

me, and the strains of "Margie" and other hit tunes of the time swept from our terrace down to the delighted ears of listening Miami Beach.

Carl was amazed to see the Whiteman band.

"What's he charging you, Jane?" Carl asked me.

"Why, he didn't say," I answered, beginning to worry a little. "He just telephoned and asked to come to the party and when I said of course he was invited he came with his entire band."

"Good God!" said Carl slowly. "Paul Whiteman is the highest-priced bandleader in the world."

Later I saw Carl trying to press a five-thousand-dollar check on Paul Whiteman. Paul tore it up, protesting, "I'm playing for Jane and not for your money." They almost had a scuffle about it. "I'm having as much fun as you are," Paul said indignantly.

Long after the other guests had departed, the Whiteman band played on; and on the terrace Mary Garden, Gene Tunney, Dudley Field Malone and I danced under the stars. Carl, Jack LaGorce, Bernard Gimbel and Father Duffy, the beloved chaplain of New York's famous 69th Regiment, oblivious to all music save their own, sang "Sweet Adeline" and other nostalgic favorites until dawn—probably the worst-sounding quartet of all time.

When he left, Carl gave me a bear's hug. "Honey, that was the nicest party we ever gave." I saw the clever eyes of Dudley Malone fixed upon us, weary but sharp with bewilderment. Dudley was the world's leading divorce specialist, but he had never seen a pair who behaved like Carl and me.

Dudley had, in fact, come to Miami Beach to arrange our divorce. For it had come to that between us.

I had told Carl at last: "I've made up my mind, darling I'm going to be married."

Carl lit a cigar, and he took time about it. "That young college fellow I've been hearing about, Jane?"

I told him yes, and he flared up. "Then why in hell don't I meet him? Goddammit, Jane, I'll be damned if I'll let you marry some stranger. You bring him down here—I'll pay all his expenses—and I'll let you know if he's any good."

I long-distanced Bob Johnson, whom I had met on the boat

returning from Europe. He was gay, untroubled and very young.

The morning he arrived Carl came over. The three of us had breakfast together, and later lunch. Carl stayed on with us through the afternoon. Over highballs, Carl cross-examined Bob as to his ultimate purposes and innermost desires, and wound up by giving him a detailed account of my faults and virtues.

"You're going to have trouble with her, my boy," Carl warned Bob, while I wriggled with discomfort. "Jane's hard to handle, but hell dammit, you can't help loving her."

And he told Bob, "You'll like the house I'm building for Jane at Montauk. I can't let her get too far away."

I knew then that Carl approved of Bob. As for Bob, he thought Carl was wonderful.

When Carl pried himself out of his chair at six o'clock, he said to me: "See here, Jane, why don't you take Bob for a moonlight cruise on the *Shadow* J?"

He walked between us down the long walk that led from the Flamingo Hotel to the yacht landing. When Bob and I went aboard we found Carl had ordered dinner for two, and in the dining salon champagne was chilling in a silver bucket. On the table were my favorite American beauty roses.

Carl stood on the dock alone in the dusk watching the *Shadow J* put out over Biscayne Bay. From the deck we watched him. As long as we could see him he was standing alone under the palms, looking after us and waving that old slouch hat.

On the deck of the *Shadow J* I threw myself into the arms of the man I intended to marry. I was sobbing so Bob could hardly make out my words: "There never was, there never will be, another man like Carl."