

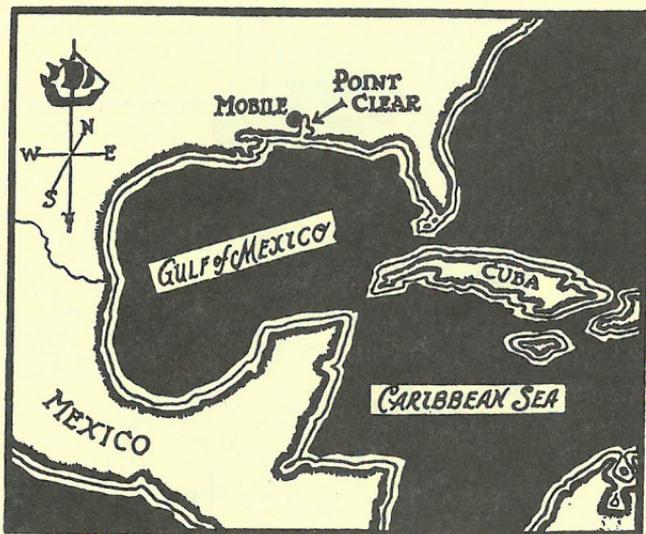
POINT CLEAR CAVALCADE

⚓ 1519-1941 ⚓

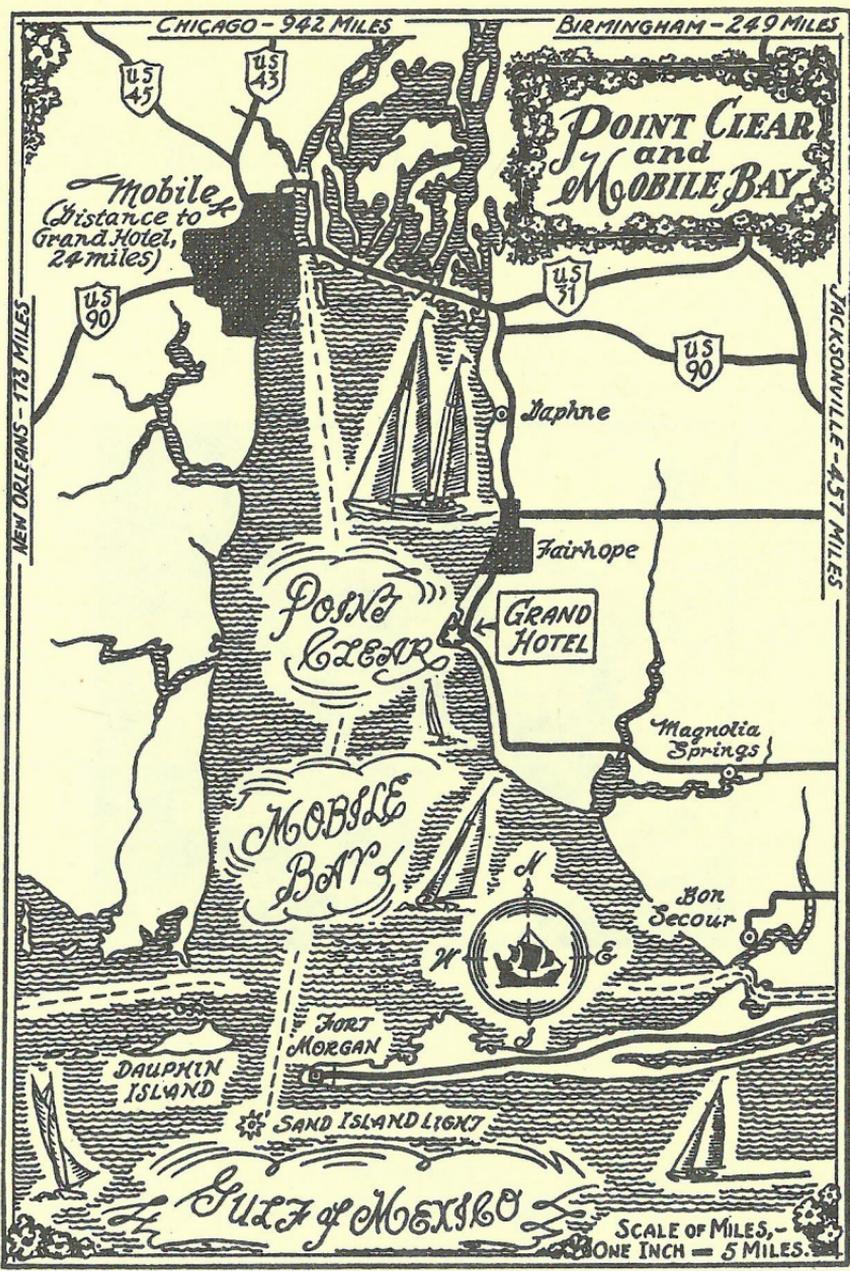


POINT CLEAR CAVALCADE

1519 — 1941



Presented by
THE GRAND HOTEL
"On Beautiful Mobile Bay"
Point Clear, Alabama



CHICAGO - 942 MILES

BIRMINGHAM - 249 MILES

NEW ORLEANS - 173 MILES

JACKSONVILLE - 457 MILES

Mobile
(Distance to
Grand Hotel,
24 miles)

POINT CLEAR and MOBILE BAY

US
90

US
43

US
31

US
90

Daphne

Fairhope

GRAND
HOTEL

Magnolia
Springs

POINT
CLEAR

MOBILE
BAY

Son
Secour

FORT
MORGAN

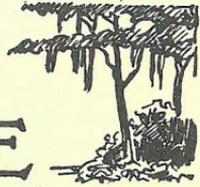
DAUPHIN
ISLAND

SAND ISLAND LIGHT

Gulf of Mexico

SCALE OF MILES -
ONE INCH = 5 MILES.

