

secretary, my own speedboat and yacht and stable. Carl had built a bridle path for me under the Australian pines. I had only to wish—and whatever it was, it was there.

Everything but jewels. It rankled that Carl never gave me jewelry, as the other Miami Beach millionaires did their wives. From the beginning, he had told me the only jewels a woman needed were clean hair, sun-scrubbed appearance and sparkling teeth. Later I learned he did not want me to wear gems because of the very real danger of thieves.

He was as kind as he was generous, too generous at times. His largesse knew no bounds. He would give away anything he owned that a friend chanced to admire. He gave away our furniture—even our rugs. Once I returned to The Shadows to discover Carl in my wardrobe lavishing armfuls of my finest French dresses on a group of giggling girl visitors.

He was as indiscriminate about those he gave to, as he was about his choice of gifts. And he never could buy just one of anything, not even in gifts. Once he gave his mother, a woman friend and myself all identical sealskin coats.

We had so much to give away. We had been married twelve years, and during that time Carl's Midas touch had turned to gold all that surrounded us.

We had everything—except the thing we wanted most—a son.

## XVII. So Much of Change

THE HARD-SPENDING and hard-drinking 'twenties began that were to lead to the Florida boom. Carl and I were seeing too little of each other, for business and social demands came between us. Many mornings I woke in my room in The Shadows overlooking the sea, to find that Carl had not come upstairs. I would go down and find him lying on the rug beside Rowdy, staring into the dead ashes of the fire. Lost to the need of sleep, he had been planning, working, building in his mind the night through. I understand that now. I didn't then.

While Carl might show weariness, it never seemed to depress him. I don't think I ever saw him in a gloomy frame of mind. Once during this time, we were in Indianapolis when he came home from the office in a sober mood. "Jane, tomorrow I want you to go out to Crown Hill cemetery and select a lot. I'm going to build a mausoleum. Everybody should have a place ready. . . ."

I had never thought of any person I loved not living forever. Particularly Carl, who was so strong and so much a master of life. His words frightened me. But I drove to the cemetery and bought a lot on a little hill.

Within the week, Carl had readied the blueprints and started the mausoleum. It was almost as if he had some premonition of impending loss, for only a few months later the ashes of his brother Earle were laid in that crypt and, not long after, his brother Rolly.

Birth and death—how swiftly every crisis in our lives followed