

### Junk Man Would Buy Copper Boilers And Worms, but Stills Are Broken Up Before Sheriff Will Make Sale

"There's no need of breaking up those boilers if you want to sell them for junk," Sheriff S. E. Roberts was assured by a local second-hand dealer, who had read in The Bulletin that the sheriff intended to chop up a number of confiscated copper stills and worms, sell them, and give the money to the Red Cross. Not only was the sheriff informed that smashing of the parts was not necessary in effecting a sale, but he was told that boilers and tubing would com-

mand a higher price without any material alterations. But Sheriff Roberts had no intention of allowing the moonshining accessories to get into use again, and before any of the metal is marketed it will be so badly mangled as to be good for nothing but the melting pot. The wrecking of eight stills was started this morning by R. C. Allen, under Sheriff Roberts' supervision. Boilers and worms had been stored in the garage of Special Agent L. A. W. Nixon.

### REVISION IN PLANS FOR WATER USE, MAY BE NECESSARY, STATES BIENNIAL REPORT OF ENGINEER

That the reduction in flow of the Deschutes river during the last few years may mean a revision in the plans of the cooperative report of 1914 is pointed out in the eighth biennial report just issued from the office of State Engineer Percy A. Cupper. Special attention is paid in the report to the Deschutes project. State Engineer Cupper, in his statement, emphasizes the favorable report of Professor W. O. Crosby, U. S. reclamation service geologist, regarding the water-holding properties of the Benham Falls reservoir site. Regarding the West unit, Mr. Cupper mentions that there are indications that this part of the project may soon follow the example set by the North unit in the organization of an irrigation district. "No development has taken place on the South unit, which is perhaps due to the adverse conditions set forth in the cooperative report with respect to that unit," he adds. Continuing, he says: "The East unit is almost exclusively unentered Carey act lands. The Tumalo project, being unable to secure the necessary water supply from Tumalo creek, is now looking to the Deschutes river for additional water. The Deschutes river, like many other streams in Oregon, has during the past few years, fallen considerably below its normal flow. This may necessitate a revision of the plans in the cooperative report, and it is the policy of this office to consider the project as a whole insofar as possible and release no water without carefully considering its effect upon every other unit and, in fact, having a well developed plan as a basis for action."

Specifically referring to the Jefferson county lands earlier in the report, the report says: "The North Unit irrigation district, which comprises the North unit of the Deschutes project, has disposed of \$50,000 in bonds to carry on construction surveys and also has given an option on the remainder of its issue of \$5,000,000. Final surveys and investigations are now in progress. This project contemplates the reclamation of approximately 100,000 acres of land with water stored in Benham Falls reservoir. This reservoir will also serve as a number of other units of the so-called Deschutes Project."

"The Tumalo irrigation district, which has a partial water supply from Tumalo creek," says the report in the next paragraph, "has in view securing a full supply from the Benham Falls reservoir when the same is constructed. The district has made arrangements for securing a temporary supply of water from Crescent Lake reservoir, which is to be constructed by the Walker Basin Irrigation Co. for the reclamation of its Carey act project. This project will not require water for a number of years, and during this period the Tumalo irrigation district expects to utilize the same. The Ochoco irrigation district has practically completed its project for the irrigation of 22,000 acres of land.

### UPTON AND BURDICK ARE BLAMED FOR REAPPORTIONMENT RESULTS

Blame for the fact that Klamath county is still attached to Lake, Deschutes, Crook and Jefferson counties as a senatorial and representative district, even though influential legislators favored its separation, is laid by the Herald of Klamath Falls on Senator Jay H. Upton of Prineville and Representative Denton G. Burdick of Redmond. The following news comment on reapportionment results is made by the Herald: "Followers of the session are certain that hostile influences were brought to bear by Upton and Burdick, but are without proof of active hostility. Like many facts of common knowledge the position of the local legislative delegation in the reapportionment campaign was clearly apparent, but so well concealed—if such paradoxical expression is permissible—that it would be hard to prove their cold-water attack upon the friendly sentiment killed the proposal to grant the Klamath request. "The reapportionment committee also foisted, antagonizing Marion with a proposal to joint district that large county in order to make another senator available. "Josephine county, with approximately 7500 population, held tenaciously to its senator. Klamath, with nearly 12,000, shares her senator with four other counties, none of whose interests are similar to Klamath's. "The best remedy in sight is one that is rapidly gaining popularity here—the suggestion of the Chamber of Commerce legislative committee for a constitutional amendment making possible a general redistricting that would give each county a senator and apportion representatives on population basis, each county to have at least one. There is every indication that in the next two years, if an active campaign of education is conducted, the people of the state would endorse the amendment and replace the present politically controlled system with a really representative government. "The question of representation is a constantly recurring bugbear of succeeding legislatures, and the members would be glad to shift the burden, which at almost every session, disrupts harmony and interferes with the transaction of the state's business."

commissioners is one Central Oregon man, M. A. Lynch of Redmond, who is named to hold office for three years. Other appointments are: Fish commission—Frank M. Warren, Portland, appointment to June 1, 1935; Christian F. Schmidt, Astoria, appointment to June 1, 1934; Al H. Powers, Powers, Coos county, appointment to June 1933. Game commission—George H. Kelly, Portland, five-year term; I. N. Fieischer, Portland, four-year term; Bert Anderson, Medford, two-year term; Blaine Hallock, Baker, one-year term.



