

the intern was indifferent. "Take him to the City Hospital—they treat niggers there," he said. We retraced our way five miles to the city institution and on the way the screaming mercifully

stopped. The man was dead. That was the first time I heard Carl really curse. The words seemed to pour from his soul. Somehow, it sounded right and just that he could swear at such a time. I knew he was making a promise.

This tragedy opened Carl's eyes to the agony behind racial problems. He took a personal revenge on the hospital that had turned away a dying man. Not only did he withdraw his support of the institution, but he persuaded Jim to do the same. He said, "I'll put that goddam place out of business." And he did—within two years the hospital closed its doors.

It was about then that Carl began giving to Negro institutions. He made contributions to aid their schooling, housing, hospitalization and YMCA. Once when we were traveling through Georgia, the conductor asked Galloway to leave us and go to the Jim Crow section of the train. Carl argued with the conductor. "I'll bet any money you like," he said furiously, "that if you will take off your shoes and Galloway takes off his, he'll have the cleanest feet."

Carl won. Galloway stayed with us.

Blossom Heath, our Indianapolis home, was less home than project. The day Carl bought the place he set an army of workmen to enlarging the house, building garages, stables, an enormous glass-enclosed tennis court, a grass tennis court, a clay tennis court, and a glass-enclosed swimming pool. Later there were saddle horses and polo ponies. There were greenhouses and gardens and the apple orchard, and a separate home for Carl's mother. There was even a little swimming pool for the dogs and the little snub-nosed honey bear that loved to wrestle with Teddy, the St. Bernard. I loved pets and Carl loved them, and we had all we wanted at Blossom Heath.

The work was rushed to completion. Carl himself was always in a hurry, and he had no talent for waiting. When I protested, he would look hurt. "Hell, I haven't got time to take time!" he would say.