

ONCE A YEAR

## F O R E W O R D

ONCE A YEAR is dedicated to You, Your Honor; to the pleasures that we experienced at our Convention at Key West, in July, 1948; and to the understanding we achieved.

It is my hope that you will enjoy re-living our Convention through these pages as much as I have enjoyed writing them.

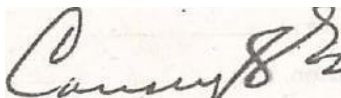
Causey S. Green

President

1947-1948 County Judges' Association.

Palatka, Florida

November 1, 1948.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Causey S. Green". The signature is written in dark ink on a light-colored, slightly textured paper background.

**OFFICERS  
OF THE  
COUNTY JUDGES' ASSOCIATION OF  
FLORIDA  
FOR  
1947-1948**

Causey S. Green.....                     ..... **President**  
Howard G. Livingston.....**1st Vice-President**  
McKenney J. Davis.....**2nd Vice-President**  
Frank B. Thrower.....**3rd Vice-President**  
Raymond R. Lord.....**4th Vice-President**  
R. W. Ware.....**5th Vice-President**  
Arthur R. Clonts.....**6th Vice-President**  
Boyd H. Anderson..... **Secretary**  
James C. Gwynn.....**Treasurer**

## CHAPTER I

### ON TO KEY WEST

At first, it sounded far away, then closer. I rolled over on my elbows—Yes, it was Nicodemus, my clock, waking me at Five A. M.—The 1948 convention of the County Judges' Association at Key West, Florida, was on!

After packing and dressing, I met my friend, Sgt. John Lackey of the Florida Highway Patrol, on time, at my front gate, and by 8:20 A. M., we had driven from Palatka to the Union Station at Jacksonville. I jumped out of the car and grabbed my two suitcases. Then, to my horror, I discovered I had left my extra pair of pants at home. Imagine, attending a convention with one pair of pants, and me President!

In the station, I headed for INFORMATION... The train was to leave at 8:45 A. M. Twenty feet away, I heard a chorus of voices. It was Archie Buie and wife, Genevieve, from Lake City—McKenny Davis from Jax. (Mc thought the train left at 7:00 A. M. and had been there since 6:30)—Frank Thrower from Quincy---Judge Brown from Macclenny—and Klein McDonald from Bonifay. Klein had traveled the furthest and is naturally quiet. Charlie Mathis and wife, Mary, from St. Augustine, walked up about that time. The crowd began to take form.

Tom King, of the Department of Public Safety, and an Honorary Member of the Association, staggered up with more baggage than you could put in a Camp Blanding House. He may be little, but he's a real sport and diplomat. I expect him to be Governor of Florida some day. I know that all sixty-eight County Judges will vote for him one day. I intend to vote for him twice! At 9:00 A. M., we started for Gate "G", Track 23. The gate wasn't open, so we caught our breath. Just then I saw a flash! It was Mabel. She had discovered my suit after I left and had driven from Palatka to Jacksonville in time to catch me. Her hair was streaked back, she'd been driving so fast, and her house dress in the concourse at Union Station made her feel conspicuous. She was blushing and trying to dodge the crowd but I wouldn't let her. "Boys, this is Mabel, my wife, the greatest girl in the world."

Down the slot we went to our coach, an air-conditioned chair car, cool as mountain air! The Seaboard Air Line is a great railroad. I never enjoyed more comforts and service in traveling. Hats off to the Seaboard!

We started off so easy it seemed like riding downhill. Our first stop was Waldo—this train stopped and started so easy that if you were talking, you wouldn't notice. Anyway, at Waldo, a suitcase stuck its nose in our door, then a form with a black spot followed. It was Harry McDonald from Gainesville, and close behind, was Opal, his wife, and on her heels,

Harrison, Jr. -As he passed me, I put the blitzkrieg on him by stroking the seat of his breeches and whistling. He moved quickly, and from then on, Harrison, Jr., was a part of the show.

There was a lot of talk going on now. McKenney Davis had corralled all the women around and was telling some most effective jokes. I may tell you some of them later on—Maybe best not!

Our engineer blew his whistle for Ocala, a suburb of Silver Springs, and we slowed down: D. R. (Dixie) Smith and his sweet wife, Mary, got on. The talk increased. Jimmie Gwynn and his guardian angel, Annie, were right behind D. R. The talk became a buzz. Then with suitcases, umbrellas, raincoats, and chatter entered His Majesty, Judge-Elect and former County Judge, the one and only Byron Butler of Perry, and good ole' former County Judge and Byron's wife, Louise. Then, it was neither talking nor chatter, but the roar of a crowd.

I saw someone struggling to get in the coach door. The racket was so great it kept him pushed out—then he squeezed through with his worldly belongings and I recognized Dr. J. H. Therrell, Superintendent of the State Hospital, a citizen of Marion County, and the grandest old man this side of the Mason-Dixon Line—a friend of County Judges and a friend of ailing humanity. Truly a great physician and humanitarian!

The train was riding smooth as silk—pre-war silk at that—when it slowed down for Wildwood. We were to pick up our Congressman-Elect! County Judge now—Democratic Congressional Nominee from the Fifth District—Past President Florida Alumni of the University of Florida—Past President Florida County Judges' Associations—Present President Florida State Baseball League —The Honorable Syd Herlong. He stepped on the train with enough clothes in his baggage to dress the U. S. Supreme Court and their doormen, and following close by was Mary, his wife, who has made Syd what he is today. I saluted him. Syd will eventually be United States Senator or Governor of Florida, and he's been President of so many things that should he follow Harry Truman, he wouldn't stay At Home in the White House, but he'd get himself a battleship like Franklin D.'s so he could prowl all over the world.

Troy Hall, Judge-Elect from Lake County, followed Syd on the train and held it down. Following Troy, was Judge-Elect from Citrus County, Frank Scofield, his wife, Bernice, and the sweetest child of 1948, their daughter, Miss Eugenia Scofield.

By the time we reached Winter Haven, there was enough baggage in this one coach to clothe the Greek Nation, enough talk to run the United Nations, and enough Joy to set the world straight! Then a great American got on—Vic Hutchins of Orange County—an ex-sailor of two World

Wars—a County Judge for over twenty years—a man—a gentleman—a scholar—a politician—a true friend of mine. And Goldie, his wife, and guardian—a great girl.

Good things go in pairs, and what I said good about Vic goes for Jack White of Pinellas County who followed them on the train. Jack is like me—we don't want to be Congressman or President—we're plumb satisfied with helping the good people of Putnam and Pinellas Counties.

After leaving Winter Haven, our train took off like a bull being lassoed. The orange groves of Polk County looked like sheets of dark green, the cattle on the plains of Highlands County were stretched out like their shadows, we were moving so fast. When we pulled up at Fort Lauderdale, Boyd Anderson was afraid to get on. We spotted the band he had on hand to welcome us and pulled him through a window and he rode down to Hollywood and had to get off. A business trip to Chicago kept him from attending our convention, but he gave us his blessings as we shoved off for Miami.

After loitering around the outskirts of Miami, our train pulled up to the station. The first thing I saw was, not the station, not the sidewalks or houses, but Frank Blanton and wife, Lizanna—receptionists and guardians from there on to Key West. With Frank and Lizanna on hand, now, I knew the convention would be a success!

## CHAPTER II SALLY'S

Off the train, our crowd walked out—and out—and out. We came finally to a place where a nice, new, clean, comfortable Greyhound Bus was parked by the station. We tried to get on. We could get on all right, but after being seated comfortably, somebody would see part of his baggage sitting on the concrete by the bus. He'd get to worrying and wondering where the rest of it was—then he'd crawl between those coming on the bus, find his bags, then crawl back on. Instead of acting like a bus load of jurists, they reminded me of a bunch of chickens trying to roost. A chicken picks, pulls, hollers, and flies to his seat. Yes, that's the difference—a chicken can fly to his seat on the roost, but a judge or his wife has to crawl and push! At last, we got loaded and the slick Greyhound Bus swung around into the cool air of the beautiful and tropical city of Miami and over the loudspeaker system of the bus came the refreshing words of Frank Blanton, "We eat at Sally's."

