

roadway through Frederick, Maryland, and from Frederick to Gettysburg."

This suggestion could not be followed because the Lincoln Highway route that had been selected was the shortest and most practical route between the Atlantic and Pacific. But Carl, as usual, made a detriment into an asset. He built the Dixie Highway that brought the North and South together and opened the charms of the Southland to the rest of the United States. One year after receiving the letter from President Wilson, Carl was deep in these plans for bringing the rest of the world to the old South.

The first Federal Highway Aid Fund bill had not yet been passed, and again there was no government money to aid his plans. But, as with the Lincoln Highway, he led a trail-blazing cavalcade of fifteen cars from Indianapolis to Miami. This was the Dixie Highway Pathfinding Tour of 1915.

The Dixie Highway did for the North and South what the Lincoln Highway had done for the East and West—it brought them together. And America was to be criss-crossed with great highways.

Someone has written: "If Carl Fisher never left anything to posterity other than these two national highways which he worked so hard to establish, his name deserves to live for all time to come."

The Dixie Highway ended at Miami Beach—another dream of Carl's that first became visible to the world in 1913—the same year that the Lincoln Highway began.

VIII. The Earth Moves

THE BUILDING, the entertaining, the excitement were swift as the years. We spun in our kaleidoscope between the brightly flashing scenes that were the Speedway races, the wonderful new highways, the boating trips on Lake Michigan, the dashes between our homes by boat or train or car. Sometimes I begged for a trip to Europe, but Carl said everything he wanted to see was in the United States. He knew every mile of our country, from New York to California, from the Great Lakes to the southern tip of Florida, to which we had been faithful since our honeymoon trip when we had been shipwrecked on the *Eph.*

Within the first year of our marriage Carl had bought our first home and the property on Capitol Avenue and had started Automobile Row; he had completed the building of Speedway, built Blossom Heath and the St. Joe house; and had purchased, albeit unseen, the home in Miami. When we visited Miami that winter, we found a large square white mansion on the edge of Biscayne Bay. It looked cheerful enough at first glance, but once inside, I quailed at the gloom of rooms long closed and dark and wicker furniture made darker by accumulated dust. Soap and water, though, were all that was needed to make this home livable. I named it The Shadows because of the patterns thrown on its Australian pine-lined driveway, and Carl liked the name so well a succession of houses and yachts were to bear it. Having sold Prest-O-Lite, he promised me he would stop working, and "I'm going to take things easy," he told me.

From the windows of this, the first Shadows, we could look across Biscayne Bay to the strip of peninsula matted with palmetto and mangrove and streaked with marsh swamp and sand. A pearly white beach edged the peninsula. We called it, in those