

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.

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And the press says:

"The Indiana speedway is now a success."

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, declared, 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 Haff were on a wagon of the Home Furniture company and stopped at Massachusetts 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 escaped and the wagon struck a post. It started off on the street and struck Mayo on the head and he was thrown down and injured about the back. He is now in the hospital.

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Other cars whirled by. The grandstand 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 throng, to the cars that still were jumping 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 pretty 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, excitedly.

"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 scoreboard. "There's No. 7," he added, quietly, "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 rendering 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 foolhardiness who are doing daring and hazardous feats that must be seen. So the dead must make way for the speeders. Grizzly and disagreeable shapes,

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burst of water in the pump. The engine
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AUTO COMPANY GIVES BANQUET AT THE DENISON

A large auto built of flowers and ferns was the centerpiece for the banquet table and was illuminated with electric lights.

TODAY'S TEMPERATURES

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The first of these is the fact that the
 government has been unable to raise
 the necessary funds to carry out
 its policy. This is due to a
 combination of factors, including
 the high cost of borrowing and
 the low level of savings. The
 second factor is the lack of
 political will to implement
 the necessary reforms. This
 is due to the fact that the
 government is facing a
 coalition of interests that
 opposes any change. The
 third factor is the
 economic situation, which
 is characterized by
 high inflation and
 unemployment. This
 has led to a
 loss of confidence
 in the government
 and a
 decline in
 public
 support.

AUTO COMPANY GIVES BANQUET AT THE DENISON

The Stoddard-Dayton Automobile company gave a banquet to its agents and drivers of racing cars at the Denison hotel Thursday night. All had a merry time. There were toasts and speeches. The drivers of the Stoddard-Dayton cars were praised for the excellent showing they made in the Speedway races. "Jap" Clemens, an Indianapolis man, in a Stoddard-Dayton, was second in the 250-mile race, and he was showered with compliments.

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The woman at his side laughed and told him to hush.
"When they kill a driver it counts 10," averred the stout man, calmly.
"Mechanics count five."

His acceptance of tragedy was typical. His remarks were brutally satirical, but no one was shocked at the sound of them.

Out of politeness the press may say the people were "shocked" by the killings in the 250-mile auto race. But were the people shocked? If they were they did not show it. No racing car stopped or even paused. Very few people looked up from the track and the circling, mad puppets of the race to inquire what men had died in blood and agony. To the grandstand it was an episode. It meant that car No. 3 was "out of the race." That was all.

There was more regret because a tramp pulled out after his machine went wrong. The two deaths at the edge of the track did not seem to cause nearly as much concern as the withdrawal of Clemens, with his blinded eyes. What?

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TODAY'S TEMPERATURES

7 A.	80
8 A.	78
9 A.	75
10 A.	72
11 A.	70
12 M.	68
1 P.	65
2 P.	62
3 P.	60
4 P.	58
5 P.	55
6 P.	52
7 P.	50
8 P.	48
9 P.	45
10 P.	42
11 P.	40
12 M.	38

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