

Carl gave the land and fifty thousand dollars toward its building.

The famous baritone Reinald Werrenrath, was our guest at The Shadows soon after the church was built and accompanied me to service on Sunday. When I heard his glorious voice in solo accompanied by an off-pitch piano, I knew we needed a pipe organ. I set out the next morning to waylay Carl and all his business associates. Before night, nearly all the donations were in.

Carl chuckled when he heard the pipe organ was on its way. I heard him tell some of his friends, "Jane is one hell of a fast church worker."

He did not find much else to smile about these days. He was building a play city for people who would not come to play. He built such recreation centers as the thirty-five-thousand-dollar Casino with its Roman pools. This was his favorite meeting place with prospective customers, and though its official name was St. John's Casino, everyone always called it "Fisher's Casino."

Harry Stutts of "Stutts Bearcat" fame and his wife were being entertained by Carl at the Casino. Mrs. Stutts was short and plump and the men shied away from dancing with her. Gus Geiger was in the party. Carl turned to him and said, "Gus, go over and ask Mrs. Stutts to dance. I want her to have a good time so Harry will buy a chunk of property and build a house."

"All right, Mr. Fisher. I can dance with anyone," bragged Gus. But that was his most difficult assignment, for he couldn't even keep step with the lady.

Once Carl burst out: "All those people! All those boats—and no slips to hold them!"

I asked: "What are you talking about, dear? What boats and what people?"

He was impatient. "Everybody in the world will bring their yachts to Miami Beach. We have to build slips and yacht clubs. We already have the harbor."

While pumping the sand out of Biscayne Bay he had discovered that a deep channel made in the bay by the excavating provided a harbor two and a half miles long and half a mile wide. Now he spent two hundred thousand dollars building slips

big enough to hold all the yachts in the United States.

At a cost of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars he pumped up an island in Biscayne Bay and erected on it a monument in honor of Henry Flagler, pioneer railroad builder who first opened up Florida. He built another island out of bay bottom and called it Star Island; on that he built a yacht club. He planned regattas and fleets of boats of every kind for fishermen and sportsmen.

He was building a play city beyond any playlover's dreams; but because it was so fantastic and unreal, so newly risen from the jungle, people did not believe and did not buy.

All this time he was in daily touch with his other business affairs and the exciting events at Speedway. So many responsibilities were his, night and day. No wonder the nervous, swearing streaks grew stormier! I often felt myself forgotten—left behind in the pressure of affairs.

Carl's properties, the heart of Miami Beach, were unwanted. On one side were the Collins-Pancoast interests. On the southerly tip the Lummus brothers had been the first to do any filling in on the Beach. Their properties, too, were going begging. The entire extravagant project appeared to be doomed. John Collins was offering magnificent ocean frontages for eight hundred dollars. It grieved Carl to see this splendid, brave old man almost giving away land he had wrested with such courage from the wilderness.

The Lummus brothers in desperation began selling real estate through "Doc" Edward E. Dammers, a land auctioneer with the sales method of a big-tent barker. From his wagon, drawn by a mule and jostling with crockery and plated silver, glib-tongued Doc held auctions where buyers of lots drew grab tickets for prizes. From the wagon tailboard Doc, perspiring with the heat, dispensed choice Miami Beach lots with, according to his ads, "novelties in leather goods and sterling silver, imported and domestic clocks, field and opera glasses, gentlemen's and ladies' solid gold watches, valuable dinner sets . . . all valuable, no trash, and given away free!"

Carl scorned to offer plated tableware and flowered wash-