



There are certain moments when all of us like to be alone — like to be away from school and books and family and even friends — moments when the sounds of cars and planes and sirens and even laughter become somewhat alien — moments when silence is almost a physical and spiritual need, though a seemingly unattainable one, for in a city of lights and tourists and freeways there hardly seems to be any space for quiet and beauty.

Miami has found the space though, and happily, there are scattered throughout this ever-growing gargantuan metropolis a number of oases — one only has to take the time to look.

nature in a megalopolis

and write this



An oriental motif exists in Miami at the Japanese Gardens off the MacArthur Causeway. The gardens are complete unto themselves — a faraway world of tranquility and simplicity created through the arrangement of nature's primary components — the perfect symmetry of earth, water, and space. The stillness here is obviously inviolable — Eastern man emphasizes introspective contemplation and his landscaping is purposely arranged to enhance this. Western man is restless and preoccupied, but he can discover a delicious sense of catholic freedom in the space between the two worlds. The Japanese Gardens bring East and West together beautifully.

Miami provides many other natural interludes for the person who searches them out — and the search is such a simple one.



The Prado Entrance to Coral Gables is right off of SW 8th street. It would be relatively simple to drive right by it, since the Spanish style gates are so frequently a feature of the city's architectural format. But once through those gates you'll find a lovely little square of foreign flavor and design — a miniature European plaza whose very atmosphere vibrates with the unmistakable feeling of age. At night the stones of the walkways echo with your steps and the only sounds that interrupt the solitude are the leaves falling with the wind and the water cascading from the fountains — they are not even an interruption; they are the essence of the park. Daylight brings an occasional painter or photographer, but few others — it is filled instead with alternating shafts of sunlight and shadow, a composite of tone and texture that sympathizes with both man and nature.



coconut grove captivates

The Grove is a dichotomy. Within its geographical boundaries are rich, middleclass and poor. In the heart of the Grove all three mingle in a generally quiet acceptance of their differences.

Today the synthesis of all man's varieties are represented in the non-conformist, the hippy, the youth of the Grove. For it is the youth, in all its shapes and sizes, that has given the Grove its individual flavor.

In the Grove the unconventional is the conventional. The city approaches its 100th birthday, but in the park on the bay, one finds the vitality seen only in the young.

The Grove is also commercial and plastic. Hippy shops abound and the mercantilism is crass. But above the dollar signs is a genuineness evident when walking through the streets of Coconut Grove. To appreciate this part of the Grove just leave your wallet at home.

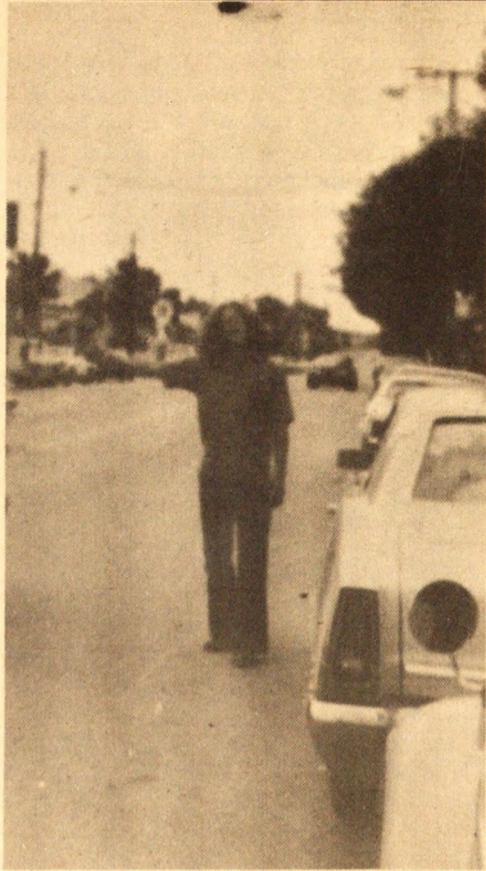
How to get there? Take a leisurely ride south on 27th Avenue. It begins at the bay, at Coconut Grove.

If you've never experienced Greenwich or Haight-Ashbury or East Village, journey to the Grove. Yes, it resembles other hippy haunts, but peculiarities do exist and it is in these that the Grove achieves uniqueness.



special pre-exam

TRANQUILIZER



the grove

Do you want to buy a newspaper?
 They sell them to feed hungry wayward ones
 at the Kitchen in the park . . .
 I need a ride . . . "hitchin' a ride . . ."
 People cops leather goods boutiques
 unicorns and motherlodes and esotericas and
 affinity



met a boy named Jack
 who had hit the road
 and was high although I didn't know it . . .
 he thumbed from Canada
 in three days
 and was looking for a job . . .
 with such an innocent face he should
 go far . . . I trusted him . . . and we talked and
 finally I realized he was not altogether
 there and so I left.



