

announced: "Oh, Jane, I forgot to tell you, I just bought a house by mail in Florida." This was the first Shadows, where we planned to spend our winters. It was the way Carl did everything, and I objected to none of these surprises, for in my amazement and adoration Carl was always right.

Not long after this, Carl began building the second Shadows on the strip of jungle across Biscayne Bay that would later become Miami Beach, the big house that would see so much of history and heartbreak. This, though I did not know it then, was the start of Carl's dream city.

Carl could never wait until a house was finished. We moved in, as we always did, with the carpenters. For years we shared our daily living with a never-ending parade of painters, plumbers, paperhangers and carpenters. The moment he bought land on which to build, or a house to rebuild, Carl set the dirt flying. That was his expression, watching the work: "The dirt flies!"

And how the dirt flew these swift years, the way Carl loved to see it fly! Through it lifted the expanding ramparts of our private world. Private? There was no privacy for the man who was building so much so swiftly, nor for his wife.

Carl started building in Florida, then rushed back to Indianapolis to attend the projects under way there.

Every night when we were in Indianapolis, no matter what other business or building interests held Carl, we drove to Speedway to watch the rebuilding of the track. Slowly the volcano-like disturbances in the cornfield subsided and the fires died under the vats of bubbling tar. Night and day while Speedway was rebuilding, the work was watched and urged on by Carl.

One night as we watched, one of the Negro workmen fell into a vat of boiling tar. Carl ordered the screaming man lifted into our car and drove him, while the flesh literally dropped from his bones, to a hospital to which Carl and Jim were generous contributors. An intern met us at the door with a stretcher. When he saw the color of the man's skin, he jerked back the stretcher. "We don't treat niggers at this hospital," he said. I was afraid for Carl in that moment—he was so angry. He asked the intern softly, carefully, if he would please treat the agonized workman. But