

## VI. Three-Ring Circus

LIVING WITH Carl Fisher was like trying to watch the events of the racetrack on Speedway Day—everything seemed to happen at once! So many places and events and people had to be remembered, so unforgettable were the hours and days and years. Our home life alone held endless drama. With the success of Speedway Day it seemed to me that all the world came to Indianapolis, and that everyone who came to Indianapolis visited Blossom Heath. Dinners, parties, picnics, breakfasts—Carl and I never sat down to the table alone.

Once we entertained the entire regiment of French Blue Devils, and every uniformed guest departed carrying a magnum of the finest vintage champagne. No matter who came to Blossom Heath, Carl remained Carl, the simple friendly Hoosier, void of all pretense. I have a vivid mental picture of Prince Henry, brother of the Kaiser, waiting with Teutonic hauteur at the foot of our stairs while Carl came happily down to greet him in his white tennis flannels—no dressing up for Carl because royalty came to dine!

Carl was at his best with men. He was happiest with his own lustily humorous friends with whom he could organize tennis matches, stage the races in which he ran backwards and the others forward, wrestle and play pranks and behave like a boy. But he loved books and was well read, and he liked his literary friends. Booth Tarkington came often, and so did Elbert Hubbard.

Among women he was constrained. They cramped his way of speech, although he was exceedingly attractive to them, as I had learned the first week of my marriage. Not that I had any reason to doubt Carl as a husband during these wonderful years! Among