the crucial meeting of the State Legislature at Broward Community College. The presence of all these neighbors fighting for the integrity and preservation of their community did the trick: the town was saved, at least temporarily.

A plan long contemplated by the State Department of Transportation (DOT) was formally presented to the town in 1988. Route A-1-A was to become a one-way two-lane northbound highway, paired with quiet Bougainville Drive, which was to be turned into a one-way thoroughfare, southbound. The townspeople appeared en masse at town meeting in Jarvis Hall and presented such a united front in protest that DOT withdrew the project. The two roadways are therefore to remain as is, at least for now.

One of the first tasks of the newly elected commissioners, all of whom were returned to office, was the selection of a new city manager. George Spare was chosen from among the candidates. He came prepared with a master's degree from Florida Atlantic University in public administration and with experience as manager in the city of Pahokee, Florida and the town of Hardeeville, South Carolina.

At least two memorable events took place in 1989 during Wally Kilday's mayoralty. One, a necessary and also visual improvement, was the repaving of all streets and their clear re-marking.

The second was the final approval by the State of Florida's Department of Community Affairs of the town's Comprehensive Plan. The original document had been drafted by Walter Keller who

was employed as town planner some ten years earlier. The final document was carefully and painstakingly reviewed by both the Planning and Zoning Board and the Commissioners. Finally, after some necessary revisions, word came in May '89 that the plan was in compliance with state law.

In commenting on his years of work in Lauderdale-By-The-Sea Keller said, "The town has a nice feel; it's a walking town. Let's hope it may remain that way."

Looking over his years as mayor, Wally Kilday added these thoughts: "I hope we'll be able to keep our town a beautiful one by not increasing its density. I'd like it to remain orderly, free and independent. Yes, I want it to provide the best lifestyle to be found anywhere on earth.

Commissioner Joseph Barbara, originally from Indiana, came to town in 1960 during the early days of Mayor Colnot's administration. Soon he built a home on Bombay Avenue for his family — a wife and a son, who is now a doctor in California. The present home of the Barbaras is on Avalon Avenue.

When Mike Spicola died in 1985, Joe's friend Bill Karley and others, urged Barbara to run for office. To his surprise and pleasure he was elected.

Joe inherited from Mike Spicola the task of distributing Town Topics to all residents. He is to be found at Town Hall every other Friday morning throughout the autumn, winter and spring (less frequently in the slow summer season) preparing labelled piles of the yellow sheets to be picked up by volunteer delivery men and women.

Barbara feels strongly about strict adherence to the code of limitations on the height of buildings. Giving an inch would be, he believes, to court disaster. He is particularly pleased that when there was talk of a police department under the office of the Sheriff of Broward County, the commission fought and succeeded in staying with the town's own.

Barbara is deeply convinced that every effort should be made to bring about annexation with our neighbors to the north. This can only be accomplished if all the land is contiguous. The stipulation, so far, has proved to be an almost insurmountable obstacle.

Joe points out one advantage the fateful Commercial Boulevard bridge has brought to town. In medical emergencies, before the

bridge spanned the Intracoastal, one had to drive all the way either to Oakland Park Boulevard in Fort Lauderdale or Atlantic Boulevard in Pompano to reach a hospital to the west. Furthermore, the new bridge makes it possible to plan for a quick evacuation of the town should a severe hurricane demand such action. In any case, it seems that the building of the bridge in 1965 has proved a mixed blessing, something the town has had to live with and adjust to as time brings its inevitable changes.

"If it were up to me — which it isn't — there'd be not a single building left on our beautiful beachfront." Then he grinned, "Of course I know perfectly well that's nothing but a pipe dream!"

Commissioner Paul G. Davis arrived in Fort Lauderdale from Huntington, West Virginia in 1958 with his wife and two sons. Paul received a civil engineering degree from the University of Kentucky in 1935. Laughingly, he quips, "Yes, I'm a civil engineer but that doesn't mean I'm always civil." His mild and gentle manner during a person-to-person visit and at town meetings belie this implication.

When Davis first came to southeastern Florida he was hard at work on a technical book for McGraw-Hill. He also became a member of the Florida Engineering Society, the American Society of Civil Engineers and is a registered professional in his chosen field in the state of Florida.