POINT CLEAR CAVALCADE



THE hush and stillness of a starlit morning lay upon the broad face of the Mexican Gulf. Low on the southern horizon, the Scorpion gleamed and sparkled, casting his image, in reflection, across the quiet waters. No faintest light of dawn had yet shown in the east.

The surface of the great gulf rose and fell, heaving gently, as if some monster breathed softly, in its sleep; and riding this slow swell in massive dignity, the towering bulk of a stately ship showed like a great shadow against the luminous dark of the night. Her riding-lamps cast rippling paths of gleaming light along the waters, the great, golden *lanterna* that marked the commander's cabin, aft, rising high above them all. Just above the *lanterna*, catching the soft glow that it cast, were draped the heavy gold and crimson folds of the banner of an Admiral of Spain. Beneath it on the commander's deck, stood the Admiral himself.

Though it was still night, no soul on board was sleeping. The men stood in little silent, huddled groups in the gloom along the lower decks, waiting. Lookouts strained their eyes anxiously into the surrounding darkness. Except for the soft creaking of cordage and ropes and the gentle, seasoned murmur of the ship's timbers in their labored motion, a tense, tight silence held all on board in its breathless spell.

Presently, through the silence, came the sound of a voice, speaking.

"You will hold her steady as may be, Carlos. We shall be but little longer without wind for our sails—but little longer, without light for our vision."

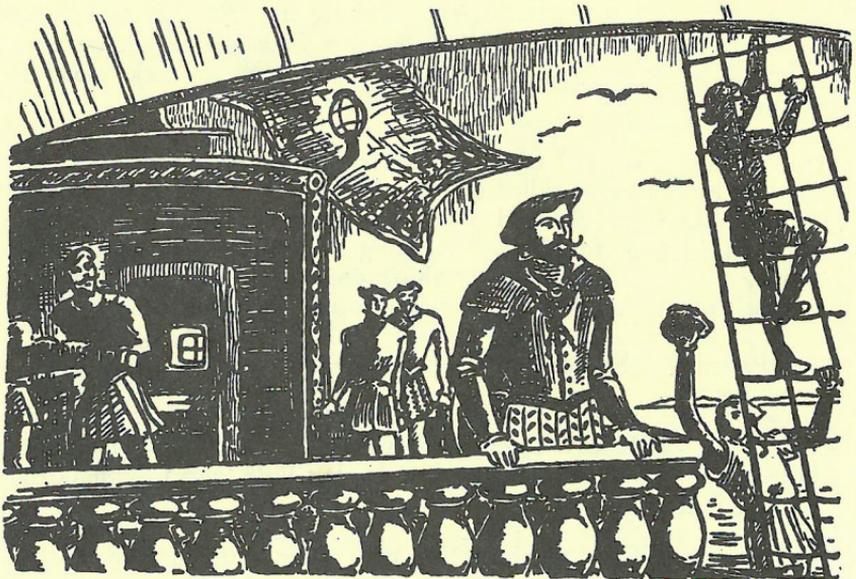
At sound of the Admiral's firm tones some of the men on the decks below, and aloft, in the shrouds and rigging, turned momentarily, as if to catch his words to the steersman; and a low hum of comment and

approval passed among them as his deep, quiet voice carried to the farthest part of the ship.

The utter silence that falls among anxious listeners prevailed again on board the vessel. But, now, from ahead to the right, came the soft, distant murmur of the swell where it breached on some unknown, uncharted shore. The Admiral listened intently; and still listening, turned his face to leftward. There, also, though the sound was nearly inaudible his experienced ear detected the soft rumble of faraway surf.

While they waited thus, and listened, dawn came into the eastern sky. The first breeze of morning stole upon them, from southwards, and filled the great, limp sails. The rigging moaned under its pressure and the low tinkle of rippling water arose as the little waves caused by the ship's motion passed alongside and turned into eddies, astern. The mist lifted slightly, and for an instant, far ahead, the two boats that had been sent out more than an hour ago to sound the waters in advance of the vessel's progress, could be seen. But the breeze failed, and the morning mist that hung low over the waters closed round them again.

The great man moved closer to his helmsman and spoke with him quietly. "There is a point yonder, in the mists, Carlos. And there on the left, is another—perhaps, by the sound of it, an island. You will



The Admiral de Pineda entered Mobile Bay in 1519

steer straight ahead. The wind will come again, and this time it will hold. . . . It is a pity we could not have come in by day, but it was necessary we should approach at the bottom of the tide so that the flood of it might take us off, later, if we should ground."

"With due respect, Sir, you are right," the man said in answer.

Even as he spoke, the breeze came steady and strong. The mist writhed and lifted, closed in again, lifted again,—and was gone. There came to their ears the sudden screams of seabirds, swirling upwards, in alarm. The broad gleam of sunrise shot across the sky, and a shaft from the rising sun burned through the thin mist like the beam of a searchlight, revealing once more the boats ahead, with their lighted torches showing in the white light of day only as useless smudges of black smoke. The breeze held, and the ship swayed nobly forward.

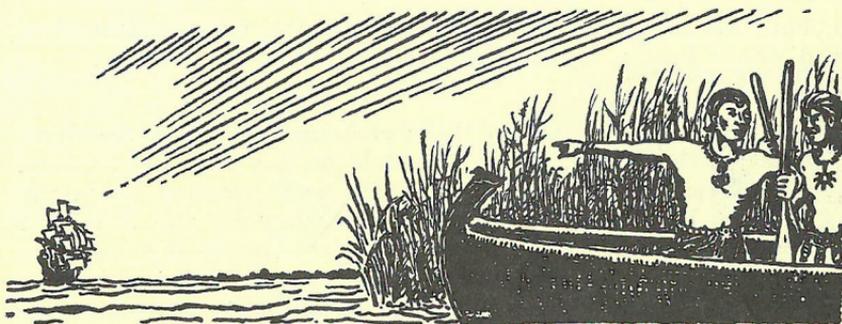
Of a sudden the voice of the lookout rings loud and clear as a bugle from the masthead.

"*La Tierra!* Land! Land ho!"