It was a sullen day and people there were happy
 but not really. They put up a good front
 for the tourists and the tourists spent
 their money and took pictures of "the making of
 Heather MacRae's saddles" and of the hairy
 old man riding the bicycle and watching the cops
 play tete-a-tete football with the residents
 of the park . . .



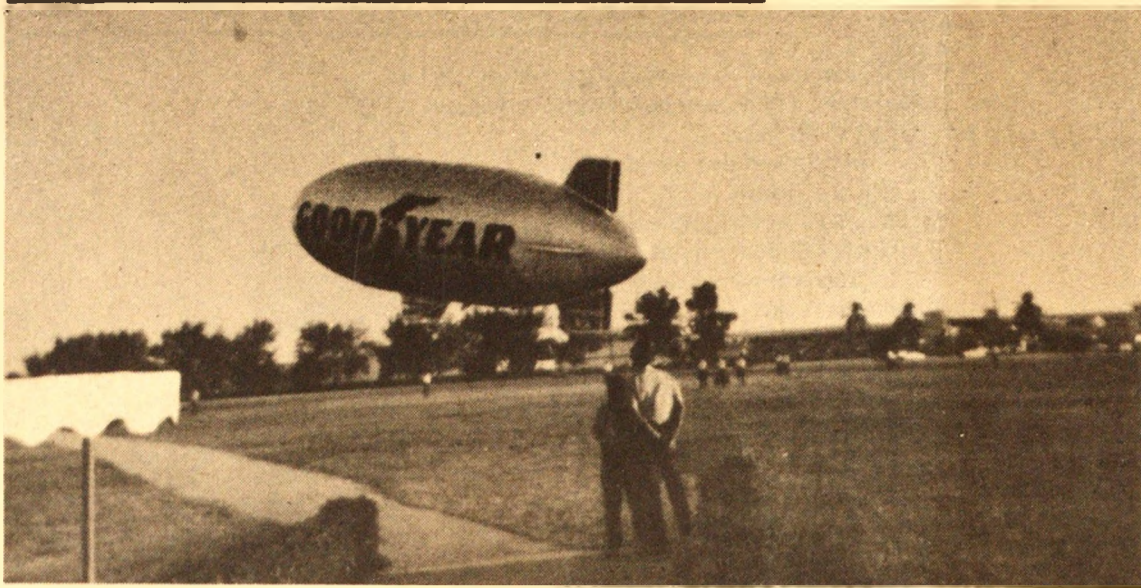
It almost rained and so I took my last picture of the
 empty swing where I had been but it didn't come out . . .
 You can always visit there
 any time of day (or night . . .
 if you're brave . . .)
 but somehow I didn't fit in for all my slouchy
 clothes and lazy manner. I sat on the
 grass with the best of them
 and still sat apart . . .
 and they asked my name
 wanting only the first but I revealed my whole
 self . . .
 If I had been one of them I
 would not have been so trusting.



Yes, I'll go back . . .
 I liked the store windows
 and the air of halted time you find on motherlode street
 between hair and the park.
 But they don't let you belong unless
 you put your camera down and empty out your
 wallet and put holes in the bottom
 of your shoes by walking to California and back . . .



There must be some kind of an initiation
 but I've seen enough and I'd rather be on the
 outside looking in
 they never smile completely



... in a beautiful blimp !

By LEILA DAVIS

Imagine sitting underneath 147,300 cubic feet of helium and seeing the ground slowly move away underneath you. Above is a sausage shaped neoprene-coated Dacron envelope, 160 feet long, 58 feet high and 51 feet wide. It's not Year-2001 — you are in the Goodyear Blimp!

Riding with you is 187 years of lighter-than-air craft history: man's first successful attempt to fly. Your journey on the *Mayflower* blimp is a link with the age when balloons carried man around the world.

The airship *Mayflower's* flight lasts half an hour, much too short to enjoy its lazy drift over the Miami skyline.

As soon as you are settled into the six passenger cabin clinging to the underside of the envelope, the blimp begins its ascent. The ropes keeping the *Mayflower* land bound are released, and the land crew members shrink into the blimp base.

The pilot points the *Mayflower's* mammoth nose toward the ocean, and then drifts north along the coast. The passengers get a blimp's eye view of Monument Island, Fontainebleau, the Doral, and the toy cars honking down Collins Avenue.

Your seat has also been occupied by President Dwight D. Eisenhower, and Mrs. Aristotle Onassis, with Caroline and John Kennedy. Many of the original astronauts and others involved in the space program have been guests aboard the airship.

The *Mayflower* carries about 4,000 passengers every year during its schedule of six winter months in Miami and six months barnstorming the country as arial ambassador for Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company.