The Davises moved to Lauderdale-By-The-Sea in 1973 to a home on Tropic Drive, delighted to get away from Fort Lauderdale's jungle of concrete.

Paul continued work for a number of years in his own engineering office in Lauderdale-By-The-Sea. For the past several years he has been semi-retired, spending three morning hours daily at the firm of Williams, Hatfield and Stoner. He much enjoys his part-time work accompanied by his longer hours of relaxation and freedom.

When, in 1986 Mae and Allen Gibson persuaded Paul to run for Commissioner he was elected and is serving his second term in 1989. Davis thinks that parking is one of the town's major problems. As a possible solution, he favors parking meters and the condemnation of certain properties to erect parking garages.

He feels that when the new restaurant opens at the northwest corner of Commercial Boulevard and the Intracoastal, no barricades should be placed on Tradewinds Avenue West which would protect

selected residents and greatly increase traffic on Harbor Drive.

Davis also believes that his expertise in the engineering field is helpful to the commissioners when technical town problems need to be addressed.

A recent state mandated recycling program is causing other Broward communities to scramble to put their plans together. Commissioner Davis, who represents our town on the county's Solid Waste Technical Advisory Committee, has this to say: "We've been doing recycling of newspaper and aluminum cans (thanks to the Garden Club) for many years, and other places are just getting started. So we're way ahead of them in my opinion."

Paul hopes against hope that Lauderdale-By-The-Sea will remain as it is — a rare and unique haven, not annexed by neighbors of any kind. "Let's live our lives the way we want to live them, here and now," he declares. Then he adds, "I very much love it here, and will do my best to keep it the way it is."

Thomas D. McKane, III, a police lieutenant in Sunrise, is our present vice mayor. He first came to southeast Florida in 1973, married the next year and moved to a home on Lombardy Avenue in '76. There are now three young children in the McKane family circle, Tommy, 11, Kimberly, 8, and Kristina, 6.

One of the first changes that he was influential in bringing about was allowing skateboarding and roller-skating on the streets. Not only his own, but other young folks, now enjoy this fun-filled way of navigating.

One of Tom's early public services was as volunteer fireman. He was first elected to the town commission in 1982 and at present is serving his second term as vice-mayor.

McKane feels that the commission has done well in keeping town services functioning smoothly and efficiently. Such needs as garbage collection are taken care of by ad valorem taxes rather than by costlier means. Recent resurfacing of all town roads was accomplished without having to borrow funds.

He believes that if the town had to buy the services of its fire department outside, taxes would at least double. He would like to keep the quality of living the way it is, and he hopes that affordable housing may always be available to the town's residents.

Although Lauderdale-By-The-Sea won its fight against annexation to Fort Lauderdale in 1986, the town may be too small to

survive as an entity. There is always the possibility that the state legislature may so decree. Tom believes that every effort should be made to bring about the merging with other areas to the north.

The direct election of mayor by the voters would, in McKane's view, be a better way of selection than the present method of choice by the commissioners.

Our leaders of today, guardians of our town's integrity and destiny, will in the course of time be handing over the reins of government to others. "Are these 'others'," wonders Tom, "beginning to equip and educate themselves by taking an active interest in town affairs? Should they not make it their business to attend town meetings?"

"We, as present commissioners, must above all be completely truthful with the people whom we serve. This is a legacy we need to hand on."

George Vogeney was urged to run as commissioner in 1984. As an elected official he began his third term in 1989.

George and his family came to southeastern Florida from Chicago in 1963. Five years later he purchased the Courtyard Apartment on the area in which the complex containing Walgreen's now stands.

Though his apartment had originally been zoned for five stories, Vogeney supported the '73 referendum to cut the height of buildings to 33 feet. It was a potential personal loss for him, preventing him from adding height to his home, but he felt the new ruling to be in the best interest of the town. And he firmly believes that the present code should not be altered in any way.

Thirteen years ago the Vogeneys bought a home on Oceanic Avenue. George has always been an avid fisherman and has spent much of his spare time — what little there is — at the pier.