"Land, land!" The cry, taken up by a multitude of voices, rings out all along the decks. Men are cheering loudly and throwing their caps into the air.



"Land!"



Friends?

Directly ahead of them showed a magnificent bay, smooth and gleaming like a mirror, incomparably beautiful with the blue sky above it and the bright sparkling sunshine of early morning falling slantwise across it. To starboard, lay the graceful curve of a sandy point. Farther away, to port, even as the Admiral had guessed, was an island; and beyond it a blue, distant coastline gave way towards the north.

The commander gazed, enchanted, upon the matchless picture, while repeated bursts of cheering rang all along the ship.

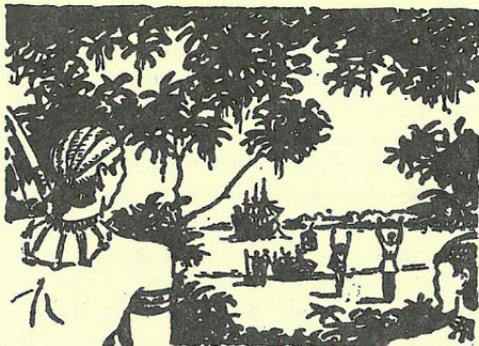
"*Spirito Sancto*," he murmured at last. "*Spirito . . . Sancto!*"

"Admiral?" said Carlos, in doubt. The sound of his commander's voice, but not the words, had reached him.

"No, no, Carlos; I spoke not to mortal ear," said the Admiral de Pineda softly, noticing once more, those about him. And then, in deeply moved and solemn tones he continued: "But you Carlos, my old fellow—

you who have sailed with me in all the seas of the known world—saw you, ever, so matchless a body of water, such sublime and tranquil beauty as this? Yes, Carlos, this new bay has named itself, through the exclamation its divine grandeur forced to my heedless lips. It shall be called—The Bay of the Holy Spirit; *la Bahia . . . de Spirito . . . Sancto.*"

Such was the impression that Mobile Bay made upon the first white man who is known, to a certainty, to have visited its shores.



Yes,—friends!

IT WAS in the year 1519 that Admiral de Pineda discovered Mobile Bay. He remained in the bay forty days, visiting and trading with the Indians, and careening his vessels. The Admiral's cartographer employed the time in making a detailed map of the bay, and it is to this map that historians refer when they note that Mobile Bay was the first body of water in the entire Western World to be accurately charted. Some there are who say that even before this date Mobile Bay had been discovered and mapped, by no less a man than the great Americus

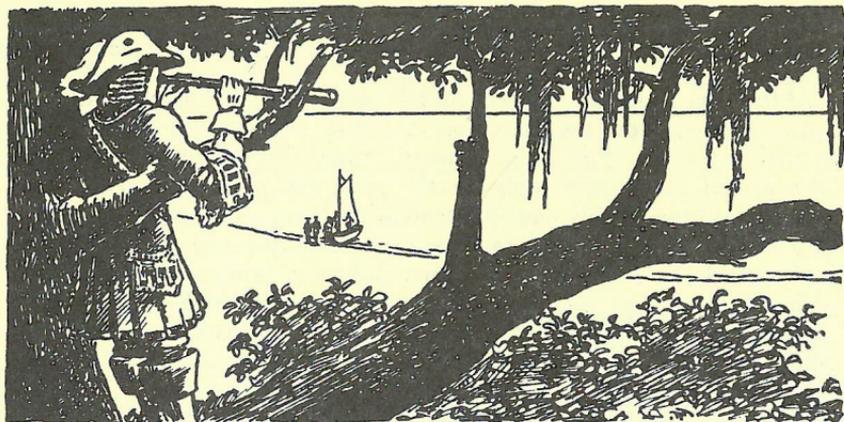
Vespucius, himself, as early as 1497; and there seems ample proof to support the claim. Nevertheless, it is not yet generally accepted.

After de Pineda's voyage, Mobile Bay was shown regularly on Spanish maps, under the name *Spirito Sancto*, and was visited frequently by the Spaniards. Panfilo de Narvaez came, and, notably, Maldonado, who waited here despairingly for the great explorer whose rendezvous remains unkept to this day—Hernando de Soto. Aboard Maldonado's ship in Mobile Bay waited, too, the explorer's wife—the gentle, devoted Lady Isabela de Soto, whose vigil-wearied heart broke utterly when the news of her husband's tragic death reached her, at last, in Havana. Bazares came; and finally, Tristan de Luna, attempting to found a colony, but the attempt failed. For two long centuries the caravels of Spain came,—and went. The Mobilian Indians saw them, and marvelled; and saw them no more. These Indians, meanwhile, clung to their ancient customs. Among other things, they held stubbornly to their own old name for the bay. The bay was something infinitely dear to them. Since time began, they had been accustomed to come periodically to its shores in vast throngs, for enjoyment and recreation. They had always called the beloved body of water after their great capitol city, Mauvilla. Mauvilla (Mobile) Bay: That was their name for it, and they stuck to it.

In 1699, events moved to the thrill of a swifter, merrier pace. In January of that year the le Moyne brothers, Iberville and Bienville, cast anchor in the entrance of the bay. Landing on an island, they were confronted with a pile of weather-bleached human bones. So they named it Massacre Island (later, Dauphin Island). Three days they spent on the island hunting "bustards," says the historian, Hamilton; and on the fourth day Iberville explored the mainland and "from a white oak top, four leagues up the bay, he took in the outline of the shore of the bay . . . and fired his gun and cut on a tree a sign of his



Aided by the Indians, de Pineda's cartographer made the first chart of Mobile Bay



The French explored Mobile Bay in 1699

peaceful visit." Thus did the founders of the City of Mobile first enter Mobile Bay.