Blessed are such words when you're hungry, and blessed is Frank Blanton for saying them. I love Frank and Lizanna like kinfolks, but when he said

loud enough to hear that food was near, there was an appeal in his voice that sounded honest and sincere and as though he were hungry also.

We passed the wonderful and beautiful twenty-three story Miami Court House. Later, we crossed a canal full of small launches, rowboats, and sailboats, all rocking lazily in the water. From the bus, I had a feeling I was looking on a screen from my seat in a theatre. About that time, the bus driver said, "Sally's!"

Frank Blanton grabbed his loudspeaker. "One hour to eat, fellows! Sally has plenty of food and I vouch for its being good. Make yourselves at home." These Miamians! They can't get away from this Chamber of Commerce attitude; they brag on their hometown—its food, etc. Some of us had eaten on the train, but I hadn't. Now, it was sundown and my regular feed time. I could have eaten a fried slice of Frank Blanton or any of the others. Cannibalism is a respectable estate when you're hungry.

Sally herself was plump and jovial. She smiled her reception without saying too much. She didn't have to point to our tables. We found them. Soon we were eating-olives-lettuce by the tub—Sanford celery—curd (some call it cheese), salt, pepper—and we furnished the conversation.

McKenney Davis sat next to the kitchen. He wanted to get through first. He did. He likes to talk. He thanked Frank and Lizanna for everything. Looking at McKenney's waistline before and after the meal, I knew he was talking about food. Then the rest of the food came—shrimp salad with shrimp in it—best thing I ever laid my hands on. By then, the food had caught up with those next to McKenney and they wanted to talk also. Well, I just ate while the-thanking continued. I had all day tomorrow to thank Frank and Lizanna. Between recognizing speakers and eating, I got messed up. Being President is all fun, no pay, and no time to eat. Anyway, during the first few mouthfuls, the crowd got real quiet, and I was enjoying this President business. Then, from McKenney's first thank you, everybody wanted to talk and be recognized. Some wanted to eat, talk and be recognized all at the same time.

But, I'm about to forget—How I got messed up

By the time I had finished the celery and lettuce, etc., and my share of the shrimp salad, I was full! Then came the rest of the rations. I didn't have any room! When I was young, I could have stretched and eaten my share. So don't get old, friend.

Getting men and baggage on a bus may be slow, but getting just men on a bus when they have finished eating food like Sally feeds is tough. One crawled off for a toothpick, another for a stretch, another for a pack of cigarettes. But when McKenney Davis crawled off to see if the moon was shining, I got suspicious!

Loaded, we swung to our left and Frank said. "Boys; this is the MacArthur Causeway—just completed. It cost twenty or thirty million dollars, I forget which, but it cost money. It has ten lanes over and eight lanes back. Why more lanes coming over than coming back? I don't know. That's why we're not going all the way across. We are going just far enough to get a view of the Miami Skyline."

Awe and food takes your voice. No one spoke. The moon was shining its soft glow—the lights of Miami shone like a chicken house way out in the woods. The Court House stood out like the Empire State Building—the hotels looked like ten circuses—and for miles, there were buildings, lights, coco-

nut and royal palms. Miami is really an Egyptian dream come true!  
On the MacArthur Causeway, we turned back. We slept, talked, and rode into Key West at 12:30 A. M.

The sign, "LaConcha Hotel", in Key West looted as good to me as the Statue of Liberty to homecoming G.I.'s. Frank got out first. He didn't say, "Good morning, Raymond," (it was 12:30 A. M., July 16, 1948) and Raymond didn't say, "Howdy, Frank." Frank did say, "Raymond, I had a hell-of-a-time getting this bunch here." And Raymond said, "Welcome to Key West."

Raymond Lord is not County Judge of Monroe County by accident. He is small and dark. He hears in spots and dresses the Duke of Windsor. He is the sportiest thing south of Niagara Falls. Key West without Raymond Lord would be like Key West without the Overseas Highway that leads from the mainland of Florida. He is a native, a conch, if you please, a fine citizen, a true and sincere American. Raymond was chairman of everything that our association enjoyed at Key West. Hail Raymond!

Howard Livingston from Sebring, greeted us with a smile. Howard's fortune was made with his smile. It's good in politics and is winning with

women. I know, for he is unbeatable as County Judge and he has the sweetest wife, Eula. She's little, pretty, a Methodist, and can smile too. At least, she out-smiled Howard eight or ten years ago. I'm for Eula!

O. P. Johnson from Kissimmee stood beside Howard. Tall, thinning on top, slender as a rail, but good and true as old Mother Earth. I grabbed his hand and he shook thunder out of me. I liked it. All the people and most of the cattle of Osceola County have seen O. P. My guess is, they'll see him lots more.

Arthur Clonts from Stuart never misses a convention and I was glad to see him. Graying, a thinker, a good lawyer, (a good bedfellow—I've slept with him—he doesn't snore -or kick—or talk in his sleep—or come in late, etc.) who has been a leader in legislative changes for the good of the association, and our people.



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Otis Cobb, another old wheel horse, was waiting to greet us. The good Lord didn't make Otis red-headed for nothing or lean for a short race. That's the reason the people of Indian River County have kept him as County Judge for so long.

Jack Pressley, Johnnie Johnson, both with Drew and Company, and Matt Brown of the Bowen Supply Company of Plant City, were everywhere, seeing that we wanted for nothing. More about them later.

After registering and getting our baggage to our rooms, we followed Raymond Lord to 203-204. There, we sang, reminisced, talked politics, probate, told jokes, and laughed with the hilarity of kids. Thus it was when I sneaked off for some rest and sleep. Good ole' rest and sleep! It's one thing that's better at fifty-one than twenty-one.

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### CHAPTER III IN SESSION

Dressed in my extra pair of pants that Mabel drove so hard for me to have, I banged the gavel hard. The 27th annual meeting of the County Judges' Association of Florida was now in session.

We understood our summer conventions—Stle business—Lots of play. Even our guests understand this. I introduced Dr. Therrell, who gave us his problem of being under-staffed with limited facilities. Right in the midst of his talk, our good ole' friend, Fuller Warren, Democratic Governor-elect of

Florida, stepped in and sat down. Before Fuller gets so busy with affairs of State that he can't hear out of either ear, he heard first hand, from a man whose sincerity is his badge of office, of the true needs and problems of our State Hospital.

Then, I introduced Raymond Lord, who in time, introduced Fuller. Fuller's the same old Fuller—a fine fellow—an attentive, intelligent, sympathetic Floridian, who has tact, humor, firmness, and the ability to make Florida truly a great Governor. I predict it. Anyway, Fuller showed that he had taken in all Dr. Therrell had said and again I predict that the State Hospital will have Fuller's hearty support.

And, by the way; Fuller lives up there with McKenney Davis, and McKenney is nothing but a little old County Judge like myself. Well, Fuller told how efficient Mc was if you needed a certified copy and had the money to pay for it. Mc wasn't expecting Fuller to turn the spotlight on him and the boys began laughing, and Mc began blushing. He blushed (Collier's says you blush all over) first around the eyes, nose, and jowls. Then down his sleeves, and around his chest and when I looked last, he was turning red down each pants' leg.

I was enjoying Mc's limelight when I heard my name called. I quit looking at Mc and my ears got as big as pancakes. Fuller was saying, "And Causey is the only person who binds your client to jail and convinces you that he's done you and your client a great favor." The boys were now laughing at me. Being President didn't help a bit. I cut my eyes at Fuller to see if he was lying or joking and he was really enjoying himself. No man could smile as big as Fuller was and not be enjoying himself. By now, Mc had gotten his blush back up his breeches' leg while mine was on the way down.

We enjoyed Fuller. He's our friend. He knows more of our problems than we realize. We need never fear of going to him when we're right. When we go, we'll be right. When we go, don't think Fuller's forgotten anything that has ever happened. He hasn't. He won't elbow signs of forgetting until about the third year of his term.

Ben Morgan, of the Department of Game and Fishes, made a nice talk. The worst thing he said was that he couldn't go to Cuba with us, but by association, he is coming to know some of our problems and he believes as I do, that association makes for intelligence.

