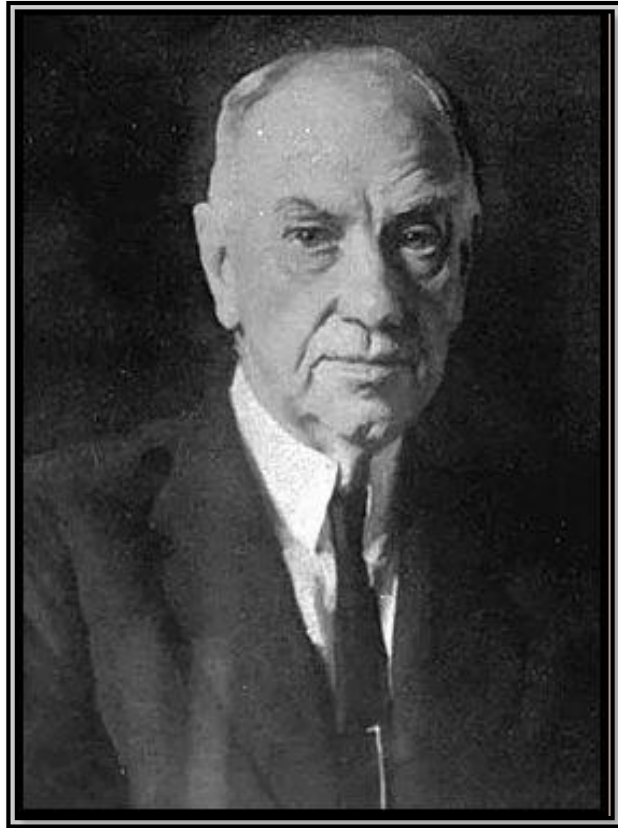


E. R. BRADLEY



HIS LIFE, HIS FAMILY, HIS LEGACY

**A Compilation on the History of Palm Beach, Edward R. Bradley
and Family with an emphasis on the History of the Bradley Park Hotel,
Now The White Elephant**

DEO VINDICE



FORWARD

Originally from South Carolina, my wife and I relocated to South Florida in 1995. What I found interesting in this part of the country was that it really did not have much of an "Anglo" history prior to the 1860s. Being from South Carolina, with her history going back to the 1600s, I found it relatively easy to look at the pioneers and people who made this county what it is today. I was motivated to look into the history of the area when I discovered that my Great grandmother's first cousin was married to the first mayor of West Palm Beach. He and family left the war-torn Shenandoah Valley in the 1870s and relocated to Florida, moving to this county in the 1880s where they had built one of the first hotels in the "frontier" town of West Palm Beach.

Upon moving to West Palm Beach, I began my career in the hospitality business, having spent the last twenty years in various management positions with hotels on the "Island", retiring in December of 2020.

Many times, I was asked by guests about the history of the area and more specifically, about the property they were visiting. I had heard various stories and anecdotes which I would relate, later realizing that I had my facts wrong. Therefore, I endeavored to dig a little and find out the real facts.

This compilation is a result of some of my research. I have also completed several other historical compilations on other local subjects.

E. R. Bradley is a particularly interesting fellow – a gentleman gambler with a very intriguing story, so the focus of this work is focused on him and his family.

Peter D. Johnston
Sons of the American Revolution
Sons of Confederate Veterans
Jamestowne Society
Sons of the Republic of Texas
National Society of Washington Family Descendants

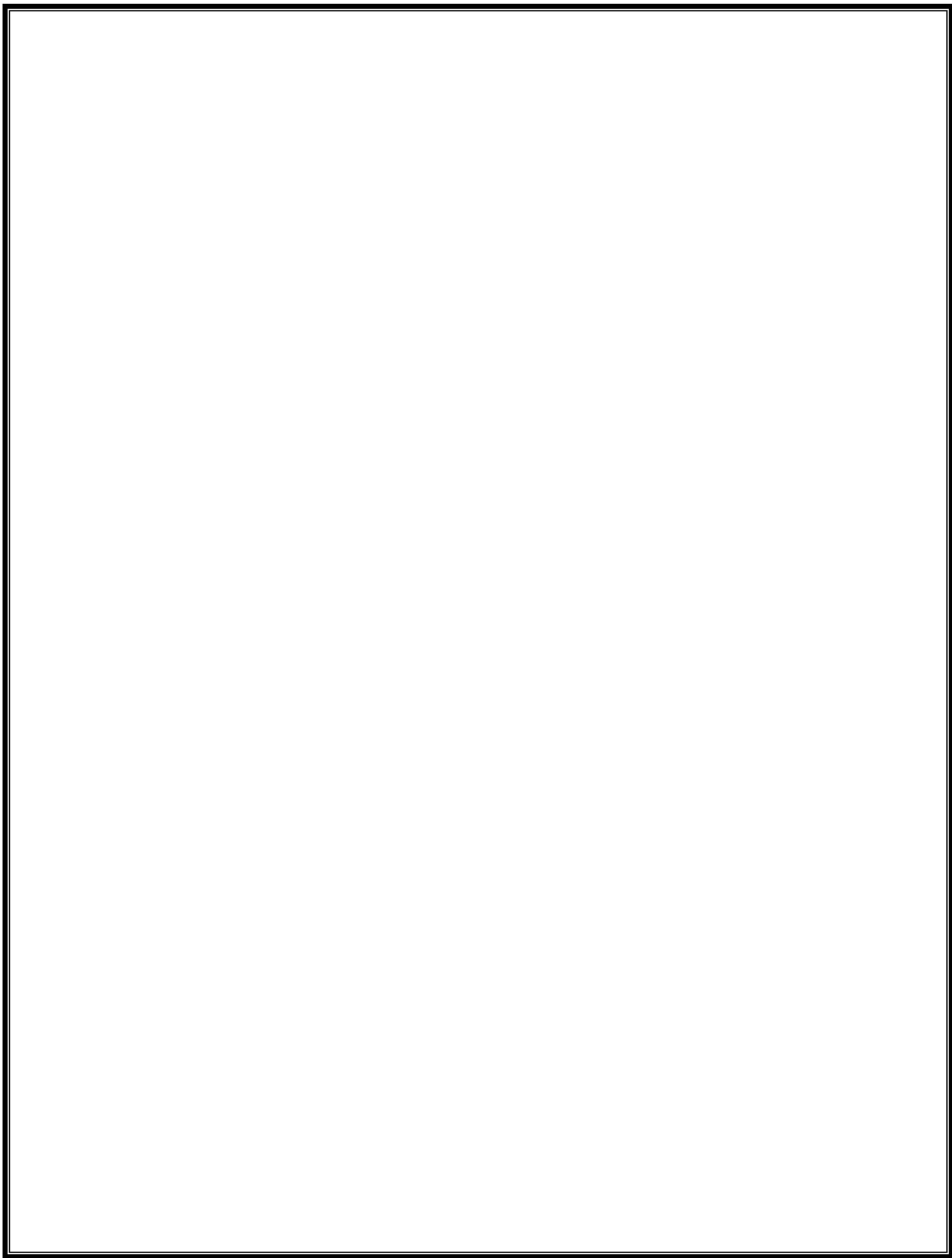


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PART I

A LITTLE HISTORY

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Founding Palm Beach County

Palm Beach County was carved out of Dade County in 1909 becoming Florida's 47th county. The first county government meetings were held in an old four-room school house at the corner of Clematis Street and Dixie Highway in West Palm Beach. At the time, only about 5,300 people lived in the new county comprised of portions of what are now Broward, Martin and Okeechobee counties. Broward County was established in 1915, Okeechobee County in 1917 and Martin County in 1925.

The official battle to create a separate county out of the northern portion of Dade County began on February 8, 1907 when a group of concerned citizens gathered in the hall over the Free Reading Room in West Palm Beach to discuss the pros and cons of division. With 4,424 square miles, Dade was the second largest county in the state and had an assessed valuation of \$5,700,000 for the 1905 tax year. The group in favor of the county's division wanted Dade County split just south of Fort Lauderdale so the new county would have approximately 2,500 square miles, or about sixty percent of the land.

The group's biggest complaint was that the area between Fort Lauderdale on the New River and Stuart on the St. Lucie paid sixty percent of the taxes, but few of those dollars were spent in northern Dade County. The men wanted a more equitable distribution of tax dollars, especially in the matter of roads and schools. Many of the roads in the southern portion of the county had been paved and were seen as attractive to outside investors. Yet roads north of New River were either incomplete or only finished after levying additional taxes and with help from Henry Flagler who provided free shipments of road materials on the Florida East Coast Railroad. In addition, less than thirty-seven percent of the school budget, or about \$15,000, was spent per year for the segregated schools in the northern section of the county.

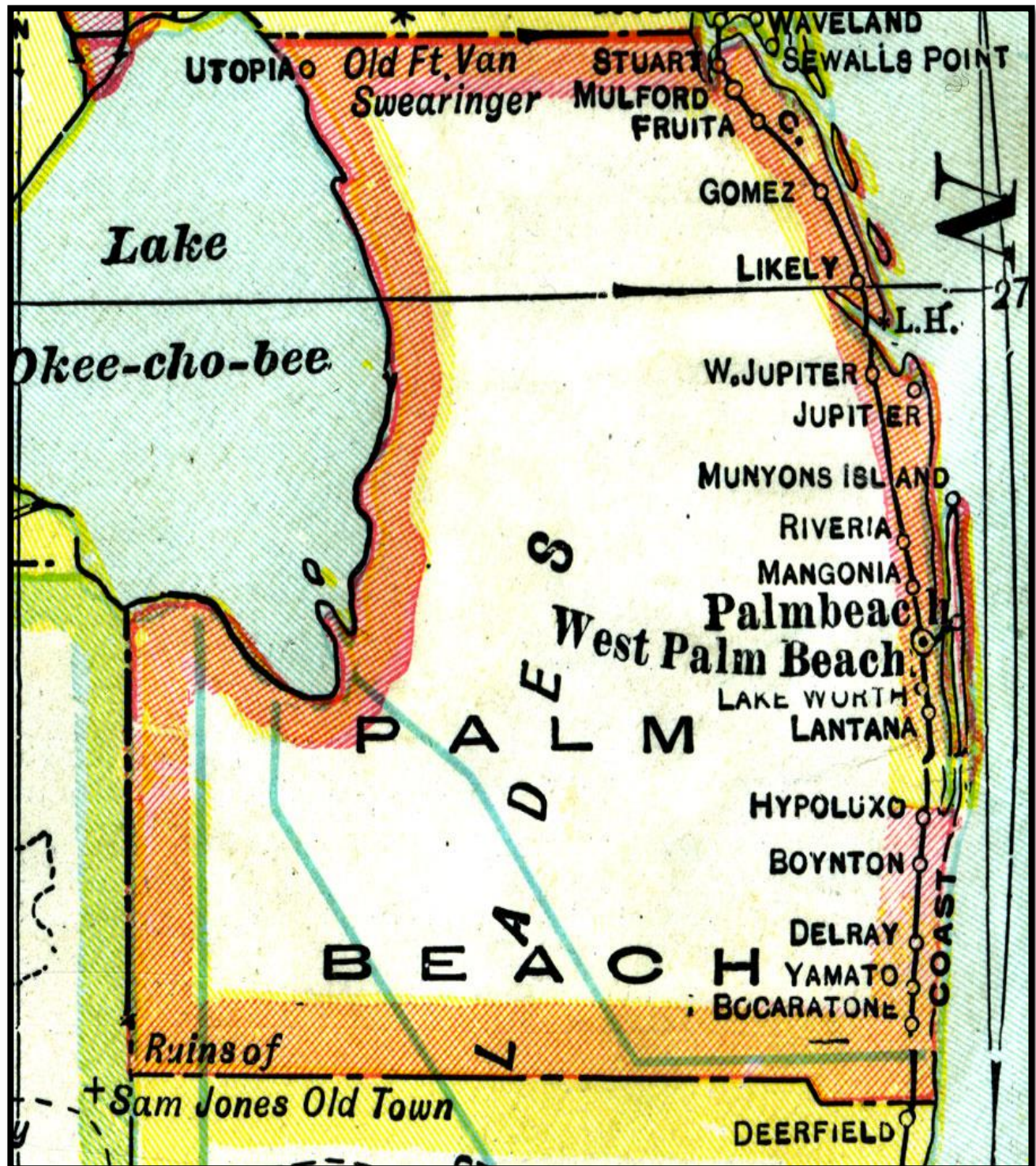
In view of these inequities and other injustices and after discussion of how the new county would be able to function on the tax monies available, the group passed a motion to establish the Executive Committee of the County Division Movement. The seven men chosen to serve on the committee were empowered to do anything necessary to see that a new county was created out of the northern half of Dade County. At yet another mass meeting the following week, the Committee resolved to take their petition for a new county to the appropriate officials in Tallahassee. At the time, the state legislature only met every other year and it was due to meet in April 1907, so time was of the essence.

Reactions to the petition for division were varied and many were acrimonious. The people in north Dade were seen as ungrateful agitators by those in and around Miami. Newspaper editorials reflected their readership's geographic location; The Daily Tropical Sun and the Palm Beach Daily News, both north county papers, were pro division and The Daily Miami Metropolis was against.

Four Division Committee members, Mr. L. W. Burkhardt, Mr. M. E. Gruber, Mr. George Butler, and Mr. W. I. Metcalf traveled to Tallahassee to lobby for division. T. J. Campbell, later to be the tax collector for Palm Beach County, acted as a messenger for the legislature that year and kept the delegation apprised of the progress of the petition. On May 8, 1907, Campbell advised that the "Palm Beach county bill passed senate 20 to 11." Unfortunately, it did not pass in the House of Representatives where it was defeated 39 to 21 on May 22, 1907.

The division committee members were not idle during the two years they had to wait for the next legislative session in order to resubmit their petition. They searched for and found a candidate for the House of Representatives who would support splitting Dade County.

Consequently, when George O. Butler, the agreeable, successful candidate from Miami submitted the petition for division, it was quickly approved on April 30, 1909. When it became effective July 1, 1909, Palm Beach County became the forty-seventh county in Florida.



PALM BEACH COUNTY 1921

POPULATION SCHEDULE (Palm Beach County was part of Dade County until 1909)

Year	Florida	Palm Beach County	Boynton Beach
1890	391,422	861*	0
1900	528,542	4,955*	91
1910	752,619	5,577	671
1920	968,470	18,654	552
1930	1,468,211	51,781	1,053
1940	1,897,414	79,989	1,326
1950	2,771,305	114,688	2,542
1960	4,951,560	228,106	10,467
1970	6,789,443	348,753	18,115
1980	9,746,324	576,863	35,624
1990	12,937,926	863,518	46,284
2000	15,982,378	1,131,184	60,389
2010	18,801,310	1,320,134	68,217

*Dade County

Jupiter

The area that includes the Town of Jupiter was called Jobe (Hoe-bay) by the Spanish, for the nearby Indian village. When the English arrived in 1763, they interpreted the name as Jove and referred to the area as Jupiter (in ancient mythology, Jove and Jupiter refer to the same god).

Fort Jupiter was built in 1838 after a battle with Seminole Indians on the Loxahatchee River. The 9,088-acre Jupiter Military Reservation that was created around it in 1855 included the site of the Jupiter Inlet Lighthouse and the location of the second Fort Jupiter where the Fort Jupiter Post Office was activated from 1855 to 1856, during the Third Seminole War. The garrison's chronic illness and the inlet's tendency to close made the fort too difficult to man or supply and it was closed in 1860.

Lighthouse keeper James Armour opened the Jupiter Post Office briefly during 1884. Three years of inactivity followed before Mary Moore "Mollie" Carlin reestablished the office in 1887 at the Jupiter Lifesaving Station, where her husband, Charles Carlin, was the keeper.

The DuBois family is one of Jupiter's pioneer families; their former homestead, on the south side of Jupiter Inlet once known as Stone's Point, is now part of Palm Beach County's DuBois Park and reveals much about life in early Jupiter. John Rue DuBois, the eldest son of Harry and Susan Sanders DuBois, carefully preserved artifacts found on their property, which were later examined by the Florida State Museum.

Jupiter was the northernmost stop on the 7.5-mile "Celestial Railroad" line that had once served as the last link for travelers to Lake Worth. After boating down the Indian River, they would take the train to the head of Lake Worth in Juno where they would once again board a boat for destinations further south. When Henry Flagler ran his Florida East Coast Railway west of the Lake Worth Creek on its route to West Palm Beach, two paddlewheel steamboats that had frequented the Indian River were no longer necessary and they rotted away where they had been beached. Local historian Bessie DuBois said, "Early settlers of the Fort Jupiter reservation used the stateroom windows and doors in their shacks. The steamers gradually rusted away ... relics of a priceless era."

In 1900 the population of the Jupiter area was 145. In 1905 Rev. Dr. Charles P. Jackson started an elementary school for white children in Neptune. At that time Jupiter referred to the area east of Lake Worth Creek (the Intracoastal Waterway) and Neptune was the designation for the area and the post office along the Florida East Coast Railroad. The Neptune post office was consolidated into Jupiter in 1908. A converted lifeboat from the battleship U.S.S. Maine served as school "bus" for the children. A ferry service across the Loxahatchee River started in 1894 was replaced by a bridge in 1911, when a new two-story

school added grades seven through ten. West Palm Beach was the closest town for students to complete high school for many years.

In 1916 to 1917, a group of nine British aviators used Jupiter as a training "ground" for three small seaplanes – a crew of three assigned to each. Because the Jupiter Inlet

remained closed during their stay, the planes were able to park on the river side of the beach. The aviators erected tents there to get out of the sun, but lived with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Savage, who contracted with the U. S. Government to provide them room and

board. A windsock added to the flagpole on the Carlin House dock assisted with wind direction during the many landings and takeoffs practiced each day.

When John DuBois married Bessie Wilson in 1924, they stayed on at his family's house on Jupiter Inlet. They later recalled how Seminole Indians had often come to town in covered wagons pulled by oxen or horses and camped out near today's Center Street. The Indians came to trade with local merchants; their contact with others was mainly to sell them venison and berries. John DuBois said the Seminoles seemed to know when schools of large fish were trapped in the inlet by changing tides; they would spear them from canoes.

In 1925 the Town of Jupiter was incorporated. A year later, the federal highway was completed to Miami, and a new bridge went up across the Loxahatchee River.



A Brief History of Palm Beach

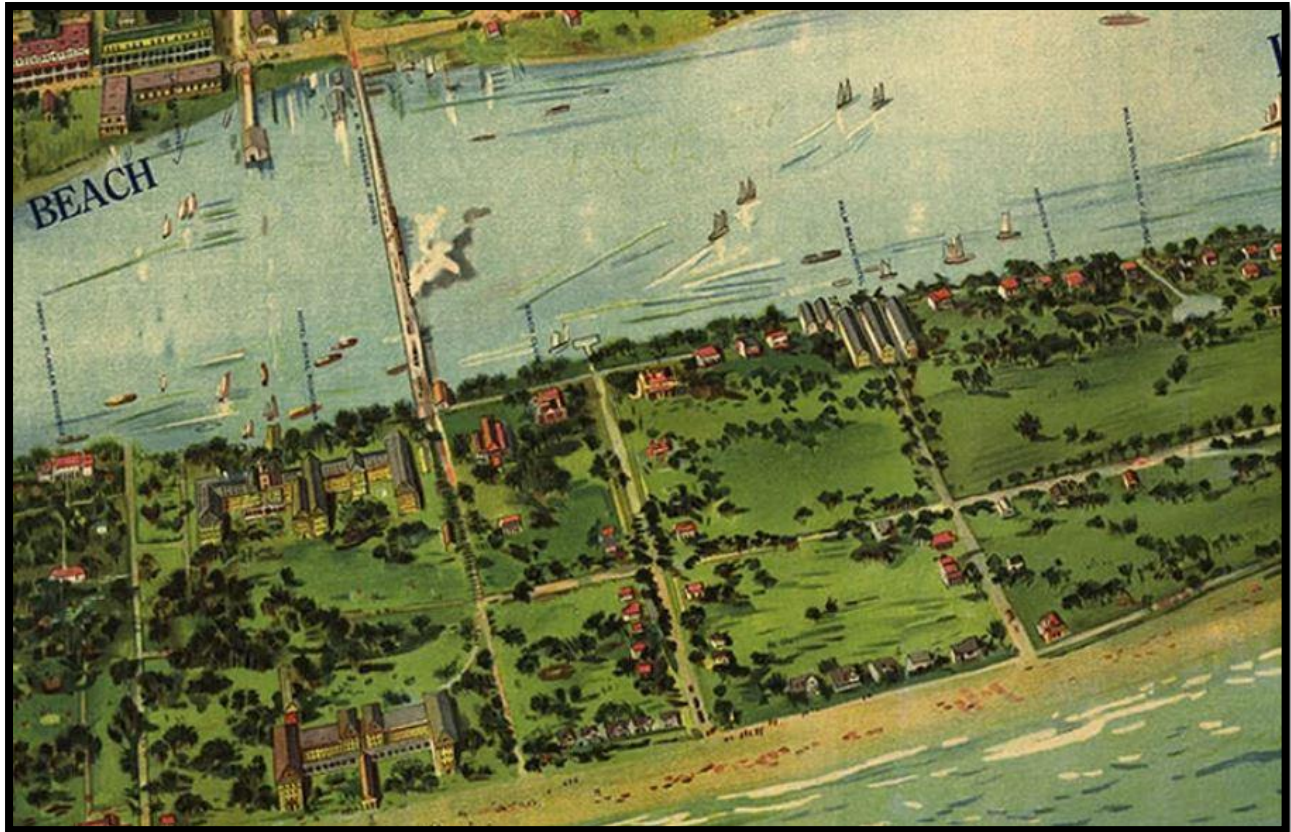
The Beginning



When the first settlers arrived in what was to become Palm Beach, the entire area was known as "Lake Worth", named for Major General William Jenkins Worth who fought in the Second Seminole War. Pioneers struggled to clear land for their houses and to make room for their crops. The first of the permanent pioneers arrived in 1872. According to early settler accounts, Palm Beach received its name from a shipwreck named the "Providencia." The ship washed ashore in January 1878 with a load of coconuts bound from Havana to Barcelona. Early settlers lost no time claiming salvage and planting the coconuts, which were not native to South Florida, in an effort to launch a commercial coconut industry.

History as a Tourist Location

Word of the area's beauty spread northward and by 1880 the first hotel, the Coconut Grove House, opened to accommodate tourists. By the early 1890s the island community was well established with several hotels,



Palm Beach 1915

businesses, and winter residents. The pioneer era ended in 1894 with the opening of Henry M. Flagler's Royal Poinciana Hotel and the arrival of the Florida East Coast Railroad in 1896. The railroad tracks crossed Lake Worth so trains could deliver their passengers directly to the Flagler System hotels, which included the Palm Beach Inn directly on the ocean. Soon renamed The Breakers, because so many guests wrote asking for a room "down by the breakers," fire destroyed the hotel in 1903. Henry Flagler ordered a larger, more luxurious hotel built at the same location, which opened for business the following year. The hotel was again destroyed by fire in March 1925 and was replaced by the magnificent stone structure which continues to serve as a Palm Beach landmark today.

Incorporation

The Town of Palm Beach was incorporated on April 17, 1911. Thirty-five men (women did not have the vote yet) met at the Palm Beach Hotel that night and voted to incorporate what was only the second recognized municipality in Palm Beach County. They also elected the first officials: Elisha N. Dimick, Mayor; John P. McKenna, Town Clerk; Joseph Borman, Marshal; and J. B. Donnelly, William Fremd, John W. Doe, Enoch Root, and J. J. Ryman, Councilmen. In 1929, the Garden Club of Palm Beach sponsored the preparation of a Town Plan.

World-Renowned Beauty

After over 100 years of graceful evolution, Palm Beach today is a fully developed community, world-renowned for its beauty, quality of life and small-town character. It is home to "Captains of Industry" and the world famous Worth Avenue. Approximately 9,000 citizens make Palm Beach their year-round home, and about 20,000 more have a seasonal home in Palm Beach where they enjoy the winter months. Together, these residents of Palm Beach donate more money per capita to charities than any other community in America. The Town is governed by an elected Mayor and a five-member Council, operates under the Council-Manager form of government, and provides a full range of quality municipal services. It has an active historic preservation program, strict zoning standards, high levels of public safety and public works services, 3 miles of public beaches, and a wide array of recreation programs, including award winning golf and tennis facilities.



Palm Beach – Today

Vintage Palm Beach Post Card



A PALM BEACH MEMORY

The Palm Beach Post, Thursday, July 2, 1981, Special to the Post

Progress Can't Eclipse Yesterday's Memories

By Mrs. Louis Levinstim

For nine winters, from 1919-1928, my parents operated the Hotel Hibiscus on the Lake Trail. The Hibiscus was a 40-room, white stucco hotel with a red roof. It was the last nonresidential building on the trail to the north. The trail extended past the Garden of Eden. From the hibiscus to its northern end, the trail was flanked on one side by the lake and on the other side by jungle surrounding several residences. In all of my winters in Palm Beach, I never heard of anyone hit by a falling coconut, although they lined the trail. After an unusually severe rain or windstorm, teams of Negroes carrying long poles shook free from the trees what appeared to be ripe coconuts. It was impossible to get all of them, and I still remember the frightening thud of a perilously close falling coconut.

On the north side of the Hibiscus, the Statesbury Estate stretched from the trail to the ocean. Except for the cleared area surrounding the mansion, the property was mostly jungle. From Ocean Drive, we could see the tiled roofs of Statesbury's beautiful El Mirasol and the nearby Phipps mansion, Casa Bendita. A few other residences were less obvious.

We walked the three blocks between the lake and the ocean wearing capes or coats over our bathing suits. My bathing costume was a co9quettishly bowed purple satin bathing cap, a two-piece, lavender, checked gingham top and bloomers and tennis-like bathing shoes.



Moored to the Hibiscus dock, Frank Adam's houseboat was a familiar land-mark. Rumor had it that Adams was the ne're-do-well son of some socially prominent family. Whatever his background, Frank Adams must have found Fortunato's purse because I never knew him, nor his equally charming wife to engage in any financially rewarding activity. At the height of the social season, they frequently would appear in formal evening wear and be "wheelchaired," Presumably to some social affair.

What we, in our ignorance, called "wheelchairs" are now more aptly referred to as "Afromobiles." A few of our Negro-propelled "chairs" were built for a single rider, but the majority were two-seaters.

To the south of our hotel, directly across Dunbar Road, stood the lovely Beaux Arts Building. It was a building in the Spanish tradition of tan-tinted stucco and red red-tiled roof. Shops lined both corridors and a stairway led to a motion picture theater. On the opening night of a well-publicized picture, Palm Beach's bejeweled and formally attired social elite, as they ascended the stairway, reminded me in miniature of a similar scene at the Paris Opera House.

The Palm Beach season was a brief three months and Palm Beach seemed deserted after Washington's birthday when the socialites began their annual trek to Pinehurst, to their respective hometowns, or to the Hamptons with occasional shopping sprees in New York City.

The frame-structured Palm Beach Hotel was the next familiar building, south of the Beaux Arts, on the Lake Trail. In front of its ample porch, a paved area served as a "wheelchair" depot. I remember the hotel best for its adjacent fruit and souvenir shop from which we sent citrus fruit home. A so-called native once told me that poinsettias could be mailed home and would arrive in good condition if the tips of their stems were inserted into raw potatoes. On the occasion of a friend's anniversary, I shipped my friend a dozen lovely poinsettias. Some two weeks later, I received a letter thanking me for the potatoes and asking, "What were those funny red things in the box?"

Colonel Bradley's gambling casino, a block or two south of the Palm Beach Hotel, was as unimpressive, peculiarly shaped, white frame building with green trim and a shingled roof. Its undistinguished lake-front entrance belied its size and interior. At night, with lights aglow and its select membership arriving in "wheelchairs," the casino was a memorable sight.

The Palm Beach ferry dock was a block beyond Bradley's. If my memory is correct, a small ferry boat, accommodating about 50 passengers, crossed the lake every half-hour from Palm Beach to West Palm Beach. It was the most convenient way to leave the island. The little boat had its restricted section which usually was crowded with Negroes traveling back and forth from employment on the island.

When the day was too warm to walk to the ferry from the Hibiscus to the ferry, we often would make the trip to West Palm Beach in the cool of the evening. Some lovely evenings we would stay on the boat without getting off at West Palm Beach, just to sail among the brightly illuminated yachts anchored in the lake. Occasionally, strains of dance music could be heard from the yachts.

My principal destination in West Palm Beach was the small, inviting library on the lakefront.

The passengers who traveled the Florida East Coast Railway to Palm Beach in private railroad cars had them detached from the mainline train at West Palm Beach and shuttled across the trestle to Palm Beach. Other passengers departed from the train at the wooden shed-like station where groups of Negro boys sang and tap-danced for coins.

The trestle at the site of the present Flagler Memorial Bridge had been built to convey affluent passengers to Whitehall (now the Flagler Museum), the Royal Poinciana, the Breakers and private estates. These arrivals were met by "chairs" and cycled to their destinations via a paved roadway, shaded by Australian pines that connected the Royal Poinciana to the Breakers, baggage to the hotels followed by motor-propelled dollies. The railroad cars that did not remain on the tracks adjacent to the Royal Poinciana backed across the trestle to West Palm Beach where they again were attached to a scheduled train.

Whitehall was an elegant, beautifully proportioned white stucco mansion with an impressive and equally beautiful scrolled, wrought iron gate. The Royal Poinciana and The Breakers were long rambling buildings painted with dark green trim, distinguished mainly for their size, their inviting porches, and lush tropical landscaping.

Occasionally we would take a "chai" to Worth Avenue, where the attractive shops then stretched about two blocks. The shops were built in Addison Mizner's theatrically

spectacular blend of Spanish and Moorish architecture. Some shops were hidden in rear, cobblestoned and exotically landscaped courtyards. South of the avenue, a 10-foot high, thickly vine-covered fence provided privacy for the Everglades Club golf course.

One of my outstanding memories of Palm Beach was the spectacular Breakers Hotel fire in 1925. Having gone with friends for an afternoon swim, about 3 o'clock we heard the clanging of fire engines. Soon we saw flames shooting skyward from what we immediately recognized as The Breakers some ten blocks away. I distinctly remember how we stood, spellbound in groups, as flames spread and the smoke-blackened until someone suggested that we hurry home to safeguard our own homes.

Later we learned that the sparks from the Breakers had ignited the Australian pines that lined the roadway leading to the Royal Poinciana. I do not know at what point the wind shifted, but miraculously, Bradley's casino, which was directly in the fire's path, was spared and instead the sparks ignited the Palm Beach Hotel and burned it, like The Breakers, to the ground.

Since the Palm Beach Hotel was only a few blocks from our hotel, guests threw some clothes into their cars parked behind the hotel and left. One couple, for an exorbitant price, managed to commandeer a "chair" to take them farther north along the Lake Trail. When it looked as though the fire might spread in our direction, home-owners and friends organized bucket brigades to pass pails, pots, and pans of water to neighbors seated precariously on shingled roofs. The hope was that by moistening the sun-parched shingles, they might be protected from flying sparks. That night, to prevent looting, a curfew was imposed on the island.

The following day, on the platform near the Royal Poinciana where the vacant railroad cars were stationed, rows of battered valises and small trunks, obviously thrown from windows, lay waiting for identification. At the still smoldering Palm Beach Hotel, I distinctly remember seeing a badly damaged piano, which, obviously, had been thrown from some window. The day after the fire, there was not a roll of Kodak film to be bought in either Palm Beach or West Palm Beach.

The construction of the beautiful new Breakers at the site of the old hotel, and the construction of the lovely hotel Alba to replace the former Palm Beach Hotel were mostly completed before we returned to Palm Beach in December. The formal opening of both hotels in 1926 was a much-heralded event. I often enjoyed afternoon tea on the lovely Alba Terrace, overlooking yacht-dotted Lake Worth. The Alba later became known as the Biltmore.

No record of the period would be complete without mention of the 1924-25 Florida real estate boom. Every barber, waiter, clerk, and bootlegger was selling property and even more surprisingly, finding buyers. Now, when I look at a map of Florida, I am amazed to see, for example, that the Tamiami Trail is a reality and that Lake Okeechobee is now surrounded by developments. I find it difficult to believe that these transformations have been accomplished in the comparatively brief span of 50 years. During the boom, these engineering feats had been mere lines on maps drawn to entice greedy, gullible buyers. Talk of thousands and thousands of dollars, and of Florida developments heretofore unheard of, was a casual everyday topic of conversation.

Infrequently, if I am reminiscing to a younger generation, my most popular stories seem to be related to the Prohibition Era and bootleggers. Occasionally, on a moonless evening, we would drive north on Ocean Drive toward the inlet. At some secluded spot, we would park and wait until finally, we would see the distant outline of a boat, presumably from Bimini. The small motorboats that soon appeared, to run cases and burlap sacks of liquor

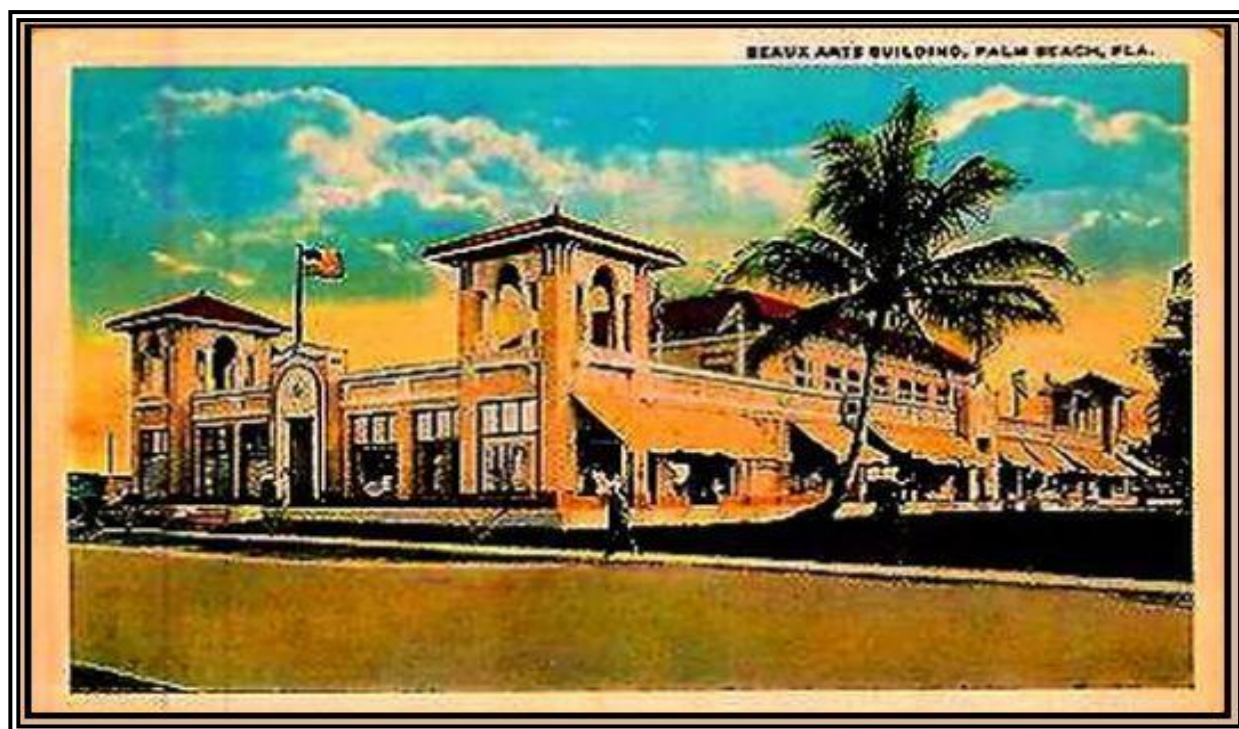
from the distant boat to the shore were easily discernible. In the distance were the revolving beams of the Jupiter Lighthouse. As the speedboats, with silenced motors, drifted toward the beach, figures would emerge from the darkness, wade to the boats and hastily carry their costly cargo ashore. Other equally silent and mysterious figures then would carry the cases and sacks to waiting automobiles. Every rich man, poor man, storekeeper, and clerk had his favorite bootlegger. The genial, successful bootlegger I knew best operated from his fruit and souvenir store on the Lake Trail originally adjacent to the veranda of the old Palm Beach Hotel, later under the Alba Terrace.

Another figure during these Prohibition years was Mr. Degan, a Scotsman whose sole duty was to supervise the Stotesbury liquor and wine supplies. Mr. Dugan would stop at our hotel and about mid-afternoon, when he was sufficiently steady-footed, appear in the lobby and often say to me, "Little Missy, I wish you could have seen the parade of pink elephants in my room last night."

The only social gathering that we non affluent winter residents shared with the Palm Beach socialites were the colorful, late afternoon tea dances at the Royal Poinciana Coconut Grove, which were particularly popular with tourists impressed with celebrities.

Beach bathing was the day's most enjoyable activity. The beach, from the Breakers to as far north as we could see, was unobstructed by any enclosed private areas. From Ocean Drive to the ocean's edge, it was about a block wide. I never remembered the beach at the foot of Wells, our street, being crowded.

We attended the movies at Beaux Arts as often as they changed programs, which was usually twice a week, and saw important pictures before they premiered in larger cities. Another evening diversion was to drive to Lake Worth to see the Wednesday night American Legion-sponsored prize fights held in a large, barren, barn-like hall. The drive to Miami to see a horse race, a dog race or a jai-alai game was an all-day event.



Designed in the Spanish style by August Geiger and built in 1916 at the corner of Everglades Avenue and North Lake Trail, the Fashion Beaux Arts shopping center featuring a second-story movie theater, the Beaux Arts Theatre.

I remember a few annual Palm Beach winter events such as the visits of the Tuskegee College Glee Club which, to raise funds for its all-Negro college, sang at our hotel and at most other hotels. In West Palm Beach, the Seminole Indians annual dances were a colorful though rather disorderly and dirty affair. The Indians pitched their tents in the streets. Curious crowds, having paid admission, milled around the enclosure peering rudely into tents and staring at the squaws, papooses, and chiefs. In a circle, the Indians did their monotonous ritual dances.

Another memory that remains vivid every time I hear a report of a Florida cold spell. During one of these three-or-four-day spells, I remained in bed, fully dressed, wearing a coat and wrapped in blankets reading "The Sheik."

The influx of retirees and tourists, high-rise hotels condominiums, traffic and gas fumes -- all obvious from Chamber of Commerce material -- disturbs the old-timer. But fortunately, this so-called progress cannot mar memories. While much has successfully changed, much must have remained unchanged in still beautiful Palm Beach. Warm winter days, the romantic evenings, the inviting beach and ever-changing ocean, lush tropical foliage and stately royal palms will forever be part of Palm Beach, even as they will forever be with me in memory.

EL MIRASOL – STOTESBURY MANSION 1919 1959



VIEW EL MIRASOL FROM NORTH EAST, RESIDENCE E. T. STOTESBURY, PALM BEACH, FLA.

In 1919, the enormously wealthy Edward T Stotesbury commissioned famed Palm Beach architect Addison Mizner to build a large Spanish colonial revival palace in the sand for his wife, Eva. Besides El Mirasol, the Stotesbury properties would also include a large Bar Harbor mansion called "Wingwood", a large country estate known as "Whitemarsh Hall" and a twin townhouse in Philadelphia. The mansion cost \$657,000 and included, among other things, several patios, a theater, garage, 100-seater dining room, a teahouse and a zoo. It was the largest Palm Beach home built at the time, the ground floor alone being 35,000 square feet.

Stotesbury died with a mere \$4 million (mere when compared to the previous \$125 million fortune he had had when he married Eva) and a lot of debts. This would not be nearly sufficient enough to enable her to continue to live the lifestyle she was used to. She auctioned off all of the furnishings at Whitemarsh Hall and then sold the estate. She did the same thing to Wingwood and then as well to their townhouse. The staff was cut from 40 to 15 and the yacht was sold. She sold all of their limousines, except for her custom-built Rolls Royce, and most of their art collection. All of the money from this, plus the totals from the sale of most of her jewelry, allowed her to keep El Mirasol and live in relative luxury and comfort. After her death, the Spanish mansion was demolished in 1959.

High-rise Palm Beach: Changes in Altitude

Building booms transformed island from seasonal playground to international resort.

***Palm Beach Daily News
By Augustus Mayhew***

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Palm Beach is a one-of-a-kind small town where “the bigger, the better” has been the prevailing standard since Henry Flagler’s Royal Poinciana Hotel, once known as the world’s largest wood-frame building, transformed the down-to-earth settlement from an unpretentious refuge to an international resort.

Whether permitting a 90-room Addison Mizner-designed oceanfront villa, introducing multi-story office buildings along Royal Palm Way, or attaching a 10-story hotel tower to Whitehall, Palm Beach’s building history is exemplified by the demise of the old and the subdued and the rise of the new and the overshadowing.

Despite the lingering sentiment for the 1920s Boom as the town’s definitive era, the post-World War II construction frenzy surpassed the barrel-tile-and-stucco mania in dollar value and production volume.

The town’s upwardly mobile stretch extended from the construction of The Colony and The Ambassador hotels in 1946 until the Town Council imposed new zoning laws in 1970. The laws did away with eight-story, 90-foot heights and restricted apartments and offices to no more than 60-foot, five-story buildings.

Although South End or Midtown towers never reached the altitude of the 12-story Alba-Biltmore Hotel or the high life of nearby Singer Island, their quantity and size impacted Palm Beach’s image as an exclusive destination.

At the same time buildings were lifting the town skyline far beyond its church steeples, several significant ocean-to-lake estates were being carved into single-family subdivisions accommodating smaller houses with modern conveniences. Streetscapes that gave the town its seasonal resort allure linking it with Newport and Bar Harbor were rapidly disappearing.

The shift in aesthetics and economics resulted in Palm Beach attracting a more diverse spectrum of permanent taxpayers rather than tourists seeking sunshine and souvenirs. Cooperative apartment owners, and later condominium residents, were interested in parking garages — not postcards.

South End Soars

While South Florida’s seasonal storms are frequently remembered for their human toll and ferocity, the hurricane of 1947, however devastating, resulted in a windfall for South End developers.

By relocating State Road A1A along the waterway from Manalapan's Vanderbilt Curve to Palm Beach's Sloan's Curve and engineering lakefront landfills on the west side of A1A, the storm's aftermath resulted in twice the number of apartment buildings.

When Cleveland developer Charles Bernstein, along with his brother-in-law Harold Weinstock and nephew Sander "Sandy" Weinstock, began building The Ambassador Hotel on A1A south of Sloan's Curve, the scenic road ran directly along the oceanfront. Following the 1947 storm, the road's realignment along the lake multiplied the Cleveland Shaker Co.'s development potential. During the next decade, under the aegis of Sandy Weinstock, the Ambassador complex was able to add oceanfront and lakefront villas and multi-story apartment buildings.

"I designed the Ambassador apartment buildings along the ocean and lake for Sandy Weinstock," said architect Gene Lawrence.

"We were better received by the marketplace than by the town. The town was not too excited. But, since we were within the codes, approvals were never withheld."

Along the oceanfront, Weinstock and Jack Meyerhoff of Baltimore, chairman of the Rouse Co., hired Lawrence to design an eight-story, 96-unit building, with units priced in the \$16,000 to \$25,000 range.

At Ambassador Lakes South, now called the Regency, the lakefront co-op apartments were priced at \$30,500. The amenities included soundproof walls and use of The Ambassador Hotel's oceanfront cabanas, pool and dining areas. For this development, Lawrence also designed the molds for the 22,000 decorative blocks used as balcony railings and solar wall screens.

However Weinstock was not the only developer to take advantage of the town's broadminded zoning code. He was soon joined by others who saw Palm Beach as a metropolis for the many rather than a seaside enclave for the few.
Unusual marketing edge

In April 1961, New Era Development announced the construction of the Palm Worth, located to the north of the Lake Worth Casino. Designed by architect Edgar Wortman, the five-story oceanfront building's 68 units were sold pre-construction at \$16,900 to \$32,900. Opened in 1962, the Palm Worth sought a marketing edge over its competitors when it advertised residents would have exclusive use of an on-premise air-raid and fallout shelter.

Not to be outdone, that same year developer Morris Calig and his two sons, Harold and Sam, announced plans for the lakefront President of Palm Beach Hotel. The Caligs offered their guests the First Lady Beauty Salon, managed by a hairstylist named Jacqueline.

Built for a cost of \$1.5 million, the President's crescent-shaped 97 units were designed by West Palm Beach architect Norman Robeson. It offered seasonal residents full hotel service until 1970 when it converted into a condominium with units priced at \$16,000 to \$43,000.

Keeping with Palm Beach's presidential fervor during the Kennedy administration, developers Milton Steinhardt and Louis Mandel built the Palm Beach Whitehouse just south of the Par 3 Golf Course. The five-story, 50-unit building was designed by architect Gilbert Fine.

In describing Palm Beach's ever-climbing skyline during this period, a New York Times headline read, "National Trend Toward Apartments Evident in Gold Coast resort."

Midtown Upturn

Soon after The Colony opened, architect John Stetson was at work designing the Riviera Apartments at the west end of Worth Avenue. These in-town modern apartments were built featuring a switchboard and maid service, comforts not found in surrounding bungalows and cottages.

Soon after, the 11-acre lakefront site of the Royal Poinciana Hotel was readied for what was described as the "largest apartment hotel building in Florida" and "the largest poured concrete building of its type in the world."

The Palm Beach Towers' projected construction cost of \$8.5 million made for the largest building permit in the town's history. Developers Joseph Mass and Alfred N. Miller retained Washington, D.C., architect John Hans Graham to design the H-shaped multi-story complex's diverse array of more than 270 apartments, 20 shops and restaurants.

Formally opened in December 1956, the Palm Beach Towers quickly changed its format from a hotel to an apartment-hotel facility. With the addition of its expanded New Royal Poinciana Room and Regency Room designed by architect Herbert Mathes, the facility was capable of hosting large conventions, banquets and receptions with more than 1,000 guests. To the north of this intense development, a suburban-style shopping mall was added. The Royal Poinciana Plaza's shops with large display windows and surrounding asphalt parking lot made for one of Palm Beach's most anomalous commercial developments.

Further changes occurred along the town's scenic lakefront between Worth Avenue and Royal Palm Way when apartment buildings were approved at Nos. 315, 369 and 389 S. Lake Drive. Among the most noticeable of the 15 residential buildings in Midtown designed by architect Howard Chilton, this ensemble of lakefront modernist designs made for a clear-cut distinction between old and new Palm Beach.

Nearby, high-rise development continued with Florida Capital Corp.'s six-story \$570,000 office building on Royal Palm Way. To the east, the demolition of the Mizner-designed La Fontana and the permitting of the One Royal Palm Way condominium further intensified residents' concern that urbanization threatened Palm Beach's "worldwide image of refined elegance."

On Midtown's oceanfront, the 400 Building opened as rental apartments. To the north, a \$2 million building permit was issued for the construction of the seven-story Ocean Towers complex. At Bradley Place on the North Lake Trail, Louis Pergament retained New York architect Salvatore Bevelacqua to design the 80-unit Royal Poinciana apartments, with six penthouses.

Concrete in the sunshine

During the mid-1960s, developer Milton Hoff conceived a plan to transform Palm Beach into the "Biarritz of Florida." He began by changing the name of his 150-room Mayflower Hotel to the Palm Beach Spa.

Initially built during the 1920s Boom as the Royal Daneli, Hoff promised the hotel would become "the most modern in the world." That is, once he gained approval to add 87 villas and cabanas on the adjacent lot along North Lake Trail.

Thus, in May 1965, bulldozers "pounded to rubble" the 54-unit Beaux Arts apartments. Built in 1917, the apartments were a revamp of the once-prized Beaux Arts shopping promenade and movie theater, said to have inspired Addison Mizner's Spanish-style designs for Worth Avenue.

"I know of no other landmark so steeped in tradition as these buildings," lamented then-Mayor Claude Reese. Nonetheless, the property owner declared the Beaux-Arts had "... fallen victim to progress." Once the Palm Beach Spa facility was completed, Hoff sold the complex to John D. MacArthur. At the same time McArthur took possession of the Palm Beach Spa, builder Jack Resnick was completing The Sun and Surf between Sunrise and Sunset avenues, replacing the private Sun and Surf Beach Club with "the town's most expensive rental apartments."

Built for \$14 million and designed by architect Gene Lawrence, the 242-unit complex with "front-door ocean bathing" was composed of two modernistic curvilinear seven-story buildings housing three restaurants, a beauty salon, exercise rooms and a barber shop.

In March 1969, Resnick hosted a cocktail party to preview the model apartments with interiors by Park Avenue designer Marilyn Motto.

Dubbed a "Historical Party," the event gave the town's local VIPs the last opportunity to recall the personalities who lived in the buildings that were demolished to make room for the Sun and Surf.

The Palm Beach Daily News described the forthcoming multi-faceted development as "A reflection of the past, luxury of the present and promise of the very near future subtly combined ..."

Keeping Palm Beach for the Palm Beachers

In response to the decades of high-rise residential and commercial development, the town's 1969 and 1970 council elections proved revolutionary. While it had always been considered impolite to challenge incumbents, George Mathews won a council seat opposing nine-term Councilman John Cushman. The following year, with as many as 12 buildings planned for South Ocean Boulevard, Robert Grace and Yvelene "Deedy" Marix were elected. Their incumbent opponents had appeared lax in protecting the town against development.

"The high-rise explosion threatens to destroy the town's unique character," Grace said. "Palm Beach is a worldwide synonym for beauty, quality and value," Marix said.

Matthews, Grace and Marix kept their pledge to scale Palm Beach back to sea level. They immediately tightened building codes and zoning restrictions to reduce the town's population density.

At public hearings, residents referred to Palm Beach as "a historic shrine like Newport and Williamsburg."

By March 1970, the town had curbed high-rises, setting a five-story limit on apartments and three-story commercial usage. Church steeples and flagpoles were limited to the same height as the zoning districts in which they are located. Single-family houses were divided into three different types.

During the summer of 1970, the council created an Architectural Commission. Charged with the task to "preserve Palm Beach's beauty," the five-member board of professionals would meet regularly to review building plans.

While the town took more than 20 years to restrain its "sky's the limit" building swell, yet another decade would pass before the Landmarks Preservation Commission was formed.

Today, as Palm Beach contemplates its 21st century developments, it might be time to revisit what architects John Stetson and Howard Chilton observed 52 years ago in an essay they wrote: "So many times in our attempt to maintain Palm Beach's beauty, we have passed ordinances that prevent duplicating the types of buildings that made the resort famous."

Augustus Mayhew is the author of Lost in Wonderland — Reflections on Palm Beach.

Winter Journeys in the South:

Pen and Camera Impressions of Men, Manners, Women, and Things All the Way from the Blue Gulf and New Orleans Through Fashionable Florida Palms to the Pines of Virginia
John Martin Hammond January 1, 1916
J. B. Lippincott Company

PALMY PALM BEACH

THERE had been much talk in Ormond about "the train." You would be on the porch of the golf club and would see a balloon of smoke on the horizon. "What is that?" would say Big Sister from Chicago. "Why, that must be 'the train'" would say the Mother of Big Sister from Chicago. And so it would go. Everybody seemed to know about this train and everybody seemed to be interested in it.

At last I was to see "the train." It came sneaking over the long bridge across the Halifax, rear end first, and settled with a sigh at the station of the hotel. Porters ran to the steps, tired-looking travelers came down those steps, a weary-looking conductor waved his arms languidly, energetic bell-boys grabbed hand baggage to run to the hotel with it. There was nothing remarkable about "the train" that I could see, nothing to justify so much talk about it, nothing remarkable whatever. However, one day at noon I boarded this train with the firm intention of going to Palm Beach. And thus I commenced another phase of my journeyings.

To get on the main line of rails from which it digresses to reach Ormond "the train" does some little jockeying, but at length we got started fairly south, and jogged comfortably along through an uninteresting country, accompanied always by an impressive cloud of white dust. Always this dust billowed and eddied outside of the windows and could be seen in swirls through the aisles of the cars. When the car stopped it settled in a discouraging fashion upon the habiliments of the passengers. There are few stops between Ormond and Palm Beach, at least "the train" made few. Occasionally we would halt at a siding or a water tank and then the passengers would get out, penetrate the envelope of white dust and stand beside the track. At one point where we alighted there was the longest stretch of straight track that I have seen anywhere. On, on, on into the horizon it proceeded,

apparently without curve, and it maintained perfectly the laws of perspective. Then the train would start again. It had a peculiar way of starting,— this train; without warning whatever it would just quietly take up the burden of life once more and move. Other trains in other sections of the country make a dramatic moment of the start. There is a clatter, a clanging of bells, a waving of arms and the cry of "All aboard!" With this train there was nothing of the sort. It just went, and unless you were watching it you were very apt to be left behind. We reached Fort Pierce about half past seven in the evening, and immediately upon the hearing of this name there was a brightening upon the part of the passengers, for they knew that Palm Beach was not far away. "Palm Beach I" What a magic sound the name has! And what a wonderful scrubbing and dusting there was in the car with the porter as head priest of the movement. The porter dusted visibly. You could see each stroke of his brush on your clothing and a great cloud of white dust filled the air. However, he was through at last and we were all clean.

One should not talk flippantly about sacred things. Indeed, the magic of Palm Beach began to assert itself as soon as the train crept slowly out upon the bridge which connects the island with the mainland. The numerous lights of the great Poinciana Hotel were reflected in the water; balmy, soft, Southern airs came through the windows of the train; there was a languorous, velvety feeling about the atmosphere.

Palm Beach, as almost everyone knows, is situated on the southern extreme of the Florida east coast, and is a narrow island about fifteen miles long and about two miles broad at its broadest point. It is separated from the mainland on which is situated the little village of West Palm Beach by a long, narrow sound, erroneously called "Lake Worth." On the eastern side it is bounded by the waters of the Atlantic ocean. The principal part of the island, speaking from the residential stand-point, is on the western side, or the lake front. Here stands the Royal Poinciana Hotel. Directly across the island on the ocean side is the Breakers, a hotel second in size only to the Poinciana. Adjacent to the Poinciana but farther north on the island are the Palm Beach Hotel and the Hibiscus, good houses both of them; the visitor may choose from any of these.

It is no place for a tired business man, or a retired business man for that matter. Indeed, I do not associate anything masculine with Palm Beach at all. It is soft, feminine. It is a woman's idea of a paradise.

To return, more particularly, to that immaculate throng which we left in the Pullman car under the direction of the colored porter,—the train creaked in its slow, non-committal fashion into the station of the resort, and stopped with a sigh. There was a bustle and confusion, but none of the babel one usually associates with railroad stations. I alighted under the porte-cochere, or whatever one may call the railroad entrance of a hotel. One porter grabbed the suit case containing my faithful camera, another porter took the bag containing my clothing and both together pointed to the steps which led to the main floor of the hotel. I ascended these, crossed a small porch and found myself facing a long corridor, down which I commenced to walk.

This was the longest corridor I had ever seen in my life, and I walked and walked. At last I began to get tired of this business; nothing but velvet footfalls, a sort of muffler padding as we tramped along. One quarter of a mile long is this corridor, the longest hotel corridor in existence. At last we passed some lighted shop windows, went by an inviting, open, dining-room door and came to the nerve center of the hotel. And there behind the desk were the young men who dispensed the nerve of the establishment. I registered, giving my full name and previous condition of servitude, and was shown to a small room on the fifth floor.

It took exactly ten minutes by my faithful watch, counting in stops for the elevator, to take on baggage, and to obey the traffic block signals, to go from the desk to my room. The room was small, without a bath, and was rated at six dollars a day, but it was clean and comfortable. The only thing I had against the room was its shape. Never have I seen a room of so unusual shape. The wall away from the one window formed a right angle with the floor; the wall in which the window was pierced formed a very acute angle with the floor and the other two walls had an angle which I have not been able to calculate. I could stand up comfortably against the wall away from the window, or I could stand up comfortably in the dormer of the window.

In the other parts of the room I crept like a villain for my clothes, and when I washed I crouched as if I were doing a dark and hideous deed, like Lady Macbeth trying to get rid of the spots.

Everything about the Poinciana must be calculated in terms of pure bulk. The house, when it is full to capacity, and it very frequently is filled, can accommodate fifteen hundred guests, and this figure does not include the number of the employees of the establishment. The dining-room is made in two parts with a connection in the middle like the letter " H " and is big enough to house a regiment of soldiers. The menu here is of the same high quality and wide variety as in the other houses of the Florida East Coast Railway group. But the service is slow, no matter how good the waiter, as might be expected from the physical difficulties he has to contend with in so huge an establishment. Actually a dish may get cold in being brought from the kitchen to the table.

The popular dining hour at Palm Beach is 7.30 or 8 o'clock and the main aisle of either of the two dining-rooms is a resplendent vision at this time. The most gorgeous clothes and the most luxurious women in the country can be seen here, and the latest styles. This year the women seemed to run to bulk and the clothing to minuteness. Some other year the proportions may be reversed. There were big pearls, big diamonds and big jewelry of all kinds and assortments. One could not escape the sight of them.

Let me draw a picture of one characteristic diner at Palm Beach: Large, imposing she was, built by Titan upon Minerva's order. When we first saw her coming down the aisle she seemed to be carrying a bone in her teeth, to use the nautical phrase. She was striped in black below the water-line and was very neatly turned out above. When she sat at a table near me I learned from her accent that she was from the Middle West and when she came down the aisle she looked like a great vessel with a fair wind behind her. She was a ship of the American desert. Somewhere or other in her atmosphere there was carried along a husband like a fly outside a railway train window.

Time passes very quickly at Palm Beach, and it soon becomes the hour at which dinner is finished and the daily promenade begins in the long passageway outside of the dining-room and through the rotunda of the hotel. Imagine three or four hundred women gathered together and each one determined to slay the others with a pang of envy through the heart at the beauty of her attire! If one cares to sit by and watch this parade he may find many comfortable chairs scattered along the course.

As the evening wears on it becomes time for the dancing. This is done in a room down stairs in the "cafe," as it is called, chiefly peopled by the young of the female of the species. A negro banjo quartet provides the music, and very excellent music it is, too, done with that sense of primitive rhythm which distinguishes the black race. Here the young girls of the hotel are seen, and how beautiful these young girls are! Truly there is nothing finer than the young American girl. Slim as a rapier and quick as a flame! Dancing continues from nine to twelve o'clock and then everything is rigorously closed down.

It may be said here parenthetically that the percentage of real drinking at Palm Beach is very, very small. To begin with, on account of the laws of the state of Florida it is impos-

sible to get anything spirituous to drink after six o'clock in the evening unless one has laid in a special private stock of his or her own. And the laws of the state, according to my observation, are very strictly enforced by the hotel. More than that, the air is too soft, too warm, to invite much indulgence in alcohol. It would be like drinking a cup of hot tea while sitting in a tub of hot water.

Bed time comes at the Poinciana neither earlier nor later than at other places. Very often the management of the hotel provides an entertainment in the main ball room or assembly room and this fills in the hour between nine and ten o'clock in the evening.

One of the amusing sights to be seen at almost any minute during the evening is that of the many reporters for New York newspapers and the fashion publications buzzing about the lobby or the corridors of the hotel interviewing guests, gathering names, and it is marvelous to observe the perturbation of some mother of a young miss as a representative of the mighty press bears down upon her.

"This is Mrs. Blank of Milwaukee?" "Yes, this is Mrs. Blank." "And Miss Blank is with you?" "Yes, Miss Blank is with me." "How long do you expect to stay?" "Oh, we'll be here the entire season,—" while the probabilities are no doubt that they will move on at the end of the week. And so it goes. No doubt there is much legitimate news to be gathered at Palm Beach. There must be. I should estimate the proportion of correspondents to guests as one correspondent to every twenty-five guests of the hotel.

The nights are cool at this great American watering place, and, if your room is properly screened, untroubled by mosquitoes. If your windows are not so screened you will dream all night that Zeppelins are attacking your township.

Morning brings bright outdoors to Palm Beach almost every day, for rainy weather is not often known here. One ventures to sally forth, and is guided in his wanderings by a very useful publication put out by the hotel

management, known as the Palm Beach Daily Program. What are some of the things that one may do during the day? Boating, bathing, fishing, walking, golfing, shopping, riding in the chairs. Riding in the bicycle chairs! Ah, there is something to do! Who does not remember the bicycle chairs at Palm Beach? One sits in a sort of a magnified baby carriage with a bicycle seat behind. A burly darkey occupies this seat and pedals vigorously. We rush violently through space, we round corners on two wheels. The small bicycle bells tinkle intermittently like fireflies of noise. It is an exciting thing to do.

Out of doors one gains a new idea of the bulk of the Royal Poinciana Hotel. It is conceived generally in the Georgian style of architecture and is a perfect barracks of a place, constructed of frame and clapboards. Not at all an unattractive building from the architect's standpoint, it is truly a monument to the bigness of grasp and enterprise of the founder of the whole chain of hotels on the east coast of Florida. Adjoining the Poinciana are the famous Palm Beach gardens, which contain many varieties of rare shrubs which can not be grown in Northern latitudes.

Connecting the Poinciana Hotel and the Breakers is a long straight avenue about one mile in length, down which run a track for wheel chairs. The walk to the north along Lake Worth is the older and more popular walk at Palm Beach. Here are the shops and the tea-houses, and here is Bradley's, which may be given a more extended mention. The exterior of Bradley's, and the interior, for that matter, are as quiet as a country church. The atmosphere of the place is more that of a well-appointed, well-conducted home than anything else. Large sums of money are, no doubt, won and lost in this establishment, but I doubt if it altogether deserves quite the hectic reputation that has been ascribed it. Annually stories

come out of huge sums of money lost or won at this place; but spread over the whole period of its existence these sums would not be so very large. Anyhow the question is not economically an important one. The money is lost usually by those whom it has cost nothing to obtain, and is merely removed from one idle channel of humanity to another. Let us continue to stroll farther on up the coast.

It was my good fortune to take this walk late one evening. Night was coming on, bringing that soft, slumbrous, tropic twilight. The vivid colors of a gorgeous golden sunset were reflected in the still waters of Lake Worth. To my right was the heavy green foliage of the palm trees, and in their shadows glimmered the white fronts of houses. Wheel chairs rustled swiftly by, tinkling as they went. The path seemed not to be solid, but seemed some airy walk shimmering in the half light, and leading on into a region of enchantment. Truly it was fairyland! One may well understand the continued charm of Palm Beach.



Vintage Postcard

In front of "Old" Palm Beach Hotel

A BRIEF HISTORY OF WEST PALM BEACH

An understanding of the historical development of a community is for the foundation that makes it possible to place architectural resources within an historical context and permits the logical framing of arguments for their preservation.

EARLY SETTLEMENT PERIOD 1884-1902

The settlement of West Palm Beach occurred between 1884 and 1902. The first settler to file a homestead claim in what is now West Palm Beach is believed to be Irving R. Henry, who filed a claim for 131 acres in 1880. He later sold his property to O. S. Porter. During these early years, only a few cabins dotted the western shores of Lake Worth, the first of which was reportedly built by the Reverend Elbridge Gale. Railroad developer Henry Flagler visited the Palm Beach area in 1892 while investigating a route for the expansion of his Florida East Coast (FEC) Railroad south from St. Augustine. Impressed with the beauty of the area, he decided to create the Town of Palm Beach as an exclusive seaside resort community for wealthy northern industrialists. In 1893, Flagler purchased property on the west shore of Lake Worth from O. S. Porter and Louis Hillhouse in order to establish the Town of West Palm Beach as a separate commercial center apart from the Palm Beach resort community. The land was surveyed and a plat was filed for "West palm beach." The plat consisted of 48 blocks and extended from Lake Worth on the east to Clear Lake on the west, and from Althea Street on the north to Fern Street on the south. The streets were named for native plants and laid out in alphabetical order. The streets were arranged in a grid pattern, except for two short diagonal streets at the east end of Clematis Street. They defined a V-shaped public space on the lake front. This space became "City Park" (later known as Flagler Park). A bandstand was erected, merchants held impromptu baseball games here, and a free "reading room" was established in 1896.

Flagler's FEC Railroad reached West Palm Beach in 1894, bringing building materials, tourists, workers and new residents. In February of 1894, the first lots in the town were auctioned off at Flagler's Royal Poinciana Hotel in Palm Beach. On November 5, 1894, the Town of West Palm Beach was incorporated. Although the plat had been designated "West palm beach," the registered voters in the new town decided to separate the name, due to superstitious fear of thirteen letters. A shell-topped road, which ran through the middle of the town (Clematis Street) between Lake Worth and Poinsettia Avenue (now Dixie Highway), became the retail district of the town. The first building on Clematis Street, a hardware store operated by Otto Weybrecht, was erected in 1894. For many years, West Palm Beach was populated primarily by railroad workers and construction crews building hotels and homes in Palm Beach. In addition, a sizable community of black workers settled in an area of the Town of Palm Beach known as the "Styx." Probably sometime between 1910 and 1912, as development continued in Palm Beach, blacks were evicted from the "Styx". This led to the formation of an African-American community just north of the original plat of the Town of West Palm Beach, generally to the west of the FEC railroad tracks and north of Banyan Street, in the areas known today as the Northwest, Pleasant City, and Freshwater neighborhoods. Most of the local white population continued to build their homes near or along Lake Worth.

The new Town of West Palm Beach quickly developed the amenities of community life. In 1894, a school for African-Americans in West Palm Beach was established by the Tabernacle Missionary Baptist Church at Clematis Street and Tamarind Avenue. Union Congregational Church, the first church in West Palm Beach, was founded at Datura and

Olive Streets in 1894. That same year the town's first grocery store and post office opened. In 1895, the Town's first power plant began operation. In addition, a wood-pile railroad bridge was erected across the Lake. The bridge was moved several blocks to the north in 1902. However, for many years goods and passengers traveled between West Palm Beach and Palm Beach by small boats and ferries.

In January and February of 1896, two fires consumed most of the wooden structures in the downtown commercial area. The fires prompted the Town Council to enact a building code which required all buildings in the downtown area to be constructed of brick or stone. Many of the quality masonry structures in the downtown area were a result of those new building standards. In spite of the fires, the Town continued to grow. By 1900, the population had reached 564, and the Town could boast of having a library, sewer system, pump-ing station, electricity, paved streets and telephone service.

PERIOD OF CIVIC DEVELOPMENT 1903 - 1919

Two key events highlight the period from 1903 through 1919, a time of civic development for West Palm Beach. The two events fostered the development of West Palm Beach into a center for governmental and commercial activity. First, the Town Council petitioned the Florida Legislature for a city charter, which was granted on July 21, 1903. Second, the Florida Legislature created Palm Beach County out of Dade County on April 30, 1909. The City of West Palm Beach was named the county seat. By 1903 a public school was located at Poinsettia and Clematis. County business was conducted in the school building until a Courthouse was constructed in 1917.

Map of West Palm Beach 1915



Beginning in 1908, with the construction of Central School, a complex of educational buildings for white students was erected on Georgia Avenue between Gardenia and Iris Streets.

In 1905, the City's first permanent Fire Station and City Hall was dedicated at Dixie and Datura. Law enforcement was provided by a Marshall until 1919; a jail had been constructed in 1915. A group of investors organized a telephone company between 1900-1904. It was incorporated as the West Palm Beach Telephone Company in 1909, with sixty-five subscribers. Although a hurricane in 1903 caused severe damage to the downtown district, the railroad and the promise of a better life continued to bring new businesses and residents to the city. Some of those new commercial establishments located in the downtown area, and included Pioneer Linens and the clothing companies operated by J. C. Harris, and the Anthony Brothers. These businesses, along with previously established companies such as the Lainhart & Potter Lumber Company and Sewell's Hardware, formed the heart of the commercial district. Carl Kettler opened the City's first theater, the Bijou, on Clematis Street in 1908.

West Palm Beach's African-American community also grew, with new residents drawn to the area by job opportunities with Flagler's FEC Railroad and other upstart enterprises. As a result, Pine Ridge Hospital for African-Americans was constructed in 1916, at 5th Street and Division Avenue. By 1917, Industrial High School for black students was constructed. By 1910, the population of West Palm Beach had reached 1,743. Support grew for the construction of roads that expanded beyond the farm-to-market route. Much of the interest in building new roads came from people who would benefit from increasing tourism, such as hotel and restaurant owners and those involved directly or indirectly in the automobile industry.

The Dixie Highway Association, founded in 1915, was an influential organization that sought to link the Midwest to South Florida. One of the major proponents of Dixie Highway was Carl Fisher, founder of the Indianapolis Speedway, who was seeking to develop real estate holdings in Miami Beach. The last link of Dixie Highway was completed in 1918. This important tourist highway passed through the heart of West Palm Beach and served as the foundation for a developing tourist industry. In 1917, the completion of the West Palm Beach Canal from Lake Okeechobee to Lake Worth opened vast tracts of land for agricultural development west of the city.

To capitalize on this development, the city built a canal branch, the Stub Canal, to bring passengers and freight closer to the downtown area. The city-built dock facilities, boat slips, warehouses, and a turning basin in what is now Howard Park. West Palm Beach then became the shipping center for the County's crops of sugarcane, pineapple and winter vegetables. Congress had passed the Dick Act in 1903 to create federal standards for a National Guard, a volunteer militia administered by the states for civil defense purposes. Florida was the first state to create a National Guard under this legislation. A unit of the Florida National Guard was established in West Palm Beach in 1914. This unit was federalized from July 1916 to March 1917, for service along the Mexican border, and again in October 1917, for service in Europe. As material supplies and manpower were diverted to support the nation's entry into World War I, construction in West Palm Beach, as throughout the country, dramatically slowed.

LAND BOOM PERIOD 1920 - 1928

The automobile was one of the most significant industrial miracles of the second decade of the 1900s. The completion of Dixie Highway and an ambitious road building program undertaken by the State of Florida (which incidentally led to the highest per capita public debt in the nation) enabled West Palm Beach to begin to attract seasonal, middle-class

tourists. This economic boost and a diverse economy helped buoy the City through a recession that gripped the nation following

World War I. Following the recession, the nation began to recover and experience an expanding industrial output, a soaring stock market, and a booming consumer market.

The nation was bombarded with brochures that promoted the natural beauty and wonders of Florida. To assist with the annual influx of visitors, a West Palm Beach Tourists' Club was established in 1920, and a number of hotels were built along the waterfront including the Royal Palm (1922), El Verano (1923), and the Pennsylvania (1925)

Various businesses, chambers of commerce, and real estate developers promoted the growing interest in Florida. Realtors developed a variety of sales techniques, promotional enticements, and national publicity campaigns. Full-page ads in newspapers across the country convinced many living in the populous cities of the Northeast and Midwest that Florida's mild weather and reasonable real estate could offer a better life. Florida became a paradise for investors because of its advanced rail and automobile access, mild winter climate, and the Florida's legislature's promise to never pass a state income or inheritance tax. During the early 1920s, stories were circulating in newspapers and magazines about people who had become rich overnight in the Florida real estate market. The resulting real estate boom had an enormous impact throughout Florida, and West Palm Beach was no exception.

The population of West Palm Beach in 1920 was 8,659 and had quadrupled by 1927. During this time, the entire City east of Australian Avenue was platted. As construction boomed in the new subdivisions, West Palm Beach developed a substantial building supply and architectural specialties market, obtaining materials from around the world for distribution throughout the surrounding area. The building boom drew trained architects to the city. From 1920 to 1925, the City's property values increased from \$13.6 million to \$61 million. Beginning in late 1922, a series of bond issues financed several important projects, including street repairs and widening, and sewer and sidewalk installation. The commercial center continued to be concentrated on Clematis Street although it expanded to the west, and north and south along Olive Avenue and South Dixie Highway. The City's first skyscrapers were erected: the seven-story Guaranty Building at 120 South Olive Avenue in 1922, the eight-story Citizens Bank Building at 105 South Narcissus Avenue in 1923, the ten-story Comeau Building at 319 Clematis Street in 1926, and the fourteen-story Harvey Building at 223 Datura Street between 1925 and 1927. Other important projects during the period were the opening of Good Samaritan Hospital in 1920, the construction of the Seaboard Airline Railroad Station on Tamarind in 1924-25, and the construction of a library in City Park in 1924.

During the spring of 1925, dishonest Florida real estate ventures were being widely publicized in northern newspapers. The real estate boom reached its peak in the fall of 1925. A freight embargo, bank failures, and two devastating hurricanes were among the factors that led the real estate market to dramatically decline. In West Palm Beach, three banks failed in 1926, including the Commercial Bank and Trust which held a \$700,000 deposit from the city. A devastating hurricane swept across Palm Beach County on

September 16, 1928, destroying 8,000 homes and taking more than 2,000 lives. Property

damage was estimated at \$13 million. When the stock market crashed in October 1929, West Palm Beach plunged into the Depression along with the rest of the country.

THE GREAT DEPRESSION ERA 1929 - 1940

Between 1929 and 1940, West Palm Beach experienced the effects of the Depression. Nationwide, the unemployment rate climbed from 3.2% in 1919 to 23.6% in 1932. West Palm Beach saw its tax base shrivel due to declining property values and a near-cessation of new construction. Property values in the City fell from \$89 million in 1929 to \$18.2 million in 1935. Construction was limited to small projects in existing neighborhoods. Continuing financial problems caused the city to refund bonds in 1936 and 1939. The phenomenal population growth West Palm Beach had experienced in the past slowed to a trickle. In 1930, the population stood at 26,619. Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected President in November 1932 and created various programs to pull the nation out of the Depression and to put millions of people back to work. These "New Deal" programs included the Federal Emergency Relief Administration (FERA), the Works Progress Administration (WPA), and the Public Works Administration (PWA). By early 1935, approximately 20% of Floridians were receiving some kind of direct government relief. In Florida, during the years 1936 to 1939, between 24,000-53,000 persons were employed on WPA projects. In September of 1937, Roosevelt signed the Wagner-Steagall Housing Act, intended to improve the general welfare of the nation by using federal funds to remedy "unsafe and unsanitary housing conditions." Low-income families would be housed through federal government vesting in local public housing agencies. The U.S. Reconstruction Finance Corporation provided low interest loans for slum clearance and construction of low-income housing for the nation's poor. In 1939, Congress appropriated \$800,000,000 for public housing projects. West Palm Beach participated in this program by setting up a Housing Authority and in 1940, constructed two housing projects: Dunbar Village, for African-Americans, and Southridge, for whites.

Many public buildings, such as schools, city halls, and community buildings, were erected with the support of the WPA during its eight years of existence. A special feature of the WPA building/construction program was a nation-wide effort to build armory buildings, and over 900 were constructed. In 1931, the local unit of the National Guard used city police barracks in Howard Park for its drills and inspections. WPA funds were used to construct an armory building for the Guard in 1939. Built at a cost of approximately \$56,000, the Armory project brought jobs and federal money into the depressed local economy.

Palm Beach County solicited federal funds (FERA, WPA, and PWA) to construct Morrison Field. The airport was dedicated on December 19, 1936. PWA funds were also utilized to construct the Flagler Memorial Bridge which opened in 1938, replacing the railroad bridge. Other projects buoyed the community's spirit during this time. The first public junior college in Florida, Palm Beach Junior College, was established and funded by the Palm Beach County School Board in 1933. The Norton Gallery of Art and associated art school were founded by Ralph Norton in 1941.

The anxieties caused by the poor economy of the Depression years was ameliorated somewhat by the creation of a number of recreational facilities.

Helping to provide an escape from the somber realities was the Palm Beach Kennel Club, founded in 1932 and the West Palm Beach Fishing Club, founded in 1934. The West Palm Beach Fishing Club was organized by thirty-five local sport fishing enthusiasts as a vehicle to attract tourists. It received support from both the City's Recreation Department and the local hotel industry. Florida's oldest sailfish tournament was first sponsored by the Club in 1935. In 1940, 350 anglers participated in the twenty-one day tournament. Their clubhouse, at 201 5th Street, opened

in 1941. Another important entertainment source was radio. The area's first station, WJNO, went on the air in July 1936.

The Carefree Bowlaway opened in 1939, and today it is known as the Carefree Theater. In the late 1930s, the nation began to embark on a military buildup. Because of its strategic east coast location, a local unit of the Florida Defense Force was organized in West Palm Beach for civil defense purposes. The local National Guard unit was again mobilized into Federal service and served until the end of World War II. In February 1940, Morrison Field was leased to the U.S. Army for an air base. The City's population reached 33,693 in 1940.

WORLD WAR II AND POST WAR PERIOD 1941 - 1947

Because of its geography and climate, the United States military viewed Florida as a perfect training ground for its armed forces. From 1941 through the war years, the City of West Palm Beach felt the effects of the military's presence. On February 27, 1941, Morrison Field officially became a U.S. Army facility and was the home base for more than 3,000 personnel responsible for training 45,000 fliers during the war. The military expanded the size of Morrison Field and paid for additional runways, a control tower and water and sewage systems. The City was also a stopover for thousands of soldiers in transit. While City residents lived in fear of German U-boats that prowled the coast, the buying power of the U.S. military boosted Clematis Street businesses and the City's economy. Very little private construction took place during the war years.

1948 TO THE PRESENT 1948 TO THE PRESENT

Many servicemen who had trained in Florida wanted to return to the state to live. Thus, immediately following World War II, homes were constructed in areas that had been platted but not built-up during the Land Boom. During

the 1950s, the Cold War and the Korean War led to the expansion of the West Palm Beach National Guard as it maintained its role in local defense activities. A new airport terminal had been constructed at Morrison Field in 1947, and the following year was renamed the Palm Beach County International Airport. Burdine's Department Store moved into a new building on Clematis Street in 1954, reflecting a new era of property development during the post-war years. Property values rose from \$72 million in 1949 to \$147.5 million in 1962. The population reached 43,162 in 1950. As new residents flocked to Florida, West Palm Beach was faced with limited room for growth and a primitive sewer system. Successors to the Flagler interests owned the water plant and the land west of the City. In 1955, the City floated a bond for \$18 million and used the money to purchase the water plant and 17,000 acres of land west of the City (including the water catchment area), and to upgrade the sewer system. A new library was constructed at the foot of Clematis Street in 1962. The following year, a Holiday Inn was erected nearby on Flagler Drive. In 1957, the City sold 5,500 acres of the newly acquired land in the westward expansion area to the Perini Land and Development Company. Developer Louis R. Perini, Sr. converted these

undeveloped acres of wetland and swamp into prime real estate. One of the City's stipulations was that a residential area for African-Americans be included in the development.

The passage of civil rights legislation during the 1960s was the next major issue West Palm Beach had to confront. Up to this time, the entire city was segregated. On August 30, 1967, a riot erupted in the nearby town of Riviera Beach.

Scattered groups smashed windows, set fires and shot at police in West Palm Beach. However, these problems were minor compared to the strife that consumed other areas of the country. Strong leadership in the African-American community and the City's foresight in the development of the Roosevelt Estates neighborhood in the westward expansion area minimized the difficulties in desegregating the City.

In 1968, the first African American students were admitted to Palm Beach Junior College. Ten years later, Eva Mack became the first African-American elected to the West Palm Beach City Commission. During the 1960s, other amenities continued to attract new residents to the westward expansion area. The Municipal Stadium was constructed in 1963 and brought in baseball spring training. In 1967, the West Palm Beach Auditorium and the Palm Beach Mall were constructed.

The first portion of Interstate 95 in Palm Beach County was completed in 1966, 3.6 miles from Okeechobee Boulevard to 45th Street. The Interstate was completed from Palm Beach Gardens to Miami in 1976. New hotels were erected just off the Interstate exits, diverting tourist traffic away from the motels that once lined Dixie Highway. As the population and economic base continued to shift to western suburbs, the downtown and the older residential sections of the City began to experience a slow decline. By 1976, 40% of the downtown retail space was vacant.

Throughout the 1980s and 1990s, the City struggled to redefine and restore the downtown area. A strong mayoral system was adopted in 1991. Shortly thereafter, an \$18 million dollar bond issue for revitalizing the downtown was passed. A symbolic event, marking the rebirth of the downtown, was the implosion of the vacant downtown Holiday Inn on New Year's Eve, 1993. The hotel was replaced by the Meyer Amphitheater. The Kravis Center for the Performing Arts was constructed in 1992. In 1994, the downtown library was remodeled and the plaza and fountain in the forecourt have become a center of downtown activities.

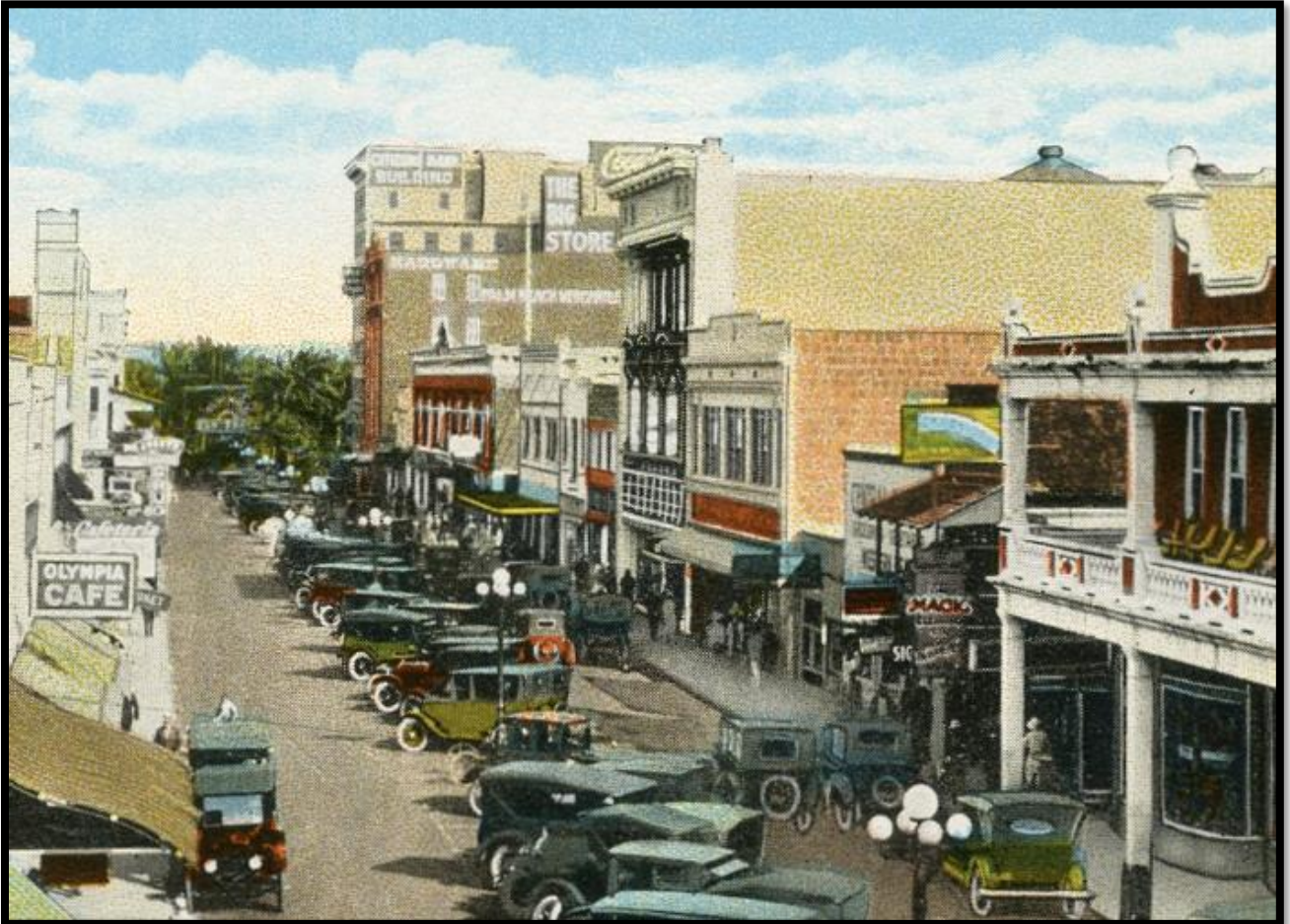
A new police station was built at Rosemary Avenue and Banyan Boulevard in 1995. That



West Palm Beach - Today

same year, a downtown master plan was adopted to bring design cohesiveness and unity to the area bounded by Palm Beach Lakes and Okeechobee Boulevards, Flagler Drive, and Australian Avenue. In the 1980s, deteriorated neighborhoods north and south of Okeechobee Boulevard, just east of the Kravis Center for the Performing Arts, were cleared for a private renewal project that never materialized.

The City eventually purchased the seventy-two acres and requested proposals for a multiuse commercial and residential development. Ground was broken in 1998 for a comprehensive assemblage of apartments, town-houses, and retail space, focused around a grand plaza. That project, City Place, opened in 2000. While West Palm Beach is enhanced by new developments such as City Place, it is its historic architecture that imparts a sense of the City's past and creates a special ambience imbued with the richness of time. It is the combination of new growth and respectful retention of our architectural heritage which will ensure that the unique character of West Palm Beach will survive.



Clematis Street, West Palm Beach, Looking East, about 1920

John Sites Earman

First Mayor of West Palm Beach

John Sites Earman was born about 1845 in Rockingham County. He volunteered and fought with the CSA where he served as a scout for Stonewall Jackson's army. He signed his parole papers May 31, 1865. He was only 18 at the time. His occupation at that time was



that of a carpenter and cabinet maker. On February 27, 1873 he married Susan Elizabeth Burke, the daughter of a Confederate officer, Col. John Wesley Burke and Asnith Jane Adelia Pratt. The Colonel was in the stage coach, mail and livery business mainly in New Market, Virginia vicinity. Both he and his wife are buried in the Friedans Church Cemetery in Mt. Crawford, Virginia, the same cemetery in which John B. and Amanda Sites Earman are buried.

His father John B. Earman was born in Virginia about 1819. He married first, Amanda Jane Sites prior to 1845 (the year of the birth of their first child). Amanda was the daughter of John Samuel Sites and Elizabeth Henton, both buried in Woodbine Cemetery in Harrisonburg, Rockingham County, Virginia. Amanda was born in 1820 and died at 37 years of age in 1855. John married a second time to Mary Ann Sites, a cousin of his first wife prior to 1860 in

Rockingham County. Mary Ann was born about 1825 and died in Charleston, South Carolina where she was living with her daughter, an only child, Alice M. C. Earman Sherer. After the death of her husband in 1883, Mary Ann apparently went to live with Alice who at that time was living in Newberry, South Carolina where her husband was serving on the faculty of Newberry College, prior to living in Charleston. Alice was married to Dr. Melancthon Gideon Groseclose Sherer in Bridgewater, Rockingham County, Virginia Oct 20, 1886. M. G. G. Scherer was of the very prominent Scherer family, Lutheran ministers. His brother, Dr. James Augustine Brown Scherer would become the President of Newberry College in South Carolina and later the President of what would become Caltech. Mary Ann was buried back in Virginia at St. Mathews Cemetery in New Market, Virginia among her Burke relatives.

John B. Earman served his state in the 9th Battalion Reserves of Rockingham County. He was mustered in at Harrisonburg April 28, 1864 when he was 47 years old.

John Sites Earman and Susie E. Burke Earman are buried in Evergreen Cemetery in Jacksonville, Florida. In addition, his eldest son, Joseph Lucien Earman and his wife, Georgia Alberta Farwell Earman are buried there, all in Plot B.

