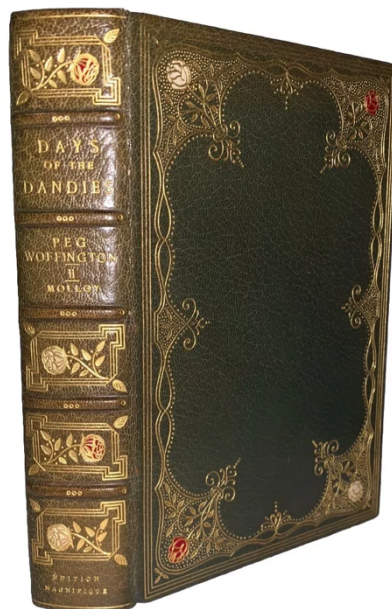


1925-2025

UN AN AVEC HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

#45 | 14 FÉVRIER 1925



*Biographie de Peg Woffington en deux tomes par Joseph Fitzgerald Molloy, Londres, 1884. Pour avoir eu besoin de deux nuits complètes pour la lire, il s'agirait plutôt de cette édition, très répandue, plutôt que d'un Little Blue Books, correctif donc à l'opinion émise avant-hier !*

[1925, samedi 14 février]

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Up late — out to Tiffany — home — read — GK & SL call — discuss —  
out to Tiffany again — Sunday papers — return — GK retire — HPL read  
Peg Woffington till next day.

*Levé tard. Déjeuné au Tiffany. Maison. Lecture. Visite Kirk et  
Loveman. On discute. Encore au Tiffany. Journaux du dimanche. On  
revient. Kirk rentre chez lui. HPL lit la biographie de Peg  
Woffington jusqu'au petit matin.*

C'est dans les cafétérias où ils passent autant de leur temps à refaire le monde que Lovecraft lit les journaux et laisse venir à lui le bruit du monde. On est à la moitié du mois de février : il n'y a aucun autre mot que *negro* dans le *New York Times* pour parler de cette fraction géante du peuple américain. D'ailleurs tout simplement on n'en parle pas : on est entre soi. Il ne s'agit pas de cautionner en quoi que ce soit le racisme ordinaire de Lovecraft, ni la violence de la ville. Mais quand même le recontextualiser : mort en 1937, Lovecraft n'a pas eu le temps de nettoyer les traces. Ici sordide fait divers en plein Bronx, avec mort d'un jeune père de quarante ans. Le *New York Times* du jour : ah oui mais cas de conscience, puisque ce samedi Lovecraft lit le supplément littéraire du dimanche. Restons à notre protocole : plus que trois mètres avant d'atteindre Floyd Collins, on l'a entendu respirer. À 5 h du matin, 5 000 policiers investissent ensemble New York pour une opération générale de contrôle des taxis, inspectant l'intérieur pour la présence de revolver ou d'alcool, licence en règle : quarante seront arrêtés (le bruit de l'opération en cours a couru bien plus vite !).

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*New York Times*, 14 février 1925. L'inspecteur Chester Hagan, du commissariat de Simpson Street, a été victime d'un coup de feu entraînant sa mort, au coin de la Vyze Avenue et de la 167ème rue, dans le Bronx, tôt ce matin, par un des trois *negroes* que lui-même et son équipier venaient d'interpeller. Hagan est mort durant son transfert en taxi à l'hôpital Lincoln. Si le *negro* qui a tiré les coups de feu a pu s'échapper, les deux autres ont été repris après que l'un d'eux fut blessé à la jambe. Hagan était affecté au commissariat de Simpson Street depuis plusieurs années et était bien connu dans le Bronx. Il habitait 945 Sheridan Avenue, était marié et avait une petite fille de six ans. Lui-même était âgé de quarante ans. La nuit dernière, Hagan et son équipier, l'inspecteur Michael Hegney, surveillaient des *negroes* préparant un coup à proximité de la Vyze Avenue et de la 167ème rue. Alors qu'ils approchaient de la gare, ils aperçurent trois *negroes* et les interpellèrent pour interrogatoire. Alors qu'ils commençaient, une matraque tomba de la poche d'un des *negroes*. L'inspecteur Hagan se pencha pour la ramasser, et comme il le faisait, le *negro* qui l'avait laissé tomber sortit un revolver et tira

