George W. English II
BROWARD BUILDER

Introductory note: On April 5, 1982, Cooper Kirk, Broward County Historian, conducted an all-day oral history interview with George W. English II. Largely unstructured, the interview ranged over a host of subjects suggested by both the interviewer and the interviewee. What follows is an edited and condensed version of Mr. English’s reminiscences told in his own words.

Mr. English, although you are a legendary figure in Broward County legal and financial circles, your familial and educational backgrounds owe nothing to legendariness. Will you summarize your antecedents?

I was born February 19, 1898, in a little town called Vienna, Johnson County, located in southern Illinois, thirty-six miles north of Cairo, which is at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. My father’s name was George Washington English also; he was the “number one.” He graduated from Illinois Wesleyan College, a Methodist school located at Bloomington, Illinois, and earned his law degree in 1891. President Woodrow Wilson appointed him a federal judge in eastern Illinois in 1918. My mother’s maiden name was Lillie May Farris. Her parents migrated into Illinois from Tennessee in about 1843 or 1846. Her mother’s people, the Gillespies, had migrated from Salisbury, North Carolina, into western Tennessee, and from there into southern Illinois.

My parents had four children, all boys. Thomas Farris English preceded me as the first child in the family; and Virgil Carroll English and William Jefferson English followed me, in that order. Tom and I came first to Broward County and, later, the other two brothers settled here after retiring, as did my father and mother. My father died here in 1941. He’s buried out in the old section of Evergreen Cemetery, as well as my mother.

Did you receive your education in Illinois?

I attended common county schools in Illinois and graduated from Eastern High School in Washington, D.C., in 1916. My father was serving as an income tax attorney for the U.S. Treasury Department at the time. After one year at George Washington University, Uncle Sam called me for service in World War I. The army assigned me to the Officer’s Training School in Plattsburg, New York, in May of 1918 and commissioned me a second lieutenant in the infantry in September of that year. Thereafter, I was assigned to the 86th Division, Infantry, and served at Camp Grant, Illinois, ninety miles west of Chicago, until World War I ended. Although orders came for me to go overseas, the Armistice was signed, thus, for the time, ending my active military career.

After my World War I military stint, I entered the University of Illinois. The Champaign-based institution awarded me a B.S. in 1921. At home from college, Easter of 1921, my father asked me what I was going to do. I said I had been interviewed by a Chicago bond firm and had accepted a position with them in the Windy City. My major in college had been business: economics and accounting. My father said, “I have four boys and none of them is studying law. Law is an honorable profession, I think, and let me say to you this — in the world of tomorrow I think that law, mixed with your business education, will go well together, because every businessman is going to have a lawyer looking over his shoulder. As our population increases and our country grows, you’ll have more and more commissions, and laws, and regulations to live by, and so you’ll have to have a lawyer to help a businessman out.”

Then I said, “But I’m ready to get married; I’ve got a job. Three more years of college just doesn’t look interesting.”

He said, “You’ll never regret it.”

I finally decided to look into it and found that I could enter Harvard without any trouble. So he advised me to go there. He said if I were going to study law, I should go to the best law school in the country. And he told me that was Harvard, so that’s why I went to Harvard. I attended from ’21 to ’24, and ended with an LLB from Harvard Law School. I made a commendable record, but no big honors. The Illinois bar admitted me in 1924. Soon I found out that because my father was a judge, I’d have to move away from his area, because everything I might amount to would seem a case of, “Well, the judge helped him.”

Is that when you decided to come to Broward County?

I thought first of going to the northwest. But before my plant matured, I wrote to the secretary of Harvard Law School, and he found openings in the southeast, in Florida. As a result, I came down here, prospecting, and came through Fort Lauderdale on the bus, headed for the Magic City of Miami.

But prior to my arrival in southeastern (continued on page 35)
The four English brothers, c. 1920-1923.
Left to right: William J.; Thomas Farris; Virgil Carrol; George W., II.

George W. English, I, ca. 1890.

Manual Carrol English and Rebecca Smith English, grandparents of George W. English, II.
Florida, my hunt for a job had begun, a case of leaving no stone unturned. I had
gotten off the train in Jacksonville, and a
firm offered me a job there. The bus
stopped at Palm Beach, where another
firm offered me a job. Then I headed for
the Magic City of Miami, where Shutts
and Bowen had offered me a job, but on
the way south the bus came through
Lauderdale.

I'd never heard of Lauderdale before.
The bus stopped in front of a new hotel
(the old Broward Hotel) and through
the bus window I saw a boy by the name
of John S. Prescott, with whom I had
graduated at the University of Illinois in
1921. I renewed my acquaintance with
him, and I knew his wife better than I
did him because she was a sorority sister
of the Illinois girl I was engaged to marry.

He said, "Come back up over the weekend
and see us, and I'll introduce you to a
young lawyer who does my legal work."

So I did that, and he introduced me to
M. Lewis Hall, Lew said, "Well, you want
a job? I'll give you a job."

I said, "I'm not entered in the bar in
Florida."

And he said, "I don't care. You can
examine abstracts." So he gave me my
first job. He was city attorney for Fort
Lauderdale at that time.

Although practically unknown to
present-day Broward Countians, for years
M. Lewis Hall played a prescriptive and
colorful role in the growth and
development of the county during its formative
years. We are interested in his
background and your association with him.

Miles Lewis Hall was born in Greensborio, Georgia, and his grandfather, Miles Lewis, was a member of the Superior Court of the State of Georgia. All through the Lewis family in north Georgia there have been some rather interesting and famous people. Lew came down here on his own in 1919 and went to work. He was about a year younger than I. Lew was a very strong man, very well
built, about six feet tall, and very athletic. He was quite a tennis player and was a
city tennis champion here for a number
of years. He also played football and
baseball. Incidentally, he played on the
old Tarpon baseball team in Fort Lauderdale.

Lew and I formed a partnership. First
it was Hall, Johnson and English. Judge
Holmes Johnson was from around Macon,
Georgia, and had come down here during
the boom. He was a fine lawyer. He and
Lew were forming a partnership when I
went to work for them. That firm was
Hall and Johnson; then it became Hall,
Johnson and English. Then Judge John-
son went back to Georgia, and we finally
became Hall and English. Later we opened
an office in Miami, and I ran this
office, and Lew ran that one. We finally
dissolved that and went out on our own
in 1935, during the Depression. He
moved to Miami, and I stayed here. Lew
did very well in Miami, and was a very
good businessman. I learned a lot from
him: for example, to take land in fees if
I couldn't get anything else. Lew ended
up owning a large amount of acreage over
in Charlotte County, about 10,000 acres,
and 35,000 acres up in the adjoining
county. He finally retired in Miami and
died about two years ago.

