

"Mr. Fisher, the woman owner of those lots I sold you last night has raised the price a thousand dollars." Without a moment's hesitation, Carl yelled back: "Tell her to hell!" We had to get back to Indianapolis, so when we reached Jacksonville we took the train home. Speedway was at last completed. It had begun as a dream, outlined in a moment of vision. Carl had drawn the oval of Speedway in pencil on a tablecloth in an Indianapolis restaurant for the men who were to help him build it. That dream, at least, had become real. And now, with the greatest race course in the world ready, "the man who built Speedway" had to forget about his Florida dream and get back to Indianapolis for the grand opening.