

# CARLON FINDS MISSING PARTS OF THREE CARS

Brothers Held For Sunday Night Thefts

PRINTS ARE EVIDENCE

Quantity of Equipment Seized Last Night Will Make Good All Losses. Believed—Officer Makes Painsstaking Search

Parts valued at several hundred dollars, stolen from three Ford cars Sunday night, were found late Friday afternoon, and W. B. Shephard and R. P. Shephard, brothers residing on Columbia street near Jacksonville avenue, were arrested, charged with the theft. Constable Tom Carlon, who handled the case, and District Attorney A. J. Moore, claim to be able positively to identify many of the recovered parts, particularly in cases where wires were severed in detaching them, stating that the severed ends fit exactly.

Finger prints found on one piece of Ford truck equipment, left behind by the thieves in the course of one of their expeditions Sunday night, are being developed and will have an important bearing on the case, it is believed by the officers. The recovered parts, it is believed, will make good all the losses sustained by City Engineer Robert B. Gould, J. A. Mobley and Clay Miller, all of whose cars suffered as the result of motor thieves' activities over the last week end.

### Long Search Succeeds

Painsstaking work on the part of Carlon is responsible for the success of the investigation, which ordinarily would have the traditional search for the needle hidden in a haystack appearing as an easy quest by comparison.

When Gould's car was taken on Drake road Sunday night, and driven to the city dump to be stripped, the thieves used the end gate from their own Ford truck to support the jack with which Gould's car was lifted clear of the ground. Then they forgot the end gate, which was found the next day by Carlon and J. L. Van Huffel of the Central Oregon Motor Company. The board was brought into Bend, care being taken not to obliterate finger prints, and measurements were taken.

### End Gate Is Clue

Then Carlon's search began. Carrying strings cut to the dimensions of the board, he started on a tour of the city, looking for a truck without an end gate. Once such a one was found, measurements would be taken, until finally late Friday afternoon Carlon considered that his hunt was ended. A search warrant was obtained, and with Police Chief Willard Houston and Van Huffel accompanying him, Carlon served the paper at the Shephard home. Much of the missing property was found under a trap door in the kitchen, and the rest was found in the garage. As far as house furnishings were concerned, the family was plainly destitute, but three cars, including the truck, were at the place.

W. B. Shephard, according to the officers, volunteered a virtual confession when he reached home shortly after 5 o'clock from the mills. The end gate had been brought to the place by Van Huffel and was being fitted in when the Shephard brothers made their appearance.

"What are you doing with my end gate?" Shephard demanded.

When assured by Carlon that it had been found at the city dump, he lapsed into silence.

### Wife's Advice Unheeded

Shephard's wife told District Attorney Moore, when he with Deputy Sheriff George Stokoe, Carlon and Van Huffel visited the house again Friday night to obtain other property suspected of having been stolen, that her husband, with a man known as "Shorty" Frisk, and R. P. Shephard, had been out until midnight Sunday, and that she had advised her husband against doing "such things."

The Shephards came to Bend three months ago from Emmett, Idaho, Mrs. Shephard said.

### INQUIRIES FOR HAY COMING FROM VALLEY

Many inquiries for hay are being received by County Agriculturist D. L. Jamison, he announced while in Bend Tuesday. Most of them are coming from the Willamette valley. Ranchers who will have hay to sell are asked to communicate with Jamison, letting him know the amount which they can spare.

Put it in The Bulletin.

# The CROSS-CUT

by Courtney Ryley Cooper  
ILLUSTRATIONS by R.B. Van Nice

Fairchild laughed—he couldn't help it—in spite of the fact that five hun-



"Ain't I the Cuckoo?"

dred dollars might have gone a long way toward unwatering that shaft. Harry was Harry—he had done enough in crossing the seas to help him. And already, in the eyes of Fairchild, Harry was swiftly approaching that place where he could do no wrong.

"You're wonderful, Harry," came at last. The Cornishman puffed with pride.