"Kirk", Director of the Department of Public Safety, (he is kinfolks, for he votes in Putnam County) is Neil Kirkman of Palatka, a veteran of two World Wars, a friend of mine for twenty-five years. He never changes. You can tie to him. He said thank you for our cooperation. We said thank you back.

Tom King, Jr., was introduced. I've already elected Tom governor. We have no problems. He said so. We believed him.

Capt. Bass, Sgt. Ferrell and Sgt. Clint Hancock of the Highway Patrol were there but didn't make speeches. Their bosses were present. Clint is more kinfolk. He votes in Putnam County. I have known him since he shed didies.

Everett Williams, Director of the Bureau of Vital Statistics, was next. He is a fine chap and made a splendid talk. He works with us.

George Burke, Chief Attorney for Veterans Administration, was present and introduced. He has no problems, either! A great fellow, this George Burke. He is doing a fine job for the Veterans Administration and us.

Oh! I forgot. Jim Franklin showed up with Fuller. Jim is Senator now. I went to school with him at the University of Florida. He didn't remember me. Imagine, me President and Jim Franklin not remembering me in school. It's excusable tho'. He was a senior and I was just a freshman—another reason—he used to keep his eyes shut in classes. Got it from Dean Trussler, but Dean always knows me. If Jim ever runs for Governor, my memory will be as good as Fuller's. I'll remember him. Fine chap, tho', this Jim.

And Representative Bernie C. Pappy. I never saw him before. His picture's never been in the paper in my parts. His name threw me off. I always imagined him old, big-bellied, bald-headed, and jolly. I got the head part right, but he's young, good-looking, dresses ala 1948, and knows his way around. He took a bow.

Maitland Adams, Mayor of Key West, greeter of Presidents, welcomed us to the city. He told us of the antiquity of his city, of the island in the pirate days and how they ran the pirates out—then about the modern city—how they got water 130 miles away—about the southern-most house, and city in the U. S. A. His was the first welcome I had ever heard by a Mayor that sounded sincere and not routine. Thanks, Mayor Adams.

The best, of course, is saved for last. Rev. James M. MacConnell gave the Invocation. A very sincere man, and his blessing on our meeting was equally sincere and uplifting. With such men around, people must be good. No wonder the people of Key West are so kind and hospitable.

Then, we waded into business—but in the back of our heads was gay Havana. Tomorrow was not just another day. Not to me. It represented a fulfillment of years of desire.

## CHAPTER IV BANQUET

A salty east breeze stirred the leaves of the coconut trees that hedged in South Beach Restaurant. One coconut, not braced by others, became tired, broke loose, and fell on the red tile floor of this out-door pavilion. It rolled, wobbled, then lay majestically still. Beyond the court, the lashing waves of the Atlantic rolled towards us with a roar.

Inside, a large table shaped like a horseshoe filled the room. At this table, on this island, which is the City of Key West, under the magic of this tropical scene, the County Judges, their families, and friends sat down to eat. It was 8:00 P. M., July 16th, 1948. Our banquet was on.

Glancing down from the head of the table, I noticed Byron Butler stroll in. He looked pale. I was about to ask about his health when he looked down at the table and his eyes fell on the fruit cocktail. He smiled. His paleness disappeared. A flush gave him the appearance of perfect health, and men I knew that Byron was not sick, he was just plain hungry.

One-tenth Raymond and nine-tenths Mamie were responsible for this beautiful banquet and the delicious food. Later, I acknowledged this, then introduced Judge and Mrs. Raymond Lord.

Pensacola is 900 miles from Key West and Judges don't get together very often. We all knew this, and I merely wanted to call this to their attention, so I said,

' "Once a year,"—

I'm, not sure whether it was Byron Butler or Frank Blanton, it could have been both, chorused in like an echo with,

"Once a Year!"

Being an old hand at our conventions, and used to lots of talk and repartee, I smiled like a successful book salesman, took a new hold on the food-filled the table, and started all over on my theme of meeting so seldom, and I said more loudly,

*"Once a Year,"—*

I got no farther. At least ten voices boomed out, louder than my own, with the rhythm of a frog pond.

*"Once a Year!"*

Well, wasn't this nice? Now, everybody was smiling. I found myself smiling too. In fact, there was nothing else to do but smile. My first reaction was, that so long as my audience smiled or laughed, I need not fear eggs or tomatoes. So, I reclutched the faithful table, tilted my head back and raised both arms with the slowness and poise of an old and rugged frontier

orator, determined to boom out the words that were a truth and a theme, and I cried,

"Once a Year,"—

I had to pause to give effect to my next words, "We meet—", I said, but these words were never heard. They were drowned by male and female voices lifted in a chant,

"ONCE A YEAR!"

In desperation, I looked at my old friends. Their lips were curved in the chant of the slogan. I retreated just a step. I must make this speech. I must tell them we meet on these joyous occasions only once a year. With all of the resourcefulness at my command, I turned to my new friends for help. I looked at Maitland Adams, the Mayor, our guest whom I had invited. Even his wife was laughing. Then, I turned to the judiciary, the epitome of dignity, law, order, and sense. I looked at my friend, Judge Lopez, the Circuit Judge, our friend and bulwark of free speech and the right to be heard, and he was catching his breath. He was in there with the others, making the last charge. I had been betrayed!

Brutus had his dagger, Cleopatra had her charm, and County Judges have their virtues, but ONCE A YEAR County Judges, their friends and guests eat, drink and be merry!

## CHAPTER V ' FLIGHT

By 9:30 A. M., the lobby of the LaConcha Hotel was a busy place. Women with pretty hats and prettier dresses; men in light suits, lugging suitcases, checking out and saying goodbye, for some couldn't go to Havana. We lined up in front of the hotel for taxis to the airport.

The Meacham Field office is a neat building. As you enter, they check your tickets on the right, while on your left; cold drinks, ice cream, and fruit juices are sold. Farther back is the customs office.

The Aerovias "Q" S A is a Cuban airline, staffed, controlled and operated by Cuban citizens. Col. Quevedo deserves two pats—one for the businesslike dispatch and efficiency with which the passengers and their baggage are handled; and, two, for the courtly and genteel manner with which the members of our association and their guests were cared for and assisted. The very atmosphere of this busy airport was conducive to confidence and security. Col. Quevedo can well be proud of his agent, Mr. Rogeleo Gomez, his right-hand man. I salute Col. Quevedo and Mr. Gomez.

Clearly, above the hum of the crowd, over the loudspeaker, came the words, "Jack Pressley." Jack's tickets were checked, baggage weighed, and he was ready for the First Flight. Then Johnnie Johnson was called, and last, but not least, Matt C. Bowen.

Tall and rangy, Jack Pressley reminds me of a college tackle. Johnnie Johnson, young and friendly, greets you with a smile. Both are with the old and most reputable H. & W. B. Drew Company of Jacksonville and Miami. Matt C. Bowen, curly-headed and energetic, is the owner of Bowen Supply Company of Plant City. His motto, "Everything for the Business Man". (Bishop Office Equipment Company of Orlando was unable to have a representative with us because of vacations, but was with us in spirit).

Pressley and Johnson are competitors of Matt Bowen's. In the business world, they work hard for their own share, but at the convention, they worked together like brothers, cooperating to make our convention a success, and the needs of our members and their guests a pleasure and a pleasant memory. These three truly great Americans flew off together to Havana on the First Flight

The regularity of the drawl of the familiar names called over the loudspeaker began to be accepted by me as a part of the buzz of the crowd. Then, came the words that stir a man—his own name called out loud among the throng!

"Causey Green." It was clear. It was my name. I could not answer. I did not move. Vic Hutchins said, "Cousin Causey, I believe you're next"

I let out my breath again. Life goes forward. The drift was toward the airfield. I would soon be in the current.

"Thanks, Vic," I said, and stepped into the current that led to the stairs of the plane. I got in.

