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BEND BULLETIN, BEND, OREGON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1922



Padding Valuations Alleged at Meeting of State Commission

(By United Press to The Band Bulletin.) SALEM, Oct. 3. - Summary re-'moval of H. J. Overturf of Bend and O. B. Hardy of Redmond as bonus loan appraisers for Deschutes county was effected at a meeting of the state bonus commission here Monday, with Governor Olcott presiding and all members of the commission present.

The removal of Overturf and Hardy, it was stated, is based on alleged padding of appraisements of real estate on which bonus loan applications are based. The entire matter will be made the subject of a grand jury investigation, it was said. Overturf, who was a member of the last legislature and is a candidate for relection, is charged with having a personal interest in several parcels of land on which the values were padded.

Investigation of Deschutes county loan appraisals just completed by a special representative of the bonus commission is said to have disclosed a number of cases in which the values of property offered as security for bonus loans have been kited.

Shortly after the arrival of the United Press story of the removal of Overturf and Hardy from the county appraisal board, Overturf received official notification from the state commission, in a telegram dated October 2.

"Commission at its meeting today revoked your appointment as appraiser for Deschutes county and your authority ceased on this date," the commission wired. "You are directed to return to this office immediately your certificate of appointment, together with all reports now in your hands, and to return to applicants all fees collected on reports not forwarded to this office."

Overturf has but three appraisements which are incomplete and which will have to be sent back to the commission in compliance with telegraphed instructions.

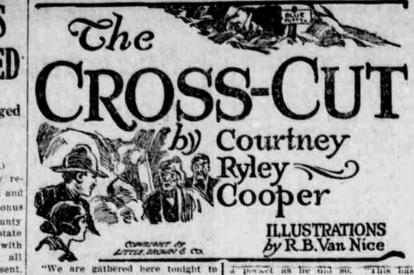
"I will welcome a close investigation of all the affairs of this appraisal board, as far as I am concerned." Overturf said after being shown the United Press report of the bonus commission meeting. "All I have tried to do is to give the boys who were entitled to a loan, a fair deal. I have used my best judgment in this matter and have nothing more to say until I have full information as to the operations of the commission."

RED CROSS SHOP SALES INCREASE

Ground Floor Location Proves Popular-Will Be Open Sat-

urday Evening

Great increase in the amount of sales at the Red Cross shop was noted on the opening day in the new loca



We are gathered here tonight to inquire into the death of a man supposed to be L. A. Larsen, commonly called 'Sissle,' whose skeleton was quisition !" found today in the Blue Poppy mine As sworn and true members of the coroner's jury. I charge and command you in the great name of the sovereign state of Colorado, to do your full duty in arriving at your verdict."

The jury, half risen from the chairs some with their left hands held high above them, some with their right, swore in mumbling tones to do their duty, whatever that might be. The coroner surveyed the assemblage. "First witness," he called out;

"Harry Harkins!" Harry went forward, clumsly seek ing the witness chair. He was ques tioned regarding nothing more than the mere finding of the body, the iden tification by means of the watch, and the notification of the coroner. Fairchild was called, to suffer no more from the queries of the investigator than Harry. There was a pause. It seemed that the inquest was over. few people began to move toward the

door-only to halt. The coroner's voice had sounded again: "Mrs. Laura Rodaine !"

Prodded to her feet by the squint

eyed man beside her, she rose and, laughing in silly fashion, stumbled to the aisle, her straying hair, her ragged clothing, her big shoes and shuffling gait all blending with the wild, cerie look of her eyes, the constant munch ing of the almost toothless mouth. Again she laughed, in a vacant, embarrassed manner, as she reached the stand and held up her hand for the administration of the oath. Fairchild leaned close to his partner.

"At least she knows enough for that."

Harry nodded.