George has had a many-faceted career, first as an engineering technician for the City of Fort Lauderdale. Recently he left the post of chief engineering inspector of that city and as engineering technician for the City of North Lauderdale. He is presently associated with South Florida's Water Management District as a construction inspector.

Vogeney is responsible for having overseen the job of placing a 16-inch water main under the Intracoastal Waterway, thus providing a loop with the old system, which has materially increased the town's water supply.

He is a representative of Broward County in the Gold Coast League of Cities, which includes communities in Broward, Dade and Palm Beach Counties. "The League has given us much more clout than any single county could exert. I'm delighted to serve as a Broward representative." He also serves for our town as a member of a county advisory committee on beach erosion prevention.

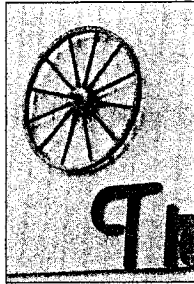
Vogeney has strong feelings about the transportation problem. "The projections tell us that by the year 2010, route I-95 will have to be 34 lanes wide!" He believes that Tri-Rail is the only immediate answer. But how does one persuade people to use it? And how are the older folks who no longer drive cars going to be able to get around?

There simply must be better transportation, not only by rail but also by bus. And wouldn't it be great if there could be affordable, air conditioned bus stops? He hopes that with better mass transportation there won't be such an overwhelming need for private cars.

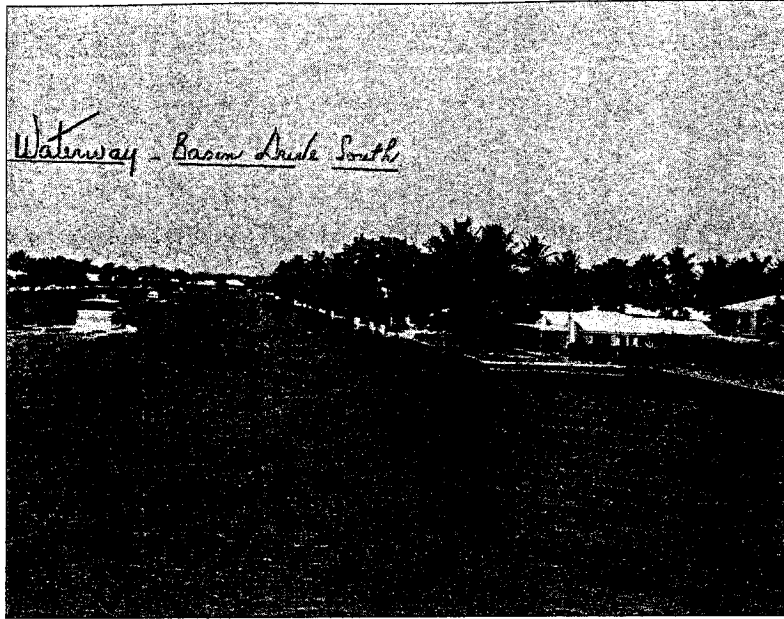
As for our town, Vogeney feels it's a good sign that young professionals in healthy financial condition are beginning to move into town. "So, despite all our problems," he declares, "they and we know it's a great place to live."



*"Hail Hail, the gang's all here!"
Summer of 1989*



Chapter XII
The Redevelopers



The Yacht Basin, before it was filled in for the new restaurant

Though ours is a relatively new town as communities go, we already have a number of aging structures built over 40 years ago. Frank Myatt and Everett Sorenson were responsible for some of the early developments — stores, a motel, an apartment house and a restaurant.

Their most exciting venture was the complete rebuilding of the pier in 1963. More recently, they tore down a deteriorated section between A-1-A and Bougainville Drive just south of Commercial Boulevard. This area included the notorious Trader Jack's nightclub, a dubious asset to the town. Instead, Frank and Everett created a new complex containing Walgreens, a bank, a few service stores and their own Rent-A-Car business.

The two men, developers and redevelopers, regret that the town so drastically limited the height of buildings in '73. They feel that the five-story designation, at least in certain sections, was a more realistic height, making it financially attractive and feasible for greater redevelopment to take place. Their view is quite understandable, but is not generally shared.