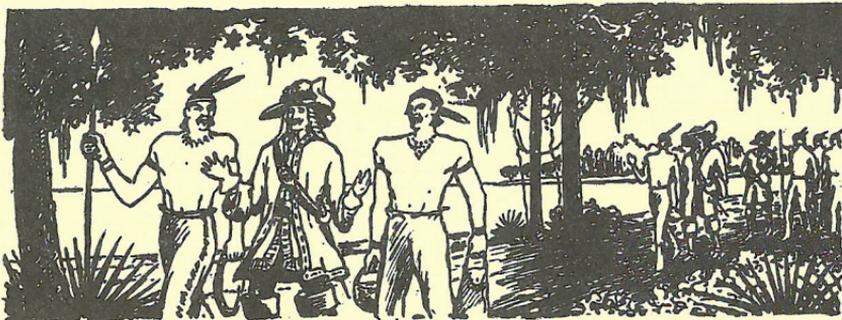
From this day, the story of the bay is an open book. In 1702 Bienville laid out Mobile, up the river. In 1711, the little city was moved down river to its present location. And, in one thing capitulating to savage perseverance, the French officially re-christened the great bay by its ancient—and modern—name: Mobile Bay. Fibbing magnificently, one Mathieu Sagean wrote for the folks back home, that "Gold was more plentiful than in Peru,—and so were wives, for the king [the native king, over here] had a new one every day!" Tut, tut, Mathieu; and all the while, in New France, there was an overwhelming scarcity of both gold and wives—so far as Frenchmen were concerned.

But there was plenty of merriment and fun, for we read that pleasure parties of the French used to cross over to the eastern side of the bay and, there, in the vicinity of the Spanish *Punta Clara* (Point Clear, as we call it today) they were hospitably received by the Indians; and what with feasting, and the sports of the chase, and exhibitions of skill at various sorts of games, they were very, very merry indeed.

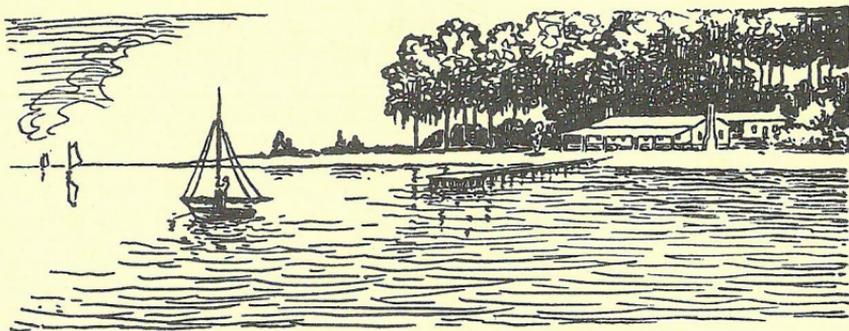


LN 1763, the British marched into Mobile, to the beating of drums and the skirling of bagpipes, and the French banner was furled and carried away to New Orleans. A few years passed, the turn of the century came,—and the Spaniards had re-taken Mobile Bay. Of the British, it is recorded that they founded pleasure villages and resorts all along the Eastern Shore of the bay; of the Spaniards, in this period, that they busied themselves (among other things) with the first organized public plantings of the azaleas brought over by the French long before; and that they, too, like the French and British, were given to forming great pleasure parties for the enjoyment of sports and hunting along the Eastern Shore.

But the fateful year, 1812, was at hand, and the fat was in the fire. There was trouble for a time. Then, from their battle with the British, at New Orleans, Andrew Jackson's men came triumphantly back, stepping in lively rhythm to a brand new tune that rang out from their army bands. It was, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The sheet music for this rollicking Scotch air had been abandoned in the field of battle by the Highlanders; it was, indeed, the "girl they left behind them." The incident was symbolic—for the Stars and Stripes were set firmly in place above Mobile Bay; and the European flags, in their retreating homewards, had left that bay behind them,—forever. But good friends of all nationalities, who called Mobile their home, remained behind to build Mobile and—good Americans all—to enjoy Mobile Bay.



The French and the Indians made merry together at Point Clear



In the 1820's, a cottage resort was built on Point Clear

growth for the city. An omnibus line ran along Dauphin Street. Suburbs and resorts developed rapidly, social life burgeoned and took on new glory. New carnival and social clubs appeared. Life grew ever brighter and brighter.

Across the bay, at Point Clear, the "old" Grand Hotel had become a symbol, to the entire South, of happiness and splendor. The hotel had, by that time, its own direct boat. Summer homes were being built all along the waterfront on both sides of the Point. Those who wished to be known, socially, in the South, found it a necessary pleasure to show themselves at this fashionable watering place. You either "were," or you "were not"; and if you "were," why, then, you were at the Grand Hotel, of course! So it went, in the Golden Fifties. The sun shone down on de Pineda's sublimely beautiful bay; the orange trees shed their delicate perfume; the moon gleamed and the mocking birds sang and the joyous throngs made merry along the shore at gay Point Clear; and then,—

Then, in April, of 1861, a gun boomed from a battery on James Island, in Charleston Harbor, and the pall of smoke from it spread slowly across the entire South; and for four long years its reverberating echoes rang incessantly, night and day, in Southern ears. "Dearest" (so runs a fragment of a faded old letter, written under the date of April 23, 1861) "I fear I shall not see you at Point Clear this summer. I am to leave this evening, for Vicksburg. But you, my darling, will be there, or so I hope—for I know that you adore it. On some fair, moonlit evening dear, think of me, won't you? . . . I shall join you there, dearest one, at the earliest moment that duty and honor permit me to do so . . . I send you this rose, beloved, as a token of my undying devotion."

