

taken. Carl's own father was quiet and unambitious, and Carl saw little of him. I think the separation of his parents troubled Carl, and long after the boys were men he brought his father and mother together and persuaded them to remarry.

In the sixth grade, Carl rebelled against the tyranny of black-board and books that he could see but dimly. He walked out of his classroom one day during study hour and never went back. He did not dare go home until he had found work in a grocery store and could bring his mother a bundle of groceries as a peace offering, for his mother was a stern woman. "From now on, I'm supporting this family," he told her. He was then about twelve. From that day on, anything Carl accomplished, Mother Fisher took as a matter of course. I felt the same way about Carl—he could do anything!

Through his adolescent years he worked at various jobs—as clerk in a book store, as messenger boy in a bank, and, his most important experience, as a "butcher boy" on the trains running out of Indianapolis. Carl often said this taught him salesmanship. Peddling books, magazines and peanuts through the aisles—it was then he developed his obsession for peanuts—Carl learned to know at a glance, he said, who would and who would not buy. He won the national sales prize for the largest sale of books by Robert Ingersoll, a writer whose works he all but memorized, reading them on a car seat, between his trips through the aisles. And sometime during these years he came under the spell of two immortals who were to be his life-long heroes—Lincoln and Napoleon. He bought two cheap little prints of these men, and no matter how impressive his setting might be in later years, these prints always hung above Carl's bed. It was indicative of Carl's peace-loving soul that much of his building was named in honor of Lincoln; but nothing bore the name of Napoleon.

At seventeen he quit the railroad and went into business. It was 1891 and the beginning of the bicycle craze. Carl had saved six hundred dollars and he invested in a tiny repair shop on a busy Indianapolis street. On the sidewalk in front of it Carl and his brothers mended tires at twenty-five cents a patch. All the Fisher boys had a talent for mechanics, and the three friendly,