"She knows a lot, that ole girl. They say she writes down in a book every thing she does every day. But what can she be 'ere to testify to?" The answer seemed to come in the

questioning voice of the coroner. "Your name, please?" "Laura Rodaine. Least, that's the

name I go by. My real maiden name is Laura Masterson, and-" "Rodaine will be sufficient. Your

age? "I think it's sixty-four. If I had my book I could tell. I-"

"Your book?" "Yes, I keep everything in a book But it isn't here. I couldn't bring it." "The guess will be sufficient in this case. You've lived here a good many years, Mrs. Rodaine?"

"Yes. Around thirty-five. Let's see -yes. I'm sure it's thirty-five. My boy was born here-he's about thirty and we came here five years before that." "I believe you told me tonight that you have a habit of wandering around

the hills?" "Yes, I've done that-I do it right along-I've done it ever since my husband and I split up-that was just a little while after the boy was born-"Sufficient. I merely wanted to establish that fact. In wandering about, did you ever see anything, twenty three or four years ago or so, that would lead you to know something of the death of the man into whose demise we are inquiring?" "I know something. I know a lot. But I've never figured it was anybody's business but my own. So I haven't told it. But I remember-

"That's all. Gentlemen of the jury." he turned his back on the crowded room and faced the small, worried appearing group on the row of kitchen chairs, "you have heard the evidence You will find a room at the right la which to conduct your deliberations." Shuffling forms faded through the door at the right. Then followed long oments of waiting, in which Robert Fairchild's eyes went to the floor, in which he strove to avoid the gaze of



every one in the crowded courtroom He knew what they were thinking, that his father had been a murderer, and that he-well, that he was blood of his father's blood. He could hear the buzzing of tongues, the shifting of the courtroom on the unstable chairs, and he knew fingers were pointing at him. For once in his life he had not the strength to face his fellow men. A quarter of an hour-a knock on the door-then the six men clattered forth again, to hand a piece of paper to the coroner. And he, adjusting his glasses. turned to the courtroom and read:

"We, the jury, find that the deceased came to his death from lujuries sustained at the hands of Thornton Fairchild, in or about the month of June, 1892."

That was all, but it was enough The stain had been pinced; the thing which the white-haired man who had sat by a window back in Indianapolis had feared all his life had come after death.

It seemed hours before the courtroom cleared. Then, the attorney at one side. Harry at the other, he start-

ed out of the courtroom. The crowd still was on the street, milling, circling, dividing itself into little groups to discuss the verdict. Through them shot scrambling forms of newsboys. Dazedly, simply for the sake of something to take his mind from the throngs and the gossip about him, Fairchild bought a paper and stepped to the light to glance over the first page. There, emblazoned under the "Extra" heading, was the story of the finding of the skeleton in the Blue Poppy mine, while beside it was something which caused Robert Fairchild to almost forget, for the moment, the horrors of the ordeal which he was undergoing. It was a paragraph leading the "personal" column of the small, amateurish sheet, announcing the engagement of Miss Anita Natalle Richmond to Mr. Maurice Rodaine, the wedding to come "probably in the late

fall !"

ville road, where she lives, and brew ing them into some sort of concection that she sprinkles on the graves. She believes that it's a sure system of bringing immortality to a person. Polson-that's about what it is." Harry shrugged his shoulders. "Poison's what she is!" he er.

claimed. "Ain't it enough that I'm ac cused of every crime in the calendar without 'er getting me mixed up in a murder? And-" this time he looked at Fairchild with dolorous eyes-"'ow 're we going to furnish bond this time, if the grand jury indicts me?"

"I'm afraid there won't be any." Mother Howard set her lips for a minute, then straightened proudly. "Well, I guess there will! It's bond

able-and I guess I've got a few things that are worth something-and a few friends that I can go to. I don't see why I should be left out of every thing, just because I'm a woman !"

"Lor' love you !" Harry grinned, his eyes showing plainly that the world was again good for him and that his troubles, as far as a few slight charges of penitentiary offenses were concerned, amounted to very little in his estimation. Harry had a habit of living just for the day. And the support of Mother Howard had whoed out all future difficulties for him. The fact that convictions might await him and that the heavy doors at Canon City might yawn for him made little difference right now. Behind the great bulwark of his mustache, his big lips spread in a bappy announcement of joy, and the world was good.