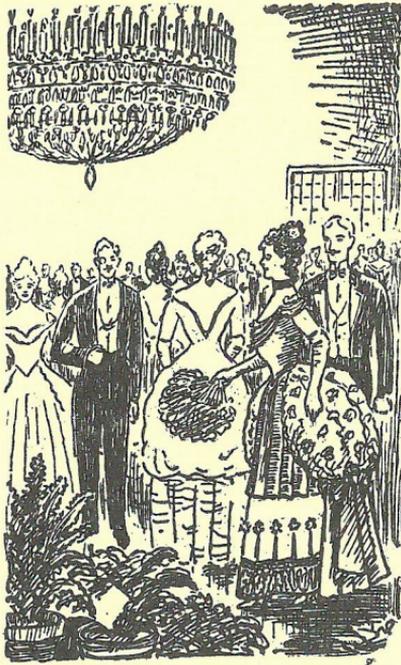


Constructed nearly a century ago, the first Grand Hotel stood for many years on Point Clear

But the moon looked down, during the war, on a hotel that was closed and silent; on a seaport that was served only by blockade runners.

IN MOBILE, before long, a pair of shoes cost two hundred dollars; and a suit of clothes, twelve hundred. Old clothes were made to do . . . and then food was hard to get. Housewives (so they said) had double use for their market baskets—they were needed as much to carry money to market, as to carry food home! Casualties mounted. Young officers might be possessed of undying devotion, yes: But their bodies were mortal. In August, 1864, Admiral Farragut came into the bay engaging the Confederate fleet in one of history's most spectacular naval battles. A shell hole in the walls of a cottage beside the hotel (the hole is marked with a plaque) testifies to a close acquaintance with his gunboats. In the closing days of the struggle, the last great battle of the war was fought over a battlefield not far from the Point. Mobile was the last important Southern port to capitulate.

IN 1875, a new Grand Hotel stood on old Point Clear. Some years before, the old pre-war hotel had been—that is, the main building had been—destroyed by fire. Times were difficult, and the construction of the new hotel had gone along slowly, over a period of several years. But in 1875, behold how a new and more glorious Point Clear has arisen, phoenix-like, from the ashes! In the dark days following the Sixties, much good



Grand Hotel II became nationally known as a fashionable resort

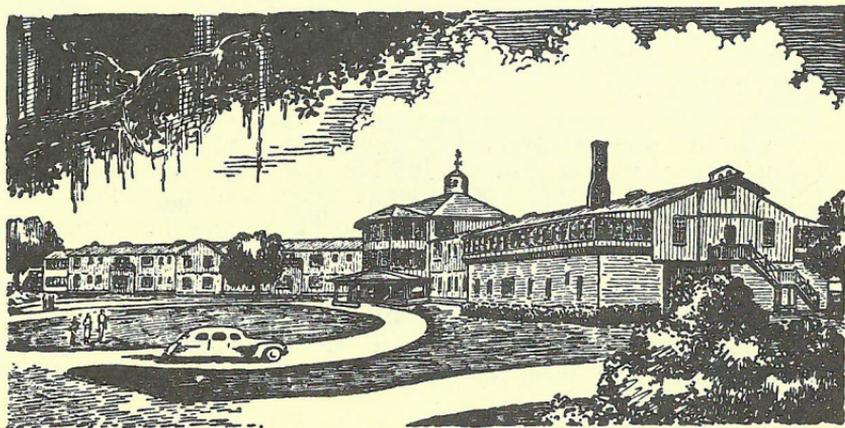
night gaiety and brilliance. My life has been a long one, and an interesting one. But there's been nothing in it to compare with that wonderful first evening at Point Clear."

the Monte Carlo of America. But now comes daylight, to pale the blaze of light in all these buildings; and the last weary, merry revellers of the night pass, on the galleries, the first gay, sunup parties of the new day on their joyous way to the beaches and the woods. So, 'round the clock, went the fun; and the fame of Point Clear grew ever greater as homeward bound guests spread the news of it each season through ever-widening circles . . . "When I began to be a grown boy," mused an elderly gentleman some years ago, "my father took me one night to dinner at the hotel. I had looked forward to that night for years. I dreamed of it day and night—yes, day and night—for some time before and after. It was more to me than if he had taken me to Paris. I shall never forget it: the crowds, the lights, the music, the magnificent all-

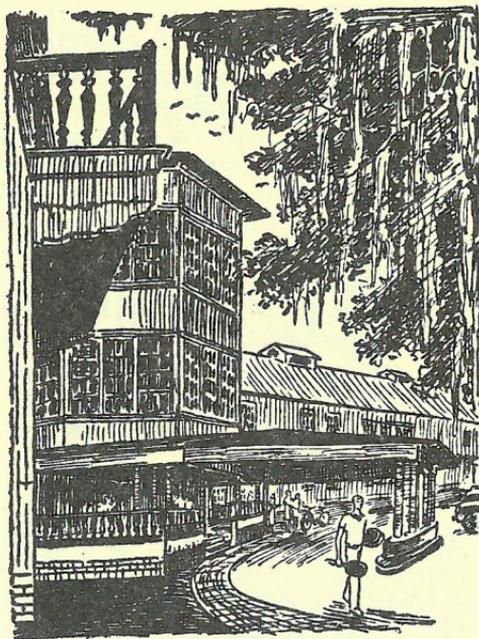
BUT now we come to the Nineteen-forties. The gulf coast is again on the march, with Mobile, in an expansive mood, leading the way. More than two and a quarter centuries ago, while Mobile was still a little faraway French village in the woods, Bienville had written to his chief in the French colonial office that this insignificant village would some day certainly become the "Chief port of the West." A little more than a century later, in 1840, Mobile had already earned from historians the statement that "the West had become tributary to the Gulf City." Now, in the Nineteen-forties, we find, as never before, Bienville's prophetic statement being fulfilled. The New South's mightiest and most productive industrial region lies upstream from Mobile, along barge-laden

waterways that make up the second greatest river system in the United States. The great railroad systems that connect the Port of Mobile with the inland cities of America's industrial empire bring down, day and night, their huge tonnage of export goods for reshipment; and, day and night, return inland with their burdens of imported materials. Old King Cotton is not what he used to be, but it doesn't matter; for now at his side stand many brother monarchs—King Iron, and King Coal; King Oil and King Lumber and King This and King That, without end—and their combined strength far overtops King Cotton's, even in his most glorious days. Daily Mobile makes new and vast strides as a world seaport, while "ships that go down to the sea" from Mobile are acquainted with the sea-lanes and harbors of all the globe. New factories stand out against the sky-line; new industries and heavier pay-rolls swell the city's wealth; new homes spread in ever-widening circles about the suburbs. And across the bay, a new and grander Grand Hotel summons the quiet echoes of old Point Clear to awaken to the joyous clarion call of a bright, new day.