Sleek like a racehorse, streamlined, with good seats and a window by your side, our plane tailed down the field, turned around, grabbed hold of the ground, and fluffed its wings. The vibration of the plane seemed to settle me in my seat and shake my safety belt around and make it fit. Then slowly, faster and vibrantly, we lifted like a bird and became a part of the immensity of God's airspace.

Circling over the city of Key West, we gradually, without notice, got higher until the winding road leading from the mainland to Key West became a thread; the LaConcha Hotel, a doubtful spot; the Submarine Base, a dark blur.

At 3,000 feet, our plane leveled off and the soft blue waters of the Gulf Stream rippled towards us in envy. Tied to the sea to my right was an oil tanker heading east. She looked like a rowboat without oars. Chatter on my left. Someone had spotted another tanker going westward. Before these two tankers became specks, we had seen five ships plowing along. This was indeed the busy Gulf Stream.

Up where we were, the sun seemed soft. As it fell on the few clouds, it made them white. Some drifted lazily close to us. I don't believe they knew we were there. Others, in the distance, became tangled and lay like a picture on the wall. On the horizon, they became little mountains, then land heavy with trees. These were the same mirages that Columbus had seen on his way to the same beautiful Cuba-

At last, the sea gave way and "Ship Ahoy! Ship Ahoy! Land we see!" I hadn't seen land for thirty minutes and now I found myself gleeful at its sight. No wonder the sailors of old who had fought the fearful tempestuous seas for months, cried aloud at the sight of land. "Land! Land! Land, I see!"

A white line, the breakers on the beach, sparkled as far as the eye could see. But sprawled below us, deep back into the land where the trees grew, lay tiny squares. The small lines were streets; the yellow tinted blocks were the steel and concrete that housed the 800,000 people of Havana.

Our landing, smooth as it was, awakened me from my dream. Struggling out of my comfortable seat, I walked to the plane door. A new, bright building, surrounded by tropical trees and shrubs, delighted my eye. It was. Aerovias' "Q" Airport, custom house, debarking shed. Our destination! The booming voice of Matt Bowen started me down the steps and he squinted and took a picture, while Jack Pressley and Johnnie Johnson called the poses and smiles.

There was a loud hurrah! I frowned. What had I done? Why was I the subject of this demonstration? Again the crowd cheered. Was I Lindberg? I had sailed the Gulf Stream, but not alone. Then the stairs I was on gave lightly. They gave again.

It was a soft step, like the step of a fawn. I looked back. Coming down the steps was a girl. She wore a cap, a jacket, and some other clothes. Her hair was black, her eyes brown. Her rouged lips made a rose look weak and sickly. Then she smiled at the crowd, and then at me. What a sublime feeling to be that close to a beautiful girl, our hostess. I had messed with the sea coming over and had missed seeing her, the gem of the ocean. Col. Quevedo, I pat you on the back for the third time! I like the way you handle your passengers.



## CHAPTER VI

### HAVANA

On our way from the airport in Havana to our hotel, we passed a wrecked car near a tree on the side of the street. Five people were killed, so our chauffeur told us. Too much stimulants, too much speed. They have reckless driving in Havana.

Our Hotel, facing the Atlanta Ocean, was clean and neat. From our outside balcony, we could see on our right, old Fort Morro Castle, at the entrance to Havana harbor; and on our left, the Hotel Nationale. Havana's shore line is arched. Our hotel was in the center, so we could see the city's entire water front.

Our rooms opened on an inside balcony. From this balcony, you could walk around to each room on the floor. Each floor had the same kind of balcony. You could see from the top floor down to the main floor. I do not know the reason, but I presume it's a great help during storms, and especially for ventilation.

My bed had no legs. It sat on the floor. I couldn't put my shoes under my bed. I finally pulled them off and left them on the floor so that everybody could see and stumble over them. I meant to ask Archie Buie what he did with his shoes.

There's an extra affair in each bathroom. There is the usual bath tub, shower, commode and hand bowl. Then, beside the commode, a foot away, is what they called a bidet. You bathe in it, they say. I didn't, You sit on it like you do a commode. It has an extra part in front of where you sit as large as the part you sit on. This extra part has a shower upside down. Just turn right handle and this shower throws a spray of water like a bathing shower except it throws the water up into your face and all over your body. It holds water like a basin if you close it up with the left handle. You can open it like a bathtub turning the handle, and it will drain like a bathtub.

I turned the left handle slowly. Nothing happened. That's the one that closes or drained it. But when I turned the other, I nearly got wet.

Down in Archie Buie's room, Archie said, "Genevieve, why do you take so long dresses? I've been ready fifteen minutes."

"I'll be ready in a minute," she answered sweetly. Then Archie's eye fell on the bidet.

"What is this crazy thing?" he asked, as he smoothed down his flashy blue and white four in hand tie. Archie's tie set off his white linen suit and made him look like the real Chesterfield that he is.

"I was wondering myself," replied Genevieve, checking her rouge and hair before the mirror. She was about to say, "Let's go."

"I turned that Left handle," Archie said thoughtfully, "but it's the same as Broke."

"Why don't you try the other?" Genevieve said casually, as she turned from the mirror and looked at the thing wonderingly.

"I guess it's broke too," Archie said in deep puzzlement, as he flipped the right handle open.

Water sprayed up all over Archie and his pressed and immaculate clothes. In his haste to get away from the shower, Archie forgot to say a word. What he did say, as he rushed to his adjoining room and as he looked in the mirror at his wet clothes and bedraggled hair, was entirely excusable if a man has any charity in his heart. But I doubt if the good citizens of Columbia County will ever learn what Archie said while he stared at himself in his mirror. What Archie said to Genevieve, though, is of record.

"Genevieve, I don't want this to get out in Havana."

"Yes, Archie, I understand."

"And I don't want Causey Green to find it out"

"Yes, Archie, I understand."

Archie pulled off his wet coat. He looked down at his breeches. The crease was gone. They bagged at the knees. Then he began untying his soaked tie. Looking up at Genevieve, he said affectionately with a confidential tone, "Gen, if you don't tell this on me, I'll never fuss at you again as long as I live, about being late or never being dressed online."

"That's a deal," Genevieve said and she kept her word. But later, it was so funny, Archie told me the story himself.

Syd Herlong set his bags down in his room. Tall and rangy, he walked to the bath. His eyes fell on the bidet

"Mary!" he called. "What the thunder is this thing?"

"I don't know," Mary said slowly, as she ladled at it studiously. "It couldn't be a foot tub."

"No," Syd said. "I thought of that."

"Maybe it's a wash tub for didies," Mary said.

"That's about it," Syd drawled thoughtfully. I saw some didies hanging on a clothesline."

But Syd Herlong was not convinced. When he gets to Washington as our Congressman from the Fifth District, he doesn't want to go to a Congressional toilet and have to ask some silly Republican what that thing is for. He'd rather get his knowledge in Havana. Any sooner down here wouldn't put him under obligation politically, but in Washington, it might keep him off some important committee. So he kicked it. It was solid. He sat down



on it. It fitted nicely. No water was in it. Those handles must have something to do with water. He twisted the right handle to the left. Water drenched him!

Mary is a very sympathetic and understanding wife and mother. She dried Syd off and said, "I wouldn't mess with that thing anymore. You may get hurt."

"I won't," Syd said emphatically and wisely. "That's a Republican gadget, and when I get to Washington, they can hang 'em on the wall, turn 'em upside down, but I'm staying with the Democrats."

Downstairs, under the awning over part of the sidewalk in front of our hotel, were tables and chairs used by the hotel restaurant. We sat down in the light cane chairs: A slender waiter brought knives, forks, spoons, a big linen napkin, and a glass of water. He handed each of us a menu.

I glanced over it. It was in Spanish. I couldn't even find coffee on the menu.

I said to this waiter, "What you got to eat?"

Standing erect, his black, thin mustache fitting his lip like an eyebrow, he said, "I spek no English."

By now, it was two o'clock and what we wanted was food. They had told us to fly over on a light diet. Roy Gaskins from Blountstown, asked, "How in the hell do we get food?"

The young waiter replied, "I spek no English." Then, he said, "I get English spek man."

"Get him," Roy said. "I'm hungry."