Per census information, we see that John and Susan had relocated to Florida after 1880 but prior to 1887 when his second son, John Burke Earman, was born in Tavares, Lake

County, Florida. After a short stint in Tavares, John and his family are found in West Palm Beach, Florida. Although he lived with his family in down-town West Palm Beach at the small hotel, "The Earman" that his wife ran, Mr. Earman farmed north of town in the area that is now Lake Park and North Palm Beach. When the city was incorporated in 1894, John Sites Earman was elected as the first Mayor. The Earman Canal in North Palm Beach is named in his honor



Temptation often crosses class lines. West Palm Beach's first mayor, John Earman, was nearly booted from office in 1895 when he was charged with being "in a state of intoxication" in the company of a lady of the evening who went by "Specks." Earman denied the charges and they were dismissed a month later.

John and Susan had two sons, Joseph Lucien Earman and John Burke Earman.

Joseph was born in Virginia in 1875 and as mentioned above, John Burke was born in Florida. Joseph would go on and become quite successful as the Editor of the Palm Beach Post and later on as a judge. He was Editor of the Palm Beach Post from 1913 to 1920, Earman resigned to start the Palm Beach Independent, noted for its editorials. Earman became the only man ever elected to the Palm Beach City Commission running independent of the two major political parties. Governor

Sidney Catts appointed him chairman of the board of control and he became known as one of Catts major advisors during a stormy period of Florida's politics. He served three terms. He was appointed municipal court judge. He became known for his philanthropic activities later in life.

Joseph and Georgia had a son named John Simms Earman, born July 15, 1901 in West Palm Florida and died August 30, 1983 in Vero Beach, Florida. He attended Cornell University in New York. He married Elizabeth Anne Albers June 18, 1925. They were the parents of three children.

His younger brother, John Burke Earman would become a prominent dentist, one of the few in West Palm Beach at that time, eventually having offices in West Palm Beach, Dade City and Charleston, South Carolina. Dr. Earman and his wife are both buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, West Palm Beach.

As preparation for the dredging of the Florida East Coast Canal in 1897, a ditch was dug south of the haulover from Lake Worth Creek in order to help drain the land for farming. Joseph Borman, before he became Palm Beach's first town marshal, helped to dig "Dimick's Ditch" by hand, along with Nathan Pitts (Pitts Island), Elisha N. Dimick, and George Lainhart. Borman said in an interview in 1962: "I worked in it all the winter of [18]97, cutting muck down that floated out in the lake." Today the waterway is known as the Earman River, or C-17 Canal.

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The Palm Beach Post, Wednesday, September 23, 1931,

John Sites Earman Is Claimed By Death

First Mayor, Father of Present Commissioner, Succumbs.

John Sites Earman, long time pioneer, first mayor of West Palm Beach and father of Commissioner Joe L. Earman died Tuesday morning at a Lake Worth hospital following a two weeks illness. He was 84 years old.

Although Mr. Earman had been in feeble health for some time, he had been critically ill for two weeks and his death came unexpectedly from a heart attack. For the last 18 years, he had lived at his home north of Kelsey City where he had engaged in farming.

Funeral services will be held tonight at 8 o'clock at the Ferguson Chapel, after which the body will be taken to Jacksonville tonight at 11:25 o'clock to be buried in the family lot there. The Rev. Frank Atkinson, pastor of the Congregational Church, will officiate at the service here.

Born Sept. 4, 1847, in Rockingham County, Va., John Sites Earman was married in 1869 to Miss Susan Elizabeth Burke of Cross Keys, Va. The family moved to Florida 51 years ago, settling first in Leesburg and coming to West Palm Beach in 1893 When West Palm Beach was incorporated in 1894, Mr. Earman was elected the first Mayor of the municipality. He was affectionately known by his many friends as "Dad" Earman.

During the Civil War, Mr. Earman served as a scout through the mountains of Virginia for the Confederacy, and he was honored as one of the county's most distinguished veterans by the Thomas Benton Ellis Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Surviving is one sister, Mrs. Alice Schearer. of New York whose husband is Moderator of the Lutheran Church, New York Synod.; Two sons, Joe L. Earman, Commissioner, Dr. J. Burke Earman, well-known dentist of this city,, two grandsons, Joe S. Earman and John Robert Earman, two great-grandchildren, Joe Henry Earman and Georgia Ann Earman. Pallbearers will be M. E. Gruber, George Butler, R. C. Baker, C. W. Calley, C. S. Raulerson, David Reed, A. B. Otwell and Fred Farwell.

Mrs. W. R Bowler, president of the United Daughters of the Confederacy issued a call last night for all members to attend the funeral tonight.

Tallahassee Democrat, Friday, October 2, 1931, Page 1

West Palm Beach-- Palm Beach County waited until after the death of John Sites Earman, first mayor of West Palm Beach, to award recognition for an act of courage performed 16 years before. The same resolution presented at the time but never acted upon was passed by the county commission changing the name of Sawgrass River to Earman river in recognition of the pioneer mayor's bravery. Sixteen years ago, Mr. Earman was 68, he saved the county bridge across that river and properties of the Florida East Coast railroad from destruction by flood waters. He was obliged to work all night at his self-imposed task of stemming the waters aided only by one negro.

The Earman family on the front veranda of the Earman Hotel, reportedly, the first real hotel in West Palm Beach. It was torn down prior to 1913 when the Salt Air Hotel was built. The Meyer Amphitheater now occupies the site. Circa 1890s.



(Editor's Note) Susannah Burke was the first cousin of the Editor's great grandmother, Emma Burke Woolwine of New Market, Virginia)

FIRES – THE EVER-PRESENT DANGER

(Editors Note: The next several articles relate to fires in the Palm Beach – West Palm Beach area. The Bradley Park Hotel was built about a year and a half before the big fire in March of 1925. It was built to be fire-proof and indeed it was successful. It was of masonry with stucco. The roof was of barrel tile. As far as can be determined no damage was done to the building. The Beach Club across the street did catch on fire but luckily it was put out as were fires that ignited at the Royal Poinciana two blocks to the south. One block north on Bradley Place the Palm Beach Hotel was leveled as were some stores on Royal Poinciana Way -- then called Main Street)

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 Excerpts from Centennial History 1894-1994: (West Palm Beach Fire Department)

Centennial History 1894-1994 by Ronald E. Johnson Published 1994

CHAPTER 1

The town of West Palm Beach incorporated November 5, 1894. At the time there were more than 1,000 residents, a post office, town hall, school, newspaper, stores, and an ice factory. Seventy-eight voting citizens elected John S. Earman as the first mayor. Elected to the first board of aldermen were George Potter, J. M. Garland, J. F. Lamond, George Zapf, H. T. Grant, E. H. Dimick, and H. J. Burkhardt.

Burkhardt had gained local notoriety as the "naked mailman." Working as one of the famous barefoot mailmen, he had taken to walking the isolated stretches of beaches without any clothes so that he could obtain the beneficial rays of the sun over his entire body. He was always careful to dress as he neared populated areas.

CHAPTER 2

The first major fire after the incorporation of West Palm Beach occurred on Thursday, January 2, 1896. At 2:00 p.m. fire broke out in the Midway Plaisance Saloon, a large wood frame building on the south side of Banyan Street. Flames quickly spread from one building to the next, resulting in extensive damage to the south side of Banyan Street and the Seminole Hotel located on Narcissus Street. The Alerts saved little of the involved structures. An explosion of a gasoline stove started the disastrous fire.

CHAPTER 3

Flagler's winter resort suffered a major setback June 9, 1903. Fire raced through the Breakers Hotel leaving little more than a pile of ashes. West Palm Beach volunteers responded to the fire pulling their old hose reel loaded with 500 feet of hose. They were delayed by the toll keeper on the railroad bridge who wanted proper payment for their passage. As a large column of smoke billowed skyward from the island, a nickel toll was demanded from each of the men before they were allowed to cross.

CHAPTER 4

The whiskey, beer, and wine were flowing early on the morning of January 25, 1916, and it wasn't a party. Grove's Warehouse, where more than \$30,000 worth of spirits was stored, went up in flames. The fire was discovered by West Palm Beach Policeman Clarence Pierce at about 1:00 a.m. He immediately pulled out his revolver and fired it into the air before

rushing to the fire station to sound the alarm. By the time firemen arrived at the warehouse, located at North Olive Avenue and infamous Banyan Street, the building was completely engulfed.

CHAPTER 5

March 18, 1925, the Kettler Theatre in West Palm Beach was featuring the movie *Inferno*. At 4:20 p.m., less than an hour into the first showing of the film, a real inferno erupted only a short distance away in Palm Beach, and the West Palm Beach Fire Department again responded to assist the neighboring community.

Flagler's Breakers Hotel, a four-story wood frame building, was burning out of control and Palm Beach called desperate for help. Constructed of Dade County pine lumber rich in tar, the hotel had no chance once the fire entered the free burning stage. No toll was collected this time as the apparatus roared over the bridge. It appeared the entire island was burning.

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The Palm Beach Post, Thu. Mar. 19, 1925 Page 1

FURIOUS BLAZE RAZES BREAKERS AND PALM BEACH

**Famous Old Hostelry in Ashes; -- Many Distinguished Guests Lose All
DAMAGES ESTIMATED AT OVER \$2,500,000**

Riflemen Guard Two Resorts As Looting of Salvaged Possessions Begins

After billows of fire had swept Palm Beach from the ocean to the lake for five hours, driven by high southeast winds late yesterday, the Breakers, historic old hostelry known round the world, and the Palm Beach Hotel lay in ashes.

The glowing lights of the embers of what a few hours since had been the scene of the nation's society and business activities, revealed the persons in the roles of refugees, grouped about such scanty belongings as they had saved, their personal possessions for the most part consumed.

But Two Are Hurt

Despite the peril and excitement, only two persons were known to have been hurt in any extent. One was a negro, who while saving a house on Sunset Avenue from fire, slipped from the roof and fractured his skull on the pavement below. The other was a young boy who was knocked down by an automobile on this side of Lake Worth as the car was going to the fire scene.

The loss in buildings alone last night was estimated at one and three-quarters millions but huge personal losses were expected to augment this by the tens of thousands. The loss of the Breakers was given as a million, mostly covered by insurance.

The great conflagration, which, while the Breakers was flaming, swept through the dry coconut palms, menacing the heart of the resort, started more than 12 other fires at hotels and villas and ended by leveling the second huge hotel almost a mile from the ocean beach where the Breakers stood.

Many Departments Help

While fire units from every point on the lower east coast were laboring feverishly against the menacing wind, the flames leaped westward across the County Road and soon arose on the white servant' quarters adjoining the Hotel Royal Poinciana, sister to the Breakers – the largest tourist hotel in the world. This veering of the wind in a more northerly course was believed to be the only element that saved the Poinciana. Across the island on the lake shore flying sparks from burning palm fronds alighted on the roof of the old Palm Beach Hotel while occupants watched the second catastrophe of a few hours unfold as dusk came on. That famous property of Sydney Mattox, an entire block containing more than 12 exclusive shops as well as the hotel proper, likewise was entirely demolished.

With hastily salvaged belongings of the nation's wealthy lying at random on streets and lawns, pillaging broke out. More than 25 persons, most of them negroes, were placed under arrest, and for a time traffic out of the resort was halted. Late that night national guardsmen, police of both Palm Beaches and deputy sheriffs were examining all persons leaving the town and scores of armed men were guarding the burned-out guest's belongings.

What, so far as is known, is South Florida's greatest fire, endangering the lives of nationally known personages and for a time threatening the entire northern half of the resort, was started at 12 o'clock in an upper southwest room there.
Caused by Electricity.

While such of the 450 guests and 300 servants of the luxurious 800-room, four-story building as were not enjoying outside pleasures, were enjoying card parties and other indoor occupations, a woman guest was using some electrical appliance in her room. From some wiring accident, the flame was first started, it was ascertained, although, at first the flames cause was variously attributed to other causes.

As the first flames licked the roof of the gigantic frame structure fronting the Atlantic, the ocean breeze soon fanned them to fury. Hundreds of occupants tried to remove their belongings in alarm, and servitors mounted the roof to fight the menace. To H. E. Bemis, vice president of the Florida East Coast Hotel Company, which operates The Breakers, last night, was given much credit for the lack of loss of life. Personally, on the scene, he painstakingly took care to warn guests and employees alike away after the hopelessness of the situation dawned on him and the general exodus took some order.

A few minutes later what had been just before a pride show place of Florida was a raging furnace.

Palm Beach firemen, sensing the danger to the row of Breakers cottages, homes of E. H. McLean and other notables, sounded a call which brought all three of the West Palm Beach fire companies, one from Lake Worth and one each from Miami and Fort Lauderdale, while scores of volunteers and policemen from both communities appeared to keep order as thousands of curious-minded persons crammed the resort.

General Confusion

The flames grew wilder, they spread to the Breakers comparatively new water plant, and to the servant's quarters, licking them up like tinder.

Then thousands began leaving the Breakers' scene, scurrying about the resort business district and northward amid the sirens of police cars and motorcycles, the screams of

overwrought women, the cries of children, and the rattling of fire units changing their positions. Word was passed about that the whole town was burning.

The dense yellow smoke and flame over the hotel appeared to spread itself to a loop, reaching a fiery hand out over the entire town. Sparks borne in from the beach caught the dry under fronds of the dense palm growths along the street and other hotels and houses began to catch fire.

The back of the Royal Poinciana's servant quarters caught fire several times. The 1,500 room palace – the pride of America's hostelries – could not be saved, it seemed, although forces battled hard for it.

Dampen the Jets

To the northward on Main Street the negro servants' quarters, were about to burn, and even the grass about the hotel's rear was aflame so strong was the breeze. All up and down Main Street store proprietors and volunteers were sprinkling tiny jets of flame that persisted in darting upon the walls.

On Sunset Avenue, a block farther up the County Road, the palms overhanging the Clinton Hotel began to burn, and trunks and families came swarming out. The Sans Souci cottage and almost a dozen other residences on the street were likewise endangered. It was in striving to save one of these that the negro fractured his skull.

All the while, tiny jets of flame were playing about the roof of the Palm Beach Hotel. The wind had veered slightly to the north-north-west and the Royal Poinciana was saved. And as the Breakers smoldered, all forces bent themselves toward the new enemy. Members of the West Palm Beach unit, attempting to use the Hotel's fire system, said they found it entirely inefficient in checking the blaze at the start. A Miami fire unit arrived and attacked the flames in the north Lake Trail shop section adjoining the hotel, but by 8 o'clock this second hotel was in ashes.

Many Shops Burn

Adjoining the Palm Beach Hotel, the following stores and shops, together with contents, were lost. Kenneth L. Gillespie, White Sulphur Springs, W.V., flower shop, Pauline Grossman, New York, women's wear shop; Perle Haller, New York, millinery store; and eight other similar shops belonging to local persons.

This hotel and its recent shop additions has been owned for years by Sidney Mattox, who, it was understood last night, is out of the city. W. C. Havill is the manager. Owing to the prevalence of the fire alarm, by the time the Palm Beach Hotel situation became serious and the comparatively small number of guests there the exodus was smaller than that at the Breakers, although, so far as could be learned, guest losses there were also large.

It was announced last night at the Poinciana that the 450 guests and the 300 employees at The Breakers had been accommodated at the Poinciana.

Only heroic work by the firemen saved the block to the north of the Palm Beach Hotel between it and the Beaux Arts Building. Braving the intense heat from the leaping flames of the hotel, the fire fighters kept streams of water playing upon the walls of the building occupied by Tyson's which luckily were of stucco. The firemen were continually drenched with water themselves, otherwise the heat would have been unbearable.

All the valuables in the shops in this block were removed for fear that the buildings were doomed. Other exclusive shops besides Tyson's in the block , for the most part containing women's wearing apparel, were Madam Clair's, Farr's, Henning's Bendel's and Dreiccr's. Menaces Art Collection.

Here the flames menaced what was called the most valuable collection of art works being shown this side of the Atlantic at present – the display, which the London firm of Agnew Company had housed in the Black, Starr & Frost building immediately to the south of the flames.

As the slackening of the wind and the work of the firemen became effective on the lake shore, the flame had devoured all frame outbuildings of the Palm Beach Hotel and were licking the pavement of Bradley Place.

The many small fires elsewhere did comparatively small damage. Persistent rumors that a woman had been taken dead from the Breakers, that a negro maid and three white children had disappeared, that a butler had entered the Palm Beach Hotel and not returned, and that a fireman had been killed, were set at naught by such authorities that could be reached. John Greene, manager of the Breakers said that, so far as we know no one was even injured in the catastrophe there.

Certain Palm Beach circles last night evinced some concern over the disappearance of John B. Erwin, popular society man, but as a complete check had not been made on the Breaker's guests, little general fear was felt for his safety.

During the battle to save the Royal Poinciana a force of 100 men under the direction of H. E. Bemis, manager of the Florida East Coast Hotels system there, was constantly on guard with the lines of hose playing on the roof and sides of the structure. It was said that the flying embers ignited the roof of the Poinciana several times but were quickly extinguished.

A similar force was on watch on the roof of the barracks as well as at Bradleys.

The sweeping calamity at the big hotels brought out many vagaries of human nature. According to police, an actress whose name was given as Georgette La Rue lingered in her burning room to find a dog biscuit for her prize pet white Policemen Neely of the local force reported that another woman had to be forced from the room where she was virtually daring death in an attempt to save a dog.

Joseph Shay, well known realtor who was at the Breakers at the time of the outbreak noted an aged couple apparently overcome by the scare. A thick booted man, apparently an airplane mechanic, dragged both from the hotel. Attempting to go back, the birdman sank on the hotel steps himself exhausted, and had to be carried to the open by Mr. Shay.

Thompsons Burned Out

Ex-Mayor William Hale Thompson, of Chicago, with Mrs. Thompson arrived at the Breakers hotel only yesterday morning, They had come for the health of both, Mr. Thom-son said last night.

"We just got here in time to enjoy the fire," he said. "We lost everything we brought with us except the clothes on our backs."

The Thompsons late yesterday went to the home of the Franklyn Smiths on South Ocean boulevard. The fire will not interfere with their stay here, Mr. Thompson said.

A prominent woman, whose name was withheld salvaged but one article of clothing – a heavy fur coat – and many were the men and women at the Poinciana last night bewailing the loss of every personal belonging they had with them.

And while the grass on the Breakers – Poinciana golf course was ablaze with the former hotel toppling, a twosome was seen calmly at golf on the threatened greens.

Takes Care of All

Late in the evening while the embers of both hotels were being carefully watched by firemen, the Poinciana reported that it had been able to house comfortably the 450 guests and almost 100 servants of the old Breakers, although many of the homeless had been received into the cottages of friends.

This is the second time the East Coast Hotel company, a part of the estate of the late Henry M. Flagler, builder of the Florida East Coast Railway, suffered from the fire at this spot. The first hotel was known as the Palm Beach Inn and was constructed there in 1895. In 1904 it burned to the ground. The next year the Breakers was built. Owing to the fact that the Royal Poinciana Hotel containing 1,800 rooms, was to close within a few days, a large number of guests had moved to the Breakers within the past week.

While smaller than the Breakers, the Palm Beach Hotel was almost as old. The first section of it was built almost 25 years ago. From time to time larger and more modern additions were built to it until it included a handsome business block in addition to the hotel.

While as far as could be ascertained last night, there were no deaths resulting from the fire, several minor casualties were reported to local hospitals. William Rathburn, an employee of the Palm Beach Hotel, suffered a severe cut on his left knee, which required several stitches. It is understood that Mr. Rathburn, who lives at 920 South Poinsettia stree, received the cut while rescuing several guests from the blazing hotel.

Thomas Owen of 211 Jefferson Road dislocated his wrist when he fell from the porch of the Breakers hotel while assisting in fighting the flames. Mr. Owen is employed as a salesman by a local realty firm.

Arthur Marshall of 505 South Poinsettia Street reported to police last night that an automobile driven by Henry Tuggles of Pleasant City, who in his haste to arrive at the fire, struck his young son of 6 years, painfully injuring him.

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WILL GUARD EMBERS UNTIL LAST GLOWING

Chief Sadler Tells Story Of Fire; Says Shingle Roofs Greatest Peril

Bedraggled and sooty, so weary that he could hardly speak, Chief A. P. Sadler, of West Palm Beach Fire Department sat in his office for the few minutes' interim between 12:30 o'clock when he returned from the scene of the fire until he should go back to supervise the guarding of the embers, and told briefly of the fight which the combined forces of the east coast fire departments had made to save Palm Beach and West Palm Beach.

The work of the fire departments of the towns up and down the east coast," he said, "in coming to the assistance of of Chief Schultz of the Palm Beach department and myself, was magnificent, and our appreciation cannot be expressed. Chief Haney of the Jacksonville department was here on a visit and his assistance was very helpful. Vero, Miami, Fort Lauderdale, Delray, Lake Worth – all were represented, and Stuart's truck when it was incapacitated by an accident, even sent its hose on."

Origin Undetermined

The origin of the fire, which began in the south wing, the worst place possible with the wind prevailing yesterday, Chief Sadler said, has not yet been determined. According to the chief, yesterday's work was the fighting of the flames, the investigation can come later. It was first reported to the Breaker's office. According to the information given the fire department by a Mrs. Towney, who smelled the smoke while visiting a friend in the south wing.

Chief Schultz acted in the capacity of a general, going from one scene to another, said Chief Sadler, while the different forces were concentrated at various stations. Owing to the strong southeast wind and the headway of the Breaker's fire, when the fire departments were notified, it was soon realized that it would be impossible to save the building and efforts were made on keeping the flames from spreading.

The work of saving the Breakers cottages were largely entrusted to the Lake Worth fire department and volunteers. Chief Sadler and part of his forces were at work on saving the barracks of the hotel and the homes on Sunset Avenue, putting out between 50 and 75 fires in that region.

Poinciana Catches

The Poinciana Hotel, he said, was on fire five times, and the work of combating the sparks there was under Captain Smith of the West Palm Beach force. When the Palm Beach Hotel first caught fire there was no par of the fire department there and the palm Beach force with volunteers under Councilman R. L. Ray managed to work in between the Prather building and the hotel and to head it off from going further north.

At the south end, the West Palm Beach force managed to cut off the flames at the Kauffman Building. Other forces worked at any points needed wherever directed by Chief Schultz.

In the meantime, at the direction of Chief Sadler, volunteers were patrolling the north end of West Palm Beach to prevent the settling of any sparks that might blow across. The hook and ladder and smaller pumps along with high pressure wagons were left in the central station in West Palm Beach for protection of the city.

"The biggest fight we had," said Chief Sadler, "was due to the shingle roofs. Even though the buildings themselves were not fire-proof. If the roofs had been the Palm Beach Hotel would not have gone and the Poinciana would not have been so endangered. Had the Poinciana really caught, it would have undoubtedly endangered West Palm Beach.

Although the fire was under control by 7 o'clock and reduced to embers by 12 o'clock, Chief Sadler announced the guards would be un duty all night and until every vestige of ember is extinguished. A check of local departments had found every fireman accounted for, sa slightly injured hand being the only injury reported.

A WEST PALM BEACH MEMORY

The West Palm Beach that I Remember

By Gordon L. Williams

We arrived in West Palm Beach on the evening train from Key West on September 23, 1918, sixty-one years ago. We were met by Mr. Steen, a realtor, who took us in his big Studebaker to the Dixie Inn, a remodeled residence on the west side of the Dixie Highway, facing the Palm Beach County Courthouse and only two or three blocks from the railroad station. During the previous several days we had ridden the Cuba Central Railroad the length of that island, spent a couple of nights in a Havana hotel, crossed the Florida Straits on the deck of the railroad-car ferry, spent a night in Key West, and ridden Flagler's famous Oversea Railroad to West Palm Beach.

We were a family of seven. Our parents, Mr. and Mrs. N.K. Williams, had met in Nebraska shortly after the Spanish American War, were married in Cuba and continued to live there. Five of us children were born there: Elizabeth, Gordon, Vera, Kenneth and Robert, and in 1918 we ranged in age from ten years to one year. By the time I finished high school nine years later there were four more children: John, Mary, Richard and Esther. In returning to the States to live, my father chose Florida, to have a climate as much like Cuba's as possible, and West Palm Beach because it had been recommended by Mr. and Mrs. Hose, whom we knew in LaGloria, Cuba. West Palm Beach was truly a nice place to live and rear a family. The Hoses, who later returned to West Palm Beach, had put my father in contact with Mr. Steen. Later Mr. Steen's son, Robert, was a schoolmate of mine at both West Palm Beach and Gainesville. The daughter, Mittie Steen, was a few years older.

Mr. Steen had a furnished house awaiting us at 424 Fern Street, midway between Poinsettia (Dixie Highway) and the FEC tracks. That part of West Palm Beach had been settled in the 1890s when the railroad came. The house was not new but it had lights, running water and inside facilities and seemed very modern to us. Few landlords today would rent a furnished house to so large a family for a month-at-a-time. Our first day there we contacted Dr. Freeman, an osteopath, for my mother whose back trouble was the principal reason for leaving Cuba. He was on Olive Street, near Evernia Street, a short walk from our home. We also bought a few groceries at Dwight A. Allen's store, on the corner of Fern and Poinsettia.

Our third day, September 26, and Kenneth's fourth birthday, little Robert died of diphtheria. Everything had gone wrong. The first doctor incorrectly diagnosed the case; Dr. Freeman said it was out of his field and by the time we got to the doctor he recommended, Dr. Ernest Van Landingham, it was too late. The serum had to be ordered from Jacksonville and it took a whole day for it to arrive by train. We were promptly quarantined for ten days and could not accompany little Robert to the cemetery where he has lain for three scores of years. Sometimes I visit the grave where the stone reads "Our Darling Baby." Dr. Van Landingham inoculated all of us with a newly-developed toxin-antitoxin and the house had to be fumigated.

We knew nobody in town and did not even have a phone. However, our neighbors were helpful and Mr. Allen sent over groceries as we needed them. We children played in the sand, which looked white but was far from clean, and braided palm leaves for those ten days. By the time we were out of quarantine the influenza epidemic of World War I had hit West Palm Beach and schools and theaters were closed and public gatherings discouraged. Fortunately the epidemic did not hit West Palm Beach very hard.

One day our father took us for a walk around town. We went down by the new city dock on the shore of Lake Worth near the end of Datura Street, where farm produce and fish were being unloaded. At that time the lake and its connecting East Coast Canal constituted a major artery of commerce. While we were walking around gawking, I volunteered to guide us home, but soon became lost. Elizabeth, who would be in the 6th grade when school reopened, was interested in reading the well-marked street signs - a new phenomenon to us. When we crossed Fern Street she knew the way home, embarrassing this unobservant volunteer guide. In time, we discovered what a well-named system of streets West Palm Beach had - sub-tropical plants in alphabetical order, as follows:

East and West (working South)

A-Althea

B - Banyan

C - Clematis

D - Datura

E - Evernia

F - Fern

G - Gardenia

H - Hibiscus

I - Iris

J - Jessamine

K - Okeechobee Road

Diagonals by the park

L- Lemon

M - Myrtle

North and South (Working West)

N - Narcissus

O - Olive

P- Poinsettia (Dixie Highway)

Q - Railroad - No Name

R - Rosemary

S - Sapodilla

T-Tamarind

North of Althea came the Avenues, 1st. Ave., 2nd. Ave., 3rd. Ave., etc.

As the years have gone by, politicians have shown great progress by changing some of these names. Politicians throughout the world do this - witness Istanbul, Stalingrad, Dominican Republic, Mt. McKinley, Hoover Dam, Cape Kennedy, etc. In this case, one of the early changes was to clean up Banyan Street, which had become quite a red-light district, by merely eliminating it from the map - great progress. Banyan now became 1st. Street, Althea became 2nd. Street, and all of the numbered streets to the north had their identifying numbers increased by two. Other street names have had similar alterations. So, while

West Palm Beach had an orderly street-name system at the turn of the century, by 1979 its growth and changes give it a hodgepodge system that's beyond me.

Another change in name was West Palm Beach, itself. It was originally called Lake Worth, which would be a logical name for the settlement that sprang up where the railroad reached Lake Worth. The railroad then terminated across the lake at Palm Beach, which got its name from the many coconut palms that the early settlers had planted there. After a lively advertising boost by Flagler, the name Palm Beach spread everywhere - Palm Beach County, West Palm Beach, South Palm Beach (at Southern Boulevard), North Palm Beach (before reaching Riviera, in those days), Palm Beach High School, Palm Beach Bank, Palm Beach Mercantile (The Big Store), Palm Beach Clothing Co., Palm Beach suits, Palm Beach Dry Goods (later called Hatch's) Palm Beach Post, Palm Beach Times, Palm Beach Independent, etc. Most all of these names referred to places or businesses on the West Palm Beach side of Lake Worth. There were likely others on both sides of the Lake.

Probably our earliest purchase, aside from groceries, was a bicycle. Our father bought a Columbia woman's bicycle for \$20, from Cummings' Bicycle Shop on Clematis. That was the going price for a good used bicycle. A new one was a bit more than twice that. He chose a woman's bicycle because any of us could ride it, and the females of our family certainly could not ride a man's bicycle. The next step was to learn to ride it. Elizabeth and I, aged 10 and 8, knew a lot about riding horses, but nothing about bicycles, even though we were older than neighborhood children who rode everywhere. When we did learn, we spent all day every day taking turns on that bicycle. We even asked to be called early in the mornings so we had more time to ride.

At that time, West Palm Beach claimed the distinction of being the "bicyclingest town in the U.S.A.," and well it might have been. It had paved streets, flat terrain, and perfect year 'round climate for such riding. There was one hill, up at Sapodilla Street. We delighted in coasting down that hill, either on Fern or Gardenia, right across Rosemary. The danger of hitting a car at those crossings didn't occur to anybody. I presume the cars were so few, so noisy, and so slow that the danger was minimal. Our father's first job was at the town of Lake Worth. He thought nothing of riding a bicycle to work six miles twice a day.

Almost everybody had a bicycle. Sunday afternoon family outings frequently meant a bicycle ride. If there were insufficient bicycles to go around, one could easily be borrowed. Groceries, papers, telegrams, mail, etc. were delivered by bicycle. There were bicycle racks everywhere. For example, Clematis Avenue had one-lane traffic in each direction, with space between the lanes to park cars and bicycles. There were about three or four racks per block, and each rack would hold thirty or forty bicycles - or wheels, as they were commonly called. Residences often had racks for three or four wheels in the front yard or up on the front porch, where they were sheltered overnight. Business houses also had such racks, and school grounds abounded with them. Bicycles were almost never locked; neither were houses or cars. Thievery was no problem.

A common form of transportation was walking. Distances were generally less than a mile, and concrete sidewalks were almost always available. Even during the Florida Boom, new subdivisions started by building curbs and sidewalks (many got no further than that). Bicycles were not allowed on sidewalks, but perambulators and wheeled toys were. These

were similar to our present models except that they had less durable rubber tires, or none at all. Some of the older people, especially women, rode tricycles which were much like the tricycles of today. Two or three older men had wheelchairs propelled by working two levers forward and backward. Some chairs not only had these two hand levers but two-foot pedals allowing all four of the occupant's limbs to propel the chair. I once got into trouble by playing with two of these vehicles that were on the porch of an older couple who did not answer their doorbell. I was there on an errand for my mother and when no one answered the bell I assumed they were not at home. They were! Anyway, I learned how the vehicles worked.

There were no riding horses or buggies in West Palm Beach. There were some wagons, especially for ice delivery. There were horses and mules outside of town that were used for farming and road work.

There were some automobiles and a few motorcycles, of the types now seen in museums. There were far, far less than one such vehicle per family. Perhaps there was one to a block. I presume one-third of them were Fords (Model T), the rest being of many makes. We had a Brisco that my parents bought one rainy Saturday night for \$300.00 at a used car lot in Miami. They rode the bus to Miami after work, Saturday noon, and managed to get back home a few hours before Sunday School. They took the job mechanic and Dad Felton, who was an experienced motorist, along to help select the car and to teach my forty-year-old father to drive on the way home. I think the only other Brisco I ever saw was in a museum near Rapid City, South Dakota some thirty-five years later. That made two too many.

Cars were licensed, as a form of taxation, but drivers were not. There was no compulsory insurance, gasoline tax, parking meters, inspection or sales tax. About the only rule of the road was to be on the right side of it when meeting another car. Sometimes, this meant running the right wheels off of the pavement. There was no stripe down the middle. Many drivers became "road hogs," by crowding bicycle riders off the road. The speed limits were twenty-five mph in the country, eighteen in town, and twelve in the business district. Motorists had to guess at their speed or take the word of a policeman, as most cars, especially Fords, had no speedometers. The speedometers that did exist, rarely worked. Forty miles per hour was the top speed of most cars.

In 1918, there were two or three electric Broughams in West Palm Beach. These cars were quite plush, glassed-in, and silent, complete with window shades and flower vases. They were steered by a tiller bar, and propelled by batteries. They were usually driven by dowager club women. A time or two, I saw a couple bring their children to school, the children riding on a home-made frame that was mounted transversely between their two bicycles. I suspect that contraption became antiquated in short order! During Christmas of 1919, our fourth-grade teacher, Miss Tillie Hooker, delegated four boys to get a tree for the class Christmas. We cut one down from an undeveloped tract a couple of blocks north of the Court House, that was a bit too tall for our ten-foot ceiling. We carried it about a mile through the heart of town along Poinsettia Street, which had only one lane in each direction, mounted across two bicycles, that we had to walk and push. As I recall, it gave no traffic problem. We even passed the city hall at the corner of Datura Street without arousing any policemen.

There were only a few trucks in town. All but the very lightest had solid rubber tires. I recall one Autocar that had two cylinders, with the motor under the seat. Another, was the Nash Quad, that was both pulled and steered with all four wheels. Of course, they had to be cranked, and the driver was not sheltered from the weather any more than he would be in a wagon.

About 1926, Palm Beach Creamery bought a fleet of electric trucks to deliver milk. A silent milk truck surely had appeal, but they were so heavy that they would frequently get stuck in the sand, and were expensive to operate. The electric milk trucks soon disappeared from the streets.

There was also a vehicle known as the Red Bug, a two-passenger, five-wheeled little vehicle painted red. Its wheels were smaller than bicycle wheels, four of which carried the vehicle while the fifth, mounted in the center rear, contained the motor which propelled the vehicle. Two bucket seats were mounted on a wooden platform only about a foot above the ground. The controls consisted of a steering wheel linked to the front wheels, a brake pedal connected to the rear wheels, and a lever in the middle that would raise the drive wheel, allowing it to spin in the air, thus serving as a clutch. It surely burned lots of rubber when this motor wheel was lowered to start the forward motion. Mr. Halsey, the co-founder of Halsey and Griffith, used to drive one of these Red Bugs to church with Mrs. Halsey and their two school-aged children, Dorothy and Earl. Another was used by a bee-keeper, west of Lake Worth, to deliver honey around West Palm Beach. A third one was bought second-hand for twenty-five dollars by a couple of about twelve-year-old boys, Carlton Weir and Fox Bird. These motor wheels were also used to push bicycles and to carry the rear end of a little scooter. I surely wanted one of these scooters.

Tourists liked to ride in bicycle-driven wheel chairs, especially near the park and other tourist centers. They provided a quiet and comfortable ride on a sunny winter day. These vehicles had a wicker double seat between the two front wheels and were propelled by a bicycle-type rear wheel. They were sometimes called Afro-mobiles because they had colored operators who were often very jolly and conversant guides. During the peak of the season, in Palm Beach, there was one horse-drawn rail car that operated between the Poinciana and Breakers Hotels. We heard that the Breakers had no formal dining room, however, except for adult workers and boy caddies, we year-around residents of West Palm Beach had no way of knowing for sure about conditions in that lavish vicinity.

In 1918, there was no toll-free transportation link between Palm Beach and West Palm Beach. The North Bridge, owned and operated by the FEC Railway, serviced the northern portion of Palm Beach and the Flagler hotels. The toll for this bridge was five cents for a car and driver and two cents for passengers, pedestrians, or cyclists. The South Bridge charged about half that toll, but it was away from the preferred traffic pattern, and had a grade to climb, because it was high enough at the channel for some boats to clear. There was also a ferry, from the City Park to the Palm Beach Shopping Center, that did quite a business, especially during rush hours (a term I never heard in those easy-going times). It operated every twenty minutes, ten minutes each way, and carried people for five cents, with no charge for a wheel. My mother thought it well worth the extra three cents to not have to pedal her bicycle across the bridge. Thus, Palm Beach was both exclusive and somewhat isolated.

During the one month that we lived at 424 Fern Street we survived the quarantine with no ill effect; our father got an engineering job with the Lake Worth Drainage District in the town of Lake Worth; we received our goods from Cuba, enrolled the three older children in school, bought a house at 609 Fern Street for \$2,500 and moved in. Our mother was receiving regular treatments from Dr. Freeman and was feeling better. Things were looking up!

Our new house, like the one we had rented, was made of wood. Nearly all Florida structures at that time were of wood, including the great Poinciana and Breakers Hotels. Our house had one-and-a-half stories and one-and-a-half baths. We soon hung out a printed sign that said "ROOMS FOR LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING" which was a very common practice during the winter season. It was a long time, however, before I could see the connection between offering rooms for rent and keeping a lighthouse.

Frame houses, made of Florida pine, were quite satisfactory. They were much better for cooling off at night than present-day masonry houses. They also stood up fairly well in hurricanes - compared to the non-reinforced concrete-block buildings that were beginning to appear in the mid-twenties. They were also easily moved. It was not uncommon to see a house being pulled along some street by a horse and windlass with men carrying the round pole rollers from behind the house to place them in front. They usually traveled five or six blocks per day.

The big hazard to houses was fire. Our house at 609 Fern Street burned a few years after we sold it. About 1920, a large portion of Colored Town, about Banyan and Rosemary Streets, burned down.

One day, about that time, I was in the Ross Grocery store, on the 600 block of Okeechobee Road, being waited on by one of their teenage twin daughters, Stella or Della, when somebody rushed in shouting that the Fulce house, that was located next door, was on fire. It surely went up fast, being completely gone by the time the hand-cranked fire truck arrived from Datura and Poinsettia Streets. At that time, we lived in a big house just a block away, at 623 Jessamine Street, and our father invited the Fulces to stay with us for a while. Their children were in our classes in both school and Sunday School. Neighbors were neighborly in those days, and insurance was not common. The Carpenters Union, of which Mr. Fulce was a member, rebuilt their house in one day.

One night at about that time, the Dade Lumber Co., located between Althea, Banyan, Olive, and Poinsettia Streets went up in flames. It was a very hot fire that scorched several near-by buildings which the firemen managed to save. The fire whistle sounded many times that night.

The big fire, though, was the burning of the Breakers Hotel in Palm Beach, early in 1925. At that time, we lived on a dairy at Monet, about ten miles north of town and one quarter mile east of the FEC tracks. The first we knew of the fire was at supper that night when our milkman casually mentioned it. Even then, the glow was plainly visible in the evening sky.

Incidentally, I doubt if the Breakers was made of Florida lumber. Few mills in Florida could turn out lumber of that luxurious quality. Lumber for the Poinciana Hotel, only a few years earlier, was brought in from Jupiter to Juno over the Celestial Railway and then

barged to Palm Beach. This was before the FEC Railway reached Palm Beach. I presume it came into Jupiter by schooner and that lumber for the Breakers came from a similar source, but via the East Coast Canal or the FEC Railway.

Besides fires, there were other accidents, some of which were tragic. About 1922, two airplanes crashed in West Palm Beach. One was a seaplane from the hangar just north of the west end of the North Bridge. The pilot had announced his intention of disproving the belief that a seaplane could not loop-the-loop. He hit a sidewalk a couple of blocks south of where the Good Samaritan Hospital now stands, and was killed instantly.

The other plane belonged to a young couple on their honeymoon. They came down just a couple of blocks from our house, just west of the west end of Jessamine Street. The pilot saw some of the early survey flags for the location of the Seaboard Railway and thought they indicated a landing field, so he came down in what turned out to be freshly cleared soft muck. The plane nosed over, only breaking its propeller. In a couple of days, he had a new propeller installed and offered to take one of us boys up on his test flight for five dollars. Somehow, none of us showed a bit of interest in that offer. Soon, he and his bride were winging their way on toward Miami.

Other accidents involved children and automobiles. Kathleen Thompson, of my grade in school, lost several weeks of school due to such an accident. About February, 1923, my sister, Vera, was helping me deliver my Palm Beach Times route, out on Okeechobee Road near the Military Trail, which was way out of town in those days, and was hit by a car as she ran across the road. She was one of the early patients in the Good Samaritan Hospital which was less than a year old at that time. As I recall, Dr. Peek kept her there about six weeks for a broken leg. My father paid most of that bill without benefit of any insurance. Mr. Lang, the driver of the Dodge touring car that hit her, and the Girl Scouts paid for one week each.

One Sunday that year, Jim McLaren, a boy of thirteen from near old Juno, stalled his father's old National car on the FEC tracks at Gardenia Street. He was taking his sisters, Clara and Velma, about 15 and 11, to the Baptist Church, that was located a block away. As a train came backing toward them, the girls jumped and ran, but Jim tried to save the car. Fortunately, he was not hurt, but the car was demolished. They walked on to church as if such experiences were common. About that time, Mrs. Carr, the mother of Nelda and Donald Carr, who were about my age and had been our neighbors on Jessamine Street, was killed by a car on Broadway Street, in the new subdivision of Northwood. My father happened along immediately after the accident, and helped take her to the hospital. I never learned the fate of her children.

A few years later, Carlos Wilson, a teenager from near Juno, got his leg crushed when his motorcycle was struck by a gasoline truck. The leg was permanently damaged, but he received enough compensation to start an auto-repair garage in Riviera. That venture has been successful over the years.

I presume a lot of the above car accidents, and many more, can be laid at the door of poor brakes. Prior to about 1927, no cars had more than 2-wheel brakes and many were in bad repair. I shudder to think of the brakes on the home-made school bus that I drove

in 1926-27. The public buses were no better. I recall drivers having to use both hand and foot-brakes for every routine passenger stop! Quicker stops were impossible.

Probably the worst tragedy of that time occurred early in 1923 when three Boy Scouts were killed and several others were injured by a dynamite explosion. About eight Scouts from the Military Trail Troop were on an over-night hike into the woods west of the Military Trail. In hiking toward their campsite, they had found a sack with several sticks of dynamite left by a settler who had been blasting stumps. The boys were all familiar with this process, and having no fear of the dynamite, took it along with them. To be sure nobody would stumble over the dynamite during the night, they hung it in a tree, overhead. The next morning, to awaken his sleeping companions, one of the boys fired his .22 cal. revolver into the air! Only one boy was able to go for help, and he had to crawl. The 3 boys were buried near the southwest corner of the city's Woodlawn Cemetery, over whose gate was the inscription, "That which is so universal as death must be a blessing." School was dismissed early that afternoon so we could all attend the funeral. The only boy of the three that I knew was Robert Lincoln. We had been particularly close to his stepmother and her children, Bertha and Earl Humphrey, for some years prior to her marriage to Mr. Lincoln.

The principal public school of West Palm Beach was the County School at the west end of Hibiscus Street, on the hill just west of Sapodilla. It had three main buildings, each having two floors with a full basement that was just a few steps below ground level. The center building, and original one, had a tower that extended about three floors above its roof. Children were not allowed to climb this tower but it was a frequently broken rule, because the view from there was spectacular, extending clear to the Atlantic Ocean. After the hurricane of 1928, the tower was taken down. Both this building and the one to the south were made of concrete blocks. While these stood the test of that hurricane, many did not. It was not the custom, at that time, to place reinforcing steel in such walls. Both this center building and the one to the south of it were in use in 1918. The north building was first put into use the 1923-24 school year, for only three high-school grades that year. My sister, Elizabeth, was in its first graduating class. It was built of hollow tile walls on, probably, a steel frame. That was common construction during the boom. It had a covered roof-garden above its second floor. All buildings had lots of natural ventilation and no heat- as was the South Florida custom at that time. In extreme cool spells, the school would be closed for 2 or 3 days - perhaps a time or two per year. The corner-stone of the north building - laid about 1922 - contains the signatures of all the students present on that particular day.

The center building had an auditorium, but by the mid-20's the school had outgrown that, so we were marched down to the newly-built Church of Christ at the northwest corner of Hibiscus and Rosemary, even when only the basement of that church was usable. By 1927, my graduating class was permitted to use the new Methodist Church - diagonally across from the Church of Christ - for our graduation programs.

In the 1920's, when West Palm Beach was a bare generation old, few of us and still fewer of our teachers, claimed West Palm Beach to be home. For example, my 1927 class year-book, *The Royal Palm*, lists 101 Seniors (born about 1909). Of that group, ten claimed West Palm Beach as home, and nine more were from elsewhere in Florida. One can hardly vouch for this as an actual record, since some claimed no home at all and John Nettleton

Claimed Colorado Springs, while his twin sister, Charlotte, claimed West Palm Beach! Of that 101, fifty-seven started high school elsewhere. This included the Class President, William A. McRae, Jr., who claimed Marianna as his home. He went on to study law at the University of Florida, and became, in time, a prominent federal judge in Florida. West Palm Beach was growing rapidly!

Of the teachers, a very few had come there with their parents - perhaps during the railroad construction days. This would include Miss Tilly Hooker, Miss Cook and Miss Gates. Miss Hooker had a sister who substituted for her when school reopened after the 1918 influenza epidemic. Miss Cook was very proud of being a Florida native and a graduate of Florida State College for Women. Since she finished before 1920, she was an early student there. The school is now Florida State University. She was thoroughly exasperated at how little Florida history I was learning - or have ever learned - and here I am now writing a wee bit of Florida history - including a bit about her! Miss Gates had the courage to break away from a steady job, about 1920, and start a private school in Palm Beach. I suspect it is still in operation. Then, there was Mrs. Lyman. She was among the very early settlers in Palm Beach. She taught me the fundamentals of arithmetic equations that led to my becoming an engineer. Her husband ran a bicycle shop on Olive Street, just north of Clematis, and her son was the architect of several golf courses, including the one just north of Lake Park, built in 1923. I was the water boy during its construction. Another teacher to whom I'll ever be especially indebted was Mrs. McWilliams, who taught me Algebra and English. The former was basic to becoming an engineer and the latter helped for promotions in that profession. She hailed from the West, and was the mother of Denver and Mary Elizabeth McWilliams.

A disturbing factor in the school operation in those days was the inclusion of children who arrived several weeks after school started and returned back north before it closed. Their fathers would try to find work in the area during the winter months and send the children to the public schools. These families would travel down and back by automobile, frequently carrying tents, bedding, dishes, pots, etc., camping along the way. That was before the days of motels, or even the dollar-a-night tourist camps.

These "tin-can tourists" would winter in a tent camp provided by the City of West Palm Beach, that was located about where the Seaboard tracks are now, a block or two south of Okeechobee Road. The camp had tent-sites, running water, and out-houses furnished by the City. The winter of 1922-23, insurance agent Harold Bartlett (then aged eight) delivered the Miami Herald to these tents. Since these people paid no property tax, and it was before the days of sales tax, a gasoline tax was levied so they would help support the schools.

Of course, many motorists objected to this tax for the schools, when such a tax might well go toward road-building, which would benefit all gasoline consumers. Of course, many tourists would rent rooms, apartments, or even houses for the winter. A common practice was to rent an apartment located over a two-stall garage, or, better yet, rent the house while the owner moved to the apartment for the winter season.

The more affluent tourists would live in Palm Beach, and send their children to a private school (such as Miss Gates') or hire a private tutor. My aunt, Mrs. Harvey White, who was herself a tourist and teacher from Indiana, was such a tutor one year. She also taught one

year in the public school, and one with Miss Gates. Many other Yankee teachers found jobs in Florida while it was cold at their homes. In those days, the history and the speech taught by the Yankees and by the Southerners were a different: for example, I learned very fast, that I was not to say "What?" to Miss Cook! Ours was a cosmopolitan environment.

West Palm Beach had several annual community functions. Some activities centered around the school while others centered around the City Park. The school had athletic meets with other schools. May Day was quite an affair with food, games, a Maypole - that frequently involved entangled streamers - and the crowning of a queen. Both Mittie Steen and Maudie Pierce were May queens. Maudie's younger brother, Harvey, was a classmate of mine throughout our school days and later became a well-known engineer.

The Fourth of July, Armistice Day, and Christmas festivities were always popular. These celebrations involved contests, fireworks, military drills (by the newly returned veterans) and Santa Claus. At Christmas, Joe Earman, editor of the Palm Beach Post, provided gifts for all the children -jackknives for the boys and dolls for the girls. At the 1917 Christmas party, ice formed in the City Park. Old timers talked about that cold spell for many years. There were also circuses, with parades; carnivals, with free passes for newsboys; and auto polo, played on a specially-prepared wooden floor.

The largest celebration of all was the Seminole Sun Dance. This event to observe the return of Spring lasted for three days in mid-March. (I rather suspect it was a gimmick to keep tourists present a few more days.) It was a carnival atmosphere with horns, bells, false faces, paper poppers, kazookas, whistles, and people running about making noises. The school had Seminole Indian costumes for all its students. These costumes got progressively dirtier year after year. We wore them in the big parade that was led by a high-school boy with a bass drum. On another day, there would be a float parade with prizes given by the city fathers. This parade had decorated bicycles, tricycles, wagons, pets, child-ren, etc. In those days, the neighborhood mothers had time to dream-up and put on such displays for their collective children. Our neighborhood once won fifty cents for each child involved in an act - whether we pulled a vehicle or rode in it.

Saturday was washday at our house. We were fortunate to have an electric washing machine. It was a wooden-tub Maytag - before they made one with an aluminum tub. It was quite satisfactory, but the power-driven roller wringer was a definite hazard. Besides popping off buttons, it would wind up long hair, long sleeves, and once badly damaged a girl's fingers. There were also other types of washing machines. The ones with electric motors were the most satisfactory, but many were operated by hand, and a few by little gasoline engines. The first chore on washday was to cut up some wood, fill a laundry tub with water, set it on some bricks, and build a fire under it. Some houses had methods of heating running water for Saturday night baths, but not for laundry water. It was a continuing process to heat the water, carry it to the machine by bucket, wash the clothes, wring them from the machine into successive tubs for rinsing and hand-scrubbing the missed spots, hanging them on the line, and then bringing them in as they got dry, to make room for others. It took several hours for a large family, such as ours. My sister, Elizabeth, bless her heart, called the tune and set the pace. If we were lucky, we'd have the tubs emptied and the clothes brought in an hour or two before dark. Most people did their own

washing - many on washboards. Some people hired a laundress to do the wash, either at the employer's home, or at the home of the laundress.

Most people cooked on a two or three burner kerosene stove. They also had a little portable kerosene heater for one room on cool days. Some people used wood stoves in cool weather, while a very few had water coils in that firebox to heat an un-insulated water tank that was connected to the house's hot water system. A few heated this system with wood-burning jacket stoves. Some houses had fireplaces that would take the chill off of the front room. School rooms had no heat other than, possibly, a kerosene heater. Manufactured city gas was piped to some houses in the heart of town. The mother of Allison Ballard, who lived in the 500 block of Iris Street, had a gas meter that metered out a quarter's worth of gas at a time. It had a slot for these coins, and she had to keep such coins handy if she didn't want the gas to expire at very inopportune times. I don't know what safety device it had to keep it from filling the kitchen with that very poisonous and explosive gas when she inserted a new quarter, forgetting that a burner was left on. Incidentally, that gas had enough hydrogen to buoy up toy balloons. It's a wonder we kids didn't get either poisoned or blown up, playing with it. Florida's open-air ventilation was a wonderful thing.

There was no such thing as air conditioning, or even electric refrigeration. Some stores, offices and churches had electric fans, but most houses did not. In hot weather, we would order ice for the kitchen icebox. A card in the front window told the iceman how much to leave. As he carried it to the door, he'd yell to the mules to "Get-up." They knew where to "Whoa." Children ran behind the wagon for hand-outs of ice chips. There's nothing new about children running behind a Good Humor truck.

There's also nothing new about solar heating in Florida. During the boom, many new houses had a system for the solar heating of water. The water was warm enough for a bath, but not hot enough for washing dishes.

About 1920, my mother bought her first vacuum cleaner. The Hoover cleaner advertised that it "Beats as it Sweeps as it Cleans." Ours only sucked. Our house had screw-in type outlets for such connections. One time I blew a fuse and damaged a spatula blade when I poked it into the socket. We used to run similar tests with our fingers to see if the electricity was turned on. We led charmed lives! Anyway, most people did not have vacuum cleaners, and little need for them. Such rugs as they had could be hung across the clothes line and beat with a broom stick. The floors were plain pine and got an occasional soap-and-water treatment. Varnish would not last on such soft wood and tracked-in sand. Incidentally, they were high enough above ground for ventilation to prevent ground rot.

Electric toasters were not common. About 1921, one of my milk customers (we sold some milk from our family cow) proudly showed me the last word in toasters. He'd just bought one that automatically turned over the bread slices when the side doors were opened and closed. It was really amazing!

Electric irons were very common. They had no thermostat, so often scorched clothes, and sometimes, when forgotten, started fires. One manufacturer discovered that more heat was needed at the point of the iron, so he put an extra heating element there. He called it the "Hotpoint" iron. My, how that name has spread!

Then there were plagues. Pharaoh's Egypt had nothing on us. There were sand crabs and millions of little frogs all over the sidewalks. There were swarms of mosquitoes kept in check by window and door screens, but the little sand flies went right through the screen. These insects were especially bad on hot still nights. They could not fly in a breeze, so people fortunate enough to have an electric fan could keep them off one person, but not a whole family. The burning of "Bee Brand Insect Powder" helped some, but it was expensive and lasted for only a short time. We mostly just endured them. In houses horse flies the size of honey bees could be controlled by screens, but outdoors they gave our cow fits. We made her dresses of empty feed sacks to help some, but we found that clothing a cow is really not practical. In the evenings, before dark, we'd sometimes put the cow in the chic-ken yard. The chickens made short work of the flies, but that was no help in the day time, when she had to graze. Yes, the modern ecologists just don't know what all the Florida ecology includes.

Our amusement was simple. Prior to about 1928, the movies were silent and radios did not exist. The World Series was received telegraphically and followed on a charted ball diamond at the City Park. Newspaper extras told about special events such as prize fights. I once sold the Miami Daily Metropolis on the streets. It came up from Miami by bus. We also amused ourselves by making and coasting in soap-box autos, making and flying kites, or whittling and racing rubber-band-powered toy boats. Our toys were inexpensive, and we became pretty adept at spinning tops, shooting marbles, or cracking whips. Girls enjoyed paper dolls, real dolls, and jack stones. Every child had plenty of playmates in every neighborhood and there was no concern about perverted criminals of any kind.

Several of the churches had youth activities that were well attended. We enjoyed frequent evening beach parties and holiday picnics, and made some visitations to such places as the County Poor Farm that was located out of town toward Riviera about a quarter mile west of the FEC tracks. Probably the Baptists' B.Y.P.U. was the most active group. My sister Elizabeth was a leader there. I was a Methodist, but occasionally went along with them to drive. We would attend meetings with other Baptist churches as far up and down the coast as Lemon City (now part of Miami) and Stetson College in Deland. Going such distances in cars of that vintage and returning long after dark was not without mishaps. I had a few close calls that I shouldn't have had. Elizabeth was once in McLaren's big old National (before its encounter with a train) when a rear wheel came off the axle on a lonely stretch of the Dixie Highway. The boys found the necessary parts strewn along the highway and brought their load - yes, a very precious load - safely home. Our generation was resourceful.

In 1928, I went away to college, and in 1932, I went to Boulder City, Nevada, to start a career of dam-building that took me to all parts of the world. From all of this travel, I can truly tell you that it was good to be a boy in the West Palm Beach that I remember.

PART II

THE NEIGHBORHOOD

55.....THE HOTELS
57.....COCONUT GROVE HOUSE
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65.....THE BREAKERS (ORIGINALLY "PALM BEACH INN")
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85.....200 BRADLEY PLACE - HIBISCUS HOTEL (Torn Down)
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THE HOTELS

(Then and Now)

**"There will be a great problem to be solved in Palm Beach on the eve of the New Year."
1924**

No, that's not a current holiday-season pronouncement, but rather one by a local newspaper in 1924.

The mood was effervescent in a then-flourishing winter resort town entering mansion-building boom, but there indeed was a perceived "problem."

At issue: Among the wealthy winter denizens, collectively referred to as a "colony," lay an enviable conundrum: In a discriminating see-and-be-seen social scene, which New Year's Eve party was most promising?

That was a tough decision in 1924: The handful of coveted New Year's Eve party venues — ranging from the Everglades Club to Standard Oil and railroad tycoon Henry Flagler's Palm Beach hotels — were being elbowed by two newcomers.

And the opening-night galas of both venues? New Year's Eve, promising "exclusive" and "gay and hilarious" fêtes with entertainment by such orchestra leaders as Meyer Davis. One of the venues remains today, transformed; the other's a former hot spot that drew the limelight and Prohibition raids.

Welcome to Whitehall and the Royal Daneli.

The former — the stunning 75-room mansion (now a museum) Florida developer Flagler gifted in 1902 to his third bride Mary Lily Kenan — was in transition in 1924 after years of the Flaglers as preeminent social hosts.

After Mrs. Flagler's death four years after her husband's in 1913, her niece Louise Clisby Wise Lewis inherited the manse and sold it to a group of investors, including an executive of Flagler's hotel company, newspapers reported.

It was then announced Whitehall would be an "exclusive residential center" with "suites and apartments engaged" by the socially prominent.

Meanwhile, construction of the Royal Daneli, a New York developer's \$2 million 200-plus room hotel — advertised as fireproof — was concluding along the Lake Trail, just north of today's Biltmore.

Features included a dining room, grill and "Japanese garden" destined to become a nightclub. The entertainment lineup included a "Hawaiian orchestra with two girl dancers."

As New Year's Eve approached, Whitehall's opening party was foreseen as "refined," the Royal Daneli's as "catering to another class of pleasure-seekers."

News accounts after the parties add focus.

"The opening of Whitehall, the new residential center, was the most brilliant social event Palm Beach has known in the early season and the beautiful decoration made an exquisite setting for the French frocks so universally worn. Dinner was served in the Louis XIV ballroom. ... Two orchestras furnished music, one for dancing and the other in a program of classical music. ... Handsome metal brocades and beaded dresses were worn by elder matrons, but many of the older set appeared with bobbed hair and in frocks as chic and short as the debutantes. ... Bands of fur and ostrich were seen in large number (as were) large Russian types of headdresses studded with rhinestones and cabochon emeralds..."

Meanwhile, New Year's Eve at the Royal Daneli, where caviar was served on ice "with rainbow lights beneath," the scene teemed with "younger people who prefer jazz to classical music. As Meyer Davis was there with the choice of his inimitable jazz orchestra playing the most mirthful, rollicking music Palm Beach has heard in many a day, the dining room with its capacity of two hundred, the grill below and the tea garden with its moonlit dancing floor, had one of the gayest crowds ever assembled in Palm Beach for the festivities which began with what some may call breakfast and dancing with supper in between."

The Royal Daneli continued to thrive in the 1920s and withstood Prohibition raids and odd goings-on, such as a chef's disappearance. The place briefly was a hangout of Austrian Count Ludwig von Salm-Hoogstraeten amid his headlined-linked divorce suit with Standard Oil heiress Millicent Rogers. By 1930, the Royal Daneli was rebranded as the "family friendly" Mayflower Hotel. Today, private residences occupy the site.

Meanwhile, after Whitehall's 1924-25 season, a multi-million-dollar 10-story hotel with 300 rooms opened the following season, launching three-plus decades as a resort hotel. The adjacent Flagler mansion provided common areas, including loggias where late orchestra leader Lester Lanin, no stranger to Palm Beach, entertained.

After Whitehall hotel hit financial trouble, Jean Flagler Matthews, Flagler's granddaughter, succeeded with efforts to save the historic estate from an uncertain future, establishing the museum in 1959 (the hotel addition was razed in the process). Today, the Whitehall mansion is part of a nationally acclaimed museum property Henry Flagler once called home.

Cocoanut Grove House

Historic Sites, Monuments, Landmarks, and Public Art (State Historical Landmark)

Cocoanut Grove House was once the only hotel on Florida's coast between Titusville and Key West. The hotel was originally built in 1876 by Elisha Newton "Cap" Dimick as a private residence for his family. The Cocoanut Grove House opened as an inn after Dimick added eight rooms to the building in 1880. In 1882, Dimick sold the hotel to Commodore Charles Clark. Approximately 4,500 guests visited the hotel between 1883 and 1895, arriving by a flat-bottom boat that sailed between the Indian River and Lake Worth. Hotel guests dined on fish, green turtle, venison, and vegetables for \$1.50 a day or \$6 by the week. In October 1893 the Cocoanut Grove House was destroyed by fire.



An influential figure in the region's early history, Dimick was one of the founders of the city of Palm Beach and served in the Florida legislature from 1890 to 1903. He also became Palm Beach's first mayor following the city's incorporation in 1911.

The hotel is also connected to another influential Floridian, Henry M. Flagler. In 1893, Flagler extended the Florida East Coast Railroad to Palm Beach and stayed at the Cocoanut Grove House during his time in the area.

While visiting this beachfront hotel, Flagler envisioned that would become the famous Royal Poinciana Hotel. Flagler later rented the hotel for his workers while they were building the Royal Poinciana.

Elisha Newton 'Chap' Dimick brought his family to Palm Beach in 1876 and opened the first hotel, known as the Cocoanut Grove House. He became the first Mayor of Palm Beach and his statue stands at the entrance to the town on Royal Palm Way. He was a member of the State Senate and House of Representative and founder of Dade County State Bank.

The lives of the Dimicks and Geers were so intertwined that it is difficult to tell about each family separately. The families were friends in Illinois.

In 1872 when the Pierce family was at the Jupiter lighthouse, some Dimicks came to Jacksonville seeking a warmer climate for Elisha's father, Moore Wellington Dimick who suffered from tuberculosis. They liked the beauty of the area and enjoyed the healthful climate. They returned to Illinois. The two families came to Palm Beach in 1876.

E.N. Dimick was known as "Cap". One version was that he always wore a cap. He was not a boat captain. His parents were Moore Wellington and Parthenia May Dimick. His sister, Marian, married Albert Geer, his brother, Franklin, married Anna Geer, and his wife was Ella Geer.



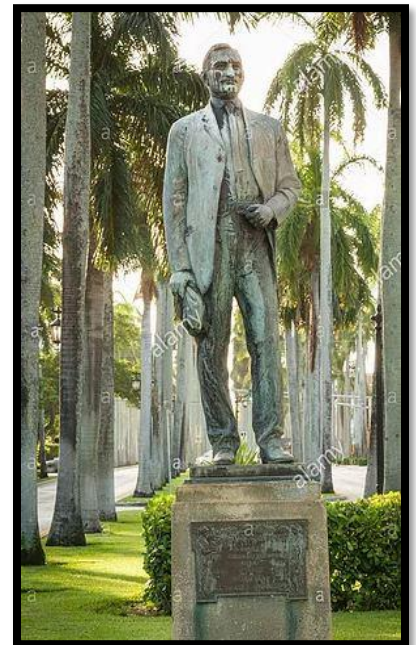
While the families were in Jacksonville E.N. & Ella were expecting a baby, so they waited until Belle entered the world before making the trip south. They had made the acquaintance of the Brown family who had come ahead and who made everyone welcome by housing them until homes could be built for all.

The schooner they had hired to bring their belongings and building supplies arrived and the lumber was floated to shore. Among the "supplies" was a mule. Not knowing just how to unload the animal, she was pushed overboard and she swam to the beach. The trip by the humans was a more circuitous one. They took the inland route on St. Johns River to Salt Lake, eight miles in a wagon pulled by a mule over palmetto roots and in deep sand to Titusville, then a small boat to Jupiter. They arrived in a hurricane. Elisha was in the group who chose Palm Beach as the name for the town. The name Palm City was first sent in to the postal service, but there was a town by that name

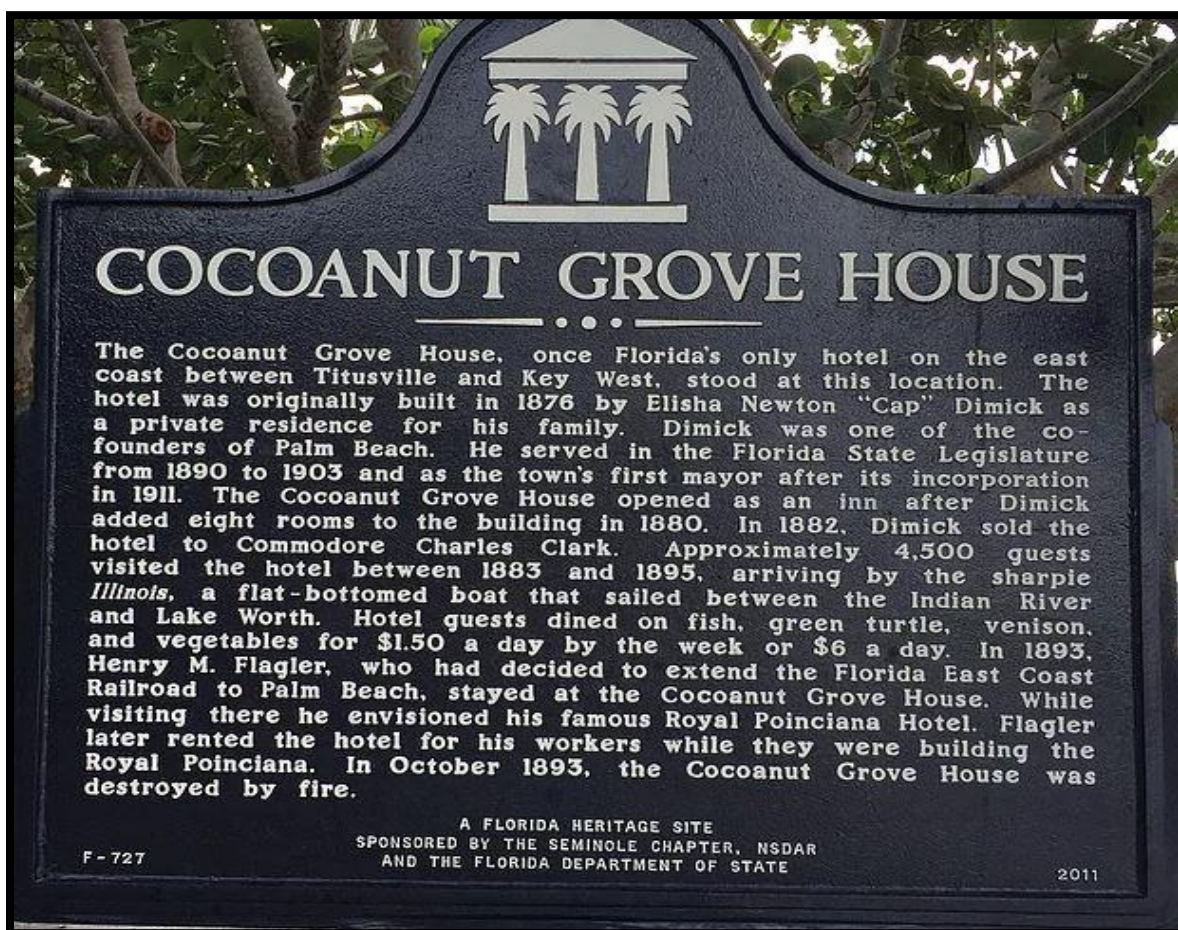
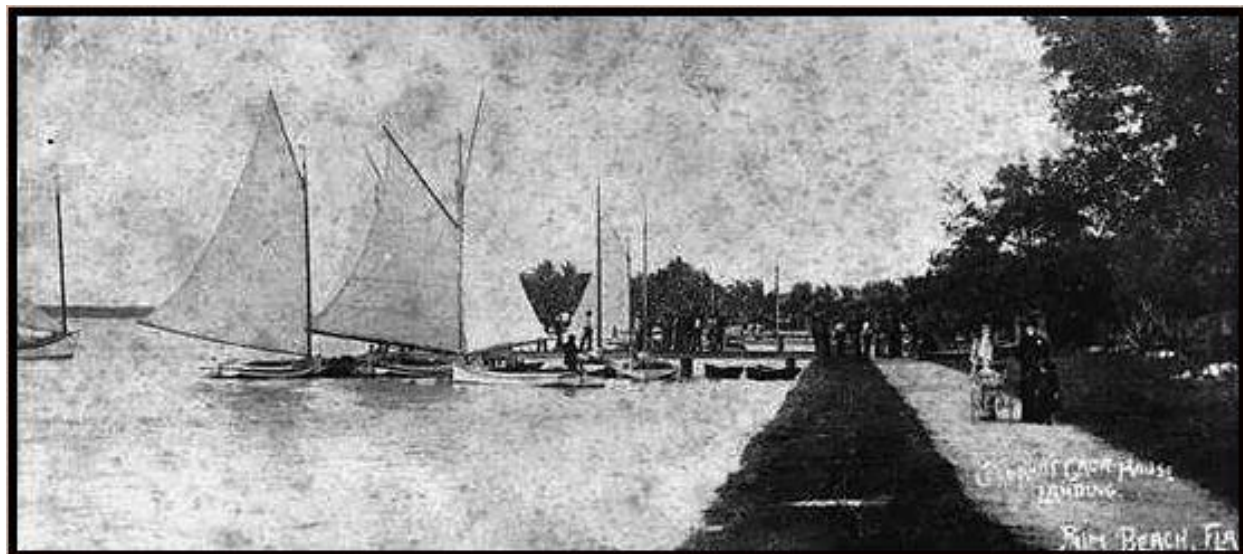
elsewhere in Florida. He also is credited, along with Flagler, as being an important factor in developing Palm Beach. He was chosen as the first mayor of Palm Beach, a position he held for many years. He organized the first bank, Dade County State Bank, located on Flagler Drive near the north bridge (Flagler Bridge).

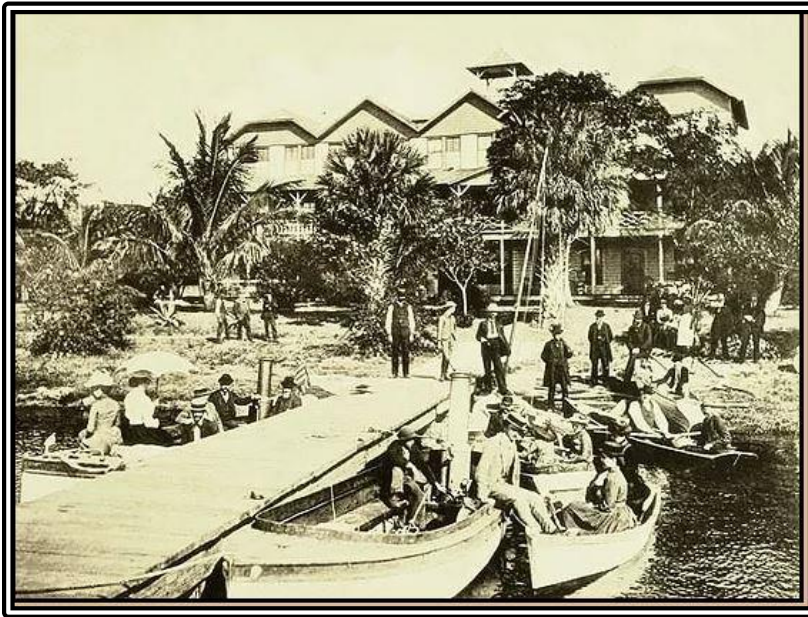
E.N. Dimick started the first drug store in Palm Beach and also in West Palm Beach. With E. M. Brelsford he established a hack line from Jupiter to Juno. It was operated for two years by them and then sold to Captain U.D. Hendrickson who ran it for two more years.

Cap Dimick was the first president of the Pioneers' Association which was organized in 1893 for all who made this section their home prior to that date. Mrs. Dimick succeeded her husband as president after his death. E.N. did not like farming so his wife encouraged him to become an innkeeper. He added eight rooms to his home making comfortable accommodations available.



His home was on the east shore of the lake about midway between today's Flagler Museum and the Four Arts Building. Thus the first hotel came into being named The Cocoanut Grove House. Later on it grew to 50 rooms. Room and board was \$6.00 per person per day. Henry M. Flagler came to South Florida and decided to build a large resort hotel. He stayed with the Dimicks as it was the only tourist hotel. Dimick sold his property to Charles J. Clarke who sold it to Flagler. It burned down a few years later.





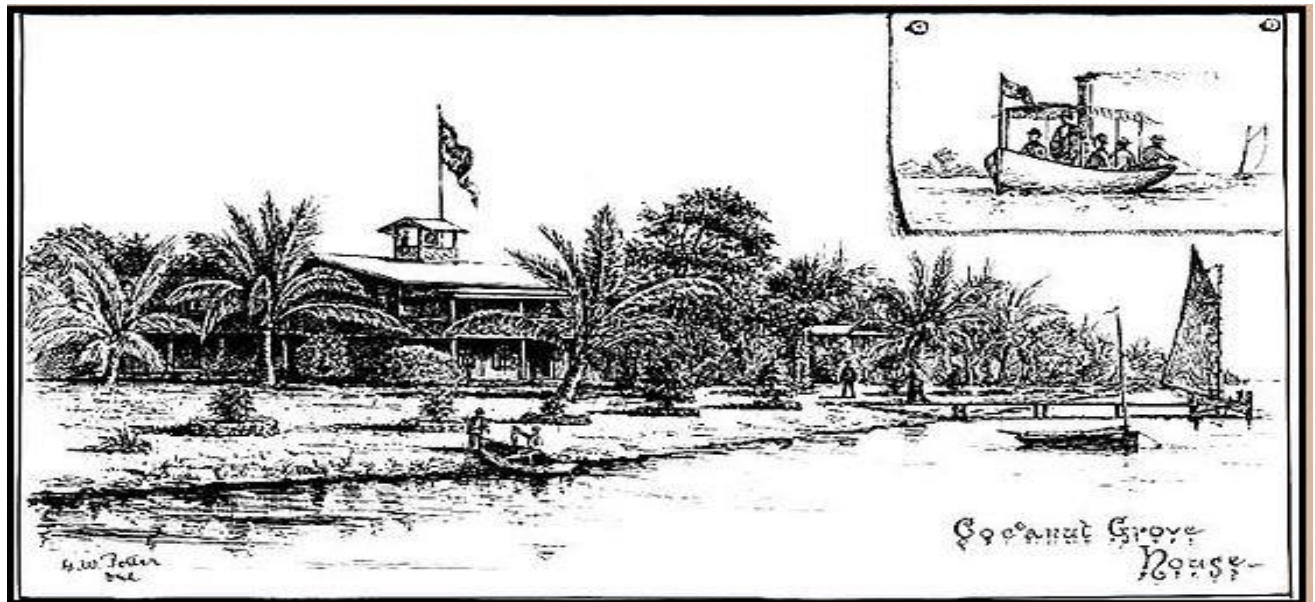
The first bridge to span the lake was just to the north of "Whitehall", Flagler's home. It was built to enable the train to cross from West Palm Beach to Palm Beach. The private railway cars were parked to the east of the Royal Poinciana Hotel. That was in 1895 or

1896. E.N. Dimick built the Royal Park Bridge in 1915 as the first public bridge. Today it is known as the "middle bridge". There is a statue of him at the east end of the bridge. Dimick built it to help develop his real estate venture. He was head of the Palm Beach Improvement Company which in 1910 arranged with Colonel L.H.

Green to sell the 168 acre tract from the lake to the ocean which is now the beautiful residential section known as Royal Park.

When West Palm Beach was incorporated, Cap Dimick was the first mayor and held that position for seven years. In 1890 He was elected to the Florida House of Representatives for 6 years and in 1896 to the Florida Senate for two terms. A federal building on Datura and Sapodillo Avenue was named for him.

Cap Dimick was born in April 1849 and died in 1919 at age 70. His wife Ella died 21 January 1938 at age 86. She did historians a favor when she clipped obituaries and marriage notices of the pioneer community. Fortunately, the scrapbook has remained with the family.



ROYAL POINCIANA HOTEL



Flagler's Royal Poinciana Hotel

Posted on October 22, 2014 by Josh

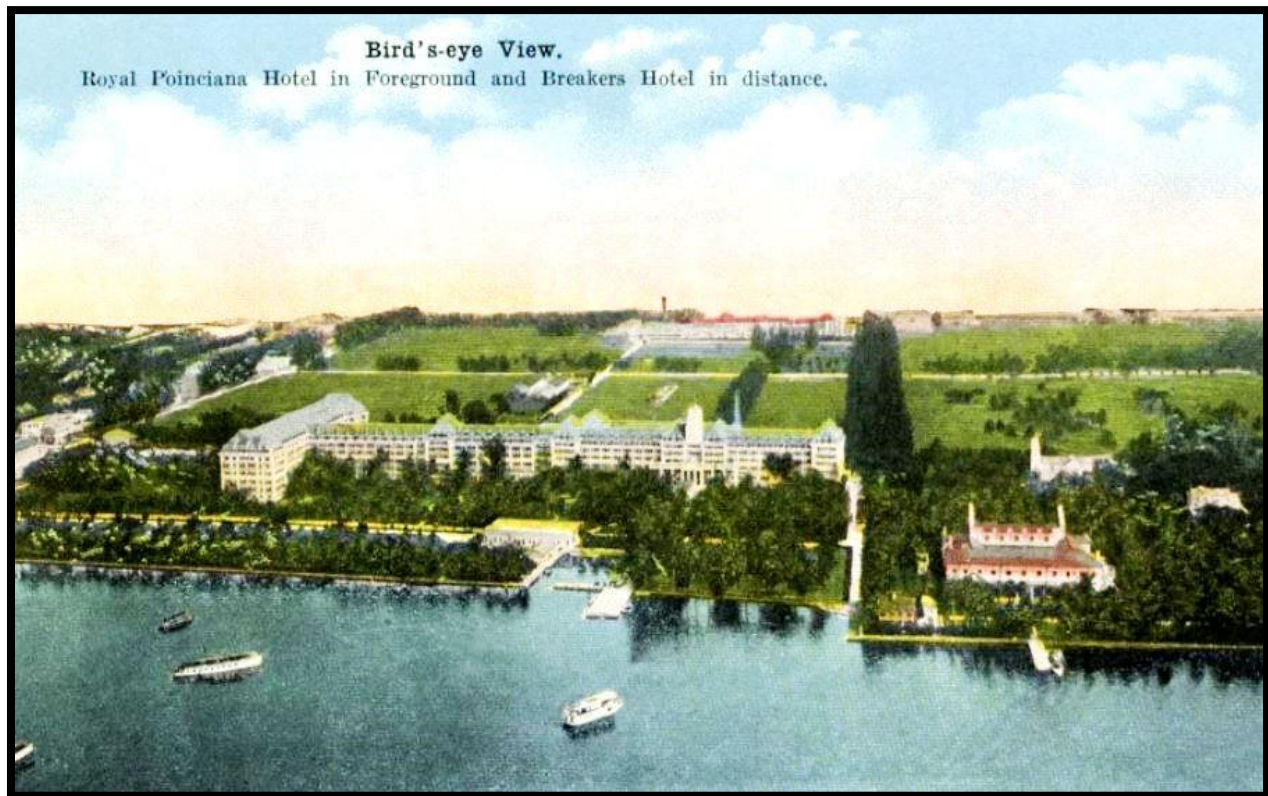
Henry Flagler opened the Royal Poinciana Hotel in Palm Beach on February 11, 1894 with only 17 guests. The paint was fresh, and the electric lighting was so new it was advertised as a unique amenity. Flagler had built this palace as a winter playground for America's richest travelers, planting it right off the main line of his Florida East Coast Railway. If they so chose, his guests could conduct their private railway cars right up to the hotel's entrance.

The 17 original guests must have had a good time, because Flagler expanded the hotel almost immediately after it was opened, increasing its capacity to 1,000 guests. The size of the structure was immense; the Royal Poinciana had over 3 miles of hallways. With the telephone still a rare luxury, hotel employees were obliged to carry messages between guest rooms and the front desk by bicycle. At one point the hotel was reputed to be the largest wooden structure in the world.

Flagler spared little if any expense entertaining his wealthy patrons. Guests could play golf, swim in the pool, or listen to the orchestra, which played every day in the hotel pavilion. Guides took those inclined to fish out into the Atlantic, sometimes bringing in dozens of mackerel in a single day's catch. Just in case some of the guests found all of this luxury a bit monotonous, the hotel staff occasionally planned special events. In one instance, pictured below, a parade of decorated boats was floated past the hotel for the amusement of its patrons.

To keep the sights, sounds, and smells of Palm Beach as clean as possible, the designers limited the presence of the railroad and automobiles. Also, hotel staff rarely used horses, mules, or other animals to transport supplies or people. The primary modes of transportation on Palm Beach for guests were bicycles and "wheelchairs," pedicabs in our own parlance.

Running such a complex operation as the Royal Poinciana Hotel naturally required a large and varied labor force. By the time the hotel was up and running Flagler had hired over a thousand workers. He built quarters for them across Lake Worth from the hotel in what is now called West Palm Beach. The employees used rowboats to get to and from work for each shift.



The Royal Poinciana commanded the high-end hospitality market in Palm Beach for a number of years, but even such a sprawling wilderness of luxury as this had its weaknesses. In 1925, the nearby Breakers Hotel burned and was rebuilt. Since it was newer and offered updated amenities, it drew many guests away from the Royal Poinciana. Furthermore, the Okeechobee Hurricane of 1928 badly damaged the north wing of the hotel, shifting part of it off its foundation. The arrival of the Great Depression in 1929 was the final blow. The Royal Poinciana Hotel closed in 1934, and was torn down within a year.

The Royal Poinciana Hotel is just one of Florida's many historic hotels that have come and gone over the years.

The Palm Beach Post, Tuesday, November 27, 1934

TOWN COUNCIL TAKES NO ACTION RELATIVE TO HALTING ACTIVITY

Razing Work on Hotel Must be Completed By Dec. 1, 1935

While ghosts of former days haunt the half-demolished rooms, once the scene of their gaieties, and souvenir hunters seek frantically for mementoes of the past, wreckers of the famous Royal Poinciana hotel are grappling with the problems of town ordinances and fire hazards.

Gauntly the half-razed timbers tower above the once noted ballrooms and Palm room, in which thousands once danced year after year at George Washington' balls... Kitchens where meals were once prepared for the hundreds of guests gathering winter after winter at the hotel, are now in shambles... Porticoes under which notables strolled to enjoy the tropical mid-winter season are now toppling... Within the week the entire south wing, first part of the famous structure to be built more than 40 years ago, will be down.

Pile after pile of Florida pine lumber, unharmed by termites, virtually as good as when it was nailed in place back in 1894, are now all that remains of many of the countless rooms that went into making the Poinciana the largest frame building in the world...

One hundred and two men, largely assembled from the rolls of the county unemployed are engaged during the week in the gigantic task of razing the hotel. But on Sundays, when work is at a standstill, the half-destroyed corridors again resound with the tramp of many feet. Despite the efforts of the watchmen, always on guard, sightseers pour through the building, hopping over debris, some merely out of curiosity, many trying to carry away some souvenir. Nails,,, bed slats...planks... even part of an old rubber stamp found in a trash pile... are carted off to be proudly exhibited as coming from the Poinciana.

The work on razing the Poinciana, which must be completed by December 1, 1935, is one-third finished, it was learned Monday from the office of Scott & Whittaker contractors.

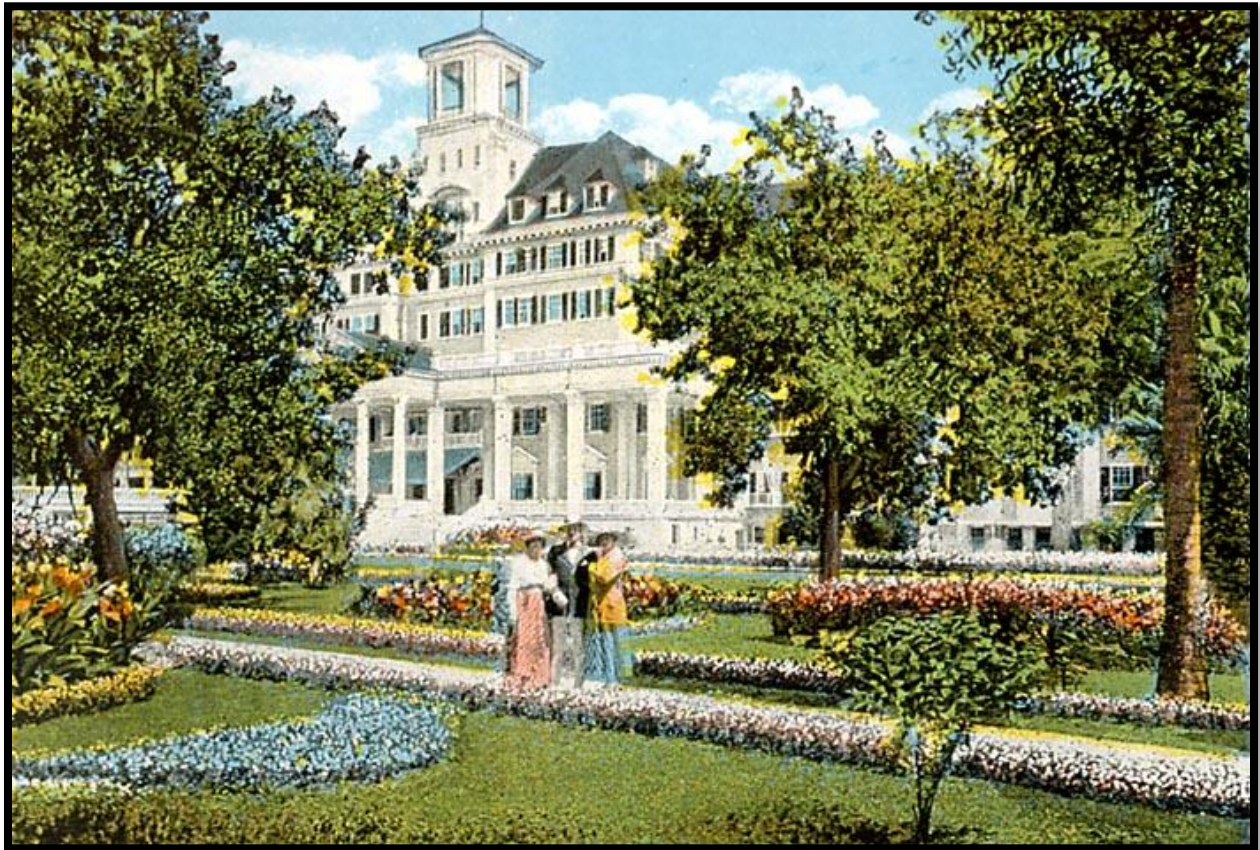
Originally, it had been planned that the labor should be stopped December 1, to be resumed in the early spring. However, in view of the problems involved in police and fire protection, there was some discussion of expediting the work or of lengthening the time of work.

It is understood that the contracting firm is now preparing to undertake inside work during the winter months, if possible, cleaning up the exterior to make the half razed building as unobjectionable as possible from an aesthetic standpoint.