"I'm a cuckoo," he admitted. "Where's Mother 'Oward? Where's 'Oward. Won't I knock 'er eyes out, now?"

And he boomed forward toward the dining room, to find there men he had known in other days, to shake hands with them and to bang them on the back, to sight Blinseye Bozeman and Taylor Bill sitting lunched over their meal in the corner and to go effusively toward them. "Arry" was playing no favorites in his "come-coming."

Jovially he leaned over the table of Bozeman and Bill, after he had displayed himself before Mother Howard and received her sanction of his selections in dress. Happily he boomed forth the information that Fairchild and he were back to work the Blue Poppy mine and that they already had made a trip of inspection.

Fairchild finished his meal and waited. But Harry talked on. Bozeman and Bill left the dining room again to make a report to the narrow-faced Squint Rodaine. Harry did not even notice them. And as long as a man stayed to answer his queries, just so long did Harry remain, at last to rise, brush a few crumbs from his lightning-like suit, press his new hat gently upon his head with both hands and start forth once more on his rounds of saying hello. And there was nothing for Fairchild to do but to wait as patiently as possible for his return.

The afternoon grew old. Harry did not come back. The sun set and dinner was served. But Harry was not there to eat it. Dusk came, and then, nervous over the continued absence of his eccentric partner, Fairchild started uptown.

The usual groups were in front of the stores, and before the largest of them Fairchild stopped.

"Do any of you happen to know a fellow named Harry Harkins?" he asked somewhat anxiously. The answer was in the affirmative. A miner stretched out a foot and surveyed it studiously.

"Ain't seen him since about five o'clock," he said at last. "He was just starting up to the mine then."

"To the mine? That late? Are you sure?"

"Well—I dunno. May have been going to Center City. Can't say. All I know is he said something 'bout going to the mine earlier in the afternoon, an' long about five I seen him starting up Kentucky gulch."

"Who's that?" The interruption had come in a sharp, yet gruff voice. Fairchild turned to see before him a man he recognized, a tall, thin, wiry figure, with narrowed, slanting eyes, and a scar that went straight up his forehead. He evidently had just rounded the corner in time to hear the conversation.

"I was merely asking about my partner in the Blue Poppy mine."

"The Blue Poppy?" the squint eyes narrowed more than ever. "You're Fairchild, ain't you? Well, I guess you're going to have to get along without a partner from now on."

"Get along without—?"

A crooked smile came to the other's lips.

"That is, unless you want to work with a dead man. Harry Harkins got

drowned, about an hour ago, in the Blue Poppy shaft!"

### CHAPTER VIII

The news caused Fairchild to recoil and stand gasping. And before he could speak, a new voice had cut in, one full of excitement, tremulous, anxious.

"Drowned? Where's his body?" "How do I know?" Squint Rodaine turned upon his questioner. "Guess it's at the foot of the shaft. All I saw was his hat. What're you so interested for?"

The questioner, small, goggle-eyed and given to rubbing his hands, stared a moment speechlessly.

"He—he bought a diamond from me this morning—on the installment plan!"

Rodaine smiled again in his crooked fashion.

"That's your own fault, Sam," he announced curtly. "If he's at the bottom of the shaft, your diamond's there too. All I know about it is that I was coming down from the Silver Queen when I saw this fellow go into the tunnel of the Blue Poppy. He was all dressed up, else I don't guess I would have paid much attention to him. But as it was, I kind of stopped to look, and seen it was Harry Harkins, who used to work the mine with this"—he pointed to Fairchild—"this fellow's father. About a minute later, I heard a yell, like somebody was in trouble, then a big splash. Naturally I ran in the tunnel and struck a match. About twenty feet down, I could see the water was all riled up, and a new hat was floating around on top of it. That's all I know. You can do as you please about your diamond, I'm just giving you the information."

He turned sharply and went on then, while Sam the Jeweler, the rest of the loiterers clustered around him, looked appealingly toward Fairchild.