Silently, Robert Fairchild rose and left the parlor for his own room. Some way he could not force himself to shed his difficulties in the same light. airy way as Harry. Looking back he could see now that his dreams had led only to catastrophes. From the very beginning, there had been only trouble, only fighting, fighting, fight ing against insurmountable odds. which seemed to throw him ever deeper into the mire of defeat, with every onslaught. The Rodaines had played with stacked cards, and so far every hand had been theirs. Fairchild suddenly realized that he was all but whipped, that the psychological advantage was all on the side of Squint Rodaine, his son-and the crazy woman who did their bidding. More, another hope had gone glimmering; even had the announcement not come forth that Anita Richmond had given her promise to marry Maurice Rodaine, the action of a coroner's jury that night had removed her from hope forever. A son of a man who has been called a slayer has little right to love a woman, even if that woman has a bit of mystery about her. All things can be explainedbut murder!

It was growing late, but Fairchild did not seek bed. Instead he sat by the window, staring out at the shud ows of the mountains, out at the free pure night, and yet at nothing. After a long time, the door opened, and a big form entered-Harry-to stand silent a moment, then to come forward and lay a hand on the other man's shoulder.

"Don't let it get you, Boy," he said softly-for him. "It's going to come out all right. Everything comes out all right-if you ain't wrong yourself." "I know, Harry. But it's an awful tangle right now

"Sure it is But it ain't as if a same person 'ad said it against you. There'll never be anything more to that; Farrell'I 'ave 'er adjudged insane if it ever comes to anything like that, She'll never give no more testimony. I've been talking with, 'im-'e stopped in just after you came upstairs. It's only a crazy woman."

"But they took her word for it. Harry. They believed her. And they gave the verdict-against my father!" "I know. I was there, right beside



More Recent Tumalo Settlers Protect Against **Reclamation** Rate

Seeking legal advice as to the possibility of securing a reduction of the rate applied to land holders under state development, a committee having among its members R. G. Sammons, R. E. Barch, Dr. J. H. Connarn and J. W. Brown, is representing a large number of settlers on the Tumalo project.

These settlers are the newcomers on Tumalo lands, and their water rights are later than those of the ranchers whose holdings were acquired from the Columbia Southern irrigation Co. Because of the later date of these water rights, the commission which recently apportioned the per acre cost of the present reclamation program considered that the newcomera would derive greater benefit than those who held slightly prior rights obtained from the Columbla Southern. It was because of

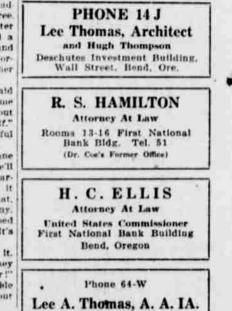
this that the holders of more recent rights must stand a per acre charge of 54 per cent of that assessed against lands which will wholly bene- . fit, while holders of the older rights are given a 46 per cent charge in the report of the commision

A suit may be filed, it is intimated, in an effort to lower the rate proposed for the newcomers.

MARSH CLOSED TO HUNTING, REPORTED

Sycan marsh, a favorite duck hunting region in Lake county, has been closed to hunting by the cattle men. because of the danger to their cattle grazing there, reports C. Hall of the Union Oil Co., who returned Monday from a hunt with R. J. Woods, a Portland representative of the same firm. They made a good bag of ducks near the Silver lake dam.

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timony in any kind of a court or on any kind of a case! Have you any further evidence upon the lines that she is going to give?". "Then I demand that all the testimony which this woman has given be stricken out and the jury instructed

"I think otherwise. The jury is en-titled to all the evidence that has any bearing on the case."

ceased to be an inquest; it has re-

solved itself into some sort of an in

had stepped down and was facing him.

a death that happened mice than

twenty years ago-and you're basing

that inquiry upon the word of a wom

an who is not legally able to give tes-

"I fail to see why." The coroner

"Why? Why-you're inquiring into

"But this woman is crazy !"

