

The apple blossoms were out and the pink and white petals fluttering down reminded us of that first springtime's blossoming at Miami Beach when the first butterfly swarms had swept down upon our newly grown paradise. Carl looked up into the fragile glory of the blossoms. "Didn't I tell you it would be pretty in the spring?"

We lingered a long time over breakfast, sometimes talking with the familiarity of long custom, and sometimes just enjoying the warm grace of the morning without speaking. Perfect companions, perfect friends. Finally Carl pulled out his watch, looked at it and heaved his thickening body out of the garden chair.

"Well, dammit, honey, I'm getting married at noon."

The new hotel, Montauk Manor, opened to inaugurate the greatest summer resort on the Atlantic coast. The Pennsylvania Railroad's president, General W. W. Atterbury, and George Le Boutellier, president of the Long Island Railroad, came on a special train. Again the Miami Beach scene was repeated. Speakers prated of the vision of Carl Fisher and compared him to Charles A. Lindbergh, whose transatlantic flight had recently soared him suddenly into the limelight. Fred Hoerger had been brought from Miami Beach and made general superintendent. Thomas E. Ringwood joined the staff as engineer.

With Miami Beach well on the road to recovery, Carl was again pouring borrowed millions into Montauk. Where would it all end?

"Carl," I asked one day, "when do you expect to stop? Will there ever be an end to all of this?"

He fingered the ash from his burned-out cigar as he answered: "Not until we get our ocean port. Say, did I tell you about the early Montauk settler, Austin Corbin, who was president of the Long Island Railroad in 1881, when they called it 'two streaks of rust and a right of way'? Well, Corbin was the first one to plan on a shorter route to Europe with Montauk as a port. He was a wise old man—he saw the possibilities of Montauk as a summer resort too. He was killed when his team ran away and threw him out of his carriage. Well, I've decided to carry on

where he left off. Some day Montauk will be the greatest port in the world. You'll see all the big ocean liners coming in here. George Le Boutellier is all for it too—look at the business his railroad will get."

Flickering his ash he pondered a moment. "Sometimes I wonder if the landing of ocean steamers will commercialize Montauk," he went on. "But it will save a day in to New York. That would be a tremendous thing!"

"There was no use. His enthusiasm was at high fever pitch.

"Let's go over and see my new office. Here are the blueprints." He began unrolling the familiar white-lined sheets of blue papers. "And right here will the enclosed tennis court—not far from the hotel. This is the business section—stores and moving picture theater. We got a break with the golf course—no turf will have to be made; the sheep have been doing that for years. Say, I bought a new batch of fine sheep. They arrived today complete with shepherd and sheep dog. They look so pretty grazing over the hills and sand dunes."

That old light I knew so well was flaming in Carl's eyes, his mind filled with plans clamoring to be done. I had seen this happen before. I had watched the many fantastic ideas mature after a quick birth, but now I was seeing them as a spectator from the side-lines.

Carl lit up his cigar again. He was in a talkative mood, so I listened as he regaled me with the many wonders of his latest toy.

"Why, Jane, Montauk is a wonderful place. Statistics prove it to be cooler in summer and warmer in winter than any other place on Long Island—less rain, too, and more sunshine."

"Seems to me there's an awful lot of wind," I ventured contrarily, "and fog too."

"Sure, I know how you hate them both, and I know the season is short, but we'll put on an advertising campaign to lengthen the Miami Beach season so by June they'll all be glad to get to Montauk and some cool breezes."

Shading his eyes, he looked toward the water. "Did I tell you Fred Britten is going to get deep-draft naval boats in to Fort Pond Bay? Guess old Congress'll see Montauk will be all right