"What'll we do?" he wailed. Fairchild turned. "I don't know about you—but I'm going to the mine."

"It won't do any good—bodies can't float. It may never float—if it gets caught down in the timbers somewhere."

"Have to organize a bucket brigade." It was a suggestion from one of the crowd.

"Why not borrow the Argonaut pump? They ain't using it."

"Go get it! Go get it!" This time it was the wail of the little Jeweler. "Tell 'em Sam Herbenfelder sent you. They'll let you have it."

Another suggestion, still another. Soon men began to radiate, each on a mission. The word passed down the street. More loiterers—a silver miner spends a great part of his leisure time in simply watching the crowd go by—hurried to join the excited throng. Groups, en route to the picture show, decided otherwise and stopped to learn of the excitement. The crowd thickened. Suddenly Fairchild looked up sharply at the sound of a feminine voice.

"What's the matter?"

"Harry Harkins got drowned." All too willingly the news was dispersed. Fairchild's eyes were searching now in the half-light from the faint street bulbs. Then they centered. It was Anita Richmond, standing at the edge of the crowd, questioning a miner, while beside her was a thin, youthful counterpart of a hard-faced father, Maurice Rodaine. Just a moment of queries, then the miner's hand pointed to Fairchild as he turned toward her.

"It's his partner."

She moved forward then and Fairchild went to meet her.

"I'm sorry," she said, and extended her hand. Fairchild gripped it eagerly.

"Thank you. But it may not be as bad as the rumors."

"I hope not." Then quickly she withdrew her hand, and somewhat flustered, turned as her companion edged closer. "Maurice, this is Mr. Fairchild," she announced, and Fairchild could do nothing but stare. She knew his name! A second more and it was explained: "My father knew his father very well."

"I think my own father was acquainted too," was the rejoinder, and the eyes of the two men met for an instant in conflict. The girl did not seem to notice.

"I sold him a ticket this morning to the dance, not knowing who he was. Then father happened to see him pass the house and pointed him out to me as the son of a former friend of his. Funny how those things happen, isn't it?"

"Decidedly funny!" was the caustic rejoinder of the younger Rodaine. Fairchild laughed, to cover the air of intensity. He knew instinctively that Anita Richmond was not talking to him simply because she had sold him a ticket to a dance and because her father might have pointed him out. He felt sure that there was something else behind it—the feeling of a debt

which she owed him, a feeling of companionship engendered upon a sunlit road, during the moments of stress, and the continuance of that meeting in those few moments in the drug store, when he had handed her back her ten-dollar bill. She had called herself a cad then, and the feeling that she perhaps had been abrupt toward a man who had helped her out of a disagreeable predicament was prompting her action now; Fairchild felt sure of that. And he was glad of the fact, very glad. Again he laughed, while Rodaine eyed him narrowly. Fairchild shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm not going to believe this story until it's proven to me," came calmly. "Who brought the news?"

Fairchild deliberately chose his words:

"A tall, thin, ugly old man, with mean squint eyes and a scar straight up his forehead."

A flush appeared on the other man's face. Fairchild saw his hands contract, then loosen.

"You're trying to insult my father!"

"Your father?" Fairchild looked at him blankly. "Wouldn't that be a rather difficult job—especially when I don't know him?"

"You described him."

"And you recognized the description."

"Maurice! Stop it!" The girl was tugging at Rodaine's sleeve. "Don't say anything more. I'm sorry—" and she looked at Fairchild with a glance he could not interpret—"that anything like this could have come up."

"I am equally so—if it has caused you embarrassment."

"You'll get a little embarrassment out of it yourself—before you get

through!" Rodaine was scowling at him. Anita Richmond caught his arm.

"Maurice! Stop it! How could the thing have been premeditated when he didn't even know your father? Come—let's go on. The crowd's getting thicker."

The narrow-faced man obeyed her command, and together they turned out into the street to avoid the constantly growing throng, and to veer toward the picture show.