"Not directly."

to disregard it."

The official smiled.

"Has she ever been adjudged so, or committed to any asylum for the in sane?"

"No--but nevertheless, there are hundred persons in this courtroom who will testify to the fact that she is mentally unbalanced and not a fit per son to fasten a crime upon any man's head by her testimony. And referring even to yourself, Coroner, have you within the last twenty-five years, in fact, since a short time after the bitth of her son, called her anything else but Crazy Laura? Has anyone else in this town called her any other name? Man, I appeal to your-"

"What you say may be true. It may not. I don't know. I only am sure of one thing-that a person is some in the eyes of the law until adjudged otherwise. Therefore, her evidence at this time is perfectly legal and prop-

"It won't be as soon as I can bring an action before a lunacy court and cause her examination by a board of alienists."

"That's something for the future. In that case things might be different. But I can only follow the law, with the members of the jury instructed, of course, to accept the evidence for what they deem it is worth. You will proceed, Mrs. Rodaine. What did you see that caused you to come to this conclusion?"

"Can't you even stick to the rules and ethics of testimony?" It was the final plea of the defeated Farrell. The coroner eyed him slowly. "Mr. Farrell," came his answer, "

must confess to a deviation from reg ular court procedure in this inquiry It is customary in an inquest of this character; certain departures from the usual rules must be made that the truth and the whole truth he learned. Proceed," Mrs. Rodaine, what was it you saw?

Transfixed. horrified, Fairchild watched the mumbling, munching

We, the Jury, Find That the Deceased Came to His Death From Injuries Sustained at the Hands of Thornton Fairchild."

tion on the ground floor in the old Bend Water, Light & Power Co. office on Wall street. Sales amounted to \$16 the first afternoon.

The shop will be open on Saturday nights from 7:30 to 9 o'clock, and also on the evening of the 10th of each month. It is open beginning at 1:30 o'clock on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

A "hat party" is to be held at the home of Mrs. V. A. Forbes, so that the shop will have new hats for sale Wednesday. Further donations of used clothing are desired.

FAVOR RETENTION OF STATE COMPENSATION

Resolutions favoring the retention of state accident compensation under the present legislation, and efforts to make it compulsory, were passed by the state federation of labor at its meeting at Salem last week, reports G. H. Baker, who attended from Bend. Another resolution favored the proposed law to provide for the printing of school books by the state at cost. The convention was more than usually successful. Baker stated.

WOMAN DIES AFTER CAESAREAN SECTION

Mrs. Josephine Fehrenbacher. aged 33, died Sunday at the St. Charles hospital, of embolism, whichset in following a Caesarean section which seemed entirely successful, the child being in good health. Mrs. Fehrenbacher's body was shipped to Troutdale, Wash., for burial.

Mrs. Fehrenbacher is survived by her husband, Frank J. Fehrenbacher this young man-" of the Ten Bar ranch, and by several children.

"What, Mrs. Rodaine?"

"The day Sissle Lorsen was supposed to leave town-that was the day he got killed."

"Do you" remember the date?" "No-1 don't remember that." "Would it he in your book?" "No-no-it wouldn't be in my book I looked."

"But you remember?"

"Just like as if it was yesterday." "And what you saw-did it give you nov idea-"

"I know what I saw."

"And did it lead to any conclusion?" "Yes."

"What, may I ask?"

"That somebody had been mur dered !"

"Who-and by whom?"

Crazy Laura munched at her tooth less gums for a moment and looked again toward her husband. Then, her watery, almost coloriess eyes searching, she began a survey of the big room, looking intently from one figure to another. On and on-finally to reach the spot where stood Robert Fairchild and Harry, and there they stopped. A lean finger, knotted by rheumatism, darkened by sun and wind, stretched out.