No action has been taken to date from the Palm Beach town council on the question of allowing work to continue this winter. James M. Owens Jr., president of the council,

Questioned last night, stated that he was of the opinion that as the contractors had not found it possible or advisable to double the crew and accelerate the rate of speed, the town would expect them to abide by the original agreement to stop work during the winter season. He added that he did not believe there would be any objection to a continuance of work until Whitehall opened in early January, but, that if any protests were made about the noise, the work would have to cease. The problem of fire and police protection for the property during the winter months would be up to those in charge of the razing the councilman indicated.

The town council is to have a meeting Friday afternoon and it is possible that the question of work on the Poinciana may be discussed at that time. It has never come before the council except in an informal discussion some weeks ago, when the members took it under advisement.



The Breakers Hotel



The current Breakers (shown here in the 1950s) opened in December 1926 and was built of reinforced concrete at a cost of seven million dollars. The Italian Renaissance design was inspired by the Villa Medici in Rome, and the hotel is noted for its sumptuous luxury.

Henry Morrison Flagler's first hotel in Palm Beach was the 439-room Royal Poinciana which opened in 1894. It was called the "Queen of Winter Resorts" and was considered the largest resort hotel in the world. In order to build the Royal Poinciana and the Florida East Coast Railway at the same time, black workers were brought from the Bahamas. They lived in a segregated camp, called the "Styx" without running water and electricity.

In the center of the six-story building was a large rotunda from which ran several miles of corridors. There were lounges, parlors, drawing rooms and a casino. The interiors were designed with the utmost care and taste. The building was enlarged in 1899 and again in 1901. The hotel was the center of social activity for the wealthy and fashionable. Approximately 1400 employees were on duty during the open season, usually from December to April. In addition to the gala annual Washington Birthday Ball, there were cake walks, teas, balls, dances and expensive catered social events. Extensive outdoor activities included two 18-hole golf courses, tennis courts, motor boats, wicker wheel chairs, bicycles and a mule-drawn trolley car to and from the beach. There were two swimming pools, one with "fresh" sulphur water and one with salt water from the ocean.

Unlike his hotels in St. Augustine which were built of stone and coquina, Flagler used wood for the Royal Poinciana. In season, the Royal Poinciana Hotel employed 400 waiters, 287 chambermaids; it had a separate dining room for the lower echelons of hotel staff, another for first officers, a third dining room for the second officers, a fourth for servants of the guests, and a fifth for children. The staff had its own orchestra for their dances and

other social functions. The head housekeeper had a three-room suite. Outdoor activities were very popular at the Royal Poinciana including golf, tennis, boating and fishing and more. In an unfortunate manifestation of the racism of the day, African American bicyclists pedaled guests seated in attached wicker chairs called "Afro-mobiles".

The hotel contained a spacious dining room, fancy shops and an "Ask Mr. Foster" travel office. Outdoor activities included ocean swimming, boating, tennis, golf and day trips on the hotel's houseboat. The hotel was so popular that it was expanded in 1899, 1901 and 1929 with new guestrooms, dining rooms and a new greenhouse restaurant. Some wealthy guests arrived in their own private Pullman cars which housed their servants during the vacation.

The hotel had the back-of-the-house boiler rooms, generators, kitchens, laundry and staff housing in separate buildings. An 1894 souvenir brochure showed the layout of the laundry and praised its up-to-date technology. Advanced techniques were also evident in the unique fire escape equipment. Each guestroom was equipped with a rope ladder that allowed guests to be lowered mechanically to the ground level. These ladders had seats and galvanized fixtures with ladder hooks.

After Flagler built the Royal Poinciana; he became a major benefactor of the area. He built houses for his employees, contributed to public funds for the contribution of West Palm Beach's prominent buildings. He gave a plot of lands for a municipal cemetery. He also built a Catholic Church in the city because a large number of his employees were Catholics.

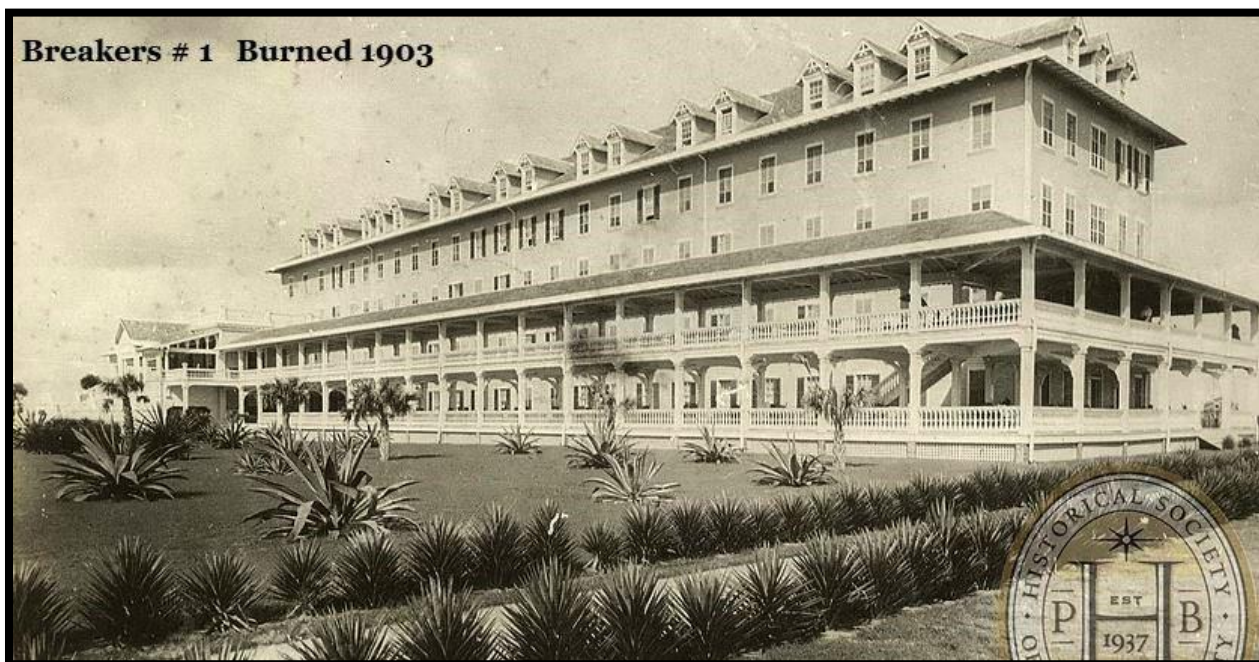
Flagler's second hotel in Palm Beach was the unpretentious Palm Beach Inn, about a quarter mile east of the Poinciana on the Atlantic Ocean which was built as an annex for bathers and swimmers. It became as popular as the Poinciana with its name changed to the Breakers Hotel. It was destroyed by fire in 1903, rebuilt in 1906 and destroyed again by fire in 1925.

The heirs of Henry Morrison Flagler vowed that this disaster would never happen again. They engaged the architectural firm of Schultze & Weaver (who later designed the Waldorf-Astoria, the Pierre and the Sherry-Netherland Hotels in New York City) to build a concrete structure reinforced with eleven hundred tons of steel. The owners, determined not to miss the upcoming December-to-May social season, employed some twelve hundred construction workers, who completed the hotel in less than a year. Seventy-two Italian artisans were imported to execute the paintings on the ceilings of the lobby and other first-floor public rooms. From its opening day, December 29, 1926, the Breakers was the resort hotel of choice for the American social set, who arrived in private railroad cars, like a flock of exotic birds on their annual migration some for three-to-four month stays. These wealthy guests were accompanied by dozens of steamer trunks, gold-encrusted jewelry cases, lizard-encased golf clubs and a retinue of servants who resided in tiny cubicles equipped with call bells to provide their employers with twenty-four-hour access to their services.

Between the Royal Poinciana and the Palm Beach Inn, Flagler developed a vast park with spectacular landscaping and a miniature railway with cars pulled by donkeys. Serpentine

walkways crossed acres of lawn and intersected with hundreds of flower beds and rows of palm trees and Australian pines. In the Roaring Twenties, gentlemen drank bootleg gin and smoked cigars in a gallery overlooking the Circle Dining Room. Guests danced the

Charleston until dawn. For a time, a three-to-seven A.M. "nightcap breakfast" was served. But with the stock market crash of 1929, the Breakers' popularity began to wane. During World War II the hotel was converted to a U.S. Army hospital. The Royal Poinciana was demolished by the Flagler System in 1935.



Breakers # 1, when built, was originally named "The Palm Beach Inn"



Breakers #2 Burned 1925

Following the end of World War II, the Breakers struggled to regain its former opulence. Every spring it closed its doors, the windows were rubbed with soap to keep out the sun, and the furniture was covered with sheets. During the winter season, the room-sized safe, lined with boxes that once held an emperor's treasure of emeralds, rubies and diamonds, stood empty. In the abandoned gallery, the paintings of nymphs on the ceiling were peeling; the cracked walls still reeked of stale cigar smoke. By 1970, in an effort to enter the modern world, the hotel had added air-conditioning and convention facilities, but it never regained its former glory until the 1990 renovations. The Breakers has long been controlled by the Kenan family, relatives of Mary Lily Kenan, the third wife of Henry Morrison Flagler, and in 1990 they finally committed \$75 million to a complete renovation. Among the more recent additions are the Flagler Club, twenty-eight deluxe rooms with special services, including those of a dedicated concierge. There are fourteen tennis courts and two 18-hole golf courses. (The first, completed in 1896, is the oldest in Florida). The Beach Club has a massive pool, a kiddie pool, beach cabanas and an outdoor and an indoor restaurant. Personal trainers, fitness classes and massage are available.

After a \$15-million beachfront redevelopment project, the Beach Club now features five pools, four whirlpool spas, expansive pool decks, lush tropical landscaping, and lawn space; a 6,000-square foot rooftop terrace, 20 private luxury beach bungalows, 10 pool cabanas for daytime rental, with a dedicated staff of concierges; a beach gazebo; and two restaurants.



The burning of the Breakers #2 in March, 1925



The burning of the Breakers #2 in March, 1925

Flagler's First Overseas Railroad was in Palm Beach

By Ginger Pedersen | January 8, 2012 | Buildings & Architecture

January 22, 2012 will mark the 100th anniversary of Henry M. Flagler's "Overseas Railroad" completion and its arrival in Key West. But Flagler had built a tiny overseas railroad much earlier, right here in Palm Beach at the Breakers Hotel. Flagler's first hotel

in Palm Beach was the Hotel Royal Poinciana, which opened in 1894 and was expanded many times. His second hotel was originally called the Palm Beach Inn, and was located on the ocean, whereas the Royal Poinciana was located on Lake Worth. Guests would ask if they could book rooms "over by the breakers," so the name of the inn was changed to The Breakers.

The research for this blog came primarily from a Tequesta historical journal article written by Sue Pope Burkhardt entitled *The Port of Palm Beach: The Breakers Pier* in 1973. She was married to Henry Burkhardt, one of the original Lake Worth region pioneers. At that time there was no port in Palm Beach; consequently,

Flagler decided to build not only a freight port, but also a passenger port which allowed guests to board or disembark from steamers. The steamers, part of the Palm Beach-Nassau Steamship Line, offered tourists direct passage to Flagler's hotel in Nassau, the Royal Victorian.

In 1895 Captain J. D. Ross was commissioned to build the pier of concrete, wood and steel, which when finished was 1,005 feet long, almost 1/5 of a mile. The train would travel across Lake Worth and Palm Beach, and terminate on the Breakers Pier, where passengers

then boarded steamers to the Bahamas. Steamships carrying cargo also docked at the pier, and offloaded much of the material that was used to build the original Breakers hotel, which burned in 1903.

The use of the pier as a railway was short-lived. By the time Flagler had built his magnificent residence Whitehall, the train had ceased its run to the pier. The train was moved to the north end of the Hotel Royal Poinciana, which became the new termination point of the railway. The Nassau steamships then began to run from the Port of Miami over to the Bahamas. The Breakers Pier then started a new life as a fishing and strolling pier, where guests enjoyed views of the coast line. Fishing was great at that time, being so close to the Gulfstream and its warm waters and not subject to today's pollution and overfishing.

Boats and yachts continued to dock at the pier, including Admiral George Dewey and his flagship Mayflower. There was even a fear at one time during the Spanish-American War that the Florida coast might be invaded, so the Coast Guard was stationed on the pier. Mrs. Burkhardt even relates that Springfield rifles were distributed to each household as a civil defense precaution.

The pier was severely damaged in the 1928 hurricane, and was demolished a few years later. I wondered if anything was left from the pier, so I walked there from Clarke's beach at low tide. I knew where the pier was based on aerial photography, which still shows a long dark streak underwater where the pier was located. I also determined its location from looking at a 1920 Sanborn map of the Breakers Hotel.

There indeed was an old bulkhead, still visible on the shoreline with bolts intact, probably of stainless steel to still be so shiny. The dark streak is still clearly visible under the water where the pier was located, even visible from shore. As I was there, a group of snorkelers led by a Breakers hotel employee were just emerging from the surf.



The Palm Beach Inn, later renamed The Breakers, opened in 1896. Courtesy of Historical Society of Palm Beach County

Whitehall Hotel



Long after the death of Henry Flagler in 1913, his residence, Whitehall, received a ten-story addition that opened as the Whitehall Hotel on New Year's Eve, 1927. The Post described its atmosphere as an "apartment hotel" and more formal than the Royal Poinciana Hotel, with dining and dancing in its beautiful Jardin Royal by the lake. When Flagler's heirs converted Whitehall to the Flagler Museum, most of the additions were demolished.

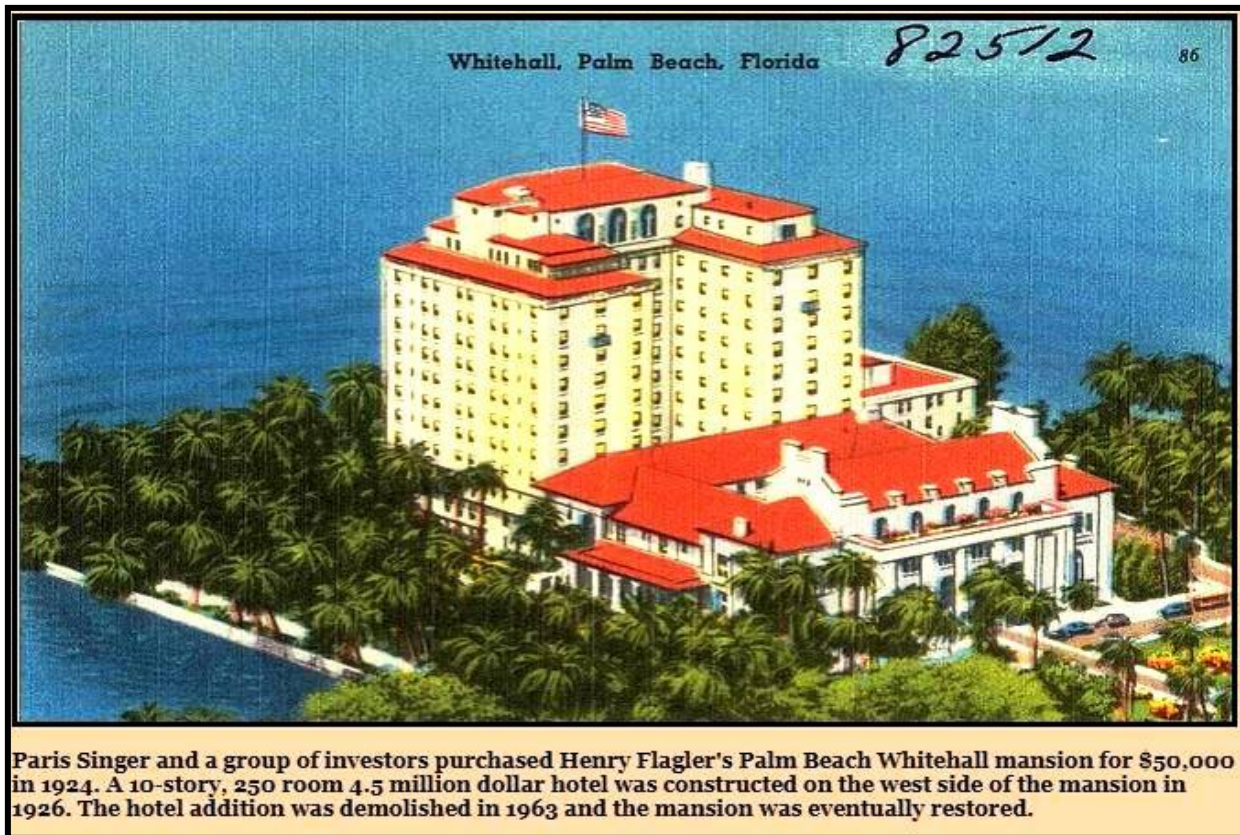
Several new hotels had opened before the hurricanes of 1926 and 1928 struck. Even before the stock market crash of 1929, several declared bankruptcy, searched for new investors, or changed names and management. Others were sold, including the Whitehall Hotel in June 1929, for \$2,600 plus its \$3 million of debt.

Although still operating, the Seaboard Air Line Railway declared bankruptcy in 1930. The same year, a new depot was built for the Florida East Coast Railway, which followed Seaboard into bankruptcy in 1931. Both companies were managed by court-appointed receivers for many years. Despite all these problems, the private sector in Palm Beach continued to build new houses.

WHITEHALL – THE FLAGLER HOME

Whitehall is a 75-room Gilded Age mansion open to the public in Palm Beach, Florida in the United States. Completed in 1902, it is a major example of neoclassical Beaux Arts architecture designed by Carrère and Hastings for Henry Flagler, a leading captain of industry in the late 19th century, and a leading developer of Florida as a tourist destination. The building is listed a National Historic Landmark. It now houses the Flagler Museum, named after its builder.

Henry Flagler, one of the founders of Standard Oil, built Whitehall for his third wife, Mary Lily Kenan. The site of the home was purchased for \$50,000 in 1893 (as of 2010 that would be \$1,197,562.39) by Flagler; later surveyed for construction in July 1900 and the home completed in time for Flagler and his wife to move in on February 6, 1902.



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The architects were Carrère and Hastings, who had earlier designed the Ponce de Leon Hotel and several other buildings in St. Augustine for Flagler. Whitehall was to be a winter residence, and Henry gave it to Mary Lily as a wedding present. They would travel to Palm Beach each year in one of their own private railcars, one of which was No. 91.

Flagler died of injuries sustained in falling down a flight of marble stairs at Whitehall in 1913, at the age of 83. Mary Lily died four years later, and the home was devised to her niece Louise Clisby Wise Lewis, who sold the property to investors.

They constructed a 300-room, ten-story addition to the west side of the building, obliterating Mr. Flagler's offices, the housekeeper's apartment, and altering the original kitchen and pantry area. Carrere and Hastings were the architects of the 1925 reconstruction. In 1939 it was described as a \$4,000,000 building and Palm Beach's second-largest hotel. In 1959, the site was saved from demolition by one of Henry Flagler's granddaughters Jean Flagler Matthews. She established the Henry Morrison Flagler Museum non-profit corporation, which purchased the building in 1959, opening it as a museum in 1960.

The upper ten stories of the hotel addition were demolished in 1963 in preparing the museum for the public.

Today, Whitehall is a National Historic Landmark and is open to the public as the Flagler Museum, featuring guided tours, changing exhibits, and special programs. It also hosts a variety of local galas and balls throughout the year. The Museum is located at Coconut Row and Whitehall Way, Palm Beach.

When it was completed in 1902, Whitehall was hailed by the New York Herald as "more wonderful than any palace in Europe, grander and more magnificent than any other private dwelling in the world." It was designed in the Beaux Arts style; meant to rival the extravagant mansions in Newport, Rhode Island.

Distinct from these northern homes, Whitehall had no outbuildings or subsidiary structures. Nor had it elaborately planned or cultivated gardens. Plants, flowers, trees and shrubs were allowed to grow unaided.

The mansion is built around a large open-air central courtyard and is modeled after palaces in Spain and Italy. Three stories tall with several wings, the mansion has fifty-five fully restored rooms furnished with period pieces. These rooms are large with marble floors, walls and columns, murals on the ceilings, and heavy gilding

Officially opened February 4, 2005, the \$4.5-million Flagler Kenan Pavilion is the first addition to the property since 1925. The 8,100-square-foot (750 m2) pavilion is named after the mogul and William R. Kenan, Jr., Flagler's engineer, friend and brother-in-law. It was designed in the Beaux-Arts manner by Jeffery W. Smith of Palm Beach-based Smith Architectural Group, Inc. and took almost four years to build.

The featured display in this pavilion is Flagler's restored No. 91 rail car. It also houses the seasonal Pavilion Café.

WHITEHALL - TODAY



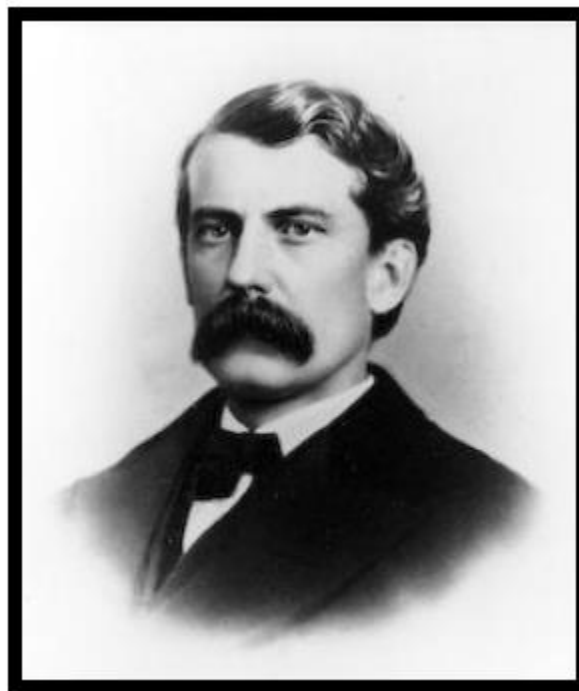
Henry Morrison Flagler

(Bio from Flagler Museum – Palm Beach)

Henry Morrison Flagler was born on January 2, 1830 in Hopewell, New York, to Reverend and Mrs. Isaac Flagler. At the age of 14, after completing the eighth grade, Flagler moved to Bellevue, Ohio where he found work with his cousins in the grain store of L.G. Harkness and Company, at a salary of \$5 per month plus room and board.

In 1852 Henry Flagler became a partner in the newly organized D. M. Harkness and Company with his half-brother, Dan Harkness. The following year, on November 9, he married Mary Harkness. They had three children, Jennie Louise, Carrie, Henry Harkness. Unfortunately, only Henry Harkness would survive to have children, one of which would later establish the Flagler Museum.

In 1862, Henry Flagler and his brother-in-law, Barney York, founded the Flagler and York Salt Company, a salt mining business in



Saginaw, Michigan. When the Civil War ended however, salt, which had been in heavy use as preservative by the Union Army, was no longer in high demand and Flagler and York Salt Company collapsed. Heavily in debt, Flagler returned to Bellevue, Ohio - his initial investment of \$50,000 and an additional \$50,000 he had borrowed from his father-in-law and Dan Harkness were lost.



The next year Flagler re-entered the grain business as a commission merchant and paid back the money he had borrowed for the salt business. During this time, Flagler became acquainted with John D. Rockefeller, who worked as a commission agent with Hewitt and Tuttle for the Harkness Grain Company. During the mid 1860s, Cleveland was quickly developing as the center of the oil refining industry in America and Rockefeller decided to leave the grain business to start his own oil refinery. In need of capital for his new venture, Rockefeller approached Henry Flagler, with whom he had business dealings for many years. Flagler secured

\$100,000 from a relative on the condition that he be made a partner owning 25% of the shares in the new company of Rockefeller, Andrews and Flagler. On January 10, 1870, the Rockefeller, Andrews and Flagler partnership was organized as a joint-stock corporation named Standard Oil. In just two years Standard Oil became the leader in the American oil refining industry, producing 10,000 barrels per day. Five years later Standard Oil moved its headquarters to New York City, and the Flaglers moved to their new home at 509 Fifth Avenue in New York City.

In 1878, Flagler's wife, Mary, who had always struggled with health problems, became very ill. On the advice from Mary's physician, she and Flagler visited Jacksonville, Florida for the winter. Unfortunately, Mary did not recover. She died on May 18, 1881 at age 47, leaving Henry Flagler with a young son to raise alone. Two years after Mary's death, Flagler married Ida Alice Shourds. Soon after their wedding, the couple traveled to St. Augustine, Florida, which they found charming but lacking in adequate hotel facilities and transportation systems. Flagler believed that Florida had the potential to attract large numbers of tourists. Though Flagler remained on the Board of Directors of Standard Oil, he gave up his day-to-day involvement in the corporation in order to pursue his interests in Florida. He returned to St. Augustine in 1885 and began construction of the 540-room Hotel Ponce



de Leon. Realizing the importance of a transportation system to support his hotel ventures, Flagler purchased the Jacksonville, St. Augustine & Halifax Railroad, the first railroad in what would eventually become the Florida East Coast Railway system.

The Hotel Ponce de Leon opened January 10, 1888 and was an instant success. Two years later, Flagler expanded his Florida holdings, building a railroad bridge across the St. Johns River to gain access to the southern half of the state. Flagler began building a hotel empire by purchasing the Hotel Ormond, just north

of Daytona. In 1894 Flagler built the Hotel Royal Poinciana on the shores of Lake Worth in Palm Beach and extended his railroad further south to West Palm Beach. The Hotel Royal Poinciana soon became the largest resort in the world.

In 1896 Flagler built the Palm Beach Inn (later renamed The Breakers in 1901) overlooking the Atlantic Ocean in Palm Beach.

Probably in the late 1880s, Henry Flagler first began to think about ultimately extending his railroad and hotel system all the way to Key West. However, the timing of his plans were accelerated somewhat when the severe freezes of 1894 and 1895 affected the area around Palm Beach but not the settlement known today as Miami, about sixty miles further south. Julia Tuttle, the Florida East Coast Canal and Transportation Company, and the Boston and Florida Atlantic Coast Land Company, each offered Flagler land to bring his railroad further south, which he set about doing immediately.

Flagler's railroad, renamed the Florida East Coast Railway in 1895, reached Biscayne Bay by 1896. Flagler dredged a channel, built streets, instituted the first water and power systems, and financed the town's first newspaper, the Metropolis. When the town incorporated in 1896, its citizens wanted to honor the man responsible for its growth by naming it "Flagler." He declined the honor, persuading them instead to use an old Indian name for the river the settlement was built around, Miama or Miami. A year later, Flagler opened the exclusive Hotel Royal Palm in Miami.

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Flagler lost his second wife, Ida Alice, to mental illness, which she suffered from for many years. Ida Alice finally had to be institutionalized in 1895. On August 24, 1901, Flagler married for the third time, to Mary Lily Kenan. Built as a wedding present to Mary Lily in 1902 and designed by architects John Carrère and Thomas Hastings, Whitehall



became the Flagler's winter home. With more than 100,000 square feet and 75-plus rooms, Whitehall was described in 1902 by the New York Herald as, "... more wonderful than any palace in Europe, grander and more magnificent than any other private dwelling in the world."

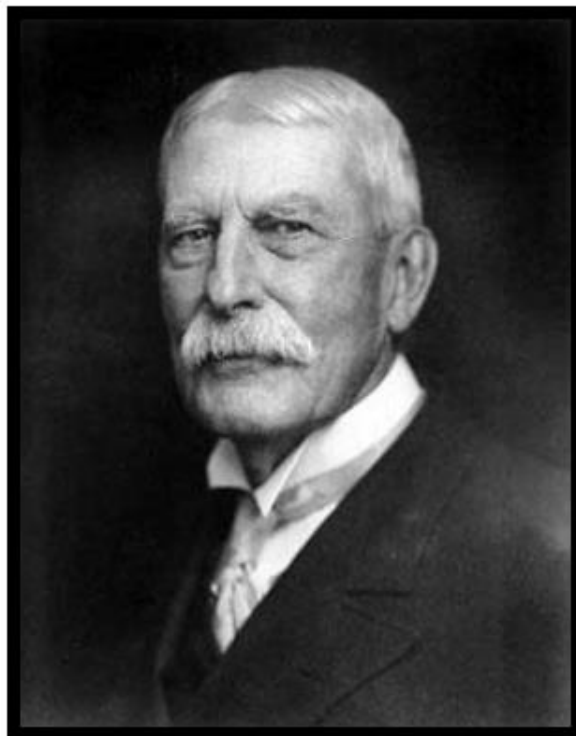
Probably since the late 1880s, Henry Flagler has been considering extending his railroad and hotel system all the way to Key West. In 1905, when the United States took on the Panama Canal Project, Flagler decided that it was finally time to extend

the railroad to Key West, adding 156 miles of track, mostly over water. He named the extension to Key West the Over-Sea Railroad. At the time, Key West was one of Florida's most populated cities, and would become the United States' closest, deep water port to the Panama Canal. Flagler hoped to take advantage of additional trade with Cuba and Latin America as well as the increased trade with the West that the Panama Canal would bring. In 1912, the Over-Sea Railroad to Key West was completed. It was the most ambitious engineering feat ever undertaken by a private citizen. Henry Flagler arrived in Key West on January 22nd to be greeted by thousands of grateful citizens and a week of celebrations.

A little more than a year later, Flagler fell down a flight of stairs at Whitehall. He never recovered from the fall, and died of his injuries on May 20, 1913, at 83 years of age. He

was laid to rest in St. Augustine alongside his daughters, Jennie Louise and Carrie, and his first wife, Mary Harkness.

Following an amazing career as a founding partner and "the brains" behind Standard Oil, which was the largest and most profitable corporation in the world for more than a century, Henry Flagler invested himself in the development of Florida. During the next quarter century, he literally invented modern Florida. The transportation infrastructure and the tourism and agricultural industries he established remain, even today, the very foundation of Florida's economy, while the building of the Over-Sea Railroad remains the most ambitious engineering feat ever undertaken by a private citizen. When Henry Flagler began his work in Florida, it was perhaps the poorest state in the Union. Today, thanks in large part to Henry Flagler, Florida is the third largest state in the Union with an economy larger than 90% of the world's nations. Indeed, no individual has had a greater or more lasting impact on a state than Henry Flagler has had in Florida.



H. M. Flagler's Hotel - St. Augustine, Florida

THE TRAGIC MISTRESS OF WHITEHALL

**By: STUART MCIVERSUN-
SENTINEL July 2, 1989**

FAR FROM WHITEHALL, HER OPU-LENT Palm Beach mansion, Mary Lily Kenan Flagler Bingham, the world's richest woman, lay in her coffin in the Kenan family plot at Oakdale Cemetery in Wilmington, N.C. She had been dead less than two months, but her uneasy peace was about to be violated again.

In the soft twilight of Sept. 17, 1917, the guards hired to protect her grave greeted two of her brothers, a team of doctors led by Dr. Charles Norris, director of New York's Bellevue Hospital Laboratories, and several cemetery workers. With shovels, spades and mining picks, the workers dug down six feet in the soft earth until they reached the coffin.

Darkness fell and still the men struggled with their task. At midnight the coffin was finally hoisted up from the grave and carried to the cemetery lodge.

Immediately, physicians and pathologists began the grisly autopsy. Using microscopes and chemical tests, they studied slices of Mary Lily's liver, kidneys and intestines. At 3 a.m., they had seen enough to tell her brothers, Will and Graham Kenan, the ugly truth.

Mary Lily's body had contained "enormous amounts" of morphine, accumulated over many months, as well as traces of injected adrenaline and heavy metal poisons, such as arsenic, and possibly mercury. Everyone agreed that, pending further tests, the results were to be kept secret.

It didn't happen that way.

Within 48 hours the New York American had run a streamer across the top of its front page -- MRS. BINGHAM WAS DRUGGED!

And within days, papers across the country were filled with stories of the scandal. Had Mary Lily taken the drugs herself? Or had the wife of Robert Worth Bingham, of Louisville, Ky., been murdered?





It was her fabulous wealth that spawned the tragedy of Mary Lily, the soft-spoken widow of Henry Flagler. Shenanigans with a will, ugly rumors and the damning report of one of America's leading detective agencies all added up to the overpowering suspicion that Mary Lily had not met her death on July 27, 1917, from natural causes.

IT HAD BEGUN 26 YEARS EARLIER, IN 1891, when Henry Morrison Flagler, the uncrowned "king" of Florida, who had made a vast fortune as a founding partner of Standard Oil of Ohio, met Mary Lily Kenan at the home of mutual friends in Newport, R.I.

He was 61; she was 23. He was instantly attracted to her -- and it wasn't hard to see why.

Contemporaries described Mary Lily as "a strikingly beautiful young woman," the pride of a prominent North Carolina family. Her petite hour-glass figure, 105 pounds on a voluptuous 5-foot-1 body, caught the eye of many men, as did her thick dark hair and blue eyes. A warm, friendly, poised manner added to her charm.

When Flagler met his Southern belle, his marriage to Alice, his second wife, was

falling apart. Alice was careening toward insanity, and Flagler's doctor had recently warned him that it was no longer safe to share a bedroom with a wife who was showing homicidal tendencies.

Flagler found himself growing more and more attracted to Mary Lily. He sent a special train to Wilmington, N.C., so she could visit him at his palatial Ponce de Leon Hotel in St. Augustine. At first it was platonic. Henry still had a wife as well as a New York mistress. But along the way the relationship heated up. Press reports titillated the public with snippets about the May-December romance between the Southern belle and the wealthy tycoon whose Florida East Coast Railway was transforming the desolate east coast of Florida into America's favorite winter resort.

The Kenan family was shocked, not so much by the affair as by the unwelcome publicity. They demanded to know Flagler's intentions.

Flagler assured them that he would take care of Mary Lily, whether he obtained a divorce or not. As a token of his affections, he presented her with jewelry worth \$1 million, and another \$1 million in Standard Oil stock. He also instructed his architects to design a magnificent Palm Beach mansion for her. Next, he set about seeking a divorce. His first move came in April, 1899. Since insanity was not grounds for divorce in New York

State, he made Florida his legal residence. Insanity was not legal grounds for divorce in Florida either, but Flagler figured he could change the rules more easily in a state he practically owned.

Sure enough, two years later a bill was introduced into the Florida Legislature making "incurable insanity" grounds for divorce. Two and a half weeks later it sped through the Legislature and was signed into law by Gov. William Jennings. Rumors quickly spread that Flagler had "bought" the Legislature. Nothing was proved at the time, but 70 years later it was discovered that the price he had paid to members of the 1901 Legislature was \$125,000. The "Flagler Divorce" law, used only by the great man himself, was repealed in 1905. Two months after the bill became law, Flagler obtained his divorce from Alice, who was now confined to a sanitarium. He gave her securities and properties worth \$2.3 million, which, when she died in 1930, had grown to \$15.2 million.

TEN DAYS AFTER THE DIVORCE, Henry married Mary Lily at the Kenan family's ancestral home, *Liberty Hall*, at Kenansville, near Wilmington. A special train carried some 20 wedding guests, a 15-piece orchestra and a team of Baltimore chefs to a nearby station. Carriages then transported them eight miles to Liberty Hall over a road Flagler had built for the occasion. The 72-year-old groom's wedding gifts to his 34-year-old bride were a \$500,000 pearl necklace, a check for \$1 million, and \$2 million in bonds. For their honeymoon they left the steamy August heat of North Carolina for Flagler's summer home at Mamaroneck, N.Y. At Mary Lily's insistence the tycoon scrapped his earlier plans for a mansion for her. Instead, work began on a Southern-style palace in Palm Beach, complete with columns. Mary Lily would name it "Whitehall, a house of marble."

Lavishly furnished, the \$4 million palace was opened on Jan. 26, 1902. Upstairs were 14 guest suites, each designed to represent a different epoch in world history. The modern American room boasted Florida's first twin beds. Arthur Spalding, the organist at Whitehall, described life at the palace in letters to his sister:

"The more I see of Mrs. Flagler the better I like her and she is not at all the kind of woman I was prepared to see. Of course she is not perfect any more than the rest of us are, but there is nothing snobbish about her. If you treat her well and don't appear to be using her for what you can get, you can't ask for better treatment than she will give you in return."

Mary Lily accompanied Flagler on business trips to Havana and Nassau, and it became obvious that he was finding it difficult to keep up with her swifter social pace. Still, his love for her remained undiminished to the end. With his final anniversary gift to her in 1912 he included a particularly touching note:

"To my darling wife, in loving remembrance of the day you became my wife and the many happy days you have given to me since our marriage. May the dear Lord reward you for what you have done for me."

The "old man," as he was called around Palm Beach, stayed busy to the end of his life. Much of his energy went into what many thought was the impossible task of extending his railroad across the Florida Keys. In late 1903 he gave his famous order: "Go ahead. Go to Key West."

Built across the Keys at a cost of \$50 million and more than a hundred lives, the railroad reached Key West on Jan. 22, 1912. It proved to be the last major triumph in the old man's life. In March 1913, he fell down the stairs at Whitehall and broke his hip. At 83, he was too old to fight off complications from the injury. Two months later, on May

20, he died in one of his beachfront cottages. Mary Lily was at his side. On that day Mary Lily Flagler became the world's richest woman.

Her husband had left her cash, stock, properties and companies valued at more than \$100 million, the equivalent today of about \$6 billion. In Florida alone she now owned the Florida East Coast Railway; the Model Land Company, which held four million acres of land; 11 Florida hotels; the East Coast Steamship Company; the Miami Electric Company, which later became Florida Power & Light; two water companies, and three daily news-papers, including the Miami Herald. But in that spring of 1913, two deaths many miles apart doomed Mary Lily. One at Whitehall made her a widow; one in Louisville made Robert Bingham a widower. Only a month after Flagler's accident, Eleanor Bingham, Bob Bingham's wife, was killed in Louisville. A car in which she was riding stalled at a crossing and was hit by a trolley car. The paths of Mary Lily and Robert Bingham were destined to cross soon afterward -- and not for the first time. For him it would mean wealth, power and fame. For her it would mean a horrendous death.

ROBERT'S ANCESTOR, William Bingham, had come to North Carolina from Ireland in 1791. Ten years later he accepted a post at the state university in Chapel Hill. Soon after, he was forced out because of his pro-British views. His principal foe was General James Kenan, a university trustee and Revolutionary War hero. For the next century the Bingham and the Kenans would clash often. Robert Worth Bingham was born in November, 1871. At the age of 16 he became the fourth generation of his family to enroll at Chapel Hill, just 20 miles from his home.

"He was the handsomest man I ever saw," recalled a former classmate. "All the women loved him and all the men admired him. He was the social lion of our day."

At a dance in 1890 -- just one year before she met Henry Flagler -- Mary Lily Kenan and Bob Bingham met and began an affair. The attraction was physical: handsome Bob, voluptuous Mary Lily. And perhaps the old feud between their families may have kindled the extra excitement of the forbidden. The two became lovers, but once again the family feud came between them. It is not clear what happened, but Bingham left school, apparently forced out by the powerful Kenan family. Against her family's wishes, Mary Lily continued to see him occasionally after he enrolled at the University of Virginia. Then Bob's father moved the family's prestigious Bingham School, the oldest prep school in the South, 200 miles west to Asheville, in the North Carolina mountains. There Bob met a gorgeous and wealthy brunette vacationing from Kentucky. In May 1896, Bob married Eleanor "Babe" Miller and moved to Louisville. Bingham plunged into the practice of law -- and into the corrupt world of Kentucky politics. He was elected county attorney, and appointed mayor of Louisville and later a judge in the county circuit court. Arrogance and shady deals doomed his first efforts at politics.

Sometime around 1904, Bingham became friends with Dr. Walter Fisk Boggess, a pediatrician, and Dr. Michael Leo Ravitch, a Russian-born dermatologist. Despite his political troubles, Bingham still had the advantage of a marriage into a wealthy family. This benefit declined after Eleanor's death, particularly after her mother learned of his improprieties in the handling of collateral for one of the family businesses.

In the meantime, however, Bingham had run up huge debts through failed political ventures and bad investments. Louisville banks began to press him for payment. He told the bankers he had no money, but that he might obtain help through an old friend, Mary Lily Flagler, now America's wealthiest widow. In the summer of 1915, Mary Lily was staying in Asheville at the Grove Park Inn, so Asheville was where Bingham headed. But once he was on the scene it appears that Mary Lily may have become the huntress. Says Tom Kenan, the family historian: "The Grove Park Inn in Asheville is where she re-struck

her acquaintance with Bob Bingham. She was utterly lonely and she probably forced the play. She was a powerhouse."

The two years since Flagler's death had not been kind to Mary Lily. At 48, graying hair topped a face marked with worry lines. It was said that she drank too much bourbon and even laudanum, a form of opium. Bingham brought back a sense of joy and excitement to her life. She saw him at her apartment in New York's Plaza Hotel, at her mansion in Mamaroneck, at White Sulphur Springs, W.Va., and at Louisville. She even opened Whitehall again in February 1916, for the first time since Henry's death.

Family and Flagler business associates warned her that Bingham was a fortune hunter. But Mary Lily was a lonely woman and Bob Bingham had always been a lady-killer. Late in 1916, Mary Lily and Bingham decided to marry. Under intense family and business pressure, they agreed to a will in which he waived his claims to her fortune.

Stories of the romance filled the nation's social columns, and Bingham found his image was improving. Instead of a sleazy politician, he was now presented, even in the staid New York Times, as a leading reform mayor rather than as a man forced out of office by a cleanup campaign. The wedding was held on Nov. 15, 1916. Mary Lily gave Bingham a \$50,000 certified check. He gave her nothing.

A FEW WEEKS LATER, MARY LILY'S Lawyers informed her that under Kentucky law, the will excluding Bob from her estate was invalid. When a new one was drawn up conforming to Kentucky law, Bingham again agreed to a waiver that excluded him. Meanwhile, Mary Lily had cleared up his enormous debts and given him \$700,000 in Standard Oil stock, which provided him with an annual income of \$50,000. Things soon began to go wrong. Bingham's three children, aged 10 to 19, treated their stepmother coldly, a disheartening development for a warm and friendly woman. Bingham's daughter even spied on her and told her father that his new wife was a drug addict. In late December, Mary Lily's health began to deteriorate. She complained of chest pains, Bingham said later. To treat a woman who could afford the best of everything, he called not a renowned heart specialist, but instead his old friend, the second-rate dermatologist, Dr. Ravitch.

That winter, when Mary Lily ordered Whitehall to be opened for the Easter holidays, Bob's children refused to go. He sided with them and a distraught Mary Lily closed Whitehall, canceled all the Palm Beach parties she had planned, and spent the holidays instead in the cold, unfriendly world of Louisville.

By late May, Dr. Ravitch had been brought in as a house guest. His job was to keep Mary Lily under 24-hour sedation. She needed to be totally pacified -- and Bob needed her signature on a change in her will. He had learned he could purchase the Louisville Courier-Journal and Times for \$1 million. He figured he could raise 60 percent of that amount by selling the securities Mary Lily had given him; the rest he could borrow only if her will listed him as the beneficiary of at least part of her vast fortune. Apparently, he had no plans to kill her, just to gain the additional leverage that a place in her will would give him. As treatment for her chest pains, Dr. Ravitch began giving Mary Lily shots of morphine. These were gradually increased until she became addicted. To draw up a codicil to the will, Bingham needed a lawyer he could control, one who would not be suspicious of a change signed by a woman under the influence of drugs. He picked an old college friend, Dave Davies, whom he knew would trust him if he explained that his wife's dazed condition was due to a serious medical problem. On June 19, 1917, Mary Lily agreed to meet with Davies at Dr. Ravitch's office. There she told him she did not want the Flagler trustees or her brother, Will, to know about the codicil, a secret handwritten paper she had brought with her. It stated:

"...I give and bequeath to my husband, R.W. Bingham, \$5 million to be absolutely his..."

It was signed by Mary Lily Bingham and witnessed by Davies and Ravitch. The codicil was not filed at the courthouse, and remained a closely guarded secret. For his part in the conspiracy, Ravitch was paid \$50,000.

AFTER THE SIGNING, MARY LILY Virtually vanished from sight. Bingham on the other hand was seen everywhere, busy politicking at meetings and rallies.

The couple spent the summer in the sweltering heat of Louisville, not at the comfortable waterfront mansion at Mamaroneck. Then on a day in July when the temperature soared to 102, Mary Lily tried to relax in a cool bath. An hour later a worried maid found her draped over the side of the tub, unconscious. Ravitch, the dermatologist, was called. Suspecting a heart attack, he called in another old friend of Bingham's, the pediatrician Dr. Boggess, who brought along a young laboratory pathologist. Not one of the team was qualified to treat or even to diagnose heart disease. The morphine injections continued, and two nurses were fired when they protested the dosage. Mary Lily's condition grew worse. Bob Bingham released statements to the press, hammering away at the theme of heart disease. On the morning of July 27, 1917, Mary Lily went into a fit. At 3:10 p.m., she died while experiencing convulsions.

A vague death certificate listed the cause of death as oedema, or swelling of the brain, with myocarditis, a heart condition, as a contributing cause. Her coffin was placed in her private railroad car and taken by train to Wilmington, N.C. She was buried in the family plot at Oakdale Cemetery.

Mary Lily left an estate valued at roughly \$150 million. Her will was filed in the Florida courts. Then, in August, Bingham filed the secret codicil with the Louisville court. The Kenans and the trustees wondered if there would be more secret thunderbolts. Would Bingham take over the Flagler System or possibly assume a prominent role with Standard Oil?

Soon the word was out. The Kenans would contest the secret codicil.

They revealed that prominent Louisville residents had contacted them. Now they wanted to know why Bingham had brought in a team of medical quacks to attend Mary Lily. The family hired one of the world's most famous detectives, William Burns, head of the William J. Burns Detective Agency. Burns quickly turned up detailed information on Mary Lily's drugging. The family learned, too, that Bingham had given Dr. Ravitch a new Packard 325 Roadster. Burns noted that the million-dollar pearl necklace Flagler had given Mary Lily had vanished, most likely stolen by Bingham. In September, the trustees of the Flagler estate, reviewing the report in Standard Oil's New York offices, decided to open Mary Lily's grave. They wanted to know exactly what had caused her death.

Meanwhile, Bingham hired a New York pathologist, who concluded that death had been caused by endocarditis, an inflammation of the lining of the heart. Challenging Bingham in the Louisville courts proved to be unrewarding for the Kenans. Sympathy was strongly in Bingham's favor. The local newspapers depicted it as a battle between one lone Louisville man and the monster Standard Oil monopoly. In addition, the hometown lawyer the Kenans hired proved inadequate. In April 1918, Bingham was informed that there would be no further contest of the will. He would receive his \$5 million on July 27, exactly one year after his wife's death.

Why did the Kenan family drop the case? No explanation was given. The report by Burns was never released. And even more startling, the official autopsy report was repressed. David Leon Chandler, author of the recent best seller, *The Bingham of Louisville*, concluded that one reason may have been that Mary Lily had tertiary syphilis, probably trans-

mitted to her by Bingham during their youthful affair. Always a womanizer, Bingham underwent a series of confidential medical treatments that began after he quit college in 1891. He continued to receive them in later years from Dr. Ravitch, who was experienced in the treatment of syphilis.



Primary and secondary syphilis can masquerade as a fairly mild disease, sometimes involving little more than minor lesions or an unpleasant rash. Tertiary syphilis does not surface until 10 to 30 years later and can be a deadly disease. And it can sometimes cause endocarditis. With syphilis, it would have been natural to call in Dr. Ravitch. The disease, so scandalous a malady that it could not even be mentioned in polite society, would also have given Bingham the opportunity for blackmail. Between the morphine and the threat of scandal, Mary Lily could have been persuaded to revise her will.

The problem was that Bingham kept the cover-up going. Even after it was apparent that Mary Lily's medical condition was life-threatening, the doctors he consulted were picked because they could be trusted to keep quiet. Why was Bingham so smugly confident in the face of the Kenans' challenge? Why did the Kenans suddenly stop contesting the will after the autopsy? Scandal is the only plausible explanation. And what happened afterward? Did Bingham wither away, consumed by guilt? Of course not. He thoroughly enjoyed his money. He bought the Louisville newspapers, which promptly brought him respectability.

With money and power he became effective in Democratic circles -- so effective that his staunch support for a rising young politician named Franklin Delano Roosevelt brought him a huge reward when FDR was elected president in 1932. Bingham was named ambassador to the Court of St. James in London, the highest ambassadorial position a president can bestow. Even more important, a great communications empire developed from the \$5 million Bingham received. The empire lasted six decades, until May 1986, and then was blown apart by the "grandchildren syndrome," a condition that sometimes arises from the sheer number of third-generation owners. A key whistleblower in forcing the sale of the Bingham newspaper empire to Gannett Publishing was granddaughter Sallie Bingham, an ardent feminist who feels the Bingham have "shortchanged" the woman whose money benefited them. Sallie has established a Mary Lily Bingham Trust Fund to provide scholarships for girls.

"He killed her, didn't he?" says Sallie, who maintains a home in Key West. "I think it's time for a Bingham to give her some credit. It's a bit of justice for Mary Lily."

200 BRADLEY PLACE

HIBISCUS HOTEL



The Palm Beach Post, Sunday, November 5, 1916, Page 8

Hibiscus Hotel

The Hibiscus Hotel on the lakefront trail in Palm Beach, is undergoing extensive repairs under the management of the proprietor, A. C. Inglessi. As remodeled the building has now a large front porch, 120 feet in length by 16 feet in width. The house will be well equipped for the coming season with forty fine guest chambers and with twenty baths.

The Palm Beach Post, Wednesday, February 23, 1921, Page 6

The Palm Beach Post (West Palm Beach, Florida) · Tue, Feb 22, 1916 · Page 5

Hotel Hibiscus

**Only Reasonable-Priced Hotel on
Palm Beach side.
Select Family Hotel**

Views of ocean and Lake Worth
from every window. House lighted throughout by electricity. All white service. Rates \$2.50 and up per day. Special by the week. Porter meets trains at Poinciana station.

Packard automobile for hire—telephone Hibiscus hotel.
A. C. INGLESSI, Proprietor.

The Hibiscus Hotel at North Lake Trail and Everglades Avenue, Palm Beach, has been leased by its owner, A. C. Inglessi to Charles C. Bibo and wife of New York, for the 1921-1922 season. The rental arrangement was made through the J. B. McDonald Company. The Bibos first came to Palm Beach several years ago, on their present visit they observed the increased popularity of the resort and the larger growth of the region and saw in the Hibiscus business opportunities.

Mr. and Mrs. Bibo have operated hotels at Arverne and Edgemere, in the Rockaways, Long Island, New York, for a good many years, and also operated the Hotel Bibo at Madison Avenue and 92nd street, New York. They now own and operate the Hollywood Lodge, at High-mount, in the Catskill mountains. They are credited with enjoying a reputation of the highest order as hotel keepers, and Mr. Inglessi feels assured that patrons of the Hibiscus will still be provided with first class service in every respect and an unexcelled cuisine.

The Hibiscus Hotel was a 40-room, white stucco building with a red tile roof.



The Palm Beach Post, Sunday, March 2, 1924 Page 14

New Hibiscus Hotel

The Hibiscus Hotel was sold by the Inglessi owners to Kurzrock of New York it was announced on Friday and plans are under way for a 400 hundred room fireproof structure with shops on the ground floor.

Consideration involved in the sale of the Hibiscus Hotel, which is a wooden structure was given as being around \$90,000.00. Kurzrock , who is in Palm Beach for the winter season, also has purchased the lot adjoining the property on the north and the new structure is to use the entire plot.

E. C. and M. M. Bibo are the present lessees of the hotel, this being their third season. The Bibos have a hotel, The Hollywood Lodge at High Mount in the Cats-kills. They formerly had one of the largest hotels at Arverne, Long Island, and have recently sold their New York City property, Hotel Bilbo, ninety Second Street and Madison Avenue.

Architects are working on the plans. The new hotel is to be of Spanish architecture and will be in readiness for the opening of the 1924-1925 season.

1923 The hotel was pulled down to make way for the new "Fireproof" Royal Daneli Hotel

HOTEL ROYAL DANIELI



The Palm Beach Post, Friday, April 24, 1924

Hotel to Cost \$250.000

Plans are being completed by William Manly King, local architect, for what it is believed will be the first and only fireproof hotel in Palm Beach which is to cost approximately \$250.000 and which is to be built immediately on the site of the Hibiscus Hotel in Palm Beach, just north of the Fashion Beaux Arts.

This structure, which is to be built and owned by the Day Rock Construction Company, is to have 120 guest rooms, private baths and provision is being made for a roof garden. It is to be six stories in height and will be of Spanish design.

Originally it was planned by S. D. Davis and Max Kurzrock, both of New York City, officials of the Day Rock Construction Company, to make alterations and additions to the Hibiscus Hotel building aggregating \$150,000, but this week the plans were changed. It is probable that the present building will be moved onto another lot and used for servant's quarters.

On the first floor of the new building will be shops, a lobby, a dining room, kitchen and a servant's department. On the mezzanine floor there will be a large lounge room and a lady's retiring room. On a level with the mezzanine floor facing the lake it is planned to construct a large screened veranda extending along the entire west side of the building.

This hotel is to be built in the shape of an "H" fronting on the lake. Provisions are being made for a patio in the center of the building and arrangements have been to enlarge the structure by adding on to the legs of the "H."

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The Palm Beach Post, Sunday, December 7, 1924

TO OPEN \$2,000,000 HOTEL ACROSS LAKE

Sumptuous Royal Daneli Will Enhance Resort's Attractions After Dec. 30

A \$2,000,000 addition to Palm Beach's array of winter attractions and accommodations will be available on December 31 with the opening of the resort's latest hotel, the Royal Daneli. For almost a year this structure has been gradually rising on Lake Trail, north, until it had become a pretty figure on the Palm Beach sky line from the water.

With \$2,000,000 invested in the structure, including furnishings, baths with every room, and complete metropolitan service facilities, the huge waterfront building is ready to receive its quota of guests.

Sam Salvin, proprietor of noted New York restaurants, has leased the building for the season from S. D. Davis, the New York builder and owner, and has arranged to fulfill every demand for hotel service of the highest grade and entertainment, he announced yesterday.

Features of the new hotel are its dining room, grill, and Japanese garden. Throughout the season an orchestra directed by Meyer Davis, will be employed besides a native Hawaiian orchestra with two girl dancers. Afternoon teas and late suppers will be features of service.

The entire crew of the Palais Royal, one of the New York restaurants operated by Mr. Salvin, will be brought here, he said.. It includes a head chef and 42 cooks. The hotel staff throughout will be white. Among New York resorts operated and owned by Mr. Salvin other than the Palais Royal are the Club Royal, the Pavilion Royal, the Montmartre Plantation, and the Moulin Rouge.

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The Palm Beach Post, Wednesday, January 12, 1927, Page 12

Royal Daneli Has Kept Service Up and Prices Down

"Palm Beach Hotels," The very words conjure up beauty and luxury, comfort and romance. But when you say "Royal Daneli" the words mean all of this and more. This is the only exclusive European plan hotel in Palm Beach. The hotel is strictly fireproof and there is a bath in connection with every room. Also, the rates are so reasonable that the

tourist of most moderate means can afford to stay at the Royal Daneli, one of Palm Beach's most modern hotels. Rate are \$4.00 per day and up.

The main lobby is most attractive, beautifully furnished in overstuffed furniture. The crystal chandeliers around the room are not only decorative but contribute much to the sense of luxury of the entire place.

A well-equipped writing room may be found at the rear of the main lobby, while a music room connected with the writing room by a large arch, furnishes a most comfortable place for a ladies' lounge.

The guests who have registered at the Royal Daneli this season include many of the county's most distinguished persons. Under the new management of Mr. W. G. Bowman, the Royal Daneli bids fair to become one of the social gathering places of Palm Beach—Adv.

1931 the Royal Daneli was renamed the Mayflower

MAYFLOWER HOTEL



The Palm Beach Post, Wednesday, April 17, 1935, Page 7

MAYFLOWER HOTEL WILL REMAIN OPEN

Will operate on European Plan During Summer



For the first time since the boom years the Mayflower Hotel will remain open for the summer season, S. D. Davis, owner, announced Tuesday. Decision to operate the hotel on a year-around basis is in tribute to the owner's belief in the future of Palm Beach and in the possibilities of Florida as a summer resort as well as a winter place.

The hotel will operate with full facilities on a European, instead of American, plan for the summer months, with the same staff on a somewhat curtailed basis. S. G. Piers, well-known local hotel man will continue as manager.

The brilliant beacon atop the Mayflower, which has proved a spectacular spot on the Palm Beach landscape this winter, will continue to be an attraction this summer.

The Palm Beach Post, Wednesday, September 12, 1945

The Palm Beach Post (West Palm Beach, Florida) - Fri, Jan 13, 1956 - Page 25



THE KING IS HERE!

PUPI CAMPO

And His Orchestra
In The Beautiful

HOLIDAY ROOM

Nitely
Except Tuesday

MAYFLOWER HOTEL
PALM BEACH

For Reservations Please Call Palm Beach 3-8411

No Cover - No Minimum • The Zarras, Dance Stylists

Member of the Diner's Club

FRANK DONOVAN BUYS THE MAYFLOWER HOTEL

Sale of the Palm Beach Mayflower Hotel, first of the big lake-front hotelries, for \$566,500 by May-Palm Inc. to Frank Donovan, Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich., was disclosed Tuesday afternoon with filing of a warranty deed in the circuit clerk's office.

The hotel built in 1924 and first known as the Royal Danieli, was sold in May, 1944, to the May-Palm Corporation, headed by Charles Shapiro and Benjamin Shapiro as president and secretary-treasurer by the Mayflower Holding Co., owned by Jack Davis and his mother, Mrs. S. D. Davis. Purchase price at the time was \$420,000.

The hotel after its purchase by the May-Palm corporation, was leased to several individuals and it is understood that the new owners also acquired this lease although no formal record has been filed. Paty and Warwick were local attorneys for the purchaser.

The Palm Beach Post, Tuesday, November 27, 1951, Page 1

Mayflower Hotel, Residence Sold

Two warranty deeds were filed in circuit court here Monday revealing purchase of the Mayflower Hotel, Palm Beach, and the adjacent oceanfront Ann Mitchell residence, for a total of \$700,000, by Palm Beach Mayflower, Inc., a new corporation headed by Milton Fine and Samuel Kamen, both of Miami Beach.

The hotel property, priced at \$600,000, was sold by the Hotel Knickerbacker Operating Co., New York City. The deed was signed by Robert Friedberg as vice president.

In the other transaction the D & F Corp. city, sold the Mitchell property for an indicated \$100,000, the deed being signed by Friedberg as president.

1967 Mayflower was sold and renamed the Palm Beach Spa

PALM BEACH SPA

The Palm Beach Post, Wednesday, August 5, 1954, Page 36

Palm Beach Spa Is Sold For \$1 Million

The Palm Beach Spa Hotel on Everglades Ave. was sold for \$1,000,000 according to a warranty deed recorded on Aug. 3.

The spa is the old Mayflower Hotel managed by Milton Hoff. It was built in 1924, and, as the Royal Daneli, became the first of the big lake front hotels in Palm Beach. Its name was changed to the Mayflower Hotel.

Documentary stamps on the transaction totaled \$3,000. The seller was Wolfe Corp. signed with papers by Joseph Wolf with offices in New York City. The purchaser was the Hoff Spa Management Co. of Palm Beach with a \$673,500 mortgage recorded.

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The Palm Brach Post, Friday, July 22, 1983 Page 34
By Chauncey Mabe

Once-Posh PB Spa A Tag Sale Special

The long spacious dining room of the Palm Beach Spa and Hotel was laid out yesterday with neat rows of silverware, porcelain and linen. The once proud lobby was converted into a showroom for used furniture. Workers for a liquidation company scurried through the heat with last-minute preparations for a month-long tag sale while Elizabeth Missbach reminisced to the hum of a window air conditioner in a back upstairs office.

"I feel badly about the spa going out of business because it will mean 300 people will lose their jobs," Mrs. Missbach, the hotel's personnel director for 20 years.

The hotel never let anybody go because of age and we had waitresses in their 70s. Many of these people will never work again, they're too old.

Owned by the late John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation. The 57 year old spa at 337 Everglades Ave. is scheduled for demolition to make way for a luxury lakefront condominium being developed under a lease agreement by the Hanlon Group.

Today is the first day of the sale that National Content Liquidators officials say will get rid of everything from the chandeliers (\$1,725 each) to the coat hangers (six for \$1) - everything but the commodes. The liquidators don't have the rights to the plumbing.

The sale is open to the public from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m, daily. Its strictly cash and carry. Liquidators said. No checks and you have to lug the merchandise out of the building and cart it off by yourself.

Michael Lunsford, National Content Liquidators vice president, said the tag sale, rather than an auction or a wholesale liquidation, is being held to give the public a chance at the bargains.

But, setting the hype aside, he said the sale is strictly practical.

"It's the best transition and the most profitable way to get rid of the items in the hotel," he said. "We're here to make money, there's no doubt about that.

For \$225 you can buy one of 200 "almost new" color televisions. For \$350 you can have your own putting green – all you have to do is roll it up and take it away. It took the liquidators three weeks to arrange the thousands of smaller items in the dining room. Jeremy Strong, Lamsford's assistant, said the room will be empty in three days.

"People can buy one piece or a setting and everything is marked to move," he said. "But there will be no dickering."

The decision to demolish the spa came after the 1982-83 season ended in April. The hotel's hundreds of regular clients were notified by registered letter.

"We've received hundreds of letters from guests who are heart-broken," Mrs. Missbach said. "They were pampered here and they'll never find anything else like it."

Built as the Mayflower Hotel in 1926, the building was converted to the Palm Beach Spa and Hotel in 1967. The late billionaire insurance and real estate mogul MacArthur bought it in 1969.

Mrs. Missbach said MacArthur bought it solely to get back Larry Borsten, the spa's general manager. Borsten had worked for MacArthur as manager of the Colonades Beach Hotel in Riviera Beach, but had quit to assume the same position at the spa.

"It was more like a private club than a hotel," Mrs. Missbach said. "A lot of the same people came back year after year." Rates, she said, were \$99 to \$120 per day. The prices included everything, from meals to the spa's health services. Most of the guests stayed for the entire winter season. November to March.

The spa once was a place at which the wealthy shaped up for the New York social season. But in recent years it had become most popular with the elderly. More of our guests were over 80 than under 70," Mrs. Missbach said.

Spa facilities are being installed 10 miles to the north at the Colonades.

South Florida Sun Sentinel (Fort Lauderdale, Florida) · Fri, Sep 23, 1983 · Other Editions · Page 20

End of an era



Staff photo by DAVID MURRAY JR.

Wrecking crew demolishes old resort

A member of the demolition crew at the Palm Beach Spa waters down the dust while a bulldozer works on part of the main building in the background. Once the winter home for the rich, the 56-year-

old spa's clientele has included Vice President Hubert Humphrey and song writer Irving Caesar. It is being razed to make way for luxury condominiums.

1983 Palm Beach Spa pulled down

To make way for L'Ermitage Condominiums

L'ERMITAGE CONDOMINIUMS

Fort Lauderdale News, Saturday, June 25, 1983, Page 64

L'Ermitage sold out just 2 months after construction started

PALM BEACH - Just two months after construction commenced on L'Ermitage's eight ultra-luxurious townhomes, a sellout has been announced by Robert W. Hollister, director of sales for the new in-town condominium enclave located at Everglades Avenue and Bradley Place.

The tri-level town townhomes are part of an overall L'Ermitage design of 59 residences designed by The Lawrence Group, Chartered Architect and Planners. In addition to the townhome enclave, two five-story condominium structures will present 51 spacious and specially appointed apartment residences on the six acre lakefront site presently occupied by the venerable Palm Beach Spa Hotel.

Demolition of the spa is scheduled for this month, with construction of the L'Ermitage condominiums towers planned to beginning June.

"We are delighted with this early sellout of our existing town-homes," Hollister said, "Though we are not really surprised. The townhomes offer an extraordinary Palm Beach lifestyle and opportunity to partake of Palm Beach's only brand-new condominium residences with all of the amenities and services of grand-hotel living."

Ranging in size from 3,447 to 5,098 square feet, the two-bedroom plus library design encompass two levels of living space in addition to a two-car basement garage.



The Mediterranean, traditional "Palm Beach" look will be featured in the townhomes as well as in the entire walled community. Wood and clay barrel tile roofs, and sand colored stucco form the basis for the open, distinctive look, which has become the signature of traditional portions of Palm Beach.

"A truly outstanding level of luxury has been achieved in the town-home designs," Hollister said. "The living rooms look onto the pools through wide arched windows. Round columns frame the patios leading to the pool areas., and in all three residential designs, arch-ways provide that special Mediterranean flavor."

Luxurious touches in the townhomes include master bedroom suites or "morning" rooms adjacent to the large bedrooms and marble floored master baths with roman tubs, marble shower sur-rounds and his-and-her walk-in closets with spacious dressing areas. Some plans have vaulted ceilings with exposed beams in both the living room and the den/bedroom. One plan features the dramatic touch of a circular staircase and a two-story foyer, while another has its guest bedroom wing out by the swimming pool in a cabana-like design.

Each residence includes an optional elevator as well as optional swimming pool;

The airy kitchen encompass breakfast areas with sliding glass doors that open onto either a terrace or patio.

The L'Ermitage sales office, located in Poinciana Plaza, is open Monday through Friday from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

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Fort Lauderdale News, Saturday, September 10, 1983

Palm Beach Hotel makes way for L'Ermitage

PALM BEACH - The Palm Beach Spa Hotel took a final bow as one of Palm Beach's noteworthy landmarks last month. To mark the event, a "coming down" party took place that afternoon on the six acre site at Everglades Avenue and Bradley Place on the shores of Lake Worth in Palm Beach.

The event also signaled the commencement of a new chapter at the prestigious address -- L'Ermitage, to be one of Palm Beach's most elite collection of luxury apartment residences,, and townhouses.

In attendance at the outdoor party were Harrison M. Lasky, chair-man of the board of the Harlon Group, Inc; Lon B. Rubin, president of the Halon Group, David Riese, project manager for L'Ermitage and Eugene Lawrence, the architect who designed L'Ermitage.

The Harlon Group is a nationally known development firm that is developing L'Ermitage in conjunction with Morstan Development Company, Inc., a subsidiary of Morgan Stanley of New York, the in-vestment banking firm.

Harrison Lasky released a bottle of champagne that was cordoned to one side of the first building to be razed., signaling the bulldozer into action. As the champagne exploded against the building's wall, guests clapped and cheered at both the symbolic gesture and for what promises to be one of the most elegant new addresses.

L'Ermitage will comprise 51 ultra-luxurious apartment residences and eight townhouses. The townhouses will form an individual enclave across Bradley Place. Apartment residences will be positioned for outstanding vistas and maximum exposure in the north and south towers, directly overlooking Lake worth. The L'Ermitage floor plans range from 2,250 to 4,800 square feet.

The L'Ermitage sales office, located in Poinciana Plaza at 350 Royal Poinciana Way, is open Monday through Friday from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Further information may be obtained by calling Robert Hollister, Director os sales, at (303) 832-1700.

150 BRADLEY PLACE

**Palm Beach Hotel – 150 Bradley Place
Built 1893 – destroyed by fire 1925**

**Hotel Alba
Built 1926 –**

**Ambassador Hotel – Renamed
1929**

**Palm Beach Biltmore – Renamed
1933**

**Biltmore Condominiums
1977**

1st PALM BEACH HOTEL

Located on the site of the present Biltmore Condominiums
150 Bradley Place





The Palm Beach Hotel Fire

As The Breakers burned for the second time in 1925, Palm Beach resident Stafford Beach watched from the ocean pier as embers floated up through the air, across the island, and landed on the 400-room Palm Beach Hotel. Its 160 guests, who had been watching The Breaker's fire, barely reached their own rooms in time to save small articles; the frame building burned down completely.

The hotel's owner, Sidney Maddock, lamented: "The dear old Palm Beach Hotel is a total loss. ... I was there at the time and held the hose like the rest but it blazed in seven places at once way up on the roof. It's history now."

His parents, Henry and Jeanie Elizabeth Smith Maddock, of Staffordshire, England, had made their home at Duck's Nest on North Lake Way in 1891, which is still owned by their family. Sidney Maddock had married Lucy Lacoste and in 1902 built the Palm Beach Hotel on Lake Worth. After it burned down, Maddock left Palm Beach and never returned. His son, Paul Lacoste Maddock, moved to Palm Beach in 1939 and married Ruth Marian Quigley Moffett, a descendant of Charles Carroll, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence.

On the site of the Palm Beach Hotel, Maurice Heckscher built the \$7 million Alba Hotel. Named for his polo-playing friend the Spanish Duke of Alba, the 12-story hotel opened in February 1926 with 550 rooms. The first party for 1,000 was hosted by Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury, Mrs. Paris Singer, and other notable socialites. By May, the hotel was bankrupt, although it reopened the following year. By 1929, it became part of the Ambassador Hotel chain. The next owner, Colonel Henry Doherty, changed the name to the Biltmore in 1934.



LOOKING NORTH, ROYAL DENALI HOTEL IN BACKGROUND

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Palm Beach, FL Fire Destroys Two Hotels, Mar 1925

Submitted by Stu Beitler

***\$4,000,000 FIRE HITS PALM BEACH.
TWO BIG HOTELS ARE REDUCED TO PILES OF ASHES.***
By Associated Press.

Palm Beach, Fla., March 18 -- Fire which for a time threatened to wipe out an entire section of this famous winter pleasure resort, was brought under control Wednesday night after two big hotels, the Breakers and Palm Beach, had been reduced to piles of glowing ashes. Property damage was estimated in excess of \$4,000,000.

Rumors that guests had perished in the Breakers and the Palm Beach hotels were current as the flames hurled blazing embers into the air and even across Lake Worth to West Palm Beach, but none had been confirmed late Wednesday night.

An elderly man and woman were reported burned to death in the Breakers, and two small children and their nurse were said to be missing from the same hotel. Parents of the children were searching frantically Wednesday night in the ruins, but neither would give their names.

Martial law in Palm Beach with troops guarding bridges between Palm Beach and West Palm Beach, followed the seizure by police of two motor trucks and several automobiles filled with goods stolen during the fire. Eight negroes and one white man were arrested.

Fire fighting forces from Palm Beach, West Palm Beach and Lake Worth fought the flames and other firemen were on the way when the upper hand was gained by the men on the scene.

In addition to the two hotels the Poinciana barracks and a number of shops were burned. Bradley's Club, long noted as a playground for the rich, was saved, although for a time it was thought certain that this widely known resort would fall a victim of the flames.

No definite loss of life had been confirmed pending a check of the guests.

The fire started in an upper floor of the south wing of the Breakers Hotel, which had nearly 900 rooms and provided accommodations for nearly 2,000 persons. The cause was variously reported as a carelessly handled cigarette, a plumber's torch and a woman guest using an electrical appliance.

Flames broke through the roof and smoke almost immediately spread through-out the hotel. Guests hurriedly left the burning structure, many not waiting to save their personal belongings and loss of valuables of persons residing in the hotel is expected to be great.

When the Palm Beach Hotel, a 250 room structure, began to burn, the fire forces were divided. It became apparent at once, however, that the building was doomed and those assigned to this part of the battle concentrated successfully on saving adjacent buildings. Meanwhile, four cottages which were part of the Breakers property had been destroyed and the roof of the Royal Poinciana stated smoldering. The fire there, however, was stopped before it gained any headway.

The confusion and wildly flickering flames continued far into the night and no reasonably accurate survey of the loss was possible.

San Antonio Express Texas 1925-03-19

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HOTEL ALBA



On the site of the Palm Beach Hotel, Maurice Heckscher built the \$7 million Alba Hotel. Named for his polo-playing friend the Spanish Duke of Alba, the 12-story hotel opened in February 1926 with 550 rooms. The first party for 1,000 was hosted by Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury, Mrs. Paris Singer, and other notable socialites. By May, the hotel was bankrupt, although it reopened the following year. By 1929, it became part of the Ambassador Hotel chain. The next owner, Colonel Henry Doherty, changed the name to the Biltmore in 1934.

AMBASSADOR



The Palm Beach Post, Friday, July 12, 1929

AMBASSADOR PLAN FOR COSTRUCTION REVEALED TODAY

ADDITION WILL COST \$200,000 For Rooms to be used as Servant Quarters

Construction of a four-story addition to the Ambassador hotel, formerly known as the Alba, containing approximately 250 rooms to be used as servants quarters, will be started in the near future by a northern construction firm, according to the attaches of the office of Treanor and Futio, Palm Beach and New York architects.

Cost of the addition to the familiar Palm Beach hotelry will be in the neighborhood of \$200,000 it was said.

The addition will be built along the north wing of the hotel and will run along the entire north façade, starting at Bradley Place and running to Lake Trail. It is estimated that the four-story addition will be approximately 300 feet long and 36 feet wide.

Changes at the former Replogle property, Sunset Avenue and North Ocean Boulevard, will be made in conjunction with work on the hotel and probably will be performed by the same construction company. Work at the beach, which will include changes about the

present edifice there, additions of a swimming pool and tennis courts is estimated to cost in the neighborhood of \$80,000.

Permit for contemplated changes at the beach residence, purchased last winter by S. W. Straus, president of the S. W. Straus & Co., and head of the Ambassador hotel system, was granted by the Town Council of Palm Beach, May 25, according to Judge E. B. Donnell, attorney for the Straus Palm Beach interests, when the town permit for alteration and change was granted. "The property is to be maintained as the permanent residence of Mr. Straus. There is no intention of maintaining any commercial venture there. We are satisfied with the granting of the permit and expect to see that plans are carried out this summer.

Treanor and Futio have evolved plans for the above changes and additions. Contract, as announced on that date, has been awarded to George W. Lansford, of New York and Miami.

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The Palm Beach Post, Wednesday, January 15, 1930

AMBASSADOR OPENS TODAY WITH GREATEST SEASON IN PROSPECT

Inauguration of Ocean Bathing Beach For Guests Also Scheduled Many Notables Expected For Winter

With a reservation list presaging the best year in its history, the Ambassador re-opens for the season this morning. The 600 room hotel on Lake Worth at the foot of Sunrise Avenue is operated by the Ambassador Hotel System, others in the chain being the Ambassador Hotels in New York, Atlantic City and Los Angeles.

The hotel is under the direction of William H. Peterkin, vice-president and treasurer of the Ambassador Hotel System.

The Infanta Gardens located on the west side of the hotel facing Lake Worth, are more beautiful than ever this year, the past summer having been particularly fortuitous for the development of the rare plants and shrubs, so that the prim foot-paths are now almost buried in a wealth of tropical growth, making of the whole a gigantic nosegay, in the midst of which the famed Moorish fountains, replicas of those at the Alhambra, in Spain, appear as exquisite ceramics.

Here in the afternoons the tea dances are held, where guests will waltz or fox-trot to the strains of music provided by Harry Leventhal and his orchestra. At luncheon or dinner, served in the Grand Castilian or the Queen Isabella restaurant or out on the Terrace, the Ambassador concert orchestra, also under Mr. Leventhal's direction, will play.

A notable addition this year for the entertainment of The Ambassador's guests in the new Ambassador Beach at the foot of Sunset Avenue on the ocean, which is under the management of Charles P. Squarzini of the Milton Point Casino, Rye, New York. The swimming pool, one of the largest in the colony, is 100 feet long, 40 feet broad, with a maximum depth of 10 feet. The capacity is 300,000 gallons.

A ten-foot concrete wall, tinted a mellow shade surrounds the entire establishment, including pavilion, bath-houses, patio, terrace and other facilities. In front of the pavilion, running the full width of the house and overlooking the ocean, a 40-foot terrace has been constructed where luncheon will be served. The steps from the terrace lead in a wide flagged walk, and thence to the boardwalk. The latter is arranged in the form of a three-sided hollow square, with steps leading down to the sands from each side giving an amp-

hitheatre effect. The cabanas are located on the north and south boardwalks, while the bath-houses and cabana are located west of the pool.



The Palm Beach Post, Sunday, April 6, 1930

OFFICERS NAMED FOR AMBASSADOR

At the same session Walter Baker, a director of the corporation and for some years assistant to the president, was elected vice-president. At a meeting of the board of directors of the Ambassador Hotel Corporation, Vladimer Rachevsky was elected president to succeed the late Herbert S. Martin.

At the same session Walter Baker, a director of the corporation and for some years assistant to the president, was elected vice-president. The executive committee of the corporation is composed of Mr. Rachevsky, Mr. Baker and William H. Peterkin, vice-president and treasurer. The Ambassador Hotel Corporation owns and operates the Ambassador Hotels in New York, Atlantic City, Los Angeles and Palm Beach.

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The Palm Beach Post, Tuesday, January 20, 1931

Ambassador Hotel

The formal opening of the Hotel Ambassador will be officially celebrated Saturday evening with a supper dance in the Muleteer Grill. Music will be by the Ambassador Hotel orchestra under Irving Gitlin, who is well known in musical circles. He has directed the orchestra with and for Ben Bernie and opened the roof at the St. Regis Hotel for Vincent Lopez.

Under the direction of Gitlin the orchestra was well received at its Sunday evening concert, making an especial appeal with Ravel's Bolero. The orchestra specializes in Argentine and Cuban dance numbers.

Count Felix von Luckner, the famous "sea devil," is now en route to Palm Beach aboard his yacht, the Mopelia, and is expected to spend some time at the Ambassador Hotel. As a result of a recent automobile accident, he was compelled to cancel a series of lectures and is taking advantage of the opportunity to take a rest in Florida. The Mopelia will probably be left in Miami and Count and Countess von Luckner will then spend some time in Palm Beach.

Gar Wood, of Detroit, whose name is synonymous with speed boat racing the world over, and his wife were among the Sunday arrivals, as were Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Kessler, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Rising, Lakewood, Ohio.

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The Palm Beach Post, Friday, May 13, 1932

Ambassador Beach Property Transferred

Heirs of the late Simon W. Straus, president of S. W. Straus & Company, were ordered in circuit court Thursday to turn over to the receivers of the Ambassador hotel title to the hotel beach property. The receivers are the Irving Trust company and Frank W Kridel of New York. Twenty days was set as time for transferring the title.

The heirs include Hattie D Straus, widow; Madeline S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Vladimer Rachevsky, Louise S. Celestin. Joe H. Lesser was named trustee for the purpose of making the transfer.

The property was purchased from J. Leonard Replogle as a beach for the Ambassador hotel. The last season when the Ambassador hotel was not operated, the beach was run as the colony - Ambassador" beach under lease to Arthur Hand.

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The Palm Beach Post, Friday, January 12, 1934

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS OF AMBASSADOR HOTEL ARE SOLD IN NEW YORK

Investment Brokers, Presumably Representing Doherty, Make Purchase

Officials of the New York Real Estate Bondholders' Protective committee said Thursday that most of the outstanding first mortgage bonds of the Ambassador hotel at palm Beach, formerly known as the Alba Hotel, had been sold to Robert E. Graham Company, Fifth Avenue investment brokers. The information was contained in an Associated Press dispatch from New York. The Graham firm presumably represented Colonel Henry L. Doherty, previously announced as purchaser of the hotel, although dispatches did not say so.

"The purchaser, pending a study of the situation, declined Thursday to say what steps are planned as a result of this purchase." The dispatch continued.

"The officials of the protective committee, described as having represented holders of about 96 percent of the bonds, which have been in default for some time, said that last October a notice was sent to bondholders advising them of an offer by the Graham firm to buy deposited bonds."

"The offer, the officials said, was approved by the bondholders and by Samuel Seabury, acting as an arbiter for the committee, and the sale was consummated last Thursday. The total purchase price was described as roughly \$270,000."

The Alba hotel was constructed during the boom years and cost nearly \$9,000,000 to build and furnish. It was placed in bankruptcy in the spring of 1926, about six weeks after opening in February, 1926 for the first time.

During the spring the bankruptcy litigation was opened and the property sold tp a representative of Straus & Company for \$2,000, subject to the outstanding first mortgage bonds, amounting to around \$4,200,000, which had been underwritten by the Straus company for the construction of the hotel. The sale was consummated during the summer of 1927.

During the winter of 1927 the hotel was operated by J. Warren Smith, George W. Langford, the contractor who constructed the hotel, and A. Melrose Lamar, trustee in Bankruptcy.

The bond issue never has been foreclosed and will have to be to clear up title in the property, attorneys said here Thursday.



The Pittsburgh Press, Sunday, December 12, 1937

PALM BEACH BILTMORE OPENING ANNOUNCED

FAMOUS HOTEL OFFERS 3-POINT VACATION PLAN WITH CLUB PRIVILEGES

Big news from the Florida resort front this week is the announcement of the opening in January of the Palm Beach Biltmore Hotel with a three-point American Plan "complete vacation" policy which includes accommodations, meals, transportation by private *aerocar* to the resort interests of the area, and membership privileges in two exclusive Palm Beach clubs for golf and surf bathing. The Palm Beach Biltmore is under the same ownership and direction as the British Colonial Hotel, Nassau, Bahamas.

MODERATE AMERICAN PLAN RATES

One of Florida's largest resort hotels, the Palm Beach Biltmore stands on the Palm Beach shore of beautiful Lake Worth, beside the "Lake Trail", seven-mile pedestrian highway. First point of the three-point vacation plan is the hotel itself---its fine accommodations, service and cuisine, and the facilities and entertainment provided within the hotel and its Infanta Gardens.

UNIQUE CLUB PRIVILEGES

Palm Beach Biltmore guests will be accorded privileges (upon committee approval) of the Sun and Surf Club, on the ocean, and of the Palm Beach Country Club, which has the finest golf course on the island. At Sun and Surf are splendid beach and pool, clubhouse with limited number of oceanfront guest rooms. In addition to golf and spacious clubhouse, the Country Club has dockage facilities for yachts in sheltered Lake Worth.

COURTESY TRANSPORTATION

From the hotel, the Palm Beach Biltmore *aerocar* fleet speeds guests to the clubs, and to many interests of the area. This courtesy transportation is both a convenience and an economy.

Thus, American Plan rates practically cover all the expenses of a complete Palm Beach vacation... 1- accommodations and meals... 2-club privileges... 3- transportation. All are included.

For rate, information and reservations, communicate with the hotel at Palm Beach, with the New York office at 551 Fifth Avenue (telephone Murray Hill 2-0521), or the Chicago office at 120 South La sale Street (telephone FRAnklin 4645).

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The Palm Beach Post, Saturday, November 5, 1949

Biltmore Pool And Cabanas Termed One Of Finest Setups

One of the most tremendous and impressive layouts included in the new Palm Beach Biltmore is the aquatic set-up which is predominated by a 25 meter pool, 40 cabanas, and a promenade overlooking Lake worth.

Nationally-known swimming coach Steve Forsyth, who came to the Biltmore from the Flamingo Hotel at Miami Beach where he's been since 1929, will be aquatic director, and in charge of the cabanas.

Already, plans of national interest in the aquatic world are being mapped by Forsyth, who has only arrived here to take over his new domain.

For the Biltmore will make a bid for the indoor national championships for women, which is held sometime in April, at next month's national AAU convention.

"If we are awarded this meet, it will mean we get all the list of events, which will draw 100 or more of the top swimmers in the nation," Forsyth disclosed.

The pool is 82 feet long by 36 feet wide, and its six lanes were described by Forsyth as "ample for swimming meets."

The pool is outdoors, yes—but indoor meets don't have to be held under a roof, "so we're all set there," Forsyth declared.

In addition to bidding for the senior indoor national women championships, the Palm Beach Biltmore will go after some of the junior meets and perhaps some of Florida State indoor events, he intimated.



The Christmas holidays "in all probability" will bring something new and special to Palm Beach--- for the National Intercollegiate Swimming Assn., comprised of the top collegiate swimmers in the nation, "will I'm quite sure, come up here for an exhibition or two during their annual 10-day swim forum they have each Christmas at Ft. Lauderdale," Forsyth added.

Sharing top honors with the widely-publicized national swim meets will be the swimming and diving exhibitions--- both professional and amateur, using local and nationally-known talent--- which Forsyth plans to stage "at least every week or two."

And that means that the pool will be the setting for all kinds of diving, both serious and comic novelty events; specialties such as water ballets staged by a bevy of beautiful girls-- and everything and anything that is at all performable in water.

Although he "hasn't checked the talent available in this town or area," he hopes to put on productions with local swimmers. "There's always lots of professional swimming talent at Miami that will be available for our water shows."

Two one-meter (low) diving boards and one three-meter board (over 10 feet high) ultra-modern board dominate the deep end of the pool.

On the Lake Worth side of the pool, which is situated north and south, plenty of space has been kept open for bleachers which can be erected temporarily during swimming events.

Sharing honors with the pool will be the telephone and shower equipped luxurious cabanas with their two compartments each, which the swimming instructor described as being "by far the finest and most complete cabanas I've ever seen."

In addition are the double-storied men's and women's locker rooms, with over 50 lockers in each, which again have been built to convenience the swimmer in every way possible.

Between the pool and the two levels of cabanas is the dancing patio. Lining the dancing section, which during daytime will be strictly for relaxing with deck chairs, umbrella-topped tables, lounges, etc. placed about, is the dining terrace, with a bar at each end.

Still going west--- aside the terrace is the promenade, which will be replete with steamer chairs where guests may lounge as they watch the tennis games on the two new courts lining Lake Worth, or perhaps look in the other direction to see how aspiring golfers are making out on the putting green.

The dining terrace's roof is the sun deck, from which the suntan aspirant can watch all that goes on below with the greatest of ease.

Then too, the Hotel has even included two shuffleboard courts, which are situated near the pool.

The pool, by the way, is filled with ocean water which is piped straight across the island from the Atlantic to the Biltmore. It is equipped with a modern chlorinating and a vacuum cleaning system.

As he looked around at this panorama of ideal outdoor living, Forsyth made a great understatement when he declared that "I'm very enthusiastic about coming to Palm Beach—for this is one of the finest aquatic, social and sport arrays that I've ever seen."

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The Tampa Tribune, October 15, 1959 Other Editions

Biltmore Hotel In Palm Beach Sold For \$3,500,000

New York, Oct. 12. (AP) -- Hotel Corporations of America today announced purchase of the 537-room Biltmore Hotel in Palm Beach, Fla., from the West India Fruit & Steamship Co. The price was reported to be \$3,500,000.

John J. Bergen, chairman and A. M. Sonnabend, president, said the recently renovated hotel will be open from late November to mid-May. It has 55 suites, a private yacht basin, terrace dining and dancing, swimming pool and private beach.

Bergen said the luxury hotel will continue under operation of James J. Farrell as general manager.

Island's Biltmore Has Had Several Lives

Joe Forzano

April 25, 2007 Eliot Kleinberg's Post Time columns.

Longtime reader Roger St. Martin of suburban Lake Worth called recently to ask about the history of Palm Beach's Biltmore Hotel.

The hotel, just north of the Flagler Memorial Bridge at 150 Bradley Place, opened in 1894 as the Palm Beach Hotel. It burned when The Breakers caught fire in March 1925. A new building was constructed in 1926 as the Spanish-themed Alba. It had been built for \$5 million to \$6 million, which, in 2007 dollars, is as much as \$68 million. In January 1929, it was renamed the Ambassador. When the boom busted, it went into bankruptcy. In 1933, it was sold to an outfit that also owned the Biltmore in Coral Gables and was renamed the Palm Beach Biltmore.

