

five thousand spectators had joined me at Speedway. I sat with my family, watching. On the uncompleted track four hundred members of the National Guard, magnificent in crimson, blue, and gold, were marching and playing national anthems.

The enormous shining bubbles set out at five-minute intervals. The first entries were drifting miles away before it was the "Indiana's" turn. The yellow balloon, festooned with flags, stopped before the grandstand and I had a close view of Carl climbing into the basket wearing his soft-brimmed hat, white flannel trousers and a red turtleneck sweater. He was smiling and waving at the crowd, and I remember feeling lonely and lost, and as if I did not know Carl at all. Carl—by whose side in the past swift weeks I had driven so many dusty miles harmonizing our favorite "Merry Oldsmobile!"

When I saw him, so wonderful and so darling, his smile flashing under the narrow-brimmed white hat, I began to cry. My brother, Roy Watts, who died in 1949, pinched my arm. "You'd better not let Papa see you crying. You know what he thinks of you and your crush on Mr. Fisher."

Yes, I knew. Papa could not be brought to see that my school-girl love was real—real on both sides. In fact, my stepfather, James Buchanan Watts, who sold farm implements and was one of Carl's greatest admirers, was taking a very dim view of Carl as a figure of romance for me. He had summed his opinion about us many times.

"What does a big man like Carl Fisher see in a kid like you?" Mama, bless her, had kept silent through these hectic weeks of discovery, in which a worldly-wise man of the world and a girl in her teens had discovered they were the oldest and wisest most wonderful of friends, that each liked what the other liked and found more enjoyment in being together than anything either had ever known before.

He had been all mine, these past few weeks. But today Carl belonged to the world, and I felt left out of things. This feeling deepened as a young woman I had never seen before dashed down to the balloon and presented Carl with an enormous bouquet of American Beauty roses. He seemed em-