"Yes, I know who did it, and I know who got killed. It was 'Sissie' Larsen was murdered. The man who -he did it was a fellow named Thornton Fairchild who owned the mine-if I ain't mistaken, he was the father of

"I object!" Farrell, the attorney, was on his feet and struggling forward, imming his norn-rimmed glasses into

mouth, the staring eyes and straying white hair, the bony, crooked hands as they weaved before her. From those toothiess jaws a story was about to come, true or untrue, a story that would stain the name of his father with murder. And that story now was at its beginning.

"I saw them together that afternoot early." the old woman was saying. "I came up the road just behind them, and they were fussing. Both of 'em acted like they were mad at each other, but Fairchild seemed to be the maddest.

"I didn't pay much attention to them because I just thought they were fighting about some little thing and that it wouldn't amount to much. I went on up the gulch-I was gathering flowers. After awhile the earth shook and I heard a big explosion, from away down underneath me-like thunder when it's far sway. Then, pretty soon, I saw Fairchild come rushing out of the mine, and his hands were all bloody. He ran to the creek and washed them, looking around to see if anybody was watching him-but he didn't notice me. Then, when he'd washed the blood from his hands, he got up on the road and went down into town. Later on, I thought I saw all three of 'em leave town, Fairchild, Sissie and a fellow named Harkins, So I never paid any more attention to it until today. That's all I know."

She stepped down then and went back to her seat with Squint Rodaine and the son, fidgeting there again. craning her neck as before, while Fairchild, son of a man just accused of murder, watched her with eyes fascinated from horror. The coroner looked at a slip of papes in his hand. "William Barton," he called. A mi-

ner came forward, to go through the usual formalities, and then he asked the question :

"Did you see Thornton Fairchild on the night he left Ohadi?"

"Yes, a lot of us saw him. He drove out of town with Harry Harkins, and a fellow who we all thought was Sisde Larsen."

CHAPTER XIII.

Fairchild did not show the item to Harry. There was little that it could accomplish, and besides, he felt that his comrade had, enough to think about. The unexpected turn of the coroner's inquest had added to the heavy weight of Harry's troubles; it meant the probability in the future of a grand jury investigation and the possible indictment as accessory after the fact in the murder of "Sissie" Larsen. Not that Fairchild had been influenced in the slightest by the testimony of Crazy Laura; the presence of Squint Rodaine and his son had shown too plainly that they were connected in some way with that, in fact, they were responsible. An op-portunity had arisen for them, and they had seized upon it. More, there came the shrewd opinion of old Mother Howard, once Fairchild and Harry had reached the boarding house and gathered in the parlor for their consultation :

"Ain't it what I said right in the beginning?" Mother Howard asked. "She'll kill for that man, if necessary It wasn't as hard as you think-all Squint Rodaine had to do was to act nice to her and promise her a few things that he'll squirm out of later OB. and she went on the stand and lied her head off."

"But for a crazy woman-"

"Laura's crazy-and she ain't crazy. I've seen that woman as sensible and as shrewd as any sane woman who ever drew breath. Then again, I've seen her when I wouldn't get within fifty miles of her. Goodness only knows what would happen to a person who fell into her clutches when she's got one of those immortality streaks on.

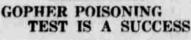
"One of those what?" Harry looked up in surprise,

"Immortality. That's why you'll find her sneaking around graveyards ot night, gathering herbs and taking them to that old house on the George-

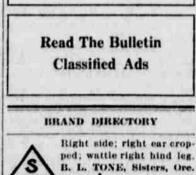
ou. I 'eard it. But it'll come out right, some way," There was a moment of silence

then a gripping fear at the heart of Fnirchild,

'Just how erazy is she, flarry?" "'Er? Plumb daft! Of course, as Mother 'Oward suys, there's times when she's straight-but they don't last long. And, if she'd given 'er testimony in writing, Mother 'Oward says it all might 'ave been different, and we'd not 'ave 'ad anything to worry about." (To de Continued.)



Good results were obtained in the gopher poisoning demonstration at the Botz ranch Monday morning at Alfalfa, conducted by Albert Swain, government rodent control specialist. it was reported by County Agriculturist A. T. McDonald. Ten enthusiastic farmers attended the test.



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