

had changed the lives of thousands—was living on an allowance given him by those in his organization who were trying to rebuild it against ruin. He had been pensioned.

One summer Lindsey Hopkins of Atlanta who had become interested financially in Montauk, secured Alfred Barton to take over the management of the yacht club, the golf club, the bathing beach and Montauk Manor. Carl had made a deal with the Hopkins interests to take over all of his remaining real estate holdings in Montauk and Miami Beach, for which he was to receive a yearly life income of \$10,000. Even with no financial interest left in Montauk, Carl still dreamed enthusiastically of the things he wanted to do. He had great ideas to finish that project. Alfred visited him often in his little house. Carl wanted him to go back to Montauk. Shortly before his death, he sent for Alfred to come to the St. Francis Hospital. Carl's mind was burning with all the things he wished to accomplish. Though his body was wracked with pain, his interest never waned. His active mind was planning constantly. He hoped to finish Montauk as well as the Caribbean Club, Cay Largo, he was developing. He was happy when the Club had opened with Judge N. Vernon Hawthorne as principal speaker.

When Carl and I were legally separated, the bonds of the Flamingo Hotel were the guaranty for my \$30,000 a year settlement. But when some years later his affairs could not be adjusted satisfactorily without those bonds, I gladly offered them, all I had, to help Carl. The following year, with my income cut off, I wrote a society page in a newspaper, became an associate editor of a magazine, and taught backgammon to defray expenses. Afterwards, an adjustment was made whereby I received Lincoln Road property between Washington and James Avenues, on which Carl's office building, the first structure to be built on Lincoln Road, stood until 1952.

I scolded him like a child, bathed him and changed the bedding, and slipped him into a fresh nightshirt. Carl clung to my hand as I was leaving. His dark eyes, the sight in one of them gone, looked into mine.

"I won't be seeing you again, Jane."

"Don't talk that way. Of course, we'll be seeing each other." The kind dim eyes searched mine. "No. I know I'm dying." I stumbled out of Carl's house. Was I glad or was I grieving for having gone there? To this hour, I am not sure.

I was in my mountain home a few weeks later when, on July 15, 1939, a reporter for a New York newspaper telephoned me. Carl Fisher was dying in the St. Francis Hospital in Miami Beach. He had asked to see me, the reporter said. Would I go?

Never for a moment did it occur to me that I was no longer Carl's wife, but another man's, and that I had no legal place by that bed in the hospital overlooking the Atlantic. Legal separations or legal bonds—neither of these mattered. Carl was dying, and keeping that last watch beside him were four members of the old guard—Dan Mahoney, Fred Humpage, Frank Katzentine and Dr. Frank Vorhis. For seventeen years I had been one of them. Also on watch around that hospital were green lands and blue waterways, all that had been built by Carl, the beginning and the ending, the glory and tragedy and beauty that summed up our shared lives. On that very spot we had watched the earth grow, the grass spread, the trees thicken. There we watched the dredge belch out sand to make the island for this very hospital. Near by the first plow had ripped through swamp tearing up the primeval mangroves. I belonged in that room with Carl's friends.

I telephoned the nearest airfield and made reservations and ordered the car, but before it came to the door at Sobre Mundo other New York newspapers were telephoning.

Carl was dead.

They told me one of the last things he said: "Where's Jane? It's getting dark."

He had always hated having me out after sunset. In this last darkness he remembered.

Flags hung at half-mast over Miami Beach, and kind words were spoken and telegraphed and printed. Newspapers in Florida and Indiana and New York ran pages of eulogy spoken by the famous in memory of Carl Graham Fisher. George Ade said: "Carl Fisher was a great man. Miami Beach should build