

Because of this question this book had to be written; because of this, I drive past that bronze head smiling against its background of hibiscus and palms and glowing beauty, always with the salute and the prayer of forgiveness.

Perhaps Carl would chuckle whimsically even now, wherever he may be, at this recording of his works. Perhaps not. There is the chance that he might have liked a little more praise, a little more gratitude, provided his shy nature had not been forced into public acceptance. Now that he is no longer here to refuse this recognition, I have chanced making it, as one who knew Carl best. Carl himself was always willing to trust to chance.

Miami Beach and Montauk, the Indianapolis Speedway, the Lincoln and Dixie Highways, the fast cars and the records set and the checkered flags flashing victory for America, the out-reaching of protective kindness over thousands, the exhilaration shared and the tragedies kept silent—what were they all but throws made by Carl Fisher on the tables of chance and change?

“He was fallible and human
Therefore loved and understood
Both his fellow man and woman
Whether good or not so good
Kept his spirit undiminished,
Never fell down on a friend,
Played the game till it was finished,
Lived a sportsman to the end.”

—Edward Coleman Romph