deux fois. Les deux balles atteignirent Hagan au ventre. Les trois *negroes* s'enfuirent. Hegney se saisit du pistolet de son équipier et tira trois coups de feu sur les *negroes*. Il atteignit l'un d'entre eux, Norman Robinson, domicilié 1787, IIIème Avenue, à la jambe droite. Une autre balle blessa à la main l'autre fugitif, Harry Payne Whitman, domicilié Au 200 de la 100ème rue Est. Le troisième homme disparut à l'angle du carrefour. Hegney, avec l'aide de plusieurs passants, s'assura des deux *negroes* blessés, et revint en hâte pour placer l'inspecteur blessé dans un taxi. Hagan était décédé quand le taxi arriva à l'hôpital Lincoln. Avant son décès il dit qu'il était sûr d'avoir atteint son assaillant, qui s'est enfui. Les deux prisonniers furent conduits au commissariat de Simpson Street, et interrogés par le Capitaine Henry Duane et le procureur John McGeehan. Une alerte générale fut transmise pour intercepter le troisième homme et, Hagan ayant déclaré avoir atteint le *negro*, tous les hôpitaux mis en garde.



*Prendre les quatre adresses mentionnées dans un fait divers, et examiner ce qu'elles sont devenues dans le New York contemporain.*

## HEARD COLLINS GASP WHEN 10 FEET AWAY, SAY CAVE EXPLORERS

Three Miners Who Enter Old  
Passage Convince Officials  
of Military Court.

### QUICKENS RESCUE EFFORTS

But Shaft at 55 Feet Encoun-  
ters Barricading Rock and  
One Crevice Proves Blind.

### LATERAL DRIVE IS PLANNED

Drillers May Not Reach Victim Till  
Tuesday Unless Chamber Is  
Found Quickly.

Special to The New York Times.  
CAVE CITY, Ky., Feb. 13.—Floyd Collins, entombed fourteen days in Sand Cave is alive, if three witnesses who went before Governor William Mason Fields' Military Court of Inquiry late today and testified under oath, are not mistaken. They earnestly believe Floyd Collins is still living in the niche that has held him a prisoner more than a fortnight far beneath the surface of the hills.

The three witnesses, miners that had been working night and day with the crews that are striving to bring Collins, dead or alive, out of his strange tomb, and the Military Court, in order that their labors might go on, went to Sand Cave, and, in a tent, took their testimony between shifts of labor.

Edward Brennen, a miner from Cincinnati, was the leading witness. His testimony was so far corroborated by William Henry Bailey and his son, William Jr., of Louisville, that members of the court announced that they gave it full credence and believed it.

This morning at 10 o'clock Brennen was sent down into the old opening of Sand Cave that has been sealed off daily since rescue workers started to sink their rescue shaft. Brennen was told he was to tap with a hammer on the rock-bound walls to see whether those working on the fifty-five-foot level in the shaft could hear him.

The object of the test was to see whether the diggers in the shaft might not be nearing some subterranean chamber of the cave that did not show in other tests, but the result was far different from that expected.

Heard Collins "Gasp."

Brennen said he heard Collins emit a long-drawn sigh or moan, which he finally described as a "gasp." He insisted that he is not an imaginative man and that he actually heard it.

"I knew it was Collins, Collins still alive," he said.

"I called to him then: 'Hold out, Floyd; hold out. We're coming for you, old boy; just hold out and we'll come and get you.'"

"I waited for five minutes, calling to him and listening, but I couldn't get him to answer. Neither did I hear the strange gasp-like moan again."

Brennen's detailed testimony follows: "I went into the cave about 12 o'clock this morning and I crawled down as far as the cave-in, about ten feet from where Collins is. At the time I had no thought of Collins being alive or dead, but only to do the work I was sent in for."

## ALL TAXIS HALTED AS 5,000 POLICEMEN QUESTION DRIVERS

Scores Arrested and Hundreds  
Summoned in Drive to Enforce  
Regulations to Letter.