The two passed out on his sight, and after a long time he heard the crack of Snowbird's pistol. He guessed that she had either shot at some wild creature, or else was merely at target practice—rather a common proceeding for the two when they were on the hills together. Thus it is to be seen that Cranston knew their habits fairly well. And since he had kept a close watch upon them for several days, this was to be expected. He had no intention of being interrupted in this work he was about to do. He had planned it all very well. The elder Lennox was still helpless. Cranston had noticed that when Dan and Snowbird went out, they were usually gone from two to four hours; and that gave him plenty of time for his undertaking. The moment had come at last to make a thorough search of Lennox's house for those incriminating documents that Dan had found near the body of Lundy Hildreth. The only really dangerous part of his undertaking was his approach. If by any chance Lennox were looking out of the window, he might be found waiting with a rifle across his arms. It would be quite like the old mountaineer to have his gun beside him.

and to shoot it quick and exceptionally straight, without asking questions, at any stealing figure in the snow. Yet Cranston felt fairly sure that Lennox was still too helpless to raise a gun to a shooting position. He had observed that the mountaineer spent his time either on the fireplace divan or on his own bed. Neither of these places was available to the rear windows of the house. So, very wisely, he made his attack from the rear. He came stealing across the snow—a musher of the first degree. Very silently and swiftly he slipped off his snowshoes at the door. The door itself was unlocked, just as he had supposed. In an instant more he was tiptoeing, a dark, silent figure, through the corridors of the house. He held his rifle ready in his hands. He peered into Lennox's bedroom first. The room was unoccupied. Then the floor of the corridor creaked beneath his step; and he knew nothing further was to be gained by waiting. If Lennox suspected his presence, he might be waiting with aimed rifle as he opened the door of the living room. He glided faster. He halted once more—a moment at the living-room door to see if Lennox had been disturbed. He was lying still, however, so Cranston pushed through. Lennox glanced up from his magazine to find that unmistakable thing, the barrel of a rifle, pointed at his breast. Cranston was one of those rare marksmen who shoot with both eyes open—and that meant that he kept his full visual powers to the last instant before the hammer fell. "I can't raise my arms," Lennox said simply. "One of 'em won't work



at all—besides, against the doctor's orders." Cranston stole over toward him, looking closely for weapons. He pulled aside the woolen blanket that Lennox had drawn up over his body, and he pushed his hand into the cushions of the couch. A few deft pats, holding his rifle through the fork of his arm, finger coiled into the trigger guard, assured him that Lennox was not

Lennox's face; but his voice did not change. "They'll see your footprints before they come in and be ready," Lennox replied evenly. "They always come in by the back way. And even with a pistol, Snowbird's a match for you." "Did you think that was what I meant?" Cranston scorned. "I know a way to destroy those letters, and I'll do it—in the four seconds that I said, unless you tell. I'm not even sure I'm going to give you a chance to tell now; it's too good a scheme. There won't be any witnesses then to yell around in the courts. What if I choose to set fire to this house?" "It wouldn't surprise me a great deal. It's your own trade," Lennox shuddered once on his place on the floor. "I wouldn't have to worry about those letters then, would I? They are somewhere in the house, and they'd be burned to ashes. But that isn't all that would be burned. You could maybe crawl out, but you couldn't carry the guns, and you couldn't carry the pantry full of food. You're nearly eighty miles up here from the nearest occupied house, with two pair of snowshoes for the three of you and one dinky pistol. And you can't walk at all. It would be a nice pickle, wouldn't it? Wouldn't you have a fat chance of getting down to civilization?" The voice no longer held steady. It trembled with passion. This was no idle threat. The brain had already seized upon the scheme with every intention of carrying it out. The wilderness lay stark and bare, stripped of all delusion—not only in the snow world outside but in the hearts of these two men, its sons. "I have only one hope," Lennox replied. "I hope, unknown to me, that Dan has already dispatched those letters. The arm of the law is long, Cranston. It's easy to forget that fact up here. It will reach you in the end." Cranston turned through the door into the kitchen. He was gone a long time. Lennox heard him at work; the crinkle of paper and then a pouring sound around the walls. Then he heard the sharp crack of a match. An instant later the first wisp of smoke came curling, pungent with burning oil, through the corridor. "You crawled from your couch to reach that gun," Cranston told him when he came in. "Let's see you crawl out now." Lennox's answer was a curse—the last, dread outpouring of an unbroken will. He didn't look again at the glittering eyes. He scarcely watched Cranston's further preparations; the oil poured on the rugs and furnishings, the kindling placed at the base of the curtains. Cranston was trained in this work. He was taking no chances on the fire being extinguished. And Lennox began to crawl toward the door. He managed to grasp the corner of the blanket on the divan as he went, and he dragged it behind him. Pain wracked him, and smoke half-blinded him. But he made it at last. And by the time he had crawled one hundred feet over the snow crust the whole structure was in flames. The red tongues spoke with a roar.

