

"Thought I'd show you sun-blistered rod and reels how to fish in comfort," he called down to them blandly. They got even with him on a trip through the Everglades. The *Shadow* was pushing through water covered with blue hyacinths that wound around the wheel and stopped the boat, and the boys took turns diving overboard to cut away the water plants. Carl, sleeping on the deck, did not see two Everglade Indians row past in a canoe laden with snake and alligator skins. When he woke, Jess told him it was his turn to dive overboard and clear the wheel. Carl stripped and dived. A minute later his frantic shouts shattered the quiet of the jungle. "Help, help! An alligator's got me!"

Carl was lunging about in an apparent death struggle against an unseen monster. Percy Cavill, the Australian swimmer who was teaching us the new Australian crawl at the Roman pools, had swum alongside him under water propelling the stuffed alligator they had bought. When Carl, pale with excitement of his "escape," clambered onto the deck, he found the others holding their stomachs and rocking with an anguish of laughter. At home or away from home, I took my social responsibilities seriously as the "queen of Miami Beach." Sometimes when my ambitions seemed too overpowering, Carl would look over his glasses at me and remark, "Keep your tail over the dashboard, honey."

Whatever was new, was mine. I had the first Irene Castle bob south of the Mason-Dixon Line, wore the first hipstick—specially, the first knee-high skirt, the first pajamas. Carl usually regarded my vagaries with a kindly air. That was the time I visited Mrs. John Hanan at Narragansett Pier and she gave a Hawaiian ball. "Aloha Oe" and ukuleles had just struck the country with tropical violence. I designed a hula skirt of two hundred and fifty many-colored velvet ribbons. There was a bodice of the woven ribbons and the skirt itself came to my ankles. Not an inch of me showed from throat to feet. It was as demure a costume as can be imagined. With this costume, I brought along red slippers which I intended to wear with flower anklets. But Mrs. Hanan,