

low the dark lenses as Carl muttered, "Thanks, Father. Hell's bells, thanks!"

Carl saw the motion picture "Boys Town" with Father Barry. He told me both of them seemed to be having trouble with their glasses through its showing, for they had to wipe them so often. On their way home with the ice cream, Carl remarked, "Damn fine picture, wasn't it?" That was all.

But the next morning Father Barry's telephone rang, and Carl's voice came over the wire. His words were clipped. "How do you want this deed made out, Father?"

"What deed, Carl?"

"Why, I started the Key Largo Club down on the bay and I don't think it will pay. If it ever fails I want it turned over to St. Patrick's Church so that you can have it for a boy's school."

He continued to be generous even when he could not afford it. His kindness had become traditional. The vast fortune had melted, but he would give as long as he had anything to share. "I hate hoarding," he used to say. He had never wanted to leave a great fortune. He was to have this wish, at least.

I remember in 1928 when Sergeant Alvin York, "bravest hero of the A.E.F." in World War I, was trying to raise funds for a school in his native Tennessee and came to Miami Beach, Carl gave him ten thousand dollars.

A college for colored girls in the South burned. Was it out of loyalty to his still faithful Galloway that Carl could never say no to a Negro need? Carl wired from Miami Beach: "Rebuild college at my expense."

The fact that Carl was not religious did not interfere with the friendship between Father Barry and himself. Once after Carl had an unusually severe attack of illness, Father Barry brought a Bible and another book, *The Testimony of Christ*, to Carl's bedside.

As Father Barry tells the story, he laid the books on the table and said, "Carl, there is a present for you."

Carl looked suspiciously at the package. He guessed it contained a Bible.

"Now, Father Barry, you know you have no business buying

me a present, and I won't accept it. You can't afford to buy me anything."

The next morning the books were returned with a note from Carl that the print was too fine for him to read, and anyway, he would not accept a present from the priest.

Father Barry took the books and went up to Carl's house again and laid them on the table. "Carl, I want you to read these books," he said. "Whether you think I can afford to give them to you or not makes no difference to me. I can spend five dollars in comparative to five hundred someone else could spend—it's all comparative anyway, and I want you to read these books. Here they are going to stay."

Carl raised up on one elbow, took off his horn-rimmed spectacles, rubbed his hand over his eyes and looked at his friend quizzically. "I'll join that darned church of yours yet; but I tell you the print in that Bible is too small and fine for me to read!"

At that moment the priest's glance happened to fall on a detective story lying on the table beside Carl's bed. He reached over and picked it up. "It certainly is too bad that a poor sick man's bad eyes cannot read the good black print on the best India paper of the Bible, yet they are able to read this poor print of a detective story—it does seem mighty strange."

Carl chuckled. "I knew there would be a comeback—you win!"

"That makes no difference to me personally; but Carl, when one is ill, we do not think of dying, but we think of death as it might come to someone else, and we think of going before the Almighty God with a humble heart and maybe He will look on us with a kinder and gentler face."

Carl's stubborn mood had changed and the tears began to trickle down his face, and for a moment Father Barry felt sad to have caused him the slightest bit of additional suffering.

But Carl suddenly became happy; he began to chuckle, and his shoulders shook in that way we all knew so well. He never would laugh out loud—but he shook his shoulders and laughed with them.