

Fact or Fiction? Police Force Vamped by Sunday Speeders

Written by Holyoke Enterprise

These stories from local history are sometimes so extraordinary it's hard to believe they actually happened. Check out 'fact or fiction' stories: they're actual Enterprise news clips reprinted from the past.

Sunday afternoon the police force of Holyoke, in the person of Chief of Police Brooks Mason, was pacing his beat along Inter-Ocean Avenue. All seemed serene on the main highway of our peaceful village.

Suddenly a motor car came tearing down the street, two young men in the front seat, breaking all speed laws. The chief took for granted that there had been some great accident and ambled out to see if he could be of any use in getting the injured to the hospital, all ready to summon the ambulance.

As he approached the car, he stopped and looked more closely, for the fellows were joking and laughing together, with now and then a glance back over their shoulders into the tonneau of the car. The horrible truth came to him in a flash. These young men were wantonly fracturing the speed limits without regard for the lives of innocent pedestrians.

The chief understood instantly that this must cease and ran in front of the car, holding up his hand as a signal to the occupants of the machine to stop. The brakes were thrown on with grinding squeaks, but the car was going so fast that the chief barely had time to jump back out of the way, his hand still raised in the air, when the car arrived at the place where he was located.

Rushing over to the auto, the chief began furiously, "What do you guys mean, running down main street at 30 miles an hour? Don't you know that we got speed limits in this here town? You might've killed somebody driving like that! I've got a good notion to take you over to the cooler right now and leave you there until tomorrow, instead of just telling you to appear before Magistrate Peter!"

Just then a young lady, whom Brooks didn't know was in the car, leaned forward from her place in the back seat. Giving the chief her prettiest smile and looking deep into his eyes, she said,

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“Aw Brooks, you aren’t going to pinch us, are you?”

The angry look left the face of the police force. He smiled back into those eyes. He coughed once or twice and hemmed and hawed. Then he said, “Well, I guess I won’t arrest you this time, but if I ever catch you two guys speeding again, you can figure that you are going to donate a set part of 15 dollars and 10 cents toward my pay. But you can drive on now. Good-bye Cynthia.”

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