A stouter waiter came. His mustache was black and thin also. He said, "You want to eat?"

"No," Roy said. "We just want to spend the afternoon. Bring us five cups of coffee."

"Bring the gentlemen coffee," the stout waiter said to the slim one.

"Bingo?" the slim one asked in Spanish.

"You want coffee?" the stout waiter asked, pointing to me.

Roy pointed at each of us and bellowed like a bull. "Coffee!" And the slim waiter trotted off. He understood Roy's English. Roy said to the waiter, "What you got we can eat?"

Bending over, stiff-like, and pointing to the Spanish menu, the stout waiter said, "Zis is good; Zis is good; Zis is good,—"

Roy said, "Stop! Bring us some of Zis."

"Yes, yes," said the stout waiter and followed the younger one to the kitchen.

Learn how to eat in Havana. Either go to an American restaurant or learn Spanish. We left on our afternoon tour before "Zis" got cooked.

Three carloads of Judges, their wives, and friends went on a tour. First, we saw where the battleship, "Maine", was sunk in Havana harbor. I don't know whether the ship is still there or not, but I do know that anchors and cannon are all over Havana.

In a drizzle of rain, we were escorted through a very old church with oil paintings on the walls and in the round ceiling. I believe Columbus was buried there at one time. They claim he's still there.

The Capitol building is a very large structure and is built of concrete, gold and mahogany. What corresponds with our House and Senate Chambers, tho' much smaller, are two large rooms on each end. The seats and tables are solid mahogany. Pictures of great Cubans hang around the walls. Gold dome ceilings are all over the place. It is kinda' their Fort Knox.

On the walk-way from the House Chamber to the Senate Chambers, there is a hole in the marble floor about the size of a grapefruit. This point marks the center of, or beginning of, all landlines in Cuba, and its center had been marked by a twenty or thirty-carat diamond. A few months before, someone had stolen the diamond and this embarrassed the Cuban government. It looked like some heads would roll. The diamond was returned, but no one knows who took it or when it was returned. The diamond had not been re-set at the time of our visit.

Rum is to Cuba what Coca-Cola is to us. So the guide took us to a brewery. By that time, it was six o'clock. No dinner yet! We could hardly drag in. Our receptionist said, "You are the guests of the Bacardi Rum and Distillery Company of Cuba."

On the table were forty-seven varieties of liquors. On another table were small glasses filled with finely chipped ice and apparently water. Being without food or water for several hours, some of us tasted this drink. It was mildly sweet and deliciously ice-cold. None of us saw any harm in this, but after three sips, we were able to walk all over that brewery and have our pictures taken. My first brewery! I've seen the filthy stuff all my life, but the process of making rum was very interesting. By now, we were all so tired we could hardly drag our feet—and so, we caught our taxies back to our hotel. My bed on the floor really felt good!

About 8:30 P. M., after resting an hour, the cry went up from all over the inside balconies of the hotel, "Where do we eat?"

Answers came back and, echoed down the inside balconies. "Anywhere there's food."

The crowd scattered. My bunch caught taxies and drove about eight miles to the Tropicana Nite Club.

The floor show opened at eleven, so we ate from 9:15 to 11:00. Con-somme', shrimp cocktail, fish, steak with the trimmings, ice cream. Harrison;

*Jr.* sat by my side. I noticed that the kid was plump or seemed well-fed, but I didn't know that he was about half perished.

He and I ate mouthful for mouthful, spoonful for spoonful, all with very few words.

I began slowing up and looked at Harrison, Jr. He had two mouthfuls of steak left on his plate. He looked up at me. There was something pathetic in his eyes. He said, "I can't eat 'em. Can you?"

"I can't either," I said. I was so well nourished by that time, I forgot to thank him. I will thank him at the next convention.

Satisfied as to food, I looked around. We had come through the center of the building. On our left were the restaurant and bar. To our right, I don't remember. We were in a large garden with trees everywhere: Palms, coconuts, bamboo, and plants with colors; some red, some splotched with green, yellow, red and white. Our seats were near the stage. Real stars twinkled above.

The floor show lasted for over an hour. There was singing—in Spanish. A Negro quartet, which sang in Spanish too, was good. I didn't understand a word, but I kept up with the swing. The best of all was a dark Spanish girl with a belt of small gourds tied together and hung around her hips. The gourds had seed *in* them. I found this out when the girl danced the rumba. Her hips forcefully shook the tiny seeds in the gourds, but with a rhythm-like -delight, and made them rattle and laugh with joy. The gourd belt seemed too large. I thought sure it would slip down over her hips and fall to the floor while she danced. But it stayed up and danced with her and seemed perfectly satisfied. I don't blame those gourds for sticking around. Had I been one of them, I'd have clung tight, tighter, and tightest, as they did. If I lived in Cuba, I'd learn to dance the rumba.

Next morning, no church bells rang, no train whistles blew, there was no rumbling of streetcars, not even the honk of an automobile, tho' it was Sunday morning in Havana. But the sun rose in its majesty, and shattered the night, and made the ocean blue for miles out at sea.

No screens, no mosquitoes, no flies. Just beautiful daylight in a great city, so quiet with a cool morning breeze. I stretched again on the breezeway from my room that faced the ocean, then dressed, and soon stood on the street. I wanted all of the day, not just part of it.

I walked several blocks from the hotel but saw no signs of coffee. Farther on, in a jog in the wall, I saw a dozen small white cups lined up on a counter, upside down. They reminded me of doll cups. I stepped up and said to the stout man with his back to me, "Coffee?"

The man seemed deaf. I stood still a minute and waited. Without looking at me, he picked up a small crockery pot, turned to the small cups, set one up, and poured into it something as black as night with your eyes shut, and shoved it a few inches toward me. It was steaming. I picked the cup

up by its handle, slowly raised it to my nose, and smelled. It smelled like coffee, I tasted it. It was sweet coffee. I drank it in three sips, pushed it back and said, "Fill." He filled it. Both cups cost four cents.

Farther down the street was a store with bananas, coconuts, cigars, canned goods, bread, etc. A boyish-looking man, just sprouting his black streak of a mustache, picked up a coconut, larger than your head, and held the stem end in his left hand. Then, reaching under the counter, he pulled out a machete, and cut out a triangular plug from the blossom end of the coconut. He strained the juice into three large tea glasses and added cracked ice and sugar. I drank two of them. This was my breakfast.

## CHAPTER VII INSTALLATION

I crawled out of the taxi and ran to the boat. As I stepped on, the captain shoved off and the launch swiftly glided across the narrow stream to the landing at the foot of Cuba's famous fortress, Morro Castle.

Jimmie Gwynn, our President-Elect, stepped off with a firm step. He knew his responsibilities were now approaching. The other officers, judges, wives, and friends rapidly followed. No clouds cooled the heavens and our shadows hugged the ground at our feet. It was eleven o'clock, Sunday morning, Havana, Cuba.

As we started up the path to the top of the Fort, our guide said, "Do you know how Havana got its name?" We didn't. He mopped the sweat from his forehead, "When Columbus landed, the Indians wanted to win his favor, and knowing nothing with which to better influence friends than women, they presented him with two beautiful Indian maidens, Annabelle and Anna, and told him to take his choice. Columbus being sea-ridden and human, merely said, "I'll have Anna." So the Indians named the place, "Have Anna."

At the top of the Fort, a soldier paced his post under the flapping flag of the Cuban Republic, high on its staff. He had seen visitors before, for he allowed us to pass without challenge. But he didn't know that the last of our group was a hardened veteran of the tough Pacific Campaign.

Byron Butler, Judge-Elect, Ex-Judge, Pacific veteran, hard disciplinarian, cracked in the heat. Sweat ran down his face and he glared at this soldier. The soldier looked at Byron. The Pacific lived again. Byron snatched the wide-eyed soldier around and shook him down. Amazed, the guard stood still as a pet chicken. Byron straightened his tie, tilted his chin, balanced his rifle, then said, "As you were." Byron smiled, the guard smiled. The war was over. They were friends.

The guide wound us up and around towards the barbecue pit. Here, the ancient Spaniards barbecued a whole beef at a time for meat-hungry soldiers.