Additional redevelopment within the code is nevertheless underway. There is, for example, the complex assembled by Don Kessler, an entrepreneur from Louisville, Kentucky. Kessler took

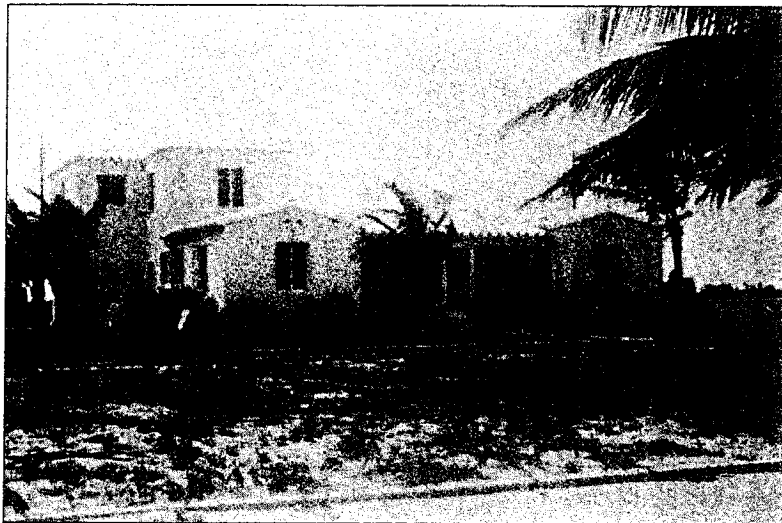
three major oceanfront motels, modernized them and created a complex called Pierpointe Resort.

Sun Bank, on Commercial Boulevard, also did a beautiful remodelling job, not only on the inside but on the outside as well. Abundant greenery and colorful shrubbery add aesthetic values and spots of welcome shade to their parking facilities.

A brand new addition is the restaurant owned by the Cineco Corporation on the Intracoastal Waterway just north of Commercial Boulevard. For the erection of the building, which needed large parking facilities, it became necessary to fill in a valued yacht basin. The restaurant is expected to open by 1990.

There is another redevelopment project scheduled for the fall of '89. Through Realtor Saul Rubinoff, the Demkos have leased The Wharf to the famed Yesterday's of Fort Lauderdale. The prices are to be moderate and the view breathtaking.

One of the most extensive plans for redevelopment is that of the Villas Restoration and Additions Project of the Friedt family.



*Villa Serena in 1939
Model for the new resort, Villas By The Sea.*

Starting with the Villa Serena, the home first occupied by the Friedts many years ago, the property will be restored to its original style and flavor. The exterior is to be renovated and the interior expanded. The other villas belonging to the complex are to have their

interiors not only brought up-to-date but also architecturally tied to the Villa Serena in feeling. Then there is to be a 4,000 square foot restaurant adjacent to one of the villas. Finally, the undeveloped area on A-1-A, Elmar Drive and El Prado, will be converted to a ground level parking lot.

There is still another redeveloper in town — The Preston Corporation, owned and operated by three Prito sisters. Lori is the Ph.D. architect and developer, Vickie the property manager and purchasing agent, and Julie the investment counsellor.

These attractive young women, originally from Chicago, had spent their childhood vacation days starting in 1966 in Fort Lauderdale, where their father, a builder and property manager, owned a condominium on Galt Ocean Mile. They remember their many childhood hikes northward for ice cream treats or corn dogs. They also recall the fun of going window shopping along the beachside stores.

From girlhood on, Lauderdale-By-The-Sea became a very special place for the Prito girls. So when they decided to go into business together in 1984, Commercial Boulevard seemed the ideal location for their professional headquarters.

They have already redeveloped three private residences, erected a group of townhouses and a 12-unit apartment building and have renovated more than 70 apartments in town.

Most recently, the new headquarters for the Preston Corporation on Commercial Boulevard has been refurbished without and within. The Pritos, eager to redevelop some other aging properties, hope that sometime in the future the town will consider new and creative plans for land use, which would allow a somewhat greater density of housing in certain selected areas.

Since parking is definitely the town's number one problem, the Pritos make this suggestion: why not explore the possibility of an arrangement with the Benihana of Tokyo restaurant to put a garage, camouflaged as an office building, on their more than ample parking lot?