In 1943 and 1944, the U.S. Coast Guard used it as a training base for the Spars, its women's reserve. In 1945, it was the U.S. Navy Convalescent Hospital, with more than 700 patients. St. Martin recalls that, when he was about 11, he and others would put on boxing matches for GIs. St. Martin said he'd watch them relaxing on the sun deck, getting some rays and watching speedboat races in the Intracoastal Waterway.

In 1946, the Biltmore, then owned by the Hilton chain, returned to civilian service. The hotel closed in the 1970s and fell into disrepair, but was rescued from demolition by famed developer John D. MacArthur. MacArthur sold it in 1977 for \$5.3 million to investor Stanley J. Harte, who renovated it and reopened it in 1981 as the 128-unit Palm Beach Biltmore Condominiums.



BILTMORE CONDOMINIUMS

Looking east from the lake front

The New Palm Beach Hotel



Built in the evocative Spanish Baroque style, so characteristic of 1920's Palm Beach attitudes, the Palm Beach Hotel was designed by eminent New York architect, Mortimer Dickinson Metcalfe, and built by Thomas A. Clarke. It is the largest commercial building in this style in Palm Beach. The rich Spanish Colonial details include twisted columns with Corinthian capitals that line the 400 foot colonnade, twin mission-style bell towers that flank the entrance, balustrade railings, numerous cartouches, décor-

ative urns, ornamental brackets and lion's head rain spouts, as well as the textured stucco finish with terra cotta tile roof lines. The building also incorporated current beaux-arts

styling throughout the exterior and interior. Finished in mid-December, 1925, an astonishing six months after construction began. guests arrived for Christmas and New Year and the official grand opening gala was held January 9, 1926.

The Palm Beach Hotel Condominium offers hotel-like accommodations with the unique feel of a private condominium. Apartments may be rented on a nightly, weekly, monthly or yearly basis. Studios, one bedroom, and two-bedroom suites are available, some with terraces. Most with full kitchens or kitchenettes. Each unit is maintained and furnished as a private apartment, so no two are alike.



Within the building there is an exquisite, island popular authentic French Patisserie, Patrick Leze, where you can have breakfast or lunch by the pool or on the loggia as well as PB Catch, one of the finest fish restaurants on the island. Also in the building are a full service bike shop, beauty and barbershops, stationer, consignment shop, shoe repair, floral shop and pharmacy and The Palm Beach Poetry Group that meets every Wednesday at 1:00pm. Directly across the street is a world class fusion restaurant, and within a few minutes stroll, a wide range of other fine dining venues. Banking facilities and a new state of the art super market are all just steps away.



Palm Beach enjoys the benefit of its closeness to the Gulfstream, and is noted for its mild, sub-tropical climate with year-round ocean breezes and average temperatures ranging from the mid 70's to the upper 80's.

The Palm Beach Hotel is an exciting destination for those visitors who want to explore the unmatched Florida beauty of Palm Beach at an incredible value. Close to the center of everything in Palm Beach, we are steps away from the beautiful white sand Atlantic beaches, gourmet dining, and famous Worth Avenue shopping. The Palm Beach Hotel is located just North of the Flagler Memorial Bridge, on Sunrise Avenue, one block from beach access, post office, fine restaurants and 5 miles from Palm Beach International Airport. Interstate 95 and the Florida Turnpike provide easy access to the Royal Park Bridge and Cocoanut Row and North County Road (via Okeechobee Boulevard exit) that leads to Sunrise Avenue.

The Palm Beach Hotel is near the center of it all: discover some of the best that Palm Beach has to offer. .



THE PALM BEACH HOTEL CIRCA 1920'S

ETENPIR 1

The Palm Beach Hotel, built in 1925 to replace an earlier building of the same name, is an historic four-story hotel located at 235-251 Sunrise Avenue in Palm Beach, Florida. Designed by architect Mortimer Dickerson Metcalfe in the Mediterranean Revival style, it was built by Thomas R. Clarke. In 1969 it became vacant and, except for several attempts to reopen it as a retirement hotel, it remained so until 1981 when it was converted into a condominium, the Palm Beach Hotel Condominium.

On April 21, 2010, it was added to the National Register of Historic Places as No. 10000212. Part of the fourth floor is now occupied by an Orthodox synagogue, the New Synagogue of Palm Beach.

THE NEW PALM BEACH HOTEL

Palm Beach Daily News, Sun. May 3, 1981 Page 29

The sound of the big bands, the enigmatic silence of Valentino. Garbo, "the Babe", flappers and jazz. The New Palm Beach Hotel. Introduced to Palm Beach just nine months after the March 18, 1925 fire that destroyed the original Palm Beach Hotel, the "New Palm Beach Hotel" opened its doors to society with gala Christmas celebrations.

Relocated to 235 Sunrise Avenue, the new Palm Beach Hotel was directed by owner Thomas A. Clarke, a noted New York businessman and friend of the Maddock family (Sidney Maddock consented to Clarke's use of the Palm Beach Hotel name) It was a tremendous Palm Beach social success from the first season.

More than 200 varieties of plants, trees and shrubs grew in the H shaped hotel gardens, which prominently featured a Ponce de Leon fountain. Mrs. Roger Baldwin, president of the West Palm Beach Garden Club, once requested the names of each plant, tree and shrub variety for a book being prepared in the 1920s by the Florida State Federation of Garden Clubs.

But the luxurious gardens were not limited to the Palm Beach Hotel parties. They extended up onto the rooftops where guests danced under the night sky, clinging to their partners and the romance a balmy Palm Beach evening can emanate. These New palm Beach Hotel guests must truly have felt as though they danced "on top of the world". It became tradition for the New palm Beach Hotel to throw op its doors to seasonal guests with gala Christmas festivities. Thomas A. Clarke believed that special Christmas Eve "tree celebrations" would make early Palm Beach Hotel guests feel more at home, more comfortable.

Each year the local Palm Beach press would herald the arrival of new Palm Beach Hotel guests. The names of those who registered early for their seasonal stay included the Thomas P. Kennedy's, the Frank L. Breckenridge's; Mrs. Henry Loeb of Chicago; and J. J. Reynolds with "party of nine".

The 1928 new Palm Beach Hotel opening delighted guests with a number of innovative hotel improvements. The rooftop gardens, prominent in the Palm Beach social seasons past, were enlarged and improved. A special lounge was designed to delight even the most discriminating guests. Rich Spanish tapestries hung from the walls. Deeply cushioned divans and comfortable chairs affected a quiet place for relaxation or an intimate setting for casual discussion with old friends and new acquaintances.

A new ventilation system by the Palm Beach Hotel management was reportedly one which would ensure "quiet in every room, a radiation system that has been increased five times to ensure an equitable temperature whatever the thermometer outside may register". An enormous hotel dining room was topped by skylights. A clockwork golf course, operated in conjunction with the new Palm Beach Hotel, featured yearly tournaments and prizes; a seasonal event initiated by frequent Palm Beach Hotel guest Judge Jerry Brode. Of course, the benches, art galleries, musical entertainment and excursions popular to the original

Palm Beach Hotel were still quite relaxing. Beaches on both Lake Worth and the Atlantic and hotel casinos still very popular. And the totally unique Palm Beach Hotel atmosphere, carried over from Sidney Maddock's day by Thomas Clarke, still very elegant and exciting. With the death of Thomas Clarke in the 1930s came the end of the second era for the new Palm Beach Hotel. Passing through many hands, remembering many owners, the hotel lost the luster and elegance it had once been so famous for. For the past twenty years it has served as a retirement residence – but no more. Once again there is activity, entertainment and an electric sense of anticipation to be found within the Palm Beach Hotel doors under new ownership. There are specialists in all fields, gathered to perform their various duties, dedicated to the goal of reopening the Palm Beach Hotel by December 15, 1981 – another opening season of Christmas festivities!

The Palm Beach Hotel will be undergoing multi-million dollar renovations this summer. When all is done, there will be improvements immediately noticed by the passerby – a refreshing coat of "Mizner pink". White trim and over 1,000 attractive and energy efficient panes of smoked glass -- like the addition of two restaurants, a private hotel club and scores of Palm Beach Hotel guests amenities. Combining the clean style and efficiency of the 80s with the romance, elegance and excitement of the 1920s is a task of personal reward for the count-less dozens of specialists now working toward their December 15 goal.

An effort they believe will culminate in an exciting, inter-nationally prominent Palm Beach Hotel....a hotel once again gathering guests from all corners of the world. A hotel which defies the old adage that "paradise once lost can never be recaptured" – it is being done, successfully, at the Palm Beach Hotel.



Palm Beach Daily News (Palm Beach, Florida) · Thu, Mar 23, 1989 · Page 5

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CLINTON HOTEL

(At the corner of Sunset Avenue and North County Road)

.....
The Palm Beach Post, Fri. Dec.19, 1924 Page 7

HOTELS AND APARTMENTS

The magnitude of building since last season makes it impossible to chronicle comprehensively in one story the descriptions, locations, capacities and merits of apartments and shops and offices. Each one is of importance, and no preference is intended in the order of their notices. One of the first to be called to the attention of the returning visitor who is interested in the small hotels, is the transportation of the Hotel Clinton from Main Street to Sunset Avenue, and much credit is due to whoever is responsible for moving and improving the small, but never the less, important hotel.

The entire house has been re-modeled. A new floor, with 11 rooms, has been added, and there have been many improvements. The hotel will be managed again by Mrs. Kavanaugh, and was opened on December 15 with a reputation of last year's reservations, and a full listing of new guests to occupy the additional rooms.

.....
The Palm Beach Post, Fri. Apr. 3, 1925 Page 5

THE CLINTON HOTEL

The Clinton Hotel which was moved last year from the County Road around the corner to Sunset Avenue behind Mrs. Winter's Pantry, is still under the management of Mrs. J. Kavanaugh and it will be welcome news to all who have enjoyed the pleasant surroundings and good cooking at this hotel, to know that it will remain open all summer as a commercial hotel, charging commercial rates.

"So many people are visiting Palm Beach in summer to look over property, building and so forth that a good business is assured," Mrs. Kavanaugh said. "And another pleasant feature is its proximity to the Ocean where guests may bathe at the foot of Sunset Avenue."

.....
The Palm Beach Post, Sun. Aug. 30, 1925 Page 5

THE CLINTON

The many friends of Mrs. J. Kavanaugh will be pleased to know she has returned from a vacation of several weeks and has opened the Clinton Hotel which she has managed so successfully for several seasons. Mrs. Kavanaugh said she had not intended opening until October but on returning from the east, she found the call so strong for more hotel accommodations, she immediately opened the Clinton on the Palm Beach Avenue (County Road).

Mrs. Kavanaugh has had her dining room all remodeled and enlarged, and is able to accommodate a larger number for meals. She is known for her famous chicken dinners in the evenings and Sundays. A large number of tourists have found their way to the Clinton. Mrs. Christopher Nalley and daughter, Miss Marguerite of Riverside Drive, New York are at the Clinton for the season already. Also, Mrs. Bessie Fisher of Rockaway, New York are there for the season.

Mrs. D. A. Grant of Philadelphia is in Palm Beach and is staying at the Clinton Hotel.

.....
The Palm Beach Post, Wed. Nov. 25, 1925 Page 19

CLINTON HOTEL TO HAVE FINE DINNERS

Real Home Cooking is Palm Beach Hostelry's Thanksgiving Promise

All of the larger hotels and restaurants are going to serve a big Thanksgiving dinner, and it will be quite a problem in choosing which is the best. Still, there are bound to be some that will appeal to one and some to another. The Clinton Hotel located on Sunset Avenue near the County Road in Palm Beach, are going to stress the point to make the stranger have a real home dinner. The menu is a very attractive one. It makes a person hungry to think about the good things that will be served there Thursday. It is as follows:

Choice of fruit or oyster cocktail, consommé Royal or tomato bouillon Au Riz, relish, iced celery and sweet mixed pickles. Roast stuffed native turkey with giblet gravy and cranberry sauce or roast Long Island duck, Waldorf salad, whipped potatoes, new carrots and peas, asparagus tips in butter. Dessert will be a choice of the following: Mince or pumpkin pie, Neapolitan ice cream, crackers and cheese and a demitasse. All of this will be served for \$1.50 which is far more reasonable than you could prepare a meal at home.

The Clinton Hotel is known for the wonderful chicken dinner that it serves at all times. This is only \$1.25 and large varieties of good things are served. It is the only family hotel in Palm Beach. It is cozy, and has the comforts of a home. They have been there for four years and are well known all over for their comforts of a home life that they are able to offer to a stranger at a very reasonable cost. You will be sure of getting good service as well as a good meal, that is cooked just to the taste of the Clinton Hotel.

The Styx

(Approximate location: Sunset Avenue and Sunrise Avenue – Bradley Place to the ocean)



Looking east down Sunset Avenue

Removal

Several men owned and collected rent on portions of the land under the Styx community, including Henry Maddock, E.M. Brelsford, and James M. Munyon. Each of these landlords dealt with many tenants, other property owners, local and state officials, and usually an agent to represent his interests. The local newspaper, *The Tropical Sun*, reported the ongoing efforts of the white community to improve or remove the conditions in the Styx, revealing a complex (if one-sided) view of the situation:

May 1903: *Sanitation conditions had greatly improved since Eugene F. Haines, Justice of the Peace of the Thirteenth District, had taken over as agent for James Munyon. Haines issued orders to the blacks to "observe perfect sanitary laws and keep their premises clean and tidy or pay a \$10.00 fine."*

October 1903: *Four blacks were arrested for operating a "blind tiger" [or "speakeasy," where alcoholic beverages were sold illegally]. Another man, apparently white, was arrested for the same reason across the lake on Banyan Street.*

January 1904: *"East Side" property owners [Palm Beachers] Senator Elisha Dimick, Thomas Tipton "T. T." Reese, Enoch Root, and Harry Redifer asked the West Palm Beach Board of Trade for help with conditions at the Styx. Flagler and others, they said, had also promised, "to rend what aid they could."*

Senator Dimick (chair of the East Side owners) had approached the state health officer, who said the local officer was authorized to handle the problem. Officers had already come from two other areas and presumably reported to Tallahassee, but nothing had changed. Dimick believed, "if the health officer was to insist that the property owners put in sewers,

it would have to be done or else remove the buildings." Dr. Henry J. Hood, chair of the West Side (West Palm Beach) owners and supervisor of the local health officer, Dr. Richard B. Potter, offered to speak with him. Dr. Hood also acted for E. M. Brelsford, who he said would evict his tenants if others did. Representatives for Sidney Maddock, [unnamed] Russell, and Munyon were sure their clients would agree. A three-man committee was organized to act as liaison with the Styx residents.

February 1904: *At a subsequent meeting, Enoch Root, the Palm Beach postmaster, called conditions "bad beyond all powers of imagination." He described the Styx as "hundreds and hundreds of unsightly huts, some of them but little more than shoeboxes, all jumbled up together, and with no system of sewerage, and the filth was allowed to remain. [M]oral conditions were such as to cause all decent people to shudder [with] scores of houses of ill-fame, blind tigers and other dens of iniquity."*

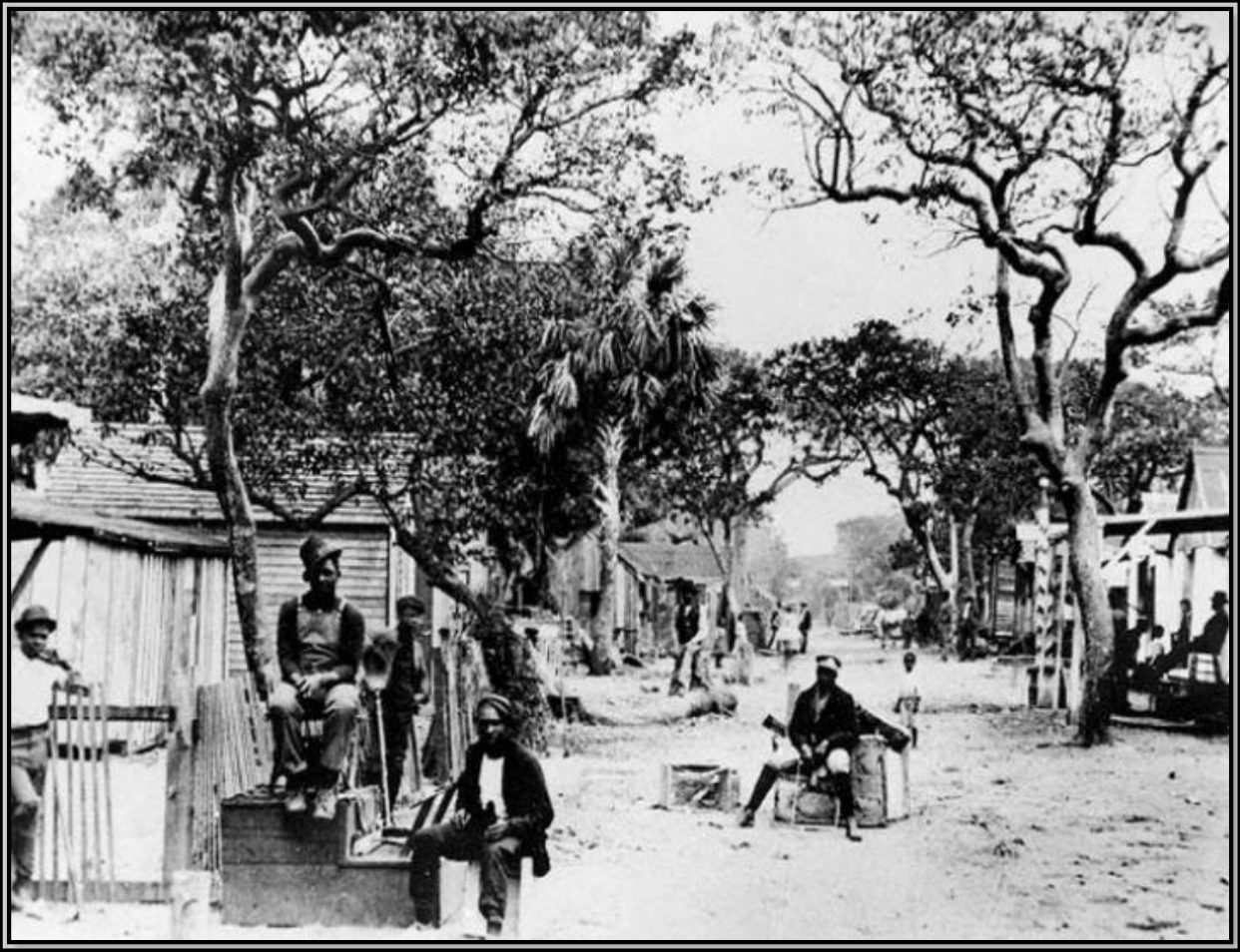
All property owners were said to have agreed to "do what was best." Munyon authorized George Currie (then Dade County treasurer) to have a deputy serve his 150 tenants with 30 days' notice to remove their dwellings. Maddock said he would follow suit when the season ended. Guy Metcalf had given 30 days' notice to Russell's tenants, not only to vacate, but also "to remove their 'shacks.'" The unnamed purchaser of Russell's property, Metcalf said, intended "to make a cleaning out of all [illegible] element, and conditions that have brought about so much fear of epidemic."

In 1910 T. T. Reese convinced his employers, brothers Edward R. and John R. Bradley, to purchase Munyon's land in the Styx, adjacent to their existing property, from the Beach Club northward 264 feet to John Bradley's cottage, and from the lake to the ocean. The plan for that summer, *The Tropical Sun* reported, was to remove all the old shacks on the Bradley property, fill in the marshy sections, remove "ugly barn-like buildings" along the water's edge that were "damaging the value of contiguous estates," and add a road along the lakefront.

There was no mention of the residents, who apparently had relocated for the most part about 1906 to the all-black Northwest neighborhood of West Palm Beach, which had been established since 1894. According to the *Palm Beach Daily News*:

The rest of the Styx residents were not asked to leave until 1912, as the Bradleys developed their land into the town's second subdivision, Floral Park. That year Pleasant City, established in 1905, was created. A 1913 ad in *The Tropical Sun* advertised its remaining lots for sale by Currie Investment and Title Guaranty Company: "This is a high class colored subdivision north of town. Four hundred lots have already been sold and we have about 75 more yet for sale from \$150.00 up." Currie chose 'pleasant' names for the streets: Beautiful, Comfort, Merry, Cheerful, Contentment—even an Easy Street. Present day Pleasant City is bordered on the north by Northwood Road, on the south by 15th Street, on the east by Dixie Highway, and on the west by the FEC railroad tracks.

Many Negroes had been allowed to put up "topsey-like" houses, [which] have seen their best days [and] will disappear within the next few months. The entire tract will be leveled, filled in, and ornamental trees ... will be planted. [Three large and commodius [sic] villas ... will be built of concrete and Miami stone.



THE URBAN LEGEND

By McClatchy News Service

Few Floridians left as indelible a mark on the peninsula as Henry M. Flagler. The rail, oil and real estate baron towered over Palm Beach County and has also been called the father of Miami. In 1912, he completed the Overseas Railroad linking Key West to the mainland, its first train rolling into Key West on Jan. 22.

Although the rail-road was torn to pieces by 1935's Storm of the Century and never rebuilt, the project arguably remains Flagler's most audacious achievement. It's centennial is being celeb-rated this year with lectures, museum exhibits and bike rides.

But in Palm Beach County, where his 55-room mansion (now a museum) and the Breakers are monuments to his vision, a controversy hovers over the tycoon 99 years after his death.

In the black community, many believe that Flagler was behind the burning of a dilapidated oceanfront neighborhood known as the Styx, a haphazard colony that housed many of the black workers who labored on his behalf. It would have been a primitive, illegal version of what later became known as Urban Renewal.

The scorched-earth legend has been passed on through generations like an heirloom, and gained currency not long ago in a sensationalized novel.

There's simply no way it is true, said Debi Murray, chief curator of the Palm Beach Historical Society.

"Would he have problems with his employees? Sure. He was a railroad baron and they were working in the worst conditions you could possibly imagine," Murray said. "But I think it's a huge stretch to believe he torched the Styx."

One in six Palm Beach County residents are black, and to many of those residents, the assertion that Flagler had a role in the destruction of the Styx in 1912 is not far-fetched.

"From what I've seen in the past, it has never been refuted," said Lia Gaines, the director of the city's NAACP chapter. "When we look at the story of blacks in America, it's been ugly for most of that history. But we were able to persist."

Here's what most everyone can agree on: In the early 1900s, the area now known as Palm Beach began to evolve from an untamed frontier town into a winter playground for rich snowbirds, thanks to the extension of Flagler's Florida East Coast Railroad down the Atlantic Seaboard.

A CHEAP OPTION

Newspaper clippings from the early 1900s show an effort by local business and political leaders to have the tent city closed on sanitary grounds. Eviction notices were issued, and by 1912, the entire population was asked to leave. But how exactly it was shut down remains a point of heated debate. During the construction of Palm Beach's first two iconic hotels — the Royal Poinciana and the Breakers — the black labor force needed a place to live, so they created a tent settlement at what is now Sunset and Sunrise avenues off North County Road. They called it the Styx because of its (at the time) remote locale, said Jim Ponce, 94-year-old historian at The Breakers. There was no running water, so the raw sewage piled high. But it was a close and cheap option for poor blacks who worked in the resorts.

At its peak, some 2,000 blacks are said to have lived in the Styx, a slum owned not by Flagler but by brothers Edward R. and John R. Bradley. As the years went on, most of their tenants were either single men or heads of households who stayed in the shantytown during the work week, but whose families lived in better neighborhoods to the west.

Eventually, the white powers-that-be decided the growing eyesore had to go.

THE CARNIVAL

The legend: Flagler's henchmen burned out anyone who didn't budge. As the story goes, he brought a carnival to town, and provided free tickets to all of his black employees, emptying the compound. When the residents returned, their homes were in embers and they had no choice but to find another place to live.

A century later, that's the accepted account of events for many in Palm Beach County. And with his book *The Styx*, author Jonathon King gave cover to those believing the worst. King's novel, published by Middle River Press in 2009, accepts the premise that the Styx was burned to the ground, although he admits his thesis employed a healthy amount of creative license.

Thing is, fires were common in those days of potbelly stoves and open hearths. A shantytown like the Styx would have been especially vulnerable. At the time, there were numerous fires around the island — including at some of the fancy resorts — that had nothing to do with arson, Murray said.

"I never found a news report, or came across any actual documentation of the fire," King said. "It's a work of fiction. It is folklore, it is a myth. But I think it could have happened, just in stages."

Willie Miller, 36, a fifth-generation Palm Beach County resident, said his great-aunt, Inez Peppers Lovett, lived in the Styx, remembered no fire and said she left of her own accord.

Her characterization of the Styx's demise ran so counter to everything Miller heard outside of his family, he felt compelled to sift through old newspaper clippings himself, in an effort to determine the truth. All the written accounts he found supported his aunt's benign version of events.



THE ARCHIVES

Just one of many holes Miller found in the theory: If 2,000 people were burned out of their homes, there would have been mass homelessness. But in the newspaper archives, there was no mention of such a phenomenon.

"There's a lot of evidence that refutes it, but none that supports it," Miller said. "It's character assassination of that man and needs to stop."

Murray isn't betting on that happening any time soon. Both the historical society and Palm Beach-based publications have written extensively over the years in hopes of disposing of the story. But it persists.

"Urban legends are stronger than facts," Murray added. "And this is definitely a very strong urban legend."

"HE TRICKED US . . . AND BURNED OUR HOMES DOWN"

February 7, 2014 · by rosysophia · in History ·

I sat in on a lecture a couple of years ago and listened as a docent from Whitehall talked about Henry Flagler, the man who forged a path through the wilderness of Florida to do the impossible— build a railroad clear to Key West. I didn't know much about Flagler at the time, but I knew enough to know that many call him a great man and a visionary. I also knew the legend of the Styx, the community on Palm Beach Island where the black workers lived. They worked to build up the area for Flagler, to bring in all the wealthy tourists. They lived in shacks and little homes they'd built.

The local legend tells us that Flagler then saw the attractiveness of Palm Beach as a resort getaway, but knew visitors wouldn't want to see the "squalor" of the Styx when they arrived in pristine Palm Beach. Supposedly, in 1912 Flagler invited all the blacks off Palm Beach for a circus of sorts— some say a cookout —and then set the Styx ablaze while everyone was out.

I raised my hand after the lecture to ask the docent about this, and everyone laughed, waving it off as a silly inquiry. I couldn't help but notice everyone in the room was white. The legend is sensationalized in the book *Palm Beach Babylon*, and many people believe it to be true. While whites saw the Styx as "dirty" and "uninhabitable," these were homes the blacks lived in, people who built the hotels, the beautiful places whites flocked to for their vacations.

In present-day Florida, I've heard racists say horrible things about the blacks "on the other side of the tracks." Pleasant City, where the blacks settled after they were forced off Palm Beach, is not so pleasant today, and neither is the crime rate in West Palm Beach as a whole. Having driven through Pleasant City, and read about the town, I'm sad to see its decline.

Flagler saw what Palm Beach could be.

Naturally, there was more than one reason to get rid of the Styx. It was a health hazard, they say. But I don't think anyone can ignore the bottom line. What rich white fellow wants to visit an island that has a bunch of black people living on it, in a time when blacks were considered nothing more than laborers? When the blacks were evicted, Pleasant City was born, and developers gave the streets lovely names such as Merry and Contentment because "the Negroes were naturally happy people" Everee Clark recalls. Many of them were still employed on Palm Beach, but they weren't allowed there after sunset.

Author Eliot Kleinberg dismisses the tale as false, and Inez Lovett, a little girl at the time, remembers no fire. Kleinberg says the owners of the land had to evict the last of the blacks, and then set fire to what was left of the settlement. But I met a woman recently who claims otherwise. She knows an elderly lady who was there when it happened. "I was there," the old woman had recalled. "Flagler tricked us. They got us out of there, invited us off the island, then burned our homes down." I was there, the old woman said. What do you think?

This is part of the research for a book I am writing. I'd love to hear your thoughts, readers. Florida might be a beautiful place, and I'm certainly in love with it . . . but I don't want to wear my rose-colored glasses while I write this book. Others may laugh at what the legend claims, but I say there's a bit of truth in every piece of fiction. The only question is, just how much truth are we talking about here?



PART III

THE BRADLEY FAMILY

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CAPTAIN PATRICK HUGH BRADLEY

THE IMMIGRANT AND FATHER

Pages 262 - 263 HISTORY OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.

CAPTAIN PATRICK HUGH BRADLEY - The Immigrant



It was in the year 1851 that Captain Hugh Bradley, then a stout boy of seventeen years, left the home at the countryside in old county Derry, Ireland, and took a ship for America. In good time he landed safe at New Orleans, Louisiana, from which city he started up the Mississippi on a northbound steamer with the purpose to make his way to Minnesota Territory, where he had relatives living at St. Paul, but the boat in which he took passage "snagged" near Memphis, Tennessee, and his trip came to a sudden end, as did his own plans as well, and he at once set at work in that locality. For a year or so Hugh lived with a farmer near Memphis and proved to be a handy man on the place, for he was a farmer bred and born with a willing heart and a pair of strong arms, and he could do a man's work, although he was only a boy. At the end of a year he went to the river and worked on the docks as a stevedore, passing bales of cotton from the wharves to the boats. While there he happened by chance to meet one Frank White, a locomotive engineer and probably the first man to "pull a throttle" on the first bit of track of the old Memphis & Charlestown railroad, thirty miles of which were just completed, from Memphis to a town called Moscow.

Frank White had a liking for the stout young lad and made him his fireman; thus it happened that Hugh Bradley "fired" the first engine that ever was run on that road. He stayed at this work until May, 1853, then quit and came north, stopped two weeks in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, went on to Johnstown and remained there a few weeks more. On leaving Johnstown he went by the old Portage railroad to Altoona and from there by the Pennsylvania Main Line to Philadelphia. Soon afterward he went to Phoenixville, Chester County, and found work there as puddler in the iron works, which became his first regular occupation in life. At the end of six months he left Phoenixville and went to Safe Harbor, Lancaster County, and from there back to Johnstown, where he has lived since August, 1854, more than half a century. When he came to live in Johnstown, Captain Bradley was a little more than twenty years old. He was born March 4, 1834. As a boy he was given little opportunity to attend school, but what he lost in that way he more than made up in learning by actual experience in travel and observation of men. Having settled at Johnstown he at once found employment as puddler in the old mill of the Cambria Iron

Company, and worked there constantly until August, 1892, a period of nearly forty years. He then was given the position of watchman and janitor in the general office of the Cambria Steel Company, which he held until May, 1905, and then resigned at the urgent request of his sons. Captain Bradley was in the service of the Cambria Iron Company and its successor, the Cambria Steel Company, more than fifty years, with but one or two events to break that remarkable period of employment.

The first of these intervals came in 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil war, when President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers for three months "to suppress treasonable rebellion." At that call, on the 18th of April, he enlisted in Captain John Linton's company of the Third Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, Colonel Minier commanding. On the organization of the company he was elected and soon afterward was commissioned first lieutenant. His service with the regiment was chiefly in the vicinity of Falling Water and Winchester, Virginia, where occasional skirmishes were had with the enemy. At the expiration of the term of enlistment Lieutenant Bradley would have re-enlisted for three years, but the objections of his good wife prevailed and kept him at home with her and their children. However, during the latter part of the war when the territory of Pennsylvania was seriously threatened with still another Confederate invasion, he led a company of volunteers to resist the invaders. His company was not regularly mustered into either the state or government service, but it was there and ready for action. Previous to the war Captain Bradley was for five years a private in the militia organization known as the Home Guards.



The second period of absence from work came in June, 1899, when Captain Bradley returned to Ireland and visited his old boyhood home for the first time in fifty years. His parents were not there then and few indeed of the friends of early days. He found relatives who treated him with the utmost kindness, but even they were almost strangers. In 1904 he attended the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in San Francisco, California. In politics he always has been a firm Democrat, but never sought public office.

Hugh Bradley has been married three times. His first wife, whom he married November 16, 1858, was Mary Riley, of New Florence, Pennsylvania, by whom he had seven children. She died February 23, 1880. His second wife was Mary Bradley, daughter of John Bradley, of Allegheny Township, Cambria County. She died after two and a half years of married life. His third wife was Katherine Blatte, of Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania, whom he married September 24, 1885. She was a daughter of Jerome and Susan (Mouse) Blatte. Jerome Blatte was born in Bavaria, Germany, and his wife Susan near Frankfort, Germany. He was a millwright by trade, although his chief occupation was farming. He died March 12, 1903, but his widow still lives on the farm six miles above Hollidaysburg with her son —

Frank Blatte — and her two daughters — Melinda and Jenny Blatte. Her four other children are Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Tierney, of Hollidaysburg; Mary, wife of William Brown, of Lily, Pennsylvania; Susan, wife of William Crist of Braddock, Pennsylvania, and Margaret, who now is in the convent at Braddock.

(Note: Hugh Bradley's obituaries state that he was only married twice. His second wife, Mary Bradley (daughter of John Bradley) is not mentioned.)

Children of Captain Hugh and Mary (Riley) Bradley:

1. Edward Riley, born 1859, married Agnes Curry, of Chicago. Mr. Bradley lives in Chicago, where he is the proprietor of the Del Prado Hotel, and owns a blooded stock farm in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. He recently sold Accountant, a fast runner, for forty-five thousand dollars.

2. James Francis, died in infancy.

3. Mary E., born 1863, married (first) Byron Gibbons; married (second) Robert Scanlon.

4. John Roger, born 1866, a broker in New York City, an extensive traveler, is known as one of the six great hunters of the world's big game. He has hunted in the Rockies, Alaska, Mexico, South Africa, Siberia, China, and has the finest collection of heads of horned animals in the world. He is now a resident of New York City, and is a contributor to the columns of The Illustrated Outdoor News and other sporting magazines.

5. Hugh Patrick, born 1868, died aged eight years.

6. Peter Garvey, born 1870, a machinist now living in Boston, Massachusetts.

7. Katherine, wife of Edward W. Bailev, of Johnstown.

.....
Altoona Times, Altoona, Pennsylvania, Saturday, September 26, 1885, Page 1

BRADLEY - BLATTE

Mr. Hugh Bradley, a gentleman well and favorably known in Johnstown, when he has long resided, and Miss Kate Blatte, daughter of a well-to-do farmer living near McKee's Gap, this county, and much esteemed in that vicinity, were married in St. Patrick's church, Newry, on last Thursday morning, by Rev. Father Kittell. The happy couple will be at once settle down to the realities of life in Mr. Bradley's home, corner of Market and Vine streets, Johnstown. We wish them well.

.....

Altoona Times, Altoona Pennsylvania, Saturday, September 20, 1890

Captain Hugh Bradley Injured.

We learn from the Johnstown Tribune that Captain Hugh Bradley, of that city, whose presence here we noted a few days ago, and who has many friends in Altoona and Blair county, met with a painful mishap on the last Thursday evening. It seems that while Mr. Bradley was on his way home from the P.R.R. station he stopped to talk to a friend. Later the two men engaged in a friendly wrestle, during which Mr. Bradley stumbled and fell backward over the foundation wall of Emmanuel James' new building. He alighted, about ten feet below, on his head and shoulders. A number of men hastened to his assistance and found him insensible. A stretcher was obtained and he was carried to his home. His wife happened to be absent and he was taken to the residence of Mr. John C. Pender, near by. Subsequently, upon Mrs. Bradley's return, he was taken home and attended by Drs. J.C. Sheridan and L.H. Mayer. He remained unconscious through-out the night, but Friday morning he recovered his senses and was able to sit up, although very sore and suffering considerably. There was a scalp cut three inches long which had to be stitched, and his shoulders and arms were badly bruised. His neck is also very stiff and painful.

.....
Altoona Times, Altoona Pennsylvania, Saturday, April 24, 1909, Page 11

CAPTAIN BRADLEY IS ILL

The venerable Captain Hugh Bradley was taken seriously ill yesterday, with congestion of the bowels and is now lying dangerously ill at his home on North Clark Street. He is being attended by two local physicians and a specialist from Johnstown, who are doing all in their power to save his life.

.....
Altoona Times, Altoona Pennsylvania, Tuesday, April, 27, 1909, Page 6

OPERATION NOT NECESSARY

The many friends of Captain Hugh Bradley, who last week taken to the Altoona hospital, suffering with congestion of the bowels will be pleased to learn that he has received successful treatment and that an operation will not be necessary. He is now somewhat improved and is on a fair way to speedy recovery.

.....
Altoona Times, Altoona Pennsylvania, Saturday, May 1, 1909, Page 7

Dr. Charles E. Hannon, of Johnstown, will come to the Altoona hospital today, where he will perform an operation upon Capt. Hugh Bradley, formerly of that city, and now of Hollidaysburg. Capt. Bradley has been resting easy for a few days, but an operation has become imperative.

.....

Altoona Tribune, Altoona Pennsylvania, Saturday, May 1, 1909, Page 9

A second operation will be performed on Captain Hugh Bradley at the Altoona hospital this morning. Dr. Charles E. Hannom, of Johnstown, has come to perform the operation, which is imperative in character.

.....

Altoona Tribune, Altoona, Pennsylvania, Monday May 3, 1909, Page 3

Captain Hugh Bradley, well known throughout Blair and Cambria Counties died at the Altoona hospital Saturday night from the effects of a surgical operation. The deceased was a son of Roger Bradley, and was born in Londonderry, Ireland on March 4, 1833, being aged 76 years, 1 month and 27 days. He came to the country in 1850 and took up his abode in Johnstown, where he was in the employ of the Cambria Iron company for many years. He was a member of the old city guard, a military organization formed in Johnstown some months prior to the coming of the Civil war. This organization became company K of the Third Pennsylvania Volunteers. John P. Linton was its captain and Mr. Bradley was the 1st Lieutenant. Before the close of the war, he was made the captain of a company, that went to the front.

Three years ago, Captain Bradley moved to Hollidaysburg and led a retired life here, residing on Clark Street. He was a well-read man, an extensive traveler. He was twice married, His first wife was a Mary Riley, to their union were born these children: Edward of Chicago; John of New York city; Peter G. of Boston; Mrs. Robert Scanlon of Ebensburg; and Mrs. Edward W. Bailey of Johnstown. He is also survived by his second wife, Catherine Bradley. He was a member of the Grand Army Post in Johnstown. The funeral will be held in St Mary's Catholic Church on Wednesday morning.

.....

Altoona Times, Altoona Pennsylvania, Monday, May 3, 1909 Page 6

Hollidaysburg, May 3

CAPTAIN HUGH BRADLEY DEAD

Captain Hugh Bradley, war veteran, pioneer resident of Johnstown and for the past several years a highly esteemed resident of Hollidaysburg, died at the Altoona hospital on Saturday night at 10:30, of congestion of the bowels, after a short illness. Mr. Bradley was first taken sick one week ago last Friday and was removed to the hospital for treatment. An operation was performed the day after he was admitted and a second one on Saturday morning, in the vain hope of saving his life, but his advanced age was against his recovery. The deceased was born in Ireland on March 4, 1833, and came to America when quite young.

He became a resident of Johnstown when the city was in its infancy, and resided there for fifty years, becoming one of the most influential citizens being connected with some of the leading industries of the city. Mr. Bradley went to the front at his country's call, in the

troubled days of the great civil strife, and proved himself a brave and loyal soldier, soon being advanced to the rank of captain of a company. He removed from Johnstown to this town three and a half years ago with his wife and lived here ever since, making a host of friends, being an amiable gentleman. He always had a pleasant word for everyone and was ever kind and courteous, being the possessor of a most affable disposition which nothing could change. When the end was near, those gathered at his bedside thought that he had lost consciousness and when a remark was made to that effect he opened his eyes with a kindly smile and weakly shook his head to show that he was still conscious.

Mr. Bradley was twice married, his second wife being Miss Kate Blatte. of Hollidaysburg, who survives him. He is also survived by the following children of his first wife. Edward, of Kentucky; Garvey of Boston, Mass.; John Bradley, a well-known traveler and hunter of African big game; Mrs. Scanlon Roth, of Ebensburg, and Mrs. Edward Bailey, of Johnstown. His sons will arrive today for the funeral, the time for which will be fixed later. Mr. Bradley was a member of St. Mary's Catholic Church since his residence in Hollidaysburg.

Wife # 1

The Cambria Freeman, Ebensburg Pennsylvania Friday, February 27, 1880, Page 3

--We are sorry to record the death in Johnstown, on Sunday last, of Mrs. Hugh Bradley, a lady whom we knew for many years as a most exemplary wife, mother and neighbor, as well as a devout and faithful member of the Catholic Church. She was a cousin, if we mistake not, of Hon. John Reilly, of Altoona. The disease to which she finally succumbed was consumption, with which she suffered for over two years. Her remains were taken to New Florence Tuesday forenoon for internment, after a Requiem High Mass at St. John's church, Johnstown. May her soul rest in peace.

Wife # 2

Newspaper and Date Unknown (A copy of the article is on file without the headings)

OBITUARY

Mrs. Mary Bradley

A brief announcement of the death of Mrs. Mary Bradley, wife of Mr. Hugh Bradley, of the First Ward, appeared in the Tribune last evening. The deceased had been in failing health for some time. A week ago last Monday she expressed a desire to visit her sister,

Mrs. Ignatius Delozier, who resides in Conamaugh Borough. Her wish was gratified, and the change seemed at the time to have a beneficial influence. When evening came, however, she did not feel able to return to her home, and therefore passed the night at her sister's. The next morning, she was much worse, and her decline therefore was rapid.

Mrs. Bradley was born on the Hickory Ridge, Allegheny Township, this county. She was a daughter of the late John Bradley. Beside her sister, Mrs. Delozier, the deceased leaves two brothers, Edward and John, the former living at the old homestead, and the latter in Iowa; and two sister, Mrs. Frank Moran, of Allegheny Township, and Mrs. Patrick Malloy, who lives in Texas. Mrs. Bradley was a member of St. John's Catholic Church, and enjoyed the respect and esteem of her neighbors and acquaintances.

.....

Wife # 3

Altoona Tribune, Altoona Pennsylvania, Saturday, August 26, 1933 Page 10

MRS CATHERINE BRADLEY

Mrs. Catherine Bradley, widow of Patrick Hugh Bradley, was found dead in bed at 5 a.m. yesterday at her home, 718 Twelfth street, Hollidaysburg.

She was born December 15, 1844, a daughter of Jerome and Susan Blatte. She was married to Patrick Hugh Bradley, Johnstown, 46 years ago. She is survived by one sister, Sister Scholestica, Baden, Pa; five children, G. R. and John Bradley. Louisville, Ky.; Grover Bradley, Palm Beach, Fla.; Mrs. Mary Scanlon, Washington, D.C.; and Mrs. Catherine Bailey, Philadelphia.

She was a member of St. Mary's Catholic church, Hollidaysburg. Funeral services will be held at St. Mary's church at 9 a.m. Monday. Internment will be in the old St. Mary's cemetery.

The Hugh Bradley family was deeply affected by the Johnstown flood that occurred in 1889. Edward and his younger brother, John, had already left home for the West. As far as we know, Hugh Bradley's home survived, but some of his family members were not as lucky. After the flood and its devastation, Hugh and some of his other family members moved to Hollidaysburg and Altoona.

THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD

Published May 31, 2016 | By Caryn

Over the years, man has tried many ways to harness water. Water is a necessity to life, and without it, all things would die off. Some projects worked out better than others, and some simply needed to be replaced sooner than they were in order to prevent disaster. A good example of that is the earthen dam. An earthen dam is a dam that is built out of rocks and dirt, instead of steel and concrete. Of course, when dams were first built, earthen dams were the only way to go, but after so many failed, a new type of dam had to be designed, in order to save lives.

One such failure was the earthen dam built in 1840 on the Little Conemaugh River, fourteen miles upstream from Johnstown, Pennsylvania. Johnstown is sixty miles east of Pittsburgh, in a valley near the Allegheny, Little Conemaugh, and Stony Creek Rivers. The area lies in a floodplain that has had frequent disasters. This time would prove to be one of them. At nine hundred by seventy two feet, this dam was the largest earthen dam in the United States, creating the largest man-made lake at that time...Lake Conemaugh. At a time when here were no railroads in the area for transporting goods, the dam and its extensive canal system was the only way to transport goods to the people, but it became obsolete as the railroads replaced the canal as a means of transporting goods. The canal system was left to become a victim of the elements, and with its neglect, also came the neglect of the dam. In reality, people just didn't really think anything would happen, and they most likely looked at the dam as just a part of the landscape.



By 1889, Johnstown had grown to a population of 30,000 people, many of whom worked in the steel industry...ironically. On May 30, 1889, it began to rain, and continued steadily all day. No one really gave any thought the potential harm so much rain could bring to the nearly sixty-year old earthen dam. The dam had a spillway, and so everything

seemed safe, but the spillway became clogged with debris, that could not be dislodged. On May 31, 1889, an engineer at the dam saw the warning signs, but the only way to notify anyone was to ride his horse into the village of South Fork to warn the people...a ride that took an eternity in the face of the impending disaster. Nevertheless, it should have been enough time, but the telegraph lines were down, and no warning ever reached Johnstown. At 3:10 pm, the dam collapsed with a roar that could be heard for miles. The water, moving at 40 miles per hour barreled down on the towns in it's path, wiping out everything that got in its way. At Johnstown, 2,200 people lost their lives that day, including one Thomas Knox and his wife. Thomas, like a large number of the flood victims was never found. While I'm not sure that Thomas Knox is related to my husband, Bob Schulenberg's family, it is quite likely that he is, as there are a number of Thomas Knox's in the family...though none that I have found so far that died in the Johnstown Flood.

The people in the path of the raging flood waters, were tossed around, along with all that debris, including thirty-three train engines that were pulled into the flood waters. I'm sure that for many, death did not come from drowning, but rather from blunt force trauma. Nevertheless, some people did manage to climb atop the debris, only to be burned alive when much of the debris caught fire, when it was caught in a bridge down-stream and burst into flames. There was a report of a baby that survived on the floor of a house that floated 75 miles downstream, but that was something that was not confirmed.

It was during the Johnstown flood, that the American Red Cross handled its first major relief effort. Clara Barton arrived five days after the flood to lead the relief. In the end, it took five years to rebuild Johnstown, which went through disastrous floods in 1936 and 1977. I have to wonder if they should just move the town, but with no major floods since 1977, it's hard to say.



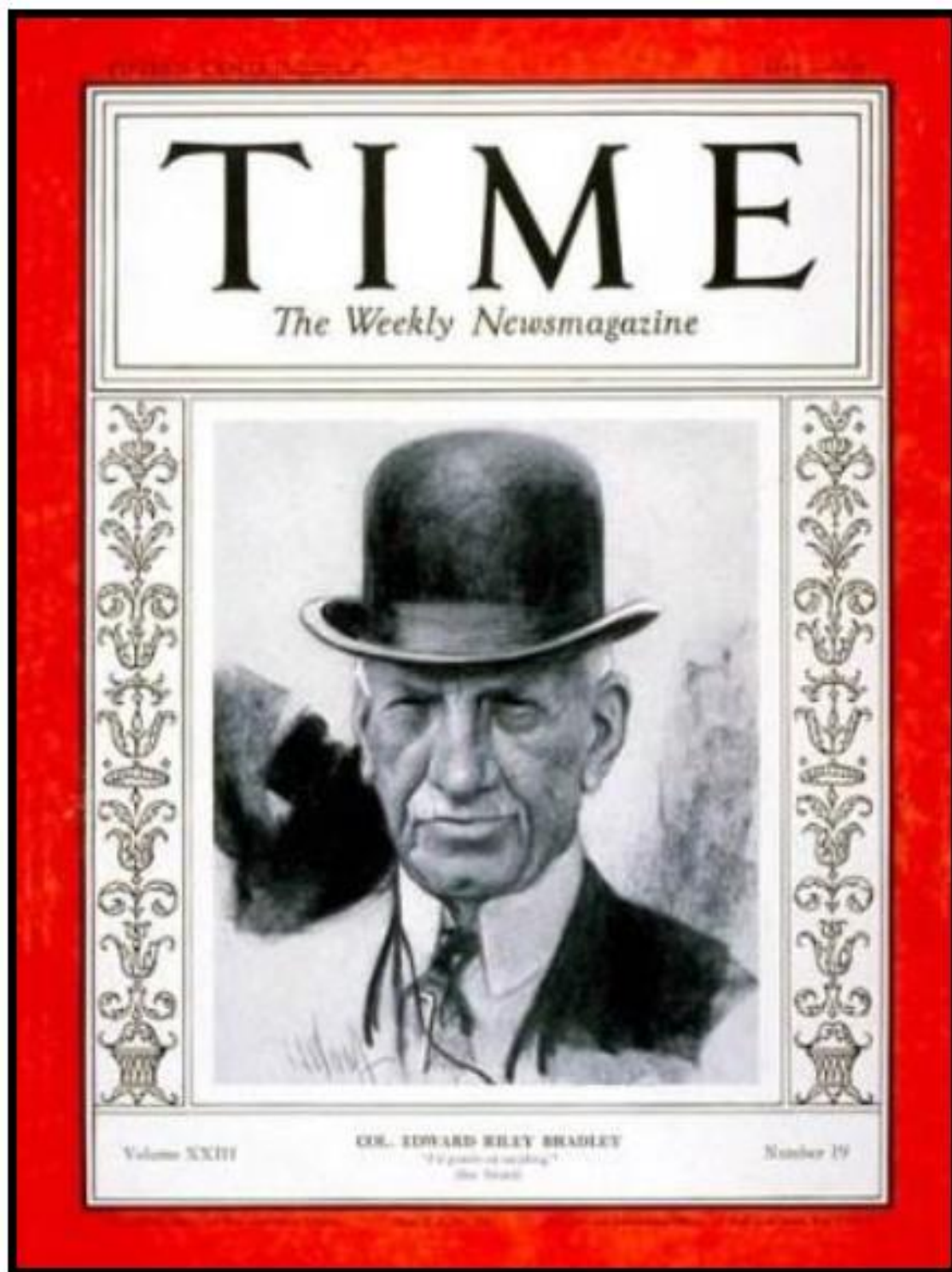


JOHNSTOWN FLOOD No. 11
VIEW NEAR MAIN STREET.

Copyright 1889
By LANGHELM & DARLING

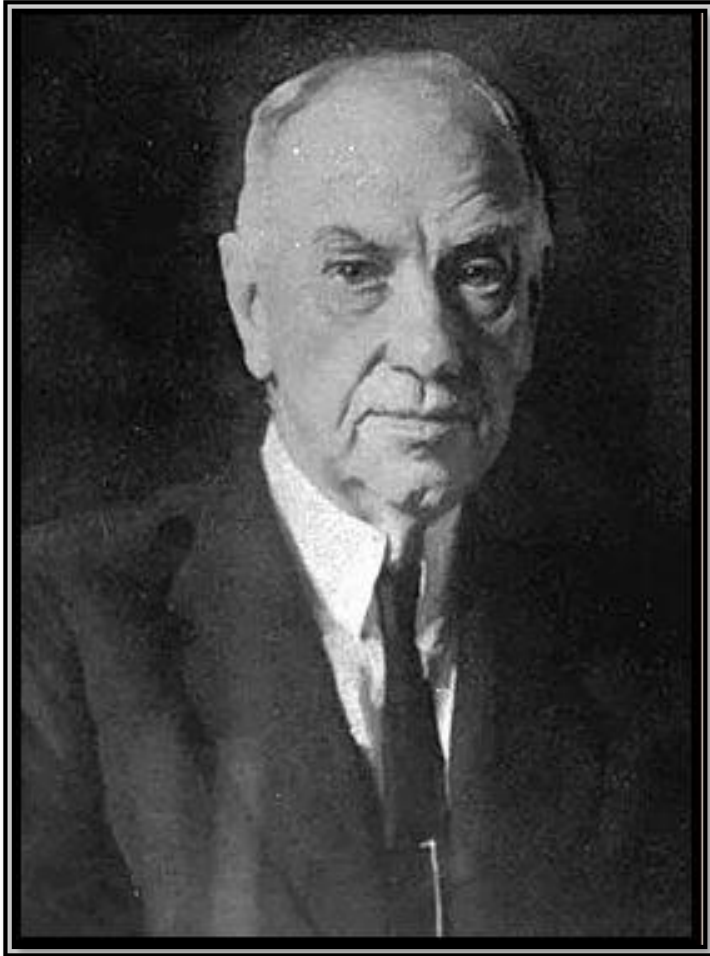
EDWARD RILEY BRADLEY

First Child of Hugh Bradley



The Palm Beach Post , Friday, August 16, 1946 Page 1

DEATH CLAIMS NOTED TURFMAN AND FAMED WINNER OF FOUR KENTUCKY DERBIES AT IDLE HOUR FARM FOLLOWING AN ILLNESS OF TWO YEARS



Edward Riley Bradley died Thursday morning at 3:35 (CST), a.m. West Palm Beach time, at his Idle Hour Farm at Lexington, Ky., following two years serious illness. Death came to the famed winner of four Kentucky Derbies from a heart ailment he had suffered some years, on the nationally famous farm where he bred and raised thorobred horses internationally known for their racing ability.

At his bedside, where he remained conscious until the last, were: Mrs. Catherine B. Bailey, his only surviving sister; C. Barry Shannon, his long-time business associate and publisher of The Post-Times; Thomas S. Bohne, Mr. Bradley's private secretary, and Dr. Fred Rankin, Lexington physician.

Requiem high mass will be sung Monday at 11 a.m. (CST) at St. Paul's Catholic Church, conducted by the Rev. Father Joseph E. McKenna. The body will remain at the Milward Funeral Home until Saturday when it will be removed to the residence. Burial will be in Calvary Cemetery there, press dispatches from Lexington said last night.

Mr. Bradley left his Palm Beach home May 28 after spending the winter here. Shortly after his arrival in Kentucky he underwent a successful operation.

Mr. Bradley left no children. Mrs. Bradley, who was Miss Agnes C. Curry, of St. Louis, Mo. died suddenly January 15, 1926, in the China Sea, while on a world cruiser with a party of friends. One brother survives Mr. Bradley. He is John R. Bradley of Palm Beach. The surviving sister is Mrs. Catherine B. Bailey, of Palm Beach, who at the time of his death was making her home with Mr. Bradley.

Nephews and nieces surviving are Lt. Lockwood Bradley, of California, son of John Bradley; Edward Bailey and Bradley Bailey, Philadelphia; John Bailey, Scotland; Joe Bailey, Mobile, Ala.; Miss Louise Scanlon, Silver Springs, Maryland; Mrs. Charles Brennig, New Rochelle, New York; Mrs. Frank Speno, Jr., Palm Beach.

The death of E. R. Bradley, nationally-known capitalist, sportsman and philanthropist, of Palm Beach, Fla. and Lexington, Ky., marked the passing of a man who as far back as half a century ago was a conspicuous and colorful figure in the development of the Florida East Coast, when dreams of its wonderful possibilities existed in the minds of Henry M.

Flagler and a small coterie of associates like E. R. Bradley, who from time to time were associated with the great pioneer and builder.

Edward Riley Bradley was a native of Pennsylvania, born at Johnstown, Dec. 12 1859, son of Hugh and Mary Ann Riley Bradley.

Cramped family fortune and the opportunities of the then village of Johnstown afforded small support or inducement for the aspirations of the rugged and adventurous spirit of this lad, and after a hardening experience of employment in the steel mills, etc., in the locality of his birth, the boy heard and answered the call of the new and great west.

Of these early years of his life in Texas, Mr. Bradley rarely conversed at length. He preferred to "talk about horses," as he expressed it. It is known, however, that he very early underwent all of the hardships which befell the average boy who went to the plains in search of fortune and adventure, worked as a cowboy, as a scout for United States troops in early Indian wars, as a prospector and miner for gold in Arizona and Mexico and so on.

Tiring of life in the West, and in possession of means to establish himself nearer the center of population, Mr. Bradley next located in the rapidly growing city of Chicago, became interested in real estate speculations and as a hotel proprietor, finally devoted all of his activities to thorobred horse racing.

In 1890 Mr. Bradley's health became precarious, and his doctors convinced him that the life of a country gentleman was his only hope of recovery. He then went to Blue Grass Kentucky and in 1905 established the now widely famous Idle Hour Stock Farm, near Lexington, destined to become one of the most famous institutions of its kind in the world. This beautiful property he owned until the day of his death.

In 1891, Mr. Bradley, again a health seeker, still maintaining his racing activities and the life of a sportsman, decided to establish a winter home in Florida. After a short residence in St. Augustine, he chose Palm Beach as his permanent abiding place. Here he joined Flagler enthusiastically in the early development of what later became and still is in particular respects the most widely known winter resort in the world.

In Palm Beach Mr. Bradley founded the Beach Club, a private institution with rigid membership regulations which allowed admittance only to adult residents of States other than Florida. In addition to a membership card, evening dress also was a requirement for admission.

Some evidence of the esteem in which Mr. Bradley has been held in "The Palm Beaches," is gained from a clipping from a local newspaper of some years ago, which said in part:

"Colonel E. R. Bradley, who is closing the Beach Club this week, is one of the pioneers of Palm Beach. His career of more than 30 years is replete with good works and charitable and generous acts, and no one in Palm Beach more earnestly emphasizes in his daily life the "brotherhood of man."

Always public spirited, he is ever to the fore in matters of civic and public importance, and a generous contributor to every worthy cause as well as to the church. Many of the improvements in Palm Beach would never have been made had it not been for Colonel Bradley. His management of his own property here, with his high sense of honorable endeavor and his liberal business policy, has commanded him to all, and has brought to him the friendship of some of the most important men in the world of American affairs. His generosity is still further emphasized in Palm Beach by the beautiful Catholic Church to whose building he was so generous a contributor. He is a member of the Bath and Tennis Club, the Oasis Club, the Everglades Club, and prominently identified with all Palm Beach activities, although he seldom goes about socially, save when he has guests."

Mr. Bradley's charities and benefactions were widespread. Suffering and want of every nature quickly appealed to him, to what extent will never be known. Many churches other than of his own creed found him generously sympathetic in their financial troubles. Probably his pet object of charity recently has been the orphanages of the State of Kentucky, regardless of race or creed.

For some years it has been his habit to give one-day charity race meetings at Idle Hour Farm, which became an important social as well as interesting annual sporting event in the Blue Grass region. The proceeds from these meetings were distributed to orphanages in Kentucky. I pro rata sums, with the distinct understanding that the funds would be used to provide beautiful Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners for the children. When these one-day meetings were for some reason abandoned, Mr. Bradley continued personally the annual holiday distribution of money to the orphanages. This one private benefaction has amounted to upwards of \$10,000 annually.

To attempt to recount here Mr. Bradley's career as a horseman would practically be equivalent to writing the history of thorobred racing in America during the long period within which his major activities were maintained. To his talents as an organizer and business executive was added an uncanny knowledge of winning strains and blood lines, and breeding particular individuals for battles of the turf. This knowledge, combined with his own theories, he pursued so well that his stock farm and his stables ultimately became widely known the world around for the speed and stamina of his great race horses.

Mr. Bradley's greatest thrill was seeing a thorobred of his own breeding win the Kentucky Derby. "There wouldn't be much thrill in buying a horse and winning the Derby with me," he once said. "It would be all right as a commercial proposition, like buying an automobile that would run faster than others. The real thrill comes in choosing the sire and dam, watching the colt develop, then seeing your faith in those bloodlines justified.

With an ample fortune founded on his real estate and investment operations prior to his purchase and equipment of his Blue Grass stock farm, the breeding and training of thorobred horses became his major passion and pastime, and so continued until his horses had won almost every major stake in America.

When his thorobreds began winning the Kentucky Derby, most prized racing stake of the United States, with regularity, he was called "the nation's premier turfman." He is the only owner so far to send four winners to the post in the Kentucky Derby. Twice his entry ran one, two.

He first won the Derby in 1921 when Behave Yourself and Black Servant, both bearing the Bradly green and white silks, ran first and second in the classic. He repeated this feat in 1926, when Bubbling Over and Baganbaggage finished first and second. In 1932 he

won with Burgoo King and the next year captured the rich prize with Broker's Tip. Several other Bradley horses finished second or third in the Derby, but Blue Larkspur, which proved to be Bradley's money winning horse, was able to win only fourth in the 1929 Derby. Blue Larkspur won \$272,000 during his racing career.

Mr. Bradley entered thorobred racing in the 90s.

The Bradley stable for decades was known as the "Lucky B" establishment because of his habit of giving all his thorobreds names beginning with the letter "B." All his Derby winners had three characteristic names. Others bore such cognomens as Broadway Jones, Beau Butler, Bet Music, Befuddle, Busy Signal, Buttered Toast, Bootto Boot and Barn Swallow. Despite his large race winnings, both in stakes and from wagers on his entries, the turf proved a costly hobby for Mr. Bradley. Though his winnings from stakes and purses alone passed the \$2,000,000 mark in 1932, he estimated that his net losses from racing, because of the heavy upkeep of his breeding farm and maintenance expenses of his horses amounted to \$30,000 annually.

Idle Hour Farm has always been open to tourists and sightseers who were most impressed by one barn which quartered four stallions with an aggregate value of \$1,000,000.

The veteran turfman was vitally interested in the Army Remount Service, founded to improve the quality of Army horses. He donated many stallions to this service, including Behave Yourself, 1921 Derby winner, and others which would have brought excellent prices on the open market.

Although Mr. Bradley would "bet on anything," he frequently advised other against gambling. "Playing the races will break any man in time," he said on one occasion. "The better is always fighting the percentages and the percentages can't lose."

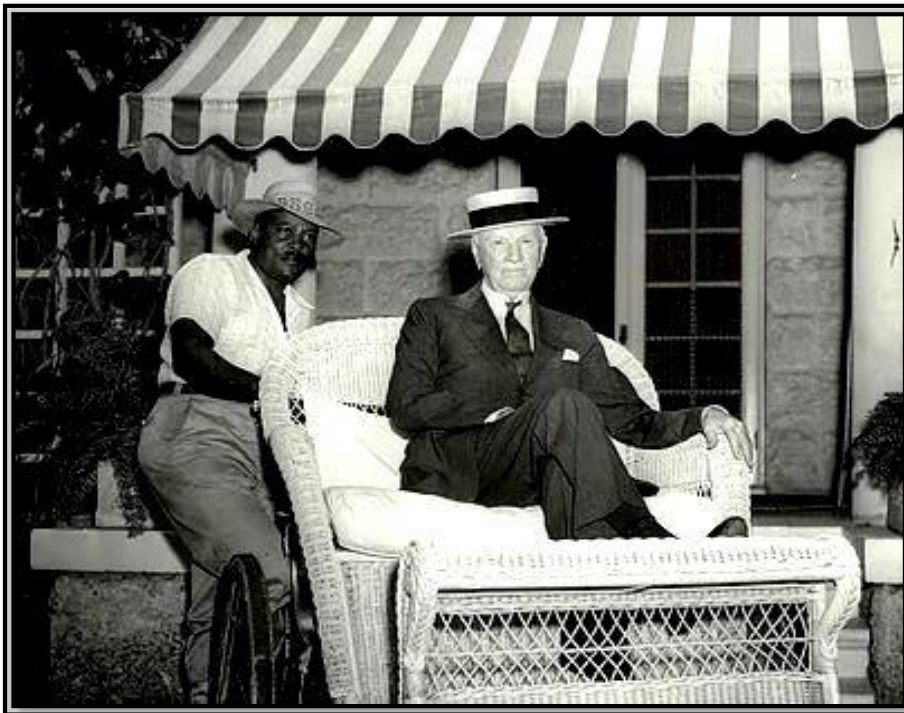
Col. Bradley and The Rosarian Academy – West Palm Beach

Rosarian Academy is an independent Catholic school in West Palm Beach, Florida that was founded in 1925. The school is owned and operated by the Adrian Dominican Sisters and is the only independent Catholic school in Palm Beach County. The mascot of Rosarian Academy is Rowdie Raider who wears the Rosarian Shield on his hat, carries the shield on one arm, and holds the Rosarian 'Torch of Truth'.

Rosarian Academy's academics in grades K-8 are centered around the Core Knowledge Curriculum, a consensus-based model of specific content guide-lines developed by the Core Knowledge Foundation. The Rosarian Academy currently has a student population of approximately 400, along with 44 teachers, 6 teaching assistants, and 10 support staff. It is accredited by the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools. Since 1974 Rosarian Academy has been home to an early childhood Montessori educational program. The program currently admits children up to 5 years old.

Originally known as St. Ann-on-the-Lake, Rosarian Academy was first established by St. Ann's Church in conjunction with the Dominican Sisters of Adrian, Michigan. The Jesuits established St. Ann's Church in West Palm Beach in 1895. Henry Flagler later contributed to the development of St. Ann's by building a rectory and financing the relocation of the chapel from the corner of Rosemary and Datura to Olive Avenue and Second Street.

In 1923 Patrick Barry, fifth bishop of St. Augustine, invited the Dominican Sisters of Adrian, Michigan to West Palm Beach to establish a school for Catholic children. By the time the sisters arrived, 126 students were already registered and there was insufficient housing for all of them. Colonel Edward R. Bradley, a wealthy businessman and racing horse breeder, gifted the sisters with a 7 ¼ acre plot for the construction of a combined dormitory and school for female students. The building, named Bradley Hall, opened in 1925. At the time the school was named St. Ann-on-the-Lake Academy in honor of Colonel Bradley's mother. A school building was opened downtown the same year and students traveled from one to the other for classes.



Out for a spin on Worth Avenue, Col. Bradley was known for keeping a loyal staff of approx. 50 men and 20 women who were housed within the Beach Club's compound. Married couples were not hired as they were believed to pass gossip among each other about the club's guests. The staff was paid only once at the end of every season. Of course, this did not include the customary regular cash envelopes paid to local and state politicians and law enforcement officials. Noted for his many philanthropic endeavors in Kentucky and Palm Beach, Bradley was most generous to local Catholic and Jewish charities.

GO WEST YOUNG MEN

The Bradley brothers Edward and John left Johnstown, Pennsylvania and ended up in Kingston, New Mexico where they got involved in the mining business. Edward was in his early twenties and his brother a few years younger. While in Kingston, they got involved with the gambling profession and fell under the tutelage of Frank Townsend and his wife Lottie who was perhaps the best female gambler in the country. It was probably at this time that Edward and John developed their gambling skills and sense of high style and fond-ness for the high style (from Lottie) which they would carry throughout the rest of their lives. After their stint in Kingston, they relocated to El Paso and started their own gam-bling enterprises.

Kingston, New Mexico



Kingston, New Mexico isn't a ghost town. But it's also not the place of which it was said that on nights when the miners had been paid you couldn't walk ninety feet in 30 minutes for the crowd, a place with 22 saloons, 14 grocery stores, three hotels, three concurrently-operating newspapers, an opera house, and a school, a place where the bank once held \$7,000,000 in silver and the population topped 7,000. Nope, it's not that place now. And it never was. There may be few Old West mining boom towns that have had their history so exaggerated. Kingston has even been considered to have once been the biggest town in territorial New Mexico.

Now, everyone agrees that in the early 1880's precious metal, particularly silver, was found in the area. Ralph Looney's *Haunted High-ways* recounts the story that Kingston's establishment can be traced to a drunkard, Jack Sheddon, who became such a nuisance in Lake Valley that the sheriff put him on a burro with food and whiskey and sent him north.

En route to Chloride, he made a stop near what would become Kingston, had a good long drink, and passed out on a rock. When he came to, he noticed that his stony pillow had flecks of metal in it. This was bornite, a silver ore, and he quickly established the Solitaire Mine. Soon prospectors were descending from every direction. It's a great tale, but not really true. Prospecting was underway before Sheddon even arrived (he at least did exist) as a few miners had already moved the 10 or so miles west from Hillsboro, which had been established in 1877.

In the fall of 1882, James Porter Parker, General G.A. Custer's former roommate at West Point, platted Kingston, which took its name from a local mine, the Iron King. Soon it was reported by the Tombstone Epitaph in Arizona that there were 45 men working area mines. By 1885, a year after Kingston's oft-reported peak population of 7,000, Territorial Census figures show 329 residents in Kingston and the adjacent Danville Camp combined, even with Spanish and Chinese included in the tally. . It may well have been a rowdy place though. In an 1886 edition of the St. John's Herald out of east-central Arizona (at the time Kingston didn't have one newspaper) a citizen expressed upset at their town's lack of a school, church, or, indeed, any public institution. Reverend S.W. Thornton even referred to Kingston as "the typical mining town in all its wickedness."

In 1888, construction of a stone church began which would serve Kingston's now-1,000 residents. Sometimes claimed to have been spontaneously financed by pros-titutes, gamblers, and dance-hall girls, it's more likely that Rev. N.W. Chase solicited the funds. . In 1890, according to the U.S. Census Bureau, Kingston's population reached 1,449, a count it probably never surpassed by much. The 1893 economic panic sent silver prices crashing and the number of Kingston's occupants plummeting quickly back into the low hundreds at best. By the time it was really all over in the early 1900's almost \$7,000,000 in precious metal had been mined in the vicinity, not an inconsiderable sum. But it took over 20 years; that amount was never in the Percha Bank at one time.

Even the usually no-nonsense Philip Varney slips up when it comes to Kingston, mentioning in New Mexico's Best Ghost Towns that Chief Victorio's band of Apaches once descended on the town but because the miners were assembling a hunting party and thus had their firearms at hand they were able to quickly drive the attackers out. It's said Victorio decided to leave Kingston alone after that and the happy populace named their new three-story hotel The Victorio in his honor. The problem is that Victorio died in 1880, two years before Kingston was established. It's not entirely Varney's fault; there are many stories about Victorio and his band's depredations in and around Kingston. And Varney didn't have Wikipedia in the 1970's. . You may also hear of the ironically-named Virtue St., on which was an infamous Kingston brothel. While you will find a very short side street named Virtue today, it was created after Kingston's initial abandonment. But don't fret! The world has not gone entirely topsy-turvy; there certainly was a brothel in early Kingston.

Walking the two short thoroughfares, many have wondered how a town could've risen and fallen so precipitously. Since it didn't, it's not as surprising that only one historic building exists wholly intact: the Percha Bank. The old Assay Office, remodeled as a private home, and a vastly reconfigured hotel—The Victorio—also persist. Floods and fires have certainly done their damage, but there was never as much to disappear as is usually imagined. Much of the confusion over Kingston is attributable to James A. McKenna's classic Black Range Tales, which, it should be noted, contains the word tales in the title and not facts. Some of McKenna's yarns, which most ghost town sources at least reference, take place in a Kingston of 7,000 rabble-rousers, "the metropolis of the Southwest" which, while possibly true to the spirit of the day, never quite existed.

The same year that *Black Range Tales* was published, 1936, Madame Sadie Orchard told an interviewer of a peak population of 5,000. Few having actually been there, such wild overestimates made their way into subsequent Kingston literature. In the end, maybe the Kingston of myth is just one of those places in the Wild West of our collective imagination that people wanted to exist so badly that it was finally wished into being. It's not the worst thing to have happened to history, I suppose.

MORE

On the site of a former Apache camp, nestled in the knees of the Black Range in southwestern New Mexico, Kingston (elevation 6,224 feet) lies astride Middle Percha Creek. Originally called Percha City, the town boomed in 1882 after a silver strike by miner Jack Shedd.

The first officially recognized habitation in town was a tent store set up in June 1882. A rough-hewn tent and board city soon busted out along the creek. Within two months some 2,000 people were buying lots for \$15 in the newly platted town site. By 1883 Main Street lots sold for \$500, while lots near the diggings fetched up to \$5,000.

The largest mine, the Iron King (for which Kingston is named), soon had competition from the Solitaire, Empire, Calamity Jane, Miner's Dream, Black Colt, Brush Heap, Bonanza, Gypsy, Ironclad, Caledonia and Little Jimmy. Eventually, 30 mines dotted the hills. By 1885 the population peaked at more than 7,000.

Characters associated with Kingston included New Mexico's own Billy the Kid, satirist Mark Twain, President Grover Cleveland, Wild Bunch pals Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, Apache leaders Geronimo and Victorio, political boss Albert Fall, bad-man "Black Jack" Ketchum, cowboy chronicler Eugene Manlove Rhodes and poet-scout John Wallace "Captain Jack" Crawford.

The town's ethnic mix and early character are reflected in such place names as Italian Avenue, Chinese Gardens and Virtue Street (the latter home to Sadie Orchard, the town's leading madam).

Among the wildest Western mining towns, Kingston sported 22 saloons with gambling halls for roulette and faro, 14 grocery and general stores, a brewery, three newspapers, several restaurants (one served oysters), three hotels, several boardinghouses, two assay offices, two fraternal lodges, a bank, numerous gambling dens, a drugstore, a dancing school, a tennis court, an ice-house, seven sawmills, a theater (once graced by actress Lillian Russell), a school, a smelter, a kiln, a blacksmith, a dentist and two doctors. Madam Orchard reportedly passed the hat (or perhaps a stocking) to have a church built.

The gold standard replaced the silver standard in 1892, dropping silver prices 90 percent almost overnight and sparking the Panic of 1893. As the mines played out and profits turned into losses, Kingston folded. Many folks moved to Arizona Territory or simply shifted to neighboring Hillsboro, whose economy was based on gold mining and ranching. As townspeople left, they tore down the wooden buildings and carried out the lumber to build new homes. In 1893 they burned many of the remaining buildings to recover the square handmade nails. Little was left standing of what was once New Mexico's largest town.

The Percha Bank, onetime repository for \$7 million in silver, remains intact and serves as a museum. The original vault (an 1885 Diebold) occupies a brick room within the bank's

2- foot-thick stone and Kingston brick walls. The design was brilliant—even if a thief broke through the outside walls, he couldn't access the vault. Apparently it worked, as no one ever broke in to or robbed the bank.

A former assay office now serves as a residence, as does the Victorio Hotel, named for the Apache upon whose hunting grounds Kingston sits. Across the street is the Black Range Lodge:

[www.blackrangelodge.com], a beautifully restored bed-and-breakfast. Its plastered brick walls date back to an 1880s boardinghouse that lodged both miners and troopers of the 8th Cavalry.

The cemetery occupies a hill overlooking Kingston. Still in use today, it chronicles the lives and deaths of merchants and unlucky miners, immigrants, soldiers and a war hero.

When visitors arrive in search of treasure or artifacts, says local historian Mark Nero, there is no need to go to the landfill, as people "dig up all sorts of stuff" right in town. Bottles, cavalry buttons, leather and other relics turn up regularly.

Still meeting once, a month in the old schoolhouse is the Spit & Whittle Club, dating from 1888, which bills itself as one of the nation's oldest continuously active social clubs. Talk of religion or politics is prohibited—as is spitting and whittling. Townswomen halted those activities when first allowed to join. Today about 25 people live in Kingston *[www.kingstonnewmexico.com]*. A lightning-sparked wildfire threatened the town last June. Residents evacuated, but no buildings burned. Kingston is off I-25, Exit 63. Take Highway 152 nine miles west of Hillsboro. The turnoff for Main Street is just past the ranger station. Look for the Spit & Whittle Club marker. At night roaming livestock and wildlife make driving difficult.



Originally published in the October 2013 issue of Wild West.

Lottie Deno and Frank Thurmond

(Taught the Bradley boys to be gentlemen gamblers)

Lottie Deno, known also at various times as Carlotta J. Thompkins, Charlotte Tompkins, and Charlotte Thurmond. She came from a wealthy family. Her father loved to gamble, raised race-horses, and traded in crops grown on the plantation. After her father was killed in the Civil War, Lottie's mother and sister were forced to manage the family plantation. To ensure their future security they sent Lottie to Detroit at the age of eighteen to find a husband of the right social standing. In Detroit Lottie met Johnny Golden, a jockey who had ridden for Lottie's father. Knowing Lottie was versed in gambling, Johnny encouraged Lottie to gamble on the Ohio and



Mississippi Rivers. Lottie and Johnny traveled the rivers during the Civil War. In 1863 the two split. During that time, Lottie became a house gambler at the University Club in Texas, where she worked for the Thurmond family from Georgia.



Frank Thurmond was the son of J. C. Thurmond and his wife Martha Stokes Thurmond. J. C. Thurmond was born in Jackson County, Georgia on June 18, 1817, and was the son of Thomas T. Thurmond of Wilkes County, North Carolina. All his brothers fought in the Revolutionary War, according to Phoebe Ann Hampton White, niece of Frank Thurmond. Photo supposedly made at Denison, Texas.

She met and fell in love with Frank Thurmond. Lottie was known in San Antonio as the "Angel of San Antonio." Later in 1869 Johnny arrived claiming that Lottie was his wife, but Lottie denied the assertion. Frank went to West Texas after supposedly killing a man in an altercation during a game. Soon Lottie followed to find him, leaving behind Johnny and Mary. She gambled her way around West Texas-Fort Concho, Jacksboro, San Angelo, Denison, and Fort Worth - and eventually moved to Fort Griffin.

At Ft.. Concho, Lottie had been called 'Mystic Maud.'" It was in Fort Griffin that she began to call herself Lottie Deno. Her new name supposedly came from a card game where she was suspected of cheating; one player suggested she should call herself "Lotta Dinero." Lottie's gambling opponents included Doc Holliday and other well-known western figures. She left Griffin in May 1877 to join Frank in Kingston, New Mexico. There she and Frank ran a small gambling room on the rear of the Victorio Hotel. Later Lottie owned the Broadway Restaurant in Silver City. On December 2, 1880, in Silver City, New Mexico, Lottie and Frank were married. From 1882 until Lottie's death, she and Frank lived in Deming, New Mexico, as respected citizens. Frank became a miner, then dealt in land sales and eventually became vice president of the Deming National Bank. Lottie, who was always said to be a lady, always wore the finest clothing and practiced the best manners. She gave up gambling and became a founding member of St. Luke's Episcopal Church of Deming. She died on February 9, 1934, and is buried in Deming next to Frank. Lottie is immortalized as the basis for *Gunsmoke's* character, "Miss Kitty".

*Information condensed from The Texas State Historical Association.
El Paso Herald, Thursday, October 3, 1907, Page 1*

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BRADLEY IS KNOWN HERE

**Man whom Herald Dispatches Told of Yesterday in Far North, Worked
Once for The Eggers.**

GOT START HERE AS A GAMBLER

**Worked First in the Old Bacchus and Then in Center Block -- Has Hunted
All Over the World.**

John R. Bradley, spoken of in yesterday afternoon's Herald dispatches as heading to the North Pole in a boat named for him, is an El Pasoan, having worked in El Paso as a gambler in several different place and accumulating the start here which has made him a millionaire several times over. The present trip is in satisfaction of one of his hobbies, hunting big game in out of the way and uninhabited places, of the earth, according to his old friend, The Eggers, who received a letter from him in July telling of the start for the Polar regions.

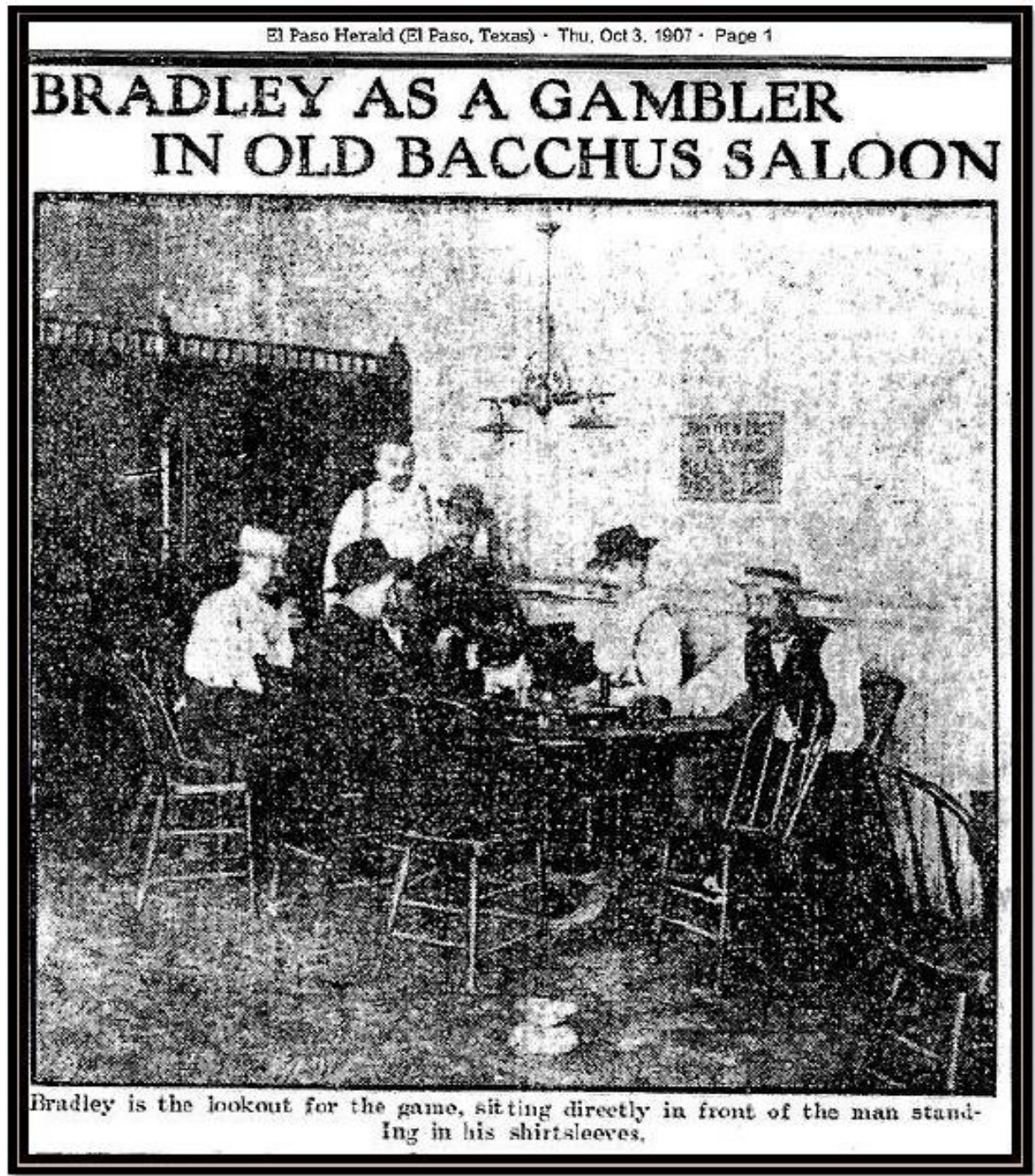
The Eggers Gave Him A Start.

Mr. Eggers had known John R. Bradley and his brother, Ed, for more than 20 years and was really the one who gave the two Bradley's their start in El Paso, which has handed them on the topmost wave of prosperity and enabled John Bradly to gratify his hobby for travel and exploration.

Came to El Paso in 1885

"John Bradley and his brother, Ed. Bradley, came to El Paso in 1886," said Eggers this afternoon. "John was at that time about 18 years of age and his brother slightly older. They had been following Mexican fiestas and carnivals running a "chunk-a-lunk" machine.

"I was instantly attracted to the two boys, especially to John and offered them some inducements to quit their roving and put their energies into square gambling. They were both hustlers and were always doing something.



"Once when John wasn't gambling, he took a job cooking for a New Mexico mining camp, later coming back to El Paso. I gave him a position in the old Bacchus, which was where the D. & H. shoe store is now, and which was later the Astor House. The Bacchus was opened up on Christmas Eve, 1886, and John and Ed both had positions in the place.

Gets interest In Gambling House

"Later I took John Bradley up and introduced him to McLein, who at that time running a gambling house in the Center Block. McLein saw something in the young fellow from the start and offered him a good thing, giving him part of the profits and making him practically manager of the place. John was at that time about 18 or 19 years old.

Made First Trip Around World

"In the fall of 1887, John Bradley left El Paso to make his first trip around the world. Of a roving disposition he did not seem to be able to stay in one place very long. He was gone eight or nine months and came back to take his position with McLein again.

"He had become a square gambler and the house of which he was manager for McLein was lucky, winning a lot of money. John Bradley left El Paso for good about 1889, having accumulated a good start from the profits of the McLein house in the Center Block.

Established Resort in Florida.

"He and McLein went together and established a big gaming house in St. Augustine, Florida, later establishing another at Palm Beach, Florida. Both of these places they own today. They also gambled in the east, owning gambling houses in Chicago and New York, and became millionaires several times over.

"When John Bradley found himself in a financial position that allowed him to do so he began to gratify his hobbies, which had been in his interest always. One of his most predominant hobbies is hunting big game in out of the way places.

spent \$20,000 on African Hunt

"About three years ago he equipped a hunting party at a cost of \$22,000 which went into the inner-most depths of Africa and he invited me to go, but I was unable to do so. Later he sent me dozens of photographs of the trip, showing himself and others of the party sitting upon rhinoceroses, elephants, tigers and lions which had been killed in the most unknown and little explored portions of the dark-continent.

Book of Trip Cost \$2,500

He wrote a book of the trip, giving a number of photographs, and had the book printed for private circulation. Each one of the party received a copy and he sent one to me. I presume that not more than three or four dozen of the books were printed, but he wrote me that they had cost him \$2,500. They were got up in an elaborate and artistic style and I value mine highly.

Wrote Before Leaving on Trip

"He wrote me from Boston under date of July 1st when his present expedition started out and he said that he was simply making a trip for big game of the Arctics. I notice that the dispatches say the party intend making a try for the North Pole, so I suppose they have decided to hunt for the most northern point while they were at it."

Eggers has a large number of photographs of both John Bradley and his brother, taken in various places as they sat at gambling tables and as they stalked big game through the unexplored jungles of little known parts of the earth. Several of these pictures decorate the walls of his saloon and others are carefully preserved in photograph books.

Ed. Bradley Also Millionaire

"As John Bradley has prospered, so has his brother, Ed.," continued Eggers, "Ed. Bradley is himself several times a millionaire and is interested in various enterprises. He owns a big tailoring establishment in Chicago, is interested in various other mercantile establishments and owns a large and valuable string of race horses.

"He owns a horse race breeding farm near Lexington, Kentucky, where he breeds some of the best animals in the country. This farm is of itself said to be valued at \$500,000.

In his letter to Eggers, just before leaving on his polar expedition, Bradley enclosed a clipping from the New York Herald giving an account of the trip he was to undertake. The Herald says:

"To hunt the polar bear, the musk ox, the walrus and the caribou at home in the shadow of the north pole not only with his rifle but with a moving picture machine as well. Is the summer vacation planned by John R. Bradley, an amateur sportsman of New York City. He will depart on July 1 to board his auxiliary schooner at Boston. Dr. Frederick A. Cook, former companion of Robert E. Peary, veteran of Arctic and Antarctic expeditions, will accompany him.

Mr. Bradley has landed in every part of the world except the vast, unexplored territory of the Arctic Circle. He has made several trips to Africa and to Asia and has covered almost every foot of big game country in the United States and the northwest. He was in Mongolia last year seeking the long-haired cave tiger. Before that he was in Thibet, where he obtained specimens of one of the rarest of mountain sheep.