Lew was city attorney when I arrived,
and then I became city attorney in 1928.
He put me on city business. That's the
way it really started, in his office.

You arrived in Fort Lauderdale, then,
when the Florida land boom was at its
peak. What do you remember about that
phenomenon?

When I came here, I renewed
acquaintance with a salesman in a real estate
office, Jake Pearl, whom I had known in
Illinois. He had worked in a creamery
with me when I was a kid. One day, not
long after I had started with Lew Hall,
Jake came to me and said, "George, give
me a check for $25."

Twenty-five dollars a week was all I
got paid then, and I only had about $75
to my name, so I told him, "That's all
I've got. I have to eat, and I don't get
paid for a month."

He said, "Wait, I bought a lot in
Prospero, and I've got it sold, but I
haven't closed the deal on my purchase,
and I need $25 to do it."

Two or three weeks later, Jake brought
my check back and handed me a big
$100 bill. He said, "That's your part of
the profits." He had taken the down payment
he had gotten from his sale and
used that to pay me back and close out
the deal. That's the way they were doing it.
I thought, "How in the world did that
happen?" Roscoe Pound, dean of
Harvard Law School, never told me you
could make money that quick and that
easy!

Within eight or nine months, that
$100 had grown to about $35,000, and
I thought I was the smartest guy that ever
breathed, making that kind of money
when my legal work only paid $25 a
week. Like everybody else, I put all my
money into real estate ventures. When the
bubble burst, it all went for binders.

Most people were worse off when the
boom broke than when it had started, but
it was certainly a spectacular period in
Broward County's history. A number of
promoters and entrepreneurs invested
fortunes in large-scale real estate ventures and became very influential, at least while the boom lasted. J. Wellington Roe's firm, for example, was one of the largest here during the boom. Louis F. Maire gave up his job as a city judge to become their lawyer.

J. Wellington Roe was a public relations man. Moe Katz, a well-known Fort Lauderdale banker and businessman for many years, worked for him. I remember J. Wellington Roe, although I didn't know him too well. He was a handsome man, a big, fleshy, blond guy.

How about G. Frank Croissant, the developer of Croissant Park? He was connected with the firm of Woods, Hoskins and Young in that project.

Woods, Hoskins and Young owned the land. I knew Thomas E. Hoskins and J. P. Young and had met Gilbert Woods. Frank Croissant was the entrepreneur who developed and sold that land for them. He was just a salesman, really, but he made a lot of money at one time. After the bust, he went to Spain.

The 1925 newspapers tell that Croissant bought, on paper at least, Arthur Galt's beach property for approximately three million dollars. Of course, we know that that transaction fell through since Galt owned that land until 1953, when he sold it to Steve Calder and Jim Hunt, who then developed Coral Ridge.

Galt was the big property owner in that area just north of town. He was involved with the King of Greece and James H. R. Cromwell in promoting the Florinada Club in today's Oakland Park at about that same time, but it petered out pretty quickly.

Cromwell married Delphine Dodge, and they later bought Burnham's Point from Mrs. Burnham for half a million dollars. But they didn't pay their taxes, and Tom Bryan had to buy the tax deed on Burnham's Point. Mrs. Burnham held the mortgage, which was in trust in the Irving National Bank in New York. When I started to foreclose, the trustee said, "I have the note, signed by James H. R. Cromwell and Delphine Dodge. Cromwell's mother is an extremely wealthy socialite in Philadelphia, and Delphine Dodge has oodles of money. We will elect to sue on that note, rather than go ahead with the foreclosure."

So I served them with process. Cromwell had been hiding in Europe while I was foreclosing, so I hired a professional server, who got him as he walked onto the gangplank of the ship to go back to Europe. I perfected the title for Tom Bryan on that tax deed, which Tom had paid $750 for, and he owned all of Burnham's Point.

Tom Bryan was one of Broward County's most important and colorful figures, from his arrival in the 1890s until his death in 1969. We would like to know more about Tom.

Tom Bryan was a great character. When I first came to Lauderdale his father, Philomen Bryan, had just died, and Lew Hall was probating the estate. Some of the work on that estate fell into my lap. Tom and his wife Camille lived over on the river, in the old Philomen Bryan homestead. His brother Reed also lived on the river, but east of Andrews Avenue, in back of the old Broward Hotel. Tom and Reed had an older sister who lived in Deland, where her husband had a big country store. Another sister lived in Marion, Ohio, and yet another was married to Fred Barrett, who was a prominent banker here in the 1920s.

Although you did not become Fort Lauderdale's city attorney until 1928, you were involved in the legal affairs of the city almost from the beginning of your career, as a result of your partnership with Lewis Hall. Are there any specific projects that the city was involved in during the boom years that stand out in your mind?

Perhaps the most significant development was the new charter that passed at the extraordinary session of the state legislature in 1925. It was the first city manager form of government in Broward County. We found out that the state legislature had several special acts providing for city manager governmental systems, so I got two or three charters that had been passed by other cities, modified them here and there, and that's the way we drew up the charter for Fort Lauderdale.

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**Inspirational poem frequently recited to George W. English, II, by his mother, Lillie May English:**

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power
Fit to cope with anything
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining groans
That all troubles magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one of "I'll try."

Do whatever you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal,
Bend your sinews to the task,
Put your shoulders to the wheel.

Though your duties may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill.
If it be an honest task
Do it with an honest will.

At the anvil, or on the farm,
Or wheresoever you may be,
From your future effort, boys,
Comes the nation's destiny.
Lauderdale. The charter provided for a full-time, professional city manager for the first time in the city's history. Before that time, the mayor had functioned as city manager.

The last mayor under the old form of government was William J. "Cap" Reed. His father, Colonel Robert J. Reed, came from Chicago in the 1900s and purchased 3,200 acres along Ravenswood Road, where he had a settlement of about 250 people. Did you have any dealings with Will Reed?