Carbide lights had begun to appear along the street, as miners, summoned by hurrying gossip mongers, came forward to assist in the search for the missing man. High above the general conglomeration of voices could be heard the cries of the instigator of activities. Sam Herbenfelder, bemoaning the loss of his diamond, ninety per cent of the cost of which remained to be paid. Hastily he shot through the crowd, organizing the bucket brigade and searching for news of the Argonaut pump, which had not yet arrived. Half-disgusted, Fairchild turned and started up the hill, a few miners, their carbide lamps swinging beside them, following him.

Fairchild turned at the entrance of the mine and waited for the first of the miners and the accompanying gleam of his carbide. Then they went within and to the shaft, the light shining downward upon the oily, black water below. Two objects floated there, a broken piece of timber, torn from the side of the shaft, where someone evidently had grasped hastily at it in an effort to stop a fall, and a new, four-pointed hat, gradually becoming water-soaked and sinking slowly beneath the surface. And then, for the first time, fear clutched at Fairchild's heart—fear which hope could not ignore.

"There's his hat." It was a miner staring downward.

Fairchild had seen it, but he strove to put aside the thought.

"True," he answered, "but anyone could lose a hat, simply by looking over the edge of the shaft. Harry's a strong man. Certainly he would know how to swim. And in any event he should have been able to have kept afloat for at least a few minutes. Rodaine says that he heard a shout and ran right in here; but all that he could see was ruffled water and a floating hat. I—" Then he paused suddenly. It had come to him that Rodaine might have helped in the demise of Harry!

Shouts sounded from outside, and the roaring of a motor truck as it made its slow, tortuous way up the boulder-strewn road with its gullies and innumerable ruts. Voices came, rumbling and varied. Lights, gaining the mouth of the tunnel, Fairchild could see a mass of shadows outlined by the carbides, all following the leadership of a small, excited man, Sam Herbenfelder, still seeking his diamond.

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The big pump from the Argonaut tunnel was aboard the truck, which was followed by two other auto vehicles, each loaded with gasoline engines and smaller pumps. A hundred men were in the crowd, all equipped with ropes and buckets. Sam Herbenfelder's pleas had been heard. The search was about to begin for the body of Harry and the diamond that circled one finger. And Fairchild had tensed to do his part.

Until far into the night they worked and strained to put the big pump into position; while crews of men, four and five in a group, hauled water as fast as possible, that the aggregate might be lessened to the greatest possible extent before the pumps, with their hoses, were attached. Then the gasoline engines began to snort, great lengths of tubing were let down into the shaft, and spurring water started down the mountain side as the task of unwatering the shaft began.

But it was a slow job. Morning found the distance to the water lengthened by twenty to thirty feet, and the bucket brigades nearly at the end of their ropes. Men trudged down the hills to breakfast, sending others in their places. Fairchild stayed on to meet Mother Howard and assuage her nervousness as best he could, dividing his time between her and the task before him. Noon found more water than ever tumbling down the hills—the smaller pumps were working now in unison with the larger one. After noon—and most of that was there, Fairchild could distinguish the form of Anita Richmond in the hundreds of women and men clustered about the opening of the tunnel, and for once she was not in the company of Maurice Rodaine. He hurried to her and she smiled at his approach.

Eventually the band now about to be organized will become a D. O. K. K. band, the plan being to locate a temple of that order here as soon as possible after the required number of members are gained. Nearly enough "dokies" now live in Central Oregon.

Plans for securing uniforms for the band by next spring will be taken up as soon as the musicians are taken into the order and the band formed. John Newby, Louis Bennett and Dr. R. D. Ketchum were named as a committee to organize the band.

Organization of a brass band was decided upon at last week's meeting of Deschutes Lodge No. 103, Knights of Pythias. In addition to a number of musicians already members, the lodge has in view a dozen or more men who play instruments, who will be initiated soon. The plan grew out of the recent visit of the D. O. K. K. band from Medford, at which time the value of music in connection with ritualistic work of the order was emphasized.

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