

for him a monument one mile high." From Captain Eddie Rickenbacker came the tribute: "His vision made the world a more beautiful place in which to live." And from his friend Governor James M. Cox of Ohio: "Carl Fisher was an amazing genius. He foresaw the inevitable development of great wealth in this country at the beginning of the twentieth century. While the general impression is that he sought to make Greater Miami a pleasure resort, he had the deeper purpose of creating the greatest human drydock in the world. He had the poetic sense in its broadest meaning. He could envision a picture as beautiful as poets ever described and artists painted—and then constructively built it. There never was a more interesting human being. Under an exterior often misunderstood, there was a heart of unmeasured kindness."

The front page of the *Miami Daily News* held a laurel wreath against a panorama of Miami Beach. It was captioned: "His monument was once a mangrove swamp."

Unmarked by his name, unmarked in the memory of those who accept as legacy all the things he built and gave so generously, are the highways and cities, the places retaining the imprint of his magic touch. His ashes lie in the family mausoleum in Indianapolis. He was the last member of his clan.

Under the palms at Miami Beach, erected by the citizens of the city, stands his sole memorial, the white cenotaph with the bronze bust of Carl. The dimpled, smiling face looks westward under the familiar battered hat. Under it are the words:

CARL GRAHAM FISHER—HE CARVED A GREAT CITY  
OUT OF A JUNGLE

He gave so much, far more than life offered him. His greatest privilege was that of pouring out his genius to create happiness and beauty for the lives of others. There was so much more to his life than the building of this city, that the guilt is always upon me, not alone for myself, but for all those who share what he has given. He gave beauty and success and greatness to many lives—and lost his own. What did life fail to offer Carl, who gave so much? How did we fail him, that he died sick of soul and discouraged?