

papers were carrying advertisements with the slogan, "Miami Beach in Winter, Montauk in Summer." Carl was again following the old pattern of his bicycle, automobile and Speedway days. Eight hundred men were working every day. By the end of May, Carl had organized the Montauk Development Company. Miles of good roads were being built. Electric light plants, water mains, huge nurseries for growing shrubs and trees to be used later to beautify the property were established, with Fred Hoerger in charge. Speed and more speed, the same old Miami Beach haste was driving everyone connected with Montauk Point. An anthill could not have been busier. Carl rushed from the Port Washington development to Montauk, and vice versa. When he was in one place he wanted to be in the other, and his restless, driving haste was transmitted to everyone.

Homes were started and the ground was broken for Carl's house. Situated on a fifteen-acre tract, it was to have a Mount Vernon-like view from its colonial porch. Bathing casino, cabanas, swimming pool, ocean board-walk, hotels, apartment houses, laundry, churches, schools, a business block—nothing was overlooked. There was no end to Carl Fisher's plans.

His friends, many of whom had shared his first enthusiasm for Miami Beach, argued against Montauk Point. Jack LaGorce told me he never saw Carl as angry as the day he tried to persuade him to give up his Long Island phantasy.

Jack asked Carl, "Why do you want to make more money? You have more than you need now. Why can't you take things easy?"

And Carl, Jack said, turned on him with black fire in his narrowed eyes. "Damn your soul, who said I'm building Montauk for money? What the hell do I care about money! Miami Beach is finished and there's nothing left for me to do there but sit around in white pants looking pretty like the rest of you goddamn winter loafers." Then Carl stopped suddenly, and when he spoke again it was almost plaintively, as I have heard him speak so many times. "Hell, Jack, I've got to build something. I just have to see the dirt fly."

He had built the new house on Long Island with the inten-