Modern in this new day, as its predecessors were in their bygone days, this twentieth-century Grand Hotel carries forward to a new century the centuries-old Point Clear tradition of happiness and hospitality. Oaks that once cast their welcome shade upon Indian villages now lend their ancient beauty to the lovely park that surrounds the hotel, and their gray moss-draped limbs give shelter to the mocking birds whose sweet, improvised melodies blend with the soft, hoarse whistle of the homeward-bound liner passing along the distant ship channel.



In 1941, Grand Hotel III stands at Point Clear



A close-up of the lobby entrance

The sharp thud of a tennis ball on the hotel courts, and the call of the score, make staccato interruption against a background of murmuring waves that sing their lullaby along the golden beaches of the point. Rising from the masses of azaleas and camellias and Japanese cherry trees that make the hotel park glow with the beauty of their blossoms, the hotel lifts its graceful outlines against the blue of the southern skies.

A double-decked pleasure pier extends far out over the waters of the bay. Salt and fresh water swimming are at hand on the hotel grounds. The hotel yacht basin shelters sailboats and power yachts, and offers full accommodations for all boats, large and small. Motor boats, skiffs, canoes and sailboats, can be had at the hotel, and competent guides will be supplied, if desired. The South's finest fishing grounds—fresh water, salt water and deep-sea—with two outstanding annual fishing rodeos, are close by. A marine filling station is operated in connection with the yacht basin.

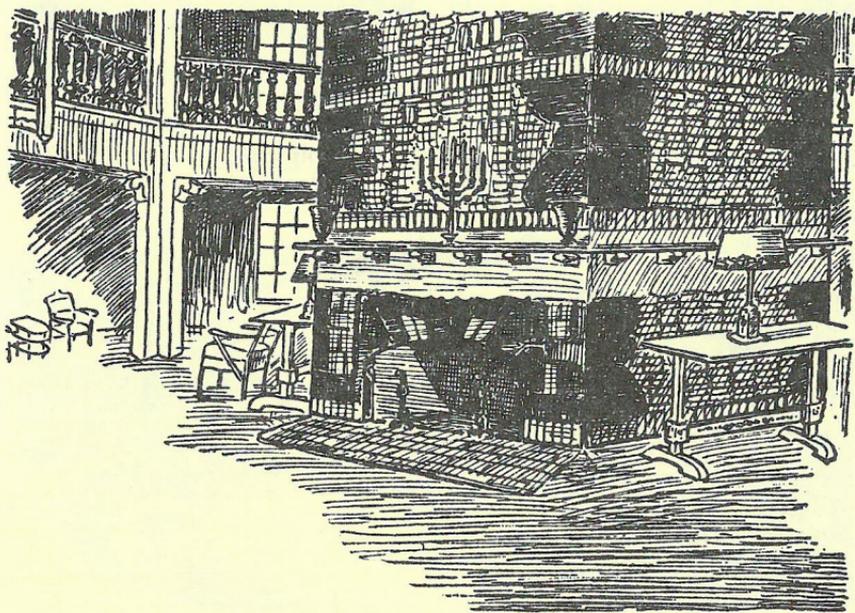
Guest privileges on two of the South's most sporting golf courses (Mobile Country Club championship course and the Fairhope Country Club course) are provided by the hotel for its patrons. Five-gaited saddle horses are at hand for those who like to ride the picturesque woodland trails that lie adjacent to the hotel. Bicycling, too, is enjoyed. In the hotel's spacious and comfortable game room, every kind of indoor game is ready for the guest's pleasure. A skilled social director is at hand to arrange games, picnics, parties and tournaments, and to help enthusiastically with plans for sports and parties, indoors and outdoors.

A pleasant feature of the Grand Hotel is the informal, home-like spirit that prevails. Another, is that all of the hotel's eighty-four spaci-

ous rooms are outside rooms, opening on the full beauty of the glorious Point Clear view. All the rooms have either tub or shower baths. Telephones, too, are in all rooms, and telegraph offices are located in the hotel. A central heating plant insures comfort throughout the building on chilly days, but an additional cozy touch is contributed by the huge old-fashioned three-way fireplace in the lobby. The attractive hotel bar is modernistic in design.

The dining-room, with an unobstructed view over the bay in all directions, also has an open fireplace. The cuisine is under the capable management of a chef who specializes in delicious Southern-style foods, a master who has the genius touch for the delicate art of combining foods and flavors in ways that cause the connoisseur to exclaim with delight. The modern, electric, table-to-table food service is used. The hotel kitchens, too, are modern in every way, and are to the last degree sanitary, in every respect.

The usual specialty shops are ready to serve the hotel's guests. Garage accommodations are provided for those who bring their cars, and there are accommodations also for servants who accompany guests.