If this were possible, visitors would have to pass through an entire business section along Commercial to get to the beach. This arrangement would turn out to be a blessing for car owners as well as a bonanza for the town's merchants.

To sum up the attitude of the Prito sisters in regard to

Lauderdale-By-The-Sea, they agree that the present day charm and beauty of the town should remain timeless. "This town's obvious determination to stay that way is indeed commendable."

Then follows this stipulation, "Yet this diamond which we hold will only retain its lustre if we all work together to make it shine. We love doing business here and intend to keep making a contribution to our town's value, whenever we can."

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All developers and redevelopers need to take into consideration important town statistics. It is, for example, significant to note that the total number of living units, including single, duplex, condos and other multi-family living quarters adds up to 3,660, while the business and professional offices number about 240. It is estimated that there are some 3,500 year-round residents and somewhere between 7,000 and 8,000 visitors during the season.

As to the fiscal well-being of the community, George Spare, town manager, has this to say: "The town has been and remains in financial good health, keeping nearly 50 percent of its budget in savings for emergencies. Its low tax rate remains an added bonus for property owners."

The multi-family tourist units plus the business enterprises add substantially to the tax base — without which the single family and duplex sections of town could not survive. There is a close symbiotic tie between these disparate parts — a connection for which a way must be found to keep both partners alive and healthy.



**Chapter XIII The
Newcomers**

The families who have lived or worked in Lauderdale-By-The-Sea for less than ten years are considered newcomers by the oldtimers. Those selected for this chronicle have all arrived within that span of time. They are redevelopers of sorts, reconstructing and refurbishing their private or to-be-shared domains. Among them are those who have young children or are planning to raise a family. New life, new sprouts, new native sons and daughters — what a welcome infusion of new blood.

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Larry Calufetti hails from a small town in southern Illinois. As a youngster he loved baseball, continued the sport while at college and was finally recruited by the New York Mets, ending up as a catcher.

Recovering from an arm injury in '74 he came to Fort Lauderdale to recuperate. For several years he returned during the winter off-season. Aside from baseball coaching, he acted as part-time doorman at a disco called Pete and Lenny's.

It was there that Larry and Judy met when she was vacationing from Michigan, where she worked as a dental assistant. They started dating and were married in 1980.

Looking for a home, they longed to find one in Lauderdale-By-The-Sea but were sure they couldn't afford it. Almost by miracle, they found an old house on Tradewinds Avenue North, loved it and decided to spend their last dime to make it theirs.

By this time, Larry had undertaken a new enterprise — that of window washing. Louie, proprietor of the well-known diner on Commercial Boulevard was his first customer. Larry did all the scrubbing, while Judy took care of the bookkeeping.

As the years rolled by, this small enterprise grew into a flourishing business. It is called Sunshine Cleaning System — the largest company of its kind in South Florida. Among its customers are all the Sun Banks in Broward County, the Fort Lauderdale Airport and the American Express offices in Plantation. The services now include janitorial, window washing, pressure cleaning, etc. Sunshine now employs 500 workers, four secretaries and about a dozen trucks.

In evaluating his success, Larry claims, "It's 50 percent hard work, 40 percent honesty and 10 percent working smarter, not harder."

As to the Calufettis' home — when they first bought it, the size was 1,500 square feet. Today it is twice as big with complete restructuring and additions, including a new master bedroom. Outside there are a kidney-shaped swimming pool and inviting patio.

There are two young Calufettis, Erin, seven, and Jenna, two. As for Judy, she has joyfully made homemaking her present job. "This is where we want to stay. This is where we want to raise our kids," the Calufettis both agree. "This is the small town we love. This is home."

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Another family with growing children is to be found on Tradewinds Avenue West. They are Fred and Patrice Scarbrough who came to town in 1981 with their three young ones. They live in a spacious, beautifully remodelled home, to which they've added a second floor. They have also built a patio, pool and upper-story deck, each overlooking the Waterway, with its fascinating stream of vessels and reflections of the sky's incomparable sunsets.

Patrice and Fred chose Lauderdale-By-The-Sea for the same reasons that motivated the first settlers. They fell in love with this particular spot and decided that this was the place for them and a good home town in which to raise their children.