With her two younger sister ships, the *Columbia* and the *America*, the *Mayflower* shares the distinction of being one of the three lighter-than-air craft in the world operating on a regular, year-round basis. All three airships are owned and operated by the Goodyear.

The *Mayflower* is the 295th airship built by Goodyear since 1917. In over four decades of flight, Goodyear airships have operated without a single passenger fatality.

Cruising speed of the *Mayflower* is 35 mph, with maximum speed being 57 mph. Its power is supplied by twin 175 horsepower engines. During flight, the blimp's altitude is between one and three thousand feet.

The Goodyear Blimp is most famous for its evening appearance in the Miami sky, when it presents an array of colors, messages, and animated cartoons. These are

done by Goodyear's new "Skytacular" night sign, consisting of over 3,000 miniature lamps mounted on both sides of the blimp.

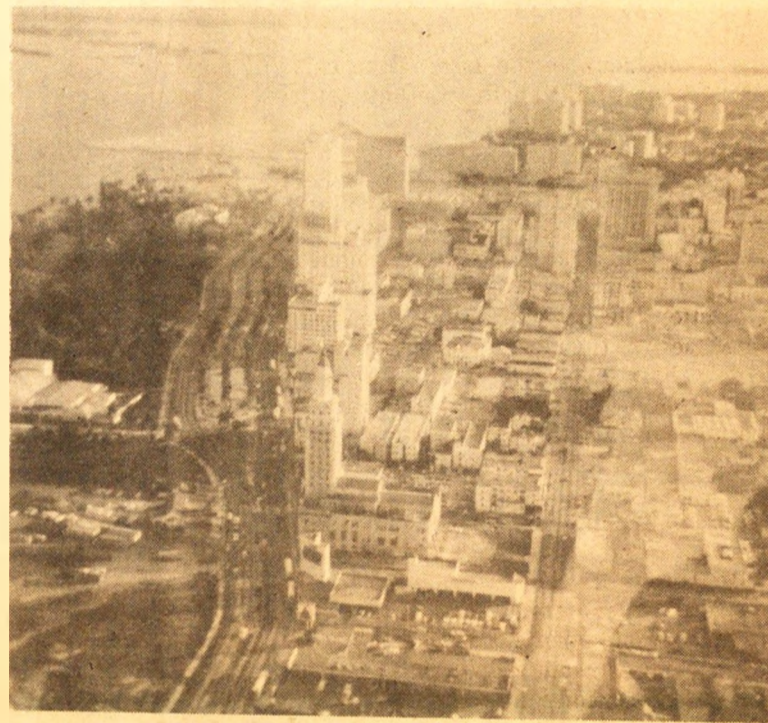
The airship has been left far behind in terms of development and utilization by more conventional aircraft. But Goodyear's airship remain a colorful link with the romantic era of aviation when airships floated above cities all over the globe.

The first balloon flight in America was performed in 1793, from Philadelphia to New Jersey. This voyage was sanctioned by George Washington.

With new developments in the 19th century, ballooning came into its own. During the Civil War balloons found great favor as aerial observation posts.

The first successful rigid airship was developed by Count Ferdinand Von Zeppelin, established Germany as a lighter-than-air power. Many of the ships produced by Zeppelin's industry were military ships which terrorized the British Isles during World War I

up, up, and away...



Non-rigid airships, like Miami's *Mayflower* also came into their own during World War II. The non-rigid airship has no internal structure, but keeps its form solely from the helium within the familiar sausage shaped envelope.

Popularity of the airship hit its peak in the 1930's during the reign of the global passenger and freight-carrying feats of Germany's *Graf Zeppelin* and *Hindenburg*, and Goodyear's Naval airships, the *Akron* and the *Macon*. This popularity came to an end in the late 1930's when the *Hindenburg*, the *Akron*, and the *Macon* were lost within a period of 37 months.

On December 7, 1941, the Navy only had ten airships. By the end of the war 168 airships had come into operation for the Navy. The dirigibles proved to be very valuable — not one vessel was sunk by enemy submarine while under escort by an airship.

During the Korean conflict Goodyear again provided airships for the Navy's defense.

The last Navy airship was retired in the early 1960's, after the development of more sophisticated early warning equipment. These last Naval blimps, the largest ever built, were ten times as large as the *Mayflower*.

Now only the three Goodyear sister ships remain to allow us to experience the adventures of our forefathers found in balloons and other dirigibles. Miamians are privileged to have their own blimp for six months out of the year. The *Columbia* is based in Los Angeles, and the *America* resides in the Southwest.

The next time you want a taste of history, flavored with adventure, and seasoned with fun, remember the *Mayflower*. Rates for the flight are \$5 for adults and \$2.50 for children, but that's no airway robbery. You'll enjoy every minute of your half hour voyage spanning almost two centuries.

