

1916. That was the year we raced Carl's boat, the *Raven*, to Key West. On the committee there was Pete Chase, then in the molasses business. Pete, young and with a delightful personality, had been detailed by the Key West businessmen to persuade Carl to give up the Miami Beach mirage and concentrate on developing Key West.

Pete Chase painted the tropical glories of Key West. Carl listened so thoughtfully that Pete said later he was convinced he had him sold.

After Pete had finished, Carl spoke. "How would you like to come work for me?"

Pete was staggered by the abrupt turn of the conversation. He managed to ask Carl what work would be expected of him in Miami Beach.

Carl answered, "If people come, you entertain the people. If grass is to be planted, you plant grass. If a mule dies, by God, you bury the mule."

And Pete Chase still tells how he followed the Fisher luck across the water from Key West. "He took me off a molasses tank," is the way Pete tells it, and Carl's delineation of his duties came true within the first week, for Carl had just built his streetcar line and one of the cars hit two mules.

"And so help me," Pete Chase would wind up the story "as adjuster, I had to bury the mules!" But then, becoming serious, he would say, "I always call C. G. my patron saint—but for him, I'd still be peddling molasses in Key West!"

Carl's conversations were pungent and to the point. Once he said to Pete Chase, "You need a boat." Pete answered, "I can't afford a boat." And Carl clamped down on his cigar and snapped, "You may not know it, but you've got a boat."

He had the papers made out presenting Pete with a yacht, one of his *Shadows*.

Carl stressed upon Pete Chase, and upon all who sold anything for him, his pet theory: "When a thing doesn't sell, raise the price. Then keep raising it until it sells."

The Miami Beach land did not sell until Carl shot its prices up to what he considered was full value. After the land began