### MOVE COMES AS SURPRISE

Sweeping Order by Enright  
Spreads Net for Criminal  
and Gunman Chauffeurs.

### PROMPTED BY KENNY CASE

Blue Stickers Put On Cabs That  
Pass Tests—Arms and Liquor  
Sought.

Five thousand policemen and detectives, who were sent out by Police Commissioner Enright at 5 o'clock last night with orders to inspect every taxicab in the city, arrested scores of chauffeurs last night, served summonses on hundreds of them and gave thousands of them blue stickers to paste on their windshields to bear witness that the taxicab and the driver's papers were all in order.

Detectives were called from the safe and loft and other special squads and men off duty were ordered out yesterday afternoon to carry out plans for the enforcement of motor vehicle laws which have been made since the killing of Dennis J. Kenny by an unlicensed chauffeur.

By a few minutes after 5 o'clock the whole city was dotted with small crowds which had gathered around stopped taxicabs while policemen questioned the chauffeurs, looked over the credentials and searched their taxicabs for revolvers or rum.

At every blast of a traffic man's whistle on Fifth Avenue, Broadway and other streets uniformed men would pick out three or four taxicabs and convey them to side streets, where the search and sometimes the seizure would take place.

Few arrests were reported in Brooklyn in comparison with other boroughs, and this was said to be due to a "leak" regarding the police plans, which had been communicated from chauffeur to chauffeur during the day, so that those in danger of arrest or summons cleared off the streets before 5 o'clock.

The news of the wholesale raid on the taxis spread among the drivers all over the city. The police say that many of the so-called hawks who cruise about the city ran to cover when they received information of the campaign.

More than forty drivers were brought into the Night Court up to midnight, and the sentence imposed against the first dozen where the violation was driving without a hacking license was \$25 or three days in the workhouse. The Court was somewhat annoyed because all the drivers gave the same excuse—that they were not seeking fares but were simply driving their taxicabs from one place to another.

Among the drivers who were sentenced





*Le Bronx en 1925.*

## **Detective, Shot by Thug, Wounds Assailant; Dies in Taxi After Duel and Capture of Two**

Detective Chester Hagan of the Simpson Street Station, was shot and fatally wounded at the corner of Vyse Avenue and 167th Street, the Bronx, early this morning by one of three negroes whom he and his partner had accosted. Hagan died while being rushed to Lincoln Hospital in a taxicab. Although the negro who fired the shots escaped, the two others were captured after one of them had been wounded in the leg.

Hagan had been attached to the Simpson Street Police Station for several years and was well known in the Bronx. He lived at 945 Sheridan Avenue, and was married and had a 6-year-old daughter. He was 40 years old.

Last night Hagan and his partner, Detective Michael Hegney, were keeping a watch for negro robbers who had been working in the vicinity of Vyse Avenue and 167th Street. As they started back toward the station house after midnight they saw three negroes and walked over to question them. While this was going on a blackjack dropped from the pocket of one negro. Detective Hagan bent to pick it up and as he did so the negro from whose pocket it had

dropped whipped out a revolver and fired twice. Both shots struck Hagan in the abdomen. The three negroes turned and ran.

Hegney picked up his companion's pistol and fired three more times at the negroes. He hit one of them, Norman Robinson of 1,787 Third Avenue, in the right leg. Another bullet grazed the finger of another fugitive, Harry Payne Whitman of 200 East 100th Street. The third man disappeared around a corner.

Hegney, with the aid of several passers-by, corralled the wounded negroes, and hurrying back to the wounded detective placed him in a taxicab. When the cab reached Lincoln Hospital Hagan was dead. Before he died he said that he was sure he had shot his assailant, who escaped.

The two prisoners were taken to the Simpson Street station, where they were questioned by Captain of Detectives Henry Dunn and District Attorney John E. McGeochan. A general alarm was sent out for the other man, and because of Hagan's statement that he had wounded the negro, a watch was ordered kept on all hospitals.

Life Behind the Scenes with Multi-Millionaire Idlers at Europe's Gayest Resorts told by Mrs. Nash in the New York Sunday American's Magazine.—Adv.

Three Surgeons save your lives. Phone Murray Hill 1617.—Adv.