

# TRAGIC FATE OF BOURQUE AND HOLCOMB ACCEPTED AS MERE RACE INCIDENT

By **GEORGE W. STOUT.**

"Two men killed," ran the story over the great grandstand. The 250 mile race was on. Bourque and Holcomb, in a Knox known to the stand as No. 3, and Chevrolet, in a Buick, No. 37, had fought most of the way around the track, No. 3 to hold its lead, and No. 37 to regain ground lost while changing tires.

The people in the stand had watched the struggle, and thousands were trying with glasses and straining eyes, to catch the first view of the racing cars at the round of the last curve.

There had been a dense cloud of dust. It rose and disclosed guards and spectators running to a spot 250 yards up the track from the grandstand.

"It's a smashup," some one remarked, as he settled back in his seat. "Here's No. 37," he added, as a huge car went by with a roar.

"There's No. 35," remarked someone else; as the leading car dashed past, a crazy mechanic making motions with both hands to describe what he had seen at the wreck on the curve.

Other cars whirled by. The grandstand settled back. The ambulances rolled up to the scene of disaster, and jogged back

The people wanted to see Chevrolet race. They didn't care for his smitten eyes and his pain. Not a whit! They were sorry such a good racer had ceased to glimmer by in the sun where his antics might interest them.

The people are speed-mad. That is the story. They place speed records above human life. They voice more emotion over the man who shows pluck and hang-dog grit than they voice for mangled, broken, lifeless heroes whose car has skidded into a ditch.

As a matter of fact, most of the people went to the auto races expecting to see some one killed or injured. Speculation at the track and on the streets was as to the probable number of fatalities and accidents. The matter of life and death has come to be handled about in joking comment and humorous speculation. The whizz and roar and terrific speed of the motor cars has bred in a large part of the people a new philosophy that accepts the maiming or slaughter of the dare-devil driver as an incident in a game.

"Two men killed!"

"Who were they?" finally asked the girl in pale blue.

"Bourque was one."

"Oh, yes, he won the five-mile race, didn't he?" she said.

Not the man, but the car; not the torn and still human being, choked to death on his own blood, but the race, always the contest and the speed, the maddening, fiendish speed.

"Two men killed," the message ran







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settled back. The ambulances rolled up  
to the scene of disaster, and jogged back  
again to the emergency hospital.

The people had gone back to the racers;  
to the living drivers; to the men who  
were still animate and able to amuse the  
throngs; to the cars that still were jump-  
ing and straining and humming.

"Two men killed."

The rumor persisted up and down the  
stand, flying on the breeze from box to  
box and along tiers of humanity. Men  
and women accepted the news without  
comment. Here and there one asked for  
the names of the dead.

"Why don't No. 3 come?" asked a pret-  
ty girl in pale blue. "No. 37 ought to be  
here," she added, in puzzled tones. "I  
want to see them race again. They were  
neck and neck. It was such a pretty  
race. Why don't they show up?" she  
demanded of her escort. "All the others  
will leave them behind," she went on, ex-  
citedly.

"Two men killed," came the rumor, up  
to the box where the girl in pale blue sat  
straining her pretty eyes up the track.

"Killed?" she repeated, vaguely.

"The men in No. 3 are dead," replied  
her young man, as he read the time of  
No. 35 for the 50 miles from the big score-  
board. "There's No. 7," he added, quiet-  
ly, "and No. 35," he continued. "More  
water for 21; there's 53 pulling up. First  
stop for 53," he added.

The girl in pale blue had gone back to  
the field glass and the rushing demons of  
the track.

"Two men killed."

What did it signify? What was death  
to the speed-mad crowd, safe and high  
in the grandstand? What was this ren-  
dering up of human life, if it went to  
make a holiday? Death is a thing that  
comes in a flash on the speedway. But  
the race goes on and must be seen to  
the finish. A dead man is a harrowing  
and pitiable sight, and there are pulsing,  
frenzied, energetic beings of brawn and  
steel and fanatic zeal and crazed fool-  
hardiness who are doing daring and  
hazardous feats that must be seen. So  
the dead must make way for the speed-  
ers. Grisly and disagreeable shapes,

didn't he?" she said

Not the man, but the car; not the torn  
and still human being, choked to death  
on his own blood, but the race, always  
the contest and the speed, the madden-  
ing, fiendish speed.

"Two men killed," the message ran  
along the crowd.

And the press says:

"The Indiana speedway is now a suc-  
cess."

# DIDN'T WANT WIFE TO SEE AMBULANCE

Although he was painfully injured and  
was unable to stand without assistance,  
Harry Mayo, 216 S. Temple avenue, de-  
clared, Thursday afternoon, he would  
crawl home before he would ride in the  
City Dispensary ambulance. Not thinking  
of the pain he was suffering but only of  
the shock that would be caused to his  
wife to see an ambulance driving up in  
front of his home, Mayo would not go in  
the ambulance, but was assisted to a  
street car by his brother and firemen at  
fire headquarters and was taken to the  
office of a physician. Mayo and Frank  
Hall were on a wagon of the Home Fur-  
niture company and stopped at Massachu-  
setts avenue and Delaware street to get a  
drink of water at the pump. The horse  
became frightened and started to run  
away. Both men grabbed the frightened  
animal that ran across the street and  
started in the doors of fire headquarters,  
but swerved and the wagon struck a  
post. A portion of the shaft broke  
and struck Mayo on the hand and he  
was thrown down and injured about the  
back. Hall escaped injury.

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