

about him, were there. Without complaint, he moved into a small house on a side street.

Gallantly he explained his desertion of the big house. "Hell, it was too far for me to walk to the front door."

The loyal old-timers came to the small house as they had to the others—Jack LaGorce, Frank "Catfish" Katzentine, John Levi, Pete Chase, Bob Tyndall and Fred Humpage. There, too, came Father Barry, an Irish Catholic priest and a newcomer to Miami Beach.

Carl and Father Barry became close friends. They liked prize fights, motion pictures and each other. They would spend the evening at a movie or boxing match, and stop on their way home for a quart of ice cream to be eaten in Carl's house. Father Barry urged ice cream upon Carl as a sweet substitute for scotch. Over it they chatted and planned, for Carl still had plans.

One plan concerned the carillon. Several Easters before, on a visit to Cuba, Carl had been held spellbound in a native street by the sound of church bells playing a tune of heavenly sweetness.

Returning to Miami Beach, Carl had ordered a carillon. He intended building a tower to hold the bells, but by the time the bells arrived, Carl had not the money left with which to build a tower.

Carl presented the carillon to Father Barry. "Hope I live to hear them ring, if only once," he said.

Father Barry made his own private plans. He began building a carillon tower that would serve as a memorial to the donor of the bells while Carl was still alive. Father Barry rushed this campanile to its completion. Carl knew nothing of the tower's building.

Carl was walking with Jack LaGorce over the greens of the Nautilus polo field that had once been Carl's when the golden-voiced bells first rang over Miami Beach. As the first clear notes of the carillon sounded, Carl stood listening with his head lifted as if the music came from the skies. Then he hurried to St. Patrick's Church to speak to Father Barry.

Carl was wearing dark glasses that day. Tears ran down be-