For his coming voyage, Mr. Bradley purchased a Gloucester fishing schooner, 118 feet over all, and installed in her a powerful engine. She has had her sheathed with three-inch oak and reinforced inside and out. He will take a large crew, with officers and an ice pilot, and does not expect to return until the latter part of the year.

"We will go up the west coast of Greenland, "said Mr. Bradley yesterday, "and hunt caribou for a time." From there we go to Melville Bay, from where I expect to get polar bear all the way up in Smith sound, which is seventy-eight degrees north latitude, or within eight degrees of the "furthest north" reached by Peary. On the islands of the sound and the surrounding mainland we hope to strike the musk ox and of course the walrus. These will be particularly plentiful, I understand, in Hudson's Bay. After that we will go south into Hudson Bay, turning into Chesterfield Inlet if the ice permits, where we will be able to hunt in the barren lands for musk ox.

"Of course, I shall attempt to obtain some good specimens of game, but one of the interesting features of the expedition will be the taking of moving pictures. I have used the camera largely in all my travels, and had arranged to take a moving picture machine with me last year, but I could not get film in Paris. We hope now to photograph animals as they live and move."

"While I am hunting," continued Mr. Bradley, "Dr. Cook will be pursuing his studies of the Eskimo. He has made exhaustive studies of the tribes, and will complete them this year. To him also the camera will be of great benefit. Our schooner will not go into the smaller bays and inlets, for the risk of getting caught in the new ice would be too great, so we procured a 20-foot whale boat and put in her a 10 horse power engine, and on her a hooded cabin with accommodations for four men. She is of light draught and can go anywhere, and if she should be caught by the ice, we can abandon her."

Mr. Bradley said this would his last big hunt because, so far as he knows, the globe has no other big game country unexplored by him.

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El Paso Herald-Post Thursday, May 23, 1974 Page 9

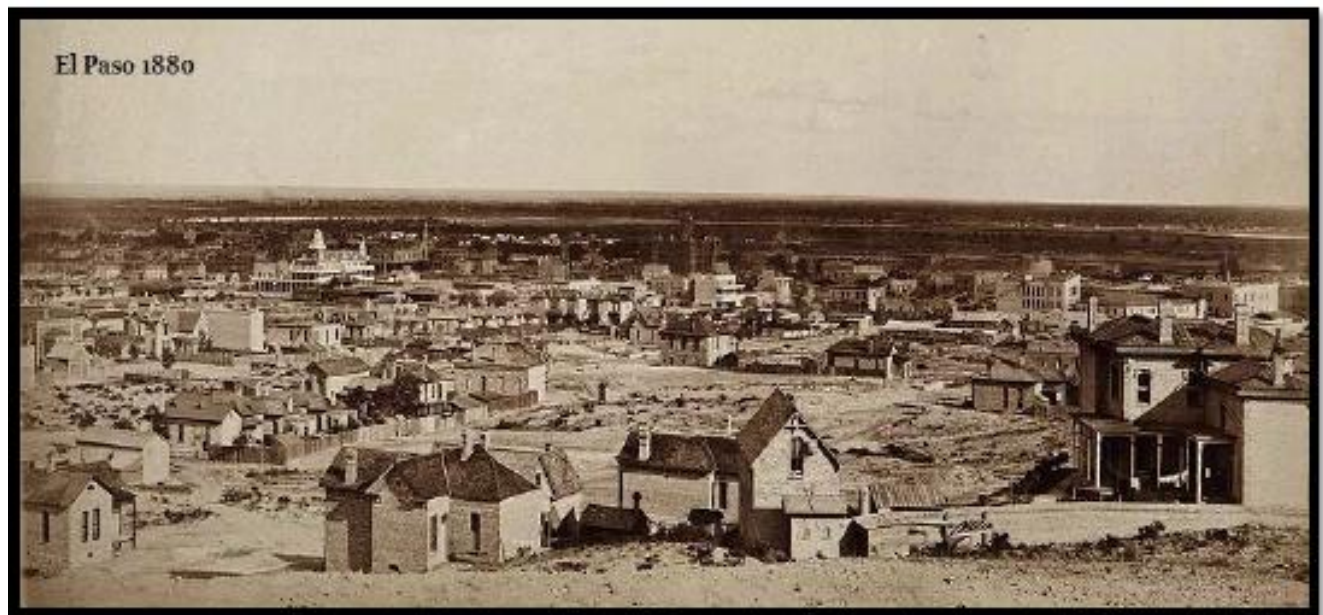
Mother of All-Time Great Winner Sneaked Across Rio-Grande Kentucky Derby Founders Held Close El Paso Ties

By William C. McGraw

Few El Pasoans who watched Commander thunder down the straight-away at Louisville's Churchill Downs and win the 100th running of the Kentucky Derby, know of this city's close association with the history of this classical race.

To begin with the famous "Run for the Roses" was started by a cousin of the late Gen. William J. Glasgow, who celebrated his own 100th anniversary eight years ago at his residence on McGoffin Street where his daughter, Octavia still resides.

SECONDLY, it is likely there would not be a Kentucky Derby, and certainly it would not be run at a place called Churchill Downs if Gen. Stephen Watts Kearney had not wed a beautiful St. Louis belle named Mary Radford. it was General Kearney's forces who placed most of the land between El Paso and California under the American flag -- but that is another story.



THIRDLY, many of the Derby records, and the most unusual ones were set by horses owned and bred by an Irishman who once lived at 604 North Oregon Street -- where the house of Carpets is today -- and who had a place of business at 107 San Antonio Street, where the American Furniture Co. store now stands.

As if this weren't enough for the area. It is furthermore evident that a former manager of the Juarez Race-track made the Kentucky Derby the noted event it has become, while a noted Juarez filly, called Useit was sneaked across the Rio Grande into the United States and later became the mother of one of the all-time great Kentucky Derby winners, Black Gold.

THE KENTUCKY DERBY was conceived by Col. Meriwether Lewis Clark Jr. who built the famous race course and named it after his mother, Abigail Churchill. The interesting thing is that Abigail was almost NOT his mother. His father, Meriwether Lewis Clark Sr., had planned to marry the St. Louis belle, Mary Radford, but his family strongly opposed the union because Meriwether was not only her stepbrother, but first cousins as well so she married Kearney.

Meriwether, Sr. didn't give up easily, though, for when the then Major Kearney was wooing the St. Louis beauty, Meriwether was attending West Point. He heard about the proposed nuptials, however, and on the day Mary and Kearney were to be wed, Meriwether returned to St. Louis and he convinced her that she was making a mistake that she didn't show up at the altar and Major Kearney paced back and forth alone.

THE WEDDING was postponed until the next day, and Mary finally decided against marrying her cousin and step-brother. She went through with the wedding with Kearney and Meriwether remained a bachelor for four years at which time he returned to his father's home state of Kentucky and there married Abigail Churchill of the same family as the late Sir. Winston.

There first son was Meriwether Lewis Clark Jr., and it was he who established the Derby in 1875, after spending several years in Europe, studying the races and courses there. He copied the Derby after the Epsom Downs, England. He named the Kentucky course Churchill Downs, because it was from his mother's family he acquired the land upon which it was built.

MERIWETHER Lewis Clark, was called "Lutie" by his family and it was by this name he was addressed by his aunt "Tee" who was Harriet Kennerly Radford Clark, mother of General Glasgow and grand-mother of Octavia.

Now about the Irishman who dominated so many Derby races for so long a time and who lived in El Paso. He was Colonel Edward Riley Bradley, often written about by El Paso's Owen P. White and J. D. Pender, the latter one-time editor of the Times.

Bradley, born in 1859 at Johnstown, Pa., came to New Mexico with his brother, John in 1880 to mine at Kingston and Hillsboro. Although they were strong and finely built men, they were too small for the mines, so turned to gambling under the tutelage of Lucille Dino and her husband, Frank Thurmond, later to become beloved pioneers of Deming. It must be remembered that in those days gambling was an honored profession.

Around 1882 Ed Bradley left his brother, John, to run their place in Kingston and he moved to El Paso, bringing with him a former deputy of Bat Masterson's, a fast gunman. named Michael McLean, and one of the world's greatest dealers, Del Betterworth.

Bradley, as a good luck omen, called everything he owned with a name beginning with a "B" and that held for his gambling casinos as well as his thoroughbred runners. So when he opened his elegant casino at 107 San Antonio Street, he called it the Bacchus. Ed turned

over the first floor saloon and profits to McLean and Butterworth while he retained management of the games on the second floor.

The Institution thrived, but Ed had his eyes on greener pastures back east, so he sold out the Bacchus to a gentleman named Si Ryan, known affectionately by his friends as "Three-fingers," who until then had operated a small place on Overland which he called the Cardiff Joint. To demonstrate that he, too, had a touch of class, Three-Fingers re-named the Bacchus, calling it the Astor House.

There is little doubt that the Bradleys were by far the classiest gamblers to grace El Paso table. In addition to being honest, Pender called them intelligent young men... both athletes...crack shots with pistol or rifle...Beau Brummels...intolerant of shabbily dressed men." Uncle Jimmy McKenna, who knew them at Kingston. wrote that "only a square game was ever backed by Colonel Bradley's money."

And a good chunk of Bradley's money was handed over to McLean before the brother's left., for Ed backed his former partner in the purchase of a majority interest in the Wigwam, which was to become El Paso's most notorious gambling emporium. Minority interest owner in the Wigwam was Theo Eggers.

Bradley soon established the Idle Hour Farms near Lexington to further his breeding ambitions and went out to bid in top horses over the com-petition of such notables as the Wideners and the Vanderbilts. His foundation sire was a horse called Black Toney.

From then on, he was always a top contender for the Derby honors, and was the only owner ever to see his horses run one-two in two different Kentucky Derby races. That's domination -- not withstanding Mrs. Tweedle's fine entries.

In the 1921 Derby, Colonel Bradley's Behave Yourself came in first, followed by his other horse, Black Entry, and five years later another Bradley colt, Bubbling Over, came pounding down the stretch to nudge another Bradley horse Bagenbaggage, out of the winner's circle. But that is not all, he had many other winners.

I was fortunate enough to be standing in the last turn at Churchill Downs in 1933 to see Head-Play, ridden by Herb Fisher, drift wide and allow Don Meade to guide Broker's Tip along the rail and take the lead.

Broker's Tip, another Bradley horse, started his move and Fisher reached out. grabbing Meade by the silks to hold him back. Meade whacked Fisher across the nose with his whip and the blood started to fly. Fisher grabbed at Meade's saddle and thus they went battling down the long straightaway at Churchill Downs with Bradley's entry crossing the wire first. Fisher's foul claim was not allowed, since he started it.

Matt Winn is the racing genius who made the Kentucky derby what it is today, and he also managed the track at Mexico City and Juarez in the early years of this century. While he was running the Juarez track, a filly named Useit, who had won 25 six-furlong races, was entered in a Juarez feature.

The filly was owned by R. M. Hoots, who heard nobody would claim his jewel, but a sharp named Tobe Ramsey filed a claim, so Hoots rode Useit across the Rio Grande in the middle of the night and shipped her back to Kentucky. There she was bred to Bradley's Black Toney, to produce Black Gold, which won the 1924 Derby.

Bradley was responsible for many innovations. For one, he had an oculist design a special pair of glasses for one of his race horses who couldn't see too well, and he designed and installed the first starting gate in 1928 at Fair Grounds, a track he then owned at New Orleans. He also invented fiber skull caps for jockeys.

In the early 1940s when Bradley was in his 80s, the old man had his private parlor car shunted off the Southern Pacific to California for a few days stay in El Paso to look over his old haunts.

BOB INGRAM, the Herald-Post sports editor then, as now, went down to the railroad yards to interview the famous race track man and not once did Bradley ever mention he was a former El Pasoan.

Owen P. White, the best writer El Paso ever produced, was difficult to fool, and he certainly had the number of the Bradley boys. "The Bradley brothers," opined White sagely, "were not born until they were 45."



El Paso Herald-Post, Tuesday, August 7, 1962 Page 13

Old Wigwam Building Razed in 1912 Marked Change for El Paso *By Betty Pierce*

In the fall of 1912, El Paso was mourning the passing of a landmark. The old Wigwam Building, the "first modern and pretentious two-story building ever erected on San Antonio street," was being torn down to make way for progress.

The shades of bankers, dance hall girls, Gentleman Jim Raynor, "Red" Hart, the famous Cincinnati Lady orchestra, champagne and busy gambling tables haunted the rooms of the Wigwam.

El Paso Changed

"It excelled any other of its kind," wrote L. H. Davis in the Herald. In the 30 years since the Wigwam was erected, El Paso had changed. Culture had invaded the city, and the dance-hall had given way to the theater and the country club. The "wide open" town of the 80s had taken on a veneer which muted the noisier elements by the year 1912.

"Society" was greatly influenced by "the east," -- especially New York -- and genteel entertainments were provided, church attendance flourished, and civic betterment groups were waging a valiant effort to stamp out the baser elements, although in some places they were forced to stamp lightly.

Ball Every Week

In those days the social lines were not closely drawn and most of the dancers were from the underworld," write Davis of those early days at the Wigwam. "Males were composed of all classes of men. There was a real 'sound of revelry' by night, and some of our now venerable and saintly pioneers mingled in the giddy maze."

The Wigwam had been El Paso's social center. There was a fancy dress ball once a week and a dance every night and other forms of entertainment. The building housed a saloon and a restaurant second to none in the southwest, expensively furnished and elegantly maintained.

The expense and elegance seem to have been lost on a certain element of the patronage, however, as Davis recalls that one New Year's Eve there was a roman candle battle "between the inmates of the Wigwam and a rival saloon across the way called the Bacchus."

"The battle was so fierce that in the morning all the glass fronts and windows of both saloons were smashed.

Bradley, one of the owners of the Bacchus, was the New York millionaire who financed Dr. Cook's expedition to the North Pole, and one is led to wonder whether the expedition was more expensive than that New Year's Eve in El Paso.

Legend has it that Maury Edwards suddenly went bald one night in the Wigwam when "Red" Hart pulled out a sawed-off shotgun and began to mix it up with Gentleman Jim Raynor, and Edwards hid under the billiard table until the smoke cleared away, while the other customers exited through doors and windows.

The razing of the old Wigwam Building, made room for a theater, to be run by Campbell and Winch, and it is doubtful that anything shown on the stage or the screen could ever match the drama of the scene played out in the old Wigwam.

*A little note on Cy Ryan who became the owner of the Bacchus,
renaming it the Astor House*

November 09, 2010

Before Sun City, El Paso was Sin City

January 13, 2003

By Leon Metz / Special to the Times

.....Most gamblers were transients. In 1902 an estimated 600 lived here, most of them making a living in 96 saloons. But none of them in terms of style could touch Cy Ryan, the most colorful, flamboyant gambler ever to hit El Paso. Ryan opened the Mint Saloon at 207 S. El Paso Street, old timers remembering the location as the Alhambra Theater and later the Palace Theater.

Then Ryan went big time, opening the Astor House Saloon and Gambling Emporium at 107 San Antonio.

The gambling house ran wide open 24 hours a day. Celebrities passing through always made a point to stop in. Famed gunman and sports writer Bat Masterson spent time there, as did former world heavyweight champion, John L. Sullivan.

Loud in every sense, Ryan wore "expressive" raiment topped off with a silk stovepipe hat. When he spoke, the whole town heard him, and when he went to church, he dropped only coins in the collection box because they made such an impressive, noticeable clatter. Every morning he threw open the doors of his saloon, tossing handfuls of coins into the street where boys would scramble for them.

Once each week, Pomoroy Stables sent its finest hack to the Astor House, the horses shining and prancing, the driver dressed like a wealthy cab driver. Ryan's servants then trotted out with sugar, coffee, flour, meat, corn and whatever.

With Ryan looking like a European count, silk top hat never slipping, and with a crack of the whip, he and the coachman rumbled off in their chariot to distribute food to the poor in South El Paso.

The Astor House gambling emporium is gone, in its place a rather quiet parking lot alongside Pioneer Plaza, across the street from the Camino Real Hotel. Shoppers, businessmen, tourists and politicians stroll by with scarcely a thought to the showy events that once occurred there.

As for whatever happened to the colorful, high-stepping Cy Ryan, I have not the vaguest idea, but he brought a sense of style that's sorely needed today.

.....
El Paso Times, El Paso Texas, Wednesday, August 1, 1894, Page 7

SI RYAN ARRESSTED THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ASTOR HOUSE GIVES A \$500 BOND.

The Games Are Running in the Gem and the Astor House-- "Watch the Play" is the Response to Inquiries -- County Clerk Thomas is Interviewed as to the Ryan Bond.

Si Ryan, proprietor of the Astor House bar, and alleged partner in the Astor House gambling rooms, was yesterday arrested by Sheriff Simmons on a warrant issued by the county court clerk on information filed by County Attorney McGown. Ryan at once gave bond in the sum of \$500 for his appearance before the September term of the county court. A. K. Albers and Phil Young becoming his sureties. The warrant charges him, as proprietor, with allowing gambling on the premises of the saloon.

"Watch the play," is the answer of the gambling house men when asked for their plans since the arrest of the proprietor of the Astor House. They refuse to be interviewed and the "play may be watched literally, the while. Last night both the Astor House and Gem were in full blast, though the playing was not heavy. When spoken to about the situation and asked as to his plans, County Attorney McGown replied that he did not care to be interviewed, as he had his official duties to perform in the matter. "And these duties" he said, "I am going to perform."

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El Paso Times, El Paso, Texas, Friday, October 19, 1888 Page 6

Horse Race.

There will be a free for all horse race Saturday evening at 2 o'clock, on the track north of the Texas & Pacific section house. Ten dollars entrance fee. Three horses have already been entered, one by J. W. O'Neil, one by Jack Krater and one by W. Johnson. The race will be a quarter of a mile, three heats, the winner to take entire pool. Horses can be entered up to hour of race by depositing entrance fee with Mr. Ed Bradley, at the Bacchus Saloon.

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El Paso Times, El Paso, Texas, Saturday, July 6, 1889 Page 7

Thursday night there was a regular pitched battle between the Bacchus and Wigwam saloons, the former gave a grand display of fireworks. Roman candles and bombs were the arms used in the battle.

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El Paso Herald, El Paso, Texas, Wednesday, May 31, 1905 Page 7

NOTED SALOON CLOSES ITS DOORS ASTOR HOUSE IS OUT OF BUSINESS FOREVER, IT IS SAID.

Stock is Sold to the Gem and a Jewelry Store Will Occupy the Place That Was Once Most Noted Gambling House in Southwest

The Astor House, one of the pioneer saloons of El Paso, closed its doors yesterday and from present indications the history of this famous resort is now all recorded. The suppression of gambling put it out of business, it is said. As the Astor House and a saloon, it is out of business forever and, although the deal has not been made public it is understood that one of El Paso's leading jewelry stores will soon occupy the building.

Clarence E. Dixon, the proprietor of the Astor House, has sold his stock of wines and liquors to Joseph L. Koph, of the firm of Look and Koph, of the Gem saloon.

When asked this morning if he intended to reopen the saloon, in the present location, Mr. Koph replied that he did not intend to do so.

Further inquiry developed the fact that the Gem saloon did not intend to move into this building as many had supposed.

The stock of the two saloons will be consolidated, it is understood, and the Gem saloon when it vacates for Cannon Mercantile company, will probably move into the room now occupied by the D. & H. shoe store one door north of the present location.

The Astor House, situated at 107 San Antonio Street, was one of the pioneer saloons of the city and in its early days as a money maker, it was such a success that foundations were laid for fortunes that have since grown to millions.

Until the year 1888, the building was occupied by Kohlberg Brothers with a cigar factory and store. In this year they moved out and the Bradley Brothers, Ed and John, together with Messrs. McLean and Eggers, opened it up as headquarters for the Cactus Club and gave it that name. Later, the name was changed to the Bacchus, while still under the same management. In 1890 Col. Si Ryan bought it and it was changed to the Astor House, which title it retained until its close.

The Astor House was in its time the most widely known sporting headquarters in the southwest, In El Paso's palmy days of Monte Carlo fame. From its opening under the Bradley Bros. in 1888 or 1889 until November 19, 1904, when the lid was put on for good in El Paso, gambling never ceased in this place, except during the short life of several reform movements that started at different times in its history. All the gaming tables were run by three shifts of men, each shift working eight hours, and up until the memorable November 19, last fall, huge signs on the walls bore the words, "These games never close." But about 10 o'clock on Saturday night, November 19, 1904 someone posted a blank piece of white paper over the word "never" on those signs and write "at midnight" after the word "close." and true to the revised wording of the signs open gambling disappeared at midnight from El Paso.

During the two years the Bradley brothers and McLean and Eggers were in charge of the place, success unparalleled in the history of El Paso is said to have attended them, and the Bradley brothers especially laid the foundation of a fortune which has passed the million-dollar mark. These two men who made their stake in this place now own, it is said, a greater part of Palm Beach, Florida, the noted millionaires' winter resort.

About 1890 McLean and Eggers went across the street to the Wigwam and Si Ryan bought the place naming it the Astor House. Later Ryan died. His brother bought the lease and continuing the business but Clarence B. Dixon bought the lease and continued in charge until its close yesterday. He prospered as the others had done, until gambling was closed, after which business waned until the place no longer paid him.

Thus passes a relic of the early days which will never again return. The Astor House will be replaced by a business of another sort which will more indelibly mark the passing of the border town and Monte Carlo of earlier days and bring just that much nearer the "Greater El Paso."

Take the Money and run – To Chicago

After Col. Bradley and his brother divested themselves of their El Paso holdings, they headed off to Chicago, a city coming into it's own. In Chicago, the Bradley's invested in real estate and in casino operations. One of the properties that they got involved with was the original Del Prado Hotel. They had obviously done very well in El Paso.

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Chicago Tribune, Wednesday, February 5, 1908, Page 3

After Hours in Hyde Park

Prosecution of the Del Prado Hotel proprietors on the charge of selling liquor without a license was ordered by Corporation Counsel Brundage in a communication to City Prosecutor George H. White.

The same action, it is understood, will be taken against Chicago Beach Hotel, both places are in prohibition territory.

Attorneys Church, McMurphy & Sherman, representing the Chicago Law and Order league and Hyde Park Protective association, secured the evidence against the hotels.

Edward R. Bradley and William S Meserve are proprietors of the Del Prado, and the action will be directed against them.



Chicago Tribune, Tuesday, November 29, 1910, Page 15

\$150,000 PRICE OF FEE UNDER HOTEL

**M. H. Cartwright Buys the Del Prado Property; 99 Year Lease Given Back
G. FRED RUSH IN DEAL**

With others Sells Land Under Its Michigan Avenue Buildings to L. C. Railroad.

The fee under the Del Prado Hotel on Midway Plaisance just west of Illinois Central Railroad was sold yesterday by Lewis E. Ingalls of Joliet to M. H. Cartwright of Nashville, Tennessee for \$150,000, the seller taking back a ninety-nine year lease on the land at an annual rent of \$8,000, or 2.33 per cent upon the selling price.

Chicago Tribune (Chicago, Illinois) - Fri, Mar 23, 1917 - Page 12

RESORTS AND HOTELS. RESORTS AND HOTELS.

"HERE IS AN IDEAL CHICAGO HOME"



Hotel Del Prado :: Chicago, Illinois

With all its Beautiful SURROUNDINGS.

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE. On the Midway Boulevard and Jackson Park, where there are two thoroughly kept golf courses; 120 tennis courts; miles of equestrian paths; beautiful walks; quiet nooks; electric launches; boating and real bathing all summer in cool Lake Michigan. All free to Hotel Del Prado guests.

You can here get all the luxuries of the country and the city while living in this luxurious hotel, which has always been patronized by a select class of guests. The splendid dining room facilities and the perfect service add to your enjoyment.

RATES: On just the good AMERICAN PLAN.

Illinois Central Express Service at our door.

About 400 rooms with bath.

Make reservations right NOW, by letter, wire, or call in person. Otherwise you may be disappointed.

EDWARD R. BRADLEY,
Proprietor.

H. H. McLEAN,
Manager.

The land has a south frontage of 800 feet on the Midway, an east frontage of 250 feet on Washington avenue and a west frontage of 200 feet on Madison avenue, and the average depth of 225 feet. The sale is on the basis of \$300 a front foot and about \$2 a square foot. The Del Prado, which is four stories high, was erected in 1893 at a cost of \$200,000. It is one of the few of the many hotels built prior to the World's Fair that has proved a success.

It is convenient to Washington and Jackson Parks, is within a five minutes walk of Lake Michigan, and is only across the street from the University of Chicago. Mr. Ingalls now is expending \$100,000 on new equipment and appointments, a new power house being erected at a cost of \$35,000. The hotel is conducted by E. R. Bradley, who holds the property under lease for ten years, expiring May 1, 1911, and he has now renewed it for an additional term of ten years from that date an approximate net annual rental to the lessor of \$20,000. The sale of the fee and the lease were negotiated by Charles H. Goodykoontz & Co.

Chicago Tribune, Sunday, January 27, 1918, Page 13



KILLED

Hotel Manager of Chicago Dies In The West

Hector H. McLean for the last fifteen years manager of the Del Prado Hotel, was killed yesterday near Cascade Colo. When an automobile stage in which he was riding was struck by an engine on the Colorado Midland railroad. Charles Anderson of Cripple Creek and J. T. Hawkins of Colorado Springs also were killed. Edward McLean, sixteen years old, son of the hotel man, escaped.

Mr. McLean had gone to Colorado to appoint a manager for a mine owned by E. R. Bradley, owner of the Del Prado Hotel. Mr. Bradley is in Palm Beach, Fla.

Mr. McLean was born in Finch, Ont. 41 years ago. He had been a resident of Chicago for many years and was a member of the South Shore Country Club and was a Shriner. He is survived by his widow and three children. In addition to Edward there being Hector, 12 and Robert, 2 years old. The body will be returned to Chicago.

(Editor's Note: He was out traveling to the property of John R. Bradley who owned a large ranch and mining lands in Colorado)

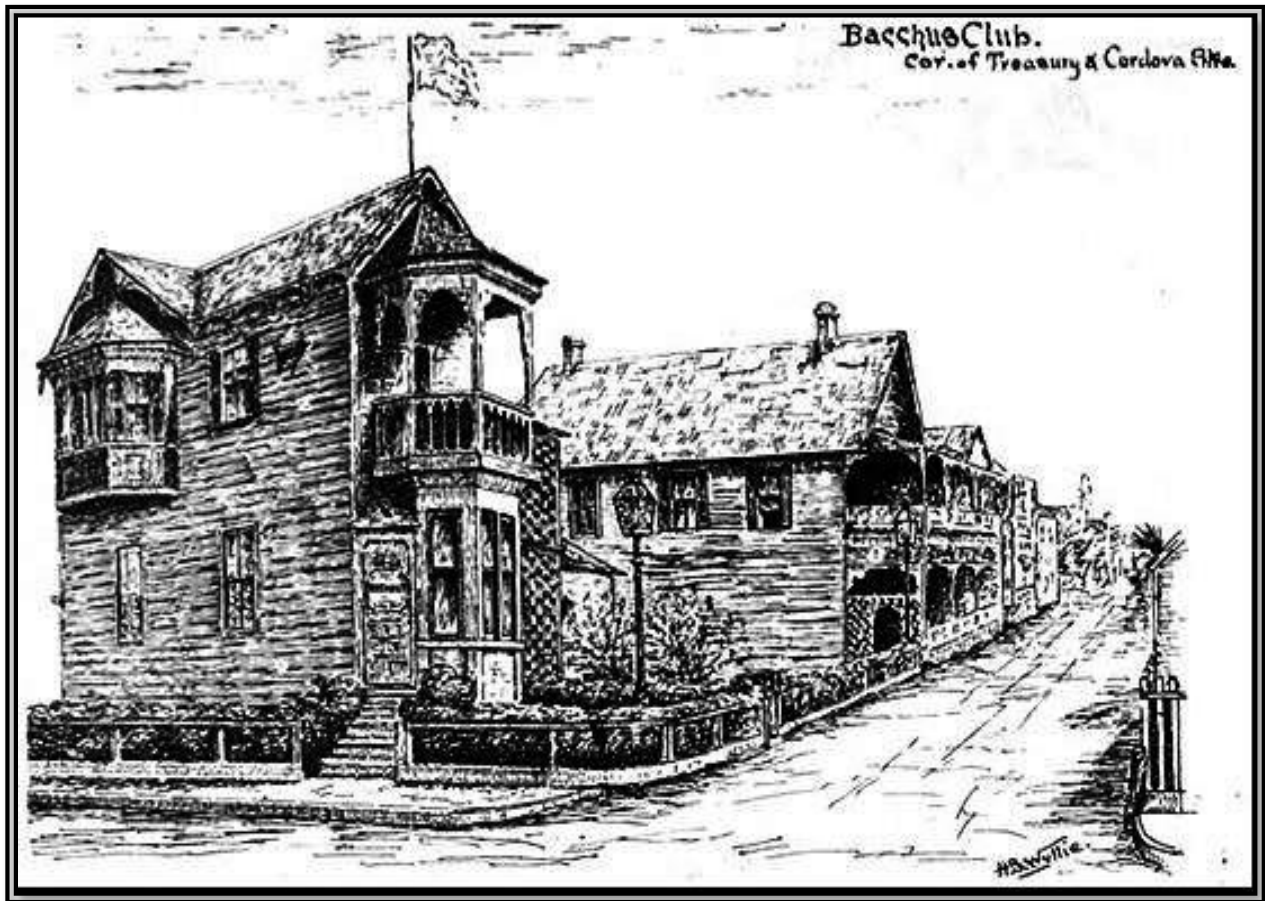
Chicago Tribune, Sunday, November 10, 1918, Page 19

Del Prado Hotel Sold; Manager Now is Head

The Del Prado hotel at fifty-ninth street and Blackstone avenue has changed hands. The new management took charge yesterday. A. J. Sheppard, manager of the hotel for more than ten years, is head of the syndicate which purchased the lease and furnishings. E. R. Bradley is the retiring owner. The consideration is not stated. Mr. Sheppard formerly was manager of the Virginia and Gladstone hotels. He was at each place for three or four years.

ST. AUGUSTINE DAYS

In 1891, three years after Flagler opened the Ponce de Leon Hotel, pictured above, the Bradley brothers introduced casino-style gambling to Florida when they moved their Club Bacchus dine-and-dice operation from Chicago to a St. Augustine cottage on the corner of Cordova and Treasury Streets. "When the Bradleys moved on to Palm Beach. The Ponce's moved the Ponce family-owned funeral home into the Bacchus Club's former location," said historian Jim Ponce.



The Miami News, Saturday, January 8, 1910, Page 10

JOHN F. OLIVE MAKES VISIT TO MIAMI AND IS ACCOMPANIED BY NEW PROPRIETOR OF THE SEMINOLE CLUB—RETURNS TO ST.AUGUSTINE.

John F. Olive of New York, proprietor of the Seminole Club of this city, arrived in Miami yesterday, to spend several days, going from here to St. Augustine, where he will spend the winter. Mr. Olive has disposed of his interests in the club to L. L. Betis, of New York, who also arrived yesterday, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Phil Daly.

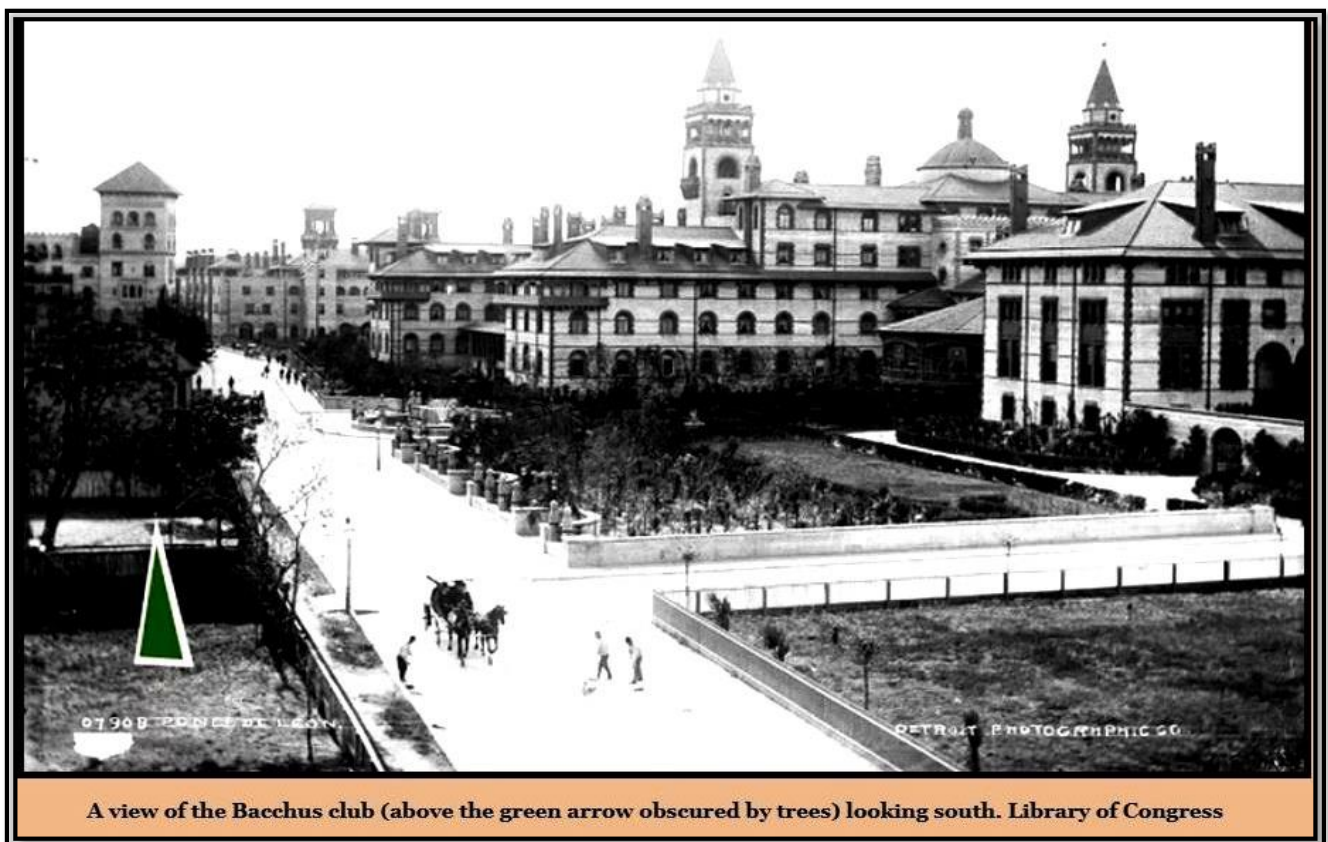
Mr. Olive has purchased the Bacchus Club in St. Augustine, one of the fashionable clubs of that city, adjoining the Ponce de Leon hotel, where he will hereafter spend the winter.

Orlando Evening Star, Friday, July 12, 1963 Miami Edition, Page 21

The Bradleys had the Bacchus Club at St. Augustine before opening their Palm Beach casino. We had thought it and the Ponce de Leon had been opened in the same year, though there never was a mention of the Bradleys in Florida in the 1880s.

Now, however, we have found that the Bacchus Club opened Jan. 26, 1893, in a building they had remodeled directly opposite the Ponce.

There had been gambling in St. Augustine before then, though. In 1889, the season safely over, the sheriff ostentatiously raided the gamblers, beginning with the "Lorillard cottage." That tobacco family ran no gambling house; they had leased or sold the property, which became a small exclusive hotel.



**Ponce Funeral Home,
the former Bacchus Club.**



IDLE HOUR FARM

(His Old Kentucky Home)

DARBY DAN FARM was formed from the core of the famed Idle Hour Stock Farm owned by E.R. Bradley, who first buried horses here. Previous to this, the farm was known as Ash Grove Stock Farm and was home to the great trotting sire George Wilkes, who is said to have been buried on the property in an unmarked grave. Bradley honored his foundation stallion Black Toney with a statue over his grave, which remains today, located near the stallion barns. Bradley also buried his Kentucky Derby winner Bubbling Over here, and the mare Blossom Time (dam of the top class Blue *Larkspur*).

Darby Dan Farm (Idle Hour Farm) - Today



The farm is also probably the site of burial of Bradley's first winner, Friar John (1895), who was still alive as a pensioner in 1926 and was promised a final place to rest on Idle Hour, although his date of death is unknown. Idle Hour stallion North Star III, who died in 1935, is probably also buried here. Bradley also bred the Kentucky Derby winner Brokers Tip, who is buried at the Kentucky Derby Museum at Churchill Downs, Louisville.

Upon the death of Bradley in 1945, Idle Hour was sold and broken up into smaller farms. The parcel on the southern side of Old Frankfort Pike was sold to King Ranch, which owned it into the 1980s, and is now known as Old Frankfort Place where Bradley-bred Blue Larkspur is buried. A southern parcel became Danada Farm, which is now Mare Haven Farm. The core of the farm, on the north side of Old Frankfort Pike, was for a short time known as Circle M. Farm, owned by Charles W. Moore.

Daniel W. Galbreath purchased the property and renamed it Darby Dan Farm. Later, Darby Dan horses were also laid to rest here and include the great Italian champion Ribot, as well as his sons, the good stakes winners and sire brothers Graustark and His Majesty. Galbreath's homebred Roberto won the Derby at Epsom and became a leading international sire. Other Darby Dan burials include the good stakes winners Summertan and Good Council, and the broodmares Darby Dunedin and Flower Bowl (dam of Graustark and His Majesty).

Darby Dan Farm also has a division near Columbus, Ohio, the home of its owner, Daniel Galbreath. Some of the farm's pensioners were brought to the Ohio farm to live out their days, including the great runner and producer Primonetta, Champion Handicap Mare of 1962 and Broodmare of the Year in 1978, and Queen's Paradise, dam of champion filly Tempest Queen. -- A.P.



Statue of "Black-Toney

Thoroughbred horse racing

In 1898, Edward Bradley purchased his first race horse which quickly led to the acquisition of others. In 1906, he bought Ash Grove Stock Farm, a 400-acre (1.6 km²) property near Lexington, Kentucky which he renamed Idle Hour Stock Farm. This became the leading Thoroughbred breeding operation in the American South and added greatly to the rise of Kentucky as the most important horse breeding state in America and the Kentucky Derby as the country's premier race.

At Idle Hour Stock farm, Bradley built first class stables and breeding and training facilities. Bradley introduced the fibre skull-cap worn by jockeys and as a racetrack owner made improvements to the starting gates. All- of- his- horses were given a name that began with the Bradley "B". His stallion Black Toney, purchased from James R. Keene in 1912, became the farm's first important sire. In December 1930, Bradley purchased the French mare La Troienne, who had been consigned by owner Marcel Boussac to the New-, market England Sales.

Over the years, Bradley's horses were conditioned for racing by several trainers such as Willie Knapp and Edward Haughton, but William A. "Bill" Hurley and future U.S. Racing Hall of Fame trainer Herbert J. Thompson met with the most success.

Bill Hurley trained Kalitan, who won the 1917 Preakness Stakes, and Bagen-baggage, who won the 1926 Latonia and Louisiana Derbys and was second to Bradley's own Bubbling Over in the Kentucky Derby. Hurley won the 1935 Florida Derby, Coaching Club Amer-ican Oaks and American Derby with the great filly and 1991 Racing Hall of Fame induc-tee Black Helen. Another of Bill Hurley's important Hall of Fame horses was Bime-lech who earned U.S. Champion 2-Yr-Old Colt and 3-Year-Old honors in 1939 and 1940 respectively, and just missed winning the U.S. Triple Crown when he finished second in the 1940 Kentucky Derby, then won both the Preakness and Belmont Stakes.

Herbert Thompson trained Bradley horses that won numerous important stakes race including four Kentucky Derbys, two of which were the first ever back-to-back wins by a trainer or by an owner. Thompson won one of the Derbys with Burgoo King in 1932, who also won that year's Preakness Stakes. The most important horse Thompson trained for Edward Bradley was Blue Larkspur. The colt won the 1929 Belmont Stakes and was voted United States Horse of the Year honors and in 1930, U.S. Champion Older Male Horse.

Edward Bradley raced horses at Arlington Park in Chicago as well as in New York, where Thoroughbred racing flourished at several race tracks near New York City and on Long Island. In addition to two wins in the prestigious Belmont Stakes, his horses won other important New York area races such as the:

- Jerome Handicap (1920)
- Withers Stakes (1929)
- Matron Stakes (1930, 1932, 1935, 1944)
- Alabama Stakes (1933)
- Adirondack Stakes (1934, 1935, 1944)
- Champagne Stakes (1934)
- Saratoga Special Stakes (1934, 1939)
- Test Stakes (1934)
- Coaching Club American Oaks (1935)
- Belmont Futurity (1939)

- **Saranac Handicap (1942)**
- **Beldame Stakes (1946)**
- **Frizette Stakes (1946)**
- **Gazelle Handicap (1946)**

Race track ownership

Bradley was an owner of the Palmetto Club in New Orleans, Louisiana, which serviced a betting clientele for local horse races. In 1926, Edward Bradley purchased the Fair Grounds Race Course. In 1932, after making a substantial investment in Joseph E. Widener's new Hialeah Park Race Track near Miami, Florida,

The "Colonel E.R. Bradley Handicap" is named in his memory and is raced annually in January at the Fair Grounds Race Course. In 1971, he was part of the inaugural class of inductees into the Fair Grounds Racing Hall of Fame.

More about that Horseracing thing...

At the end of the 19th century, Col. Edward Riley Bradley - a self-proclaimed gambler, bookmaker, and owner-manager of several casinos - was informed by his physician that a more outdoor lifestyle that might be beneficial to his health.

Something as easy as taking walks or hikes might have done the trick, but this was much too slow-paced for Bradley. In his mind, the most sensible thing to do was start a racing stable, where he could benefit from outdoor living simultaneously while building an empire in a sport deeply intertwined with gambling. What a picture-perfect scenario!

Born on Dec. 12, 1859, Bradley was not really a colonel. , Although he partook in many different enterprises and activities During His younger days, military life was not among them. The "colonel" was part of his name and was an honorary title; I was a classic "Kentucky Colonel." Thanks to his achievements in horse racing, he also in Kentucky became a legend.

Having made the decision to delve into horse racing, Bradley - like many other successful sportsmen of the time - wasted little time buying up talented horses, Hundreds of acres of land and some quality broodmares to establish a racing stable and breeding farm. Forty years later, he had irrevocably changed the sport of horse racing for the better, and the legacy of his breeding farm extends to this day.

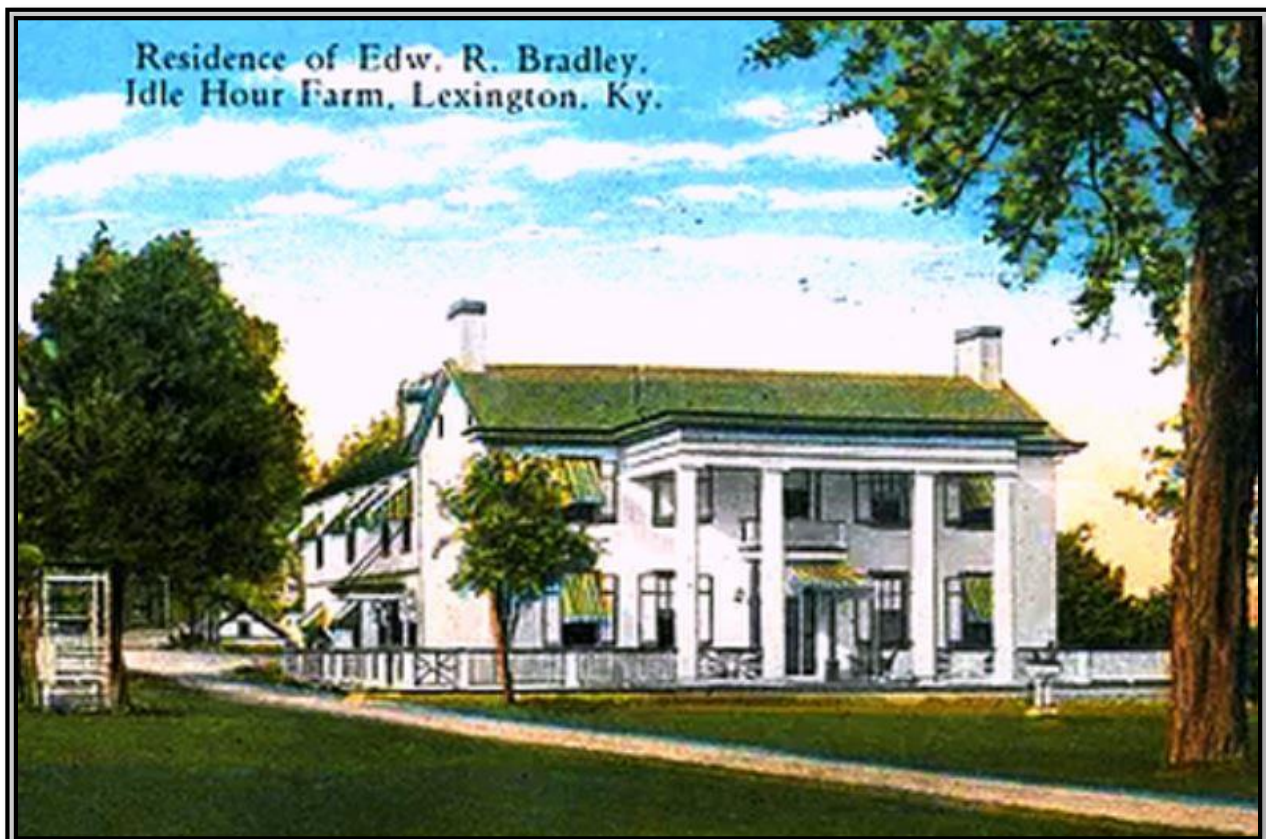
In 1898, Bradley bought his first horse and in 1906 purchased Ash Grove Stock Farm near Lexington, Kentucky. and renamed it Idle Hour Stock Farm. Bradley developed Idle Hour into one of America's leading breeding operations. Under the name of Idle Hour Stock Farm, Bradley bred more than 125 stakes winners from 1906 through 1946, but it was the quality of these horses - and the quality of one broodmare in particular - That had a lasting impact on the sport.

One of the first successful horses raced by Bradley was a tough-as-nails gelding by the name of Bad News. As a result of that success, Bradley began the tradition of choosing names only that began with the letter "B" for his horses. One would have thought that eventually Bradley would run out of names, but this was far from the case-while he did eventually have to use names like Bee Mac, Bric a Bac, Bymeabond, Bug Juice, and Bee Ann Mac, His creativity ensured That I never ran out of names. As a side effect, all of the best

horses bred and raced had "B" names. These included Bimelech, an unbeaten champion 2-year-old colt won the WHO, later Preakness and Belmont Stakes; Blue Larkspur, who won four of six starts in 1929 en route to being recognized as horse of the year; and Busher, who beat the odds on multiple occasions to become one of only 12 fillies that has been recognized as a US Horse of the Year. Some of Bradley's greatest Successes meat in the Kentucky Derby, a race that he dominated in the 1920s and 1930s. He won the race four times (as both owner and breeder).

During That timeframe, and - incredibly - His horses swept the first two finishing positions on two occasions. Interestingly, the best-remembered of Bradley's Derby winners was the least accomplished as a racehorse: Brokers Tip won just one race in 14 career starts, but had the good sense to make it count by scoring a nose victory in the 1933 Kentucky Derby. Even still, it's very likely that he would be long forgotten if not for the fact that his jockey and the jockey of runner-up Head Play engaged in a fight down the home-stretch in which they grabbed each other's silks and boots and even struck at each as they battled each other for command of the race. Brokers Tip crossed the wire in front and, after an inquiry, the results were left as posted.

But as Mentioned above, Bradley's greatest impact on the sport would come through one broodmare. At the end of 1930, Bradley Purchased a 4-year-old filly by the name of * La Troienne from a sale in Europe. As a racehorse, she had failed to win in seven starts, but as the daughter of Teddy, she had a quality pedigree and it was suggested that she could be a valuable brood-mare. In the end, she proved to be much more than that. She produced five stakes winners that included the Bradley's champions Black Helen and Bimelech, but her daughters proved to be even more successful, and founded an epic, wide-spreading family of descendants That includes affectionately, Allez France, Buck-



passer, Easy Goer, Go for Gin, Mineshaft, More Than Ready, Pleasant Tap, Princess Rooney, Sea Hero, Smarty Jones and many other standouts.

Bradley passed away in 1946, and the majority of his horses were purchased by fellow racehorse breeders John Hay Whitney, Robert Kleberg, Jr., and Ogden Phipps. That group extended the legacy of Bradley's empire by breeding many champions of their own from his quality farm stock. To this day, breeders and racing fans alike still value the descendants of Bradley's horses, Particularly those that descend from The La Troi-enne.

His farm may be gone, but Bradley's legacy lives on.

See more at: <http://www.americasbestracing.net/en/the-latest/blogs/2015/8/10/col-e-r-radley-kentucky-colonel-kentucky-legend/#sthash.EQBRutCn.dpuf>



Idle Hour Farm Lexington, Kentucky was formerly Old Frankfort Place –

King Ranch Kentucky Division.



THE BEACH CLUB

PALM BEACH - CIRCA 1906

BRADLEY'S BEACH CLUB

Beginning in 1898, the guests of the Royal Poinciana Hotel and The Breakers were within walking distance of a major new attraction: Bradley's Beach Club, a gambling casino and restaurant. Colonel Edward Riley "E. R." Bradley and his brother, John "Jack" Bradley, built the Beach Club just north of today's Flagler Memorial Bridge, on land purchased from then-State Senator Elisha Dimick. E. R. Bradley was most associated with the club and eventually bought out his brother.

Once Bradley decided to let women gamble, the venture prospered and became what many considered the world's finest gambling casino. In the earlier years, roulette and hazard were the only games offered. Later *chemin de fer* was added, a variation of baccarat, with a \$5,000 limit. Although gambling was illegal in Florida, the Beach Club circumvented that technicality by operating as a private club. Security was provided by men recruited from the Tennessee mountains.

The club was very simply decorated in green and white, with lighting that Bradley said flattered a woman's complexion more than harsh, bright lights.

In the dining room, which seated up to 212 people, Bradley wanted the best food, no matter what it cost. They ordered "most everything" from New York, said Bradley's long-time secretary Tom Bohne, where chef Gene Braccho went each fall to collect menus from the best restaurants. The Beach Club then charged the highest New York prices plus ten cents, but still lost money on the dining room.

Drinking and smoking were not allowed in the gambling rooms, only in the dining room, where the headwaiter would oversee the consumption of alcohol. "It was difficult to control," said Bohne, especially during Prohibition, when diners brought their own beverages: "They would be called to the telephone [and Bradley would] meet 'em and say, 'Young man, you're drinking a little heavy tonight. Come back tomorrow and everything

will be settled.' If the fella got unruly, he was out. But it was done in a nice manner."

Bradley's Beach Club: The Rules of the Game

Tom Bohne, secretary to E. R. Bradley, and self-described "overseer of everything" Harry Redifer, recounted just how exclusive the Beach Club was:

Only gentlemen were allowed membership. A woman had to be escorted at all times by a gentleman member. No one under 26 years old was permitted in the club, even in the dining rooms. Bradley's logic was, a young man was likely to claim he was 22, thinking that 21 was required, so they would know he was not 26.

In the early years, Florida residents were restricted from the club, because they could be called to testify about the club's activities. When this rule was relaxed, Bradley still did not want Palm Beach business owners as members, said Bohne: "People who came down from New York, opened a little store, they'd come in and gamble and lose their money. If they lost the store's money, he'd give them back as much as two or three thousand. He didn't want to take that kind of money."

Bradley only wanted people to gamble who could afford to lose. Further, he wanted them to enjoy themselves. Bohne:

Many a time when the customer would win, why, he'd be tickled, he'd really be pleased, because so many would lose during the Season ... anyway. If [a member] could get some pleasure out of it, extending his time at the table and being seen and enjoy passing checks back and forth, that was [Bradley's] idea of entertainment. And that's just what it was.

Bradley was well thought of by the residents of Palm Beach. James M. Owens called Col. Bradley, "one of the finest men I ever knew, whose word was just better than most people's bond, and he contributed a great deal to the growth and development of Palm Beach and its beauty and loveliness."

Avoiding the Law

Everyone seems to think, and he probably did, [E. R. Bradley] had to pay off officials, but I was with him 20 years and during that time, I could swear that I never saw him pay anyone a penny of [bribery]. Yes, he was raided several times, but they was [sic] always tipped off and he had everything hid away, and ... the guests would sit down and drink tea at the tables. ... And they would all join in the fun while the inspector from the governor's office would go around and search the place—not too methodically, but search the place. The [gambling] tables all folded up and looked like a tea table when they took the layout off of them. Harry Redifer built the [hiding] places for them.

Tom Bohne
Secretary to E. R. Bradley

St. Edward

E. R. Bradley's secretary, Tom Bohne, recalled that his employer, a Catholic, supported every local church, and repeated a story from Palm Beacher Charlie Ward:

The Methodist church was in need of an organ. Somebody had bought the organ for them but in the meantime, they'd lost their money and they couldn't get it out of storage. So [Judge] E.B. Donnell ... went to Mr. Bradley and said, "It'll take \$2,000 to get this organ out of hock and the church needs it pretty badly." Mr. Bradley gave Donnell the \$2,000 and he got the organ and installed it. Charlie tells that later the minister was up on the altar and was delivering a tirade against gambling and mentioned the Beach Club specifically. So Charlie went around the back of him and said, "Now listen, Reverend ... I'm a member of your congregation, I pay my dues, I contribute what I can afford. One thing I can't stand for, you have Col. Bradley's music in the back of your church, and you blast him in the front of the church."

From an interview on file at the HSPBC.

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Invited Guests

Secretary Thomas Tipton "T. T." Reese was an early Beach Club employee who had come to Palm Beach with the railroad and worked at the Royal Poinciana Hotel. In 1962 Reese's son T. T. Reese, Jr. related childhood memories of Col. and Mrs. Bradley, who lived in a large stone house on the north side of the club:

I had a little stand down there, I mean a few packing boxes, and I used to sell fruit and flowers and coconuts and things right in front of the club. Colonel Bradley let me do that, y'know. And Auntie [Agnes] Bradley, of course, his wife, she was a wonderful lady. Every afternoon about 5:00, we'd close up the little packing boxes and get 'em all bundled up and put 'em in the wagon to take home, and she'd invite us up to the house to have ... Baked Alaska [and] macaroons [from Majewski's Bakery on Clematis Street]. And we'd sit there in the living room, y'know, dirty little kids, barefooted as yard dogs, on beautiful rugs.

Colonel Edward Riley Bradley (December 12, 1859 – August 15, 1946) was an American steel mill laborer, gold miner, businessman and philanthropist, as well as a race track proprietor, he was the preeminent owner and breeder of Thoroughbred racehorses in the Southern United States during the first three decades of the 20th Century. Testifying before a United States Senate committee in April 1934, Bradley identified himself as a "speculator, raiser of race horses and gambler." He made the cover of *TIME* magazine on May 7, 1934. In the year 2000, the Florida Department of State honored him as one of their Great Floridians.

Born in Johnstown, Pennsylvania of Irish descent. His ancestors were from Drapers-town, County Londonderry, then in Ireland. At age fourteen, Edward Bradley was working as a roller in a steel mill before heading for Texas in 1874 to work on a ranch. During the Wild West era, legend says that he traveled about, working as a cowboy, a scout for General Nelson A. Miles during the Indian War campaigns, and was a friend of Wyatt Earp and considered Billy the Kid to be bad news.

Gaming businesses

Whatever the myths may be, Bradley did in fact become successful as a gambler and eventually established a bookmaking partnership that served horse racing bettors at race

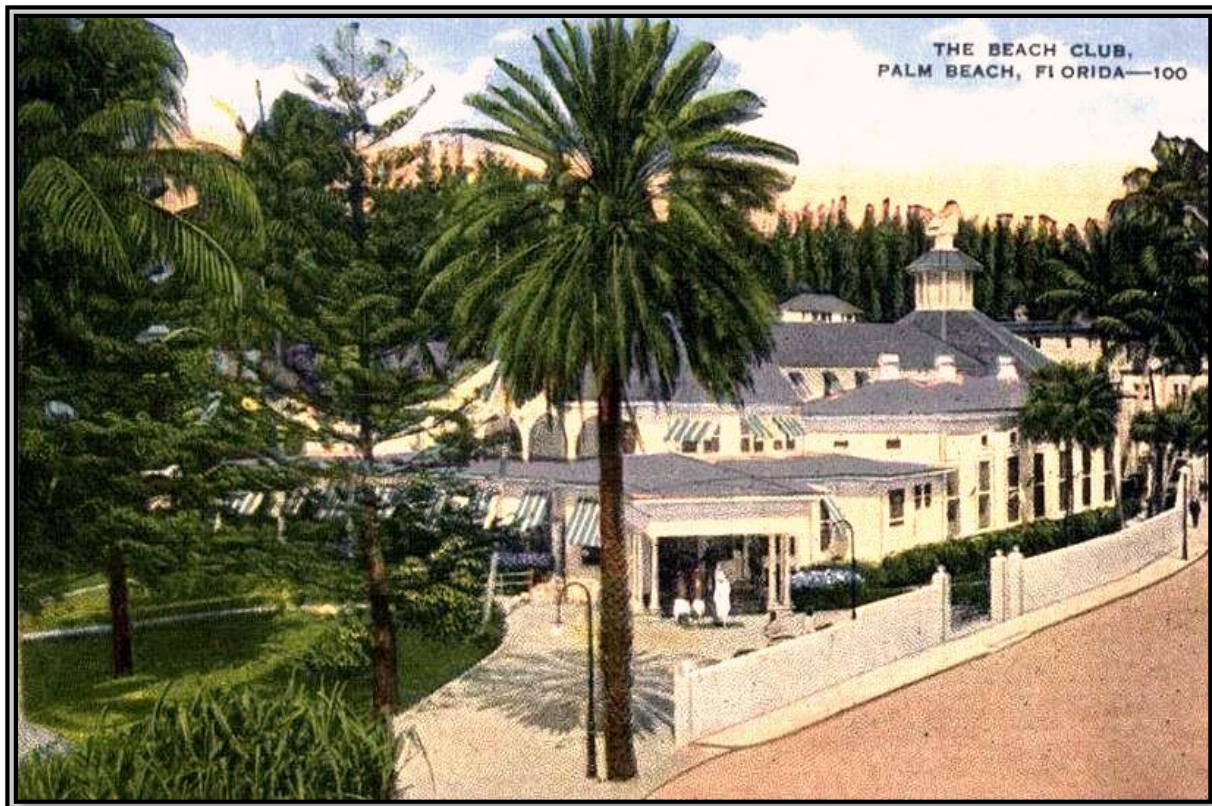
tracks in Hot Springs, Arkansas, Memphis, Tennessee and in St. Louis, Missouri where he married local girl, Agnes Cecilia Curry. He eventually went to Chicago, Illinois where he would own a hotel, and probably a sports betting operation, and maintain business interests for the remainder of his life.

By 1891, Bradley had accumulated considerable wealth. Bradley moved to St. Augustine in 1891 where he worked in real estate. In 1898, he moved him to build the Beach Club on Lake Worth Lagoon in Palm Beach. The exclusive restaurant and private gambling casino made him wealthy and he would expand operations to New Orleans, Louisiana with the opening of the Palmetto Club.

Philanthropy

Edward Bradley and his wife Agnes had no children, but donated money to orphanages. Annually in the fall, they held a racing day at Idle Hour Farm to raise money that was donated to various orphanages. They provided funding to various charitable causes such the Good Samaritan Medical Center and St. Mary's Medical Center in West Palm Beach.

His wife died in 1926 and Bradley bequeathed much of their Palm Beach property and personal residence to the city on the condition the land be used as a public park. Seven and 3/4 acres of lakefront property were bequeathed to St. Ann's parish along with the wish that it be used as a school for girls. The school that opened in 1926 was named St-Ann-on-the-Lake in honor of Bradley's wife, although later it changed its name to Rosarian Academy. Honored in 2000 as one of its "Great Floridians" by the Florida Department of State, his Great Floridian commemorative plaque is located at E.R. Bradley's Saloon at 104 Clematis Street in West Palm Beach.



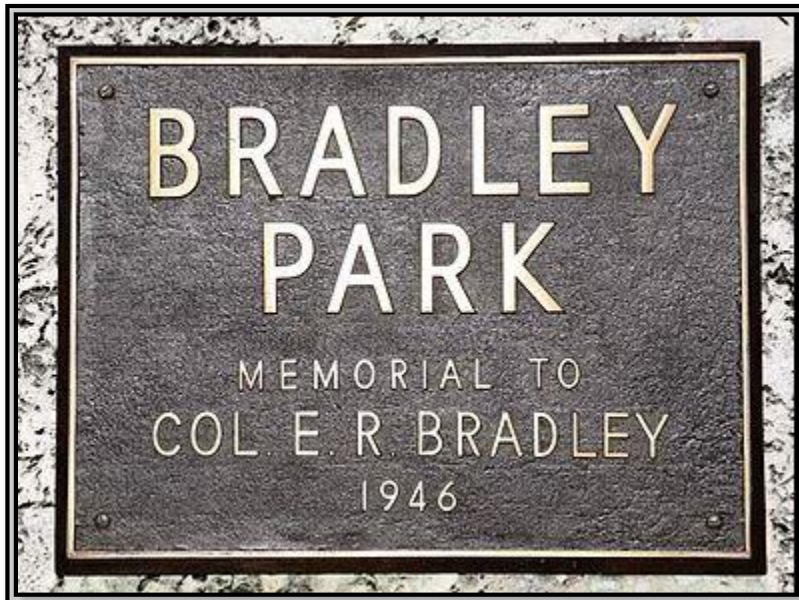
Edward R. Bradley died at Idle Hour Stock Farm on August 15, 1946 at age 86. He was buried next to his wife in Lexington's Calvary Cemetery.

The Palm Beach Post Thursday, Dec. 19, 1946

By: Emilie Keyes Post-Times Staff

John R. Bradley Tells Plans For Razing Old Beach Club

Plans for razing the old Beach Club building next summer and transforming the grounds into a lake front park that will eventually revert to the Town of Palm Beach were revealed Wednesday by John R. Bradley, brother of the late Col. Edward R. Bradley, on his arrival at the Breakers Hotel, where he will spend several weeks.



Mr. Bradley, co-owner with his brother of the properties in question, also revealed that his will provides that his half of the lake frontage shall be bequeathed to the Town of Palm Beach. Col. Bradley, who died Aug. 15, left his half to his brother, during the latter's lifetime and to the town thereafter.

"Town ordinances prohibit demolition proceedings in the season," Mr. Bradley explained, "so that nothing will get underway until next spring or summer, but I should like to see the property beautified and plan to start the work and if anything should

happen to me before it can be completed my son will carry on."

Despite a life of many interests and travels that have taken him far afield, Mr. Bradley has maintained his Florida residence and spent considerable time here. This season he will stay at the Breakers, where he will be joined for Christmas by his wife, but he plans to add a kitchen to his brother's house, which was serviced from the Beach Club during the colonel's lifetime, and to occupy it subsequently.

Amazingly youthful at 80, Mr. Bradley bears witness to the effects of the outdoor life he has always loved. At his ranch in Colorado Springs, he rides daily, a sport he doesn't feel is well suited to the Florida background. Even his grandchildren insist on thoroughbred saddle horses at an early age instead of ponies, he said.

Just as the breeding of race horses was the great love of his brother's life, big game hunting was his.

"When we were kids," he explained, "he was always riding any horse he could get his hands on. I was out shooting wildcats."

Mr. Bradley's adventures ranged from pioneering in Florida to safaris in darkest Africa. He advised Teddy Roosevelt on clothing and equipment for his big game hunting in Africa, based on personal experiences. His expeditions took him from Indo-China to Alaska, and the last big one was to the Arctic in 1907. Though he maintained he was going polar bear hunting, the trip had far greater significance for aboard the ship, the "John R. Bradley" he took Dr. F. A. Cook bound for two years of explorations that led to the famous controversy with Robert Edwin Peary as to who reached the North Pole.

Ask Mr. Bradley who really discovered the Pole, he'll tell you it was his men in no uncertain terms; brand the whole argument a newspaper fight, and cite reasons why he knows it was Cook.

In 1908 he married and stopped wandering. He'd seen all the strange places he wanted to explore, had collected enough trophies for both himself and museums. He's an honorary member of both the American Museum of Natural History and the New York Zoological Society, has aided in assembling several outstanding collections.

Among the many activities occupying him at the moment is the settlement of his brother's estate, for which he is executor. And among the duties involved in this position, one is the distribution of certain moneys and personal effects for educational, religious and charitable purposes, left to his discretion in a memo from his brother.

In this connection on his arrival here Wednesday he approved the gift of the baby grand piano from the Beach Club to the Palm Beach Private School as suggested by Mrs. Barry Shannon, when she was apprised of the school's need for one.

.....
The Tampa Tribune, Tuesday, March 9, 1915 Page 2

FINDS NO INDICTMENTS AGAINST THE BRADLEYS

NO GAMBLING DEVICES WERE DISCOVERED

Prominent Railroader fined For Failure to Appear Before the Grand Jury to Testify

PALM BEACH, Fla., March 8 -- No indictment were returned today by the grand jury against John R. Bradley and Edward Bradley, proprietors of the Beach Club here, charged with conducting a gambling establishment.

The Bradleys were released on bail after their arrest Friday night in connection with a raid on the club. The grand jury immediately began investigation. A number of witnesses, including a private detective said to have been employed by Governor Trammell of Florida, was examined. It was stated that no gambling devices were found.

James M. Schoonmaker of Pittsburg, vice-president of the Pittsburg & Lake Erie Railroad, and A. H. Gleason of New York, who subpoenaed to testify at the grand jury, were fined \$25 each for failure to appear. Other witnesses summoned included John

F. Fitzgerald, former Mayor of Boston, and his brother, H. S. Fitzgerald: Charles I. Cragin, banker of Philadelphia; H. S. Black of New York, Thomas D. Shevlin of Minneapolis, former Yale football star, and other men prominent in various parts of the country.

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News-Press, Fort Myers, Florida Monday, January 3, 1938 Page 4

Views Of Other Editors

Immune

Gov. Fred Cone, the headlines are screaming, has "cracked down" on the East Coast gambling resorts. Rumors say that he has, in a personal letter to Sheriff Hi Lawrence, mentioned Bradley's Casino by name. Sheriff Hi is quoted as saying that he has no "personal knowledge" of gambling at Bradley's.

You can't arrest a person on what others tell you," says he. And besides, he doesn't think there are any such joints in the county.

The worst of it is that the Sheriff of Palm Beach County is right, legally speaking, so far as Bradley's is concerned. No residents of Florida are admitted to the casino; according to tradition all players must have at least a million dollars worth of property, and there never was a plainclothesman in the world who could look, dress or act like a million dollars.

If all these people who howl about law enforcement would be willing to sign a complaint personally, it would be easier to enforce unpopular legislation, but ever since the days when they burned witches, the self-righteous lads have, in the main, fought shy of signing complaints.

Governor Cone and every other Governor Florida has ever had known pretty certainly that there is gambling going on in Bradley's casino. The wealthy residents and winter colonists want it, and they're going to have it. The governor will "crack down" on a lot of smaller fry, maybe, but any reference to Bradley's is pure grandstand. Other governors have made the same play, one of whom. We recall from our days in Palm Beach, was a little later in the season, an honored guest at Mr. Bradley's club, which then and probably now went under the simple style of the Country Club.

Same old wooden barn-like building, doubtless, still serving the best food in America, but no drinks (unless you count champagne or such trifles with the dinners, but never during the play) and still guarded by sharpshooters with high powered rifles. We remember (during the palmy republican days,) how one postmistress was fired for inefficiency because she refused to open up the stamp window after hours for some guy in a Rolls-Royce, who really was as important as he claimed. Governor Fred can't even play in the back yard at Bradley's and we doubt if a cop ever got inside the front door --

Winter Haven Herald

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GAMBLING RAID MADE ON PALM BEACH CLUB;

Bradley Brothers Arrested as Proprietors –

Prominent Men Subpoenaed as Witnesses.

GAMBLING RAID AT PALM BEACH

Special to The New York Times. MARCH 7, 1915

PALMS BEACH, Fla., March 6. -- After having withstood for twenty-seven years insinuations that they were operating a gaming room in the Beach Club at this resort, John and Edward Bradley, who live at the Biltmore when in New York and are known the world over in sporting circles, are under arrest for the first time in their lives, charged before the Grand Jury here with promoting gambling.

Palm Beachers were "aflutter" when they awakened in March 1915 to read this headline, the subject of national news. Although no gambling paraphernalia was found during the raid, a grand jury was convened to investigate a private investigator's allegation that Bradley's was one of the nation's largest gambling operations. None of the club's fifteen prominent "members" ever responded to subpoenas, including John "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald, Rose Kennedy's father who was a close friend of the Bradley brothers who had been coming to Palm Beach since 1900. Shortly thereafter, "... the whirr of the roulette table, the rattle of chips and the voices from the dealers could once again be heard at Bradley's ..."



The Inter Ocean, (Chicago, Illinois), Sunday, March 31, 1912, Page 31
By Karl K. Kitchen

This is a story of what I saw in one night in the greatest wide-open gamb-ling establishments in the United Sates.

The Place is the Beach Club, commonly known as Bradley's at Palm Beach, Fla. The most luxurious Temple of Chance on this side of the Atlantic, It bears the same relation to Palm Beach that the Casino does in Monte Carlo. It is an approved part of the general scheme.

Though gambling is wide open, there is not even a blot of interference by the state authorities.

Why? Palm Beach is owned by Henry M. Flagler—so is most of the state of Florida. Like Monaco, the popularity of Palm Beach is supposed to depend upon the prosperity of its gambling establishment. It is generally reported that "Bradley's" makes a net profit of half a million a year, which is not bad, considering that it is open only three months out of twelve.

John R. Bradley, hunter of big game and backer of Dr. Cook, is the man who operates this establishment.

Hot springs, Ark, French Lick, and Palm Beach are the three resorts in America where there is wide-open gambling for both men and women, free from all interferences by the

state and local authorities, but the games at Hot Springs and French Lick are for pikers. At Palm Beach they are for millionaires or for those who can live like millionaires for a few days in that delightful spot. It is a place where pikers can't pike.

It was 10 o'clock at night when I arrived in Palm Beach, and with other New Yorkers I hastily donned evening clothes and hurried to the Beach Club.

Evening dress is the strict rule at "Bradley's" after 7 p.m. But that said "twenty-five years of age" are practically the only requirements — except a bankroll. If one is faultlessly attired and "looks good" to Mr. Reese, the secretary of the "club" he is admitted without question.



If one is faultlessly attired and "looks good" to Mr. Reese, the secretary of the "club," he is admitted without question.

To be sure he is given a membership ticket and a little book of rules, but there are no dues, and member-ship only entitles you to risk your money.

When I received my membership card I passed from the lobby of the club building—a two story structure—late the main gambling room and to an atmosphere of pink lit fairy lamps and perfumed frou-frou. I found myself in the presence of perhaps two hundred men and handsomely gowned women grouped around six roulette and two bazaar tables in a beautiful octagonal room.

From the appearance of the crowd one would suppose they were attending an evening function at a fashionable Fifth avenue home. They were equally as numerous as the men, and their gowns were as elaborate as one would see at a Caruso night at the Metropolitan. Most of them were ablaze with diamonds.

Every person in the room except the black-coated croupiers seemed to have an aura of luxury—not merely the luxury of wealth but the luxury of its possession for at least two generations.

The men were gentlemen, the women their wives and daughters. There were no touts, barkeepers, no vacationists, horsemen with pasts or girls from the chorus. The Beach Club is no place for such people. If by chance they do get in, they are asked to leave the moment they are spotted—and when a “member” is asked to leave, there is no argument.

The game was at the height when I was told by E. R. Bradley, brother of John R. and the president of the “club,” to make myself at home. I turned to the roulette table, nearest at hand. A handsome man of fifty-five or sixty—one of the leading lawyers in New York—and two young women, his nieces, were betting hundred-dollar bills, while three or four others who were seated at the table were playing with five and ten dollar chips.

Later in the evening, when the crowd thinned out, the son of a famous Secretary of the Navy was playing at the same table with \$500 bills, and rumor had it that he dropped \$30,000 in less than an hour.

It is well to keep in mind that this is not a story of Monte Carlo. It concerns Palm Beach, the Mecca of fashionable New York for three months of the year. San Francisco in its early chuck-a-luck days was never more open. Canfield’s at Saratoga had a Puritanical atmosphere compared with the life and gayety at the Beach Club.

There are gambling houses in New York today—I was in one less than a month ago—but the games are behind barred doors, no women are admitted and, furthermore, there is little playing. People don’t play roulette in New York since Chief Flynn’s raids showed that most of the wheels were crooked. But at Palm Beach there is no suggestion of crookedness.

People in Palm Beach do not play to win. They play for amusement, because it is fashionable, because they have more money than they know what to do with. What if they do drop half a million in three months? They have had a good time.

Think of it! Eight gambling tables running full time, with an unlimited bank roll behind each and surrounded by the richest and most fashionable men and women in America!

The "Club" opens at noon. In addition to the games of chance it contains a restaurant where the most fashionable eat lunch and dine. Prices in the restaurant are about twice as high as at the Waldorf, hence it is the rendezvous of fashion.

Business, as the play is called, begins immediately after luncheon. The croupiers are always on hand. They live in a house by themselves near the club and are not allowed to mingle with the guests at the hotels.

As a rule, not more than three or four tables are running in the afternoon. It is usually 9 o'clock before the club is crowded and everything is in full swing.

At that time the diners at the club have finished dinner and the crowd from the hotels starts over in wheeled chairs. Sometimes the crowd is so great that it fills the club to over-flowing. People stand three deep around the tables waiting for a player to leave so that they can try their luck. At every table there are twenty or thirty standees, for many visit the club merely to look on.

Considering the multitude, part of which is continually moving, there is surprisingly little noise. In fact, the most profound tranquility prevails; scarcely a word is spoken. You might imagine yourself in a church, such stillness reigns.

The spinning of the marble alone breaks the silence. When it falls, the croupier indicates the winning number by pointing to the board, sweeping in the chips and money and paying the winners without a word. Chips, paper as well as gold and silver money can be bet. The lowest is 50 cents; the highest \$500.

Of course, the player is at liberty to bet on as many different chances as he desires. Unlike the roulette wheels at Monte Carlo, the wheels at "Bradley's" have two zeros. At Monte Carlo when zero appears, the bank leaves the simple chances on the board for the next play. If this adverse to the bank, your stake is liberated, otherwise the bank claims it; but there is no chance like this at Bradley's.

While the game is running, E. R. Bradley moves silently around from table to table, paying winners from a fat wallet containing scores of \$50, \$100 and \$500 bills.

There is no drinking in the gambling room. In the restaurant, however, there is a continuous popping of champagne corks until 2 in the morning, when most of the "members" leave for the hotels.

Few woo the fickle goddess according to a system. Nearly all the players trust to simple luck. For them it's only recreation—excitement they can't find in New York or anywhere else in America.

Now and then a sporty millionaire or plunger appears on the scene—usually with a stack of \$500 bills. The "Club" keeps open all night for him. Sometimes reports get around that \$25,000 or \$35,000 has been won or lost by players of this type.

It is common gossip that a New York politician lost \$26,000 there in one evening and that he took it so badly that he was given a percentage on the wheel in order to make it up. He has a cottage in Palm Beach, but now is barred from the club.

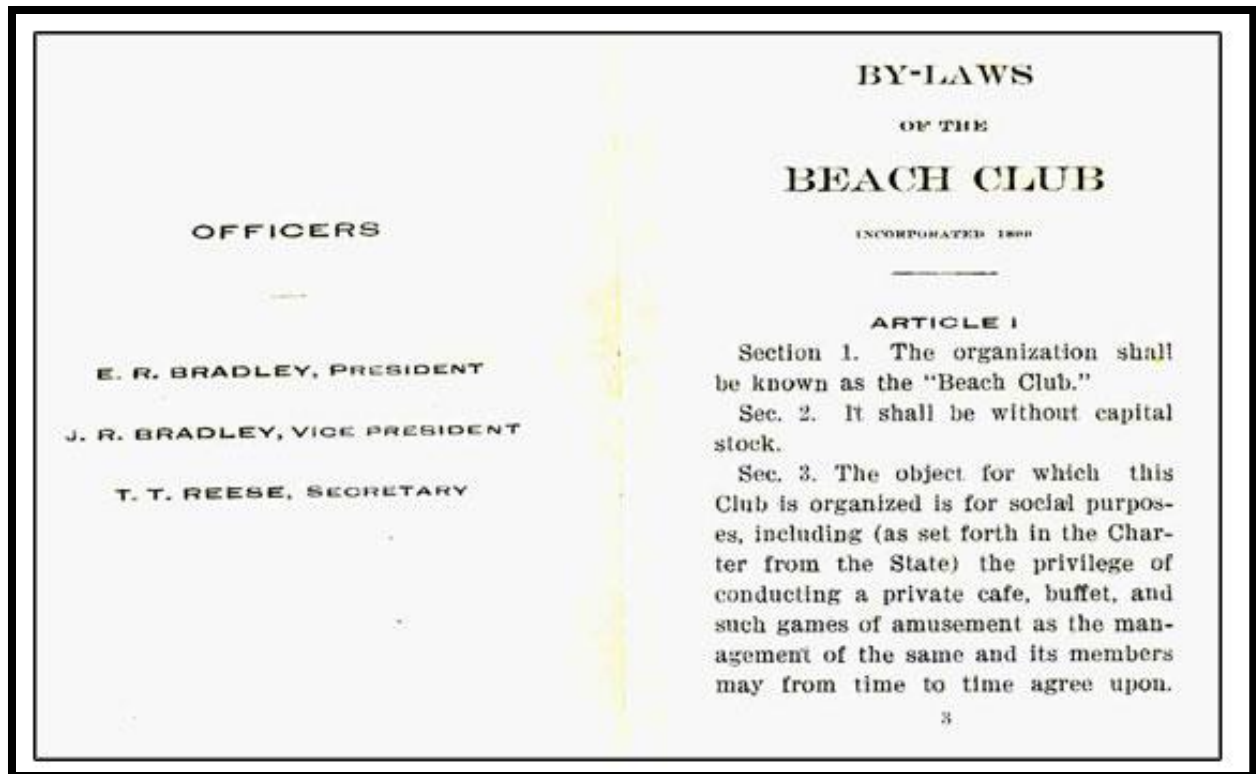
Practically everyone who visits Palm Beach visits "Bradley's." so it would be impossible to give the names of those who play. I saw two Supreme Court Judges, a dozen prominent lawyers, bankers, capitalists and society men the evening I spent in the gambling room. Most of them were accompanied by their wives.

At Palm Beach women can woo the fickle goddess with impunity. No social stigma is attached to it, yet, in New York they would be common gamblers!

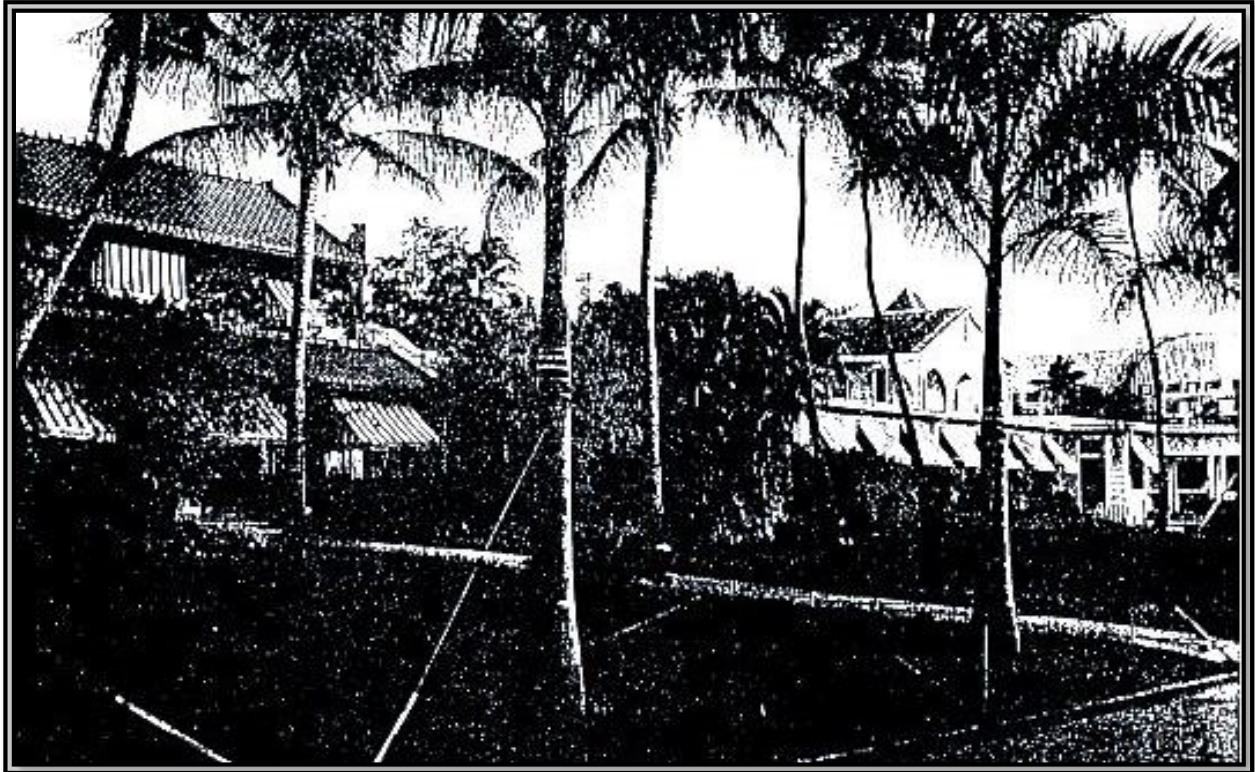
There is little danger that the state of Florida will close the Beach Club while Henry M. Flagler is alive. He knows what it means to Palm Beach and Florida knows what Palm Beach means to the state.

PLEASANT VIEW (Palm Beach Home of E. R. Bradley)

(Attached to the Beach Club)



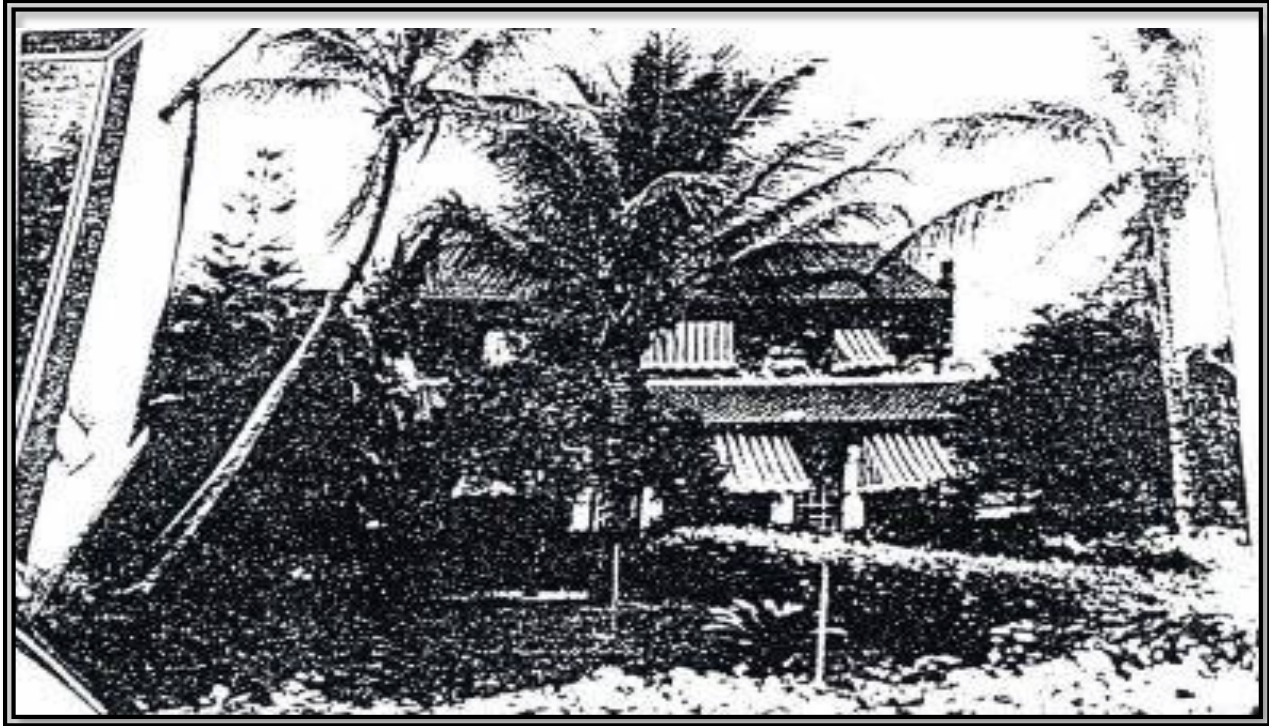
The Beach Club and Pleasant View were side by side. Pleasant View had no kitchen – Meals were brought over from the Club. John R. Bradley added the kitchen when he moved into Pleasant View after the death of his brother. The fireplace from Pleasant View remains in the Pavilion in Bradley Park.



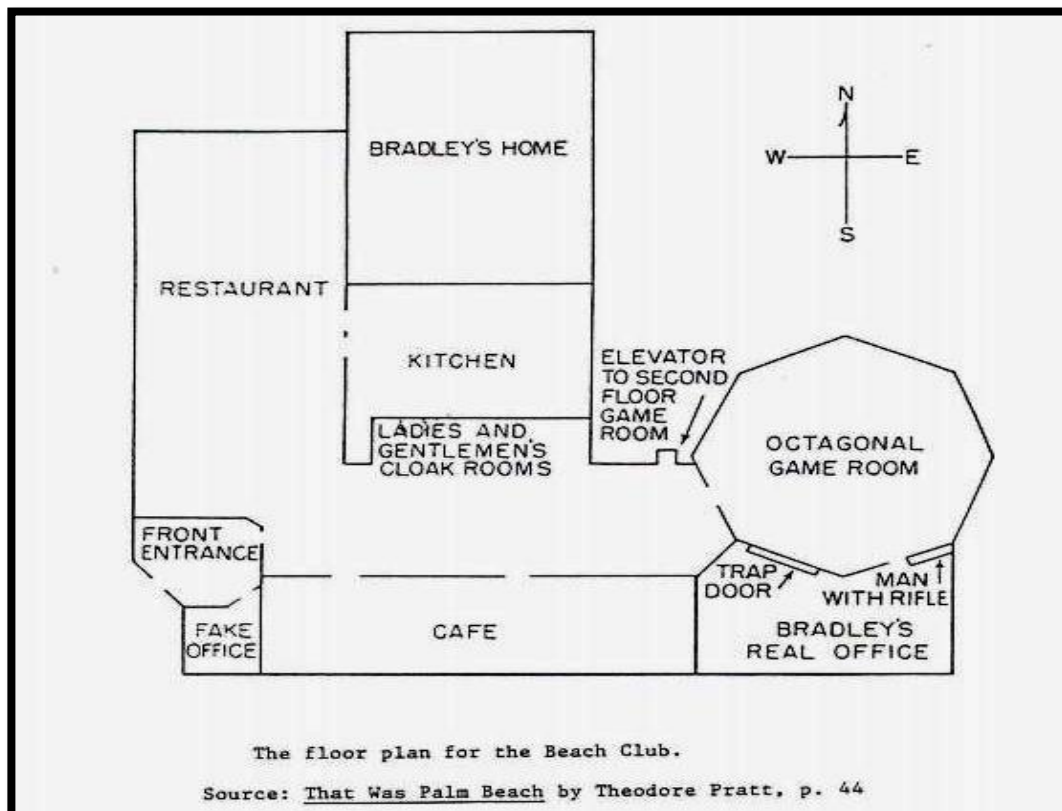
PLEASANT VIEW - left – Beach Club, Right

**Pleasant View (right), Villa Sonia – John Bradley (Center), Vanderbilt Home (left)
Sunset Avenue separates Villa Sonia from Pleasant View**





Floor plan of Beach Club showing the connection to “Pleasant View”. When E.R. Bradley’s brother moved into the house , he had to build a kitchen because the Beach Club was pulled down.



