



This was the Coliseum Lanes bowling alley on Southwest 16th Street and 37th Avenue. My husband and I met here in the summer of 1977 when both worked there. It was a fun place. Yes, we are still happily married.
— Dorothy and Armando Delgado, Miami



In 1969, my Boy Scout troop hiked one mile past the end of Broward Boulevard and set up camp there. There was a clearing in the forest where we could set up our tents. In the woods I saw a wild deer for the first time. (Broward Boulevard and 91st Avenue)
— Anthony Abbate, Fort Lauderdale



My friend Joyce Schweitzer and I bought our tennis gear at Don's Golf and Tennis at Biscayne Boulevard and about Northeast 107th Street. (Many tennis courts and clubs that were in the 1970s, '80s and '90s are now 'absent.')

— Judy Farber, Miami



The smell of fresh bread from the Holsum Bakery would blanket all of South Miami. What a wonderful smell that was! (Shops at Sunset Place Mall, 5701 Sunset Dr.)



Nothing beat the smell of fresh grass and the crack of spring-training bats from the Baltimore Orioles at Miami Stadium. (10th Avenue and Northwest 23rd Street)



In the '60s, our dad would drive us here to visit the tranquil and beautiful Japanese Garden at this spot on Watson Island. My favorite parts were the teahouse pagoda and babbling brook with stone lanterns.

— Rose from Miami



I remember in the mid-1960s being in a car with my parents and driving down Biscayne Boulevard [in this section] because the road make a 'clickety clickety clickety' noise as the tires went over the cracks between the concrete roadway sections. The road was very beautiful, with large banyan trees in the center and mature mangroves on either side. Now all that is gone. . . . (Entrance to Greynolds Park East at Biscayne Boulevard between Northeast 172nd Street and Northeast 163rd Street)
— Andrew Reach, Miami Shores



How profound that upon returning from our 20th wedding anniversary on Jan. 12, 2006, we read your article on Absence of Place. Attached is our photo of the now-closed entrance to the 'The Kapok Tree' in Davie where we were married 20 years ago. We had passed by on our anniversary day just to reminisce. (Long Key Natural Area, Davie)
— Stephen & Sara De Molina, Cooper City



We would drive from far away to get freshly made doughnuts from Velvet Creme. (near 34th Avenue and Southwest Eighth Street)



At onetime home to Greyhound/Trailways bus station in North Miami Beach near Biscayne Boulevard.



I remember downtown Miami used to be uglier.
— Mauricio Martinez



That fenced-in area is where the old Pirate's Spa Bait and Tackle shop was in the 1960s. We could get a cold beer there also. (Near what is now Blackpoint Marina, in the Cutler Ridge area)
— Thomas E. Shaffer, Miami



The Biscayne Cafeteria, great comfort food and Southern favorites. I took my mom there often. The waiters were almost all older African American men; I remember their black bow ties, their kindness, and superior service. (147 Miracle Mile, Coral Gables)
— Rene Ramos, Miami



The Hollywood Sportatorium, scene of the great Van Halen 'Diver Down' concert in 1982. (Pines Boulevard and Southwest 178th Street, western Pembroke Pines.)



Who could forget those little Royal Castle hamburgers with the diced onions? (37th Avenue and Southwest Eighth Street)



Once a downtown movie theater, later one of the first Burger Kings in the city circa 1965. Ate lunch with high school friend Jack Lieberman who later founded, with the Rev. Jean-Juste, the Haitian Refugee Center.



In 1974, my junior high school homecoming was held in a ballroom at the Governor's Club Hotel. It was the first time I ever wore a tuxedo. I asked Emanuela to go with me. She brought a chaperone. (Las Olas and First Avenue, Fort Lauderdale)
— Anthony Abbate, Fort Lauderdale



This was the Twin Gables Theater. At the time it was impressive that there was a theater we could go to that would be showing two movies simultaneously. Later it became the Triple Gables when they added a screen. Then it went out of business. I saw many movies there with my sisters during the '70s. They buried a time capsule there at the dedication and were going to dig it up in 30 years. I don't know what became of the time capsule. (Winn-Dixie on Coral Way near 32nd Avenue)
— Rene Ramos, Miami