

an idea to add excitement or beauty to the lives of his fellow men.

His plans for Miami Beach never ended. He loved cays and peninsulas and islands because of their intimacy with the water. He planned ways of developing these sea spots and linking them to the mainland.

He organized a boat line between Miami Beach and Havana at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars. But who, in those days, cared to visit Havana? A few years later, after Carl had lost his boat line and ferrying over to Cuba became popular, others picked up Carl's idea and made it a success.

He planned to bridge the Biscayne Bay channel. He wanted to make Terminal Island accessible to Miami Beach. I think in his imagination he changed all the remote little islands and cays along the Florida coast into fascinating winter resorts.

At one time he leased Soldier Cay, about three miles south of Miami Beach, from the government and built a home and dock on it. This represented an investment of about twenty-five thousand dollars.

Miami Beach was getting too crowded, he said, in the days when the city was beginning to boom, and he wanted a hideaway where he could rest and dream in the sun.

The government auctioned off the Cay. Another man, knowing of the impending auction, sent in a higher bid and was awarded the island. The government gave Carl permission to remove his house and dock. The new owner sent Carl word he would pay him three thousand dollars for his property. Carl did not even bother to reply. He boated over to Soldier Cay with a load of dynamite and blew up the dock and the house.

At another time, he tried to buy Cat Cay, but this plan fell through.

Key West, Key Largo and even Mexico were locales for Carl's plans for the future.

Even after the failure of Montauk, he continued to make plans. He returned to Miami Beach and there, with much of his fortune gone, he showed me the blueprints for a fishing resort he planned to build on one of the Florida cays. It would

be, Carl said, a haven for fishermen only, where deep-sea enthusiasts could meet for the winter's fishing. It would be rugged and rustic, a paradise for sportsmen.

Some time, in places on this earth now barren, I am certain that every one of Carl's dreams will be salvaged and be made to come alive.