By the time I came to Fort Lauderdale, Bill Reed's land came all the way up to Davie Boulevard between the South Fork of the New River and Southwest Ninth Avenue. He owed $6,000 or $7,000 to Irvin Mitchell, the tailor, and had to mortgage that property to him. Bill came to me one day and said, "George, I'm about to lose that land. If you can raise $7,000, you can take it over." But I didn't have the money. Mitchell's daughter is still living, and she owns that property.

Bill Reed was a fine man. He had plenty of sense and made a fine mayor and a fine commissioner. I never saw anything underhanded in Bill Reed during the entire time he was in office here. He was good for the city, and people voted for him because he went out and did things. If there were ever any emergencies, he'd step in. He used to do everything but take over the police department. Someone should write a book about Bill Reed!

During the mid-1920s, Fort Lauderdale's city hall was on the corner of Andrews Avenue and Southwest Second Street. The water works was behind it, and all the city facilities were crowded together there. The municipal golf course was located on the site of the present Fort Lauderdale-Hollywood International Airport.

That nine hole golf course remained there until World War II, when the federal government took it over for the Fort Lauderdale Naval Air Station. During the 1920s, though, the city had acquired 160 acres from Judge John P. Grace for a golf and country club. There was quite a controversy over that, involving our first city manager, Blanchard J. Horne.

Grace was from Charleston, South Carolina, and he worked through the Miami development firm of Davenport and Rich, but he's always seemed to be something of a mysterious figure. Can you fill in any details concerning the city's acquisition of the Fort Lauderdale Country Club property and how City Manager Horne was involved?

Judge Grace began developing that property as a subdivision and was building roads around it. Then he donated the 160 acres to the city for a golf course. Grace bought city bonds, and the city completed building the road around it. The city eventually discovered, though, that the title wasn't any good. The city manager, Horne, was a friend of Tom Stilwell's who had come down from Anderson, Indiana. In my opinion, Horne wasn't a very strong character. He claimed that the city attorney had verified the title, but there was no record to that effect, and Lew Hall said that he never gave an opinion on the matter. Lew and Blanchard almost got into a fist fight over it. Finally, M. A. Hortt, who had been elected to the city commission, took Horne aside. I don't remember all the details, but Horne just resigned and left town.

We have mentioned Reed and Horne. Can you tell us about any other prominent political figures during this period?

The first mayor under the new charter was John W. Tidball. I don't know much about his background except that he was retired and quite wealthy. He was a real estate agent and investor here, but he had ample resources to live comfortably without too much local work. He was also interested in developing the beach. After he was out of office, when I was serving as city attorney, I negotiated with him on behalf of the city for the acquisition of the public beach north of the Lauderdale Beach Hotel property. He and Carl Weidling and others had opened that up in 1925. After the bust it became delinquent, and they ended up owing $55,000 worth of taxes. We worked out a deal where the city required them to pay some cash to help purchase a new fire engine and traded the balance of the debt for that beach. Despite the fact that he had served as mayor, Tidball never identified too much with the community, but he was a respected citizen. Others on the original commission under the new charter included J. S. Hinton, C. D. Kittredge, and W. C. "Bill" Kyle.

These were people who most residents of Fort Lauderdale today don't know anything about, but they were giants in those days, particularly Bill Kyle. Kyle came to Fort Lauderdale in 1905 as a ticket and freight agent for the F.E.C. Railway.

I knew Bill Kyle very well. Bill ran the old Fort Lauderdale Bank and Trust until it merged with the First National Bank. The First National Bank had built the Sweet Building (now the Las Olas Building), in 1925, and the firm of Hall and English moved into that building, as did most of the other lawyers in Fort Lauderdale. After the boom collapsed, though, land values fell out from under everything. So, when the First National Bank got into trouble, Bill Kyle, rather than let them close, took them over. There's an interesting story behind that.

The City of Fort Lauderdale had issued two million dollars worth of harbor bonds, and the City of Hollywood issued another two million dollars of their own separate bonds. J. W. Young, the founder of Hollywood, was also to put up two million dollars. Together, these proceeds were intended to combat Fort Lauderdale. I bought $100,000 worth of Hollywood Harbor bonds for $8,000 at six percent interest. I didn't buy from Lauderdale because I was city attorney there at the time. My bonds were reissued at six to four percent, and certificates were awarded for past due interest. I rode those bonds through for twenty years and got my $100,000 off the $9,000, with interest all those years. I finally gave them to Holy Cross Hospital when it was being built in the 1950s.

To get back to the bank merger, the City of Fort Lauderdale had some assets that they had to sell out of that bond issue, and Bill Kyle talked them into buying $300,000 of the mortgage paper. The First National Bank had before him. I agreed to take it over. I advised them that that was absolutely illegal. It was a misappropriation of public funds to take that money and invest it in anything but government bonds. But they felt that, with the grace of God, they were going to save both banks, because if the merger failed, Bill Kyle's bank would go under as well.

I remember the night that deal was consummated. The final meeting was in C. L. Chancery's office, on the ninth floor of the Sweet Building. Bill was there, and some of the officers of his bank, and Jack Hinton, the president of the First National Bank, and Fred A. Barrett, First National's chairman of the board. Before that meeting was over, old Fred Barrett was sitting on the floor of Chancery's office, crying like his heart would break. This was in 1928. In spite of the merger, Kyle's bank failed later that same year.

Frank Stranahan, the founder of modern Fort Lauderdale, was a director in Kyle's bank, and it often has been said that his tragic suicide was a result of the collapse of that bank.

I think the bank failure contributed to his insolvency, but he was involved in

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many other unsuccessful financial ventures, and he felt he could never pull out of debt. He had a mortgage on his property, too, from the old broker Burnham.

Then, in addition, he had been elected to the city commission in 1927 on the platform of going in and getting things going again. The city government was in an upheaval, and virtually nobody was paying taxes as a result of the crash of '26. And when he got in there, Lauderdale people were so mixed up and confused and frustrated after the bubble had burst and the Depression had come on that he said to me, “George, I don’t think Jesus Christ, if He were on earth today, could present anything to this city commission that would be passed by it.”

After Stranahan’s death, of course, Burnham still had the mortgage on the property and, after Burnham died, his widow Edith foreclosed. But she saved the property on which the Pioneer House sat for Mrs. Stranahan. That’s why it was cut out of where the Pantry Pride store is, there on East Las Olas Boulevard.

Were these the Burnhams of Burnham’s Point?