MARY ELIZABETH "MAY" BRADLEY

Second child of Hugh Bradley

Mary Elizabeth "May" Bradley was born on May 7, 1860 in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, the second child of Hugh and Mary Riley. I 1884 she married David Byron Gibbons, born in Ireland. The couple resided in Johnstown. They had three children who all died young. In addition to these tragedies, the couple was virtually wiped out during the cataclysmic Johnstown flood. After the flood they moved to Altoona where Byron passed away from the effects of tuberculosis which appears to have been contracted due to exposure. Byron was only thirty-three years old. May was now a childless widow at the age of thirty.

On June 12, 1900 May married Robert Scanlon of Ebensburg, Pennsylvania. Robert Scanlon was a widower, himself, his first wife having passed away a few days after the birth of his son, Richard G. Scanlon in 1893. Robert's first wife, Carrie, was twenty-six years old.

Robert, May and Richard lived in Ebensburg where he was a successful banker.

Tragedy would strike again when Richard, being only twenty years old, shot himself in the head in a successful suicide. Robert and May had one child themselves, Margaret Louise Scanlon who was born June 2, 1906. Margaret died September 1, 1994 in Washington D.C. Robert passed away on Mat 29, 1925 in Ebensburg at the age of 57 from cirrhosis of the liver.

May Bradley Gibbons Scanlon passed away on February 28, 1935 in Palm Beach, Florida at the age of 75.

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Altoona Times, Saturday, January 23, 1886, Page 4

Mr. D. B. Gibbons of Johnstown, went to Houtzdale Thursday morning on a business trip. During the afternoon he was enjoying a sleigh ride, when the horse ran away. The sleigh was wrecked, and Mr. Gibbons was thrown forcibly to the ground. He was picked up in an unconscious condition and attended by a physician. He returned to his home in Johnstown, and is now in bed nursing his wounds.

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Altoona Times, Tuesday, March 29, 1887, Page 4

Mr. Ed. T. Dunn, of this city, received a letter last evening from our mutual friend, Mr. D. B. Gibbons, of Johnstown, conveying the sad intelligence that the attending physicians, Drs. Lowmwn and Sheridan, had given up all hope of saving the life of his darling child, whose death was momentarily expected. This will be sad news to the many fiends of Mr. Gibbons and his estimable wife, whose name is legion.

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Atoona Times, Tuesday, February 7, 1888, Page 1

The many friends in this city and community of Mr. D. B. Gibbons, of Johnstown, will be sorry to learn that his health is again in a precarious condition. The Johnstown Tribune of last evening says that he has had four or five severe hemorrhages, the later occurring the night previous. His condition yesterday, it is gratifying to learn, was reported by his attending physician to be much improved.

.....

The Altoona Tribune, Thursday, February 9, 1888, Page 6

From Tuesday's Johnstown Tribune: Mr. D. B. Gibbons had another severe hemorrhage last evening, continuing from 8 until half past 9 o'clock. His condition then seemed so critical that the attending physician advised the calling in of a priest. Father Rosensteel was accordingly summoned and administered the last rites, after which Mr. Gibbons seemed to rest easier. Today there has been no recurrence of the hemorrhages, and the doctor hopes that there will be a decided turn for the better within a few hours.

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Altoona Times, Saturday, June 8, 1889 Page 4

Mrs. D. B. Gibbons and her little sister, Katie Bradley, who with Mr. Gibbons passed safely through the valley and shadow of death at their home in Johnstown, arrived in the city last evening, and are now the guests of Mrs. Ellen Dunn, of Twelfth avenue, near Thirteenth Street.

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Altoona Times, Tuesday, June 18, 1889, Page 4

D. B. Gibbons, of Johnstown, another of the survivors of the great flood, rejoined his wife and young sister - in -law, a daughter of Mr. Hugh Bradley, in this city on Saturday last, and contemplates locating in our midst if he can suit himself. Mr. Gibbons was the recipient a few days ago of a \$50 check from his venerable and venerated uncle, the renowned Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore.

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Altoona Times, Friday March 21, 1890 Page 4

Mr. D. B. Gibbons, of this city as his host of friends will be sorry to learn, is gradually growing worse, being so ill at present that he cannot leave his bed, much less his room.

.....

Johnstown Weekly Democrat, Friday, April 4, 1890

DEATH OF DAVID BYRON GIBBONS

His Promising Life Comes to an End Friday Morning at 12:25 O'clock -- The Funeral

David Byron Gibbons, one of the best known and widely esteemed citizens of Altoona, and for many years a much respected resident of this city, died at his residence, 1809 Twelfth Avenue, Altoona at 12:25 O'clock Friday morning, aged 38 years, six months and

twenty four days. Death was the result of consumption, a disease which had been slowly sapping his life away for many months past. About one year ago he was attacked with hemorrhages of the lungs, which left him in a weakened condition.

The Altoona *Times* of yesterday pays him an eloquent tribute, and in doing so voices the sentiments of many friends of the deceased in this city. Continuing the *Times* says: He had apparently recovered from this first attack and was in good health until the Johnstown flood. In that fearful calamity he was subjected to exposure, which finally terminated in the disease which caused his death. During the long and weary weeks of suffering he bore himself with Christian fortitude and was never heard to complain. He was conscious to the last and affectionately bade his sobbing wife and friends farewell.

The deceased was born in County Mayo, Ireland, in the Parish of Giver. He was the son of John and Murrie Gibbons, parents of excellent character and the highest peerage. He came to America in the year 1870, when but 16 years of age. For several years he attended schools in Philadelphia and Scranton, and during these early years fitted himself for his later life. As a scholar he was considered unusually apt and bright, and always head of the class.

About six years ago he was united in marriage to Miss Mary Bradley, eldest daughter of Mr. Hugh Bradley, a well-known citizen of Johnstown, and soon after that date took up his residence in that city. He was there at the time of the flood, and his escape from death was indeed a miraculous one. All his property and possessions, including a magnificent library, were swept away and destroyed. After that calamity he came to Altoona and had resided here ever since.

Three small children have preceded him to the grave, the youngest, James Leo, having died only a few weeks ago, and of the once happy family a sorrowing wife remains. Three brothers--Peter, of Philadelphia, and Dennis and Edward and one sister, Mume residing in Leadville, Co. --survive, as do several brothers and sisters, being at the old home in Ireland. David Gibbons needs no eulogy. He was a man too pure and noble to have his virtue painted in the feeble colors of language. His memory will live after him, and will be cherished by all who knew him.

Possessed of rare intellectual physical endowment, he was destined to make his mark, and hard indeed was it to find a man of wider and more practical knowledge than he. He was the means of aiding many a sorrowing and unfortunate fellow-being; and numberless the acts of charity and kindness performed by him. But, most of all, he was a Christian. At the time of his death, he was a member of St. John's Church in this city, and few men are there who lived as consistent and faithful a life.

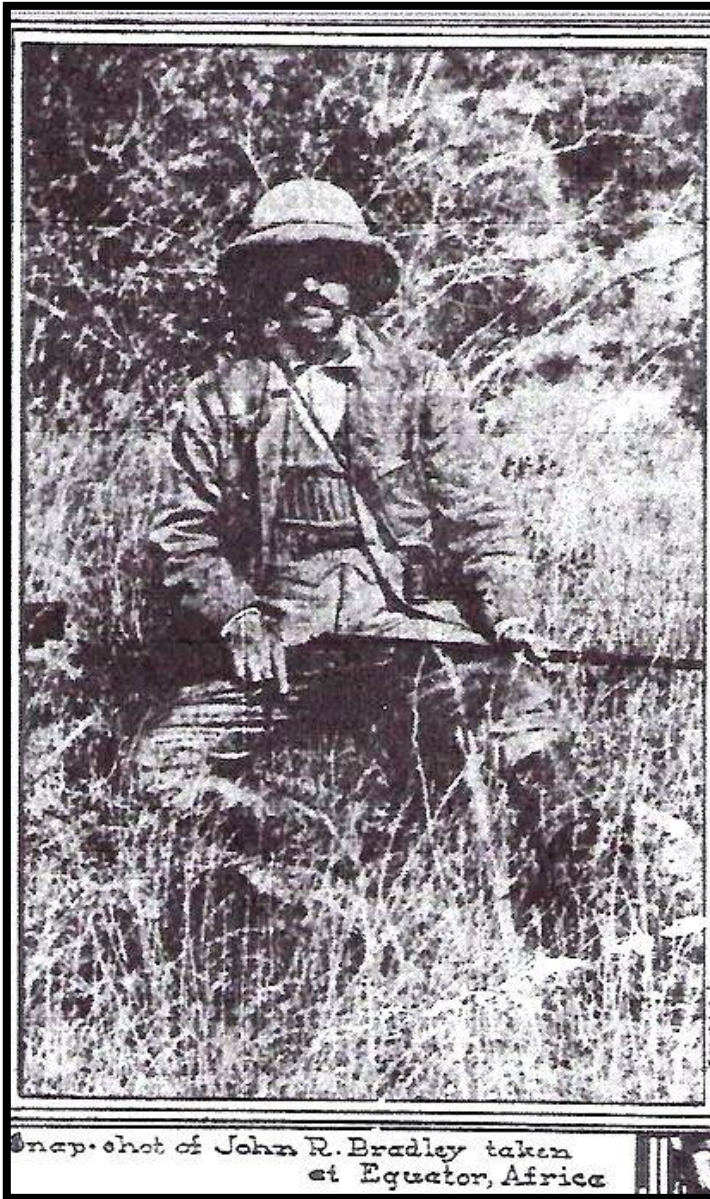
The funeral will take place from the residence of Mrs. E. Dunn, No. 1309 Twelfth Avenue, at 0:80 o'clock Saturday morning and proceed to St. John's Church, where he will be celebrated Requiem High Mass. From there the remains will be taken to Johnstown on Pacific Express. When the remains arrive here, they will be taken to the residence of Mr. Hugh Bradley, corner of Vine and Market streets, where they will remain until Sunday afternoon, when internment will take place at 3 o'clock in Lower Yoder Cemetery.

JOHN ROGERS BRADLEY

Fourth Child of Hugh Bradley

The New York Times, Sunday, Dec. 31, 1905 Page 3

Mr. John R. Bradley of New York, Paris, London, Mombasa, Zanzibar and principally the Africa Jungle; is a sportsman, one of the few Americans who have taken the time to do what the English, some French, and an occasional Italian can do, to stalk big game in the jungle and the forest, on the highlands and by the rivers. His respect for an elephant or a rhinoceros (rhino for short) is that of the man behind the gun.



Snapshot of John R. Bradley taken
at Equator, Africa

"If snakes could shoot and lions had guns, it wouldn't be possible to hunt them," he says in answer to questions of the uninformed or the inexperienced. He admits the superior cunning of the wild animal, since the call of the wild is always the call of those that kill-to live."

Just why a good-looking man should wish to bury himself for five months in the trail-less wastes and jungles of Equatorial Africa in these days of pleasant times and pleasant places is in itself as interesting as the experiences he has encountered.

It is the call of the wild in man.

When I asked Mr. Bradley why he found the forest so attractive, he smiled incredulously at the notion that anyone could fail to understand the pleasure of it.

He had been a sportsman all his life—not a hunter. There is a neat distinction between the two.

A hunter is a professional, who goes into the jungle for ivory and skins for the market; the sportsman is the aristocrat, free from commercial pursuit, who hunts for trophies only.

"Few people in this country realize the great variety of animals there are in Equatorial Africa," said Bradley, "we

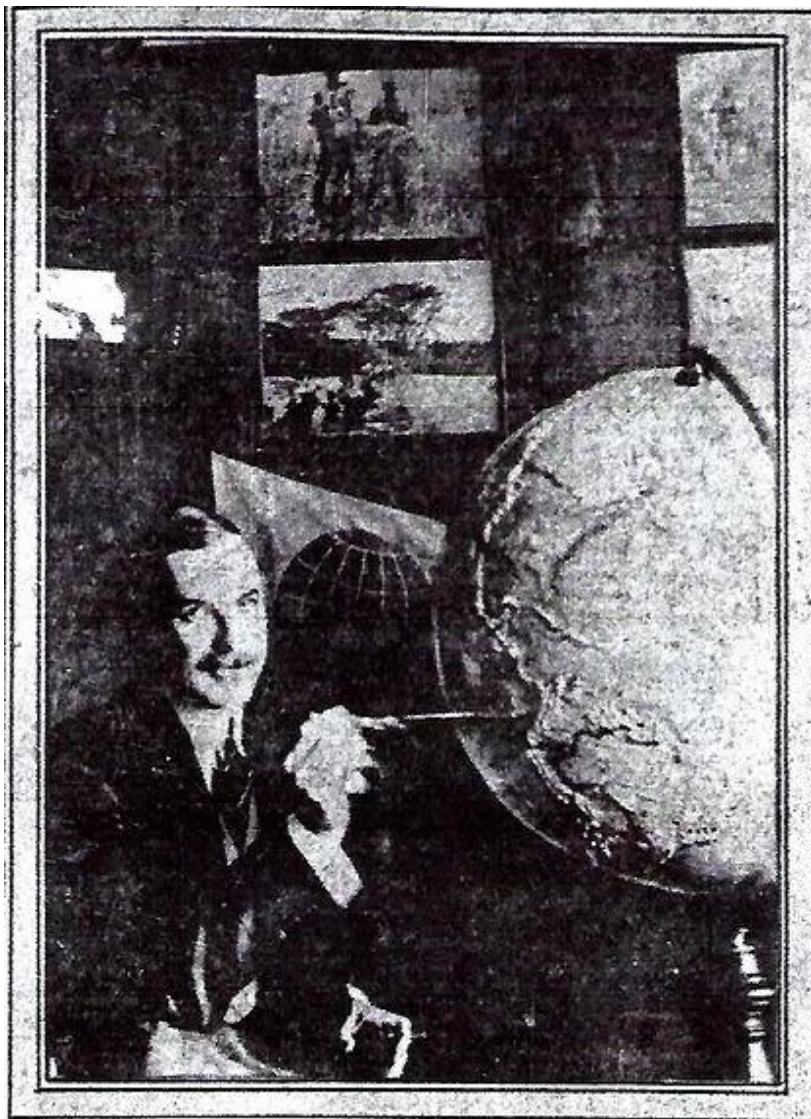
think that our deer species in this country are more numerous than anywhere else, for instance. Why, I have seen animals out there that scarcely a handful of white men have ever seen. Animals that no one scarcely in this country ever heard of."

Then he told me about the incredible bongo, a huge, grass eating animal that no white man has ever killed, that no museum has ever seen, excepting the horns of one that were bought from a black man, and which upon investigation by the naturalists proved to be an undiscovered species.

The Hon. Walter Rothschild of London, whose collection of natural history specimens is famous, has offered 1,000 Pounds for a bongo.

"When I was coming out of the game country," said Bradley, "I was told that Guy Baker had gone into the bush to remain there, no matter how long it took, till he had got a bongo. It is a big animal, and inhabits almost im-penetrable jungle country."

The country beyond Mombasa, where Mr. Bradley spent the first five most beautiful months of the year-- from June till October-- lies between latitude 1 1/2 north of the equator and longitude 36 1/2 east of Greenwich. He chose these months because it is in the dry season. No one hunts in that country when it rains, usually for two months at a time consecutively.



JOHN R. BRADLEY IN HIS APARTMENT
IN THIS CITY.

There is never any lack of game.

Here is a list of it as seen by Mr. Bradley:

Elephants, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, three species of giraffe, three species of hartebeest, (an animal belonging to the antelope family:) Hunter's antelope, iopi, wilderbeast, three kinds of dinker, four species of dikdik, oribi, the Zanzibar antelope, steinbuck, kilpspringer, waterbuck, Thomas Cob, two kinds of reed buck, impalas, four kinds of gazelle, sable antelope, oryx, bushbuck, bongo, greater kudu, the eland, (the largest of the antelope tribe:) African buffalo, (a dangerous beast, that charges:) wart hog, bush pig, tens of thousands of zebra, lions, leopards, cheetahs, serval cats, jackals, and thousands of ostriches, monkeys and snakes.

It is a busy place for the sportsman, as this list implies, and a man must be prepared.

The preparations for a hunt of this kind involve an expense of about \$20,000-- that is , including

the mounting of the trophies brought out of the forest.

"I had 130 people in my caravan," said Mr. Bradley, "consisting of black men from different tribes, Swahillis, Samallia, and Masai people. These men act as porters, mule drivers, gun bearers, armed men, cooks, and so forth. We carry a complete camping outfit, ammunition, guns, and everything necessary for a long sojourn away from civilization. Say, we strike out in a northerly direction."

"With a compass?"

Bradley smiled once more one of those incredulous, patient smiles, and snapped his fingers as he said: "I wouldn't give that for a compass in the forest or mountains. A man who is used to hunting knows instinctively in what direction he is going. I couldn't get lost in a mountain country, that is something that's born in one, and then there is always the light of the sun to guide you. For instance, two men never hunt together. In the morning, one man, we will say, will stalk game to the left, making a semi-circle toward a certain mound or hill which they pick out in the distance as a meeting place for luncheon. The second man chooses a semi-circular route to the right toward the same point, and they couldn't miss lunch together at that spot any more than if it were on Fifth Avenue.

The instinct of the location is born in a man of the out-doors. Now, if we decide upon a northerly course through the country, we stick to that, not being lured to west or east by sight of big game. We let that pass, and keep due north till we find other game. Our programme was usually to hunt from 6 in the morning till 10, when the intense heat of the sun gets up; from 10 to 4 we stayed in camp, and from 4 to 6 we did some shooting. The nights in the highlands are always cool, but the days are intensely hot. We feed our servants usually on the flesh of the game we kill, saving the trophies of course."

The danger is constant, for although few animals will charge a hunter, any wounded animal usually will.

The success in stalking big game depends on killing promptly, upon standing your ground when an animal charges, and upon being a good shot. If you turn and run from a wounded animal, the chances are he will catch you. Mr. Bradley told me of a celebrated sportsman of whose death he had heard as he was returning to Mombasa.

He was hunting elephants, the most dangerous of all animals to shoot.

"It was in dense forest country," said Bradley, "and the hunter faced the elephant to give him the death shot through the brain. The animal came rushing down upon him, looking like an animated and vicious brick house, and suddenly losing his nerve, the hunter turned to run, and the elephant just seized him with his trunk and smashed him up against a tree. You must never lose your nerve, never give ground or you'll be killed. Hunting big game is always dangerous.

The sportsman always has his gun bearers around him, who keep the guns loaded and hand them to him as he asks for them. I remember one morning catching sight of some antelope just beyond the fork of a tree. I saw by their attitude of attention that they were looking at something unusual. They did not see me. I crept up to the tree, and looking through the fork I saw an unusually large leopard sitting with his back to me. To show

you how cunning he was, he must have noticed at once by the look of the antelope, which could see me, that there was something behind him. He just turned coolly around, looked over his shoulder calmly at me, and turned his head again, as though he had not seen me. My gun bearers were not near enough, and by the time I had got the gun I wanted and returned to the tree, my leopard had slipped away into the tall grass. My foreman was quite sure that it was a lion, and pressed eagerly along by my side. A lion is not half as dangerous as a leopard. At last, when we came within 200 yards of the beast, it turned and began snarling and spitting at us. I took a shot at it, and it dragged itself in the grass. Fearing that I had merely wounded it, I made a wide detour of the place where I knew it must be, all of which proved to be unnecessary because the leopard was dead when we found it."

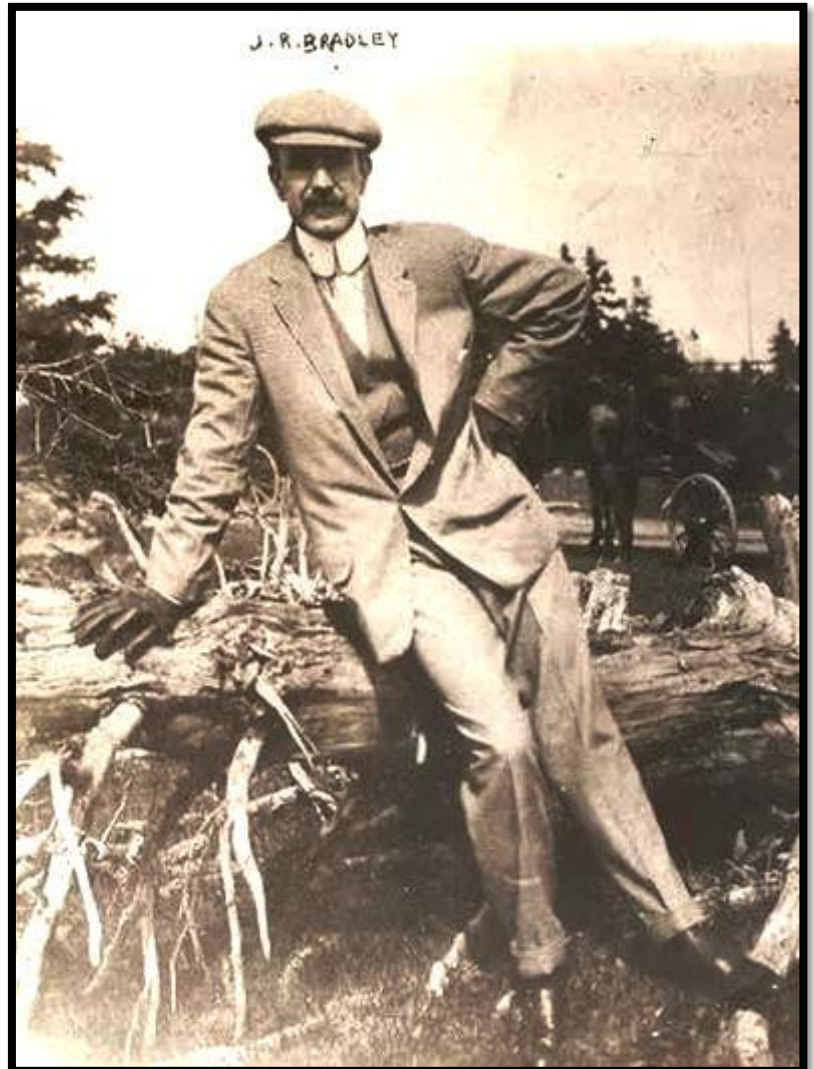
The rhinoceros is the most dangerous of big game. He usually weighs 5,000 pounds, and charges viciously, tearing up everything in his way. "The principal danger is of coming upon a rhino when he is asleep," said Mr. Bradley. "He is the color of earth, and before you know it you may stumble upon him. He is very quick, and when you hear his "Chug, chug;" look out. I had two dogs with me during all my trip, and they were very useful in keeping one particular rhino busy till I had a chance to get the right shot at him-- in the neck.

The hippopotamus is an animal you hunt in canoes. The best shot at him is when he rises to the surface of the water to breathe and throws up his nostrils; then, if you can put a solid steel bullet into one of them, you've got him. But be careful that he doesn't tip you out of the canoe to make food for the crocodiles."

Mr. Bradley never shot a giraffe because there was no trophy on him, and there was other game for food. Snakes didn't seem to worry him.

"As long as I've got a gun, I'm not afraid of a snake, or any other dangerous animal, for that matter."

The elephant, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus are the three really dangerous animals of the big game country in Africa, to say nothing of fevers and cholera.



Mr. Bradley has made a study of the natives of this wild country, who protect themselves from the beasts of the jungle as best they can with spears and poisoned arrows.

"Frequently the natives in these villages begged me to stop over-night and kill some lion that had been stealing their goats, but I never did, because it necessitated spending the night in one of their filthy huts, and I preferred my own camp tent. I came across a native tribe that had never seen a white man before-- the Suk tribe. I am writing a book upon what I have learned behind the gun around the world, " said the most active American sports-man we know about.

.....
The Palm Beach Post Tuesday, April 28, 1953 Page 1

John R. Bradley Dies At Home In New York At 86

John R. Bradley, 86, surviving member of the famed Bradley brothers, died late Sunday night at his apartment in the Waldorf Towers, New York.
 192

His noted sportsman brother, Col. Edward R. Bradley, died Aug. 15, 1946, at his Idle Hour Farm in Lexington, Ky., at the age of 86.

In gradually failing health, Mr. Bradley did not make his customary visit to Palm Beach this season, but his wife, the former Katherine Lockwood who survives him, was here briefly. Although he came to Palm Beach periodically, he retained his legal residence in Florida, and came down to vote.

According to dispatches from New York, private funeral services, followed by cremation, are to be held Wednesday i that city. In addition to his wife, he is survived by a son, John Lockwood Bradley, San Francisco; a sister, Mrs. Catherine B. Bailey, of Palm Beach, and the following nieces and nephews, Mrs. Charles C. Brenning, Mrs. Frank Speno, Jr., both of Palm Beach; Miss Louise Scanlan, Silver Springs, Md.; Joseph Bailey, Mobile; John Bailey, Edinburgh, Scotland; Edward and Bradley Bailey, both of Philadelphia, and two granddaughters in San Francisco.

John R. Bradley was born in Pennsylvania, the son of Hugh and Mary Ann Bradley. In early life he and his brother engaged in ranching in Texas, and at one time had the Bacchus Club in El Paso. After its sale they built the famous Beach Club, widely known as Bradley's, which opened in Palm Beach in 1898. Jack Bradley, as he was called by his friends, had much to do with establishing the club's restaurant fame for fine food.

However, he soon withdrew from active participation in operation of the club. Travel and ranching activities in Colorado occupied much of his time. After his brother's death, he served as executor of the estate.

Acting both as executor of his brother's estate and for himself, in 1848, Mr. Bradley worked out arrangements for the disposition of the Beach club property and the house occupied for years by Col. Bradley, the whole occupying a track between Royal Poinciana Way and Sunset Ave., Bradley Place and Lake Worth. It had long been known that Col. Bradley had wished the property to go to the Town of Palm Beach for park purposes, and he so stipulated in his will, with certain restrictions attached to the house.

Under the contract entered into by Mr. Bradley and the Town Nov. 12, 1948, the property was deeded to the municipality, with a life interest in the residence being retained by Mr. Bradley until his death. Also, according to this contract, the residence can be utilized by the town only as a public library, with the proviso that should this prove impractical, the building may be demolished and the site made part of the park.

Should the Bradley property ever be used for anything but park purposes and in any way not recognized by this agreement, it would revert to the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese for school purposes.

Bradley Park has been developed as a result of this agreement after the town acquired title.

Though the matter will be up to the Town Council, Town Manager L. Trevette Lockwood Monday indicated that as the town now had a fine library in the Society of the Four Arts, to which it makes an annual appropriation, it is not likely that town authorities will consider another library.

.....
Pensacola News Journal, Saturday, September 11, 1909, Page 1

BACKER OF COOK'S POLAR EXPEDITION AT HOME AND ABOARD ARCTIC SHIP

John R. Bradley, the man who backed the Cook polar discovery, has produced checks and other documents to prove that the entire expedition, including the cost of the schooner and the big game hunting trip which preceded the actual journey to the pole was less than \$50,000. These documents, which are still in Mr. Bradley's possession, show how carefully the undertaking was planned. Cook had everything he needed, Bradley says, but nothing that he did not need.

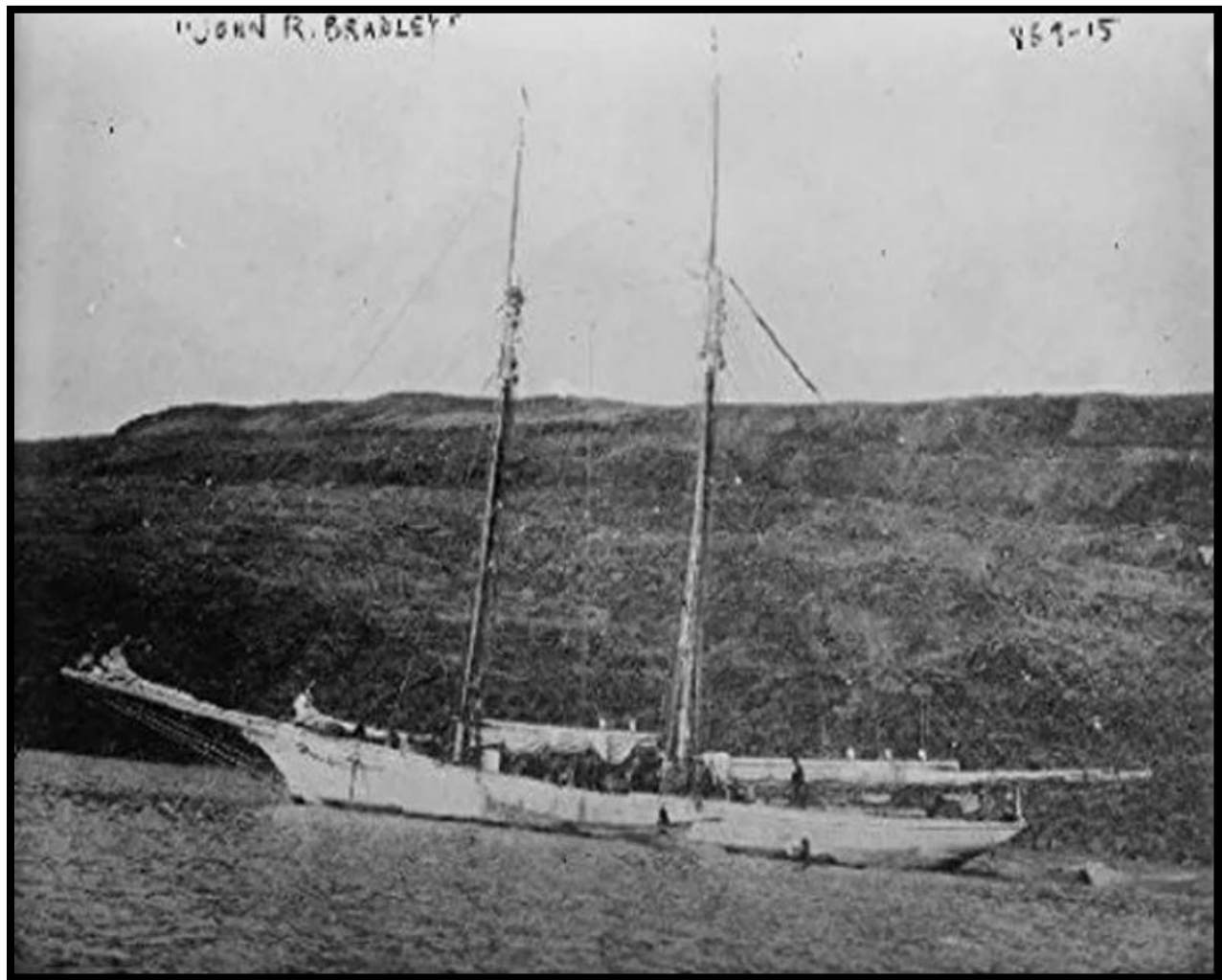
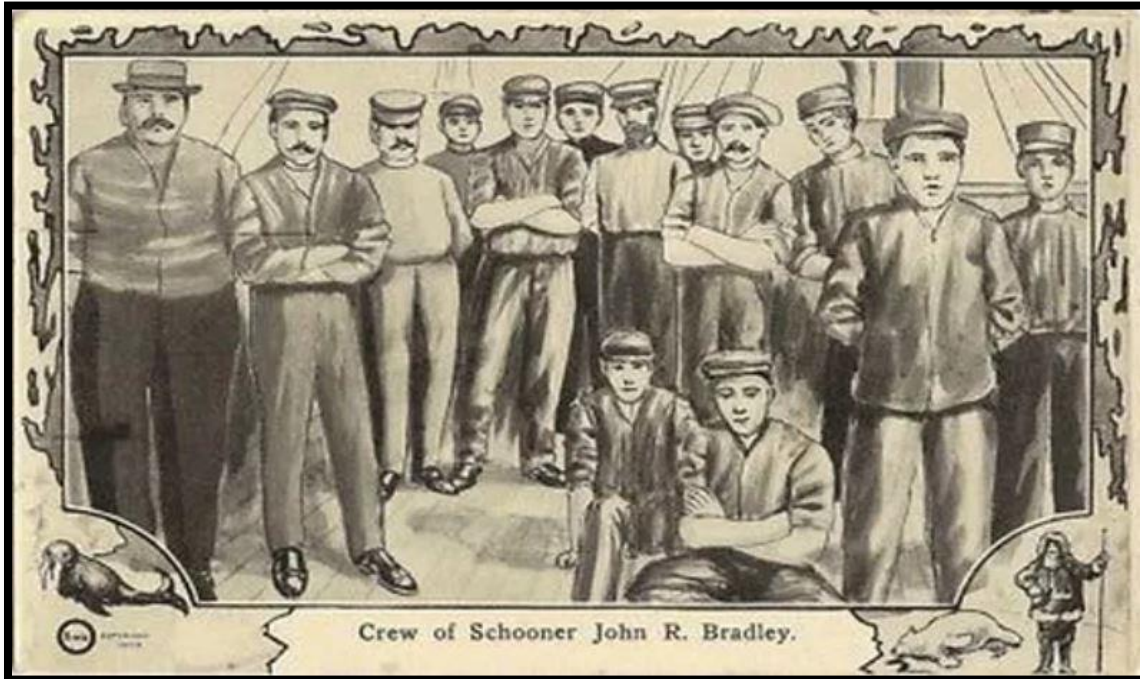
He declares that polar expeditions have been defeated in their aims by the very weight of unnecessary impediments. He insists that Cook's achievement exposes the folly of spending hundreds of thousands of dollars to fit out a polar search. Everything which Cook elected for the dash to the pole was as light as it could possibly be made.

For instance, the stoves that Dr. Cook used weighed only three pounds, whereas Peary and other arctic explorers have carried cumbersome cooking outfits, some of the stoves weighing fifteen pounds. Bradley further points out the very common sense fact that the smaller the party and the less food and equipment necessary, which he declares was the real secret of Dr. Cook's success.



Schooner John R. Bradley ready for the Arctic voyage.

The Schooner "John R. Bradley"



Pensacola News Journal (Pensacola, Florida) · Sat, Sep 11, 1909 · Page 1

BACKER OF COOK'S POLAR EXPEDITION AT HOME AND ABOARD ARCTIC SHIP



J.R. BRADLEY ON
HIS ARCTIC SHIP



J.R. BRADLEY, BACKER
OF COOK EXPEDITION

produced checks and other documents to prove that the entire expedition, including the cost of the schooner and the big game hunting trip which preceded the actual journey to the pole, was less than \$50,000. These documents, which are still in Mr. Bradley's possession, show how carefully the undertaking was planned. Cook had everything he needed, Bradley says, but nothing that he did not need. He declares that many polar expeditions have been defeated in their aims by the very weight of unnecessary impediments. He asserts that Cook's achievement exposes the folly of spending hundreds of thousands of dollars to fit out a polar search. Everything which Cook selected for the dash to the pole was as light as it could possibly be made. For instance, the stoves that Dr. Cook used weighed only three pounds, whereas Peary and other arctic explorers have carried cumbersome cooking outfits, some of the stoves weighing fifteen pounds. Bradley further points out the very common sense fact that the smaller the party the less food and equipment necessary, which he declares was the real secret of Dr. Cook's success.

John R. Bradley, the man who backed the Cook polar discovery, has

(Article transcribed page 186)

VILLA SONIA



***Villa Sonia – Facing Lake Trail
(Former home of John R. Bradley and the Kaufman & Vanderbilt families)***

Villa Sonia, Sunset Avenue. (John R. Bradley House, then Louis G Kaufman house.) John R. Bradley sold the villa to the Kaufman family. After the death of Col. Bradley, John took up residence in "Pleasant View" adding a kitchen as the house did not have one. The Col. had all his meals brought over from the Beach Club next door. After purchasing their lakeside villa in 1920, the Kaufmans bought the adjacent property, Afterglow Cottage, owned by Harold Vanderbilt, demolishing it, thus extending their estate the entire block of Sunset Avenue from Lake Way to Lake Worth. Located next door to the Biltmore –

Villa Sonia was eventually demolished, the site now occupied by a five story condominium stretching from Bradley place to the lake. Col. Bradley's home was also demolished to make way for the park, the former site of the Beach Club. The only remnant of Pleasant View is the fireplace which is the centerpiece for the little pavilion in Bradley Park



The Bradley Villas: "Pleasant View" – Col. E. R. Bradley home on right, "Villa Sonia" - John R. Bradley Home in center. Facing Lake Trail



Villa Sonia from the Sunset Avenue side. Biltmore in the background. The unidentified lady could possibly be Catherine Bradley Bailey – Col. Bradley's youngest sister.

Villa Sonia was bought by the Vanderbilt family from John Bradley, who owned the house next door to the north, and then by the Kaufmans. It was later razed to make room for a condominium complex.

The only remnants remaining are stone steps leading from the Lake Trail.

The only child of John Rogers Bradley and Catherine "Kate" Lockwood Bradley was John Lockwood Bradley.

John Lockwood Bradley

Published 4:00 am PDT, Tuesday, June 11, 1996

Attorney John Lockwood Bradley, who had been a partner in two large San Francisco law firms, died of heart failure on June 3 while vacationing in France.

Mr. Bradley, who lived in Hillsborough, was 86.

A native of New York City and a graduate of Yale University and the University of California at Berkeley's Boalt Hall Law School, Mr. Bradley formed the law firm of Crimmins, Kent, Draper and Bradley after serving in the Air Force during World War II. The firm later changed its name to Crimmins, Kent, Bradley and Burns.

In the 1980s, he joined the downtown law firm of Pettit and Martin. Mr. Bradley was a longtime board member of Guide Dogs for the Blind.

Survivors include Gabrielle Bradley, his wife of 59 years; two daughters, Nora Wolcott of Locust Valley, N.Y. and Anne Donahoe of Scottsdale, Ariz.; four grandchildren; and a great-granddaughter.

Memorial services will be private. Contributions can be sent to Planned Parenthood Golden Gate, 2211 Palm Ave., San Mateo, 94403.

Gabrielle Wright Bradley

Obituary Condolences

BRADLEY, Gabrielle Wright - Died at her home in Hillsborough on October 16, 2005 at the age of 92. Born in Los Angeles on August 12, 1913, the former Gabrielle Wright (known throughout her life as Gay) spent her childhood in Pasadena.

In 1930 she graduated from the Ethel Walker School in Simsbury, CT, and in 1934 graduated magna cum laude from Radcliffe College. She and John Lockwood Bradley of New York City were married in 1937. During World War II, while her husband served in the Army Air Corps, Mrs. Bradley became a nurses' aide. They returned to the Bay Area after the war.

A former president of the Board of Trustees of the San Francisco Museum of Art, Mrs. Bradley began her involvement with the Museum shortly after the war when she worked for their rental gallery, which she subsequently managed. In the 1960s she became president of the Museum's Woman's Council and was later elected to the Board of Trustees. A recently issued statement from the Museum declared that "Mrs. Bradley leaves behind a notable legacy and will be sorely missed." Motivated by her interest in archeology, as well as frequent visits to Africa, Mrs. Bradley became an active member of the L. S. B.

Leakey Foundation in 1975. Elected to the Board of Trustees in 1980 she served as its secretary in 1988 and again from 1993 to 2001.

Mrs. Bradley is survived by two daughters: Mrs. Samuel H. Wolcott of Locust Valley, NY, and Mrs. Daniel J. Donahoe of Scottsdale, AZ; and by four grandchildren and eight great-grand-children. Funeral Services will be private. In lieu of flowers, please send contributions to: Wildlife Conservation Society or Planned Parenthood.

.....
The Los Angeles Times, Saturday, , March 20, 1937, Page 15

Bradley - Wright Engagement Announced

By Juana Neal Levy

That the spinsters have received another blow, inasmuch as one of its most popular members will desert the ranks and become a member of the Matron's Club is evidenced in the announcement made this morning by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright of South Pasadena of the engagement of their attractive daughter, Miss Gabrielle Wright, to John Lockwood Bradley of San Francisco, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers Bradley of New York City.

Miss Wright, who belongs to one of the pioneer families of Los Angeles, is the granddaughter of the late G. Alexander Bobrick of the Chancellor on West Seventh st. She was voted as the popular debutante by a large majority of bachelors a few years ago in a *Times* society contest.

After attending the Westwood School in Pasadena, She was graduated from Ethel Walker School in Simsbury, Ct. and from Radcliffe College in Cambridge, Mass. She also is a member of the Pasadena Junior League.

Her fiance is an alumnus of St. Paul's School in Concord, and was graduated from Yale University with the class of 1931. He is a member of the Racket and Tennis Club of New York, the Yale Club of New York City and the Pacific Union and University Clubs of San Francisco and the Burlingame Country Club.

The wedding will take place late in May, and after the honeymoon Mr. Bradley will take his bride to San Francisco to make their home.

.....
The Los Angeles Times, Saturday, , May 21, 1937, Page 33

Bridal Vows Recited In Garden At Sunset

**Gabrielle Wright and John Bradley Married
 Before Smart Gathering On South Pasadena Estate
*By Jean Kentle***

Slanting sunrays late yesterday afternoon traced a lacy pattern through the wide spreading live oaks in the gardens of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright of South Pasadena and added their radiance to one of Maytimes loveliest weddings when their daughter, Miss Gabrielle Wright, became the bride of Mr. John Lockwood Bradley of San Francisco, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers Bradley of New York City.

Several hundred guests assembled for the 5:30 o'clock services at which Rev. John R. Atwill, rector of the Church of Our Savior, officiated before an improvised altar.

.....

MOYEN AND GOWN

The bride wore a moyen age gown of cream satin with tight sleeves and very long court train. A rope of pearls worn by the bride's godmother, Mrs. Francis Graves, at her wedding, formed a girdle. The loops extended to the hemline of the gown. The extremely full tulle veil and its complimentary face veil was held in place by a tiny cap of exquisite rose points. Gardenias, loosely arranged formed the bridal bouquet. Mrs. Gordon Cronkhite was matron of honor.

Miss Marion Wright, 12 year old sister of the bride as maid of honor, wore a Kate Greenaway frock of corn yellow organza and a sash of deep orange satin, The poke bonnet was wreathed in African daisies, the same flowers which formed her old-fashioned nosegay.

SHEPHERDESS HATS

Misses Julia McWilliams, Katherine Burnham and Helen Hunter, bridesmaids, wore bouffant gowns of corn-colored organza with tiny puffed sleeves. Natural leghorn shepherdess hats with wide satin streamers extending to the hems of their frocks and bouquets of African daisies were carried.

William H. Howard of San Francisco was best man and the ushers were Alfred Wright Jr., the bride's brother; Neil Lilly and John C. Scudder of San Francisco, Prentise Porter of Chicago, Charles McCormick of Portland, Or., Macy Galloway of New York City, and James Cairns of Los Angeles.

MAGICAL SETTING

Colored lights concealed in the branches of the oak trees, shed a glow over the guests and hundred s of candles were lit on the tables where supper was served.

Mrs. Wright received guests in a gown of eggplant chiffon and lace and large hat and wore a corsage of orchids. Mrs. Bradley, mother of the bridegroom, wore soft green chiffon and small brown cloche and corsage of green slipper orchids.

DANCE PLATFORM

A special platform for dancing was erected in the garden, bordered by fragrant Easter lilies.

Mr. Bradley and his bride left for New York City where on June 1 they will embark on the *SS Europa* for a two month's European honeymoon. They will make their home in San Francisco. The bride, a member of the Junior League of Pasadena automatically relinquishes her membership in the Spinsters with her marriage.

**JOHN LOCKWOOD BRADLEY AND GABRIELLE WRIGHT BRADLEY
HAD TWO DAUGHTERS – Nora and Ann**

The Los Angeles Times (Los Angeles, California) · Fri, May 21, 1937 · Page 33

CROWN CITY'S BRILLIANT CEREMONY



In one of Pasadena's most brilliant weddings in many years, Miss Gabrielle Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, yesterday afternoon took her vows with

John Lockwood Bradley of San Francisco. Here is shown Rev. John Atwell performing the garden ceremony before prominent Southlanders. These photos by Paul Gilvert

The San Francisco Examiner, Friday, August 12, 1960, Page 23

Nora Bradley Will Be Wed To Samuel H. Wolcott III



ANNOUNCED today here and in the East is the engagement of Nora Bradley to Samuel H. Wolcott III. The bride-elect is a daughter of John Lockwood Bradley of Hillsborough and her fiance is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Wolcott Jr. of Milton, Mass.

Nora was graduated from Smith College and took her junior year at the University of Geneva. She was presented at the 1955 Cotillion Ball and at a dance given that season by her parents at the Burlingame County Club. Her sister, Anne Bradley is a Smith College student.

The future bride is the granddaughter of Mr. John R. Bradley of New York and the late Mrs. Bradley and of Mrs. Alfred Wright of Pasadena and the late Mr. Wright.

Her fiance, who has been working in San Francisco for the past couple of years graduated from St. Paul's School at Concord, N.H. and from Harvard where he was a member of the Porcellian Club and the Hasty-Pudding-Institute 1770 and the Varsity Club. He is a member of the University Club of San Francisco.

The prospective benedict is the grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Wolcott of Milton, Mass. and of Mr. and Mrs. Philip B. Weld of Hamilton, Mass. Mrs. Stephen M. Weld of Wareham, Mass. is his great grandmother.

The Times (San Mateo, California), Monday, January 2, 1961, Page 8

Bradley, Wolcott Nuptials

Nora Bradley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Lockwood Bradley of Hillsborough and Samuel H. Wolcott III, the son of of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Wolcott Jr. of Milton, Mass. exchanged vows Thursday in an elaborate ceremony at the Episcopal Church of St. Matthew.

The bride's father escorted her to the altar where the Rev. Leslie wilder conducted the 5 p.m. ceremony. Four hundred relatives and friends witnessed the wedding which was followed by a reception at the Burlingame country Club.

For her wedding, Nora chose a traditional gown of white satin fashioned with a bateau neckline embellished with rosepoint applique. The skirt extended into a full train which was covered by a rosepoint cap which had been worn by Mrs. Bradley at her wedding.

Anne Bradley was her sister's maid of honor, and bridesmaids were Pamela Wolcott, sister of the bridegroom; Lisa Howe, who attended Smith College with the bride; Winthrop Reid; Mrs. Stephen Brown (Dini Montgomery); Dorothy Fay; and Kathleen Lee of Westwood, Massachusetts.

The attendants were dressed alike in pale yellow Pena de soie designe with boat necklines. They added headbands of tangerine carnations and white freesias.

Forrester A. Clark Jr. of Massachusetts was best man. Ushering duties were given to Philip and Prescott Wolcott, brothers of the bridegroom; Charles Devin Jr., a cousin; and Cordon Douglas III, John Lonsdale, Randall W. Hacket, John Lapsley, Arthue Hodges, Miller Ream, Michael Hooker, Daniel Donahoe, and Jeremy Wintersteen.

The couple will return from a honeymoon in mid-January and will live in San Francisco. The new Mrs. Wolcott was graduated from Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Conn. She took her junior year of college at the University of Geneva and was graduated from Smith. A debutante of the 1955 Cotillion season, she was also presented by her parents at a ball at the Burlingame Country Club. She is the granddaughter of Mrs. John R. Bradley of New York and Mrs. Alfred Wright of Pasadena.

Samuel was graduated from St. Paul's School in Concord, N.H. and from Harvard where he was a member of the Hasty-Pudding-Institute. He is a member of the University Club.

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The Daily Oklahoman, Monday, June 2, 1962, Page 17

Bradley-Donahoe Engagement Told

ANNOUNCED BY Mr. and Mrs. John Lockwood Bradley, Hills-borough, Calif., is the engagement of their daughter, Miss Anne Bradley, to Daniel Justin Donahoe III, San Francisco. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Justin Donahoe Jr. Ponca City and Scottsdale, Ariz.

Miss Bradley graduated from Garrison Forest School, Garrison, Md. and Smith College, Northampton, N.Y.. While a Smith student she took her junior year of study at the University of Florence. She made her debut at the 1957 Cotillion Ball.

Mr, Donahoe was graduated from Portsmouth Priory School, Portsmouth, R.I. and from Harvard University, where he was a member of the Owl Club and the Hasty-Pudding-Institute of 1770. He served as an officer in the U. S. Air Force and is a member of University Club of San Francisco.

PETER GARVEY BRADLEY

Sixth Child of Hugh Bradley

Peter Garvey Bradley, the sixth child and youngest son of Hugh and Mary Riley Bradley was born on May 3, 1872 in Johnstown, Pennsylvania and died on August 29, 1943 in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. Peter joined his brother in Chicago where they operated a clothing and tailoring business.

On August 21, 1924, Peter married Agnes Ada McCarthy in Manhattan, New York. Agnes was born in Canada, the daughter of Patrick and Anna Ferrell McCarthy, both being born in Ireland. Agnes passed away a mere two years after her marriage to Peter on August 12, 1926. She was forty-seven years old and was buried in Saginaw, Michigan.

At about age sixty, Peter moved to Ft. Lauderdale where he continued in the clothing business. On Sunday afternoon the 29th of August, Peter suffered a sudden heart attack and died at his home. He was buried at Evergreen Cemetery in Ft. Lauderdale.

.....
Chicago Tribune, Friday, August 12, 1926, Page 24

BRADLEY-- Agnes A. Bradley, beloved wife of Peter G. Bradley, fond sister of Alice McCarthy. Funeral, Friday, Aug. 13, at 9:30 a. m., from her late residence, 1635 Lunt Ave., to St Jerome's church. Internment at Saginaw, Mich. Please omit flowers.

.....
Fort Lauderdale News, Wednesday, September 6, 1939, Page 5

Lightening Hits Bradley's Home

Bolt Plays Pranks On Kitchen Sink

Lightening plays some funny tricks and as a result many tales are told about it, the latest of which comes from a local resident

According to Peter G. Bradley, who lives at 1720 NE 15th Ave, a bolt struck his residence during the thunderstorm yesterday afternoon. And this the way it happened according to his story.

"After striking a pine tree the lightening ran along a metal clothes line, melting it, and burned all of the leaves from a guava tree."

"Then," said Bradley, "the bolt jumped to a drain pipe and ran into the kitchen sink which splintered along with light bulbs in the room."

"Breaking into two balls of fire, one smashed its way outside through a kitchen window and the other tore into a bedroom, destroying a radio before passing out of another window, Bradley said.

.....

Fort Lauderdale News, Monday, October 13, 1941, Page 6

Fort Lauderdale News (Fort Lauderdale, Florida) - Sat, Oct 18, 1941 - Page 8

VOTE

For

Peter G. BRADLEY


For

City Commissioner

●

MONDAY, OCTOBER 20

(PAID POLITICAL AD
BY FRIENDS OF PETER G. BRADLEY)



Born May 3, 1872 in Johnstown, Pa., Peter G. Bradley came to Ft. Lauderdale in 1924 to make his permanent home. He now resides at 1720 NE 15th Ave.. In 1935 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the city commission, but has always displayed an interest in civic affairs. He is a widower and has no children. Bradley bases his platform on the theory of giving the taxpayers the most for their money, and favors parks and playgrounds for the children.

.....

Fort Lauderdale News, Monday, August, 30, 1943, Page 1

Peter Bradley 72, Succumbs

Peter Garvin Bradley, 72, brother of Colonel Edward Riley Bradley, famous in racing circles, died suddenly Sunday afternoon at his home, 1720 N. E. 15th Ave., following a heart attack.

A native of Johnstown, PA., Mr. Bradley came to Ft. Lauderdale 12 years ago from New York City. He was in the clothing business for several years and recently was chairman of the USA drive. A member of the Elks Lodge here, he was defeated in the race for city commission.

In addition to Colonel Bradley, of Palm Beach and New York City, he is survived by a brother John, of California; a sister, Mrs. Katherine Bailey, who lives with Colonel Bradley; and a niece, Mrs. Louise Scanlon, of Silver Springs, Md. Funeral arrangements are pending at the Fairfield Funeral Home, awaiting arrival of relatives.

CATHERINE ELLEN BRADLEY

Seventh child of Hugh Bradley



Catherine Ellen Bradley was the last of seven children born to Hugh and Mary Riley Bradley and was born in Johnstown, Pennsylvania on June 19, 1874. She was the last surviving child, having outlived all of her brothers and her older sister. She grew up in Johnstown and survived the flood and was living with her parents and widowed sister when she got married in 1900. She married on June 12, 1900 to Mr. Edward William Bailey in a double wedding ceremony along with her sister who married for the second time.

Edward was a plumber, following in his father's footsteps. His father, Samuel C. Bailey owned a plumbing establishment in Johnstown, which was wiped out in the flood. Edward had his own shop in 1910. Catherine "Kate" and Edward had six children, four sons and two daughters. By 1920,

Kate and the children were residing in Philadelphia – Kate_ being listed as the head of the household on the 1920 census was also listed as a widow. Edward had evidently left her and the family and was living in Columbus, Ohio, where coincidentally, he was listed as a widower. In a letter Edward wrote to his nephew, Dallas Bailey – (the son of Edward's older brother Richard S. Bailey,) about 1954, Edward relates the Bailey family history and then stated:

"I enlisted in World War I in the regular army in 1917 at the Ellis Building. I passed. I was sent to Harrisburg, Pa., and passed the physical again. Then I was sent to Columbus Barracks in Ohio for a final and they found an old injury of my knee and ankle. I had got them playing baseball and they don't ever trouble me much—but they are very strict and said something about athletic injuries being generally permanent. I tried it again – but with no success and that is the reason I am in Columbus today. I found it a pleasant city and remained here."

Another interesting fact is that Agnes Cecelia Bailey applied for a passport in 1923 to go abroad and study. On her application, she lists her father and states that he was "Deceased."



Kate was very close to her brothers, especially E. R., many times serving as the de facto hostess for him in the absence of his wife. Kate and her family seemed to be doing quite well for themselves by 1930 as they were now living in a "paid for" Philadelphia mansion (valued at \$150,000 in 1930) with five servants and spending the winters in Palm Beach. It would appear that her brothers took very good care of her. She was still listed as a widow on that year's census (1930) which is a bit curious as she formally filed a legal divorce in Palm Beach against Edward in 1940.



Kate's Philadelphia home : 707 West View Avenue

Catherine and Edward had six children:

- 1. Edward Riley Bailey married Joan Regina Mulvihill**
- 2. Agnes Cecelia Bailey married Charles Coudert Brennig**
- 3. Margaret "Peggy" Catherine Bailey married Frank Gabriel Speno Jr.**
- 4. John "Jack" Roger Bailey**
- 5. Francis "Joe" Joseph Bailey married Elizabeth Radcliff**
- 6. Hugh "Bradley" Bradley Bailey married Marion Rowland Hollenback**

DOUBLE WEDDING

BACKGROUND INFORMATION: There was a double wedding when Kate Bradley and Edw. W. Bailey were married. Kate's oldest sister Mary Elizabeth (Aunt May) was married (second husband/first died) at 6:30 A.M. (Kate was married at 8:00 A.M,) the following is a copy of the newslip that could not be legibly copied.

Johnstown, Pa. paper Monday, June 12, 1900.

Mrs. May Gibbons of Market Street and Mr. Robert Scanlon of Ebensburgh, were married at St. James Roman Catholic Church at 6:30 o'clock this morning by Rev. Father John Boyle. Mrs. Edward R. Bradley, of Chicago, a sister-in-law of Mrs. Gibbons was their attendant. They will attend the reception to be tendered the participants in the Bailey-Bradley wedding party at Elks Hall this evening by Mrs. Edward R. Bradley and will leave on the Eastern Express for New York and Philadelphia. Mr. Scanlon is Assistant Cashier of the First National Bank of Ebensburgh and is a relative of Mr. William A. Scanlon, the well known salesman of this city. Mrs. Scanlon is the daughter of Captain Hugh Bradley.

One hour after the Scanlon-Gibbons wedding this morning Miss Katherine Ellen Bradley, youngest daughter of Captain Hugh Bradley, was married to Mr. Edward William Bailey son of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Bailey. This ceremony was also performed by Rev. Father John Boyle in St. John's Church, which was filled with friends of the contracting parties. Mrs. Ross Sloan presided at the great organ. The bride was attended by Miss Agnes M. Boyle and the groom by his brother Mr. Samuel Bailey, Jr. The ushers were Philip Caufel and Louis King. The bride was attired in a beautiful white gown and wore a hat trimmed with white plumes, while the bridesmaid wore white silk and lace. Following the wedding the bridal party was conveyed to the Bradley homestead where breakfast was served to both bridal parties.

The following persons from out of the city were in attendance at the Bailey-Bradley wedding: Mr. Edward R. Bradley of Chicago; Mrs. Maze Hewe of Buffalo, N.Y.; Miss Ella and Mr. James McKinley of Latrobe; Miss Ellis McSteen of Pittsburgh and Mr. Walter S. Pershing of New Florence. The reception to be tendered Mr. and Mrs. Bailey by Mrs. Edward R. Bradley in Elks Hall this evening will begin at 8:30 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey will make their home in Morrellville.

.....
The Palm Beach Post, Sunday, February 2, 1958, Page 4

Mrs. Bailey, 84, Dies At Resort

Mrs. Catherine Bradley Bailey, 84, died Saturday at her home, 332 Sea-spray Ave. after a long illness.

A native of Johnstown, Pa., Mrs. Bailey had long made her home in Palm Beach, where she was a member of St. Edward's Church.

She was a sister of the late Col. Edward R. Bradley, whose property is now a town Park here.

Surviving are four sons, Edward Bailey, Philadelphia; Francis Joseph Bailey, Mobile, Ala., John R. Bailey, Scotland; Bradley Bailey, Delray Beach; two daughters, Mrs. Agnes Brennig, Palm Beach and Mrs. Frank Speno, Jr. of Summitt, N.J.; and a number of grandchildren.

Mrs. Speno is in route to this country from Rome, having been notified in Italy of her mother's death.

Funeral arrangements await her arrival in Palm Beach. They will be announced by Mizell-Simms Faville Funeral Home.

.....
The Palm Beach Post, Friday, September 12, 1958, Page 28

Children Seek Voiding Of Will

Four children of Mrs. Catherine B. Bailey of Palm Beach were seeking yesterday to have the probate of their mother's will revoked in probate court.

Mrs. Bailey, a sister of Col. Edward R. Bradley and the late John R. Bradley, lived at 332 Seaspray Ave., Palm Beach. She died last Jan. 31.

Her will, executed Nov. 22, 1957, was admitted to probate Feb. 7 by Judge Richard P. Robbins. Atlantic National Bank is executor of the estate.

Alleging effect of the will is to give the entire estate to Mrs. Bailey's youngest son, Hugh B. Bailey, 20 N.E. 18th St., Delray Beach., two sons and two daughters are seeking revocation of probate and an equal share of the estate.

They are Edward B. Bailey, Jenksville, Pa., Mrs. Margaret B. Speno, Summit, N.J., Mrs. Agnes B. Brennig, Mobile, Ala., and John B. Bailey, Black Bridge, Scotland. Another son, not involved in the litigation, is Joseph A. Bailey, Mobile.

The contestants allege Mrs. Bailey was 86 when the will was made out and that she suffered from senile dementia and mental weakness brought on by age and long suffering of general arteriosclerosis and arterio sclerotic heart disease.

They say their brother, Hugh, provided the will "through the exercise of undue influence upon his mother, to the attempted prejudice and detriment of his brothers and sisters.

It is further alleged Mrs. Bailey had an annual income of about \$30,000 and held power of testamentary disposition of about \$ million in assets. She was "overwhelmingly" concerned that her youngest child be provided for, they claim.

The petition for revocation of probate was filed by Attys. R. D. Maxwell Jr., Miami, and Manley P. Caldwell, West palm Beach.

.....
The Palm Beach Post, Friday, May 8, 1959, Page 6

Court Dismisses Petition To Void Bailey Will

A petition to revoke a deceased mother's will was dismissed Thursday and the youngest son of five children will inherit the bulk of the estate.

The court battle to change the will of the late Catherine B. Bailey, Palm Beach, was ruled on by Probate Judge Richard P. Robbins. Hugh B. Bailey, Delray Beach, who had been willed the bulk of the estate was favored by the verdict.

He was represented by the law firm of Warwick, Paul and Warwick.

The will, executed Nov. 22, 1957, was contested by Edward B. Bailey, Jenkinstown, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret B. Speno, Summit, N.J.; Mrs. Agnes B. Brenig, Mobile, Ala.; and John B. Bailey, Black Bridge, Scotland, represented by the local law firm of Caldwell, Pacetti, Robinson and Foster and Atty. R. D. Maxwell Jr. of Miami.

Costs of the proceedings were taxed against the contestants.

Judge Robbins said the court found "no substantial evidence to support the allegation of undue influence" that Hugh Bailey was accused of using and that the four petitioners "failed... in showing the lack of testamentary capacity" of Mrs. Bailey. No appraisal of the estate has been filed, but it was said Mrs. Bailey had an annual income of about \$30,000 and held power of testamentary disposition over about \$1 million in assets.

She died Jan. 31 1956, at 84. She lived at 332 Seasparry Ave. and was survived by a sixth child, Joseph A. Bailey of Mobile who did not enter into litigation. Mrs. Bailey was a sister of the late Col. Edward R. Bradley and the late John R. Bradley. Atlantic National Bank is the executor of the estate



The Bailey Family (Taken at the wedding of Peggy Bailey & Frank Speno)

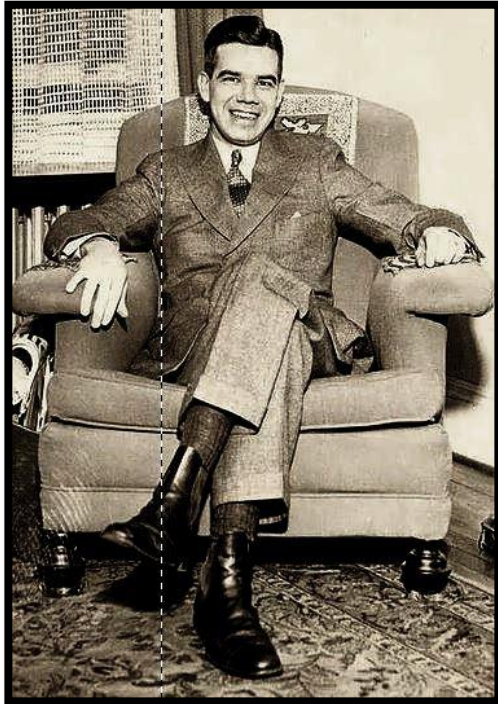


Hugh John "Jack" Agnes, Peggy Catherine Joe Edward

(The flower girl is Peggy Brennig)

THE CHILDREN:

1. Edward Bradley Bailey



*Pittsburgh Daily Post,
Sunday, January 6,
1924, Page 45*

MULVIHILL - BAILEY

The marriage of Miss Joan Regina Mulvihill, daughter of James P. Mulvihill of this city, and Edward Bradley Bailey of Philadelphia took place Wednesday morning in Mt. Aloysius chapel at Cresson, Pa. Bishop John J. McCort of Altoona officiating. The bride wore a gown of white velvet with long sleeves and round neck. A cap of

lace and orange blossoms held her tulle veil in place. She carried a prayer book with marker of lilies of the valley, suspended on white satin ribbon. Miss Ursula Mulvihill, as her sister's maid of honor, and

Miss Agnes C. Bailey as bridesmaid, attended the bride. Miss Bailey wore yellow chiffon. They carried bouquets of orchids, sweet-peas and tea roses. Their hats wore brown lace. Anthony K. Kasper of Philadelphia served as best man, and Ignacious J. Horstmann, nephew of the bride, was usher. A breakfast in the convent from where the bride was graduated followed the ceremony. Covers were laid for 40. Mr. Bailey and his bride will be at home in Philadelphia after February 1. Mr. and Mrs. John Horstmann of Philadelphia, the latter a sister of the bride, and Miss Jean Barrett of Cleveland attended the wedding.



Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, Wednesday, March 9, 1949, Page 7

Philco Names Assistant Advertising Manager

Philadelphia, March 8 (AP) Philco Corporation Tuesday named Edward B. Bailey assistant advertising manager. A native of Johnstown, Pa., he will assist John F. Gilligan. He formerly served as director of advertising, sales promotion and public relations for the Davison Chemical Company, Baltimore.

.....
. The Palm Beach Post, Monday September 22, 1975, Pg 20

EDWARD B. BAILEY

Age 74 of Penllyn, Pennsylvania, died September 20.

Husband of Joan M. Bailey.

Mass of Christian Burial Tuesday at 8:00 p.m. at St. Anthony's Church, Ambler, Pennsylvania. Internment in Calvary Cemetery.

Friends may call at the church after 7:00 p.m. Tuesday.

Memorials may be sent to the Sisters of Mercy, Dallas, Pennsylvania, or the Missionary Servants of the Most Holy Trinity, Silver Springs, Maryland.

.....
The Philadelphia Inquirer, Wednesday, October 29, 1975 Main Edition Page 43

Joan M. Bailey, 72, of Penllyn



Mrs. Joan Mulvihill Bailey, 72, long active in Catholic charity groups, died yesterday at her home , 210 Albemarle Drive, Penllyn, Montgomery County.

Mrs. Bailey was the widow of Edward B. Bailey, a former advertising and merchandising specialist for Philco-Ford, who died last month. She was a vice president of the Middle Atlantic region of the Ladies of Charity, an international Catholic lay organization, and a past president of the Philadelphia Ladies of Charity. She also had served eight years as president of the National Conference of Catholic Charities.

She was a former chairman of the Arch-bishop's Committee for the Christian Home and Family and in 1955 was selected by the Philadelphia chapter of Immaculate College Alumnae as the group's Woman of the Year.

She is survived by eight sons, Edward A., Michael

R., The Rev. Flavian, Thomas R., and Bernard E.; three daughters, Mrs. Joan McCormick, Mrs. Irene Ambrogi and Sister Catherine; a brother; 34 grandchildren and six great grandchildren.

A mass of Christian Burial will be offered at 7 p.m. tomorrow at St. Anthony's Church, Forest and Hendricks Avenues, Ambler. Burial will be in Calvary Cemetery, Lower Merion, at 11 a.m. Friday.

2. Agnes Cecelia Bailey



The Palm Beach Post, Wednesday, November 29, 1967

MRS. AGNES C. BRENNIG

Mrs. Agnes C. Brennig, 64 of 332 Seaspray Ave., Palm Beach, died Monday.

Survivors include one son, Charles of Old Greenwich, Conn.; one daughter, Mrs. Margaret B. Sheets of Palm Beach; four brothers, Edward Bailey, Philadelphia, Pa., Joseph of Mobile, Ala., John, now residing in Edinborough, Scotland, and Bradley of Delray Beach; one sister, Mrs. Frank Speno Jr. of Summit, N.J., and four grand-children.

Rosary services will be at 8 p.m. today at Quattlebaum-Holeman- Bruce Funeral Home, West Palm Beach.

Requiem mass will be said at 9 a.m. Thursday at St. Edward's Catholic Church, Palm Beach.

.....

The New York Times, April 22, 1966

Charles C. Brennig, Realty Broker, 66

PALM BEACH, Florida, April 21

--Charles Coudert Brennig, a real estate broker here for the last 20 years who had been living in semi-retirement, died yesterday at St. Mary's Hospital in West Palm Beach after a stroke. He was 66 years old.

Mr. Brennig who had formerly been in the real estate business in New York, was a native of Nutley, N. J., He was the son of the late B. Frederic Brennig, an American diplomat, and the former Marie Amie Coudert. He was a grandson and namesake of Charles Coudert, founder of the New York law firm of Coudert Brothers.

Mr. Brennig was a graduate of Georgetown University. In World War I he served as a pilot in the aviation section of the Army Signal Corps. Before the war, when the infant movie industry was still in Fort Lee, N.J. he performed as a stuntman under the name of Charles Walker.

Surviving are his widow, the former Agnes C. Bailey; a son, Charles Jr. of London, a daughter, Mrs. Margaret Brennig Sheets; two brothers, Benno Frederic and Joseph Jerome Brennig; two sisters, Mrs. Marie Sands and Mrs. Lawrence Clarke, and three grand-children.

3. Margaret "Peggy" Catherine Bailey

The Palm Beach Post, Sunday, April 29, 1934, Page 6

Plans Announced For wedding May Seventh of Miss Bailey, Frank Speno.

The Lexington (Ky.) Leader recently carried a story telling of the details planned for the wedding on May 7 of Miss Peggy Bailey, daughter of Catherine Bradley Bailey of Lexington, and niece of Col. Edward R. Bradley of that city and Palm Beach, to Frank Speno, Jr. The engagement of the popular young couple was announced a few weeks ago here while Miss Bailey was the guest of her uncle at his home in Palm Beach. With her mother, she has been in New York for the past two weeks or so, and during that week they went to Idle Hour Farm, Colonel Bradley's estate at Lexington.

One hundred friends have been invited to the wedding which will be solemnized at 11 o'clock in the morning at the chapel at Idle Hour Farm; and additional friends have been invited to the reception at 12 o'clock at the Ashland Country Club.

The Leader further states:

"Among the bridesmaids will be Miss Lena Ball, Nantucket; Miss Helen Svhoffe, Media, Pa., and Miss Mary Williams Gerst, Louisville.

Colonel Bradley will give his niece in marriage and the service will be read by Rev. Andrew Doherty of West Palm Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Kelly and Mrs. Walter Travers, New York, will be among the guests arriving for the Derby and remaining for the wedding.

The bridal pair plan a three-month honeymoon abroad, before returning to make their home in Greenwich, Conn. Mr. Speno is associated in business with his father, Mr. Frank Speno Sr. in the re-grading and laying of rail-roads. The company's plant and headquarters are at Ithaca, N.Y.

"The marriage service will be read in the chapel at Idle Hour, which was erected many years ago, before automobiles were in vogue, and it was found more feasible to take a priest to the farm to have mass there every two weeks for the employees than to bring the latter to town. In the old days when many young boys were under contract, and Colonel and Mrs. Bradley felt it a moral obligation to look after their spiritual welfare. Mrs. Bradley suggested the erection of the chapel, Since the improvement of the roads, and automobile transportation, mass is said once a year for the guests attending the Derby, on the Sunday immediately following. The chapel is retained for sentimental reasons, as several of Colonel Bradley's nieces and nephews made their first communion there.

"The little green-stained shingle chapel seats only 100 guests, and contains a tiny cottage organ, which will be played at Miss Bailey's wedding. The chapel is surrounded by a stone fence, having an entrance through a white lattice built to support rambler roses. The interior, painted a pale, cool green, has stained glass windows dedicated to St. Theresa, St. Agnes, the Sacred Heart, St. Anthony, St. Edward and the Immaculate Conception. The white and gold altar is flanked by kneeling cherubim.

"To the right of the chapel is a stone shrine to St. Edward, in which is hung a bell presented by the late Rev. Father William T. Punch, which formerly hung in the old St. Peter's church on Limestone Street and which is about 110 years old. The bell rings once a year, calling the Derby visitors to the service. It will ring again, most gaily, this year, for the marriage of Colonel Bradley's niece and her fiance."

The Bailey Family (Taken at the wedding of Peggy Bailey & Frank Speno held at Idle Hour Farm, Lexington, Kentucky)



Hugh John "Jack" Agnes, Peggy Catherine Joe Edward

(The flower girl is Peggy Brennig)

.....
The Ithaca Journal, Thursday, February 5, 1970, Page 8

Frank Speno Jr.

Frank Speno Jr. 68, p[resident of the Speno Railroad Ballast Cleaning Co. of 306 N. Cayuga St. and of Speno international S.A. of Geneva, Switzerland, died vat his home, 200 Hobart Ave. in Summit, N.J. on Saturday, Jan. 31, 1970 after a heart attack.

Born in Ithaca in April 19+01, son of the late Frank and Della Speno, he moved to Summit in 1935. He was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1922.

During his lifetime, Mr. Speno was engaged in the railroad construction and maintenance industry. He initiated a rail grinding method which received world-wide acceptance, and he designed a ballast crushed rock cleaning machine, first used in 1934, and today standard equipment with most of the railroads in this country and some in Canada.

He is survived by his wife, Margaret Bradley Speno; two daughters, Mrs. Roland Arri-
goni of Starkbridge, Mass., and sister Margaret, a nun with the Sisters of Mercy in Balti-
more, Md.; three sons, Edward B. of Hingham, Mass. David and Frank Speno III, both of
Summit, N.J., seven grandchildren; Two sisters, Mrs. Margaret S. Farley of Syracuse and
Mrs. Helen S. LaBonte of Ithaca; and brothers, Martin J. and Thomas V. Speno, both of
Syracuse.

Services were held in St. Rose of Lima Church at Short Hills, N.J. with burial there in
Gate of Heaven Cemetery.

.....
The Palm Beach Post, Saturday, October 12, 1985, Page 46

MARGARET "PEGGIE" BAILEY SPENO

Age 78, passed away Thursday, October 10th, 1985.

Wife of the late Frank Speno, Jr., and the niece of Col. E.R. Bradley.

Survived by five children and twelve grandchildren.

Martin-Vegue Funeral Home, Marathon, Fla., in charge of arrangements.

4. John "Jack" Rogers Bailey

John was named after his uncle and was born in Johnstown, Pennsylvania in 1910. He
would eventually live in Edinborough, Scotland. Death date is stated by several sources
as 1981, location unknown.

5. Francis Joseph Bailey

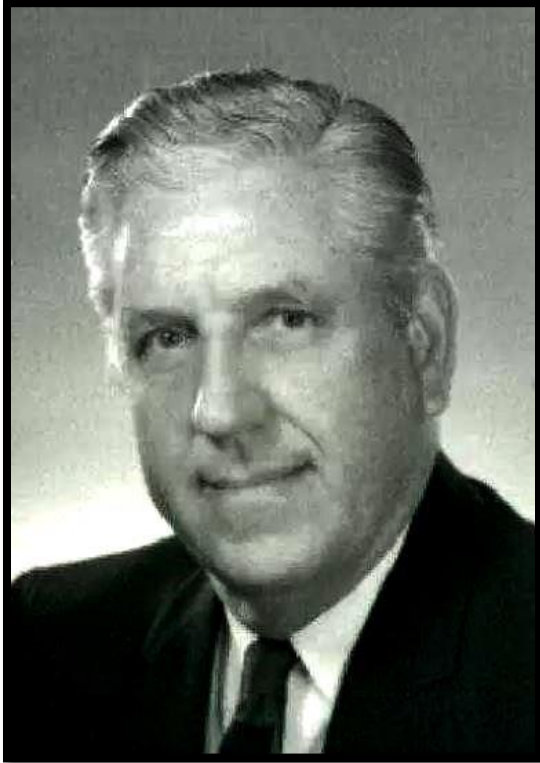
Published in the Mobile Register and Baldwin County from Nov. 10 to Nov. 12, 2014

FRANCIS JOSEPH "JOE" BAILEY

Jan. 30, 1912 - Nov. 10, 2014 Joe A Bailey, 102, of Mobile, AL passed Nov. 10, 2014.

He was the former Mayor-Finance Commissioner of Mobile. In addition, he achieved
many civic business achievements. He was chairman of the Mobile American Cancer Drive
and earned a medallion for his work; he also served on the American Cancer Society State
Board. He was also one of three men to serve on the Mobile Catholic Radio Hour.

He had an active athletic life. While at Spring Hill College he lettered in football, basketball and golf; he later coached football at St Ann's High School of West Palm Beach, FL and basketball at Spring Hill College. He was blood chairman for the American Red Cross and personally gave over 20 gallons of blood; he was president of the Spring Hill College alumni where he revised Golden Glove Boxing and with gate proceeds, he established a tennis scholarship plus one of the boxers went to the finals of the program.



As City Commissioner he rewrote the city pension plan and joined it with the pension-health benefit field, particularly in the Industrial Relations Field having put in plans at Ingalls Ship Yard and Alabama State of Alabama plan; he also planned the future of a golf course at Millers Park. In his business career he became nationally recognized as an authority in Dry Dock among the many. In addition, he branched out into the health field and established one of the first Home Health Agencies in Mobile as business and estate analyst. He passed state board examining requirements and received broker licenses in securities, real estate, life and casualty insurance.

His wife Elizabeth Radcliff of 74 years preceded him in death.

He is survived his four children, 8 grandchildren and 3 great grand-children.

He dedicated his body to the South Alabama Medical School. Visitation will be held on November 13, 2014 from 11:30 am until the 1 pm Memorial Mass at St. Ignatius.

In lieu of flowers the family requests memorials be sent to the St. Ignatius Church. A special thank you the Ashland Place Health and Rehab for the compassion and excellent care given to Joe A. Bailey.

.....
Published in the Press-Register from October 11 to October 12, 2010

Elizabeth Radcliff "Lib" "MiMi" Bailey

Born March 14, 1916-a native resident of Mobile, AL passed away on Sunday October 10, 2010 at home at the age of 94. She leaves to cherish her memory, her loving husband of 74 years Joe A. Bailey; two daughters: Robin Farnell of Theodore and Cathy Carter of Gulf Shores, AL; two sons Michael R (Mike) Bailey of Mobile and E. Bradley (Brad) Bailey of Mobile: eight grandchildren: Beth Andrus, James P Brusnighan, Jr., Lucy Brusnighan, Michael R. Bai-ley, Jr., Laura Whitehead, Bradley Bailey, Amanda Corette of Missoula, Montana, Elizabeth Carter; five great grandchildren, Billy Corette, Bailey Corette, Stewart Whitehead, Elizabeth Radcliff, Riley Bailey and Mary Margaret Andrus. She is also survived by her brother, George Radcliff; sister-in-law, Dorothy Greer Radcliff, plus numerous relatives from the Radcliff, Leatherbury, Ladd and Maumenee families.



Lib was among the first real estate licensed lady sales agent in Mobile.

Lib had two outstanding attributes: if things did not go as well as expected, her favored expression was: "Well, I tried"; the other was-she was a caring person. In substance Lib was a loving and caring wife, mother, grandmother, and great grandmother, and it is certain that she will hear her Master's voice say: "Well done my good and faithful servant, well done."

Funeral services will be held at the graveside on Tuesday October 12, 2010 at 1PM in Magnolia Cemetery, in the Southeast corner close to Virginia St. In lieu of flowers, please send donations to a charity of your choice. Fun-eral arrangements by Pine Crest Funeral Home,

6. Hugh Bradley Bailey



The Palm Beach Post, Saturday, April 24, 1976, Page 40

H. BRADLEY BAILEY

Age 62, 20 N. E. 18th St. Delray Beach, passed away Thursday at his home.

He is survived by his wife Marion; one son , John Bradley both of Delray Beach; three daughters; Mrs. Page Neuberth of Marblehead, Mass, Miss Paula Bailey and Miss Tia Bailey both of Delray Beach; a granddaughter Kimberly; one brother, Joseph of Mobile, Alabama; a sister Mrs. Frank Speno of Marathon, Florida.

Private funeral services will be held 10 a.m. today graveside at the Delray Beach Cemetery, Scobee Ireland Potter Funeral Home, Delray Beach in charge of arrangements.

Hugh "Bradley" with Catherine

PART IV

THE STORY OF THE BRADLEY PARK HOTEL - NOW THE WHITE ELEPHANT – PALM BEACH

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**ROSA MAY (AKA ROSEMARY)
Rosemary Apartments**



The Palm Beach Post, Tue. Mar. , 1924, Page 12

The Rosemary apartment house will be built at Sunset Avenue and Bradley Place, Palm Beach. By Chalker and Land contractors, at a cost of \$250,000. This apartment will be owned and operated by a company of which J. H. Scott, J R. Anthony and W. D. Manley are officials, and financed by the Palm Beach Guaranty Company through an issue of first mortgage bonds. It is to be a three-story building of characteristic Palm Beach Spanish design.

In addition to the guest luxuries and conveniences of modern apartments, it will contain a restaurant to be operated by a New Jersey company. A premier advantage of the building will be it's location within half a block of the Royal Poinciana Hotel and the shopping District of Palm Beach and within an easy walking distance of the Breakers Hotel and the ocean. Efforts will be made to complete it in time for occupancy at the beginning of next season.

Mr. Anthony and Mr. Manley are well-known bankers of Florida Georgia and New York. Mr. talker and Mr. land for years have been in charge of continuing and construction work for Florida East Coast hotel company. Mr. Scott also has been associated with the hotel company for a long time.

.....
The Palm Beach Post, Friday, December 5, 1924, Page 7

Western Union opened a branch office at the Biltmore Hotel on Ocean Boulevard yesterday with C. D. Sawyer in charge. There will be five offices in operation in Palm Beach when the season opens, the main office which will be located in the Rosemary apartment building opening about the middle of this month.

.....
The Palm Beach Post, Wednesday, December 17, 1924, Page 3

HOTELS FOR SALE

Rosemary Apartments, Bradley Place and Sunset Ave. Palm Beach.

Palm Beach's newest and largest apartment house, completed and opened Dec. 1st, 1924. Modern, fireproof, complete in the heart of Florida's most noted resort, convenient in every attraction.

Forty apartments, forty baths, elevators, dining room 250 capacity.

Success secured by location and increasing demand. One of Florida's safest investments.
 Easiest terms available.

For Details See

J. P. SMITH

EUGENE MILLETTE

Exclusive agents

Hotel and Apartment House Specialists

Main Street, Palm Beach

Expert Counsel at Your Service on Florida Hotels

.....
The Palm Beach Post. Thu. Jan. 1, 1925 Page 7 (Excerpted)

.....Another popular place was the Colonnade Garden, which will serve the double purpose this year of providing a restaurant for the people living in the new Rosa May apartment hotel and for the public as well. Opened under new management last night, the restaurant promises to fill a very distinct want in Palm Beach's life, and the Garden was filled with a jolly crowd of merry-makers last evening, probably the most important gathering that has ever been known in this attractive restaurant.

The Palm Beach Post Sunday, Jan. 25, 1925, page 122

ROSA MAY APARTMENT, A BEAUTIFUL BUILDING

Constructed by Chalker, Lund & Crittenden, contractors for Municipal Field during the past year, Chalker, Lund and Crittenden have completed the Rosa May apartments, which is the largest type of fireproof construction known, located on the corner of Bradley Place and Sunset Avenue. It is one of the most beautiful buildings in Palm Beach, being of Spanish design, having 24 double apartments, with four stores facing on Bradley Place, and it's beautiful court yard facing on Sunset Avenue. Hampton and Ehmann were architects for this building.

.....

The Palm Beach Post, Sat. Mar 14, 1925 Page 10

ROSA MAY HOTEL

The title of the Rosa May Apartments proved to be a little misleading, for this beautiful building was opened early in December as an apartment hotel, so Mr. J. H. Scott, the owner, changed the name to the Rosa May Hotel and Apartments.

.....

The Palm Beach Post Sat, Mar. 14, 1925 Page 10. (Excerpted)

....The first of the new apartment buildings to open this season, and the only one of the apartments which has restaurant service. The restaurant, the Colonnade Gardens, however, is separate from the hotel, so that the guest may or may not avail themselves of its service, as they wish.

Among the season guests at the Rosa May are Mr. L. A. Lemke of Chicago who is a well-known Palm Beach visitor, Mr. C. H. Reinhardt of Providence, who spends most of his time going down to Miami for the races, Mr. H. U. Clark of Bristol, Connecticut, who is fascinated by the shops here, and Mrs. Frank Humphreys of Morristown, New Jersey, who devotes most of her time to her two grandchildren who are spending the winter with her here.

Recent arrivals at the Rosa May include Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Thatcher and Mrs. G. H. Green of Toledo, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Speyer of Pittsburgh, with their three children, Judge and Mrs. F. E. Goldsmith of New York, Miss Catherine Cowen of Cincinnati, and Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Baruch of New York.

.....

The Palm Beach Post, Sat. Mar. 21, 1925 Page 11

At The Rosa May Hotel

Apartments at the Rosa May Hotel which will be open until the first of May, have been taken by many of the people who were living at the Palm Beach Hotel at the time of the fire. Mr. Samuel A. Ammon of Pittsburgh, who usually goes to the Breakers but who was unable to secure accommodations there this year, and had spent the season at the Palm

Beach Hotel, will finish out his visit at the Rosa May. Mr. Ammon was in bathing at the Breakers beach when the Breakers fire was discovered and was congratulating himself to think that he had not been able to get his usual room there , only to find later that the fire had spread to his hotel. He has recovered a great many of his possessions.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fenn and Miss Bessie Fenn, who have been guests at the Palm Beach Hotel for 2 years, were among those fortunate enough to have saved most of their things. Mr. William Fenley of New York, is very well known in Palm Beach where he has been spending his winters ay the Palm Beach Hotel for a great many years. He was out in an automobile with Mr. Thomas A. Clarke, who with, Mrs. Clarke and their daughter, was also a guest at the Palm Beach Hotel. They returned from their ride at about 6:30 in the evening to find the hotel in ruins. Fortunately, however, Ed Gallagher, Mr. Findley's attendant, had saved his wheel chair, without which, he is helpless, and most of his possessions. They are all at the Rosa May.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. McGill, who have been coming to the Palm Beach Hotel for 22 years, are now at the Rosa May. They had packed their trunks and were about to leave for Los Angeles in response to a call from their son-in-law on the night of the fire. They were among those who went to the Breakers fire and could not get back in time to save anything of their own. Mr. McGill is a wholesale coal merchant in Toronto, and one of the best known of Palm Beach golfers.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Havill and their niece, Miss Reba Paley, some of whose effects were saved, are at the Rosa May.

Others of the Palm Beach Hotel guests who have taken rooms at the Rosa may are Mr. and Mrs. J. C/ G. Cotton of New York, Mrs. G. A Muller and her three children, Kate, Gillie and Fred Muller, of New York; H. C. Stone, J. MacMullan, J. Long and J. Macredis of Brooklyn; A. F. Herrmann of St Louis; Miss Nan Coulter of Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hubbard of Chicago, who packed their bags and sent them out and haven't seen them since.

.....

The Palm Beach Post, Sun. Jul. 9, 1925 Page 1

NEW OWNERS CONTROL ROSA MAY APARTMENTS

Palm Beach Property Changes Hands: Consideration More than Half Million

The Rosa May apartments and the Campbell building, adjoining structures in the heart of Palm Beach, have been sold by the Campbell Building company, to a syndicate comprised of George McNair, Barrows McNair and William Harding. Mr. Harding announced yester-day. "The consideration was placed in excess of half a million dollars.