Scarbrough got his doctorate in veterinary medicine from Iowa State University; Patrice received her BA from Florida Atlantic. Scarbrough now owns and operates four animal hospitals in nearby communities. Patrice, aside from her household duties, works for Kids in Distress. She is also actively engaged in church affairs and hopes someday to become a writer. They are a busy couple, full of vitality and joie de vivre.

Fred is in favor of the town's seriously and promptly planning for a group home or two, especially for the elderly who can no longer cope with running a household, yet long to spend their latter days in the town that is home to them.

Fred has another thought in mind. Should annexation of small towns become more than a threat, he feels that he could be helpful in working out a harmonious rapprochement with Sea Ranch Lakes, which so far has been adamant in its refusal to consider joining with our town.

The Scarbroughs are here to stay and have a very real contribution to make helping to meet the needs of the town as it moves toward the 21st century.

They are also contributing three growing youngsters; Derek aged nine, Drew, seven and Tiffany, five. What lively and engaging children they are. Who knows, our town may again be able to have a Youth Week, now only a fading memory of bygone days.

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Elaine was a widow with a grown son and daughter when she married John Noucher. The pair came from Peabody, Massachusetts and were devoted to the Atlantic Coast, especially around Marblehead.

Douglas, Elaine's son, had been a roofer up north when an accident cost him a broken leg. A friend invited Doug to Florida to recuperate. He started in Daytona, which he didn't much care for, then moved west, but the sea was in his blood.

When he discovered our town and had settled in, he was so enthusiastic that he urged his parents to come for a visit. That was in November of 1987. They, too, fell instantly in love with the town and quickly made up their minds to pull up stakes and start life anew in Lauderdale-By-The-Sea.

Within a short time, after looking at only three properties, they decided to buy, refurbish and then re-open a motel with a swimming pool, on Poinciana Street. And what a job they did, both inside and out.

John had originally been a machinist for General Electric in Lynn, while Elaine was a paralegal professional for a real estate business in Newton, Massachusetts.

Neither had ever had experience running a motel, but suddenly they found themselves in charge of such an enterprise. They thoroughly enjoy their new responsibility, despite the occasional headaches entailed. Elaine at once started taking care of the tenants, while John, full of extra energy, was eager to find additional work.

One day he heard sounds close to his backyard. Peering over the fence he discovered a whole family, father and daughters, armed with picks and shovels, cleaning up a neighboring yard. He greeted them with a "howdy" to get acquainted. The next week he again saw the family, with the mother added this time, carrying mops and brooms, cleaning the insides of an old building. A few days later he discovered one of the girls drilling holes in a roof. "What a family!" he thought to himself. "I'd like to be working for and with them."

The unusual group turned out to be the Pristo family, owners

of the Preston Corporation. And John has now been their maintenance man, working at their side for well over a year. In recounting their story, it was obvious that John and Elaine Noucher had found the place on earth in which they most wanted to be. "It's like Marblehead," they explain, "without those cold, snowy winters."

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It's a house full of whimsy and fun — the Capri Avenue home of Jeffrey and Sally Siegel. As you enter, under a newly-built arbor which is covered with pink mandevilla blossoms, you are greeted from inside the picture window by Nora, an enticing young lady who turns out to be a mannequin. She's part of the family — its guardian. In unexpected nooks and corners you will come upon a touch of humorous fantasy — something to make you smile.

The Siegels moved into their home in 1987 after eloping on Saint Valentine's Day of that year. They were married by a priest and a rabbi in snow-covered New York City's Central Park. They found welcoming and helpful neighbors when they arrived back in Florida as husband and wife.

The house they bought was built in the early fifties and the young couple, acting as their own architects, carpenters and construction workers, tore down walls, added widows and opened up the southern end of the house which faces a most unusual backyard.

Two of three magnificent live oak trees on their property overspread the greenery below. There are bird feeders and a bird-bath in addition to plants chosen as food sources. There are also curious weather vanes and all kinds of wind chimes; even a small garden of plastic yellow sunflowers which spin and whirl in the breeze. In one corner stands a huge half-ton statue of Neptune. In another spot, behold Peaches, the plastic cow, retrieved from a barbecue place going out of business.