Yes. Burnham had a home, on Burnham’s Point, with a cupola on top where he could sit and look out on the ocean. His wife Edith was a very beautiful, young French woman. Their boat captain was Wallace King, son of Ed King who was one of Fort Lauderdale’s earliest settlers. Burnham would let Wallace take Edith for cruises out into the ocean, and they would sail directly out of New River, through the inlet that was cut there in 1923. It later filled up when they opened Fort Everglades. In later years, Mrs. Burnham had a lovely home on the North Fork of the New River.

The collapse of the land boom, then, destroyed some of Fort Lauderdale’s most prominent citizens, men like Kyle and Stranahan, and it ruined banking in the area. Do you recall some of the other effects this economic disaster had on Broward County?

Well, the population certainly decreased. In Fort Lauderdale, I imagine, it went down to 4,000 or 5,000. They had come in droves, and they left in droves. Nobody paid any taxes, and they piled up until they were past due for several years. The city made a contract with me, as city attorney, to pay all the expenses of the stenographers because they just didn’t have the money. Two girls came to work in my office as secretaries, and I spent most of my time writing letters and collecting tax certificates. Under the Foreclosure Act you could foreclose on those tax certificates just like you could on a mortgage. The city couldn’t even pay its policemen. They couldn’t afford to buy a fire engine, so they leased it with an option to buy, and I paid the rent on it.

Finally, Ralph A. Horton, Tom Bryan, and I got together in Horton’s insurance office and organized a company known as the Broward County Bond and Tax Adjustment Bureau, Inc. Frank Bryan was also in on that deal. He had been clerk of the circuit court and was one of the greatest poker players I’ve ever seen! We got a special act through the legislature so that the city could trade municipal bonds for past due taxes, and that’s one way we cleaned up all those taxes.

Our Broward County Bond and Tax Adjustment Bureau had twenty-six different types of bonds. We had road and bridge districts, school districts, the county, all of the cities, and drainage districts, including the Napoleon B. Broward Drainage District and the Little River Drainage District. We bought the bonds and sold pieces of them to the taxpayers for what we could get them to pay us. They would then trade them in to the city for overdue taxes. We’d pay seventeen or twenty cents on the dollar. And I rode that market until it got up to about seventy-eight cents on the dollar, so there was a reasonable profit from that. My fee for doing the work and furnishing the know-how was $400.

You mentioned Ralph Horton as one of your partners in the Bond and Tax Adjustment Bureau. Can you tell us anything about him?

Ralph Horton was the one who really managed the company. He was a shrewd Yankee, about six feet, two or three inches tall, pretty deaf, and as honorable as anyone could ever be. He had suffered from tuberculosis and had moved to the mountains of Arizona and, finally, wound up here. In the 1910s, he acted as local agent for the large insurance companies which were investing in Everglades land. He went broke, but Ralph never went through bankruptcy. He eventually paid off every dollar.

Perhaps the most visible testament to you in Broward County is George English Park. While we are on the subject of real estate, can you explain how that park came into being?

That again goes back to the tax problems we were having. Our first city planner was Richard Schermerhorn in 1925, and he had put together a park plan. Going through the lists of property that were off the tax roll, I found thirty acres owned by old Ross Clark, who had a big mansion on the west side of town, where the Tarpon River emptied into the New River. It turned out that Ross Clark owed $19,000 in taxes, which the city never would have gotten from him, so I traded that $19,000 in unpaid taxes for that thirty acres, and the city’s voters voted to adopt it as part of the park plan, so it can never be sold. A small piece of that property was deeded by the city to the
school board, free of charge, for the Bayshore Elementary School.

Of course it wasn’t named George English Park until much later, in the ’50s, Steve Calder probably had more to do with that than anybody. He called me on the phone one day and said, “Would you object if a park were named after you?”

I said, “Yes, after I’m dead!” And nothing more was said until the mayor, John J. Russell, sent me a letter informing me of it.

When that park was first established, there was no road out there, was there? Sunrise Boulevard had not been built out to the beach at that time.

No, the road didn’t come in until later. Las Olas Boulevard was the only road to the beach. The city wanted another route, but there was some controversy over whether it should be at Sixth Street or Tenth Street. They finally approved Tenth Street or Sunrise Boulevard — but the city coffers were absolutely dry. Then I found out that the Florida State Road Department had the right to build connecting links between two state roads. A-1-A was State Road 1, and Federal Highway was State Road 4.

Most of the land they wanted to cross was swamp, and Old Man Hugh Taylor Birch owned most of it. Again, the city didn’t have the money to buy the right-of-way, and that old man was pretty frugal. He was also mad at everybody down here because the county had slipped in while he was in Chicago and had built the road down the beach. He hadn’t known of their plans and hadn’t given them the right-of-way. Then the city raised his taxes, and that made him furious, so we knew we couldn’t get anything out of him.

J. B. Fraser was a great person, a dedicated man who helped to build Fort Lauderdale, and he was also a great friend of Old Man Birch and had built a lot of his seawalls. I went to J. B. and told him, “We’ve got to get that old man to give us that land. It’s all swamp land, except for the beach part.” So J. B. Fraser began buttering him up. I went out to see the old man once, and he was gruff to me but, finally, after a lot of buttering up, J. B. Fraser said to me, “The old man wants to invite some of you city officials out for lunch. He’s going to be hard, but he’s finally going to give you that land.”

There were about a dozen of us out at that meeting, and the old man told us all about what Lauderdale had done to him, but then he gave us a deed to that land.

So now you had the right-of-way, and you had to find a way to get the road built.

We had to get the state road department to build us a road. The attorney for the road department, who later became chief justice of the state supreme court, told me that the state could lease the right-of-way, and then the city could issue bonds for a toll road. So I went to the legislature and got a special act creating a toll district. Claude Pepper, who was a United States Senator at the time, was an old classmate of mine, and he helped me out with anything I needed in Washington. He told me that if the state leased the land, and the city issued bonds, the Public Works Administration would buy the bonds.

Sheriff Walter Clark was a great friend of Governor Fred Cone’s, so Walter and I went up to Tallahassee to work this deal out. We went to the Governor’s Mansion early one morning for breakfast with the governor, and he came down the steps in his old nightshirt, and cooked breakfast for us! Governor Cone was the grandest old guy you ever saw, with a real deep, strong voice. He said, “My God, Walter, I’ll do anything you want me to do.”

“All you’ve got to do,” I said, “is call up the head of the road department and their attorney and tell them to lease that toll road for the State of Florida. Then, just send the check for the lease money to Washington every month to pay off those bonds.” And that’s what happened.

