



**Gale Failed to Shake Miami's Title of "Magic City"; Recovery Held More Magical Than Original Growth**

Miami magic is still on the job! The tropical tornado that recently swept the Florida metropolis failed to strip it of its right to retain the title of "The Magic City."

Indeed, more magical than Miami's original upbuilding, by which this title was won, is the work of rehabilitation and reconstruction to which the city has set itself in the wake of the gale. Even before full contact with the outside world had been reestablished, and while northern cities were still unaware of the magnitude of the disaster, Miami was visioning for herself out of her wreckage, a bigger and better future.

This vision already is taking shape, under the leadership of such men as Frank B. Shutta, publisher of the Miami Herald, Fred L. Weede and Lon Worth Crow of the Miami Chamber of Commerce, and Mayor E. C. Romfh. The result is that instead of merely planning to replace and regain what she lost, Miami is moving definitely ahead on a program destined to place her far ahead of the position she occupied when the hurricane hit her.

From a purely material viewpoint, considering the city's permanent development and progress, the hurricane may in fact prove one of the best things that ever happened to Miami. It weeded out, at one sweep, the tawdry, the ramshackle, the flimsily-built structures that every city seeks to eliminate, but with only indifferent success.

But the best of the old Miami remained as a foundation on which to build. This included all the larger hotels and the great majority of well-constructed apartment and business buildings, damage to which was largely superficial. The better-built homes, too, proved not to have been so seriously shaken as at first reported.

With these as an object lesson to guide reconstruction, the new Miami will be much less vulnerable to possible future whims of nature.

As a result of "Miami magic" visitors to that city this winter will be unable to realize the magnitude of the disaster that so recently seemed to have overwhelmed her. The declaration by Mayor Romfh. on the heels of the hurricane, that: "Miami this winter will be able to take care of as many visitors as it did last year, and as comfortably and happily" already seems assured of fulfillment. As expressed by President Crow of the Chamber of Commerce, "Miami recognized that her future depended



*A Glimpse of Downtown Miami, Which Stands as a Guide and Inspiration to Those Directing the City's Reconstruction.*

on her ability to "continue to serve the vacationists as usual."

Best of all however for Miami's continued favor as a vacation resort, is the assurance of the United States Weather Bureau that the city is safe from unruly weather during "the season."

A study of hurricanes since 1887, made by the weather bureau, reveals that "not one storm of hurricane intensity has visited the West Indies or Gulf regions during the month from December 1st to May, inclusive." Two other months, November and June, can be practically eliminated.

It is against possible dangers in the other three months, but for the comfort and pleasure of visitors throughout all months, that "Miami magic" is now laboring.

**WOOD CHOPPING NOW RECREATION FOR RICH**



*J. L. Guyon About to "Drive"*

THE mashie and brasse are rusting at Lake Geneva, Wis., while the sound of the broadax rings through the land.

Tree chopping has supplanted golf in this colony of wealthy estate owners. The "game," started by J. L. Guyon, has been developed to the fine points of a real contest.

There is rivalry to determine who can split the most sticks of cordwood with the fewest strokes, who can sink the ax deepest, who makes the prettiest cuts.

"Wood chopping requires even

more skill than golf," says Guyon. "If you don't believe it, try it. The trick of striking the ax into the wood at just the microscopic angle that will slice out the largest possible segment of wood is just as delicate an operation as anything you can do with a mashie or putter."

"A man gets all wrapped up in an attempt to beat his last score with the ax. We have rules, too. We fix par at a certain number of strokes, depending upon the kind of wood and the thickness of the log, and the luckless one who can't cut it is ranked with the dubs."

**The PURDYS**  
by  
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