

While Carl was spending a fortune ripping up Speedway and putting it together again, he was also building the principal Prest-O-Lite factory across the road from the racetrack. He was president of Speedway and president of Prest-O-Lite. He was also building Automobile Row, where the cars he sold were displayed like glittering jewels. In fact, he was involved in so many projects that I, caught in the strange network of entertaining Carl's friends, could not keep track of them.

Automobile Row was considered "typical Fisher craziness." When he purchased two blocks in the exclusive residential section of Capitol Avenue, people asked derisively, "who will go way out there to buy cars?" But within a few years the sleek new car models behind plate-glass windows and under colored lights had established Indianapolis as an automobile sales center, in competition with New York and Detroit.

At this same time Carl was building "Gasoline Alley" at Speedway. Here were built the cars that were used in competitive racing on Speedway. He was also making now the first tentative plans for the creation of Miami Beach. And along with all this, he was building boats and homes for himself that in bewildering succession were erected, furnished and staffed with servants, ready for the guests who came from everywhere—seven homes in five years. At seventeen, I found myself hostess to the world.

It was a bewilderedly inexperienced bride who, in the first year of marriage, found herself responsible not only for the smooth running of a home, but also of our boat the *Eph*, which soon multiplied into a small fleet of yachts. And presently there were the house at St. Joseph, Michigan, the Miami house called The Shadows, and the house named Blossom Heath.

Everything seemed to happen in these swift and wonderful years. Carl and I raced back and forth between projects and houses. We kept bags packed ready to leave for any place at a minute's notice. Often we drove all night. Carl, tirelessly fascinated by the place waiting ahead and the purpose in view, was like a master juggler keeping a score of projects spinning in hand, and a hundred schemes in mind.

The apartment where I began my married life with Carl soon