

cramped his lusty spirit. His demand was for large rooms, large furniture, high ceilings and fireplaces "big enough for a man to walk into and turn around." Right after Speedway opened he began complaining that the lower half of the house was too small, so he bought the house and remodeled it.

While this work was going on, Carl said to me casually one afternoon, "Put on your hat, honey, we're going for a ride." Without as much as a toothbrush between us, we started off, driving that evening and through the night all the way to St. Joe, Michigan. There, it developed, Carl had bought a piece of land, sight unseen, on Lake Michigan, where we were to build the first of our summer homes.

Several weeks later he bought the house on Cold Springs Road, twelve miles outside of Indianapolis and twenty minutes from Speedway, that we named Blossom Heath. Carl added a gymnasium to this house which I turned into a living room. Carl insisted on having a pool table at one end. Today this huge room serves as main classroom for the Parks County School for Boys. And because he loved boats and built so many, and liked watching the boat-building at Detroit, he built a house in Detroit on Woodward Avenue on the river. After we moved in, guests and Galloway, bag and baggage, we found that the river boats passing the porch poured out smoke that obscured the view and turned us, gathered there to enjoy it, into very dirty spectators. Having made this discovery, Carl moved us all out again the very next morning, and we never reentered the house in Detroit. That house was sold to Harold Wills, producer of the Wills-St. Claire automobile. He bought it with the same dispatch that Carl Fisher did things. One afternoon aboard our yacht the deal was closed in fifteen minutes.

The Shadows entered our lives by mail.

Back in Indianapolis, Carl received a postcard in the mail extolling the beauties of a house for sale in Miami which had belonged to Alonzo Q. Bliss, the maker of herb medicines. This was a few months after our honeymoon trip to Florida, and I was still disappointed that my dreams for a Florida winter home had been shattered by an avaricious old woman. One day Carl