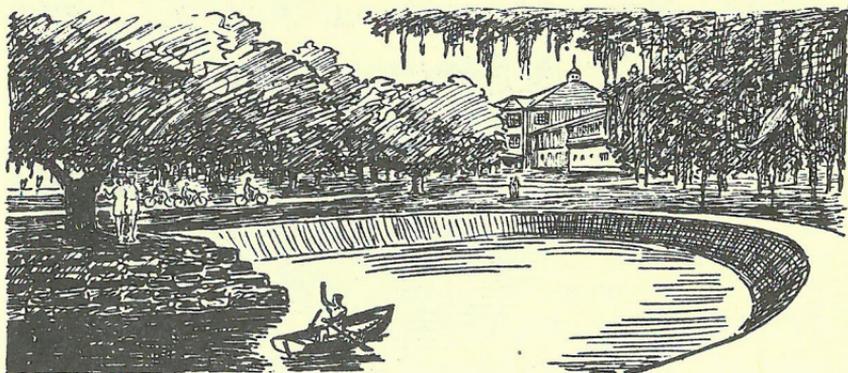


The lobby fireplaces

Grand Hotel is open the year round, the Gulf Coast climate offering many attractions throughout the year. Guests arriving by car will find paved highways leading from all points directly to the hotel. Those arriving by train should come to Mobile, Alabama, where they will be met on arrival (if the hotel is notified in advance) by a hotel car. Mobile is served by the following railroads: Louisville and Nashville; Gulf, Mobile and Ohio; Alabama, Tennessee and Northern; and Southern. Also by the Eastern Airlines and the National Airlines; and by bus lines. Baggage should be shipped to Mobile, with instructions to notify the Grand Hotel, at Point Clear, Alabama. Inquiries and reservations are welcomed, and should be addressed to Grand Hotel, Point Clear, Alabama.



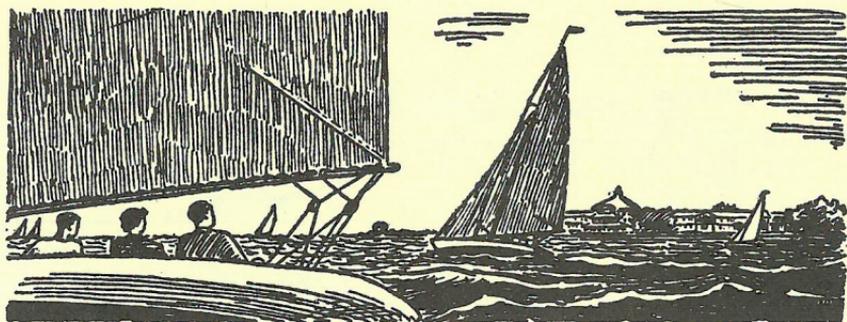
AND so, with Grand Hotel III, Twentieth Century style, does Point Clear Cavalcade reach through the span of centuries to its new climax in a hotel that would bring exclamations of surprised delight from the lips of the old Admiral de Pineda himself, if he could but sail again into his *Bahia de Spirito Sancto* after an absence of four hundred and twenty-five years! Well he'll not come—more's the pity; for a right jolly old fellow he was, no doubt. But on a bright moonlight night on the old Point you can nearly—nearly, I said—see his ornate old caravel there at anchor, in the bay. Perhaps, too, you can nearly—nearly, that is—see young Bienville the Gallant, with his brave elder brother, d'Iberville, all gold and lace, striding sturdily along in the dancing moonbeams. And those gay, crinolined ladies of the last



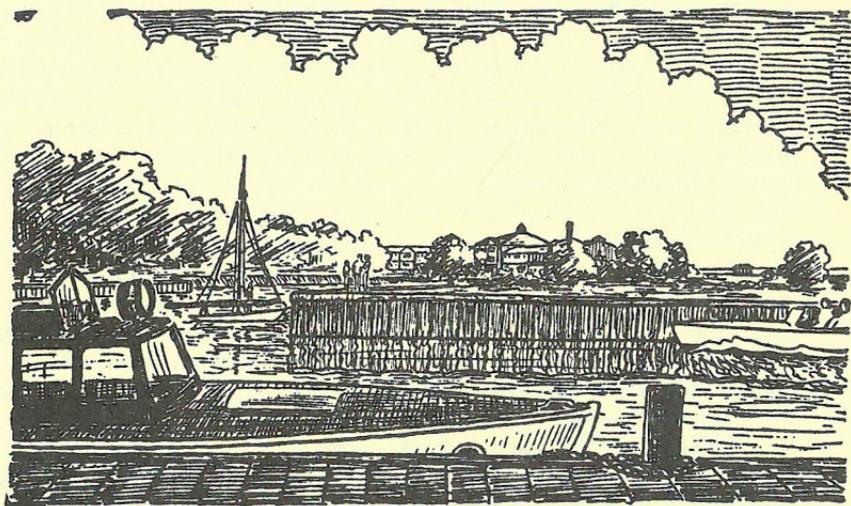
A glimpse of the lagoon

century, with their beaux of the poetic speech and flowered vests—wouldn't *they* like this fine new hotel! Perhaps, with imagination's clear eye, you'd see them here, too, where in days gone by they played and loved and danced the happy hours away. Once, day-dreaming there at midnight, I even thought I saw a great carved and painted piroque slide silently across the path of the moon with its crew of Maubilean braves . . .

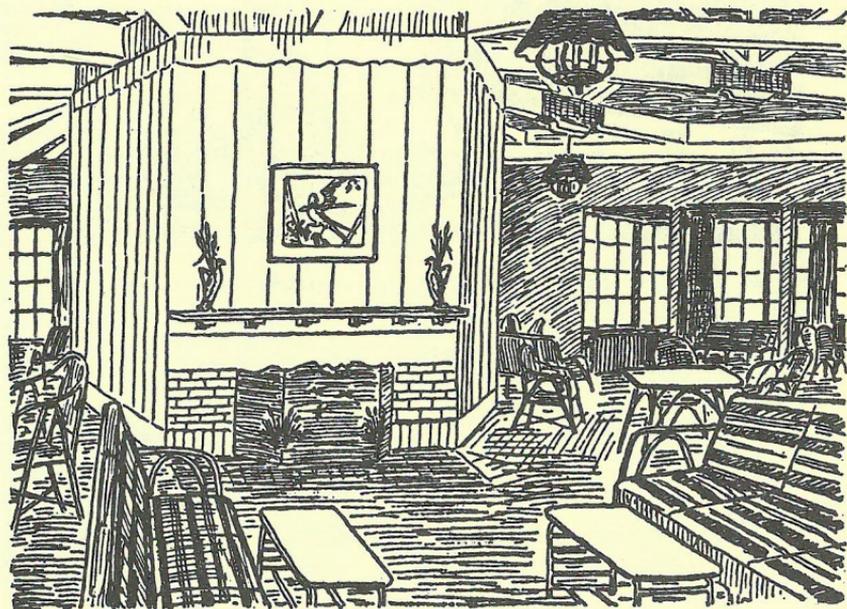
But come! We'll add our own chapter to all this pageant of joy and romance; and there at Point Clear, where all those worthy ones in their day lived, for a while, and made merry, we'll make merry, too. And you—you'll come, too, and join us. For Mobile Bay and Point Clear are calling you; calling you, with their age-long irresistible summons—with a call that may find you nearby, or go half way round the world to reach you—but a call that goes only to those who are worthy of happiness, and by them is never forgotten or disobeyed; and Grand Hotel is inviting you—now—to keep that rendezvous with romance and beauty, with health, happiness, and a life filled to the brim with the crowning gift of living joyfully.



