

moving, in one of Carl's offices alone almost twenty-three million dollars' worth of property sold in a single year, nearly all in single lots!

The millionaires who bought gave the more moderate buyers a feeling of security. Families of great fortune bought large estates and built their winter palaces by the sea. These great show places nearly hidden by palms became known as "the mansions of the kings." Julius Fleischmann, the yeast king; Harvey Firestone, the tire king; John Hanan, the shoe king; James Hastings Snowden, the oil king; Gar Wood, the speedboat king; John Collins, the avocado king—all these had homes near the water.

Men on sightseeing buses shouted through megaphones the names of the owners of the great show places. Once I heard one of them calling to his load of tourists, "This is the home of Carl G. Fisher, the Prest-O-Lite king. Mr. Fisher is very well to do, and also very hard to do."

We found ourselves publicized as the "king and queen" of Miami Beach. Nothing annoyed Carl more. He hated personal publicity. The only publicity he wanted was for the new city. As the big properties began to sell, his publicity campaign soared and he provided newspapers with headlines: "One hundred and seventy thousand dollar cash price paid today for Miami Beach property." "Northern capitalists invest big sums." "Large hotel to be opened New Year's."

Miami Beach was news. Carl was news. Newspaper reporters and magazine writers came down on assignment to interview "the king" of Miami Beach. Carl was amiable but evasive. He was exceedingly difficult to interview.

One reporter wrote of him at this time: "Unlike most promoters, he stands in the background rather than in the calcium beam he creates. He stands in the shadows of his achievements."

Another asked: "Do you attribute your great fortune to luck, Mr. Fisher?" Carl answered seriously, "Yes, I do." Then he amended, "A great deal of it has to be luck, but you have to know what you are doing besides." And he would point back to that lost half-hour when he met the little old man carrying the tank from his shop that, had it been carried out that day,