Cranston, the fire-madness on his face, hurried to the outbuildings. There he repeated the work. He touched a match to the hay in the barn, and the wind flung the flame through it in an instant. The sheds and other outbuildings were treated with oil. And seeing that his work was done, he called once to the prone body of Lennox on the porch. "Tell me where it is," Cranston ordered him. Again he pointed his rifle at Lennox's wasted breast. "Tell you where what is? My money?" "You know what I want—and it isn't money. I mean those letters that falling found on the ridge. I'm through fooling, Lennox. Dan learned that long ago, and it's time you learned it now." "Dan learned it because he was sick. He isn't sick now. Don't presume too much on that." Cranston laughed with harsh scorn. "But that isn't the question. I said I've wasted all the time I'm going to. You are an old man and helpless; but I'm not going to let that stand in the way of getting what I came to get. They're hidden somewhere around this house. I've watched, and he's had no chance to take them into town. I'll give you—just five seconds to tell me where they're hidden." "And I give you," Lennox replied, "one second less than that—to go to h—ll!" Both of them breathed hard in the quiet room. Cranston was trembling now, shivering just a little in his arms and shoulders. "Don't get me wrong, Lennox," he warned. "And don't have any delusions in regard to me, either," Lennox replied. "I've stood worse pain from this accident than any man can give me while I yet live, no matter what he does. If you want to get on me and hammer me in the approved Cranston way, I can't defend myself—but you won't get a civil answer out of me. I'm used to pain, and I can stand it. I'm not used to fawning to a coyote like you, and I can't stand it." But Cranston hardly heard. An idea had flamed in his mind and cast a red glamor over all the scene about him. It was instilling a poison in his nerves and a madness in his blood, and it was searing him, like fire, in his dark brain. Nothing seemed real. He suddenly bent forward, tense. "That's all right about you," he said. "But you'd be a little more polite if it was Snowbird—and Dan—that would have to pay." Perhaps the color faded slightly in



body of Lennox on the snow and nudged away into the silence. Lennox's answer was not a curse this time. Rather it was a prayer, unuttered, and in his long years Lennox had not prayed often. When he prayed at all, the words were burning fire. His prayer was that of Samson—that for a moment his strength might come back to him. CHAPTER II. Two miles across the ridges, Dan and Snowbird saw a faint mist blowing between the trees. They didn't recognize it at first. It might be fine snow, blown by the wind, or even one of those mysterious fogs that sometimes sweep over the snow. "But it looks like smoke," Snowbird said. "But it couldn't be. The trees are too wet to burn."

### ODDFELLOWS HONOR DEPARTED BROTHER

Funeral services were held Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock from the Niswonger chapel, for John H. Taylor of Culver, who died here Wednesday, while visiting his daughter Mrs. E. M. Speaker. Thirty members of Bend lodge No. 218, together with 16 members of Culver lodge I. O. O. F. marched in a body from the Oddfellows hall to the chapel where Rev. Purdy preached the funeral sermon. Musical numbers were by a quartette composed of Mrs. R. S. Dart, Mrs. T. H. Foley, Mrs. Nelson Aubrey and Mrs. A. Leasing. At Pilot Butte cemetery the Oddfellows' burial service was read. Mr. Taylor was a member of the lodge at Walkerville, Wisconsin.

### TO USE BEND BRICK FOR REDMOND HIGH

400,000 Will Be Needed In Construction of New Building, Is Estimate of Architect. Approximately 400,000 Bend brick will be used in the construction of the new Redmond high school building, it is estimated by Lee A. Thomas, architect. The brick will have to be ready for delivery by the middle of April or May 1. While contractors will have the choice of straight brick construction, or of tile with brick facing, there is little doubt that the former type of building will necessitate a less expenditure, Mr. Thomas states.

### MOUNTED CARRIER AUTHORIZED HERE

Bend is assured of a permanent mounted carrier, Postmaster W. H. Hudson is informed in a letter just received from the office of the postmaster-general at Washington, D. C. A mounted man has been aiding in delivery for some time, but up to now there had been no assurance that he could be permanently employed. The authorization adding a carrier to the postal delivery force means the establishment of a regular schedule for the distribution of parcel post matter. In addition, it is probable that the new carrier may be given the outlying part of Newport avenue. Put it in The Bulletin.