A few feet farther was the execution wall. A sheet of inch thick steel shielded the wall to keep the bullets from digging out the masonry. Dents in the steel from bullets were plain.

Then to the right, up steep steps was the torture chamber. A wax figure was strapped in the seat of torture, eyes protruding, his face imparting despair, while a soldier turned the screw that tore his neck bones apart. The helpless victim's only solace was a priest nearby, in his black gown, his eyes uplifted, his lips in prayer.

"What is this instrument of torture?" Arthur Clonts asked.



"The garrote," replied the guide. We all left more quickly than we had come in.

The guide led us up, up to the top of the Fort on to the wide battlements of Morro Castle. In front lay the ocean, bright in the noonday sun. Below, waves lashed and broke at the base of the Fort with a dull roar on the rocks. To our left, was a deep narrow stream leading to the harbor and across it lay Havana, sprawling white and glittering under the sun for miles. I could see the Presidential Palace, the Capitol, the Hotel Nationale. Church steeples stuck their heads high with their crosses on top.

Above, were the round lookout towers of concrete with small windows. Guards, posted here, surveyed the sea and gave the alarm of approaching ships. Around us lay rusty cannon, reminders of centuries past.

I said to the guide, "Halt!" The crowd turned around. They milled, got close, hunted for the shade. "Will the new officers come forward," I said. Then,

"Gentlemen, there is a certain sadness to me as I relinquish the affairs of our association into the capable hands of its new officers. I here and now install James C. Gwynn, of Tallahassee, as President of the County Judges' Association of Florida; Klein McDonald, of Bonifay, as Vice-President of the Third District; Howard Livingston, of Sebring, as Secretary; and Harry H. McDonald, of Gainesville, as Treasurer.

"Your initiation, gentlemen, outside our own beloved Florida, and on the battlements of this old and historical fort, emphasizes the spirit of friendliness and neighborliness between the people of Florida and the people of Cuba, and is a challenge to the rest of the world who do not live with this spirit-"

Jimmie seemed suddenly to grow taller. Jimmie now stood a head taller than I. His speech of acceptance was short and to the point, a speech that I shall long remember. He said, in a dear, ringing voice, "Gentlemen: Upon these towering battlements of this ancient fort, in view of the skyline of this great, tropical foreign City of Havana, I humbly accept the responsibilities that go with the honor you have given me. I promise to guard and guide the affairs of our beloved Association with patience, fairness, and justice.

"These rusted cannons, the walls of this fortress, are but symbols of power that once was great. They have yielded to mightier power of today. So it is with us. Limited to a few years in which to assert ourselves, we must choose quickly and wisely between good and evil, that our influence may be lasting.

"But we must not assume that we have achieved the ultimate, like those who manned the ramparts of this fort or pulled the lanyard of these cannon. Nothing is ultimate! The world changes. We contribute to those changes and to that extent are a part of that change.

"And so, may we never assume that we are the ultimate of Justice, but only the ultimate of our time. In this way, progress is possible, and Justice, in its time, will be supreme."

After the installation, it was too warm for other speeches. Congratulations went the rounds, and a loud slap on the back was the same as a handshake. Everyone drifted down, and soon were a thin line of ones and twos on the trail back to the boat.

At the dock, we were met by a cigar salesman. His clothes were patched, *his* face unshaven, his skinny frame weak looking. His boxes of cigars were neat and attractive in their cellophane wrappings.

"Cigars! Cigars! Tree-fifty one box," he said in a healthy tone, but in uncertain English. The heat now had had us more than an hour, and the shade around the only nearby tree was packed with sun-tired people. Again the broken English filled the air,

"Cigars! Fine Havana Cigars! Only Tree-Fifty."

A familiar voice rang out. It was my good friend, Byron Butler, Louise's husband, king of the ranch from Taylor County, Perry's foremost citizen. "Two dollars!" he said, as he crowded the salesman with the bills in his hand.

"No! No!" shrieked the alarmed salesman. "Dey cost Tree dollar a box."

"Two dollars," insisted Byron. "I don't care what they cost"

"Tree-Trenty-Five," the salesman said, his voice weak. Pity came over the crowd.

"Two dollars, I said!" and there was a finality to Byron's tone that only Taylor Countians know how to pitch in a close trade.

"Me take, but only one box. No more. Just one," the man said and extended one single box to Byron.

"Dollar and a half," Byron said. His voice was quick and hard. He saw he had his man.

"No! No! Tut, Tut," the man said. Despair gripped him. Sweat rolled from his thin face.

"Dollar and a half, I said, and I don't want your cussed cigars anyway." Byron's used to horse trading. His words drove hard.

"I sell two box Tree 'dollar. Give money," the salesman said, holding out two boxes and an open palm. Byron handed him three one dollar bills and proudly took the two boxes of cigars. The salesman folded the money in his hand, mumbling to himself. Our guide turned his back.

Soon we were on the launch chugging back to the Havana side, half a mile down the stream. The guide stood in the center of the launch holding on to an overhead strap. The passengers were seated in a circle around him. He was looking at Byron, who held tight to his two boxes of cigars. The guide said to Byron admiringly, "Open your cigars."

"Have one," Byron said, as he tore the cellophane recklessly from the box.

"No," said the guide.

"You're smoking," insisted Byron.

"Cheap cigar," the guide said, pointing to them.

"Then why in the hell did you let me buy them?" demanded Byron.

The guide ignored the question. "That cigar retails forty cents a box," he continued. The passengers leaned forward. A chuckle ran through our crowd. Byron held it up and looked with disgust at the dangling end of a very cheap cigar.

"Try another," the guide said. Byron did. It fell apart.

"Sucker," the guide said, looking at Byron, his English now perfect.

The crowd roared. Byron stood up.

"Sucker twice," said the guide, and smiled a smile he had been holding back since he turned away when Byron paid the three dollars. By the way, Byron looked at the guide, I knew he didn't understand the guide's accusation of being two suckers, but he wouldn't ask. The guide sensed this also and explained.

"Sucker to buy, sucker to smoke."

"Yes," Byron cried out, like a caught calf, "And a sucker a third time for listening to all this yap-yap of yours for the past two hours."

The crowd exploded. Even the boat rocked. Byron Butler had learned in Havana, Cuba, hundreds of miles from home, something about trading that he hadn't picked up in good old Taylor County.

## CHAPTER VIII

### NIGHT IN HAVANA

In front of the Ocean Hotel, under its sidewalk awning, Vic Hutchins and wife, Goldie, stood looking down at Howard Livingston and his pretty little wife, Eula. Raymond Lord sat nearby looking first at Vic, then at Howard. I approached cautiously. Something was going on.

"It's five to none to ride out in the country," Vic said to me. I looked at the cool shadows of the awning. It was early afternoon.

"It's now six to none. Let's go," I answered.

A taxi driver opened his door. Down Malacon Drive, we turned off by the Presidential Palace and drove miles out into the country over good roads. It is a hilly country with now and then deep ravines. Herds of milk cows grazed in pastures and rows of stately royal palms shaded the roads that led up to the country homes.

We first stopped at a perfume factory. It was an interesting place. They showed us plants or grass-like weeds that finally became perfume. They had it in barrels, in jars, in bottles. The little bottles became expensive. A pretty girl dropped some perfume on my hand. It buries deep in the skin. That much would last for two days, she told me.

Next, we stopped at a tropical nursery where souvenirs and plants were sold. I bought a good alligator belt for \$1.75. Across the street was a fruit stand, drink stand, and dancehall. It's the first place I had ever seen where fruit juices were mixed. The man put ice in a glass, squeezed in a lime, put sugar in, then dashed in some dark fruit juice, some white juice, and shook it all up. When it came out, it was white and foamy looking and tasted cool and refreshing. They called it "Alexander." It must be a rain drink, for it rained very hard from then on.

There is something invigorating in riding out of a great city into the countryside that hems it in. The trees seem so satisfied. They are not moving. The few people you see take time to look at you. They are not hurrying. They act as though they know where they're going. I believe they do.

