

Without questioning the authenticity of the report, Carl put in to shore. He telephoned long distance the men in charge of the development at Montauk and ordered them to stop all work on the new city.

I have been told that when he first heard of the disaster at Miami Beach, Carl said, "Hell, if it's going to cost me anything I'm sorry I didn't see the show." It almost cost him everything. That message from the frightened salesman and Carl's unhesitating acceptance of it marked one of the greatest errors of his life. All work stopped on Montauk. The thousands of workmen dropped their tools and stopped the dredges. Carl hurried back to Miami Beach to throw everything he possessed into the salvaging of the Florida city. Montauk would be sacrificed that Miami Beach might be saved.

If his dream city had vanished in the storm, as he believed was it not through some fault in his building? Many people had questioned the wisdom of his constructing a city upon sand. Our Wood, the speedboat king, when he came to Miami Beach, had refused to build a home there until means had been worked out for building foundations of creosoted cypress piles sunk into cement foundations. And when Carl returned to the ruined city, he found that such solidly built structures as Gar Wood's home had survived the greatest hurricane in history.

The entire world had been moved to pity by the disaster. It was America's greatest catastrophe since the San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906. Donations came from all over the world. Presidents, kings and queens of nearly every country sent help to Florida. Donations of over three million dollars were made to the Red Cross for Florida relief. William Randolph Hearst gave the first ten thousand dollars, and his Chicago newspaper, the *Herald Examiner*, sent a special train with one hundred physicians, engineers and nurses. Carl's friend, President Machado, sent the gunboat *Cuba* from Havana staffed with doctors and nurses.

Miami Beach was placed under martial law. National Guardsmen patrolled the debris-strewn city. Hundreds of plumbers volunteered to seal broken waterpipes and sewers. Citizens, most

of them wearing bathing suits, helped dig their city out from under the sand. Hotels were opened to those whose homes were gone. The American Red Cross fed the hungry. In the Miami area one hundred and thirteen bodies were found in the ruins. Eight hundred and fifty-four victims were hospitalized. Ninety vessels had been sunk in the Miami River where they had taken shelter and forty-nine in Biscayne Bay. Our lovely beach was strewn with the wreckage of boats.

The building loss in the Miami area was estimated at twenty millions. Almost every house in Miami had some damage done to it. But Carl's hotels and houses, their floors deep in sand and their lower stories water-stained, still stood, despite the battering of the storm.

Joseph W. Young, the eccentric millionaire builder of the suburban success, Hollywood-by-the-Sea, chartered a special train in New York and made a record thirty-one-hour run in order to bring such old-timers as Mayor Ed Romfh, Jim Allison, John Levi, Frank Shutts and Jess Andrew back from their summer vacations to aid in the rescue work. It was a sad reunion of the old-timers who had built this ravaged city. One of the greatest projects of our era had been shattered. Forty-seven thousand people were homeless.

The "gee-dee church," as it has always been lovingly called, set up a bureau for lost children where babies were cared for until they could be restored to their mothers, and where orphans of the storm were given shelter.

Carl faced a decision which, being Carl, was to him no decision at all. On one hand, lay the need to rebuild his devastated dream city. On the other, the necessity to continue the building of rapidly growing Montauk. There was no question in his mind which was right. He would sink everything in rehabilitating Miami Beach, rather than play safe at Montauk.

Everything he owned was tossed into the gamble of rebuilding not only a city, but the land values of that city.

The land itself was sound. Carl was jubilant over the fact that after the wreckage and water-soaked debris were cleared away, the real devastation proved to be only among the shoddy build-