

Prospective buyers were rare indeed, and the ones who came up to Carl's standards for future citizens of Miami Beach were rarer still.

But Miami Beach was developing into all he had pictured on the first flamboyant posters. In 1915 Miami Beach became a town with thirty-three voters; between that date and 1920 Carl built his playground.

The magnificent yacht basin that had been created when the sand was pumped from the bottom of Biscayne Bay at last came into its own. Carl was essentially a sportsman. Having raced bicycles, automobiles and balloons, he now turned with enthusiasm to speedboat racing. In 1915, he staged the first of the yachting regattas on the Flamingo course. Other sports followed.

With his uncanny knack for recognizing future trends, Carl saw the popularity of golf. Before Miami Beach had a name, he was building golf courses which he insisted would be "the finest in the world." Carl was enthusiastic about tennis, polo, swimming and boats. He never liked golf because he always said, "If I hit a good ball I can't see it and if I hit a bad one, I don't want to see it." For publicity he and Dan Mahoney had a picture made on the golf links but I doubt if Carl Fisher ever swung a club on a single one of the three golf courses he built.

Polo was another game he gave his play city. He invited the leading polo players of the world to bring their strings to Miami Beach, even before he had fields for them to play on or stables to house their ponies. Robert S. Bullock, who handled the Talbot ponies at Dayton, Ohio, said he would like to come down and play, but there were no stables. Carl wired back, "Come down and bring your ponies. I'll have stables ready within eighteen days."

In 1918, the first shipment of polo ponies was paraded like a circus across Collins Bridge.

Carl bought his own first string of polo ponies at this time, and learned the game and loved it. His favorite pony, Jerry, almost became a Fisher trademark. On Jerry he toured the building areas, watching the work as the city grew. Old Jerry had the habit of stopping at unexpected moments, seemingly to recharge

his vitality by pumping his tail up and down.

Another member of our animal family that pioneered Miami Beach was Rosie. I never did know why Carl named the little elephant Rosie. She was sent me by Ed Ballard, and she arrived the same day Maurice Heckscher sent me an Irish wolfhound, nine feet nine inches from tail to nose, "the largest dog in the world." We already had three dogs, including the notable Rowdy.

Rosie became a nationally known figure. She pulled up trees and made herself useful generally. She caddied for the notables who came to play the new courses, and later carried the golf clubs of President Harding, thus getting into all the newsreels—with added publicity for Miami Beach!

Carl thought Rosie needed a trainer, although she seemed happy in the companionship of Yarnell, one of the colored workmen. With the usual amount of ballyhoo and expense, Carl sent to the Orient for a Singalese elephant trainer. When he arrived in New York, he was held at Ellis Island, and only after a titanic struggle between Carl and the immigration authorities, was he permitted to enter the United States. He got as far as Washington, where he fell ill and had to remain in a hospital for two months. When he did at last arrive at Miami Beach, Rosie took an instant dislike to him—the first she had ever shown toward anyone. She chased him up the newly built water tank and tried to shake it and the new trainer to the ground.

The Singalese was returned, still at great expense, to the Orient.

With everyone else Rosie was unfailingly good-tempered. She followed Yarnell through the streets like a dog, and she adored children. Carl had a gaily painted high-wheeled cart made for her, and brightly colored headbands and fly nets. Mornings, Rosie made the rounds of the Beach and took the children riding.

After Carl built the first carline, he was looking out of his office window one day when he saw Rosie ambling along the tracks after Yarnell. The streetcar stopped, and Yarnell and Rosie stopped. Rosie, bored with inaction, stuck her trunk through the streetcar window and into the pocket of a passenger