"Mistakes?" exclaimed the barker. "Mistakes! Why, everything I said was true. I read it in Jane Fisher's book, Fabulous Hoosier." He looked at the lady, then asked, "Say, what do you know about Fisher anyway? Who are you?"

Quietly she replied, "There is much I could tell you about Carl Fisher. You see, young man, I am Jane Fisher . . . and . . ."

There are certain facts about the lives of Carl Fisher and me that have become so distorted by time, chance or design, that sometimes I have to go back to my notes and private files to straighten out in my mind the factuality of some little incident in our lives that, years later, has suddenly assumed the proportions of a turning point. Fortunately for Carl and for me, and perhaps to the discouragement of our few detractors, the only place to turn is back.

When the first edition of Fabulous Hoosier was published, it was during the early post-war period when there was a paper shortage. Much of my material had to be cut to save on paper. It was my first book and I had no rules to follow except my own rule of thumb.

Undoubtedly, there are many far more capable than I of writing the story of Miami Beach. Some of them, whom I know, have contemplated it and talked it . . . talked about the book they one day would write. Perhaps I have annoyed these more capable but cautious writers by seizing the initiative. I have done so because the material that we have is perishable. Time erodes and erases much of the credence that is essential. And Time is running out for all of us.

In my humble opinion, no one is better qualified to tell the story of Carl Fisher and his relationship to Miami Beach than I, the woman who was his wife for seventeen years.

I have been accused of distorting Carl Fisher's importance in the building of Miami Beach. I have been told that I have overlooked many people who were equally as important in the early life of Miami Beach. If I am guilty of distortion it has been without malice or intent. Naturally, I am prejudiced in favor of Carl, but not to the extent of distortion of facts. The difficulty in being objective about something one has lived is great.