

ington Street, in Indianapolis; to drop another bicycle from a balloon; to build and ride on the streets "the biggest bicycle in the world;" and to bounce one of his famous white Stoddard-Dayton automobiles from the highest roof in the city. Such stunts kept Carl Fisher in the public eye and served to advertise that new oddity, the automobile, which he was trying to introduce to the public; and they often brought him to the unfavorable attention of the police. Only Carl's business associates knew the value of the tremendous publicity returns on his zany actions. They knew, because the result of the ballyhoo was making them all millionaires.

Carl Fisher was the pioneer publicity man of America, and in my modest household and in many Indianapolis homes the question was asked daily, "Is Carl Fisher in the papers today?" Crazy Carl Fisher! That slogan would be hurled against everything he tried to do, and by the very kind of people whose lives he was trying to make gay and more livable. Because of this I am writing of Carl. Not only because, as his wife, I shared the years when he was developing projects of such magnitude it seemed impossible that one human mind could carry all their details, but because, beyond everything else, we were friends. Ours was a friendship that survived long after other emotions were gone, long after the men who shared most of Carl's building and planning were dead and only the dreams he had made live remained as part of the activity and the enduring beauty of America.

Less than a year after my first sky glimpse of Carl we met face to face. I was fifteen years old, going to my first big party at the Canoe Club with my parents and my brother, Roy Watts. I recognized him at once, for I had a scrapbook of newspaper clippings at home, all about Carl Graham Fisher. Carl had been our idol at Shortridge High School. To our parents, Carl was the automobile tycoon who was helping to put Indiana on the map, but to the children, Carl was a daring hero and champion. Besides, he had given uniforms to our baseball team! I belonged to a girls' club—*tan club* it would be called now—that was in love with Carl Fisher, *en masse*. We patrolled