

ambulance stop. Someone was hurt on the track, or someone was fainting from sheer tension in the grandstand. There was the terrible moment when Henry Kohler's car was thrown upside down at the southwest turn and the entire line of nonading cars had to swerve dangerously to avoid being overturned.

From the first bomb until the checkered flag dropped over Howdy Wilcox's victorious head—he was again winner that day—the Speedway classic was five hundred miles of screaming excitement.

America's car was being tempered for supremacy in these years in a crucible of flame. Out of the tragedies of the few, came safe cars and safe driving for America's millions. These daring ones—pioneers of speed—led the way.

Carl was leading two distinct lives at this period. One was racing and one was building, and each would have much to do with changing the perspective of a nation.

After the frantic excitement of Speedway, it was good to get back to Miami Beach and to the new and exciting work Carl had begun in Florida. The towered and magical city he had drawn in the sand was beginning to rise.