And the dogs. When they run out and bark at you, it's not in Spanish and they don't seem mad, just glad to see you. And so, we rattled, bumped, splashed, and talked as we drove back to our hotel. Those beds on the floor looked good to all of us.

Later, the ocean was covered by darkness. The lights of Havana were a mass of blue, white and red. Our crowd gathered in front of the hotel. The cry, "Where shall we eat?" Matt Bowen said, "The Miami Restaurant," and everybody chanted, "To the Miami Restaurant."

"But have you been to Sloppy Joe's?" Matt asked. "No," they chorused, and we all went to Sloppy Joe's.

It's just a big beautiful bar with every kind of drink, even orange juice. Pictures of famous visitors were tacked around. Nobody took our pictures, so we left for The Miami

Don't ever go to Havana unless you eat at least one meal at the Miami Restaurant. They give quicker service, and better food than any other restaurant where I have ever eaten. And the waiters speak English!

Outside, after eating, we broke up. Jack Pressley, Johnnie Johnson, Matt Bowen, Vic Hutchins, Judge Brown, and I walked out on the Avenue Presidente and paraded with the other thousands. This avenue is very wide. Its center, except at street intersections, is elevated about two feet for pedestrians alone. Here, Cubans by the thousands, parade up and down with their dose trimmed black mustaches, and dressed in their Guayabera shirts. We joined in.

We had walked only a few blocks when we discovered that the entire street was blocked by eager pedestrians, looking ahead at something we could not see. Because we couldn't speak Spanish, we could not learn the cause. I estimated 100,000 people were waiting for something. We waited with them.

Soon, down the street, came bearers with lighted torches. Between them was an ancient cart, pushed and pulled by soldiers dressed in the soldiery fashion of centuries ago. Seated on the cart was a wax figure of some beloved churchwoman who had been persecuted and killed by Spaniard's hundreds of years ago. Beside it, were beautiful Cuban maidens, each with dainty pink angel wings. Behind the cart the mourners followed, chanting as of old. It was an annual pilgrimage and a beautiful sight

Tables lined the sidewalks with only enough room for us to walk in pairs. We kept moving on or sat down for refreshments. Waiters served anything from straight whiskey to orange juice. The police tapped their sticks when persons stopped to look around. The crowd moved on quickly.

About the middle of each side of the street, elevated head-high was a string orchestra. A pretty girl would sing while the pianist, usually a man, played. The other musicians used a castanet, a mavacas, a muffled drum. You can hear the same rhythmical music on a Cuban radio station any night.

Farther down the street, we came to a broadcasting station enclosed in glass, and we sat down close by. I did not get the name of the station. It was a fine program. Jokes were in Spanish. Fifteen thousand people looking on roared with laughter. We laughed because they did. But the music was fine—that soft, shake-a-shake, rhumba tempo time. We left the crowd which was still enjoying the show.

On the way to our own hotel, we visited the Seville Biltmore Hotel, ten stories high. (No building can be built higher than ten stories under Cuban Law) It has an immense lobby. Looking up from the lobby is this airspace or well, peculiar to Cuban hotels. Each floor has a balcony. A guest, from any floor, may look down this well on the lobby below. Catching the elevator, we went to the top. The elevator boy switched on a light in the darkroom and pointed out the stairs to the roof. Being oldest, I followed Jack and the others up and out on the open roof.

Lights from the city spread out for miles. The unlighted ocean pushed back the lights on Malacon Drive, but you could follow the curve of this drive by the string of street lights. Havana's harbor, with its lighted ships, lay as though asleep while the small stream that leads from it to the sea was but a dark path. Close by, the Presidential Palace—five stories highlighted from its four sides, was beautiful. Up above, the rained-out sky seemed very close with its dancing stars. We were on top of the Seville Biltmore.

## CHAPTER IX

### HOMeward BOUND

Monday broke with sadness. The good-byes had started the day before-Now, only a handful of our party remained. The touching of friendships would soon be a memory. I shaded my eyes. The ocean beckoned me to the mainland.

After breakfast, I bought souvenirs for Mabel and my son, Stanton, then I was ready for the 2:30 plane. The great City of Havana was stirring. New cars of American make flashed by. My sadness became a desire. I wanted to get home.

At the airport, Otis Cobb fingered his black bow tie. Harry McDonald glanced down at his baggy trousers. Arthur Clonts, serene, contented as a Car-national Cow, just waited. Frank Scofield let out his shirttail and Judge Brown twiddled his fingers and thought of Macclenny. How do I know this? Look at Matt Bowen's picture. We wanted to get home.

My name was called. Report to the flight window. Would I like to catch the 2:58 plane instead of the 3:15?. Yes! Certainly, yes. I wanted to get home. Everybody wanted to get home.

I had to hurry. I was the last passenger added to this flight. Out of the waiting room, down the breeze-way to the flight gate, out on the field, up the landing steps, and into a comfortable, roomy seat of the plane. I fastened my safety belt, then peeked out of the window.

The plane was turning. Through my window, the airport was new, white, and small like a doll house. Leaning on the rail of the upper porch of the airport, fronting the field, were friends of departing passengers. They waved frantically, men waved their hats, women their handkerchiefs, a smile on every face.

I leaned forward in my seat. I looked hastily at each waving man, woman; and child. Black hair, white teeth, dark Spanish complexions, lined the rail. Not a friend of mine had come up to wave adieu. I glanced at each passenger in the plane. Not only were they strangers, but they were speaking Spanish.

Now, we lifted off the ground, the shrubbery shrank back of us, the waving friends became specks. What had been a building, was now only a roof. The city that had hidden us, began unfolding. It lay still like a giant khaki colored canvas. Its blocks of businesses and homes shrank to tiny squares like a woman's checkered dress. Only the harbor and its outlet, Morro Castle and its sea, could be recognized. Then Havana became a speck too by a great white line, the crashing waves of the sea.

I took a deep breath; sat back in my seat, and closed my eyes. Not a known friend was with me on the flight. No one had waved good-bye. I was alone. I was just an Ex-President. But I was headed home. Home to friends

and the haunts I knew so well—to Palatka, the green hyacinth on the St. Johns River, the river bridge, the Courthouse, the typewriters, and friends who walked in my office, door.

Yes, I was headed home from a great convention—a convention of true men, and lasting friends. I sat up in my seat and rested my head on the window-pane, my eyes toward the mainland. A smile crowded my lips—a memory had slipped in—the first of a thousand that would follow and linger, when I think of a trip that happened—

ONCE A YEAR!



COUNTY JUDGES  
THEIR FAMILIES AND GUESTS  
ATTENDING BANQUET  
OF  
COUNTY JUDGES' ASSOCIATION  
AT  
SOUTH BEACH RESTAURANT  
KEY WEST, FLORIDA  
ON  
JULY 16, 1948 8:00 PM

---

Judge & Mrs. W. F. Blanton  
Judge W. M. Brown  
Judge & Mrs. G. A. Buie, Jr.  
Judge Arthur R. Clonts  
Judge Otis M. Cobb  
Judge & Mrs. J. M. Couse  
Judge Flem C. Dame  
Judge McKenney J. Davis  
Judge Roy S. Gaskins  
Judge, Causey S. Green  
Judge & Mrs. James C. Gwynn

Judge & Mrs. A. S. Herlong, Jr.  
Judge & Mrs. Victor Hutchins  
Judge & Mrs. O. P. Johnson  
Judge and Mrs. Howard G. Livingston  
Judge & Mrs. Raymond Lord  
Judge & Mrs. Chas. C. Mathis, Jr.  
Judge & Mrs. H. H. McDonald  
Judge Klein McDonald  
Judge & Mrs. D. R. Smith  
Judge Frank B. Thrower  
Judge Jack F. White

---

GUESTS OF THE ASSOCIATION

Mayor. & Mrs. A. Maitland Adams  
Capt. & Mrs. Tobe A. Bass  
Mr. Matt C. Bowen  
Hon. & Mrs. Geo. W. Burke  
Mr. Otis Cobb, Jr.  
Sgt. Edwin R. Ferrell  
Mr. Gordon Gaskins  
Sgt. Clinton Hancock  
Hon. Troy Hall  
Mr. Johnnie Johnson  
Hon. T. M. King, Jr.

