

used to keep it, and one night some gal sat down in your little red chair and Carl yanked it right out from under her and yelled and damned the whole bunch of them out of the house. Sometimes when he gets a little too high and the party is getting wild, I hear him calling to Galloway, 'Where is Jane? Goddammit, if Jane were here she'd clear out this mess.'

I had known Carl would not change.

After tedious bickerings, Hugh succeeded in disposing of my menage, labeling a mountain of luggage, and getting Jackie, our Belgian police dog Bobbé, and the Minerva aboard the boat bound for America.

We arrived on the New York docks to learn that, while Mrs. Carl Fisher was on the preferred list for "first embarkation," she was also on the black list as a jewelry-smuggling suspect—due to a parting shot from the thwarted chauffeur. The staggering amount listed on my declaration sheet and substantiated by the original Rue de la Paix bills for my eighty-six-thousand-dollar jewelry spree did not deter the suspicious customs officials from an embarrassing, detailed search not only of my luggage but of my person and little Jackie and the Minerva car. Even Hugh kept up the weary cross-examination. "Now, Jane, I know how women are about secreting little things and forgetting them. Are you sure, perfectly sure, that you have declared everything?"

It was late at night, with Jackie pale and begrimed and Hugh completely bereft of the last vestige of his charm, before we were permitted to leave the docks. Too abysmally weary to motor out to the new house on Long Island where Carl was expecting us, we went to the nearest Fifth Avenue hotel and into bed.

Early the next morning I telephoned Carl on Long Island. His voice held all the old zest. As if nothing had happened between us, as if no empty wastes, no bitter interludes lay between.

"Hurry out here, honey, I want to show you Montauk Point. I tell you it's going to be the most beautiful place in the whole world! Then I want to show you Port Washington and the new Purdy Boat Works. . . ."

XX. Montauk Point

CARL BEGAN Montauk during the dangerous excitement of the Florida boom.

He was as highly geared as the cars that raced on Speedway. Nothing could stop his planning and there was no limit to his dreams. Of the three thousand lots he had developed at Miami Beach, only a couple of hundred remained unsold. Miami Beach was to him a finished dream.

Jackie and I drove to Long Island. I knew, despite Carl's eagerness, that I didn't matter too much to him. He wanted me around, but he was launched on other plans that went beyond all human ties. He had built Miami Beach on a swamp and saved it from the land sharks and in the very crisis of its boom; he had begun pouring millions into Montauk Point on Long Island, another sandy peninsula that he had determined must be, as Miami Beach had become to the South, the playground supreme of the North.

"I'm going to bring the entire Miami Beach organization north and duplicate everything—going to have a Star Island with a yacht club, and anyone who is a member of it will automatically become a member of the southern yacht club. Same with Howard Coffin's Sappelo Island Club—he's joining up with me," Carl enthusiastically explained.

He showed me the small Port Washington development on the Sound where he had erected docks and a boat yard for Ned Purdy to build speed boats and more *Shadows*. He had rebuilt an old house for his office, so that people interested in Montauk could easily come out from New York. There were to be homes for Bob Tyndall and Art Reed and other employees. He planned to sell the rest of the lots.