

came its proud owner. Once Gar Wood said of Carl that he did more for the refining and developing of motor boats than anyone in the business.

Even in a sport he loved so passionately, Carl avoided public attention. At Key West, though it was he who had raced to victory, he made me accept the silver cup.

At one yacht club banquet the officiating commodore gave fulsome praise to Carl's work in behalf of motor boating. Then, turning to Carl, he wound up his oration. "Would you not like to say a few words, Mr. Fisher?" Planted in his chair, Carl replied firmly, "I would not."

At another yacht-club celebration when after-dinner speakers talked lengthily of Miami Beach as "Fisher's dream," Carl was heard to mutter, "Wasn't any goddamn dream at all! I could just as easily have started a cattle ranch."

All our doings were as exciting as the races we followed. The boats and cars, the new highways, polo, swimming, tennis and golf were crowding upon our lives. And on Carl's, in ways I could not know, were pressing the many business responsibilities and financial demands. We were living at highest tension, driving at headlong speed, and exhilarated every mile along the way.

XVI. Midas Touch

WE HAD EVERYTHING. The world was not only at our door, it was in our home, and we loved having it there. The Shadows was the most lived-in of all the twenty six houses Carl and I shared through the years. At least three of these were always kept ready for immediate occupancy.

Now that Miami Beach was a success, it seemed that everyone in the world came there and that all who came visited The Shadows. There were wonderful Sunday evenings around the great coral-rock fireplaces. Sunday nights were open house with fruit punch and sandwiches, and famous musicians playing the piano or the pipe organ under the curving stairs while everybody sang. Wild parties with hard liquor had not yet begun in America, nor in Miami Beach.

Entertaining was continual. Women began wearing décolletage at dinner and the men formal attire, but no matter how soignée the rest of us became, Carl remained Carl. Perhaps he had played tennis that afternoon; if so, he greeted our guests wearing his tennis shirt tied by its sleeves around his throat and on his feet tennis shoes that had once been white.

There were unforgettable evenings. There was the night the Fisk Jubilee Singers sang their poignant Negro spirituals from the stair landing over the organ. I remember Jascha Heifetz playing the pipe organ (not the violin); Madam Sembrich singing; Irving Berlin at the piano, playing and singing melodies yet unpublished that would become part of American song.

Among those early guests I remember artist Neysa McMean, with the slanted turquoise eyes and gifted hands, Jack LaGorce, Marc Connolly, Senator Coleman DuPont, Will Hays, Bob Tyn dall, the champion tennis players, Charlie Trask and Johnny Hennessy, the John Hannans, the Julius Fleischmanns, Grant-