Col & Mrs. H. N. Kirkman  
Mr. George Lambeth  
Judge & Mrs. Aquilino Lopez  
Hon. Ben C. Morgan  
Mr. Harrison McDonald, Jr.  
Mr. Jack Pressley  
Hon. & Mrs. Frank Scofield  
Miss Eugenia Scofield  
Dr. J. H. Therrell  
Hon. Monroe Treiman  
Hon. Everett H. Williams  
Mr. and Mrs. W. Curry Harris

LADIES  
 ATTENDING THE  
 BUFFET LUNCHEON AT RESIDENCE  
 OF  
 JUDGE AND MRS. RAYMOND R. LORD  
 JULY 16, 1948. 12:10 PM

|                           |                |
|---------------------------|----------------|
| Mrs. Elaine Albury        | Key West       |
| Mrs. Josephine Esquinaldo | Key West       |
| Mrs. George W. Burke      | St. Petersburg |
| Mrs. Eula Livingston      | Sebring        |
| Mrs. Maxine Johnson       | St. Cloud      |
| Mrs. Lizanna Blanton      | Miami          |
| Mrs. Rita Watkins         | Key West       |
| Mrs. Annie Gwynn          | Tallahassee    |
| Mrs. Mary Mathis          | St. Augustine  |
| Mrs. Louise Butler        | Perry          |
| Mrs. Opal McDonald        | Gainesville    |
| Mrs. Mary Smith           | Ocala          |
| Mrs. Mary Herlong         | Leesburg       |
| Mrs. Bernice Scofield     | Inverness      |
| Mrs. Genevieve Buie       | Lake City      |
| Mrs. Jessie Cleare        | Key West       |
| Mrs. Azula Russell        | Key West       |
| Mrs. Lettie Adams         | Key West       |
| Mrs. Goldie Hutchins      | Orlando        |
| Mrs. Mairret Bass         | Miami          |
| Mrs. Lillian L. Lopez     | Key West       |
| Mrs. Louise Kirkman       |                |
| Tallahassee               |                |
| Mrs. Betty MacConnell     | Key West       |
| Mrs. Hermine A. Lester    | Key West       |
| Mrs. Yolanda Harris       | Key West       |
| Mrs. Angela Caro          | Key West       |

COUNTY JUDGES  
THEIR FAMILIES AND FRIENDS  
MAKING THE FLIGHT FROM MEACHAM FIELD, KEY WEST  
TO  
HAVANA, CUBA  
VIA AEROVIAS "Q" S. A.

FIRST FLIGHT

ON  
AEROVIAS "Q" S. A. PLANE CU-T 4  
JULY 17, 1948 AT 11:45 AM

Enrique and Josefina Esquinaldo  
Tom King  
Lettie Adams  
Jack Pressley  
Johnnie Johnson  
Matt C. Bowen

SECOND FLIGHT

ON  
AEROVIAS "Q" S. A. PLANE CU-T 5 JULY 17, 1948  
AT 12 : 30 PM

Agnes W. Villar  
Raymond and Mamie Lord and daughters, Joan and Betty  
Aquilino and Lillian Lopez  
William Brown  
Causey Green  
Arthur Clonts  
Howard and Eula Livingston  
Oliver and Maxine Johnson  
Harrison and Opal McDonald and son, Harrison, Jr.  
David and Mary Smith

THIRD FLIGHT

ON  
AEROVIAS "Q" S. A. PLANE CU-T 88 JULY 17, 1948  
AT 1 : 15 PM

George and Genevieve Buie  
Klein McDonald  
Roy and Gordon Gaskins  
Frank and Bernice Scofield and daughter, Eugenia  
Robert Hancock  
Albert and Mary Herlong  
James and Annie Gwynn  
Jack White  
Byron and Louise Butler  
Victor and Goldie Hutchins  
George Lambeth  
Otis Cobb and son, Otis, Jr.

COUNTY JUDGES OF FLORIDA  
QUALIFIED AND ACTING AT TIME  
OF  
CONVENTION AT KEY WEST, FLORIDA  
ON JULY 16-17, 1948

|                          |                    |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| Hon. M. G. Akins         | Trenton            |
| Hon. Boyd H. Anderson    | Fort Lauderdale    |
| Hon. Joseph W. Bailey    | Panama City        |
| Hon. Thomas B. Bird      | Monticello         |
| Hon. W. F. Blanton       | Miami              |
| Hon. Wm. A. Bonifay      | Milton             |
| Hon. W. C. Brooker       | Tampa              |
| Hon. W. M. Brown         | Macclenny          |
| Hon. Hiram W. Bryant     | Fort Myers         |
| Hon. G. A. Buie, Jr.     | Lake City          |
| Hon. H. V. Burgess       | Fernandina         |
| Hon. Vassar B. Carlton   | Titusville         |
| Hon. Forrest Chapman     | Sarasota           |
| Hon. Arthur R. Clonts    | Stuart             |
| Hon. Otis M. Cobb        | Vero Beach         |
| Hon. T. W. Conely, Jr.   | Okeechobee         |
| Hon. J. M. Couse         | Moore Haven        |
| Hon. Flem C. Dame        | Fort Pierce        |
| Hon. McKenney J. Davis   | Jacksonville       |
| Hon. O. L. Dayton, jr.   | Dade City          |
| Hon. R. H. Deason        | Bristol            |
| Hon. Edward B. Drake     | DeFuniak Springs   |
| Hon. Curtis D. Earp      | Madison            |
| Hon. Roy S. Gaskins      | Blountstown        |
| Hon. Causey S. Green     | Palatka            |
| Hon. L. G. Gunter        | Cross City         |
| Hon. James C. Gwynn      | Tallahassee        |
| Hon. R. M. Harris        | <u>LaBelle</u>     |
| Hon. J. M. Hearn         | Live Oak           |
| Hon. A. S. Herlong, Jr.  | Tavares            |
| Hon. P. B. Howell        | Bushnell           |
| Hon. Victor Hutchins     | Orlando            |
| Hon. T. J. Jennings, Jr. | Green Cove Springs |
| Hon. E. W. Johnston      | Bunnell            |

|                           |                 |
|---------------------------|-----------------|
| Hon. O. P. Johnson        | Kissimmee       |
| Hon. S. S. Jolley         | Everglades      |
| Hon. Howard G. Livingston | Sebring.        |
| Hon. Raymond R. Lord      | Key West        |
| Hon. Clyde Maddox         | Wauchula        |
| Hon. Chas. C. Mathis, Jr. | St. Augustine   |
| Hon. E. C. May            | Inverness       |
| Hon. Sam D. May           | Chipley         |
| Hon. M. Guy McClain       | Mayo            |
| Hon. H. H. McDonald       | Gainesville     |
| Hon. Klein McDonald       | Bonifay         |
| Hon. E. S. McKenzie       | Brooksville     |
| Hon. S. J. Murphy         | Bradenton       |
| Hon. Wilbur F. Osburn     | Crestview       |
| Hon. D. H. Oswald         | Marianna        |
| Hon. Harvey E. Page       | Pensacola       |
| Hon. D. R. Partain        | Perry           |
| Hon. J. E. Peacock        | DeLand          |
| Hon. E. K. Perryman       | Starke          |
| Hon. A. L. Porter         | Crawfordville   |
| Hon. J. E. Pridgeon       | Wewahitchka     |
| Hon. Lewis E. Purvis      | Arcadia         |
| Hon. Richard P. Robbins   | West Palm Beach |
| Hon. John T. Rose, Jr.    | Punta Gorda     |
| b Hon. Ernest Rutledge    | Jasper          |
| Hon. D. R. Smith          | Ocala           |
| Hon. Frank B. Thrower     | Quincy          |
| Hon. J. R. Townsend       | Lake Butler     |
| Hon. R. W. Ware           | Sanford         |
| Hon. Jack F. White        | Clearwater      |
| Hon. Chester M. Wiggins   | Bartow          |
| Hon. H. S. Wilson         | Bronson         |
| Hon. R. M. Witherspoon    | Apalachicola    |