Sheriff Clark was one of the most powerful political figures in Broward County during the 1930s and ’40s and was also a very controversial figure. What are some of your recollections and impressions of him, personally and politically?

Walter lived and let live. He was a hale-fellow-well-met and very popular. He ran for sheriff several times, and no one could beat him. He took office in 1933, when he defeated A. W. Turner, the incumbent sheriff, and he modeled his activities pretty much after old Sheriff Baker in Palm Beach County. Walter and his brothers grew up here in Fort Lauderdale, where their mother ran a boarding house on the corner of Southeast Second Street and Second Avenue. I ate there when I first came to Fort Lauderdale. He was really a wonderful guy, devoted to helping his county and his people, and very potent, politically.

Governor Fuller Warren finally removed Walter from office in the early 1950s because he let wide-open gambling operate down in the south end of the county, but there was nothing bad about Walter. He’d get money from the gamblers he allowed down there to help feed the poor people, just like old Sheriff Baker did.

Yes, Walter Clark did a lot for this county, and he was very popular, but the black people have a different view of him. Many of them recall being mistreated by the Clarks.

A lot of that was due to the hanging of a black man by a mob here in 1935, but that particular feeling has pretty well died down by now, because people have changed their attitudes. Much of Fort Lauderdale’s racial problems can be traced back to the Schermherhorn Plan, which divided the city into quadrants. The city commission passed an ordinance which set aside the northwest quadrant for the colored people and prohibited any Negro from being over in any of the other three quadrants after 9 p.m.

I was advised the city that the ordinance was unconstitutional, but it was immaterial to them. Judge George Teder, Sr., who was on the bench at that time, told me that it wouldn’t stand up, but it did for a long time.

Ironically, the city had the most trouble enforcing that ordinance with the white people. The ordinance provided that businesses in the northwest quadrant would be operated by Negroes and that whites would stay out, but the whites wouldn’t agree to it. We had problems from some of those white businessmen when we condemned their property for the Kennedy Homes and the Dixie Court housing projects.

Those places are still well kept, and they have been there almost forty-five years. Of course, Kennedy Homes was named after Dr. Thomas Kennedy, Broward County’s first physician. Did you know “Doc” Kennedy?

Yes, he was an old fashioned doctor and a character beside that. He was just a plain old homespun cracker, and they say he used the same kind of pills to treat just about everything. I knew his sons, Willie and John, very well. John claimed to be the first white person born in Broward County, and he used that claim when he ran for county judge against Old Man Shippey.

J. B. Shippey?

Judge J. B. Shippey who, you know, wasn’t a lawyer. In those days county judges didn’t have to be lawyers. Boyd Anderson wasn’t a lawyer either, to begin with. He was a clerk, but he passed
the bar later, and Boyd was as good a judge as you will ever find. Judge Shippee and his nephew Fred B. Shippee owned rental cottages here, and so did C. E. Farrington, another prominent lawyer in the 1920s and 1930s. I rented rooms in the Farrington cottages during my first few months here.

We have discussed many of your activities as an attorney and some of your business and real estate ventures, but how did you get involved in banking? Was it with First Federal Savings and Loan?

N. B. Cheaney and I established First Federal in 1933, during the Homeowners Loan days. Everybody had lost their shirt and needed to borrow money, and in 1933 Roosevelt got the Homeowners Loan Act through Congress, which provided that the federal government could make individual loans. They appointed me as the attorney to examine titles for the government corporation in Broward County, and that's how I became familiar with making mortgages to homes. At that time, Broward didn't have a mortgage company. There had been one called the Broward Building and Loan, run by Bob Dye from the Dakotas, but it had gone broke in the Depression. "Doc" Walker down in Miami had started the first savings and loan in this country, the First Federal Savings and Loan of America, now called AmeriFirst, but Broward didn't have anything like that.

I had seen "Doc" in Miami, and one day I said to N. B. Cheaney, "You're an abstractor; I'm a lawyer. Let's start a savings and loan. I've got all the papers." We had to have fifty subscribers and $2,500, so we set up a pool. My dentist, "Doc" H. T. Mathews, put in $250 and got account number one. I had account number two, and my wife had account number three. The first thing you know, we had $2,512; and we received our charter on December 29, 1933. That business started on the mezzanine floor of the Sweet Building, and it grew to two and a half billion dollars. Later, my brother Tom ran it.

So, Norborne B. Cheaney was your initial partner in establishing First Federal?

Norborne Cheaney? I always called him Napoleon Bonaparte! N. B. Cheaney was born in Henderson, Kentucky, and his father was a lawyer. They came to St. Louis, and that's where I knew them from. I worked in the same office with N. B.'s father one summer while home from law school. N. B. had an abstract company here, and he sold it to an old judge from Kentucky. When the old man couldn't pay for it, N. B. took it back. He was also elected mayor of Fort Lauderdale in November 1941, after I had gone overseas.

Then you were instrumental in getting two financial institutions started here in the 1930s because you helped organize the First National Bank in 1937, as well.

Landmark First National Bank was originally called the Barnett Bank. Nobody here had enough money to get a bank started, so I went up to Jacksonville to see old Bion H. Barnett and his son Don. Don became interested in the idea, and he got his father, his uncle, and his brother to put up most of the money. The rest I raised here in Lauderdale. The bank opened on March 17, 1937, with $150,000, in a little sixteen-foot frontage, with the old Orange Blossom Restaurant. We used the ceramic counter where they ate for our wickets.

George Haskins was the first president, and Don Barnett was president a little later on. Wilbur Coates, who had run a bank for the Barnett chain up in the ridge section of Florida, north of Lake Okechobee, was the vice-president and cashier. Mrs. Emma Reese, wife of J. T. Reese the taxidermist, was the first employee. She was Coates' secretary. Then I hired Al Neuhofer, the former city auditor clerk, as a cashier. The Braytons had a drugstore on the corner, in the arcade, and when they closed up, we moved over.

During the Second World War, the Barnett sold out, and I had the option; so my crowd bought the biggest interest in the bank. It became the First National Bank and moved from the Sweet Building to the corner of Third Avenue and Las Olas Boulevard, where the old First Baptist Church formerly stood. Later it moved to the former Fort Lauderdale High School site and became the Landmark First National Bank, part of the Landmark holding company. Other individual banks are subsidiaries of that holding company as well.

