

slipped deep into the land and ripped up the tough little palmettos as if they were ferns. Under the heaving palmettos, the upturned land fairly boiled.

Carl was on his feet whooping, "Look at 'em boil, Al, look at 'em boil!" He ran along beside the tractor like an excited boy. "Boil, you goddamn roots, boil!"

The tired Negroes resting on their mattocks joined in jubilant chorus: "Boil, ol' roots, white man say boil!"

Of course Carl had to climb aboard the tractor and drive it himself. The more excited he became, the louder he swore. "Gee-sus, look at 'em boil! Kee-rist-on-a-bicycle, look at 'em!"

Day after day he was out in the broiling sun watching the machete plow clear the land that was to hold the city. The big plow could clear ten acres in a single day. Thousands of hours of backbreaking labor and hundreds of thousands of dollars were saved.

The mangroves remained, many-rooted and formidable, as if defying modern machinery, but the different problem they presented was also solved by Al. He fastened a steel cable to the tractor and looped it to a hundred trees at a time. Their trunks snapped with a sound like machine-gun fire as the matted mangroves gave.

All at last was cleared.

Soil from the Everglades, rich, centuries-old jungle earth, was brought across the bay on barges and spread over that blinding whiteness. The acrid smell of compost and fertilizer joined the brackish odors of seaweed.

Then planting began.

Among the men who had worked with Carl in Indianapolis and who had come to Miami Beach to join him in his latest adventure was a youngster, Fred Hoerger. The others—men like John Levi, engineer; Al Webb, the mechanical wizard; G. B. Floyd, the building contractor who had constructed Speedway; and Lee Appleget, the head painter from Speedway—had worked with Carl through bicycle and automobile days, Speedway or Prest-O-Lite. Fred had been the boy assistant to our gardener at Blossom Heath. Carl had always liked the

youngster, and had complete faith in his genius for gardening. Fred Hoerger had very little actual horticultural experience; nevertheless Carl gave him entire charge of planting Miami Beach. And how that faith was justified! Each day beauty grew before our eyes. The glory of Miami Beach sprang from under the green thumb of Fred Hoerger.

Every tree, every flower, every blade of grass on Miami Beach had to be planted by hand. No seedling grass was strong enough to hold this newly made earth. Hundreds of Negroes, most of them women and children, crawled on their hands and knees over the earth pushing ahead of them baskets of grass from Bermuda. Each sprig of grass had to be set out by hand. The Negroes had a quaint word for their work—"spriggin'."

Fred Hoerger sent all over the world for rare and bright-flowering and tropical plants—bougainvillea, orchid trees, poinciana, hibiscus, and the thousands of oleanders—white, rose, apple-blossom pink and deep red—whose perfume became the very breath of the new paradise. Thousands of coconut trees and stately royal palms and feathery Australian pines outlined the avenues and boulevards that as yet existed only on blueprints. The Australian pines shot up fourteen feet in one year to clothe the Beach with their glorious foliage. Small trees with trunks as dainty as fawn's legs hung heavy with papaya melons. Avocado trees drooped their rich, dark globes. Oranges were as large as grapefruit, and lemons as large as oranges. All these, planted at the same time, grew evenly. Within six months the Beach burgeoned into horticultural magnificence. Our home was hidden by palms and roses.

Overnight our man-built paradise was discovered by choruses of singing birds and brilliant clouds of butterflies. I called everyone into the garden the morning the butterflies came to Miami Beach. They were among our first settlers, and I still can see Carl's smile at the sight of Galloway standing under the coconut trees with a rueful expression on his face and butterflies in his hair.

Draining the morass and building the land vanquished the mosquitoes and ugliness, and brought butterflies and loveliness.