

upon returning to Miami Beach was to report to Carl. Once back from a season in Europe, I told him a faintly off-color story. He was infuriated. "Goddammit, Jane, I am surprised at you telling such a story. Must be you're not picking your friends too well. You never did know how to judge people." To such attacks, I had learned to answer placidly, "Yes, darling, I know." And Carl would subside, muttering something to the effect that he'd tell that husband of mine a thing or two when he saw him.

In turn, I scolded Carl for drinking. The doctors had told him what would happen if he continued drinking. Carl would listen meekly to my reproaches, agree with every word—and pour himself another drink. The truth was, he no longer wanted to stop. Alcohol made him forget that he, who for so long had been able to move mountains, was unable now to press back the cataclysm sweeping him on, through no fault of his own. The Montauk bondholders were nibbling away his once great fortune. Slice by slice, they were taking from him his last holdings in Miami Beach. Properties held for collateral were taken one by one—the polo fields, the LaGorce golf course, the valuable business lots on Lincoln Road. One after the other, the hotels were taken, even the glorious Flamingo, with its lighted crown and our flamingo murals on its walls.

Never did I admire Carl more than during these days when he was going down fighting. Never once did I hear him, nor did anyone else, complain or sound bitter. Carl took it for granted that the fair-weather thousands who once haunted his doors came no more. He was grateful for the loyal old-timers who stayed with him as he gradually wearied of the fighting and wearied of himself.

Surely for another man it would have been the last bitterness when, as collateral for bonds, Carl's great home on Biscayne Bay was taken from him. He had built this castle-like house with its private dock and tall tower from which he could look over the city he had raised from the bottom of the bay, and over flowering beauty, lush and many-colored, that delighted his dimming eyes. His books and paintings, all he liked to have