

a hospital." Now he was there each week as a patient.

I knew Carl's strange terror of death. A year after our divorce his mother died and he came to me and asked me to accompany him with her body to Indianapolis. Mother Fisher was put to rest in the mausoleum in Crown Hill cemetery beside our baby and Carl's two brothers.

He had built a school in Miami Beach in memory of his mother and named it as a memorial to her. It is the only public building in the city bearing the Fisher name. I once called Carl's attention to the fact that the wrong initial had been used, and the building was the Ida M. Fisher School. Carl's mother was Ida Graham Fisher.

"What the hell is the difference?" Carl had answered, but so gently the words did not sound like swearing.

Worldly honor was without meaning to Carl. The working and building and dreaming were the only values. Even now he still longed to work and build—he still dreamed.

But the power was drained from him. Against growing illness and financial worries, he was trying to continue the redemption of Montauk. He would fight down pain, rise from his bed, go to his office and struggle to carry on.

A man old and ill is easily forgotten when his fortune dwindles. The Committee of 100 was holding its meeting at the Surf Club. Standing in a corner all alone was Carl Fisher, founder of the Committee of 100. It was the year before he died. Few recognized him because, due to his illness, he seldom went out. One man who brushed casually past him, a former salesman for the Fisher organization, knew him not, yet his fortune had been made through Carl. When Carl was finally recognized, he was quickly seated at the speaker's table, but those who saw that lonely figure that night at the Surf Club will never forget their chagrin over the unfortunate mistake.

I heard that he was gravely ill and wrote him from my home, Sobre Mundo, in the Catskills, that I had bought from Galligurci. Carl's answer, in a shaky hand, held a sure knowledge of his condition. The gay whimsy in his words were sheer courage—the courage of Carl who had never been afraid to push down for extra speed on the turn:

Hoop La Goddam!—Dear Jane:

There isn't anything you can do for the liver. If it was any other part of the body, your soul or your gizzard, God and the doctors might do something to help. Thanks for your interest. Don't ever trade a good liver for even the soul of a saint. I have felt very good in these last three weeks, as compared with the hell of the previous seven months. I do everything the doctors advise me not to do! I eat everything they advise me not to eat! I frequently work seven or eight hours a day—but I am not playing tennis yet! I have transferred twenty pounds from my neck and shoulders to my abdomen. I go to the hospital once a week and get tapped for twenty pounds of fluid. So now you have the "low-down." A hurricane warning is out today. If it is going to blow, then, hell, I am glad I am here to see it. I am sorry I won't get a chance to see Jack.

Love, Carl.

P.S. I know there are a lot of reports circulating that I am dying and that I am already dead and buried.

In the spring of 1939, I went to see Carl in the little house on Fifty-First Street that faced the LaGorce golf course in Miami Beach. He was in bed. His once powerful body was misshapen under the covers and his once always-smiling face was wreathed with suffering. The dimples that had been his insignia of determination, as well as of laughter, had become lines of pain. But when he smiled he seemed so touchingly young. In such moments, he was again the gay and powerful young Carl by whose side I had driven so many thousands of miles.

On a table level with his eyes a pair of red bedroom slippers sat side by side. They had been my Christmas gift to him the year before. They had not been worn.

Carl had been in one of his tantrums, the housekeeper told me, and for several days had been refusing to be bathed and attended to. As his wife I had resented Carl's tempers, but as a friend I understood. The poison seeping into his once vital body drove him into outbursts that made him lash out against whoever might be nearest to him in such moments. Added to this anguish was the humiliation of failure. Carl Fisher, the fabulous builder and master of men—whose motivated dreams