

"Good-bye, honey. I'll have the house at Montauk and the house in Miami Beach ready for you when you come back in the spring."

Galloway was waiting downstairs to say good-bye. He had put on a pair of Carl's dark glasses, but behind them I knew were red-rimmed eyes that had seen so long and so deeply into our lives. Galloway had been with Carl thirty years.

Jackie's voice wailed out as we were leaving. "Isn't Daddy Fisher going to be my daddy any more?"

Through Dudley Field Malone's expert mechanisms, Carl smoothed my way to an easy divorce in Paris. Afterward I had a cable from Carl wishing me happiness. He was better, he said, and was back in Miami Beach looking after his affairs there. He cabled money too. It was a honeymoon gift, he explained. On the September morning in 1926 when I was to marry Bob Johnson, the Paris edition of the *Herald-Tribune* arrived on my breakfast tray, and in it I read:

"South Florida Wiped Out by Hurricane. Where Miami Beach Was Is Now a Sandy Waste."

I read on through the long, incredible report. According to the cabled news, the fabulous city of Miami Beach had been swept into the sea in the most terrible storm in history. Thousands of people were dead.

I tried to radio Carl, but no radiograms could get through to Miami Beach. Our city—if our city remained—was cut off from the world.

It occurred to me as, with ice-cold hands, I tried to hook myself into the blue velvet wedding dress that with Carl's fortunes, my own fortune would be swept away. Bob had just graduated from Princeton and had no prospects so far of a job and, apart from the honeymoon money Carl had cabled me a few days before, we had little money.

I remember how silver-bright the moon lay over sleeping Italian villages, how purely silhouetted the road shrines and the churches were against the Italian sky, and how Bob lay with his boyish, engaging smile unraised even in sleep. These I memorized, lifting the shade of our compartment window on