Grand Hotel and Point Clear, sketched from offshore



Entrance to Grand Hotel yacht basin



A corner of the sky lounge

Although the ownership and management of the Grand Hotel has changed frequently since 1847, its fine reputation for gracious resort living still exists. Without loss of charm or beauty of the grounds, the Bay House was added in 1967, while the North Bay House and Marina Building were added in 1982. The golf, tennis, swimming, and other recreational facilities have also been improved through the years.

The Grand Hotel has been owned and operated by Marriott Corporation since 1981. The resort now features 307 deluxe guests rooms with over 22,000 square feet of meeting and banquet space. The 36 holes of championship golf are ranked with the finest in the world. The resort also features 10 rubico tennis courts, water and beach sports along with a 750,000 gallon swimming pool. The 'Southern Comfort', a 110 foot luxury dinner cruiser, docks at the Yacht Basin and is available for private parties.

MAPS, ILLUSTRATIONS AND COVER BY
WALTER OVERTON

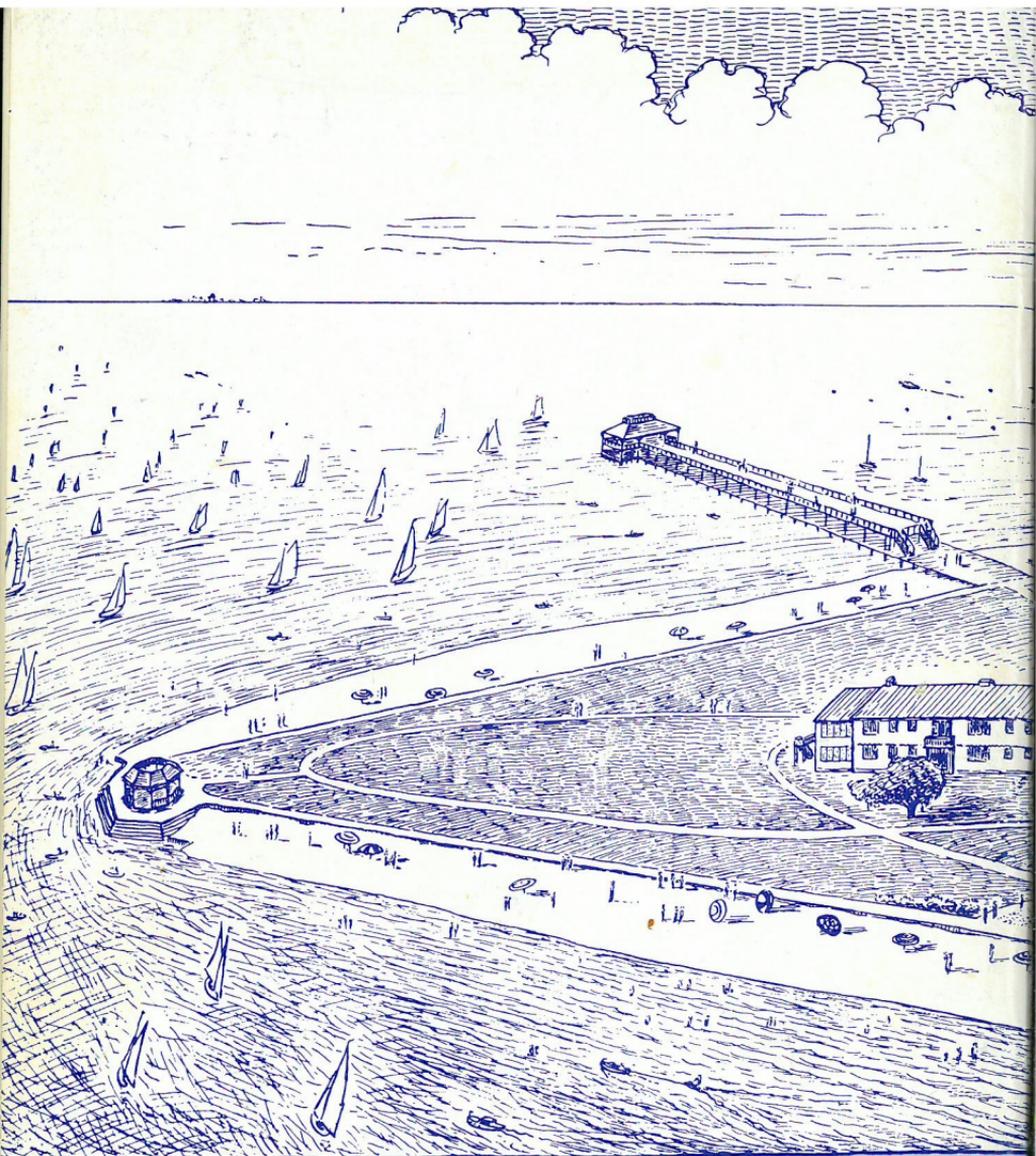


MARRIOTT'S

Grand Hotel

A GULF COAST RESORT

Point Clear, Alabama 36564, (205) 928-9201



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