

habit grew until every other word was an oath. He flew into quick rages that were as instantly forgotten. "Nerve tension," his trouble would be called now. Galloway liked to recall the time Carl came into the kitchen of The Shadows in an amiable mood, saw an immense T-bone steak lying on the kitchen table, and flashed into towering rage. "Godammit, you kitchen folks have a nerve eating choice cuts when you're probably going to serve me stew!" He stamped out of the house with the steak and flung it into the Atlantic. Galloway waited until Carl had subsided into his favorite chair. "You didn't give me time to tell you, Mister Fisher, that was the steak I hunted all Miami for you especially and we were preparing to serve it for your dinner."

Actually, Carl never questioned household expenditures. He was simply the most unpredictable man. He never admitted he was sorry after a tantrum, yet he always made atonement. His kindness was a legend among his friends, but it was kept as secret as if it were something to be ashamed of. He never talked about the people he helped, and he never let anyone else do so.

Jess Andrew, who was on the Prison Board of Indiana, had drawn his attention to prison welfare. Carl corresponded with many prisoners and quite a number were paroled to him. He gave them work in Indianapolis and Miami Beach. He once gave Jack LaGorce a five-thousand-dollar check to send the *National Geographic Magazine* to various penitentiaries.

Several men who worked for Carl had served prison terms, but the only one I knew had been imprisoned was a man with a surname similar to ours. He wrote Carl that he was in prison for "vivisection." Carl, who loved all animals, was so revolted by the nature of the crime that he did not reply to the letter. The man wrote again, explaining he was in prison for "vivisectioning a safe." He said he was about to leave prison and there was a woman had waited many years to marry him. Carl, amused and interested, sent the couple a thousand dollars to bring them to Florida. He took special pains to introduce me to the wife; more pains, in fact, than he would have shown in the case of the wife of a visiting celebrity. Nellie was one of the most beautiful women I had ever met, with a gentle dignity and a crown of glorious red hair.

Nothing was said about the past, and Fischer and his Nellie took up a new life on a bit of land Carl had reserved for a truck farm. They both worked supplying the unprovenanced Beach with vegetables and eggs. They were thrifty and hard-working and very much in love. Before long they had repaid Carl the thousand-dollar loan.

Carl was proud of their success. He made them a gift of a sleek little black mule named Patent Leather. Every night Fischer paid a last visit to the stables to see that Patent Leather was well bedded down. One night he must have approached the skittish little animal too suddenly. Patent Leather lashed out with his hoofs and killed him.

Fischer had lived long enough to prove to Carl that there were men who came back if given a chance. How many instances there were we cannot know, because of the fact that he never talked about them, and they themselves never told. But knowing Carl and his success with all types of men, I believe it is more than safe to say that the majority of those he helped made good.

The same is true of the youngsters he sent through college, or developed as athletic champions. He believed in them, and Carl's belief was a force that made men succeed. He guided many lives, kindly as a father would, and since his youngest days he had protected and provided for all about him.

It was at this time he brought together his mother and father. I had never met—I had not, in fact, known that the senior Fischer was still living—and persuaded them to remarry. His fine-looking but defeated-looking father lived with Mother Fisher a short time in Miami Beach and then drifted away as unobtrusively as he had arrived. Carl never mentioned him again.

Carl Fisher's holdings were estimated now at ninety millions. I could run over to Europe and buy clothes, the most beautiful and most expensive modes in Paris. I could take a woman friend as companion and tour the Orient—drive a car through Egypt—make a safari into deepest Africa. Carl, lost in his endless plans for Miami Beach, was willing to let me go on these trips he would not share. I had my personal maids and a social