

sweeping the boom to Montauk as he previously had to Miami Beach.

Was it a thirst for power? Was it that hungry urge for greater achievement that would drive Carl Fisher, like his favorite character, Napoleon, on to his doom? Forever that dynamic driving force, that never-ending desire to conquer ruthlessly! Always there was the dream to do something bigger, and the idea of making Montauk Point an ocean port dominated.

It was land he had to dominate, not men—he wanted to fit it to their needs. Ten thousand acres of land, nine miles of water front—three times the area of Miami Beach, but no one could hazard how many times as much money to complete it.

Stories reached me of Carl's activities in Montauk. They were reminiscent of our earlier days together at Blossom Heath. He had not lost his love for animals. Friends still sent him pets from all over the world.

W. K. Vanderbilt cabled Carl from the Dutch East Indies: "Am sending you honey bear, seal and boa constrictor." Carl wired back: "Send honey bear and seal but keep boa constrictor. I can see one of those any day with a two-dollar bottle of gin." Let me add that Carl never drank gin.

The seal and the bear arrived. The pool for the seal and the cage for the bear were too near the cafeteria to suit Caleb Bragg, who said flies went from the honey bear to his sandwich. That bear, he insisted, had to be moved. Carl paid not the slightest attention—he liked to watch the bear go through his amusing antics each morning. Finally, in desperation, Bragg appealed to Tom Ringwood: "If you'll keep your mouth shut, I'll have that bear moved. I'm going duck shooting tomorrow with the Board of Health Inspector. I'll have him make an inspection and condemn that bear cage." The cage and the bear were moved.

In laying out the residential lots of Montauk, Carl thought of every possible restriction. No cows—no horses—no chickens—no goats—no live stock of any kind. The first thing he did on his own acres was to build a stable and put four horses in it, with the resultant inevitable manure pile near by. When his

attention was called to this breaking of restrictions, he testily said: "It's up to you fellows to straighten this thing out—I'm not going way down to the polo barns every time I want to ride a pony." Tom Ringwood had to get waivers from every one of the ten or more families owning property in that section to permit Carl to have a stableful of horses—and break his own restrictions!

When village residents visited Carl for a donation to their church he replied. "No, I won't donate a cent. I'll build you a new church, the prettiest God damned church on Long Island." Today a white spired Congregational Church stands in mute testimony of Carl Fisher's generosity even as the "gee-dee" Church on Lincoln Road in Miami Beach, the second Community Church that owes its existence to Carl Fisher, who never belonged to any church.

I did not share all of the Montauk drama with Carl. On that morning after I returned from Europe when he had so enthusiastically welcomed me home, I drove out on Long Island to his new home. Galloway was smiling in the doorway, but Carl was not waiting outside the house to welcome us as I had dared to hope.

He was in his bed upstairs. Hugh had told me the truth, I could see, and Carl was drinking too much. And now, I thought, when he needed all his judgment and strength to meet this tremendous project at Montauk Point!

He greeted me with enthusiasm. "Hell, honey, but it's good to have you home."

I knelt down beside the bed. I talked with him, pleading for the first time. "Will you go away with me, dear? Just for a year? Just so we can be together again?"

He stumbled over his answer. "God almighty, honey, I can't do that. I've got too much on my mind."

"Six months, Carl?"

I knew I was pleading foolishly. There were too many new interests, too many people between us. Finally Carl spoke. "Whoever heard of a woman asking a man to leave his business for six months!"