

They made it part of their advertising campaign.

Carl demanded that all his homes should be as smoothly geared as his automobiles. And whatever he asked, I tried to give. Everyone who knew Carl felt the same way about him. Everyone who worked for him adored him, but they were all afraid of him. I was scared to death of him—for no reason, for he was the epitome of kindness—but I loved him. Moreover, I thought it was impossible for Carl to make a mistake. Since it never occurred to him that I was too inexperienced to carry out his wishes in furnishing and running homes like hotels, and later, hotels and clubs, it didn't occur to me either.

This, I think was the secret of Carl's talent for managing men. His belief in their capabilities made them capable. I have heard him say to Floyd, his construction manager on the Beach, when Floyd protested that he could not build something Carl had asked: "Goddammit, Floyd, get busy and do it!" And Floyd always did—no matter what it might be. Carl's praise, too, so softly spoken, would move mountains. That was the way it was with me. That was the way it was with all who knew Carl.

The men who pioneered the building of Miami Beach, white or colored, shared this passionate loyalty. It held them through the heartbreaking labor and the night-marish heat that seemed to sap bodies and minds. It kept them to the seemingly hopeless work of clearing the morass by hand labor, foot by foot, month by month.

Business took us back to Indianapolis when things looked their worst. On the way Carl happened to look out of the train window, where facing us was a freight train with "Chicago Northwestern and Alton Railroad," on one of its cars. Suddenly he snapped his fingers. "I've got it!"

"And now what have you got?" I asked.

"Alton Beach!" he said jubilantly. "I'll call her Alton Beach!" I knew then that, despite all its apparent hopelessness, the work on the Beach would go on. Alton Beach was the name under which the city began, and not until 1915 would it be known as Miami Beach.

One morning Al Webb happened to drop into Carl's office

in Indianapolis. Al was a leathery-faced mechanical genius who had raced with Carl back in the barnstorming days as one of the "Big Four." Carl told Al of the heart-breaking labor of clearing the jungle by hand.

"I don't know how we'll ever grub out those goddam palm-trees," he ended.

Al looked startled. "It's a funny coincidence, but I've been working on a plover to clear some land I have on the West Coast."

Carl slapped his hand on the desk in a wild burst of hope. "Build one for me, Al!" he exclaimed. "The biggest plover you can build."

Al set up his workshop in a garage in Gasoline Alley. There he constructed the powerful machete plover with a triangular blade fitted with kickers that could cut the toughest roots. The completed machine weighed tons.

Carl couldn't wait to try it out. "Ship it down to Florida," he ordered.

Al was shocked. "Why, Carl, it'll cost a thousand dollars to ship this plover!"

"Ship it!" was the response.

Al still hesitated. "You know, Carl, we're going to need a caterpillar tractor to pull the plover after we get it to Florida. That will cost five thousand dollars more."

Carl was always sent into a frenzy by any hint of delay. "Then, goddammit, buy a tractor and ship it off tonight with the plover! And ship it express," he added. "It'll get there quicker."

We reached Miami Beach ahead of the machines. When the tractor and plover arrived, it was discovered they were too large to be freighted across the Collins Bridge. A barge finally brought the heavy machines across Biscayne Bay and through the Collins Canal.

The first cutting was made in the palmetto tangle near the canal. Carl sat on the tool box, his slouched hat pushed back as he eagerly watched Al Webb start the tractor. The steel cable tightened between tractor and plover. The three-cornered blade