Mr. Harding also announced that the apartment will be opened immediately to meet the present heavy summer demand for living accommodations.

"The great influx of newcomers at the present time," he said. "has convinced us that operating an apartment in Palm Beach in summer not only can be done profitably, but that the demand for housing right now is almost greater than accommodations."

Consummation of the sale followed negotiations extending over several weeks time. The former owners, comprising the Campbell Building company, are J. R. Anthony, J. H. Scott and A. H. Manley.

The property in question fronts for 300 feet on Bradley Place and for 120 feet on Main Street and Sunset Avenue. Besides the 40 apartments located in the Rosa May proper are the Palm Beach Post Office, the Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies and the First Bank of Palm Beach are located on the property.

THE ROSA MAY WAS RENAMED THE ALGEMAC IN 1925

ALGEMAC HOTEL

The Palm Beach Post, Sunday, August 30, 1925, page 5

HOTEL ALGEMAC

The Hotel Algamac hotel (Rosa May) under the direction of the new management is planning many new conveniences for the coming season. One of them is the new lunch room or café which will be opened in the Colonnade. This will be ready by November 1.

Mr. F. A. McGahn, a hotel man of wide experience, and recently of the Saratoga Hotel of Oklahoma City has excepted the position of night clerk at the Algamac. The Biltmore



apartments under the same management as the Algamac was opened this week, and a number of permanent residents are already located there.

.....

The Palm Beach Post, Sun. Dec. 15, 1926 Page 3

Hotel Algamac To Open Today

The Algamac hotel, which has undergone many improvements, officially opens today under new management, and according to the list of reservations all indications point toward a good season.

The 65 rooms have been re-decorated and are attractive with period furnishings offset by attractive draperies. The newly landscaped patio, where bright crotons vie with other foliage, leads into the foyer, done in tones of brown and ivory, relieved here and there by bright potted flower or brilliant scarf.

The hotel is ideally situated in the heart of things, including the Sunset Bathing Beach, which is a block in distance.

Emerson C. Cook is in charge of the hostelry.

This is the fifth season for the Algemac which, as in other years, will be operated on the European plan.

.....
The Palm Beach Post, Wednesday, January 5, 1927 page 7

Algemac Hotel is Delightful

Sunset Avenue which is one of the prettiest streets in Palm Beach, and which is one of the coolest thoroughfares, even on the hottest day, is fortunate to have two delightful hotels in the same block. The Algemac, which was the home of many northerners last year, anticipating a heavy season, and already the guests are beginning to arrive to get away from the cold winter. Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Lemen are the latest guests to arrive for winter's sojourn in Palm Beach. The Lemens have come from their delightful home in Baltimore.

.....
The Palm Beach Post Friday, February 4, 1927, page 15

LOST

One cinnamon colored ring tailed male monkey; finder please return to Hotel Algemac and receive reward.

.....
The Palm Beach Post, Thu. Dec. 17, 1931 Page 12

Sale of Two Hotels Ordered in Decree

Sale of the Algemac hotel and the Colonnade, both of Palm Beach, was ordered in a final decree foreclosing a trust deed signed in circuit court Wednesday, in the event a total of \$278,517.24 is not paid within one day to prevent the sale.

The Central Farmers Trust company, as successor trustee, foreclosed the trust deed following defaults. The Campbell Building company and other parties were defendants. In the event payment is not made, General Master J. S. White will offer the property at legal sale to the highest bidder, probably on the first Monday in February.

Winters, Foskett & Wilcox and George W. Coleman represent the complainant.

.....

The Palm Beach Post, Tue, Apr. 3, 1934 Page 5

APARTMENT BUILDINGS BOUGHT FOR \$221,000

Foreclosure Sales Are Subject to Order of the Court

The El Cid, Hibiscus and Algemac apartments and the Monterey hotel brought bids aggregating \$221,000 at foreclosure sales Monday from the steps of this county courthouse. The bids are subject to confirmation by the court.

Highest Price

The El Cid apartments were sold to Elmer Rich, of Chicago and palm Beach at a bid of \$65,000 and subject to taxes of \$26,800. This was characterized as the highest price received at a foreclosure sale here in years. The Monterey hotel was sold to the Central Farmers Trust company on a bid of \$26,000 subject to taxes, bringing the purchase price total to around \$55,000.

Algemac Sold

The Algemac apartments in Palm Beach were sold to the Benjamin Franklin Investment corporation for \$45,000. The Hibiscus apartments were sold to John R. Beachum, as agent for \$17,000 and subject to taxes which, it was said, can be settled for about \$12,000.

The four sales were made in mortgage foreclosure cases brought by Central Farmers trust company, as successor trustees, against Vibber, Cook and Harsha and others, the Hibiscus Holding company and others, the Campbell Building company and others, and the Alliance Realty company and others

.....
The Palm Beach Post, Fri. Sep. 23, 1934 Page 1

Mrs. Paty Leases Algemac Property

The Algemac hotel property on Bradley Place, Palm Beach, has been leased by Mrs. Lina King Paty and will open on October 15 under the name of the Palm Beach Plaza, according to an announcement made by Mrs. Paty last night.

Confirmation of master's sale of the property, which fronts on Bradley Place and Sunset Avenue, was filed in circuit court Thursday.

The property was sold at the May rule day sale for \$60,000 to the Bond holders' Protective committee to satisfy a mortgage lien of the Central Farmers trust company, as trustee, against the Campbell Building company. Winters, Foskett and Wilcox represented the bank in the suit and Joe S. White was general master in charge of the sale.



ALGEMAC HOTEL
Palm Beach
In Hotel and Business Section

THE ALGEMAC HOTEL is located on Main Street and Sunset Avenue at Bradley Place, midway between the Royal Poinciana and Alba Hotels; it overlooks Bradley's Beach Club, one block from Lake Worth, and three blocks from ocean.

Bus service and ferry service are within one block of the hotel. Several theatres are nearby, as well as Palm Beach shops.

Offices are maintained in the building by Seaboard Air Line Railway, Western Union Telegraph Company and Postal Telegraph Company.

Single apartments consisting of one room and bath are available for one or two persons; double apartments are available for two or four persons, consisting of sitting room with double Murphy in-a-door bed, bathroom and master bedroom. Restaurant service is available on Main Street around the corner. Rates, \$25.00 per week and up.



*Lake Worth and Palm Beach
Looking north along Palm
Beach from point near
Algamac Hotel*



Page Eight

The Palm Beach Post (West Palm Beach, Florida) · Wed, Feb 2, 1927 · Page 10

THE
Hotel Algemac

PALM BEACH

Bradley Place and Sunset Ave.

NOW OPEN

J. H. SCOTT, Manager

**Fire Proof -- 64 Rooms
All Modern**

**Daily Rates \$4 to \$10
European Plan**

THE ALGEMAC WAS RENAMED TO THE PALM BEACH PLAZA

PALM BEACH PLAZA



The Palm Beach Post, Sunday, December 5, 1937 Page 44

PALM BEACH PLAZA OPENS FOR SEASON

Mrs. Path, manager, has operated hotels in section 18 years

With the recent opening of the Palm Beach Plaza Hotel, on Sunset Avenue at Bradley Place in Palm Beach, Mrs. Lena King Paty launched her eighteenth season in hotel management In the Palm Beaches.

This is the fourth winter that the Plaza has been under her direction, and it has come to be the mecca for many visitors who had spent former seasons with her at other hotels. Mrs. Paty spent this summer abroad, and she has brought back with her a number of old world ideas of color and atmosphere, which she had Incorporated. especially in her new patio.

The patio in front of the hotel has been paved with red tile. There is much new planting and bright yellow chairs have been scattered throughout, so that it will prove a setting for many sun lovers this winter.

During the summer the hotel was completely done over with new painting and much new decoration. The Plaza is a large, rambling home-like Hotel, with a capacity ranging from 150 to 165. Most of the rooms are arranged in suites, the greater number of bedrooms having adjoining sitting rooms that have in-a-door beds in dressing closets.

An interesting feature of the Plaza lies in the fact that the usual hotel uniformity has been abandoned in favor of individual furnishings and decorations for each suite. Different color schemes and varied types of furniture are used in each. Some of the guests, who return year after year, leave some of their individual accessories in their suites to be ready for them on their return. Large spacious dressing room closets are a special feature of many of the rooms.

The large lounge extends across the front of the building and is furnished with low comfortable chairs and lounges. It adjoins the dining room, which is on the Bradley Place side. The Plaza has built up a reputation for its southern cooking.

.....
The Palm Beach Post, Tuesday, July 27, 1943, Page 7

Palm Beach Plaza Hotel

Palm Beach, Fla., corner of Bradley Place and Sunset Ave. Phone 8545.

Special summer rates for officers and service men and families. \$50 monthly. Two in room, with private bath \$1.50 daily. Free bathing facilities. Convenient to all Army camps. Bus service from hotel.

.....
The Miami News, Wednesday, November 22, 1944 Page 5

ONE OF THE largest real estate transactions to be completed in Palm Beach this year is the recent sale of the Palm Beach Plaza hotel by Algamac Properties, Inc., to A. A. Winter for a price of \$110,000.

.....
The Palm Beach Post, Friday, December 15, 1950, Page 10

Mrs. Bollet Regains Palm Beach Plaza

Having re-acquired the Palm Beach Plaza Hotel, which she owned and operated in 1944-45, Mrs. Sorrel Ross Bollet Thursday made known that she plans to have the hotel again under her personal ownership-management this season.

Mrs. Bollet this week completed negotiations for re-purchasing the hotel from Mr. and Mrs. George D. Flick, to whom she sold it in 1945. She also owns the adjacent building, with a pharmacy on the ground floor, apartments above in which she makes her home.

The hotel will open about Dec. 20, she said, following a complete remodeling and refurnishing job.

A. Burton Wright, who has been with a number of resort hotels, including the Boca Raton Club, the Roney Plaza in Miami Beach, and the Atlantic Beach, is to be resident manager, the owner said.

THE PALM BEACH PLAZA IS RENAMED TO THE BRADLEY HOUSE

The Palm Beach Post, Sunday, November 19, 1967, Page 86

Old Resort Hotel to Have New Life

Re-opening of the Palm Beach Plaza Hotel, Sunset Avenue and Bradley Place, by the end of November as the Bradley House by architect Robert W. Richardson is reviving memories of Col. Edward R. Bradley, colorful gambler and club owner here from 1895 through to 1946.

"The building has been in rundown appearance for some time," said Richardson. "Examination showed it to be in excellent structural condition. Although much of its original beauty has been hidden under coats of paint and indiscriminate redecorating in the past, to me, as a practicing designer, its refurbishing became a challenge."

The challenge encouraged Richardson and his associates to buy the 60-room, four-story building. He is now rapidly having it repainted, rebuilt in parts, and refurbished into a 40-unit seasonal rental apartment complex, with a restaurant, bar and public areas.

It is part of a long-range plan to spend \$200,000 on improvements. This season, carpeting, a new elevator, paint inside and outside and air conditioning in some areas are being added.

The hotel has been located directly opposite Col. Bradley's famous Beach Club gambling casino, which before demolition in 1946 attracted a wealthy clientele of business tycoons, gamblers, show people and others for its lavish games, entertainment and good food. Erected in 1925 on land sold by Bradley, the hotel became a stopping place for some of this clientele because of its ready access to the casino.

"The bar is to be called the Algemac Room, " said Richardson. "It will commemorate the original name of the hotel. The new NAME of Bradley House is in honor of Col. Bradley.

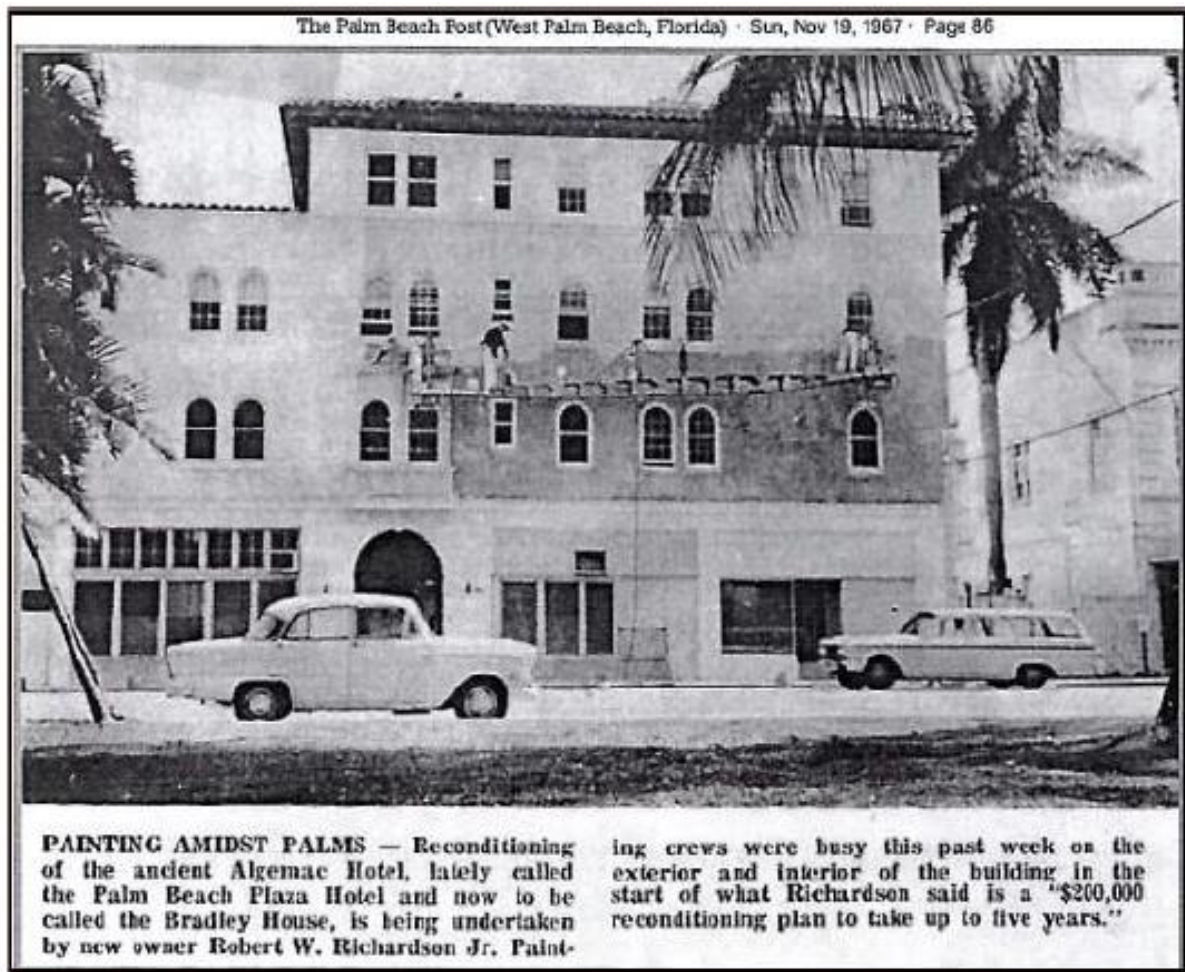
The original building permit was for \$100,000. It was sold during 1946 for \$215,000 and changed hands again in November, 1966, for an unreported sum.

New manager of the Bradley House will be Daniel P. Larkin Sr., who has operated his own hotels in New England and managed the Seabreeze in Palm Beach. He has been active in the reconditioning of the hotel.

"I've noticed that some rooms had as many as four telephones installed at one time," said Larkin. "In its heyday the hotel catered to some important people. On the ground floor was located a stock exchange broker and the Western Union offices."

The Bradley House has two penthouses. Richardson plans to rebuild these for his family. There are also plans to build a swimming pool in the entrance patio facing Sunset Avenue. The main entrance is being moved around to Bradley Place. The lobby will be approached through a long arcade as originally laid out by the builders more than a quarter of a century ago.

BRADLEY HOUSE HOTEL



The Palm Beach Post, Friday, May 16, 1975, Page 20

A Good Mix Every Night

The Bradley House -- It's in Palm Beach -- is open from 3 p.m. till 5 a.m. with a changing panorama of guests and entertainers. Marty Loren started the lounge about four months ago when it was known as the Algamac Room, then he changed it to the name of the seasonal hotel in which it is located. That's on the corner, South of Publix.

The atmosphere is nostalgic with music covers from the 30's, 40's and 50's decorating the walls, which goes along with Lorin's repertoire of about 1800 tunes in standards, show, some country and a lot of calypso. He has two dozen tunes he has written and copyrighted, but never recorded, played on

request, such as "Her Eyes", a folk theme, and "I Wanna Marry Juana", a calypso play on words. He sings on most of his



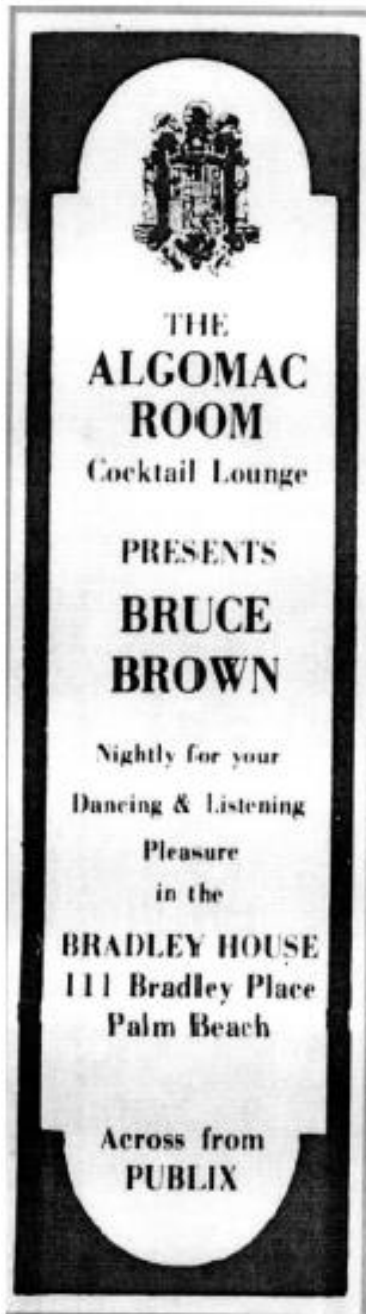
MARTY LORIN in caricature.

numbers as he plays the piano, accompanied by Chuck Adams, a "fantastic" musician on bass though he doesn't read a note. Lately, whenever Guiseppe Cam-pora, the opera singer drops by, the threesome gets together with Lorin on piano, Campora singing Neapolitan tenor and Adams with a mandolin. The effect on the crowd is electric.

Sing-a-longs are on request only -- Lorin does no rock -- with most regulars content to listen to the music, talk, and dance. Later in the evening other entertainers usually drop in, like Carol and John (Night Life Duo) from the Tavern in Palm Beach Gardens. Oftentimes it's another band, bringing along a high hat and a drum as Lorin doesn't use one. Jimmy Slane, one of the "finest trumpet players in this area" likes to stop by (he club dates for Marshall Grant), and from Boca may come June Hoff who sings with "the range and style of an Ella Fitzgerald". Bradley House regulars never know who is going to show up, except that the mix will be good.

On "mixing", there is Rosanne Genge, president of the Female Bartender's Club, behind the bar from opening to about 8 p.m. when Neil McNerny takes over, and also Candy Spiers, relief bartender and cocktail waitress. The gals are both blonde, however, Rosanne is 6 ft. tall, while Candy is 5 ft. 2 inches tall (and also has eyes of blue).

Lorin began working as a musician about eight years ago in Delray. Before then he wrote promo copy for a New York ad agency and later ran the Limelight Restaurant in Greenwich Village which was near five off-Broadway theaters. There was no entertainment except by those dropping in: Dustin Hoffman (before he made it), Jack Wood, and whenever the Kingston Trio or Joan Baez were in town they would come in. At the same time



THE
**ALGOMAC
ROOM**
Cocktail Lounge

PRESENTS
**BRUCE
BROWN**

Nightly for your
Dancing & Listening
Pleasure
in the
BRADLEY HOUSE
111 Bradley Place
Palm Beach

Across from
PUBLIX

McNerney ran Mothers in Boston, and he probably knows a story or two himself.

Come on by the Bradley House anytime for a change of scene, but don't tell Lorin he looks like Joe Namath, even if it is true.

The Palm Beach Post (West Palm Beach, Florida) • 9 Nov 1969, Sun • Page 167



SING-A-LONG & DANCE-A-LONG

**LANNY GREY'S
"SING-A-LOUNGE"**

- TUES — Talent Nite (Sing or Play) Prizes.
- WED — Free Champagne at Midnite (Lucky Seats)
- THUR — Country Talent Nite • Prizes

FRI }
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DANCE MUSIC

LANNY GREY COMBO with "Curly" Holdam

BRADLEY HOUSE (Algomac Room)
Bradley Place & Sunset, Palm Beach

Phone 833-9200

.....
Palm Beach Daily News, Sun., April 19, 1992 Page 32

Coniglio's success a mixture of fun, work

--Cynthia Washam

E.R. Bradley's saloon owner Frank Coniglio runs what may be the busiest bar in Palm Beach. But it isn't easy. Three years ago, he came under fire from neighbors complaining about noise, and from the Internal Revenue Service, complaining he owed \$154,000 in back taxes. Here, the gregarious bar owner discusses how he solved the problem and made his business such a success.

You've been in the bar and restaurant business for a number of years. What attracted you to a business that's known to be difficult and requires very long hours?

To be completely honest, I started going to bars in Washington, D.C. at the age of 16 and I was totally fascinated with the restaurant bar business. I saw the bar business is a great way to Have fun and make a good living at the same time. The restaurant business is extremely difficult and requires 16 hour days if you are going to manage your own place, but when you have hard-working, loyal and fun people to work with, it makes the business a little easier and a lot of fun and that's what we have at Bradley's, The best employees and managers in the world.

You owned a bar in Washington D.C. before opening E.R. Bradley's saloon. What brought you to Palm Beach?

The weather brought Gail and I to Florida, and the beauty of Palm Beach convinced us to buy a home here. We are very happy to be able to raise a family and live in Palm Beach.

Three years ago, you filed for Chapter 11 bankruptcy because you were unable to pay \$154,000 in back taxes. Now the restaurant seems to be thriving. How do you get out of debt?

We pulled out of debt the old fashion way – By working hard and staying on top of the business. Gail can be found every afternoon working the floor and running lunches while I work the back of the house finding the best deals on food and liquor and working on promotions with my staff and managers, -- hard work, determination, good friends and St. Jude worked for us.

That same year, Palm Beach residents signed a petition protesting noise from Bradley's. How do you balance the need to keep peace in the neighborhood with the need to let your customers have fun?

I don't recall any petition signed by Palm Beach residence protesting noise. We did have a petition signed by Palm Beach residents supporting ER Bradley's. They were a few people who complained about the noise outside of the restaurant late at night, when customers were walking to their cars and laughing and talking loud. We have controlled the noise by hiring off duty police officers on the weekend nights, also, our managers and hostesses at evening ask customers leaving the restaurant to keep their voices down because our neighbors may be sleeping.

E. R. Bradley's seems to be one of the busiest places in town. How do you attract a crowd?

Well, we have been in business here for eight years now and Gail and I feel that we will fill a need in the community. Besides the fact that you will always be greeted with a smile at Bradley's, We try to make our patrons feel like they are a guest in our home and because our staff treats each guest as a personal friend. We could always continue to attract new customers as long as we continue to serve great drinks and consistently good food with friendly efficient service.

You hosted several charitable event at E.R. Bradley's. Why? Do you have a favorite charity?

We feel that we have to put something back into the system and not just take out. Our favorite charity is the Children of Hope Rural School. These migrant workers' children are so appreciative of the things we take so much for granted. For example, to them, seeing a sailboat in the Intracoastal makes their day. I love to see those smiling faces as they open their Christmas stockings or look into an Easter basket.

In January, you and restaurant tour George Dempsey invested in the restaurant and the heart of Palm Beach Hotel for your daughter and his son to manage. How is the restaurant doing?

Fair to middling. George and I haven't had a chance to spend any time over there this winter to help the kids out but they are both doing a great job and George and I are looking forward to spending some time with them this summer when business slows down. We are very happy to be associated with the Heart of Palm Beach Hotel and are looking forward to a great summer.

During the William Kennedy Smith trial, reporters from around the world patronized your bar and many reported on it. What's been the long-term effect of such wide-spread publicity?

Those reporters know how to have a good time. They had fun while they worked and were great for business. The publicity has been excellent with business and I'm sure it contributed to sales being up.

What do you do when you're not working? Any hobbies?

I work every day, but I will sneak away in the afternoon to go to the horse races a couple of days a week. If Susan, my office manager and right arm, well let me. Not to mention getting Gail's approval.

Actually, I have two bad habits (hobbies)--golf and horse racing--that led me into bankruptcy three years ago because I would play golf or go to the track every day instead of watching the back of the house like I do now. Gail keeps a tight rein on me nowadays so that I won't fall into that trap again. Actually, working can become a hobby. I look forward to going to work every day. I truly love my job.

If you won \$20 million tomorrow, what would you do with it?

If it were \$20 million cash, I would buy Gail a home on the lake and I would buy myself a race horse that would be running in the 1992 Kentucky Derby. The rest would go to our family, friends and charities.

.....
Palm Beach daily news Thursday, June 24, 1999, Page 1

Investors make bids for Bradley House

By John Henderson Daily News Business Editor

Investors are trying to outbid each other to purchase the historic Bradley House building. And the fate of E.R. Bradley's Saloon could depend upon which group wins.

Burt Handlesman, who owns many buildings in the Worth Avenue area, said if his offer is accepted, he would want Frank Coniglio's. E.R. Bradley's Saloon remain in the building. The Saloon's lease expires at the end of this month.

But at least one of the other investor groups that have made an offer to buy the building at 280 Sunset Ave. wants it gutted and remodeled. And E.R. Bradley's is not in its plans.

Coniglio, however, said it doesn't matter who has made offers to buy the building or what their plans might be. He said the building's owner, Georgia Levin, assured him Thursday he has no intention of selling "at this point."

Levin could not be reached for comment.

"He said, 'listen, people are trying to buy everything I have,'" Coniglio said of his phone conversation with Levin on Wednesday. "If he wants the sale, he'll give me first shot. We're friends."

"I said: 'George I hope you do want to sell. I want to buy it.'"

If Coniglio buys the building, he would control a high-profile corner in Palm Beach. He in Palm Beach gallery owner John Surovek own the Bollet building at 101 Bradley Place. He also owns 261 Royall Poinciana Way, leased to Tropical Fruit Shop, and a vacant yellow home at 262 Sunset Ave. that was once owned by the niece of Col. E.R. Bradley.

Bradley built the Bradley House hotel in 1923 to house guests of Bradley's Beach Club, the world-famous gambling casino he operated across the street from 1898 through the 1940s -- despite the fact that gambling was illegal in Florida the entire time.

Coniglio said Levin told him Wednesday he wants to get together later this week and sign a master lease for the Bradley House building.

That master lease agreement, which Coniglio and his lawyer Brooks Ricca said was discussed at a court ordered mediation session a few weeks ago, would give Coniglio full control over what happens to the Bradley House. Coniglio said that under the agreement, he would manage, lease and renovate the apartment building, which is situated across the street from Publix Super Market. And, he said, he would have the right of first refusal of to buy the building should Levin want to sell.

But no agreement of this type has been finalized, according to the Levin's attorney, Michael "Mickey" Monchick. "There is no written agreement that protects Frank at this time", Monchick said, "but he is not leaving."

"At this point, there aren't any agreements with Frank. I can tell you we had a number of discussions. I can tell you my client (Levin) has not agreed to anything. But it is my understanding that whatever happens, Frank is not going to be kicked out tomorrow."

Coniglio's attorney, Ricca, said even though the master lease agreement has not yet been signed, he is not concerned.

"George Levin is a man of his word," Ricca said.

Following a recent mediation session, Levin, who was half owner of the building, became full owner. James U. Clarke was the building's other owner and served as landlord of the building.

If Coniglio is given the master lease responsibilities, he would take over Clarke's job, handling leases and repair of the building. Coniglio would pay Levin a large sum payment each month after collecting rents.

The mediation was the culmination of several years of legal battles between Clarke and his Palm Beach Hospitality Group Inc., and Levin's New Bradley House Limited, a Florida partnership. The lawsuit, filed in 1995, contends the Palm Beach Hospitality Group breached a lease agreement by failing to maintain the building.

"Four apartments located in the premises are in horrible condition as a result of recent rains," the lawsuit states. "The apartments required immediate maintenance, cleaning and repairs..... each of the major sub tenants in the premises have leaks in the wall and roof area."

The suit also contains that the exterior portion of the premises are in very poor condition.

Defects include cracks and holes in the stucco, peeling paint, chalked out pain, extensive mildew growth, rust, and missing and or defective caulking and glazing.

The suit also states that Palm Beach Hospitality Group owes the landlord a sum exceeding \$32,000.

Neither Clark nor his attorney, Stanley D. Klett, could not be reached for comment.

Coniglio said he has big plans to fix up the building, including installing soundproofing for his bar. Town records show the building is not landmarked, meaning it could be torn down.

In addition to E.R. Bradley's Saloon, the Bradley House has 32 suites that are let out daily in some cases on a longer basis. It also has two pent houses. The Sunset Avenue side is home to Clarke Galleries in C'est Si Bon gourmet grocery.

The building was appraised for tax purposes in 1988 at a little more than \$1.6 million, comprising an improvement value of \$418,000 and land value of \$1.2 million.

Coniglio had said in an earlier interview that when he takes over the master lease duties, he does not plan to raise the rents.

"I'm hoping to break even to remodel the building and bring it back to the charm it had in the 30s," he said. "I'm not trying to make money off of the property. I have a good business there."

.....

Palm Beach Gaily News, Thu. Jul. 8, 1999 Page 1

Is hotel on tap for Bradley's?

While investment groups jockey for position, the owner of E.R. Bradley's says he will open a restaurant on Flagler Drive.

One New York investment group wants to lease the Bradley House building and transform it into a South Beach-style hotel. Other investment groups are making multi-million dollar offers to buy the building.

In this unsettled situation, the owner of E.R. Bradley's Saloon, a major tenant in the building has decided to protect himself.

Bradley's owner Frank Coniglio, has reached an agreement to buy an existing bar and restaurant in a prime downtown West Palm Beach location. The fate of E.R. Bradley's at 111 Bradley Place, is uncertain.

Coniglio has paid a nonrefundable \$50,000 deposit and signed a letter of intent to buy the 3/4 of an acre of property and the 5,915 ft.² building at Flagler Drive and Clematis Street that is now Bimini Bay Café. Coniglio and Bimini Bay owner Bill Skaggs have agreed on a \$3.2 million price.

The waterfront restaurant at 104 Clematis Street has a view of the Intracoastal waterway and Palm Beach.

The agreement could be finalized Friday, according to Coniglio's lawyer, Charles Barnett. Barnett characterized as "slim" the odds the deal could fall through. The material terms have been agreed to, he said.

Skaggs said he is glad to sell to an establish restaurant tour. "I think it is a wonderful opportunity for the Coniglio family," he said. It is a prime piece of property. We had about six or seven offers on the property in the past four or five months.

According to the Palm Beach County Property Appraiser's records, Skaggs brought the property in October 1991 for \$1.9 million. It was appraised for tax purposes in a 1998 and \$564,061. Property taxes last year were \$18,432.22.

Coniglio says he would like to stay open in Palm Beach as well, with both locations having the Bradley's name. But there is only a 50% chance Bradley will remain in Palm Beach, he said.

His lease on the Bradley House space that he has operated out of for 15 years has expired. The building's owner, Georgia Levin, has been getting offers from investors to buy or lease the building. Levin did not return several telephone messages.

One prospective buyer of Bradley house is Burt Handlesman, who owns commercial property throughout town. Handelsman has said he would like E.R. Bradleys to stay if he buys the building.

Regardless of who may lease or buy the Bradley House building, Coniglio said he had a right of first refusal on the Palm Beach space. He says this means he could match any rental offers made. Coniglio said he would do that only if the price were right. And with the new West Palm Beach site secure, he has Leverage in the negotiations.

"I would say I feel much better about everything," Coniglio said. . "I know I have someplace to go."

Coniglio thought he had reached an agreement with Levin in which he would continue to operate E.R. Bradley's and control the master lease of the Bradley House building. Under such an agreement, he would have collected rent from tenants in the building and paid Levin a monthly sum.

But that proposal, which was discussed in a recent court mediation hearing -- and which Coniglio thought was a done deal after the hearing -- Has not been agreed-upon in writing. Since then, Leven has been getting better offers.

"When I met with George last week, he told me he had an offer from someone in New York who wanted to take over the master lease", Coniglio said. "This offer was more than what I would want to pay to him."

Coniglio said Levin also asked him whether he was interested in buying the Bradley House building. Coniglio said he might be, and he has a group of local investors who are interested -- if the price is right. Coniglio said he expects a selling price that would get Lavin's attention to be about \$6.5 million, but he is not sure that would be attractive to his investment group.

The Bradley House has 32 suites, some rented daily and some on a longer basis. The building also has two pent houses. The Sunset Avenue side is leased by C'est Si Bon gourmet grocery and Clarke Galleries.

C'est Si Bon co-owner Aris Voyer said Levin has not informed him of plans for the building. C'est Si Bon's lease expires at the end of September, but Voyer expects the business to stay open longer, regardless of who owns or leases the building.

Voyer said any renovations would not likely happen until next summer, so it makes sense for whoever controls the building to continue to collect rent.

Coniglio said when he approached Skaggs about the Bimini Bay building, he was told to put a deposit down and sign an agreement because others had expressed interest in buying. Among them, Palm Beach resident, Albert Beriro, who recently bought the Comeau Build-ing here and who had a vision of building a multi -story commercial building at the Bimini Bay site, and Renaissance Partners, whose principal is Andrew Aiken.

Beriro said he had only a preliminary discussion about buying the property, and that he was glad to hear Coniglio would be it's owner.

Beriro said E.R. Bradley's, which caters to a younger crowd, is a good fit for the location, which is within walking distance of places where young people work, such as the Palm Beach County Governmental Center in West Palm Beach Library. "It is the right spot," he said. "All of his clientele is right there."

Aiken would not confirm that Renaissance Partners was trying to buy the building. Nonetheless, he said he was glad to hear that E.R. Bradley's would be moving to the site.

"He has a nice following and a wonderful clientele," Aiken said.. "Frank runs an excellent business."

Coniglio said he plans cosmetic changes to the building and ain extraordinary happy hour. "We have all that room," he said. "I want to do a happy hour buffet that is extraordinary, with a 40 foot buffet, even a seafood bar selection."

He said he would also like a happy hour sushi bar and live entertainment.

Coniglio also said he plans to open for breakfast and offer a weekend brunch, as he now does in Palm Beach.

Houston's restaurant, which will open in the fall in the former Au Bar space in the Royal Poinciana Plaza, had previously reached an agreement to lease the Bimini Bay building. That agreement fell through after the restaurant chain wanted to tear the building down and build a structure that would be smaller than what city officials had planned for the site.

.....
The Palm Beach Post, Mon. Sep. 6, 1999 Page 97

E. R.. Bradley's Saloon moving after 15 years in Palm Beach

It's moving less than a mile away, across the Intracoastal Waterway, to West Palm Beach.

By Paul Owens, Palm Beach Post Staff Writer

Palm Beach—E. R. Bradley's Saloon is saying so long to Palm Beach after 15 years. The popular eatery will close September 26 and move less than a mile away across the Intracoastal Waterway to the former Bimini Bay Cafe on Flagler Drive in West Palm Beach. E.R. Bradley's owner, Frank Coniglio said Sunday.

The renovated restaurant is expected to open in the first week of October.

Coniglio bought the Bimini Bay site from Bill Skaggs in August for 3.2 million, saying the deal and the waterfront location were too good to pass up.

At the time, Coniglio said he would consider operating two E. R. Bradley's restaurants, but he was not able to work out a lease with George Levin, the new owner of the Bradley House Apartment Hotel in Palm Beach. Levin could not be reached for comment Sunday.

"We will just have one E.R. Bradley's -- not two -- so we won't confuse people," Coniglio said. "We're better off here because we own the property."

Bimini Bay shut down last month as workers converted the restaurant to Bradley's. It will feature three bars, a new kitchen, a canvas awning, an expanded menu and a 40 foot complementary happy hour buffet, Coniglio said. The restaurant was employee about 70 people.

Bradley's has been a favorite celebrity hang out since Coniglio opened the eatery in 1984. Baseball slugger Mark McGwire and actors Heather Locklear and Sylvester Stallone are among the famous people who have visited the restaurant.

Roy Black, the Miami defense attorney who helped win an acquittal for William Kennedy Smith in his 1991 rape trial, met Juror Lea Haller at Bradley hours after the verdict. They married in 1994.

Next week, E.R. Bradley's will start having countdown parties to commemorate its final days in Palm Beach.

After 15 years, we've made a lot of friends with the neighbors and the town, Caniglio said. It is sad to leave, but we know we're going to bigger and better things in West Palm Beach.

.....
Palm Beach Daily News, Thu, Sep 9, 1999 Page 1

Bradley's last call: Saloon's moving

After 15 years, the famous restaurant bar will close September 26 and re-open at the former Bimini Bay Café in West Palm Beach

By Ralph Schuessler daily news staff writer

The lights are growing dimmer and the party's almost over at E.R. Bradley's Saloon.

The cozy, historic, high ceilinged bar -- famous for its race track photos, friendliness and racket, -- is set to close September 26.

Eased out of their lease at 111 Bradley place, owners Frank and Gail Coniglio have landed on their feet across the Intracoastal waterway. E.R. Bradley's is slated to re-open October 1 at 104 Clematis St. in West Palm Beach, known until recently as the Bimini Bay Café.

Just months ago, Coniglio hoped to take over the Bradley House hotel, whose western ground floor the saloon occupied. Then landlord George Levin said he had received a better offer -- one Coniglio refused to match.

"They were having problems with the landlord and couldn't negotiate the lease," said broker Mike Kirkpatrick, who moved the Coniglios into Bradley 15 years ago. Levin declined to come in on this story.

Still, in negotiation last summer, Coniglio heard that Bimini owner Billy Skaggs was putting his spacious patio bar and restaurant on the market. He called Kirkpatrick, who told him not to go to sleep that night until he had a contract on it.

Coniglio, a horse breeder, could read the writing on the wall and obtained an oral agreement. He and Skaggs have since signed off on the 12,000 square-foot property, and happy hour at E.R. Bradley's is now tinged with nostalgia.

"The countdown party has started," said Bradley's vice president Jennifer Paverini. Calls are out to the four couples who were married on top of Bradley's bar, as well as the scores of couples who met there and married. -- or met there, married and divorced -- to come around for a final fling.

Wacky promotions continue apace, -- such as the So-Damn-Insane Night during the Iraq war, Fiesta Night, and Detention Happy Hour Night for teachers. Townsfolk are taking notice.

We will miss them, said Palm Beach Mayo, Paul R. Ryinsky. We have had our differences, but the bottom line is they have been enormously cooperative.

These differences revolved around the racket patrons made on weekends as they poured into and out of the bar. Neighbors at the Biltmore Towers and Plaza Apartments have voiced complaints over the years, making Bradley's a regular item at town Council meetings.

"It's a double-edged sword." Donald Phillips, general manager of the Palm Beach Biltmore, said of Bradley's leaving. "Some of us won't miss the late night noise and rowdiness on weekends, but we will miss the fine food and company Frank and Gail have provided."

Phillips also commended the Coniglios for their effort in trying to solve the problem.

The tavern is named for one of the most colorful characters in Palm Beach history in one of the greatest names in horseracing. An inveterate gambler, E. R. Bradley owned the town's illustrious Beach Club Casino. He also owned and bred four Kentucky Derby winners, and his namesake bar is testimony to his prowess on the turf.

Photos of photo finishes abound, as do write-ups on Bradley and his four Derby champs: Behave Yourself (1921), Bubbling Over (1926), Burgoon King (1932) and Broker's Tip (1933). Coniglio shares this penchant for the ponies, but he adds to the bar a human touch. That would have baffled Bradley, who once claimed to be fonder of horses than people. Coniglio, however, is passionate about bringing people together. He said he pictures his place as a big house party where patrons are encouraged to socialize. "He creates an atmosphere in which no one is ever a stranger," Kirkpatrick said. "You see it in the small touches, the way his staff is so polite and friendly."

It's sort of like a "Cheers Bar," referring to a television show tavern popular in the 1980s. "I've sent clients there for lunch, and they go back for dinner and end up closing the place. Bradley's boasts a sumptuous buffet, free with two drinks and sends birthday cards each year to some 22,000 former and current customers. Kirkpatrick said he has heard the place praised by people he's met as far away as Colorado and the Bahamas.

Bradley's is also a big hit in Indiantown, where Hope Rural School sends scores of children to the restaurant each Easter for a turkey and ham dinner, a pair of new sports shoes and an Easter basket.

Kirkpatrick calls Coniglio's move a great opportunity for Frank and his family to come across the bridge.

"Now he owns the building and land and won't have to deal with a landlord anymore," Kirkpatrick said. "He can duplicate Bradley's in West Palm Beach, but I don't know if anyone can you duplicate it in Palm Beach. I think Palm Beach will miss Frank more than he'll miss it."

Scott Jones, a hotel employee who frequent E.R. Bradley's, agreed.

"It's a place you go to just for the sake of being there," he said. "It's the last fun bar in Palm Beach."

Coniglio summed up the meaning of his bar's departure by Quotong Joseph Kennedy's comment on the closing of E.R. Bradley's original Beach Club casino.

"Now all the ziparoo has left Palm Beach."

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Palm Beach Daily News, Sun. Oct. 31, 1999 Page 5
By John Henderson

Bradley's to close in PB today

E. R. Bradley's Saloon at 111 Bradley Place is scheduled to close today. The saloon and restaurant, on the island for 15 years, will serve brunch today and close at an undetermined time. It's new waterfront location at the former Bimini Bat Café, 104 Clematis St., West Palm Beach, should be open by Wednesday, according to manager Dondra Coniglio.

"We may keep our (Palm Beach) bar open for regulars stopping on Sunday," she said. "We expect a lot of old friends stopping at the bar and helping us move a few chairs." E. R. Bradley's owner Frank Coniglio said the West Palm Beach establishment passed final inspection on Friday, and plans are to train staff on Monday and Tuesday....

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Palm Beach Daily News, Thu. Nov. 4, 1999 Page 2
By Michelle Gelormine

No Name Tavern to fill Bradley's spot

Stephanie Levin had trouble naming her new restaurant, which opens 11 a.m. Friday at the former E. R. Bradley's Saloon site.

Her solution: the No Name Tavern.

"If the location is good. And you have good food and good music, you don't need a name," Levin said.

The menu offers standard American fare with appetizers, salads, specialty pizzas and entrees.

Levin's parents, George and Susan Levin, have owned the building for years in partnership with James Clarke and George Faigan. The Levins bought out Faigan's interest in January and Clarke's interest in September. Stephanie Levin said. But the fate of the restaurant remained in limbo over the past four weeks after several proposals fell through. Then she decided to step in. Levin and her father are partners in the restaurant.

A Fort Lauderdale native, Stephanie Levin, 27, has worked as operations manager at a small investment firm and worked in the garment district in New York City. This is her first endeavor in the restaurant business,

"All business function in the same way," she said.

Levin has brought in Mara McDade as restaurant manager and Chris DiAntonio as chef – both are from New Jersey – to help her get started. George Levin has known McDade and DiAntonio through other business endeavors.

"I have complete trust in Them," Stephanie Levin said. "They know the ins and outs of the restaurant business."

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Palm Beach Daily News Sun., Dec. 3, 2000 Page 40

By Stephanie Murphy Palm Beach daily news business and real estate writer

FACE LIFT Awaits historic Bradley House

Plans for 1920s building to include luxury rental apartment and upscale restaurant.

Brighter days are looming for the long dark Bradley House at 280 Sunset Avenue. Property owners Susan and George Levin of Fort Lauderdale have retained The List Companies, 223 Sunset Ave., to represent them in a stem-to-stern renovation of the landmark, mixed-use Mediterranean style building.

"We looked around Palm Beach and decided to keep the building," George Levin said Tuesday. "We've hired the Lift company to handle the renovation."

The Levin's plan for the four-story 1920s property is to maximize its Mizner style charm, to downsize from 40 units to 28 luxury rental apartments; to open an upscale restaurant in the first floor space that once housed E. R. Bradley's Saloon, to negotiate a new lease with C'est Si Bon gourmet shop and expand its first floor retail space; and to secure another tenant for 1,500 square feet formally occupied by Clarke Galleries.

The project will cost about \$1 million for the building and another \$800,000-\$1 million for the 160 seat restaurant.

"I think the town and the neighborhood will be pleased with what the Levin's are proposing," said Martin List, president of the second-generation firm and the son of Robert List, a charter member of the Palm Beach Board of Realtors. They are taking an active interest in restoring it to its former beauty.

"Basically, it has been a stepchild for far too long. They hope the property will once again have a sterling reputation and the sterling appeal it had 40 or 30 years ago."

What it won't have is another tavern and restaurant similar to E. R. Bradley's, whose owners leased the space for many years and moved it to Flagler Drive in West Palm Beach in September 1999.

"It needs to be gutted, and no one will cry about that," said Glenn Smith, director of operations for the List Company. "The long bar will be taken out to accommodate dining space and the smaller bar will be more than adequate. It will be first class of wines and cocktails with dinner but not a hang out. The idea is a harmonious property, I high caliber restaurant to complement the luxury rentals."

List said he is in negotiation with a number of restaurant but has signed anyone yet.

"It won't be a repeat of Bradley's, he said. The idea is to greatly reduce the impact of the bar and enlarge the area for fine dining in a four or five star restaurant."

"Because the property was worrisome to neighbor When the saloon drew a boisterous, late night crowd, the owners are eager to allay any fears about the renovation project," List said.

"We want to be an asset to the town, not a flashpoint," he said. The Levins have owned the building for 20 years and they intend to spend substantial dollars to renovate it. They want it done right."

"The Bradley House has grandfathered use as a restaurant/bar, which lasts for two years under the town's zoning rules. The new restaurant tenant would need an occupational license to open. Once List has a contract on the restaurant, it could open in another 60 days or so," he said.

"I'd really want to share what underlying facts there are, but I think all they have to do is get an operational license; assuming they haven't abandoned the use under our guide-lines," Town attorney John "Skip" Randolph said. "It isn't discretionary, they fill out a form and pay a fee. If the property owner had not used the site as specified for two years, the use would be abandoned. And as far as I know, there's nothing to keep them from going forward."

List said the Levins will not seek out "special exceptions. We will be downsizing the number of units and renovating with substantial dollars. I anticipate the town would welcome it is a benefit."

Part of the concept calls for moving the restaurant's main entrance off of Bradley Place onto Sunset Avenue, and using the ambience of the fountained courtyard to accentuate the entry. The temporary Awning would come down. The restaurant may be nouvelle, French, Italian or something else entirely, list said.

"We're not limiting our options except to excellent quality," he said. "We're not looking at chains, but unique theme restaurants."

Replacing the building's aging barrel tile roof is among the first priority. Plans call for reconfiguring the apartment spaces, putting in new kitchens, new baths, new windows, air-conditioning, carpeting and painting. Tenants will have a laundry suite and a fitness gym, said Smith, who estimated monthly rents at \$1,250 for a studio and \$4,500-\$5,200 for two and three-bedroom units. Some of the larger ones will have stone patios and barbecue areas. The secured lobby (fitted with surveillance cameras) will have telephone access, he added.



Two model apartments and the lobby renovation are anticipated for a mid-February debut, with occupancy during summer 2001, Smith said.

Bringing quality rental housing back to the market should be a plus, List said. noting the Dorset House to condominiums (now Il Lugano). And soon, The Elliot House, which is planned for conversion, too.

The List staff will oversee property and construction management and leasing, List said. The 50 year-old firm handles commercial and investment properties and residential real estate, specializing in turnarounds, List said. He will present the Levins' proposal to town officials once the architectural and interior design plans are finalized.

The building has good bones, and I think it could be something significant," said architect Gene Lawrence of the Lawrence Group, who was consulted about the building's potential several weeks ago. "They don't have to completely rebuild it to make it work."

The owner's fondness for the Mizner look led to a plan for something "reminiscent of the Boca Raton Resort and Club," said Smith. "But not Boca glitz," List added. The market value of the property is \$1,610,893 according to the Palm Beach County Property Appraiser's assessment, which lists the land value at \$1,198,000.



One Bedroom Suite

Junior Suites



LOBBY

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Palm Beach Daily News, Sat. Mar. 9, 2002 Page 2
By Stephanie Murphy Daily News Business and Real estate Writer

Bradley House dining deal nears

Building owners say upscale restaurant planned for fall if prospective tenant signs lease.

The owners of the historic Bradley House apartment-hotel say they are very close to signing a restaurant tenant for the first floor space that used to house E. R. Bradley's Saloon.

The prospective tenant, an established restaurateur, may sign within a week, said owner George Levin of Fort Lauderdale. Plans call for an upscale restaurant that serves Asian cuisine to open this fall.

"The lease is out there but not signed and back yet. It could be one week or who knows?" Levin said. The operator has another restaurant in South Florida, but Levin declined to give any details.

He continued earlier this week that he has been negotiating with two possible tenants. Both have established businesses but would create a separate and distinctive entity for Palm Beach, not a second location of an existing restaurant, he said.

Bob Moore, director of planning, zoning and building, said he spoke with Levin's attorney, Jim Brindell, on Wednesday. "Jim said they have a tenant, and I told him to have Levin's tenant contact Paul (Castro, zoning director). We haven't seen their plans yet," Moore said.

"One thing that won't change at the redeveloped Bradley House is the name," Levin said. "We absolutely wouldn't change it. That's been the name since the 1920s."

The four-story building dates to 1923, and Levin and his wife, Susan, have owned it since 1979. They bought out a partner, George Faigan. In January 1999 and another partner, James Clarke, in September 1999.

Palm Beach residents Gail and Frank Coniglio, who also own commercial property on the island, operated R.R. Bradley's in the Bradley House for more than 15 years before moving it to Clematis Street in 1999.

Stephanie Levin, the Levin's daughter, operated the No Name Tavern in the restaurant/bar space for two months in fall 1999.

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Palm Beach Daily News, Thursday, November 10, 2005, Page 7

COCO PALM BEACH

Happy New Year 2011!! Given the fireworks to celebrate the Year of the Rabbit have only just begun, I bring to you COCO PALM BEACH restaurant, the best Asian cuisine in town!



The second day of the Chinese New Year is considered an auspicious one specifically for contemplation to honor ancestors and all the Gods. Some believe that the special prayers done on this day offer blessings of business prosperity and success throughout the year so for those bright minded and beautiful hungry people who want to mark this special time and embrace the essence of the year which can be captured by the words, calm, peaceful and prosperous.

The newly completed patio area is perfect for gazing at the moon on a warm South Florida winter eve while worshiping the beauty of mother earth. Stay persistent this year and enjoy the gentle gifts of what this Year of the Rabbit will bring!!!

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Palm Beach daily News, Thursday, November 10, 2005, Page 7

Coco Palm Beach

290 Sunset Ave. Bradley House Hotel, 832-3734

Offers Asian and "Palm-Asian" cuisine. Japanese appetizers include sushi or sashimi by the piece and by the roll. Other appetizers: lobster spring rolls, shrimp dumplings, baby back ribs, and miso soup with seafood and vegetables. Entrees range from rice and noodle specialties to Peking duck

(request this 24 hours in advance), lychee prawns, almond chicken, lemon scallops, pork tenderloin grilled and glazed with Chinese barbecue sauce, rack of lamb and vegetarian bento box. A three-course menu, available from 4:30 to 6:30 p.m., is \$20.95. Happy hour with complimentary hors d'oeuvres and 2-for-1 drinks, 4:30 to 6:30 p.m. Mon.-Fri. Valet parking on Bradley Place. D (nightly) , \$\$.



BRADLEY PARK HOTEL



The Bradley Park Hotel and that Palm Beach Energy, *by Bruce Klauber*

One of the most beautiful things about Naples, Florida, is its individual and collective attitude, if a city can have such a thing. Apt descriptions of this Naples state of mind would likely include phrases like “laid back,” everything “on an even keel,” etc. In short, everything and everybody in Naples is just darned nice.

From time to time, however, there is a need for a change of energy, a shot of adrenalin, a surge of excitement and, shall we say, a modification of attitude. Joy Adams and I experienced all this quite recently, and it came from an unlikely source, if only because we didn’t know we needed this energy shot until we got where we were going. The place was Palm Beach, Florida, a locale we’ve not visited for ten years. Friends from the north were visiting Palm Beach, and we decided to meet them for lunch, and then drive back to Naples. Our lunch visit lasted almost three days.

Because Palm Beach exists virtually as its own universe—Joy characterizes it as “a different country”—it also has its own energy. The wealth, the fashion, the beauty, the grace, the gentility, and yes, the excitement of it all combined, at least in our case, to inspire and lift the spirit. Like every city of every size, Palm Beach has changed somewhat in terms of gearing itself a bit more to the younger contingent. But Worth Avenue is still Worth Avenue (and more beautiful than we recall), the pristinely restored and majestic Breakers is still The Breakers, Ta-boo’ restaurant remains one of the culinary and social epicenters of the island, and Ta-boo’ co-owner Franklyn deMarco is still the host of hosts.

For us, one of the major contributors to the Palm Beach charm factor, was The Bradley Park Hotel, and we happened on this jewel of a property quite by accident. When we decided on an overnight stay, we first checked The Palm Beach Hotel, where our friends were installed, for a vacancy. They were filled, but when asked to recommend a place in "the neighborhood," the suggestion was Bradley Park.

This hotel, quite simply, is a certifiable gem that personifies the grace and charm of old Palm Beach. And they had a vacancy.

Now 85 years old and meticulously restored, the hotel accurately describes itself as a charming, intimate and historic boutique property that offers "traditional values in hospitality, blended with an original expression of the past and present." The 32 guest rooms and suites are beautifully appointed, many with features like full kitchens, European linens, bathrobes, DVD players, surround sound and much more. There is a wonderful, gourmet grocery, C'est Si Bon, on the premises (Joy now swears by their coffee) and a to-die-for Asian fusion restaurant, Coco's, on the premises. The hotel's Royal Palm and Bradley Suites on the penthouse level, have to be seen to be believed. All of us who saw the unbelievable penthouse deck clearly and quickly envisioned throwing a spectacular private party there, with entertainment, of course, by the Joy Adams/Bruce Klauber Orchestra.

Deservedly, the facility has been designated as an historical landmark by the Palm Beach Historical Society. Its Mediterranean Revival architecture is indicative of the gracious, tropical lifestyle of Palm Beach. Adding to the beautiful picture is a central courtyard, café tables and a trickling fountain. Arched entryways and expansive suites opening to landscaped balconies complete the experience. Yes, it is luxurious, but without stuffiness or pretense of any kind.

Charm and gentility factors notwithstanding, service is what makes a hotel — of any size and in any locale — work. The staff of The Bradley Park Hotel sincerely cares about its guests, and I got the sense, early on, that they would do anything within their power to make a guest happy. While moving into our room, I encountered one of the managers in the elevator, with his hands literally filled with pots and pans. "What's up, Peter?" I asked. (It does not take long for everyone to know everyone's name here.) "Well," a lady on your floor wants to cook spaghetti in her room tonight, so I just gathered up everything she might need." Service, indeed. Coincidentally, that lady also drove over from Naples that afternoon, and had come to Palm Beach to participate in a croquet tournament.

After a full day of more shopping and more beauty, we had no choice but to ask if there were a vacancy for another night. Fortunately, there was, and if we didn't have a commitment back in Naples Friday evening, we might still be there.

The Palm Beach energy jolt remains within, especially because we're now aware there's a warm, welcoming and charming place for us there, in the form of The Bradley Park Hotel, when we return. If there's a vacancy, that is.

General Manager Melissa Payson deserves a good deal of credit for overseeing operations at the hotel, which includes supervision of the restoration. I fervently believe that any staff takes on the attitude of management, which certainly explains why everyone involved at The Bradley Park Hotel is so wonderful.

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Palm Beach Daily News, Thursday, June 9, 2011, Page A002

Sun sets on dining at CoCo Palm Beach

CoCo Palm Beach, the Sunset Avenue eatery that has been serving chef Jeff Peng's pan-Asian cuisine since 2005, has shuttered for good.

Management had previously reported that the restaurant would close Sunday, May 29, for the season and would return in the fall.

Peng, who did not return calls, placed to the restaurant's still operative phone number, had no explanation for the closure in an advertisement in this past Sunday's Palm Beach Daily News about CoCo's departure, instead thanking customers for their patronage.

A complaint filed May 31 against CoCo Palm Beach, LLC in Palm Beach County civil court, however, could explain why the restaurant is no longer.

In court documents, CoCo's landlord, The New Bradley House, Ltd., cites failure to make rental payment, amounting to over \$120,000, on the 3,500 square foot space since September 2009, among other issues.

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Palm Beach Post, Sunday, September 4, 2011, Page 5
By Robert Janjigan, Daily News Fashion Editor

Trevini to reopen at new locale

The popular island eatery Trevini Ristorante, which had a 10-year run at The Esplanade/150 Worth shopping center, is returning in mid-November to serve up its fine Italian cuisine across town at the Bradley Park Hotel, 280 Sunset Ave. at the corner of Bradley Place.

Trevini co-owners Gianni Minervini and Claude Trevisan signed a lease for the former home of CoCo Palm Beach, the pan-Asian establishment that closed at the end of May after seven years of operation.

"We feel great about this, " said Minervini. "It's a great location. I think we we'll be very happy there."

Minervini expects to open the new Trevini by mid-November.

The restaurant will be completely recast from the current neo-Asian into a "nice, upscale Italian bistro, " he said.

Interior designer Alliston Pallidino will be handling the revamping of the space, which will seat about 130 inside.

"We will also have courtyard seating, " Minervini said. "And a full bar, of course."

Because of the new location, on the premises of a hotel and with a street presence, Trevini will probably add breakfast service at some point during the season, he said.

Initially, they will be open for lunch and dinner seven days a week.

"The menu won't change much from before," Minervini said. "We'll probably just tweak a little."

"We are very excited about having Trevini here," said Steven Levin, agent for the building's owners, New Bradley House, Ltd. of Fort Lauderdale.

"We'll be working together with the restaurant's owners to renovate the space," Levin said. "Trevini is the perfect fit for the hotel," he said. "We couldn't be happier about this."

Move offers Trevini Ristorante's owners opportunity to update eatery



By Darrell Hofheinz - Daily News Staff Writer

Updated: 8:08 p.m. Saturday, February 18, 2012 | Posted: 3:17 p.m. Saturday, February 18, 2012

After learning late last spring that they couldn't renew Trevini Ristorante's lease at its longtime home on Worth Avenue, co-owners Gianni Minervini and Claudio Trevisan immediately announced plans to reopen their 11-year-old Italian restaurant elsewhere on the island.

"Our life is here. We really treat this as our home," said Minervini, 52, whose two grown

daughters also work at the restaurant, which is today comfortably ensconced in its new home at the Bradley Park Hotel

He and Trevisan, the restaurant's chef, seized on the idea of using the move from the 150 Worth shopping plaza as a chance to give Trevini an updated look — bright, contemporary and with a more sophisticated attitude than the previous traditional styled interiors.

The menu, a mix of Italian specialties with an emphasis on fresh and imported fish and seafood, wouldn't change much, they agreed. But the setting would need to be more in line with current trends in restaurant design, something that would suit the restaurant's longtime customer base, which skewed older, yet would also appeal to a younger clientele, which Minervini and crew hoped to attract. "That's what we wanted," he said.

Minervini knew who to call to help him achieve that goal, once Trevini had vacated the old space — today home to Cha Cha's Latin Fresh Kitchen and Tequila Bar — and a lease had been signed at 290 Sunset Ave. in the space that had been occupied for several years by Coco, an Asian restaurant.

Tequesta-based Interior designer Allison Paladino-Hansen was already familiar with Trevini. Her eponymous firm had offices near it inside 150 Worth for several years until Paladino-Hansen moved from Palm Beach in 2010.

Paladino-Hansen, in fact, had already worked with the restaurant's owners, who asked her in 2008 to make some minor decorative improvements — fresh paint, new artwork and the like — to freshen up the interior. It was "a lipstick" project, she recalled, far different from the more complex design that the new restaurant required.



In addition to the interior dining spaces, the restaurant would offer alfresco seating on the large courtyard of the historic hotel, which was built in the 1920s by E.R. Bradley to serve clientele of his famous Bradley's Beach Club gambling house.

"Gianni wanted the restaurant to be tailored, clean and hip, but also warm and inviting. And I thought Palm Beach needed that," said Paladino-Hansen, who is known primarily for her residential work rather than her commercial projects.

The project was even more complex because of its tight time frame. "We signed the lease in September," Minervini said, "and we opened Nov. 21." As inspiration for the look of the new Trevini, Minervini showed Paladino-Hansen a photo of a restaurant owned by a friend in his hometown of Bari, on the west coast of Southern Italy, directly across from Naples.



"We sort of took that concept — a new style of trattoria," explained Minervini, who got his start in the hospitality industry working aboard Italian cruise ships before moving to New York City in 1981.

After a stint at the upscale Il Milino in New York, Minervini moved in 1986 to South Florida and later opened Il Trullo, an Italian restaurant in Lantana. In 1996, he acquired Il Tartuffo on Las Olas Boulevard in Fort Lauderdale. And in 2000, he opened Trevini with Trevisan; the restaurant's name is a combination of both their surnames.

In addition to overseeing Trevini's kitchen with longtime assistant Juan Rivera, Trevisan is the chef-owner of the popular Stresa Italian restaurant on Okeechobee Boulevard in West Palm Beach. He and Minervini own another restaurant, Osteria, open only during the warmer months in Sapphire, N.C.

Natural light

For the design of the new Trevini, Paladino-Hansen, working with colleague Zita Rudd, stripped away the heavy trappings, green marble appointments and ornate moldings of the old Asian restaurant, and then chopped down the dense bamboo outside the large windows to flood the interior with natural light.

The design team kept in place a gently curved open-grid room divider from the old restaurant, which separates the main room into two dining areas, with one end anchored by a large bar. The walls were painted parchment white to contrast with the millwork and bar finished in a chocolate stain to match the new chairs around the white-linen-draped tables.

She also chose new furnishings for the courtyard's dining area, and decorated a private dining room off the main hallway. Much of the contemporary artwork throughout the restaurant came from her update at the old Trevini.

"But the restaurant looks so different that people often comment on the new art," Paladino-Hansen said with a smile.

Paladino-Hansen credits general contractor Tim Givens of Tim Givens Building and Remodeling and Mike Hamlin of Hamlin Woodworks, both of West Palm Beach, for getting the project done so quickly.

Many of the restaurant's longtime employees, including manager Ida Bucheck, made the transition to open the new location, as did his daughters, Nina Minervini and Carla Minervini.

Business during the past three months, meanwhile, has surpassed expectations, according to Minervini. His former customers are patronizing the restaurant for lunch, dinner and the newly added Sunday brunch, he said. He's also seeing a younger crowd that often gathers on the patio or at the bar.

"The (old) restaurant was usually empty by 10 p.m. Here, customers linger as late as midnight," he said.



Minervini added that he and Trevisan have no regrets about the decision by his former landlord, the Goodman Co., to pursue a different restaurant for the space at 150 Worth.

"I was happy at the old Trevini," Minervini said, "and now I've even happier."

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By M.M. Cloutier Special to the Daily News

Posted Dec 21, 2019 at 2:42 PM

For Palm Beach restaurateur Gianni Minervini, Thursday night unfolded "beautifully" as his longtime white-tablecloth Italian restaurant celebrated another milestone.

After being closed since May, his 19-year-old Trevini has reopened in a prominent ground-floor space at 223 Sunset Ave., where renovations have been underway for months.

Minervini, dressed in a tailored suit and tie, welcomed more than 180 guests to Trevini's new Sunset Avenue home. The space is graced with a wall of French doors and a broad blue-and-white striped awning.

"What a beautiful evening," Minervini said later, recalling a full house, both inside and along an outdoor terrace, as patrons enjoyed such dishes as truffle-sauced pasta and grilled branzino. "It's a great new beginning."

The restaurant's new venue seats 110 within its 2,856 square feet inside and its awning-covered terrace —making it similar in size to Trevini's former location.

But the new space, including a bar near the entrance, has "a more youthful point of view," said Peter Niemitz, president of Boston-based Niemitz Design Group, which designed Trevini's new space.

In addition to the aforementioned French doors opening to terrace dining, the restaurant features a dining room with blue and cream hues, high-gloss mahogany finishes, Carrara marble accents and travertine floors.

"We wanted to give it a more contemporary Milan or Rome feel with clean Italian lines, but all while reflecting the Palm Beach surroundings, Trevini's sensibilities and Gianni's classic menu," said Niemitz, a former Palm Beach homeowner who has designed other area restaurants as part of his hospitality property-focused portfolio. "There isn't a bad seat in the house."



While Trevini, now open for lunch and dinner, has a decidedly new look, its menus remain familiar, with a mix of Italian specialties and an emphasis on fresh and imported seafood.

Longtime menu favorites include everything from seafood salad and beef carpaccio to salt-crusted whole branzino, porcini-mushroom ravioli and orecchiette with crab, asparagus and tomato.

Trevini's location on Sunset is the restaurant's third on the island since it debuted in 2000. Opening in The Esplanade, it built a devoted following that has grown.

In 2012, Trevini moved to the Bradley Park Hotel, 280 Sunset Ave., where it remained until May, when the hotel's new owner, New England Development, began renovating the 95-year-old building to become the White Elephant Palm Beach hotel, due to open in 2020.

The 1980s-era office building Trevini now calls home sits just down the street from its last digs and is also owned by New England Development, which has been revitalizing the property since buying it last February.

"Everyone has been very supportive here," Minervini said as he tended to final details before Thursday's opening. "This area has a lot of energy. It's exciting. I think it's going to be a very good season."

Minervini, a native of Bari, Italy, began his South Florida restaurant career in 1986, opening a fine Italian restaurant in Lantana and later, another in Fort Lauderdale.

He co-owns Trevini with chef Claudio Trevisan (the restaurant's name is a combination of their surnames), who founded the popular Italian-cuisine Stresa restaurant on Okeechobee Boulevard in West Palm Beach.

Minervini and Trevisan also own Osteria, a May-through-October restaurant in Sapphire, N.C., where some of Trevini's staff was working while renovations were underway at Trevini's new Sunset Avenue location.

"Now another season begins," said Minervini, whose daughters, Nina and Carla, have worked with him at the restaurant. While Trevini features a new dining room in a new location, he said, "what will never change is that Palm Beach is home for us."

Summer 2017

Out with the old – In with the new

George and Sue Levin decided that the Bradley Park Hotel was in need of a remodel to bring it up to current standards. They had the main floor public areas redone. In addition, all the rooms received a fresh coat of paint and updated furniture as well as the hallways.

The Results



Reception





The Lobby

Hallway elevator Foyer



One Bedroom Suites



Junior Suite



C'EST SI BON GOURMET BOUTIQUE



Posted Apr 30, 2018 at 12:01 AM Updated Apr 30, 2018 at 7:09 PM

C'est Si Bon owners put shop in Palm Beach, catering facility for sale

By Roberta Sabban

A discreet "for sale" sign has gone up at C'est Si Bon, the family owned gourmet boutique in Palm Beach.

A town fixture since 1983, the market has evolved over the decades. During the 1980s and '90s, it was a seasonal business. By 2000, as more of the population became year-round residents, the shop stayed open to accommodate them.

Owners Patricia and Aris Voyer have decided it's time to slow down. They have a new grandchild coming this year and want to enjoy being grandparents.

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Posted Oct 10, 2018 at 6:29 PM Updated Oct 10, 2018 at 6:31 PM

C'est Si Bon owners share highlights of 33 years in Palm Beach

By Roberta Sabban Special to the Daily News

As summer days have faded into memory, Aris and Patricia Voyer, owners of C'est Si Bon gourmet and catering, are geared up for a "better than ever" 2018-19 season. The businesses have been on the market for the last year, and there are suitors waiting in the wings, they say. A deal may be finalized sometime this fall.

In the meantime, it's business as usual. Gourmet shop orders for the season are coming in and delivery dates are in place. The catering department is busy.

If you ask the Voyers what is special about Palm Beach, they say that it has been an amazing experience for the last 33 years. They said there's not a better place on the planet to have a gourmet shop or to be a caterer. Their clients have given them the opportunity to be incredibly creative and never bored. The couple have been in the most amazing homes and met fascinating people.

More Palm Beach food and dining



"One of Aris' most embarrassing moments was when a customer came into the shop in her tennis whites and made a small purchase," said Patricia Voyer. "She wanted to pay by check and so Aris asked for ID. It was Ethel Kennedy. She was very gracious, showed her ID and is still a customer today."

Aldo Gucci, always impeccably dressed and larger than life, came into the store weekly when he was in town. He always purchased parmigiana cheese, the Voyers say, and insisted you can only serve Parmigiano-Reggiano.

Insiders know that bridge is the hottest status game in town. Nibbles usually include tea sandwiches and sweets. Some years ago, one bridge-loving hostess, a regular customer, decided to forgo the regular fare and go all out. She ordered Cristal, caviar and smoked salmon for her Palm Beach-style bridge game.

"The catering business is a uniquely crazy one," said Patricia Voyer. "No one day is the same as the next, and the goal of each event being better than the last is always a challenging one. I have often compared the restaurant business to catering. In a restaurant, you have the same team serving from the same kitchen daily.

"In catering, you have a different staff producing and serving a different menu from a different kitchen every day, and yet the expectations for excellent food and service are the same.

Success can only be achieved with a staff that is flexible, who don't take themselves



too seriously and are willing to do whatever it takes to make the client happy. You truly have to love what you do in this business.”

A few years ago, C’est Si Bon catered a college reunion for 70 at an oceanfront island home. The forecast was for a perfect day. As the staff was setting up poolside in the open air, a rain cloud came out of nowhere, then a downpour. The staff ran like crazy to get the food, table linens, etc., out of the rain, moving everything across North Ocean Boulevard into the house, the Voyers recalled.

Last year, for an event, some of the servers had to dress as topiaries, including covering their heads with giant balls of greenery. Another memorable party: There was the catered brunch where the servers dressed in bumblebee costumes, antennae and all, smiling through it all.



The catering van is always stocked with food and setups. One day, as the team drove off to an event, a snake popped through the A/C vent. It was stuck – they couldn’t move it in or out and they were in a hurry. The brave driver — Aris — drove on and the party went off without a hitch. No one remembers what happened to the snake.

“The work is very demanding, and only has become more so over the years as Pinterest boards, social media and television food shows continue to set the bar higher and higher,” Patricia Voyer said. “We continue to be grateful to the generosity, and sometimes understanding, of our customers. It has been an amazing ride.”

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 280 Sunset Ave, Palm Beach, FL 33480

- 4,300 SF Catering Facility and separate 1,500 SF gourmet retail store on Palm Beach Island.
- Net Profit - \$381,000 in 2016
- Option to purchase property at catering facility.
- Sale includes all assets and everything needed to run both businesses.
- Established in 1983 with a loyal customer base.
- Seller is willing to facilitate training and smooth transition to buyer.

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The Bradley Park Hotel Becomes The White Elephant – Palm Beach



Palm Beach Daily News Posted: 12:49 p.m. Monday, April 30, 2018

The landmarked Bradley Park Hotel — a fixture on Palm Beach’s Sunset Avenue since the boom years of the 1920s — has been sold for \$15.375 million, according to a deed recorded today.

The new owner of the 32-room hotel at 280 Sunset Ave. is Boston-based New England Development, a statement released by the company confirmed. The company is developing plans for a major renovation and has taken over the day-to-day operations. All employees have been retained.

“We are very excited to be involved in this landmark project and look forward to enhancing the hotel in the future,” company president Douglass E. Karp said in the statement.

The sale closed Friday.

New England Development develops and manages shopping centers, retail and mixed-use developments that sometimes include a hotel component, according to its website. Karp serves as “asset manager” for the company’s Nantucket Island Resorts division that owns and manages a collection of luxury hotels, inns and retail establishments in Nantucket, Mass. Among them is a historic hotel, the Jared Coffin House, that dates to 1845.

New England Development is headed by its co-founder, Chairman Stephen R. Karp, a seasonal Palm Beacher. The company was a partner with two other firms in developing the Palm Beach Outlets mall on the site of the old Palm Beach Mall in West Palm Beach. The outlet mall opened on Palm Beach Lakes Boulevard in February 2014, and in 2015 New England Development and Clarion Partners bought it for a reported \$278 million.

Built in 1924, the Spanish-Mediterranean-style hotel was sold by a company controlled by Gayla Sue Levin of Fort Lauderdale. She signed the deed as president of Bradley House Inc., the parent company of New Bradley House Ltd., the Fort Lauderdale-based entity that owned the property, state business records show.

The four-story hotel has a total of 28,668 square feet of space, inside and out, according to property records. With an open courtyard fronting Sunset Avenue, the building occupies a half-acre lot on the southeast corner of Bradley Place. The property includes a 17-space parking lot.

Real estate agent Chris Deitz of The Fite Group handled both sides of the off-market sale of the Bradley Park Hotel, he said. James Paine, formerly of The Fite Group, also was involved on the seller's side.

Also newly involved with the hotel is real estate investor Edward "Ned" Grace IV. Grace said he has a prior working relationship with New England Development and he and his partners will be working on the hotel project. Grace and his partner Damien Barr also are part of the new ownership group that recently revamped Cucina, formerly known as Cucina dell'Arte, just around the corner from the hotel on Royal Poinciana Way. Grace is the son of Capital Grille founder and Palm Beacher Edward Grace III.

It's unclear from property records when the seller's ownership company took possession of the property or how much changed hands in that deal. Bradley House Inc. was incorporated in 1992 and has been filing annual reports with the state since at least 1994, state business records show.

Levin was listed as an officer in the 1995 annual report with several others, including her ex-husband, Fort Lauderdale businessman George G. Levin. They divorced in 2014, Broward County courthouse records show.

A federal jury in April 2015 found George Levin guilty of civil securities fraud related to a pair of investment funds linked in court documents to a \$1.2 billion Ponzi scheme orchestrated by disbarred Fort Lauderdale attorney Scott Rothstein, who is serving 50 years in federal prison. An appeals court threw out one of the securities fraud claims against George Levin — which the Securities and Exchange Commission then withdrew — but affirmed the other violations and the jury verdict against him. George Levin did not face criminal charges related to the Ponzi scheme.

Gayla Levin has stated in court documents that she knew nothing about Rothstein's criminal activity and that she and her husband were "victims" of his Ponzi scheme, which collapsed in 2009. As the plaintiff in a 2015 civil suit filed on her behalf against Bank of America, her complaint said she "may have suffered the largest loss of any individual victim" of the Ponzi scheme and her losses totaled "millions of dollars." She ultimately voluntarily withdrew that suit.

Gayla Levin's waterfront house on Bay Colony Road in Fort Lauderdale was listed in property records as the entity that owned the hotel in Palm Beach.

Two tenants occupy parts of the ground level of the Bradley Park Hotel. In 2012, Trevini Ristorante, a longtime Palm Beach Italian restaurant, moved from Worth Avenue to the west side of the building and during fair weather serves meals at tables in the courtyard. C'est Si Bon, a gourmet shop and caterer, occupies a Sunset Avenue storefront in the east part of the building.

Trevini co-owner Gianni Minervini said he expected to meet with the new owner this week. "We're very happy here," Minervini said, adding that he had been given no indication that the new owner would want to change his restaurant's tenancy.

C'est Si Bon has announced plans to sell its business but the owners hope to remain at the hotel for the foreseeable future, pending discussions with the new owner, said Arthur Voyer, brother of co-owner Aris Voyer.

The hotel was assigned a total market value of \$4.6 million in the latest Palm Beach County tax rolls. Its taxable value was about \$3.8 million, which generated \$88,860 in total tax revenue for the county.

The hotel stands one street north of Royal Poinciana Way — the town's original Main Street — in a historic area that is undergoing revitalization, thanks in part to the recent completion of the new Flagler Memorial Bridge and a renovation project at Bradley Park across the street from the hotel. The nearby Royal Poinciana Plaza shopping center was recently revamped with new tenants, while a major mixed-use development is under construction at the former Testa's Restaurant property on the east end of Royal Poinciana Way.

Grace said the hotel is in a prime position for renovation to become a "top-tier" hotel. "What's going on on Royal Poinciana Way is highly important to the project," said Grace. Khaled Hashem, managing director of hospitality at New England Development, echoed that view. "Everything we do is first class," he said. "The hotel has amazing potential — a landmarked building in a fantastic location."

Promoted as an "all-suite" hotel, the property's nightly room rates currently range from \$159 for a deluxe room to \$219 for a one-bedroom suite, according to a search of the property's website. The website touts a "recent renovation" that combined "historic glamour and elegance with contemporary luxury." The layout includes a two-bedroom penthouse and a three-bedroom penthouse.

The hotel was built during the go-go development years of the Roaring '20s, when boutique hotels and boarding houses opened on the island at a rapid pace to cater to winter visitors. Historic properties from that era in Midtown still in operation include what are today The Chesterfield, The Brazilian Court hotel-condominium and The Palm Beach Historic Inn. The Bradley Park Hotel also is one street south of the historic Palm Beach Hotel-Condominium.

The Bradley Park Hotel's building was built as the Rosemary Apartments, the first of several names the building would have over the years. Other early names included the Rosa May Apartments and the Algamac Hotel. It was known as the Palm Beach Plaza Hotel from the mid-1930s until its sale in 1967, when it acquired the Bradley House moniker. The name later changed to the Bradley Park Hotel.

"Much like happened to many buildings built in the 1920s, the building had its name changed several times," said Palm Beach architectural historian Augustus Mayhew.

The town designated the property a landmark in 1980. The report prepared as part of the designation process says the building was constructed by Col. E.R. Bradley, who owned and operated his Bradley's Beach Club gambling establishment nearby on land that is today Bradley Park. Bradley and his brother, J.R. Bradley, owned large swaths of land on Sunset Avenue that they redeveloped as the Floral Park subdivision.

But detailed contemporary newspaper accounts of the building's planning and construction never mention E.R. Bradley's involvement. Instead, articles say it was designed by architect Martin L. Hampton and built by the Campbell Building Co., which was run by principals J.H. Scott, J.R. Anthony and W.D. Manley. "Many of the landmarks reports were prepared before (digitized versions of) newspapers were easily searchable," said Mayhew.

Mayhew notes that E.R. Bradley's name became popularly associated with the hotel after the 1967 sale. The name change helped spur the hotel's association with Bradley and his famous gambling club, Mayhew said. He noted that one of the hotel's previous names, "Algamac," was later transposed as "Algomac" and that erroneous name appears throughout the landmark designation report.

"The Bradley House's cocktail lounge was reportedly to be named the Algamac Room but was instead named the Algomac Room as a confounding historical nod," said Mayhew.

For 17 years, the space now occupied by Trevini was home to E.R. Bradley's Saloon until it moved across the bridge to a waterfront site overlooking Flagler Drive in West Palm Beach. The restaurant and bar is owned by the Coniglio family.

The Coniglios also own the historic office-and-retail building immediately south of the hotel at Bradley Place and Royal Poinciana Way. Although that building predates the hotel building, it was marketed to hotel investors in the 1920s as part of the original Rosemary Apartments.

Around the corner from the hotel at Cucina, Grace and his restaurant partners remodeled, changed the menu and shortened the name of the former Cucina dell'Arte, which for years was part of the Coniglio family's restaurant portfolio. One of the restaurant's principals is Nick Coniglio, the son of Frank Coniglio and his wife, Palm Beach Mayor Gail Coniglio.

Staff researcher Melanie Mena contributed to this story

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New England Development paid \$15.4 million for the Bradley Park Hotel in Palm Beach, property records show.

The New Bradley House Limited, led by Gayla Sue Levin, sold the 32-key hotel at 280 Sunset Avenue to New England Development affiliate Bradley Park Owner LLC. The Boston-based buyer plans to renovate and upgrade the landmark property, which was built in 1924. It sold for about \$480,500 per key.

The acquisition is the first hotel in South Florida for New England Development, said Khaled Hashem, managing director of hospitality. The firm developed and manages the Palm Beach Outlets in West Palm Beach and the adjacent Marketplace at the Outlets. In Boston, it is part owner of the Taj Boston Hotel and developed the Westin Boston Waterfront Hotel.

The nearly 29,000-square-foot Palm Beach hotel includes Trevini restaurant and C'est Si Bon, a gourmet store and catering company on the ground floor.

Chris Deitz of The Fite Group brokered the off-market deal, according to the Palm Beach Daily News.

In December, the Clark family sold its majority interest in the nearby historic Colony Hotel to the son of former minority owner Bob Wetenhall Sr. for \$12 million.

Tags: Commercial Real Estate, Hotels, new england development, Palm Beach

New England Development Company Presents The White Elephant- Palm Beach

White Elephant Palm Beach, a luxury boutique hotel located on Sunset Avenue in the heart of Palm Beach, will open early 2020. The new hotel, being completely redeveloped by Boston-based New England Development, represents the total renovation of the former Bradley Park Hotel – which dates back to the 1920's - and its transformation into one of the most luxurious properties in Palm Beach.

The project reflects the standard of outstanding hospitality already established by New England Development in their waterfront White Elephant Nantucket and highlights the synergy between two legendary resort destinations.

New England Development retained noted architectural firm Elkus Manfredi to create a design respectful of the unique history of Palm Beach while reflecting the mood, pulse, refinement, and ethos of the modern, sophisticated traveler. The new hotel embraces the history of the existing four-story landmark building adjacent to Bradley Park. The design of White Elephant Palm Beach will be a contemporary interpretation of Mediterranean-revival architecture, totally at home and reflective of the life and history of its setting.

The 32-key hotel, with 13 rooms and 19 spacious suites, will be residential in scale with outdoor spaces and lush landscaping. The rooms and suites will have outdoor balconies with landscaping. Both penthouse suites will offer large living rooms with fully equipped kitchens and large outdoor terraces with coastal views.

The layout of the hotel takes advantage of outdoor spaces featuring a u-shaped outdoor courtyard, which will be the social heart of the hotel and the setting for an inviting pool environment and an outdoor seating. A new signature restaurant, private dining rooms and outdoor seating will be incorporated while maintaining the ambiance of a boutique resort.

The interior design will capture the spirit of a grand home with hard wood floors, elegant tiles, woven rugs, all interpreted with contemporary style. The interior colors will reflect the special quality of Palm Beach light in soft neutrals. The exterior walls of the Mizner-style architecture will feature a light creamy-white color with classic black-and-white striped awnings, charcoal-grey roof tiles and black trim creating a fresh,



sophisticated look to the classic structure. The hotel stands one street north of Royal Poinciana Way, Palm Beach's original Main Street and less than two blocks from the Atlantic Ocean. It is located on the corner of Sunset Avenue, the southeast corner of Bradley Place, adjacent to the intra-coastal waterway. White Elephant Palm Beach is adjacent to Bradley Park, which has been restored and serves as a grand lawn to the hotel. In recent years, this historic area of Palm Beach has undergone a revitalization including the development of the Royal Poinciana Plaza shopping area and the completion of the Flagler Memorial Bridge.



Junior Suite



One Bedroom Suite



Reception



Under Renovation

(The building was gutted down to the support pillars)



LOLA 41

**(In the former location of E.R. Bradley's Saloon,
Coco's and Trevini's)**

GLOBALLY INSPIRED CUISINE & COCKTAILS IN PALM BEACH



Nantucket favorite, Lola 41 makes it way down to Palm Beach to deliver innovate seafood and more at White Elephant Palm Beach. Indulge in award-winning dining at our signature restaurant, Lola 41 Palm Beach, or feed your senses with refreshing cocktails, snacks, and sunny-weather treats with our poolside offerings. Guests of White Elephant Palm Beach are also invited to experience inviting hospitality with complimentary morning coffee breaks and indulgent afternoon wine and cheese receptions. Experience authentic coastal cuisine at our on-site dining destinations.

One of Nantucket's most innovative restaurants, Lola 41, is sailing into the heart of celebuchefs and chic bout-iques: Palm Beach. Now open, Lola 41 delights people and palates alike with a range of popular culinary cuisine and bar libations. From grilled fish and seafood to sushi, Mediter-ranean salads, pastas and the signature Lola 41 burger—with its special foie gras sauce. Lola 41 promises to win the hearts, minds, and taste buds of Palm Beach visitors and become a local favorite.



About New England Development **Preferred locations. Compelling opportunities.**

For over forty years, New England Development has taken a creative, entrepreneurial approach to real estate development and management—delivering and sustaining successful projects across a wide range of property types.

These projects transform complex challenges into preferred locations, generate long-term value to communities, afford compelling opportunities for local and national businesses, and offer sought-after experiences to a wide range of consumers.

Our robust, national portfolio includes mixed-use developments that combine retail, residential, office, and hotel uses, plus some of the country's most widely-recognized and successful regional centers. A nationally celebrated planned community, outlet centers, high-end and street-front retail, airport retail, office and lab space, hotels, golf courses, restaurants, and marinas round out New England Development's diverse portfolio.

Propelled by a senior management team led by Chairman and founder Stephen R. Karp, Vice Chairman Steven S. Fischman, and President Douglass E. Karp, New England Development has more than 52 million square feet of retail, commercial, residential, and hospitality space to its credit.

With deep roots and experience in all aspects of the development, management, and operations of distinctive properties, New England Development is a partner that constructively anticipates and responds to the changing needs of retailers, shoppers, office tenants and their employees, travelers, mariners, diners, investors, and civic leaders.

Learn more about our leadership team, our family of companies, and our remarkable history.

An impressive history, a vibrant future

Known for having redefined shopping convenience with some of the country's most widely recognized and successful enclosed regional malls, NED has experience developing, leasing and managing properties across the country. NED and its affiliated company Wells Park Group became the largest privately held mall company in the country. NED not only managed the portfolio we developed in New England (the largest New England portfolio), but also managed and leased malls stretching from New York (including The Westchester and Menlo Park Mall), through the Midwest, Texas, and California.

Notable among these shopping centers are The Westchester in White Plains, New York, featuring New York state's first Neiman-Marcus and Nordstrom and 150 upscale stores; Northshore Mall in Peabody, Massachusetts, which NED completely redeveloped, after acquiring from DeBartolo, added anchors to, re-leased and turned into the most productive mall north of Boston; and CambridgeSide, which NED developed and manages. Located in one of the world's greatest high-tech/bio-tech innovation districts - East Cambridge, Massachusetts, CambridgeSide is part of an award-winning, master-planned development featuring over one million square feet of retail, office, and hotel space.

Acclaimed for creating some of the country's most widely recognized and successful regional centers—as well as multifaceted developments that combine retail, residential, hotel, and office uses, today, NED's robust, national portfolio includes:

The Namesake – White Elephant - Nantucket

The White Elephant has graced Nantucket's waterfront since the 1920's. Originally a collection of rustic cottages, the hotel was the dream of a prominent Nantucket socialite, Elizabeth T. Ludwig. She believed that the property would, one day, be a fine harborside hotel.