There was apparently quite a bit of maneuvering necessary to get that property for the bank after Fort Lauderdale High School moved up to Northeast Fourth Avenue. Mrs. Stranahan had deeded the site of the original high school to the school board with a restriction prohibiting private use. Can you explain how that restriction was implemented, and how it was waived?

Mrs. Stranahan was a delightful, wonderful woman, and I served with her on several committees and on the board of the Fort Lauderdale Historical Society. The school property we're discussing totaled thirteen acres. The western half was given to the school board by the Stranahans with the reservation that it should always be used for public purposes. The Fort Lauderdale High School building was constructed there in 1915, and additional school buildings were built on that site.

The eastern half, about eight acres of land, was called Stranahan Field. Back in the 1930s when there was no tax money, the school board came to the city and asked for help in acquiring that property as well. Old Frank Dodds, who was a neighbor over there, finally drew up some papers and got Mrs. Stranahan to sign them. I believe this was in 1937. According to this arrangement the city leased that property from Mrs. Stranahan for public park purposes and exercised the option that any amount paid for rental could be applied toward the purchase price of $21,000. She accepted those terms, but she didn't release the restriction clause.

Later on, after the city had paid $4,000 or $5,000 on it, the school board got some money in their treasury and paid the city off. The city then exercised their option, purchased the property, and deeded it to the school board, with the restriction.

Eventually, when the school board decided to sell the entire thirteen acres,
the title wasn’t acceptable to anyone because of that restriction. My suggestion to Mrs. Stranahan and to Virginia Young, who was then on the school board, was that the board pay Mrs. Stranahan a sum to release that restriction. Mrs. Stranahan didn’t want money, but I finally convinced her that we could get a good price for releasing that restriction and could put the money into a foundation, where it would be tax exempt, and could be used for historical purposes. The school board paid her $50,000 for that, but after she got through paying her attorney’s fees to Phil Dressler, and other expenses, she had about $35,000 left in this Stranahan Foundation.

So the Stranahan Foundation was established with the purpose of preserving Fort Lauderdale’s history. Can you tell us how it accomplished this mission?

The foundation papers provided that the board of trustees of the Stranahan Foundation could give that money over to the Fort Lauderdale Historical Society for historical purposes. When Mrs. Stranahan died in 1971, we found out that she hadn’t given her home, the Pioneer House, to the Fort Lauderdale Historical Society. She always led me to believe that she would, but her will stipulated that it be given to her church, the Seventh Day Adventists, whose headquarters were in Orlando. I got in touch with their attorney in Orlando and explained to him that the historical society here should own it. The historical society finally purchased the house for $50,000. They used the $35,000 from the Stranahan Foundation, and I put up the balance of the money. That’s the way the Pioneer House was saved.

One time the late Judge Clayton Nance and I were speaking with you, and you told us the story behind the establishment of the Fort Lauderdale Historical Society. As I recall, you said that August Burghard and Philip Weidling had come to you, seeking financial backing for the book they were writing about Fort Lauderdale’s history, and you told them that the way to go about it was to form a non-profit organization, a historical society, to collect materials and donations. Is that the way the society was established?

That was the beginning of the historical society. I went to Jim Hunt and Art Ogle, a business associate of mine whose father-in-law owned the Lauderdale Beach Hotel, and they and I put up the money to publish the book, Checked Sunshine. When August Burghard and Phil Weidling were writing the book, Betty Campbell came in and worked on the collection of materials they had accumulated and typed the manuscript from which the book was condensed. Florence Hardy started putting the historical collection together and getting it in shape where people could look at it. After Florence died, Marjorie Patterson did a nice job of picking up where she left off.

Getting back to the Depression years here in Broward County, many people say that the most powerful and influential man here at that time was Governor Robert Hayes Gore. What were your contacts with Gore?

I represented Tom Stilwell when he sold the Fort Lauderdale Daily News to Gore in 1929. Tom was my client for years, and he was a powerful figure himself, but the boom had hurt him, and he sold the Daily News to Gore for $67,000. Horace Stilwell ran the paper for his brother, but he ran it into the ground. Gore just paid enough money for it to cover Tom’s debts.

Now the next thing Gore did was to buy the old Wil-Mar Hotel building, which became the Governor’s Club. That building was right across the street from my office in the Sweet Building, and I could see it through my window. It stood there, unfinished for a long time. One day I checked it on and found that there were some taxes due on the property. I went down to Ralph Horton’s office on the sixth floor and said, “Ralph, let’s buy that building. The taxes are due, and I can clean up the title for a couple of thousand dollars.”

To make a long story short, I bought the tax deed and a bondholder’s lien on that property. The equity on it was owned by the Fort Lauderdale Bank and Trust Company as trustee for the state treasurer. The bank had gone broke and was in the hands of a receiver, W. A. Smith. So I contacted Smith’s attorney, bought the property for $1,500, cleaned up the title for $500, and there the building sat.

One day I met Bob Gore in the alleyway in back of the Broward Bank and Trust Company and asked him, “Governor, do you want to buy that old hotel building? A client of mine owns it.” He asked how much I wanted for it, and I told him he could probably buy it for $25,000.

He said, “No, I’m not interested.”

“If you could complete that hotel,” I said, “you could build a monument to yourself. That structure looks pretty sound.”

But Gore went to realtor M. R. McTigue, and the next day McTigue called me and wanted to buy the building. I asked him who he had been talking to, and he said, “I ain’t going to tell.” Finally, he admitted he had spoken with Gore. I told him that I was the one who had approached Gore about buying it and, therefore, he wasn’t entitled to a fee. He said, “You can cut the price a little bit. Maybe you can get something out of him!” As it turned out, I sold that building to Governor Gore for $22,000, and he completed it.

After that, whenever Gore would see me he’d say, “You did a poor job selling me that property. All those tie rods have rusted, and it’s going to fall down.” He did get into some litigation with the contractor but, then, he loved litigation. He was a lawyer’s good friend. When I came back from the Second World War, he’d made the building into a hotel, and he said, “George, you made me rich. I’ve had that building ninety percent leased and occupied for the last four years.”

Gore was a politician as well as a businessman. Of course he earned the title “Governor” because Franklin D. Roosevelt had appointed him Governor of Puerto Rico. What can you tell us about his political activities?

