

As he was enjoying his smoke, he heard Bumbaugh shouting from the air, and in another minute found himself surrounded by a group of farmers armed with squirrel rifles.

"It's all right," Carl assured them hastily. "We're competing in the Indianapolis Speedway balloon race."

This little space of time Carl took out for a smoke lost the prize money for the "Indiana." The honor went to the balloon "New York," piloted by A. Holland Forbes. Carl, telling the story later, would say, "I never smoked a more expensive cigar."

When Carl returned to Indianapolis he announced—suddenly, as he made all his decisions—that we were to be married right away.

"I've a Prest-O-Lite suit on in Los Angeles"—Carl was always being sued over Prest-O-Lite. "If we marry now, you can come on the trip. I'm tired of traveling alone." He added with sudden firmness, "I've got to cut out this courting business and get back to work."

This sounds unflattering in cold print. It wasn't, the way Carl said it. His favorite name for me was "wench," and his lovingest expression, "I wouldn't trade you for two skunks."

From the beginning, he took a rare amount of understanding on my part.

Galloway, Carl's colored servant, came to our house the night before our wedding. He seemed a little apologetic. "Mister Fisher ain't much for fuss and feathers, ma'am," he told my mother. Mother had no way of knowing the message contained a warning. She was rushing about completing last-minute preparations for a modest but charming home wedding. There would be just my family and Carl's.

Then Carl telephoned me. He sounded nervous. "If you want to get married, you'll have to get the preacher. I don't know any preachers." And he hung up.

The next day was October 23, 1909. I awoke in the morning, at six o'clock, to the blaring of a German street band under my window. The sky was pouring rain. I leaned out of the window and tried to persuade the dripping musicians to stop their uproar. But nothing I said could stop them. Carl Fisher had