Her pet project became the talk of the town, known affectionately as "Mrs. Ludwig's white elephant" - a witty name that stuck. But Mrs. Ludwig never wavered in her belief that the White Elephant would become a gracious Nantucket hotel. The lodging business prospered and additional buildings were added, as were a new dining room, lounge and cottages.

In the early 1960's, new ownership transformed the property from a quaint seaside escape into a vacation destination. The original White Elephant was dismantled. The wings were moved to a nearby destination where they are still used as housing for summer employees. The cottages were relocated adjacent to the main building and are known today as the Garden Cottages. The current main building was designed and built so that the rooms would offer a view of the ever-changing harbor.

During 1999, the White Elephant underwent yet another stunning transformation. The traditional comforts and amenities of the hotel were made even more welcoming and beautiful with new, luxurious rooms and suites surrounded by meticulously landscaped gardens.

In 2008, the highly acclaimed Residences opened on the former site of the Harbor House Village. The Residences reside in a collection of buildings that include the Manchester House, the intimate Springfield House and the historic Harbor House which is now the new Inn. The Manchester and Springfield Houses have been transformed with Victorian and shingle-style authentic Nantucket architecture and stunning light-filled interiors.

The Mad Hatter and Brant Point buildings front the former Mad Hatter Lawn where a 130 year old tree - one of the oldest trees on Nantucket - has been protected for future generations to enjoy. The remaining buildings, Cliffside and Madaket, blend with the existing residential character on the corner of Easton and North Water Streets.

Over the last few years, the Inn has been added to the White Elephant. Located next to the Residences, the Inn features contemporary suites and deluxe rooms with a stunning lobby.

Right off the lobby, guests enjoy the proximity of the Ballroom, Foyer and Executive Boardroom spaces - ideal for meetings and celebrations.

Much has changed at the White Elephant, to be sure. But one thing has remained the same. Just as in years long ago - but for very different reasons - the breathtaking White Elephant is still the talk of the town.

WHITE ELEPHANT – NANTUCKET

The Ghosts

Editor's Note:

Before I worked at this hotel, I was a bit skeptical about paranormal incidents. I have re-evaluated my position and yes, there does appear to be something to it. I will relate the stories below and let you decide. (The cases are in chronological order.) Since my retirement at the end of 2020 after being their Front Office Manager for ten years, I have heard of no activity since the building was gutted and renovated – maybe they moved on?

When I first started at the hotel, two separate female employees relayed the same stories to me. They had worked at the hotel for about five years. The hotel, as related before, was small so that usually in the evenings there was only one staff member on site.

1.

The telephone system in the hotel was not high-tech. When a call comes in from outside, a red light appears on the switchboard denoting which outside line the call is coming through. There are three outside lines. If a call is from an inside room or office, that extension will light up red on the co-responding office or room number. Real simple. On multiple occasions, reported by both staff members, the phone would ring – no light lights up. When the phone is answered, there is nothing on the other end except music in the background from the twenties or thirties. On one occasion, Frank Sinatra or similar was singing the same line of a song, over and over *"I am lonesome tonight"*. This obviously freaked out the desk clerk. I still do not know what the song was or who sang (possibly Frank Sinatra) it as that experience never happened to me. My opinion, at that time, was that it was a little freaky but not much to worry about.

2.

The hotel has a three-bedroom penthouse on the top floor (NOTE: Actually, this is where I put up my brother and sister-in-law, Hans and Juliana, when they came to visit me in Palm Beach – I did not tell them about the situation and they did not mention anything out of the ordinary.) On multiple occasions, continuing up to renovation, housekeeping would be up on that floor and hear music and muffled talking coming from that suite, not unlike cocktail party chatter. The top floor is usually the last to sell as it is the most expensive. This penthouse rented for a thousand dollars a night at that time. On most of the instances the floor was unoccupied and housekeeping knows which rooms are occupied – if any. When the housekeeper goes to the door, she can hear the noise – either vintage music or talking, but when she knocks and opens the door –nothing—total silence.

3.

Again, on the top floor, the General Manager, and the Chief Engineer were up in one the single rooms trying to hook up a new flat screen television. The television was being hung on the wall above a long, large chest of drawers. The plug for the television was placed in an extension cord -tight fit-. When the General Manager and the Engineer stood back from the wall across the room to where the bed was, they tried the remote – nothing. What could be wrong? Batteries – Nope. They went back over to the television and saw that the plug behind the chest of drawers was unplugged. That was strange. They plugged it in again and laid it flat on the floor. They crossed the room again – same thing. The plug unplugged itself again. The General Manager, not being a shrinking violet, waved her arms and shouted "I don't know who you are, but stop it right now!" Much to the amusement of the Engineer. The third time was the charm and the television was remotely accessed.

4.

I had a repeat guest who would book a room for a week every February. Her company, headquartered in Palm Beach at that time, would have their annual meeting during the month of February. She had been coming down for about ten years. One morning on her way out the door she asked me "Have you met him yet?" Not knowing what she was talking about, I asked her to whom she was referring. She (apparently being a sensitive,) proceeded in telling me about an elderly gentleman who hung around near the elevator, (out of sight of the front desk). He would creep up and peek around the double French doors, which separated the front office (reception) from the lobby, to see who was working. My guest also went on and said that this gentleman would get on the elevator with her and punch a different floor from which she was going. She then went on to say that the guy was benign but appeared to be a little lonely. I asked her if he lived on the fourth floor and she said she did not know, but that there was a little old lady who appeared to be residing in the two bedroom penthouse (Bradley Suite) on the opposite end of the hall from the three bedroom penthouse. The little old lady, dressed in a fancy old style nightgown and fluffy lacy nightcap, would peer around the corner seeing who was coming off the elevator which was located in a sort of alcove. At that time, I did not know what to think.

5.

Up to this point, I had not had a first-hand experience. That was about to change. One Sunday morning, about 7 AM, I was at the front desk, working on assigning the house-keeping schedule. The double French doors into the lobby were pulled to. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a male figure pass by the French doors heading to the lobby entrance. I assumed it was male because I distinctly saw legs. The figure was more like a dark shadow. Not thinking much about it, I immediately went to see if it was a guest checking out. There was no one to be seen. The figure had completely vanished. The lobby doors had not opened and the elevator, at the opposite end of the room was still on the first floor. There were only two ways out – the elevator or the lobby doors which led into the courtyard which only had one exit – plainly in sight. Also, whenever the lobby doors were opened, a rather loud door squeak would occur and the door would slowly close. No squeak – no slow closing -At that point that strange creepy feeling hit me. What the heck just happened?

6.

Housekeeper One, who had been at the hotel almost as long as me, was up in a room changing a bed and when she turned around. There was a figure standing there looking at her. Without skipping a beat, she said "hello, can I help you." This figure was not solid she could see through him. The figure faded away as she watched. This housekeeper is not prone to hyperbole and knew all the stories. She came down and told me that she had just met our "permanent resident."

7.

Another housekeeper, who was a Latina and spoke absolutely no English, had long, pretty black hair which she always wore down I a pony tail. About a year ago (2019) she started wearing it in a bun. I was with the housekeepers upstairs one day talking with the them and the subject of hair came up. For some reason I asked why our Latina friend did not wear her hair down anymore and that we had no directive that made the ladies wear their hair up. One of the bi-lingual ladies told me that our Latina, when walking down the hallways on multiple occasions, would have her hair pulled, which totally freaked her out - especially since she was the only one on the floor. She would have quit, but needed the job.

8.

The hotel has two night auditors who would man the front desk overnight. Auditor One, who has only been with the property since last May 2018 would be sitting at the desk and would hear heavy chain rattling noises coming from the lobby. This has happened on several occasions so she got in the habit of locking the French doors between the lobby and front office, virtually locking herself in the room. She would turn up the music so that she would not hear anything. The poor girl was scared to death.

9.

Lastly, our second night auditor, a young female, was up walking the floors, just checking things out –which the night auditors should do- She was up on the third floor and was going out to the balcony. There is a French door, that did not lock- that led from the hallway to the balcony which three suites shared. For some reason, the balcony door would not open. It was as if it was locked. All of a sudden a flash of light speeds by her and disappears down the hallway. The door then was able to be opened with no problem. Yes, she freaked out too.

APPENDIX I

THE LIFE AND CAREER OF EDWARD R. BRADLEY

by Thomas N. Cunningham

A Thesis submitted to the Faculty of the College of Humanities in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree of Master of Arts Florida Atlantic University Boca Raton, Florida April 1992

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THE LIFE AND CAREER OF EDWARD R. BRADLEY by Thomas N. Cunningham This thesis was prepared under the direction of the candidate's thesis adviser, Dr. Donald w. curl, Department of His-tory, and has been approved by the members of his supervisory committee. It was submitted to the faculty of The Schmidt College of Arts and Humanities and was accepted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts.

This thesis discusses Edward Riley Bradley from his birth in 1859 until his death in 1946. Bradley lived a very full and diverse life. He was, in turn, a mill worker, gold miner, gambler, businessman, and philanthropist. Bradley was most noted for owning Idle Hour Farm, the home of four Kentucky Derby winners. Furthermore, he was the owner of the Beach Club of Palm Beach, possibly the most exclusive gambling casino in American history.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS This paper is dedicated to Laura Deck Cunningham, my wife. Her love, dedication, and perseverance contributed to the completion of this thesis. Furthermore, I wish to thank my adviser, Dr. Donald W. curl, for his knowledge, time, and guidance during the research and writing of this document.

INTRODUCTION

Theodore Pratt claimed that Joseph Kennedy said of Palm Beach after Bradley's Beach Club closed, "*The zipperoo has gone out of the place.*" Kennedy's remark is high praise for a quiet, unassuming man named Edward Riley Bradley. Who was this man who was one of the two most influential men in the history of Palm Beach and whose horses won the Kentucky Derby four times? This thesis will explain how Bradley, the son of a poor Irish immigrant father, ended up owning the Beach Club of Palm Beach, the longest-running illegal gambling casino in American history. It will also reveal how Bradley built one of the most successful horse-breeding farms in racing history and amassed a fortune worth over seven million dollars.

CHAPTER ONE

GO WEST YOUNG MAN

Edward Riley Bradley was born in Johnstown, Pennsylvania on December 12, 1859, the oldest of five children. Bradley's two brothers were named John and Garvey; his two sisters were Catherine and May. His Irish-born father, Hugh Bradley, was a tall man who tipped the scales at 250 pounds, and worked as a puddler in the Canberry Steel Mills. His mother, Mary Ann [Riley] Bradley, was born in Pennsylvania and was described as a petite brunette.

Bradley dropped out of school at age thirteen and began working in the steel mills in Pittsburgh. For a time he labored in a wire mill that formed cables bound for the Brooklyn Bridge. Within a year Bradley, small for his age, realized that the mills were not for him and left Pittsburgh to make his fortune elsewhere.

In 1873, the fourteen-year-old Bradley drifted westward to the city of St. Louis where a doctor suspected Bradley of suffering from the early stages of tuberculosis. The doctor ordered him to the dry desert climate of the southwestern United States and Mexico. Between the years 1873 and 1890, Edward Bradley drifted from job to job across the southwest. He was a cowboy and a gold miner in Arizona and Mexico, where he knew Billy the Kid and Wyatt Earp. He also served as a government scout for General Nelson A. Miles of the U.S. Cavalry in the campaigns against the Apache Indians. Bradley claimed he aided in the capture of Geronimo, the great Apache warrior. The Military Reference Branch of the National Archives has no record of Bradley serving as an Army scout. Either Bradley exaggerated his early life to others or Army records are fragmented regarding the American Southwest in the 1870s. The question of his brief military service will probably go unanswered.

Bradley drifted on to other occupations. He bought a freight wagon and team of six mules to carry supplies from the railroads to the silver mines of the Southwest. For a short time his wagon and mules earned him a good living.

Then tragedy struck. According to Thomas s. Bohne, Bradley ' s private secretary in later years , Bradley lost the wagon, mules, and all his cash one evening while playing cards. Despite the stunning loss that night, Bradley acquired an appetite for gambling. Bradley's interest in gambling deepened when he began to take bets on Indian pony races in Silver City, New Mexico. "I used to loan money to Billy the Kid," Bradley said of those early gambling days, "because he'd shoot you if you didn't."

In 1880 and 1881, as Bradley wandered across Mexico and the New Mexico Territory, he furthered his wagering knowledge and skills. As a gambler he dealt poker, three card monte, and faro in every town or camp he entered. Through his gambling Bradley began to accumulate wealth and property, but always kept a sober attitude about t h e place gamb-ling occupied in his life. "One either worked for a living or gambled for a living, and that if one chooses the latter, it must be studied intelligently and worked at twice as hard." 8 He further held that successful gambling meant one must play the percentages and know when to quit.

In his early twenties, Bradley operated gambling rooms in Raton, Springer, and other rough New Mexico towns. At Silver City, he opened a gambling house that provided the basis for his fortune. 9 A fondness for horses led Bradley to establish livery stables in those same towns. By this time, Bradley's younger brother John had moved to the Southwest. Together they formed a highly successful partner-ship that lasted into the early twentieth century.

In the New Mexico Territory, near the town of Kingston, there were at least three major silver mines in operation. The Bradleys settled there in 1882, as did hundreds of other men, hoping to make a quick fortune. They became a team in the silver mines as hammer and drill workers.

In those days, the job of hammer and drill worker was very physical. The hammer weighed eight pounds and while one man held the drill [a long metal spike with a starfaced cutting edge], the other drove it into the side of the mountain. smaller men were at an immediate physical disadvantage. "The Bradley boys were not big enough to be miners, as they stood only five feet eight and weighed about one hundred and sixty-five pounds."

Miners too small to do backbreaking work, such as the hammer and drill, were called "underweights" by the other miners. The underweights usually turned to "other peripheral employments involving mining, such as prospecting, dealing in claims, running saloons or stores, or gambling."

Edward and John Bradley decided that gambling was a much less strenuous occupation than mining and opened a gambling hall in Kingston, New Mexico Territory. Fortunately for the Bradleys, many of the miners who entered their gambling hall, like their own father, were Irish immigrants, escaping famine and poverty in Ireland.

In 1888, the Bradleys, moved to El Paso, Texas with the riches they had made in Kingston. El Paso was a newly established railroad center in the southwestern corner of Texas. According to one source, El Paso by 1888 had clinched the title of the most wide-open town in the United States.

Edward Bradley was then 29 years old and considered one of the wealthiest men in El Paso. Edward purposefully brought two other men from Kingston and established a partnership with them. They were Del Butterworth, an excellent card dealer, and Michael F. McLean, a noted gunfighter who had served as a deputy under Bat Masterson at Dodge City.

In 1888, with the aid of Bradley's capital, the three men established a combination saloon and club rooms located at 107 San Antonio Street. They called their establishment the Baccus Saloon. McLean and Butterworth ran the saloon, while Bradley was listed as the man-ager of the Baccus Club Rooms. The club rooms were located upstairs, over the ground floor saloon.

In 1889, the El Paso city records showed the original spelling of Baccus had been corrected to Bacchus. [The name Bacchus refers to the Greek and Roman god of wine.] The proper spelling was used by Bradley later as he moved east of the Mississippi River to set up more of his clubs.

By 1889, John Bradley rejoined his older brother in El Paso after closing the casino in Kingston. The tally of saloons and club rooms in El Paso had doubled since the preceding year. Most of this growth was a direct result of the Bradleys' gambling empire. Together they absolutely dominated gambling in El Paso.

As the Bradley brothers gambled their way across the Southwest, they established "Bradley traditions" which they followed in future business ventures. Despite the clientele "the Bradleys seemed able to hold themselves aloof from the wickedness." The Bradleys maintained two strict policies about their gambling businesses. They never fraternized with the crowds attracted to their establishment and they always ran an honest business. No trace of scandal or house cheating ever occurred with any of the Bradleys' clubs. In addition, the close association with McLean and Butterworth, both tough gunmen, probably kept the Bradleys from harm.

Furthermore, as the Bradleys established clubs they used other individuals to manage their interests. This enabled them to remain aloof while making it harder for any interested governmental agencies to scrutinize the Bradleys' investments.

The Bradleys possessed all the qualities of gentlemen in El Paso. Both men were handsome, polished, smartly dressed at all times, and they never touched a drop of liquor. Their reputation led some to conclude they were actually members of a blue-blooded southern family. Editor J.D. Ponder of the El Paso Morning Times believed:

...the Bradleys were sons of one of the oldest aristocratic families of South Carolina and were aristocrats from the soles of their shapely boots to the scalplocks of their wavy brown hair. The war had left the family paupers, but poverty failed to humble the two boys. They were Beau Brummels of the west and were intolerant of shabbily dressed men...

In later years, the gentlemanly qualities they displayed enabled them to be accepted by such members of high society as the Vanderbilts and DuPonts.

In the fall of 1891, the Bradleys and their associates sold the El Paso Bacchus Club. As it grew, El Paso lost some of its rough qualities and became more civilized. Edward Bradley shrewdly saw that the town might soon outlaw casinos. He and his partners decided to look east-ward for new lands to conquer. They opened various gambling establishments in such cities as New Orleans, Louisville, French Lick Springs, Indiana, and Chicago.

The late 1800s ushered in many new forms of entertainment for both rich and poor alike. Organized horse racing grew in popularity as gamblers began making bets on which horses would win, place, or show in specific races. Edward Bradley, an expert judge of horses, found this form of gambling quite lucrative. Bradley, for a short time, was a bookie at the race tracks near the cities of St. Louis, Missouri, Hot Springs, Arkansas, and Memphis, Tennessee.

During this period Bradley married Agnes Cecelia Curry of St. Louis. Extensive research in St. Louis failed to shed light on where or under what circumstances they met. Details of the life of Mrs. Bradley, who must have been a very private woman, are extremely sketchy. The next stop for the Bradleys was Chicago.

Bradley invested the money made in bookmaking and gambling "in stocks and Chicago real estate and finally parlayed it all into casinos and hotels." In the early 1900s, Bradley purchased one of Chicago's oldest hotels, the Del Prado, at 59th and Washington in fashion-able Hyde Park. The Chicago City Directory for the years 1902 through 1918 show Bradley usually listed as either a boarder or owner of the Del Prado. As in El Paso, Bradley established a pattern in Chicago of using other individuals to hide his interests in various properties. The directory further showed that Edward and Agnes Bradley used the hotel as a residence for nearly twenty years.

Bradley and Garvey Bradley, his other brother, also successfully operated several clothing stores in Chicago. According to The Chicago City Directory Edward Bradley served as president of the Bell Tailoring Company from 1898 to 1911. By 1913, the company had been sold. In 1900, the records also show Bradley as president and tailor of E.R. Bradley and Company, Fit-Reform Clothes. In both companies Bradley changed partners several years.

Different newspaper and magazine articles state that Bradley owned casinos in the Chicago area at the same time. Unfortunately, Illinois prohibited gambling, so no governmental records listing casinos or their proprietors can be found to verify ownership. In addition, there were nearly a dozen race tracks in the Chicago area around the turn of the century. Therefore, it seems unlikely that Bradley abandoned his talents for gambling and horse racing when he moved to Chicago.

CHAPTER TWO

"MR. BRADLEY, MEET MR. FLAGLER."

In the early 1890s Bradley's health began to deteriorate, as it had when he was a youth. In 1891 the strain of overseeing numerous stocks and properties caused him to suffer a heart attack. Edward's physician prescribed rest, clean air away from smoke-filled rooms, and a rural setting. Bradley and wife Agnes decided to winter in Florida to recover. They chose the fashionable resort of St. Augustine where the wealthy and powerful passed the winter months.

In 1888 the luxurious 540-room Ponce de Leon Hotel was completed in St. Augustine. The hotel's owner, Henry M. Flagler, was also one of the largest stockholders of the Standard Oil Company. In the late 1880s Henry Flagler entered the railroad business in Florida. Flagler first bought the Jacksonville, St. Augustine, and Halifax River Railway line which ran from the St. Johns River at Jacksonville to St. Augustine. Later, he combined several other small railroad lines to Daytona and eventually built to Key West. When Flagler started the line from Palm Beach south to Miami in 1894-5 he formed the Florida East Coast Railway Company (FEC) .

The FEC rail line opened the coastline of central and south Florida to development by Flagler and others. Flagler employed more than fifteen hundred men to build his railroad. After receiving generous land allotments from the Florida government Flagler formed the Model Land Company. He also remodeled and enlarged a hotel at Ormond Beach and built new hotels at Palm Beach, Miami, and eventually Key West.

Bradley quickly realized there was little in St. Augustine during the winter months to keep the affluent vacationers entertained and content. Bradley also knew the rich and famous loved to gamble; thus, that same winter, he opened the Bacchus Club in St. Augustine. This two-story, modest wooden building stood in sharp contrast to the luxurious Ponce de Leon Hotel. The club was located on the corner of Treasury and Cordova streets, immediately across from Flagler's hotel.

During the winter of 1891 Edward Bradley and Henry Flagler became friends. "Although Flagler himself was not a gambler, he liked the style and burnish of the Bradley casinos and accordingly invited him [Bradley] to Palm Beach. " In Palm Beach, Flagler built two world famous hotels. The first was the Royal Poinciana Hotel completed in 1894. It eventually became the largest wooden hotel in the world. The second was the smaller Palm Beach Inn, which opened in 1896. Flagler built this hotel, which contained 425 rooms, because he realized the demand for rooms in Palm Beach had exceeded the capacity of the Royal Poinciana and because many patrons liked an oceanfront location. Later he renamed it The Breakers Hotel. By the time America entered World War I, the two hotels could accommodate over three thousand guests. Reports suggest that as early as 1895, both Edward and John Bradley visited the shores of Lake Worth. The Lake Worth News recounted that on April 2, 1896, Edward Bradley was in Palm Beach "looking for a sight [sic] in which to make the headquarters for his [Bacchus] club.

In 1898, the Bradley brothers, Edward and John, opened Bradley's Beach Club in Palm Beach. At the same time, the two also operated gambling houses in the resort towns of Rockaway, New York and Long Branch, New Jersey, near New York City. In addition, the Bradleys probably operated a casino near Flagler's resort hotel in Ormond Beach. The brothers realized that many of the patrons of their casinos in New York and New Jersey also wintered in Ormond Beach and Palm Beach, heightening the chance that their clubs, especially the Beach Club, would be successful.

Flagler expanded his hotel chain further south along the Florida coastline because of Flagler's first guests wintered in St. Augustine to escape the cold of New York and New England weather conditions. In the 1880s and 1890s, St. Augustine experienced several winters with record cold temperatures. Palm Beach gave them the warmth and comfort now unavailable in north Florida. As Palm Beach developed, St. Augustine lost its position as a fashionable winter resort. With their move to Palm Beach the Bradley's closed the Bacchus Club in St. Augustine.

The Bradleys shrewdly chose an ideal location for their establishment. They located the Beach Club on Main Street (now named Royal Poinciana Way) on the shore of Lake Worth, not on the beach as the name implied. Main Street in Palm Beach immediately paralleled the railroad tracks Flagler built across Lake Worth and lead directly to his two luxury hotels.

Henry Flagler never officially welcomed the Beach Club to his is-land resort, however. 1899 Flagler wrote letters In fact, to several in early June of prominent and influential community leaders stating his dislike for Bradley and his gambling casino.

Flagler wrote the letters for two reasons. First, several local church members and hotel guests complained to Flagler that the Beach Club might corrupt their children. Moreover, an initial correspondence from Thomas Reese to Flagler's secretary, Mr. Salter, may have provoked Flagler's response. Reese, Bradley's manager, stated that Flagler knew about the coming of the Beach Club and saw it as an attraction for his guests' enjoyment. Flagler denied both allegations.

Thomas Bohne, Bradley's private secretary at the Beach Club, later corroborated Thomas Reese's story. Bohne stated that:

...Bradley showed Mr. Flagler the type of gambling house he ran, was running, and did run for all his life. He [Bradley] thought it [the Beach Club] would be an attraction for his [Flagler's] guests and a source of entertainment. From that time on, he and Mr. Flagler be-came best of friends...

Flagler's longest letter was to E. N. "Cap" Dimick, one of Palm Beach's original settlers and a major force in the community. In that letter Flagler stated that he:

...did not know anything about Mr. Bradley's purpose until after the Club House [the Beach Club] was opened last winter [1898] and I can assure you...

Flagler also wrote to the Reverend Joseph Mulford and Reverend D.B. Webb who both served Palm Beach congregations during "the season." The letters stated that Flagler planned to spare no expense forcing Bradley to stop the gambling in Palm Beach . Flagler threatened to close the two hotels [Royal Poinciana and the Palm Beach Inn] "for I am determined that I will not furnish the grist for Mr. Bradley's gambling mill."

While Flagler made his point, he also suggested that the community (both Palm Beach and West Palm Beach) should decide whether to allow gambling. Neither the Beach Club nor Flagler's two hotels ever closed as a result of this dispute. Joan Runkle, archivist at the Flagler Museum in Palm Beach, stated that after the initial flurry of letters over Bradley, she knew of nothing else ever written by Flagler about the matter.

There is no question that Henry Flagler knew the purpose of the Beach Club from the beginning. Several stories suggest that, in reality, Flagler met Bradley in the office of J.A. McGuire in St. Augustine in the early 1890s. McGuire, with his partner Joseph A. McDon-

ald , served as Flagler's contractors. They built the Ponce de Leon Hotel, the Royal Poinciana Hotel, the Palm Beach Inn, and the Royal Palm Hotel in Miami. Stories suggest that, in reality, Flagler met Bradley in the office of J.A. McGuire in St. Augustine in the early 1890s. If true, Flagler was no stranger to Bradley's business ventures as he stated in his letter to Dimick and others. Moreover, Cap Dimick, Flagler's good friend, owned the land Bradley leased and later purchased for the Beach Club. Dimick was also the father-in-law of Thomas Reese, Bradley's manager. One could only deduce that an interesting network of schemers was at work in early Palm Beach.

Further, Henry M. Flagler's extreme wealth and great power extended his influence far beyond Palm Beach . Had he wished, he surely could have rid Palm Beach and St. Augustine of Bradley and his illegal casinos. Bradley established his Bacchus Club in St. Augustine in 1891 immediately across the street from Flagler's Ponce de Leon Hotel. For Flagler to be unaware for seven years (1891- 1898) that Edward Bradley ran a gambling casino across the street from his most important hotel seems even more improbable.

Additionally, Flagler knew neither Palm Beach nor West Palm Beach furnished many opportunities for evening entertainment during the season; therefore he quietly allowed Bradley to operate a discrete, well-run, gambling establishment. Entertainment of that nature attracted additional wealthy visitors to his hotels, thus increasing business, reputation, and profits. In fact, Arthur C. Spalding, personal organist to Henry Flagler, later stated that "the gambling spirit is rampant here generally, men betting freely on every ball game and women finding it difficult to get up a bridge game unless there's a stake on the game."

Flagler's letters to Dimick and the clergymen allowed him to put up a good show for the community. To the local citizenry the letters showed Flagler as a decent, law abiding man. Ultimately, Flagler and Bradley both got what they wanted. Both stayed open and Palm Beach thrived as a tourist locale.

It's interesting to note that a tourist at Whitehall, Flagler's winter home in Palm Beach, passes several portraits of members of Flagler's family along the corridors. Joining the family in the southwest corner of the mansion is a large portrait of Edward R. Bradley, donated to the Flagler Museum by Bradley's relatives.

CHAPTER THREE

"THE BEACH CLUB OF PALM BEACH"

The Beach Club, a wooden building, cost approximately three thousand five hundred dollars to build. The original building held a relatively small restaurant, kitchen, and gambling room, which later became part of the main dining room. 1 The structure was painted white with green trim. The windows were shaded with matching green and white canvas awnings. The color combination Bradley used is identical to that used by Flagler for his hotels in Palm Beach. The entrance door "was of white wood with a square glass panel in its upper half which was frosted except for two letters in chaste Old English reading simply, "B.C." for "Beach Club." Beyond the door was "a small, white paneled reception room. Here behind a flat-topped mahogany desk sat the secretary of the club, also clad in evening clothes, Mr. Thomas (Tip) Reese." 3 At the end of the reception room was a wooden door which led to the gambling area and restaurant.

Inside, the floors were covered with rugs of silk and changed every season along with the rest of the decor. This modest building was planned to be attractive and blend in with the architecture of Henry Flagler's Palm Beach.

Bradley established his winter home next to the Beach Club. It was described as "a comfortable stone home on the north side of the club." The house was along the North Lake Trail and appropriately called Pleasant View because it overlooked beautiful Lake Worth.

Since gambling was strictly illegal in Florida, when Bradley applied to the state for his articles of incorporation he said the Beach Club was "organized for social purposes, including such games or amusements as the management and its members may from time to time agree upon."

Other regulations of the Beach Club included an age requirement of twenty-five, no smoking in the gambling area, and a dress code after 7 p.m. "You dressed in full evening clothes, white tie and tails, or certainly a tuxedo as it was called, or you were denied entrance after 7 p.m."

An unwritten rule of the club was that no Florida resident was ever to be admitted. The latter rule was copied from Monte Carlo, where the citizens of Monaco are not allowed in their casinos. Yet, the Beach Club "was far more exclusive than Monte Carlo.

However, the idea that Floridians were not admitted was a bit of legend to keep the Beach Club reputable. "Thomas Reese, the club secretary, has said he [Bradley] admitted many local businessmen and residents." Bradley used his good judgement and invited only those he considered important enough, and those he could trust to keep silent about their admission to the club.

Furthermore, admission to the Beach Club was for members only. One obtained a membership card only through Mr. Bradley, a shrewd judge of character. Unless an applicant personally knew Bradley,

Application form:

...The they had to compete an questionnaire would be evaluated by the board of governors, which consisted of Reese and Bradley. The two-man board of governors admitted a person after consulting Dun and Bradstreet's financial directory. If the applicants did not qualify [monetarily and socially] they were informed that, regrettably, the membership list was filled."...

If a man or woman could not afford to lose gracefully, or had exhibited conduct unbecoming to the club, they were refused a member-ship card. Once admitted, if any rules were broken the member was tactfully escorted off the premises and the membership revoked. Bradley's rules were the rules of Palm Beach society for more than forty-five years, making him a powerful force on the island.

The first year of the Beach Club was nearly considered a financial disaster by the Bradley brothers. The wealthy men wintering in Palm Beach failed to frequent the Beach Club. Since custom opposed gambling by women, the men could only bring their wives to the club's restaurant. Therefore, many men were influenced by their spouses to remain at the Royal Poinciana Hotel for entertainment.

As April approached and the winter season neared an end Edward and John Bradley considered closing the Beach Club permanently. At that point, an unlikely group approached the brothers. Several women asked the Bradleys if they might enter the club to gamble. The Bradleys' agreed reluctantly and soon found their establishment prospering. From then on, it was a lucrative business venture.

By the end of the second season, the Beach Club was so popular that the Bradleys were forced to expand their building. They purchased the lots adjoining the club and built an addition to the building.

Ultimately the Beach Club would include an upstairs card room. The wagers were reportedly extremely high for those who were admitted upstairs. Beach Club rules required that "all bills incurred must be paid off within twenty-four hours.

According to the drawings of the club the gaming room was octagonal in shape. No known photographs exist of the interior of the Beach Club, although a sketch of the floor plan can be found in the Theodore Pratt Collection at Florida Atlantic University. Pratt's novel, *The Flame Tree*, includes Mr. Bradley and the Beach Club in one scene. To establish the proper atmosphere for his novel, Pratt had a local architect sketch the floor plan of the Beach Club, including the restaurant, offices, and gaming rooms, using exterior photography for guides.

The Beach Club was open "from mid-January to mid-April in its forty-seven years of existence and operated every weekday except three: when the Breakers Hotel burned and two evenings after Franklin D. Roosevelt died. Originally the club ran twenty-four hours per day. In 1927, Bradley changed the clubs hours to 1 p.m. until 4 a.m.

The wealthy risked their money on three games of chance at the Beach Club: hazard, chemin de fer, and roulette, although roulette remained the most popular. When Bradley added "chemin de fer" in 1923, over three million dollars changed hands at the "chimmy" table that year. It is claimed that from then on, Bradley's limits were higher than Monte Carlo's. Bradley supposedly carried large sums of cash on his person so that he could pay off big winners himself, "congratulating" them while knowing he would usually get it back.

To prove his games were trustworthy, Bradley had "a square block of oak, stained black, placed beneath the legs of all gambling tables. This could easily be removed to show that the table was not wired in any manner." In the Beach Club, Bradley served little liquor to the patrons and only with dinner. Furthermore, any guest who did imbibe was carefully watched by the staff to ensure the drinking was not carried to excess. The doormen refused to admit anyone trying to enter the Beach Club with a bottle or in an inebriated state.

In 1905, John Bradley, an adventurer, decided to move on to more vigorous things that appealed to his nature. After selling his half of the Beach Club for one million dollars to Edward he took off on a round-the-world trip. Later ventures for John included hunting in Alaska, Africa, and Asia, and sponsorship of an ill-fated North Pole expedition. John also owned a horse ranch in Colorado Springs, Colorado where he bred race horses and polo ponies.

Bradley owned other properties in Palm Beach besides the Beach Club. These included two smaller gambling clubs and a shooting range. In the case of one of the clubs, Bradley was forced to establish it when in 1913 a group of reformers attempted to pass legislation to stamp out gambling. Bradley, trying to stay one step ahead of the group, arranged for the building of the Tennis Club at the eastern end of Main Street so he could have another gambling club if the Beach Club was closed. Officially, the club was chartered for games and amusements and for males only. For whatever reason, it was not widely frequented. As the reform wave faded in 1914, so did the Tennis Club. Bradley usually claimed he built it for a British Tennis team that planned to play in Palm Beach in 1914. War broke out in Europe, however, and they never came; therefore the "club" remained vacant for many years. It was unoccupied until 1926 when a group of investors bought the building from Bradley and renamed it The Oasis Club. The club was established as a social club and was

quite popular for several years. By 1936, the owners had defaulted on the mortgage and Bradley regained the property. In 1940, Bradley transferred the title to the Institutum Divi Thomae, a Catholic research organization. The institute worked to find an antidote to the dangerous side effects of drugs used to treat cancer.

In January 1930, Bradley opened the Embassy Club. This private nightclub was located on Royal Palm Way next to the Spanish Provincial Apartments. Addison Mizner, world famous architect, designed the Embassy Club for Bradley. The estimated cost of \$150,000 for the club included "construction, building materials, and the rich furnishings which the place will afford."

The Embassy Club was established 1929 as a "social organization" with membership regulations matching those of the elite Embassy Clubs of New York and London. The rules of the Embassy Club stated that "every candidate for membership shall be proposed by one and seconded by another member." Furthermore, a candidate may be asked to submit satisfactory references. Banks were not acceptable references. 20 If selected, the dues for "the season 1929-1930 will be seventy-five Dollars for Gentleman, and One Hundred and Twenty-five Dollars for married couples. In addition, an entrance fee of fifty dollars per member was assessed.

The Embassy Club served meals which started with dinner and ended with an early morning breakfast for those who were social night-owls. The club enjoyed several years of profitable life before the depression closed its doors. After Bradley's death the Society of the Four Arts purchased the building and converted it to the Society's art galleries. The club's patio was enclosed to form the new auditorium.

Around 1900 , Bradley purchased an expanse of land in Palm Beach from Dr. James M. Munion. The property stretched from Lake Worth to the Atlantic Ocean and extended Bradley's roots on the island. The eastern portion of Bradley's new investment was locally known as "The Styx." In Greek mythology the Styx River led to Hell. The Styx was a combination of jungle and shantytown for hundreds of blacks who helped build Flagler's Royal Poinciana Hotel in Palm Beach. "Almost all the labor used in its construction was brought to the area by the contractors. To house the workers, a tent and shack community known as "the Styx" grew up north of the hotel site."

In their off hours , Styx residents used to picnic on the beach, fish, and swim in the Atlantic Ocean. Eventually they were forced to move into West Palm Beach to live as Palm Beach residents decided to develop more of the island.

There are several versions of how the residents were removed from the Styx property. One account suggested that Henry Flagler lured the residents to a party in West Palm Beach. "While they were gone, their shacks were torched. Upon returning, blacks found their homes destroyed." Styx residents deny that tale. They state Flagler's people never burned their homes.

A similar tale stated that in 1900 the residents of the Styx were given free passes to a carnival in West Palm Beach. While the inhabitants enjoyed the carnival town officials condemned the property. "Upon returning, their houses were no longer there."

The Styx property flanked the northern section of Flagler's property. on that site the Bradley brothers established The Gun Club for sporting purposes. Sportsmen from Flagler's two hotels could while away the winter days skeet shooting at the club and yet be only a few minutes walk or ride from their rooms.

In February 1912, Bradley developed the same property into the first residential development in Palm Beach called Floral Park. Two avenues, sunrise and sunset, were carved out of the property with 230 residential lots established on either side of them. All 230 lots in the Floral Park development sold in a mere 80 minutes the day the sale began! Bradley pocketed a total of \$250,000 from the venture.

A new Gun Club was formed soon afterwards approximately one and a half miles north of the Beach Club by John Bradley, an avid outdoorsman. In 1913 he sold the property for development into the Palm Beach country Club.

Gambling was not the only reason Palm Beach society frequented the Beach Club. Attached to the club was a formal restaurant in which:

Bradley served what once was probably the best food in the United States. The chef was paid \$25,000 [per season] and was worth every penny of it. For many years the menu carried no prices at all. A dinner would run from \$12-15 dollars a plate usually, but often cost more. Around 1935, Bradley broke down and started a \$2.50 buffet~

The buffet was established because the Palm Beachers did not want to seem too ostenta-tious during the Depression.

Bradley considered his chef and kitchen staff to be among the best in the world. Therefore, guests who did not find the menu to their liking could order anything they wished. If the staff failed to provide the specific order Bradley gave the customer a handful of \$100 chips. This was to cover any displeasure or inconvenience the customer might have experienced.

Tradition holds that The Beach Club restaurant introduced the Florida lobster to the taste-buds of the wealthy. As the demand for lobster increased at the Beach Club, Bradley constantly watched for a adequate supply. An anecdote from that search demonstrated Bradley to be a man of his word. It seems:

...the club contracted with one of the Bahamian fishermen to buy his entire purchase [of lobster], estimated at over 10,000 dozen. Obviously 10,000 dozen lobsters were definitely beyond the capacity of Palm Beach, even in the height of the season...

Although club officials wanted to void the contract because of the obvious error, Bradley overruled them. He had made a agreement, no matter how erroneous, and would honor it. Bradley's gamblers' luck held and a hurricane devastated the lobster crop in the Bahamas making it impossible for the fisherman to supply the number of lobsters Bradley ordered.

The cuisine at the Beach Club was so rich and delicious that many a waist-line expanded during the season. C.W. Barron of Barron's Weekly balanced his frequent dining at the Beach Club and still man-aged to look dapper. Each season Barron purchased five dinner coats of ever increasing size in order to adjust to his growing diameter. When Barron had stretched the limits of fifth and final coat he left Palm Beach for an extended period of dieting at Saratoga Springs, New York.

...The Beach Club's famous Swiss chef, Conrad Schmitt, first introduced green turtle soup early in the 1900sat what was the unbelievable price of one dollar per portion. Later, with his French chef, Jean Broca, Bradley's introduced the custom of a fixed-price luncheon and dinner, and these were reduced to such a point that Bradley used to say he lost two dollars on every lunch and four dollars on every dinner...

In addition to the best cuisine, Bradley demanded the finest staff money could buy. His employees received both good pay and large tips. The two doormen "together made as much as \$14,000 in tips during the season. Additionally, the parking boys cleared over half that amount per season in tips. His dealers were the best in the United States because "they were paid \$20 to \$50 per day, with room and board, and most of their salaries were kept until the end of the sea-son, when a ten percent bonus was added.

It was not uncommon for Bradley's staff members to work at the Beach Club for twenty-five or more years. Bradley required all employees of the Beach Club to live on the property during the season. Their "barracks," actually located at the east end of Main Street next to the Oasis Club, had a guard on the premises at all times to protect both the employees and Bradley's patrons.

Bradley imposed strict living and working rules for his employees. Wives could not accompany married staff members to Palm Beach. The staff received strict orders never to repeat anything they saw or heard about the wealthy patrons of the club. Bradley wanted no hint of scandal to appear in the local papers. Any unfavorable gossip could hurt both the patron's reputation and ultimately the Beach Club. Bradley's insistence on the best quality in personnel and food at the Beach Club was one reason why the club's doors stayed open so many years.

Edward Bradley, according to legend, developed an elaborate security system for the club which made it so guarded from within that it was never robbed. "If you had been there to hold up the place you would have been cut to pieces by a hidden rifleman backed by many other armed guards." Many were Pinkerton Detectives armed with rifles and machine guns who guarded the club from all angles. All guards were discretely positioned behind lattice screens overlooking the gaming room and above the hallways. They provided maximum protection, yet remained unseen by patrons or potential robbers. An elaborate set of signals maintained between the staff and guards ensured quick and exact security of the club at all times.

It is entirely possible that the Beach Club was not robbed for other reasons. An intelligent criminal would note that the club was built on an island with limited escape routes and an excellent police force. Furthermore, everyone had heard reports that Bradley employed a small army of guards. Therefore any robbery attempt of the club should be considered extremely hazardous.

Bradley's dress code began promptly at 7 p.m. One story relating to the dress code involved Bradley and automotive giant Walter P. Chrysler. As the seconds ticked away to 7 p.m. Chrysler, who had lost several thousands, tried to regain his money. Bradley approached Chrysler and mentioned that he would soon be in violation of the dress code. Chrysler protested saying that he wished to win back the money he lost before he left. Bradley, always a gambling man, tossed a coin in the air and allowed Chrysler to call heads. Bradley caught the coin and he proclaimed Chrysler the winner, without even looking at the coin.

Many enormously wealthy people frequented the Beach Club and could afford to gamble away their riches. Even by today's standards some of the bets and legendary losses could be considered staggering. "George Loft, of Loft's candy, entered one game by whipping out a \$10,000 bankroll, for which he received one chip. 1132 An evening's gambling at the roulette wheel netted a \$200,000 loss for John Studebaker, of automotive fame. It has been said that these high rollers often lost a half million dollars in an evening's betting. Additionally, patrons such as "Julius Fleishmann, Harry Sinclair, and John Studebaker supposedly lost as much as a half million during the course of a season. 113 3 Possibly the greatest loser was Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt II. It was rumored she lost \$850,000 at the

game of chemin de fer. Mrs. Vanderbilt, heir to the Fair silver fortune, only laughed at her unfortunate loss.

On the other hand, the Beach Club also saw some spectacular wins. Although Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt II may have lost a small fortune at chemin de fer, she was also one of the club's biggest winners. In a single evening she broke the bank three times on \$50,000 plays. Bradley seemed rather proud of Mrs. Vanderbilt and commented "that probably never happened before in any other gambling house in the world."

It seems that many extremely affluent Americans were bored with their wealth and lifestyle. They considered gambling at Bradley's an evening's diversion, even if they lost. As his affluent clientele brought profits to the resort, many residents of both West Palm Beach and Palm Beach tended to overlook the fact that gambling took place at Bradley's.

Although gambling helped the economies of both cities, some residents were displeased. A West Palm Beach citizens' group calling itself the Law and Order League decided in 1913 to close the Beach Club permanently. The League wrote to Governor Park Trammell who, in turn, wrote to Robert Baker, Sheriff of Palm Beach County. The governor asked the sheriff to look into the Law and Order League's charges of gambling at the Beach Club. Although Baker reported back to the governor that he found no evidence of gambling at Bradley's club, the League kept up the pressure. The local news-paper, the Tropical Sun, ran editorials condemning both Bradley and Sheriff Baker for their obvious cover-up.

The Law and Order League members understandably cheered when they read the headlines of the Tropical sun on March 13, 1913. It stated in bold print that the "Beach Club Has Closed Their Gambling casino." In 1913, the Royal Poinciana closed for the season on 23 February, thus Bradley could easily close the casino at that point and suffered no financial hardship. By the start of the next social season the Beach Club was in full operation again.

Another unpleasant incident occurred in early 1915 which concerned gambling at Bradleys. John and Edward Bradley were arrested on March 5, 1915 for managing a gambling establishment. Both men pleaded not guilty and were to appear before Judge Pattishall the next day at 2 p.m. The "bond was furnished by E.N. Dimick, Mayor of Palm Beach, and George W. Lainhart. The charges were eventually dropped for "lack of evidence."

Governor Trammell, an ardent defender of law and order, sent his own representative on a secret mission to prove there was gambling at the Beach Club. "When the governor's man arrived in West Palm Beach he was recognized and greeted in such a manner which purposely detained him long enough to have Bradley tipped off.

Bradley had constructed into the heart of the Beach Club hidden doors for just such an occasion. Upon entering the Beach Club, Governor Trammell's not-so-secret agent discovered a club full of guests dancing to the orchestra and enjoying the delightful cuisine. "He went back to Tallahassee to report that he discovered no gambling to be going on at the Beach Club, purely a social institution as its charter stated. So much for the local influence of the governor as compared to Edward R. Bradley.

As late as the Fall of 1927, the media still criticized Sheriff Baker for failing to close Bradley's. This time the Palm Beach Independent's editorial concluded that "the sheriff could shut Bradley's place but it's our opinion that if he did so he would be voted out of office in the next election and a man favorable to Bradley put in."

According to Judge James R. Knott, a senate committee established to look into gambling in America called Bradley to testify in Washington, D.C. During sworn testimony before the committee Bradley stated he was a gambler. At that point Bradley had strong financial interests in several racing operations, including co-ownership of the Louisiana Jockey Club.

Senator Huey Long, prominent committee member from Louisiana, asked Bradley about his connection with gambling in Long's home state of Louisiana. Bradley calmly stated he had contributed five thousand dollars to Long's campaign fund via his partner. A flabbergasted Long declared it a "damned lie!" Bradley's comeback was "Why senator- don't you remember thanking me for that contribution, in the lobby of the Roosevelt Hotel? Bradley was quickly dismissed as a witness.

Edward Bradley's business sense involved many methods to protect his gambling operation in Palm Beach. They included numerous political and charitable donations, plus control of the local media. With that amount of influence, some might question whether Bradley ever bribed local officials. Thomas Bohne, Bradley's personal secretary, stated that he "was with him [Bradley] twenty years and I can swear that I never saw him pay a penny" of bribe money.

To ensure the press gave no adverse publicity to his affairs, Bradley acquired both the Palm Beach Post and Palm Beach Times in 1934. Sheriff Robert Baker owned the Times while D.H. Conkling owned the Post. During hard times of the depression, the two men "jointly bor-rowed \$100,000 from Bradley to continue publication of the two newspapers. When that venture failed Bradley assumed ownership of both local papers. He also owned part interest in the Palm Beach Daily News. This assured that anything scandalous about the Beach Club, or its members, never made the newspapers in the Palm Beaches.

Bradley was also very generous to the community that was his home for several months of each year. Part of this generosity probably came from being able to run the Beach Club with little public outcry. It is also plausible that Bradley remembered the experiences of being poor as a youth, both in Pennsylvania and in the western territories, and wanted share his good fortune. Bradley ordered that "nearly all net profits from the Beach Club were [to be] dispersed for charitable purposes and civic improvement. Furthermore, Bradley frequently stated "that there were no pockets in a shroud" and that "he didn't want to be the richest man in the cemetery.

Knowing of Bradley's generosity, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, a prominent woman in Palm Beach society approached Bradley in 1916 about the lack of local hospital facilities. She and others realized that there was no hospital in the Palm Beaches. The larger hotels had nurses or doctors in residence during the season. What did the local population do in an emergency the other eight months of the year?

After the conversation with Mrs. Oelrichs, Bradley stated that the profits from one night at the Beach Club, plus a generous personal contribution, were to be used toward building a hospital. Bradley also told Mrs. Oelrichs that the community should match his donation in order to establish a first rate hospital. In 1919 Good Samaritan Hospital was dedicated for the community. Bradley furthered his commitment to Good Samaritan with generous and anonymous donations for many years.

In 1928 Palm Beach County experienced one of the worst hurricanes to ever hit the United States. The exact death toll probably will never be known, but estimates range from 1,800 to 2,200 people dead from the storm. Property damage in West Palm Beach was

established at ten million dollars. Even though Bradley was at his Kentucky horse farm, he immediately contributed \$100,000 to the Red Cross hurricane relief fund.

Bradley, a devout catholic, wanted any local church, no matter what the denomination, to be rebuilt after the hurricane. Ironically, several of the churches that were rebuilt via Bradley's money had ministers who criticized the Beach Club's gambling, in the past.

The West Palm Beach Country Club, now the Town of Golfview, was destroyed by the 1928 hurricane. Bradley and four other prominent Palm Beachers donated \$45,000 in bonds and \$10,000 in cash to help rebuild the course for public use. It was dedicated in January of 1930.

During the Great Depression, Bradley gave money to the School Board of Palm Beach County so that school doors might remain open. Furthermore, when "there was a run on the banks of West Palm Beach he advised the bankers not to close their doors, and he placed well over half a million dollars to their credit for this purpose.

Bradley also owned property in West Palm Beach. He and other church supporters helped build St. Ann's Church in downtown West Palm Beach. The original church was established in 1895, but "was moved from Rosemary and Datura Streets to North Olive and Second Street in 1902. The great hurricane of 1928 destroyed that structure. In 1932 a new church was dedicated with donations from Bradley and other church people. one of Bradley's contributions was a \$9,000 heating facility "for the St. Ann's School, residence, and convent. Furthermore, Bradley gave a "140' stretch of lake frontage adjacent to the St. Ann's convent at a cost of \$15,000" to the church.

One of the largest donations Bradley made was to the building of a massive Catholic church in Palm Beach. Bradley supposedly noticed that on Sunday mornings his staff, many of whom were catholic, could not cross the bridge to West Palm Beach for Mass. Local stories suggest that the drawbridge over Lake Worth was raised late on Saturday nights to give the bridge tender time off. It was not lowered until Sunday afternoon. Bradley soon remedied that problem.

In April 1926, Bradley broke ground for Palm Beach's first catholic Church. Bradley spent "\$80,000 for the site on the corner of sunrise Avenue and County Road. The interior is of Italian marble while the exterior is of white stone." Mortimer Dickerson Metcalfe designed the building in Spanish Renaissance style.

The massive structure cost approximately \$500,000 to build. A large memorial window in front of the church is dedicated to St. Edward the Confessor, the Eleventh Century King of England for whom the church is named. An alternative explanation, however is that Bradley named St. Edward's Church after himself. Including the cloisters, the building is 130 feet deep by 90 feet wide. Bradley also donated one of the sixteen windows in the church. 50 Originally mass was said at St. Edward's only during the season. One pew in row thirteen was set aside strictly for Bradley.

St. Edward's held it first services on Christmas Eve 1926, only nine months after breaking ground. From then on, none of Bradley's staff had an excuse to miss Mass. In reality, Beach Club employees could take the ferry across Lake Worth to church on Sunday and not miss Mass.

In 1938, Mrs. R. Stuyvesant Pierrepont approached Bradley about establishing another hospital, especially for the indigent, in the community. Bradley put up \$20,000 immediately and told Mrs. Pierrepont to match his donation. Furthermore, Bradley stated

he would "match all additional donations up to a total of at least \$25,000" to establish St. Mary's Hospital.

Not all of Bradley's money went to large projects. He also was generous to many people in need. Stories are told of Bradley funding those in need with everything from wooden legs to glass eyes. "He even loaned money to an old colored man about 70 years old who wanted to go to college.

Another of the many stories of generosity concerned a woman who complained to Bradley about Palm Beach being cold in the winter. It is said that he paid to have coal delivered during the winter for her furnace.

One Saturday evening Joseph Kennedy won five hundred dollars gambling at the Beach Club. Bradley, for unknown reasons, paid Kennedy with a five hundred dollar bill. Always the proper Catholic, Kennedy appeared the next morning for mass at St. Edward's Church. The only money Kennedy had in his pocket for the collection plate was the single five hundred dollar bill Bradley had given him the previous night. Kennedy, obviously upset, put it in the offering plate. Later he told Bradley that the casino owner got his \$500 dollars back because "you know good and well you own the church, you probably had it turned over to you."

Despite his generosity and notoriety, Bradley rarely accepted invitations to attend social gatherings. He felt that one should not mix business with pleasure. The only invitations he accepted were for charity.

In reality, Bradley preferred the company of horses to humans. Bradley was noted for stating that "if any man arrives at the age of seventy believing he has enjoyed the genuine friendship of five men, he probably has been fooled five times. Bradley's busy winter schedule at the Beach Club sometimes kept him from personally watching or betting on his horses which raced at Hialeah in Miami. In such cases Bradley's personal valet, a young black man named Zeke, would be given money and details on the horses. Zeke then walked down Royal Poinciana Way [formerly known as Main Street] to a popular restaurant called Ridsen's. Zeke went through the restaurant to an illegal, yet well known, betting office and gaming room in the back. Additionally, Bradley was known to be a regular at Ridsen's.

In 1926, Agnes Bradley died in the China Sea while on a round-the-world cruise with friends. No records have been found to show the cause of Agnes's death. The couple had no children. She was buried in Calvary Cemetery in Lexington. It seems that, despite the nearly thirty-five year of marriage, the Bradleys never got along well. In fact, many winters Mrs. Bradley did not accompany her husband to Pleasant View, their Palm Beach home. Ann Bradley Donahue, Bradley's great niece, stated that "the joke around the family was that Edward couldn't stand her [Agnes], so he sent her on trips and cruises to get rid of her.

Jim Ponce, historian at the Breakers Hotel in Palm Beach, recalled meeting Bradley in the 1930s in St. Augustine. When asked about the relationship between the Bradleys, Ponce claimed Edward called her "the old bitch." Ponce added that Bradley "wasn't a perfect gentleman in describing his wife."

Ponce went on to say that a woman living in a house owned by his father in St. Augustine in the 1920s and 1930s was Bradley's real love. Bradley met this woman before Mrs. Bradley died in 1925. He used to travel to Palm Beach for the season in his private railroad car, the "Idle Hour," named after his horse farm in Lexington, Kentucky. In the 1930s, as it passed through St. Augustine, Bradley exited the train and took a limousine to her house.

He would only visit for an hour, according to Ponce, then return to the car and travel back to the train station.

Jim Ponce stated that her parents would not allow their marriage. one possible reason was that Bradley was in his seventies and this woman was much younger. Another reason might be that the parents opposed their daughter marrying Bradley on moral grounds, knowing he was a gambler. During the interview, Mr. Ponce stated that he would not reveal the woman's name. But, later he did say that his father sometimes received checks from the Idle Hour Farm to pay her rent.

Despite all his gambling and illegal activities in Florida and else-where, Bradley never gambled with the federal government. Bradley is quoted as saying that one should "never fool around with uncle Whiskers" in obvious reference to Uncle Sam and the Internal Revenue Service.

Bradley prepared a separate income tax return for the Beach Club. He used a percentage of the total wagering to base his tax return. He was questioned only once by the IRS about his returns. As a result, Bradley invited two IRS representatives to go over his books. They stayed in Palm Beach for two weeks and he picked up all the expenses. Their conclusion was that Bradley paid more to the government than he owed and the IRS dropped the issue.

CHAPTER FOUR

IDLE HOUR FARM

In 1898, Dr. Leonard St. Johns, a Chicago physician, instructed Bradley to change his lifestyle. Bradley had become sedentary working at his real estate ventures and clothing store in Chicago. To improve Bradley's poor health the doctor prescribed a more active outdoor life. Bradley, aged thirty-nine, did two things that year. He wintered in Florida and established the Beach Club, and he purchased the first of his many race horses.

Bradley found that horse-racing brought him the fresh air he needed, plus enjoyment and profits. "The first horse he owned was Friar John, whom he bought for less than a thousand dollars at the Harlem track in Chicago in July, 1898. Friar John's first race:

...earned \$300 for his new owner. Although he won but twice in 15 starts, he got his owner up early in the morning [by 6 a.m.] and to bed early [9 p.m.] at night and convinced him [Bradley] that he had found the perfect cure for his ills...

The following year, 1899, Bradley bought Brigade, his second horse. After the horse won at the track in Chicago, Bradley shipped Brigade to the race course at Saratoga, New York. According to one source, Bradley, who had \$6,000 in his pocket, bet \$5,500 on Brigade. Although the horse broke down and finished on three legs, he won. With the purse Bradley bought his third racer, Bad News. The horse was given the name Bad News because of the old saying of "bad news travels fast." The owner told Bradley that he hoped the horse would do just that.

Bad News lived up to the name and won many races for Bradley. "Because Bradley was a superstitious man, he decided that all of his horses thereafter would have names that began with the letter B.

When Bradley wasn't wintering in Palm Beach during the social season, he entered Bad News at tracks all along the Atlantic coastline. Bad News won at least fifty races over the

next ten years. his zeal for horses, winnings. Bradley As Bradley's health improved, so did including breeding them for bigger declared "the real thrill comes in choosing the sire and dam, watching the colt develop, then seeing your faith in those bloodlines justified."

The region around Lexington, Kentucky was considered the premiere horse breeding area in America. In 1905, Bradley chose Lexington as the location to establish himself as a full-time horseman. He purchased several stallions for breeding purposes. In addition, "Bradley obtained a five-year lease on 335-acre Ash Grove, a tract originally surveyed by Daniel Boone. In 1910, Bradley purchased it outright for \$50,250." Agnes Bradley expected to spend many hours relaxing and watching their herd grow, thus the name Idle Hour Farm. Their house was what one would expect in Kentucky horse country, a two-story white brick plantation home. It was an appropriate setting for a future Kentucky colonel and racing legend.

The first year or two in Lexington did not always work to Bradley's immediate advantage. For example, Bradley was turned down for admission to the prestigious Lexington Country Club in 1906 because of his gambling reputation. Not a man to be denied, Bradley established the Ashland Club of Lexington. It was "renamed the Idle Hour country Club after his death [and] is now the most exclusive one in town."

In 1912, Bradley bought four yearlings, of which only one, Black Toney, was of racing quality. "Black Toney, cheapest [\$1,600] of the lot, won only \$13,565 for Bradley, but later repaid his owner many-fold by becoming one of the Idle Hour foundation sires." 8 Black Toney would eventually produce 225 offspring, two of which would become Kentucky Derby winners. overall, Black Toney's descendants "won more than \$2,000,000 or more than \$9,386 each."

From 1910-1928, as his stable increased in number, Bradley added 1,145 acres to his original 335 acres by purchasing three adjacent properties. Idle Hour Farm eventually included 1,480 acres of prime Kentucky horse country.

"By 1915, Bradley's string of horses in training had grown so large that the stable was split into two divisions" each handled by its own manager . Of the two divisions, the eastern portion was the larger."

In 1906, a Kentucky veterinarian informed Bradley that it would take fifteen years before Bradley would build his stock in quality horses to produce a Derby winner. Bradley took that as a personal challenge and aimed his sights for 1921. In reality, Bradley began his "run for the roses" with a two-year-old named By Golly in 1920. The year 1920 also was Bradley's sixtieth year of life. "His colt finished seventh in a field of 17.

The fifteenth year of Bradley's campaign to win the Kentucky Derby came up roses, but with a slight twist and much controversy. Bradley entered two horses that year, Behave Yourself and Black Servant, son of Black Toney. Of the two horses, Bradley believed Black servant was his ticket to the winner's circle, therefore he bet heavily on it.

Bradley's plan was for his second entry, Behave Yourself, to "set the pace for as far as he could go and tire the other horses out--a practice common enough, and quite ethical." Meanwhile, the jockey on Black Servant was to stay in the pack and then surge ahead across the finish line as Behave Yourself faded.

"On race day, it was possible to get 40 to 1 [odds] on Black Servant and 100 to 1 on Behave Yourself." A fever pitch had built among the fans, especially for Bradley's star, Black servant. In those days Churchill Downs, where the Derby was held, allowed spectators on the in-field of the track. That day thousands of people pushed against the

inside rail of the homestretch for the best view of the race. For Bradley and Black Servant those fans would be their undoing.

The crowd of over 70,000 roared as the announcer shouted "They're off." Bradley's strategy for his two horses was working perfectly as they rounded the track and headed for the finish line. Behave Yourself was ahead with Black Servant a close second and surging for the lead, just as planned. The spectators on the inside rail were hysterical as Bradley's one-two combination approached. "Suddenly a hat skimmed past Black Servant's head. He pricked his ears, momentarily losing stride" and the rest was history. The jockey on Behave Yourself, wanting to win a Kentucky Derby, disobeyed Bradley's explicit instructions and rode to victory.

Bradley was obviously furious with the jockey for defying his orders. Two stories have been told of what happened to the jockey. The first one tells of a jockey who disappeared immediately after dismounting, never to be seen by Bradley or his stable staff again. The second story tells of Bradley paying the jockey "five per cent of the purse, nineteen hundred dollars, and dismissing him. Had Black Servant won, Bradley's winnings on the race would have increased by a quarter of a million dollars. Although Behave Yourself ran eight more times, the horse never again was first to cross the finish. Black Servant won several more big stakes races, however.

Despite the Derby win, Bradley felt Behave Yourself was a poor horse to use in stud because he had crooked back legs. Therefore, Bradley shipped Behave Yourself to John Bradley's ranch in Boulder, Colorado the next year where John bred polo ponies. A few years later John Bradley gave Behave Yourself to the United States Army to use as a stud for their Cavalry units.

A story concerning Behave Angeles Examiner in January 1938 Yourself had died on a western by wolves. "16 The public was Yourself appeared in the Los which claimed "that Behave ranch, his body disposed of outraged by the story and forced the U.S. Army to investigate the entire matter. In reality , Behave Yourself died in 1937 of natural causes . A bronze headstone marked the spot where he was buried. Furthermore, the Army had sold the horse to a rancher a few years earlier and had no part in the matter.

The 1922 racing season found Bradley with less quality in his two-year-old colts than the year before. Rather than one of Bradley's horses the odds on favorite to win the 1922 Kentucky Derby was a California colt named Morvich. Partly at the urging of his wife, Bradley decided to enter three horses in the Derby in the hope that one would cross the finish line first. His plan nearly worked with two of the three horses running excellent races. Morvich, the favorite, won. Bradley's horse "Bet Mosie was second, beaten [by] a length and a half behind.

The years 1923-25 also resulted in a disappointing crop of two-year-olds for Bradley and his staff. At Churchill Downs, the Idle Hour Farm horses only placed once, finishing third. Though disappointed, Bradley kept faith that over time his horses and staff would win more Derbys.

Bradley bought the Fair Grounds Track at New Orleans in 1925 and tried to make the course the center of winter racing in North America. 18 He spent over one million dollars modernizing the facility and increased the prize money to attract the best horses and stables. Despite his efforts, the track lost large amounts of money forced Bradley to sell it for a huge loss. Bradley's main competition that year was the newly opened Miami Jockey Club track at Hialeah.

Bradley entered two Bagenbaggage, in the 1926 horses, Bubbling Over and Kentucky Derby. Bradley placed over \$100,000 in bets across the country on Bubbling Over. Despite his listing as the favorite Bubbling over was not a certainty because of poor vision. Unless he took command of the track immediately, the horse became dis-oriented. As was hoped, Bubbling Over took the lead immediately. The excitement was focused on which horse would place second. Bradley's second horse, Bagenbaggage, left the gate near the back of the pack, but by the last turn had moved into second. "It is believed Bradley left the Downs [Churchill Downs] richer by \$311,000, including first prize of \$50,000, second prize of \$6,000, and the \$5,000 Derby cup, and \$250,000 in winning wagers."

The Idle Hour Farm set a record that same year [1926] for the greatest number of one-two-three wins by one organization. "Bradley horses finished one-two in the Kentucky and Louisiana Derbys, two-three in the Fairmount Derby, and won the Ohio State , Latonia, and American Derbys."

Bradley, by this time, had invested great sums of money in his stock, the Idle Hour Farm, and also in new and innovative ways to improve racing and care for his beloved horses. At the track, Bradley and others financed the building of one of the first mechanical star-ting gates:

...At Idle Hour Farm, Bradley built beautiful barns with solariums and special showers . He invented an equine ambulance . He supplemented the feed of his 1931 Derby hopeful, Burgoo King, with cod liver oil and dried fish, and kept the horse in a stall under ultraviolet rays. When an oculist diagnosed several of his horses as severely astigmatic , Bradley paid an exorbitant cost to have them fitted with glasses ...

When the glasses were placed on the head of the first horse, it bolted in fear. The jockey was thrown over the rail and spent the next month recuperating in the local hospital. The use of glasses on Brad-ley's race horses ended as quickly as did the unfortunate jockey's ride.

Since many consider the jockey to be nearly as important as the horse in racing, Bradley promoted the personal well being of his jockeys, too. For example, for protection his jockeys donned fibered skull caps, which had not been worn previously. Furthermore, "he introduced rubber slickers for riders on rainy mornings and gave money for racetracks to provide gyms, showers, lockers, free soap, and stationary for the jockeys."

Today, apprentice jockeys learn to ride without the use of the whip. Bradley established that practice when he owned the New Orleans Fair Grounds Racetrack. He insisted that apprentice jockeys not use the whip. Instead, "they should learn to ride with heels and hands first."

In the mid-1920s, the newspapers began to call him Colonel Brad-ley. His racing friends in Kentucky decided he should be designated a "Kentucky Colonel" as others in that great state. An exhaustive check of the records at the Honorable Order of Kentucky Colonels and the Kentucky Historical Society found no official documentation that Bradley ever officially received designation as a Colonel by any Kentucky governor. The Kentucky Department for Libraries and Archives found nothing to prove Bradley was officially honored, either. In reality, Bradley disliked the publicity and tried to discourage people from using the title. Obviously, Bradley failed in his endeavor. The title stuck.

Both 1927 and 1928 were lean years for the Idle Hour Farm. Al-though Bradley entered two horses in the 1927 Kentucky Derby, both finished disappointingly. Idle Hour Farm did not even enter the Kentucky Derby the next year.

Bradley's hopes for his colt named Blue Larkspur were as high as stock market prices during the late spring of 1929. As a two-year-old, Blue Larkspur had placed in the money six of seven times the previous year. As a three-year-old, he was considered the top contender for the Derby with odds of 17-10 on the day of the race. "The first bet of the day at the \$100 window was \$3000 on Blue Larkspur. Bradley himself bet \$125,000." Bradley also entered Bay Beauty in the hope of another one-two combination. But, the racing gods were not with Bradley that year.

The day of the race, the rains came to Churchill Downs in buckets, flooding the track just before race time. Confusion was the rule as trainers and blacksmiths struggled to refit the horses with special mud shoes. Bradley's blacksmith, for some reason, feeling special mud shoes were unneeded left the track moments before the race.

While all the adjustments were being made, the crowds' interest grew, not only in Lexington, but in England and Europe, where the race was to be broadcast by radio.

From the start, Blue Larkspur was at a disadvantage. The mud was so deep and slick that the colt failed to get the traction needed to keep up. Blue Larkspur finished fourth of twenty-one entries.

Afterward it was discovered that Bradley's trainer and the blacksmith did not get along. Some people speculated that the blacksmith refused to change the shoes as an act of vengeance against the trainer. In two later major races that year, Blue Larkspur won wearing proper shoes for muddy tracks.

In 1930, Bradley became the major stockholder in Hialeah Park. Formerly called the Miami Jockey Club, Hialeah Park had been the primary competition for Bradley's New Orleans Fairground Race Track for winter racing. During the Depression the Hialeah Track nearly folded. To save the track Bradley cashed in \$400,000 in bonds and put the money in Hialeah's till. By 1935, Hialeah became nationally recognized as one of the best racetracks in the United States.

Throughout his life Bradley suffered from heart problems. But that did not stop him from enjoying his love of watching and betting on his favorites at the track. Bradley's determination was demonstrated when he recuperated from a heart attack one spring. Because of his heart, Bradley's doctor advised him:

...not to attend the [Kentucky] Derby because the excitement would be unhealthy. Bradley responded by inviting the physician to his box on Derby Day. As the starting gates opened during the third race, Bradley presented his wrist to the physician and asked that his pulse be monitored. The horses surged down the stretch for a nose-to-nose finish. 'How was my pulse?' Bradley inquired at the end of the race. 'Never varied,' said the physician. 'Good,' Bradley replied. 'I just bet \$10,000 on the winner.' He was allowed to stay for the Derby ...

As with the economy in 1930 and 1931, Bradley's horse stock suffered at the onset of the Great Depression. The two colts Bradley entered in the 1930 Derby finished in the middle of the pack. In 1931, Bradley's stable was so disappointing that no horse was entered into the Kentucky Derby that year.

In 1932, Bradley "was the first honoree when the Thoroughbred Club of America began the practice of annual testimonial dinners saluting the major influences in racing and breeding.

The Great Depression hit rock bottom in 1932, but not at the Idle Hour Farm. A colt named Burgoo King brought Bradley his third Derby title that year. Burgoo King was the offspring of Bubbling over, Bradley's 1926 Kentucky Derby winner.

Burgoo King won both the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness that year. An untimely tendon injury forced the colt into stud duty before it could race at Belmont for the Triple Crown. Burgoo King's win in the 1932 Derby enabled Bradley to "become the first man to breed and own three Derby winners .

One of Bradley's greatest horses was Black Toney, not a great track horse, but excellent as a stud. Black Toney was one of the original horses Bradley bought in 1912. In fact, "Black Toney was one of the bargain buys of racing history. Black Toney sired 16 per cent stakes winners from his 225 foals, including Brokers Tip. Brokers Tip became Bradley's fourth and final Kentucky Derby winner.

The 1933 Kentucky Derby made history as one of the roughest of them all. The race was marred by a battle between the two jockeys that lasting through the final stretch in full view of the crowd.

One the two horses involved in this eventful race was Bradley's Brokers Tip, the other was a colt named Head Play. As the horses entered the last stretch of the track, the two horses were dead even. In an effort to disrupt his opponent, the jockey riding Head Play grabbed the clothing of Brokers Tip's jockey. Then "the two jockeys went at each other, grabbing their rival's saddle-clothes and silks and generally engaged in a mounted brawl."

Despite the battle raging on their backs, both horses crossed the finish line at the same time. But, the judges declared Brokers Tip the winner because it was on the inside rail as they crossed the line. Bradley had become the first four-time Kentucky Derby winner in racing history. That judge's decision did not end the jockey's feud, though.

While Bradley and friends were celebrating, the two jockeys went after each other again, this time in the jockeys' changing room. After a thorough investigation by track officials both jockeys were found guilty of illegally grabbing the other jockey's equipment and improper riding, and were suspended for 30 days.

Bradley suffered a lengthy drought the next seven years with his horses and the Derby. He either had no eligible horses or ran horses that finished at the end of the pack.

"But the Derby of 1940 found one of the greatest of all the Bradley-breds going post-ward. It was Bimelech, the last stakes winner by Black Toney."

Bimelech was a strong favorite to win the 1940 Kentucky Derby. Bimelech, the previous year was crowned the "champion 2-year-old colt in 1939, winning all six of his starts."

At the 1940 Derby, Bradley's colt held the lead for nearly the entire race, but finished second when a long shot surged to cross the line first. Bimelech, later that racing season, ran in and won both the Belmont and the Preakness.

Bradley was now bitterly disappointed age 81 and in failing health. He was by Bimelech's loss at the Derby. A major goal in Bradley's racing career was to win five Kentucky Derby's, but he was running out of time.

The next several racing seasons showed a marked change in the horses Idle Hour Farm produced. Bradley's acclaimed trainer, H. J. Thompson, died in 1939. His replacement, Bill

Hurley, was not of the same caliber as Thompson. Furthermore, Bradley was now in his early eighties and serious heart problems slowed him considerably.

In earlier years, Bradley sat enthusiastically in his car or his box at dawn to watch his horses train at the many East Coast tracks where they competed. "But during his later years , he almost totally restrict-ted himself to Belmont Park, where he took an elevator to his private box at the rear of the Turf and Field Club.

By the early 1940s, the power and dominance of Idle Hour Farm on the racing circuit was over. The combination of Bradley's age and the death of his most skilled trainer were to blame. Many racing journalists and historians look to the Derby loss in 1940 by Bimelech as the turning point for Bradley's stable.

Bradley's last entry in the Kentucky Derby was in 1945. Bradley, then 86 years old, entered a colt named Burning Dream. The name obviously related to his dream to be the first five-time Kentucky Derby winner and breeder. Unfortunately, Burning Dream was more of a nightmare for Bradley. The colt finished ninth that afternoon.

Bradley, always the competitor, wrote a friend in 1946 stating that "he had a good horse in the barn for the 1947 running [of the Kentucky Derby], though he didn't name him."

Over the years, Bradley had suffered several heart attacks and had undergone major surgery just weeks before his death. Bradley died on his farm on 15 August, 1946. He was 87 years of age. Kentucky Governor Simeon Willis, upon hearing of Bradley's death declared that "no man in the history of Kentucky has contributed more to the great horse-breeding industry than Colonel Bradley.

It was said that the streets of Lexington were filled with mourners as Bradley's casket proceeded from the church to the cemetery. Furthermore, St. Paul's Church in Lexington overflowed with people who wanted to pay their last respects to Bradley. "He was buried in a solid copper vault in the Cavalry Cemetery in Lexington next to his wife.

Bradley's will stipulated that the Beach Club be razed and the property be developed into a public park for the Town of Palm Beach. Furthermore, he specified that his gaming tables were to be dropped into the Atlantic Ocean. In reality, not all the tables ended in the ocean. Some were relocated to the Gold Key Club, a small gambling casino, in the nearby town of Hypoluxo, Florida. They remained there until 1951 when the Kefauver commission on gambling and crime forced the closing of that club . Additionally, "at least two pieces of Bradley's club are still in the possession of the Maddox family in Palm Beach," and the Historical Society of Palm Beach County owns several other tables. 40 Before Bradley died "his friend Louis B. Mayer wan-ted to do a movie of him with Gary Cooper playing the lead," but Brad-ley discouraged the idea. Bradley never sought public notice or fame.

Throughout Bradley's life he stuck by the belief that he couldn't take his money with him. Therefore, just as he contributed to charities while in Florida at the Beach Club, he contributed to charities in other parts of the United States.

In 1921, Bradley donated his \$10,000 winnings from the Louisville Cup to the orphans of Kentucky. The next year the Louisville Cup race was cancelled. In order to help raise money for the orphans, Bradley enlisted the sports editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer to help collect donations from local racing enthusiasts. The contributions came to approximately \$2,200. "Col. Bradley wrote a check which rounded the figure at an even \$10,000."

In the late 1920s, Bradley held an annual horse race, open to the public, at the Idle Hour Farm. All the profits from that day were given to the Kentucky orphanages. Over a period of four years an amount in excess of \$100,000 was collected. From the 1930s until his death Bradley wrote personal checks at both Thanksgiving and Christmas to cover the expenses for turkey dinners and presents, respectively.

The Bradleys spent a part of each racing season in Saratoga Spring, New York. When not at the track, Bradley spent part of his time at the spa for his health. He "became a generous donor to the Saratoga Hospital and to St. Peter's catholic Church which he attended during his good health. When St. Christina's Hospital was open and cared for sick and crippled children, he gave generous sums."

Bradley was also generous to his staff at the Idle Hour. "Bradley spared no expense in caring for his horses or employees. No employee who died in Bradley's service was removed from the payroll as long as one of his dependents lived. 1144 The Bradley's never had children, but Bradley had four convictions he planned to tell his progeny. They are as follow:

- 1. His mother teach him a sound religion at her knees from the age of 2 to 12 so that the fear of God would be instilled in his heart.*
- 2. That he learn the manly art of self defense, not to develop into a bully but to prove that he can take care of himself with his hands, and not have to be afraid of anyone hurting him physically.*
- 3. That he be taught never to lie under any circumstances. One who will not lie or steal or do anything to injure any other person.*
- 4. That he learn arithmetic. Then, when others are talking, he can be thinking in terms of figures and percentages. This will insure him financial success.*

In the forty years that Bradley owned the Idle Hour he had an fantastic record as a horse breeder. He won the Kentucky Derby four times, in 1921, 1926, 1932, and 1933. Further-more, "the Bradley stable won a total of 1,307 races, finished second 1,174 times, and third for a total winnings of \$3,276,412."

The Idle Hour Farm was sold at Bradley's death, the possessions distributed among family members, and his horses divided among three major farms. Bradley's "estate was estimated at \$7.3 million dollars."

All that are left today are the memories. Perhaps the reporter Da-mon Runyon summarized Bradley's racing knowledge best with a poem he wrote the night before the 1935 Kentucky Derby. The poem is entitled "Play Bradley" and is as follows:

Play Bradley!

*Keep an ear to the Blue-Grass ground,
Listen to all the tips around,
Gather the dope on every hound
But when in doubt play Bradley!
Read the newspaper night and morn,
Never an expert's picking scorn,
Something will win as sure as you're born,
But when in doubt play Bradley!
Study the form from soda to hock
Listen to every boost and knock,*

*Listen to trainer, listen to jock,
But when in doubt play Bradley!
Talk to your lawyer, ask him the law,
Talk to your mother, talk to your paw,
Talk to your children, talk to your squaw,
But when in doubt play Bradley!*

CONCLUSION

In the green Palm Beach park where once Bradley's Beach Club stood, there is little to remember him by today except part of a chimney and a small plaque. The inscription on the plaque reads:

*Bradley Park
Memorial to Col. E.R. Bradley
1946*

Each day hundreds, perhaps thousands, drive by this quiet park. Few, if any, realize how much this generous, engaging man did for the Palm Beaches and his fellow man.

The life of Edward R. Bradley began in poverty and ended with riches and unsought fame. His formal education probably concluded by age fourteen. Yet, his natural instincts and talents carried him far beyond what most schools could teach.

Throughout his life, Bradley gambled on the fortunes of life. As a young man, Bradley gambled he could find a better life far from the steel mills of Pennsylvania. Later, he turned the loss of his rig and mules in a card game to his advantage by perfecting his betting skills.

Bradley took a chance that Henry Flagler's Palm Beach resorts would be successful when he opened the Beach Club. Bradley's skills as a gambler and gentleman enabled his Beach Club to become the "Monte Carlo of America."

As a betting man, Bradley's eye for horses led to the establishment of one of America's premier stables and a remarkable racetrack record.

Yet, there is much we will never know about the life and career of Edward Riley Bradley. Despite his fame, Bradley was a private man. His gambling instincts led him to trust horses more than humans.

What we do know is Bradley was a distinctive and gifted American. He took a gamble on life and emerged a winner.

APPENDIX II

Miscellaneous Photographs



Behave Yourself was an American Thoroughbred racehorse. He was one of four Kentucky Derby winners owned by Colonel Edward R. Bradley and was the upset winner of the 1921 Kentucky Derby over his stablemate. Behave Yourself was a mediocre racehorse, only winning four races in his career. Behave Yourself's Derby win was very close and may have resulted from his stablemate Black Servant's distraction by a spectator's hat thrown onto the track.

Rough riding

Racing was just plain rough in those days — and there is no better example than the 1933 Kentucky Derby, also known as the "Fighting Finish." But as rough as the riding was in that era, I doubt the crowd on hand expected to see 18-year-old jockey Don Meade and 22-year-old rider Herb Fisher Street fighting atop two horses down the length of the stretch during the big race.

As the horses straightened out off of the final turn, Meade sent Brokers Tip through a narrow seam on the rail and got on even terms with the leader, Head Play, with Fisher aboard. Fisher tried to make it tough for Brokers Tip and pinned him on the rail. The jockeys grabbed and tussled with each other, and Fisher even whipped Meade after the foursome crossed the wire only noses apart.

There were no cameras on the wire to determine a close finish in those days. The winner was determined by the stewards, who announced that Brokers Tip had won the race by a nose. But Fisher was sure he and Head Play had won the race and he also thought he was fouled. His claim was disallowed and the rider was in tears at the decision.

By the time the riders got back to the jockeys room, their emotions boiled over and a fistfight ensued. It was eventually broken up by fellow jockeys and news reporters. Both riders were suspended for 30 days and Fisher received an extra five for starting the fistfight.

Meade would speak of the drama many years later:

"I couldn't push him away from me because he had a hold of me, so I had to get a hold of him," he told *The Courier Journal*. "So, from there down to the wire, that's what it was, grab and grab and grab. ... It was more or less everyone for themselves in those days."



Addison Mizner

Mizner, a talented architect who designed some of New York's most notable mansions, was somewhat of a roustabout who made his way to Palm Beach in 1918 and connected with Paris Singer, heir to the Singer sewing machine fortune. Mizner was passionate about re-creating the distinctive Moorish-Mediterranean-style architecture he had seen on his travels to Central America and Europe, and he wasted little time picking up where Flagler left off. First came the Everglades Club, a decidedly bold statement that set the pace for subsequent design. His first commission to build an oceanfront house resulted in El Mirasol (The Sunflower), home of self-made Philadelphia financier and stock market icon Edward T. Stotesbury and his wife, Eva, Palm Beach's most notable family of the time. Mizner went on to build equally grand estates for some of the island's most influential presidents, including the Phipps and the Vanderbilts. He died in 1933.



Col. E.R. Bradley with Black Helen



Prime Cornelia with Col. E R Bradley





The sketch, above, an illustration for an article published in 1913 by the now extinct Pittsburgh Press, may be the only known image recreating the ambience at one of the roulette tables within Palm Beach's fashionably-formal and celebrated Beach Club. Interior photographs were never allowed within the club's inner sanctum, according to local historians. Following Col. Bradley's death in 1946, the club was demolished and the land donated as a park to the Town of Palm Beach. Since then, Bradley's Beach Club has taken on much the same mythical status as many of its legendary guests.



St. Edward Catholic Church



In the 1920s, Palm Beach was booming. Decades earlier, oil baron Henry Flagler's railroad opened the balmy peninsula to travelers. The post-WWI economy brought them in droves to bask in the winter warmth or gamble away their new fortunes at the casino operated by Kentucky horse breeder E.R. Bradley.

A farsighted Jesuit, Father Felix Clarkson, saw the need for a mission church to serve the winter visitors, as well as the workers who were building and staffing the hotels that housed them. With the consent of Bishop Patrick Barry of the Diocese of St. Augustine and with the help of a committee of active and generous citizens, Father Clarkson established St. Edward Catholic Church. From the ground-breaking on April 4, 1926, to its first service on Christmas, the

project took less than 9 months. On February 13, 1927, Bishop Barry traveled from St. Augustine to dedicate St. Edward Church.



The church, built in the Spanish Renaissance style, features cloisters lit by eight windows on both the north and south sides. The north windows represent eight parables; the south side depicts eight miracles. The Altar of the Sacred Heart is 28 feet of Carrara marble, flanked by smaller altars—on the south by the altar of the Blessed Mother and on the north by the altar of St. Joseph. Niche altars to St. Edward and St. Rita are on the north and south side, respectively, of the side altars. The main altar stands in a niche more than 40 feet high, beneath a dramatic mural of the apostles. Each square in the painstakingly crafted ceiling was cast, painted, and attached by hand, one at a time. Because the skills of the Old World craftsmen who performed the work are no longer taught, the church's artwork and ornamentation is irreplaceable and therefore priceless.



Col. E. R. Bradley at the ground-breaking of St. Edwards

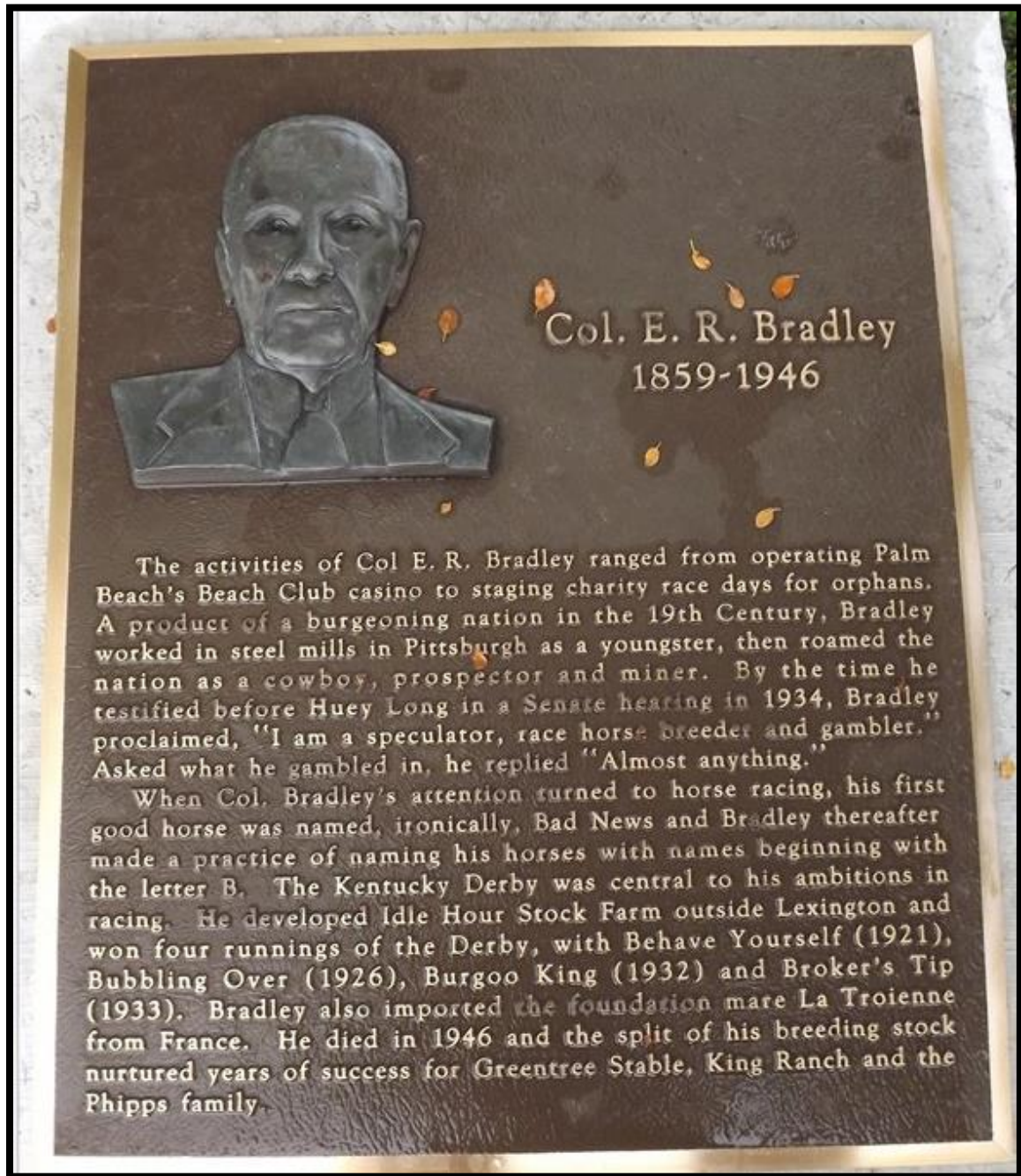


The Palm Beach Hotel and St. Edward's Church, date unknown



**Col. E.R. Bradley –
at home at Idlehour
Farm, Lexington, Ky.**

Grave Marker, Lexington, Kentucky



WE NOW COME TO THE END

