

good-natured youngsters attracted business.

Carl's smile was his greatest asset. Everyone he met was his friend. He loved people, he loved dogs, but above all, he loved speed and excitement.

Luck was kind in letting him start life at the very beginning of the age on wheels. His well-trained muscles found release on a bicycle, and in spite of his poor vision he became a master cyclist. When a team of professional riders came to Indianapolis, Carl was fired with the idea of becoming a racer. He knew the publicity of racing would help attract attention to the bicycle shop. The race manager was doubtful of the clumsy, near-sighted youngster, but when Carl demonstrated his long-practiced technique of balling up his body and hurtling for a fall off a speeding bicycle, he accepted him.

Carl left the bicycle shop in the hands of his younger brothers while he toured the small towns of Indiana and surrounding states. He never became a champion cyclist. Because of his faulty vision, he could not compete with the flashing grace of the dark, heavy-set youngster, Barney Olfeld, who was the star of their team. But, touring the sticks together, Carl and Barney became friends. It was an important friendship and one that would count in the history of wheels.

Between racing tours Carl concentrated on his business. The publicity gained by his racing and the friendliness and mechanical skill of the three brothers were making their little cubbyhole repair shop into an important cycling rendezvous. Carl founded two cycling clubs, the Zig-Zag and the Flat-Tire, which met at Fisher's before setting out on their trips. He persuaded Arthur Newby, the only member of the Zig-Zag possessed of independent means, to build the Newby racetrack for bicycles, and on it the six-day bicycle race was born. I have been told Carl was its originator. He also organized bicycling trips along the White River and developed its old towpath for the use of the cyclists. This was Carl's first venture in road building.

He had gone far, for a poor boy. He was a success. His mother no longer took in boarders, and he was making a good living for them all. But Carl was not content.