

his friends, I knew, were men who were not above straying from their hearthsides, but not Carl. I did not know in those days that such creatures as "other women" existed. Carl liked everyone; he liked women, and I knew he loved me, but his best and happiest hours were spent with men. Women interfered with such male procedures as cussing and chewing tobacco and playing practical jokes.

On one occasion in Indianapolis Carl invited Harry and Charlie Buschmann to play a game of croquet with him. Charlie was an expert. Carl decided they should play for a dollar a game. During the play Charlie missed several shots, at which both Carl and Harry roared with laughter. It was a red-hot game up to the finish. At the last two wickets Charlie's ball rolled offside. He attributed it to the rough ground and paid his loss. Afterwards they told him that Carl had bored a hole in his ball, filled it with lead and painted over the hole.

Doc Allen was the perfect companion for one with Carl's rowdy sense of humor. Like Carl, Doc was capable of supreme nonsense and of deep seriousness. Doc attended to the boys who raced on Speedway and fought with all the science at his disposal to heal their injuries. He invented a leather abdominal brace to protect them in their spills. He was a bone specialist, and Carl, convinced that next to poor eyesight there was no more disastrous human frailty than flat feet, sent all the flat-footed people he met to Doc Allen. I don't know how many people's feet Carl had treated. Most of them were young boys. Carl's heart was always moved by a youngster who needed care or education—perhaps because he loved youth—perhaps because he wanted sons.

On Doc's desk stood a sculptured trophy that startled his patients—the head of his father-in-law, a former Vice-President of the United States, mounted on the body of a cockroach. With Carl, Doc plotted and carried out much elaborate nonsense. Once they spent weeks being "converted" by a notorious religious cult that was sequestered on an estate near our own. Both men and women of the cult wore their hair long. The male members never shaved and the "saint" leader was a sensational creature with long locks and a beard that reached to his belt. The