The Siegels' yard is now an official Backyard Wildlife Sanctuary, so designated by the National Wildlife Federation. Their creation ranks as number 266 in Florida and 6,466 in the nation. Of these statistics the Siegels are justly proud.

The house itself is surrounded by gardens — flowers of all colors and kinds and even a kitchen garden for fresh vegetables.

One wonders where the Siegels find the time to create such a variety of things in so short a span.

In regard to the professional lives of this interesting couple, Jeffrey, with a master's degree in landscape architecture, serves in that capacity for the City of Plantation. Sally, with her master's in business administration, is an accountant for the City of Deerfield Beach.

Siegel is now a member of our town's Board of Adjustment and has also volunteered his services, along with the Gibsons, in the creation of an island of green on Commercial Avenue, east of Elmar Drive.

As to the Siegels' feelings about the town itself, "We wanted to be close to the ocean and we were looking for a genuinely small town in which to live and to raise our children-to-be." They found the perfect spot.

"Let's keep it small scale — a walking town. It's the very best place along Florida's southeast coast. Lots of people don't even know it's here."

Then Jeffrey adds, "As I cross east over the bridge on my way home from work I say to myself, 'How nice this is!' I take a deep breath of fresh salt air and I know how good it is to be reaching home."



The Backyard Wildlife Habitat "Three Oaks"- The Siegel Residence

Ines Moreno is only 25 years old and is already a successful businesswoman, not to mention the mother of two small children.

Seven years ago Ines left her home in Colombia to become the wife of a young man from her native land who was already in the real estate business at the Sea Ranch shopping center. The two found a home in Fort Lauderdale just west and a bit south of Lauderdale-By-The-Sea.

Ines, full of energy and vitality, did not want to settle into becoming only a mother and a housewife. She longed for a career of her own, to keep her from boredom and offer stimulation and challenge.

Her dream was to open a shop specializing in children's clothing. And where better than in the town just across the Intracoastal?

This enterprising young woman found the ideal spot on the north side of Commercial Boulevard and called her shop "The Little Carriage." Her display window quickly became an enticing one.

Ines imports handcrafted merchandise from South America as well as from several European countries. Her stock is of the finest quality, and beautiful as well, ranging from infancy to eight years in size.

People discovered her elegant shop and business from the very start has been brisk.

Ines is a beaming, happy young woman. Her eyes sparkle as she remarks, "This is a very special town. The neighbors have all made me feel so comfortable and welcome." She pauses and then adds, "With everyone so nice and so willing to assist you, how can you help but feel good? Besides, it's so pleasant to realize that people know who you are."



Chapter XIV
Toward the Future

This chronicle is now complete. It has been like a journey, and what an experience it has been. True, my trip was not to distant lands; it was merely a walking excursion covering half a square mile. Yet in that small space, I've met and chatted with a large variety of people and listened to a host of fascinating stories which now comprise this living history of Lauderdale-By-The-Sea.

A common thread runs through every one of our conversations. "We *love* this town and want to do our best to preserve its unique character and to keep it just the way it is."

To keep this town "just the way it is" may well be an impossibility. Life moves on and each year will continue to bring changes. How we handle the inevitability of change and yet preserve the very best of what we have depends not only on our leadership but on a cooperating followership as well.

We know that the town has increasingly severe problems — parking being perhaps the most troublesome. We are also aware that there are pressures from higher levels of government over which we may eventually have little or no control.

But we can stand firm — a united front — to do our very best to hold the line. A united front, however, is easier to dream about than to attain. There are, as there should be, sharp differences of opinion. We can talk "over the fences" in anger or even ill will. Or we can, in the words of Abe Lincoln, let "the better angels of our nature" prevail. In other words, it should be possible to put away bitterness and hostility, to debate public issues vigorously and then to make decisions with reason untouched by rancor. I believe, having encountered so many fine people in our town, that we are capable of doing this.

The last words in the epic "The People, Yes" by American poet Carl Sandburg, are these: "

...the people march:

Where to? what next?"

We, too, may well ask ourselves these questions. Together let us find answers that will continue to do honor to our logo and slogan:

"Town of Lauderdale-By-The-Sea, Florida,
For the Rest of Your Life."