The governor became pretty friendly with me during Franklin Roosevelt’s election campaign. He was a great Rooseveltite, and I was chairman of the Democratic County Committee. He became head of a Roosevelt medallion drive and put up $50,000. I thought he had donated the money, but after he lost his governorship in Puerto Rico, and broke with Roosevelt, he said it was just a loan, and I am told he made them pay it back.

During that election, though, Gore took me to New York with him and introduced me to Roosevelt’s secretary, a pious little fellow named Louis Howe, who was quite prominent in those days. Another lawyer who accompanied Gore on that trip was Bert Fish from Deland. You’ve heard of ambassadors buying jobs? Well, Bert presented Howe with a check for $25,000, and Roosevelt appointed him ambassador to Egypt.

Governor Gore’s papers contain some information about his break with Roosevelt. In 1940 James Farley broke with Roosevelt and tried to get the Democratic nomination. Governor Gore’s cor-
response contains a tremendous number of letters from Farley during the 1940 and 1944 campaigns and, in one of those, Farley gives Gore the credit for Roosevelt being elected the first time, because of that medalion drive.

Yes, Gore introduced me to Farley at the Boca Raton Country Club. To a large extent, Gore was sort of a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, as his relations with Roosevelt demonstrated.

He certainly had a reputation for being a tenacious opponent.

When he took a dislike to something, he fought it bitterly. He fought the construction of the U.S. 1 tunnel under the New River. He said it would fill up with water. Of course, it was tax money out of the road department that paid for the tunnel, so Broward Countians didn't have any additional charges out of our pockets, but he fought it anyway. He had the power of that newspaper, so he could do good or bad but, either way, he was a force.

One of his toughest fights was against Mark Wilcox. Mark was city attorney for West Palm Beach; and I knew him because I was city attorney for Fort Lauderdale and had a very high regard for him. Mark ran for Congress against Ruth Bryan Owens in 1934, and I was in charge of his campaign in this county. Governor Gore fought Mark Wilcox, and he was vicious in his campaign.

But Wilcox was elected, in spite of Gore, and served several terms. Wasn't it Mark Wilcox who, at your urging, appointed Sandy Nininger, Broward County's foremost World War II hero, to West Point?

Yes, I had known Sandy as a kid. His father, A. R. Nininger, was in charge of the Sunset movie theater. A. R. was a great Rotarian, as I was, and he came to me one day and said, "My father was a colonel in the United States Army and served many years in the Philippines. My son Sandy has a great desire to go to West Point, and you know Mark Wilcox, who has the power of appointment. Would you see if you could get Sandy in?"

I told him to tell Sandy to come over and talk to me and, when he did, I told him he would hear from me the next time Mark Wilcox was in town, and they could talk in my office. Ere long, Mark appeared, and Sandy came over and met him in my office. Sandy had to attend summer sessions to finish up some of the studies he hadn't completed in high school, so he passed them and then took his examination for West Point. He ranked third, third, Mark submitted his name as his third choice; but, as luck would have it, the first boy failed his physical and the second boy decided not to go. So Sandy was in.

During the time Sandy Nininger was at West Point he always came to see me when he came through town on leave. He had a very high regard for Congressman Wilcox and, on one occasion, I had him go by and see Mark when he was in Washington.

The day Sandy graduated he came back home. He told me he was going to the Philippines because his grandfather had served over there, and he'd heard him talk so much about it. Well, you know the balance of this story. Sandy, who was killed over there in the Philippines, was awarded the first Congressional Medal of Honor given during the Second World War.

We have talked about a good many people who were among Broward County's most prominent and interesting personalities during the past sixty years. This may be a biased question but, if you had to evaluate the contributions of the people you knew toward the development of this county, what person would you put at the top of the list, and for what reason?

Commodore A. H. Brook, who was one of the most noble men whom I have ever known. He was completely unselfish and dedicated to building up the community. He was a little, short Englishman with a walrus mustache and had been in the outdoor advertising business in Brooklyn, New York. Commodore had come down here a wealthy man, but he gave of himself so often that it was to his detriment.

When I first came here, Commodore Brook was a leading citizen and the head of the Chamber of Commerce. He promoted the building of the first swimming pool out at the beach, and there's an interesting story behind that. During the boom, the city had issued bond money to build some bridges but, after the bubble burst, there was no need for the bridges. Commodore Brook came to me one day and said, "We need a swimming pool out at the beach. Is there any way we can get some money?" The old wooden structure they had out there was completely outdated.

I said, "If you want to steal some money, I'll tell you where it is," and I told him about the city bond funds. He asked how much there was, and there was about $300,000.

So, Commodore developed a campaign of post cards, which he sent to every registered voter in the community, petitioning the city fathers to use that money for the purpose of building that pool at the beach. Ninety-nine percent of them came back saying, "We don't need those funds, and that's the most beautiful thing to do with the money." As a result, the pool was built illegally out of those bond funds! But it paid for itself many, many times over.

That was the beginning of the great drift into Lauderdale of the college boys. The swimming forum came here from New York University, and then swimmers began coming in from the Midwest. The University of Michigan always sent their swim team down during the holidays.

Commodore Brook was a great promoter of ideas. He made headlines when the German ship ARAUCARIA was chased into Port Everglades by a British cruiser. The cruiser anchored off of a pan. Commodore was formerly an English subject, so he got in his boat and went out there and won the British force. We were not at war, so Uncle Sam sent a representative from the State Department down here to find out what was going on. Commodore had broken the neutrality laws, and he made headlines all over the country.

I used to visit Commodore at his home over on the corner of Ninth Avenue and New River, and I was quite fond of him. I didn't know his wife. She was an invalid and had died, as I remember. They had no children, to my knowledge. His sister, Lady Fursman, was married to a lord in England, and she used to come over and stay with him. His two nephews took over Wyldwood, the gardens he had south of town, where he had the "Two Million Dollar Banyan Tree." About the time I resigned as city attorney, in 1939, I wrote Commodore a letter. I pay tribute because he was such a wonderful person. They found that letter framed in his back office after his death.

Commodore Brook certainly did a lot to put Fort Lauderdale on the map. After the bust, especially, it was a struggling community.

Yes, it was. It was a colloquial place, made up of small-town people from all over. Commodore helped mold it into a community.

Now, another man who did a lot for this community, and is deserving of some recognition, is Steve Calder's old partner, Jim Hunt. Jim had the foresight to do things here that no one else had, and he did them on a shoestring. His role in the development of Coral Ridge is a good example. Steve Calder was the one who knew Old Man Galt. Steve's father, H. V.
got back after the war, Steve said to me, "George, you know that you've done pretty well here. Now you do me a favor."

I said, "Do you still want to buy that land? You haven't got enough money to even buy a part of it."

He asked me how much I wanted for it, and I told him I didn't want to sell it. If he wanted to buy land, there was beautiful property all along the Middle River, but Steve had other plans.

"George," he said, "everything you've got is for sale, except your house, if there's a big enough price."

"Steve," I answered, "I wouldn't take a dime less than $100,000 in cash, laid down right here on this desk."

The next day, lo and behold, Steve Calder bought in $100,000 in cash, all big, musty old $100 and $1,000 bills. I asked him, "Where in the world did you get this? Did you dig it up?"

He said, "I ain't going to tell you where I got it, but it's been below ground."

When he put that money on my desk, I said, "Steve, I didn't tell you, but I promised my wife, Alma, that I wouldn't sell that. She wants a l...me out there."

Then he offered to leave me a couple acres to build the home on.

Was that the beginning of Coral Ridge, that land they bought from you?

Yes, Technically, they didn't buy my land. What they bought was the stock in my Island Ridge Company, and they changed its name to Coral Ridge. They wanted me to keep a third of it, but those two suckers were too fast for me. I'm a lone wolf and like to handle my own business.

You mentioned your wife, Alma. She wasn't your first wife, was she?

No, my first wife was my college sweetheart, Bessie Louise Barenfanger. She was born in Salem, Illinois, about sixty miles east of St. Louis. Her father was a contractor there. We met at the University of Illinois and were married in Fort Lauderdale on the last day of December, 1925. She died February 4, 1931, of flu and pneumonia. She was the mother of my son, George W. English, III.

After remaining single for nearly five years, I married Alma Witt on September 15, 1935, in Palm Beach County. She was my secretary for many years, and she died in 1977 from rheumatic heart problems.

My present wife's maiden name was Virginia Mary Alexander, the daughter of Cecil Alexander, a retired General Motors executive who moved down here in the 1940s. She worked at the First National Bank for many years, and that's how we met. I was chairman of the board of that bank for twenty-seven years. We were married in 1978.

Mr. English, you've made a lot of money in your years in Broward County and, yet, back in the 1930s you were scratching for a living. You told me once that you moonlighted as a bookkeeper at night to make ends meet. Has money made you happier?

Money itself has not made me happier. I've made enough money to live on, and then some, but I think the joy of making the money, of doing things, has done much more for me than just having something to count.
Several articles relating to the "HOUSEKEEPERS' CLUB" have appeared in the METROPOLIS, which I have read with much interest. If I correctly understand its object, it is a good one, and every town should have a Housekeepers' Club.

The idea prevails among many people, even among some Floridians, that housekeeping in Florida occasions more hard work than it does in other states. Maybe so, but I can't see it that way. Here we have the "Live long" year to do the work which must be done in a few months in other states because of the long winter when much is impossible.

It is true there are mosquitoes to be ever warring against (I have heard of them being in other places.) — but they are not in every locality here and can be in a great measure prevented anywhere by never allowing stagnant water near the place. "And there are so many other insects — roaches, flies and ants!" Yes, I'll admit there are a good many, but they, too, may be kept out of the house or destroyed.

A house in Florida should be as carefully built as they are in colder climates. There should be no cracks in which insects may possibly hide. With a good house with perfectly smooth walls housekeeping is well begun, for the necessary absolute cleanliness is not so difficult. It used to be a task for our foremothers to keep house, for they had to make their own soaps, also the scrub brushes with which they keep their bare floors so white and clean. Nowadays there should not be much work, not even in the "insects-infested" Land of Flowers, when brushes of every description and for every puny purpose are ready-made and cheap, together with washing compounds ready for use.

If all pantry shelves are occasionally washed with hot water and pearline, then sprinkled well with powdered borax before being covered with paper, roaches and ants will remain in more congenial quarters. It is well to keep a "trap" for any stray ones that may come along. A small can or jar filled with loose balls of paper makes a convenient hiding-place for roaches. They will readily collect in it and can be destroyed with hot water, or they may be thrown out for the chickens to feast on. A sponge sprinkled with sugar is an excellent trap for ants. When numerous they would completely fill it and may be scalded with hot water.

If one has not screen doors and flies are troublesome, lavendar water sprinkled about the table linen would keep them at a safe distance.

I append some good recipes for Florida housekeepers.

WHEATLET BLANC MANGE
Put a cupful of wheatlet into six cupfuls of cold water and boil till a thick paste is formed, the wheatlet being entirely dissolved. Stir in a cupful of sugar, a little salt, the grated rind of lemon or whatever is liked for flavoring. Beat a half cupful of cream and stir that in; add also a half cupful of strawberry juice, if coloring is desired. Pour into wet molds and when cool serve with custard or cream dressing. It is a very palatable and inexpensive dessert.

BAKED HAM
Take out the bone and fill the place with entire wheat bread soaked in milk and seasoned with salt, pepper and a little onion juice. Baste it often, cook long and slowly. It will last more than one meal, does not taste like "pork meat" and is very nice cold with baked potatoes.

FRANKLIN GRIDDLE CAKES
Three cups flour, one teaspoonful sugar, half teaspoonful salt, one egg, one teaspoonful soda, mix with sour milk, have the griddle hot. This is very nice to eat with Florida syrup.

SCALLOP SWEET POTATOES
Cut into little cubes cold baked or boiled sweet potatoes until you have about a quart. Put a pint of milk into a saucepan with a tablespoonful of butter and when it boils thicken with a teaspoonful of flour wet with a little cold milk. Put a layer of potatoes into a pudding dish, season with salt and pepper, dip over it a few spoonfuls of the gravy and continue in this way 'til all is used. Cover the top with rolled bread or cracker crumbs and bits of butter, bake about twenty minutes.

PINEAPPLE WHEATLET PUDDING
In a pudding dish put layers of cold wheatlet mush, a generous layer of grated pineapple sweetened to taste. Put a layer of wheatlet on top and bake brown, serve with cream sauce.

GUAVA PUDDING
Make same as pineapple pudding, using sliced guavas instead of pineapple. Bake in a quick oven and brown the wheatlet, but cooking the guavas only a little. Cream or hard sauce is excellent with this.