

The Evening Herald

T. B. MALARKY, Editor
W. H. PERKINS, Advertising Manager
F. B. ENGLISH, Business Manager

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Thursday, June 23, 1927

Confessed Murderers

The three De Autremont boys stand today confessed murderers, bandits, train robbers and robbers of the United States mails. They were not game criminals. When the final showdown came they were pikers and yellow.

Just three depraved rascals who ran the gamut of crime until the strong hand of Uncle Sam grabbed them and then they weakened and refused to pay the string out.

The public would much prefer to see a man game to the last, rather than see him wilt when he is caught and begin to confess his crime with the hope of saving his wicked neck from a just hangman's rope.

We suppose leniency will be granted the twins to the extent of life imprisonment instead of giving them the death sentence. That may have been a consideration in their confession. Such cowardice is unpardonable along with their heinous crime.

Think of the men who were killed. Think of the sorrow and grief and anguish caused by these three brutal slayers. Think of the constant search maintained by the federal government for the good for nothing fellows, and now they come in with their yellow streak as wide as their worthless carcasses and confess with the hope of obtaining leniency for their worthless hulks of bodies.

It is such endings of criminal prosecutions that causes mobs to act hastily sometimes. Of course the mob is wrong and cannot be countenanced, but is it any wonder mobs sometimes act on such cases?

ROY AND RAY CONFESS TO MURDER

(Continued from page two)

ach, I don't know how he ever stood up with so much buckshot in him. He staggered out of the tunnel, and fell down against the side of the tunnel, we did not shoot him in the back as the doctor said. He should have known better than that. I had the automatic pistol. The bullet with him staggering and stooped, went up through the shoulder and not down, as the state claimed. I will never forget the look on his face. It has been hell. He dropped down on the ground and died. I know, I was there.

"We were all excited now. I made the engineer get back in the cab while Ray tried to uncouple the mail car, so we could haul it out. The engineer tried to kid me. I told him to go ahead, when Ray gave him the signal but the engineer told me he could not.

"You know they testified that the engine was set at a full stop. That's what he was doing when he told me he could not go ahead.

"I told him it was my life or his. He fooled around, and still we didn't go ahead.

"I was mad! Mad! Mad!"

Hugh blurted his words, and seemed to live over again the tragedy in

the darkened tunnel and was apparently losing his composure. His interviewer told him nothing was to be gained now by silence, that life imprisonment had been ordained, for his fate, and reminded the young outlaw of favors the correspondent had extended him with cigarettes.

"Well, if you and the world must know, I shot the engineer, Sidney Bates. I'm sorry. Everybody lets his temper get the best of him.

"Then Roy shot the fireman. He was the last.

"We then ran back into the woods, where we had a secret cache, they never found. We hid there for ten days.

"We talked things over and Ray decided that he would go to Eugene and get the car we had bought in Portland. Roy and I stayed behind. He left that night, and was coming back to take us away.

"All that night, Roy and I waited without sleeping. We could hear the electric bell on the engine ringing. It was ringing all the time. I tell you if they had rung a bell during my trial, I would have jumped up and told it all. I couldn't have stood it. Sometimes I can still hear that bell.

"A few days later Ray came back. There have not been many sweet things in my life, but the act that stands out as the big memory, was

Ray's act in returning to warn us. He worked a few days at Central Point, near Medford, on a ranch. There was a man there by the name of Bud Finley, I think. He told Ray he was going out to hunt the De Autremonts. He went to town that night and while Ray was eating, he saw our pictures in a paper. Ray hopped a freight and came to Stakiyou. He passed by the campfires of the posse, and finally reached us. He made his way through the brush. I have been in the Philippines where jungles are jungles. He might have gone his way, but he wouldn't leave his brothers. He has good metal in him.

"We got out of there and fled in the night, through the brush. We were trying to reach the coast. We went over Mount Ashland. One day an airplane that was hunting for us was so close I could have shot on it. Three of us lay down by a tree, it passed on. For ten days we roamed those hills and were so weak from hunger we threw our blankets away. Ray wanted to give up, and get something to eat. Roy refused.

"Roy is the eternal optimist. Ray is the eternal pessimist and I the happy medium. I can be on the heights, or in the depths, as things happen to be.

"We headed south and all of us were hungry. When Ray and I wanted to give up, Roy, the eternal optimist, said: 'We are three brothers. Everybody wants us to die.' We then decided that as everybody wanted us to die, we wanted to live, and went on.

"Just when it seemed the darkest we came to a logging camp near Hill. I stole some beef from the storehouse. I saved us. Ray and Roy ate the beef raw, which was fat, but I cannot stand grease. I had to wait until we got a chance to cook.

Good Meat
"It was the best meat I ever ate, when we finally got a chance to cook it. I was helpless and so was Ray, but Roy could go out and hunt. He would come back with biscuits and other food. He is a great little brother.

"We went on to Hornbrook. We passed special agents by the dozen. Whenever we did, we laughed and joked and talked like we were home guards and they never bothered us.

"When we were at Hill, just coming out of the brush, after we stole the beef, there were three railroad 'dicks' on the station platform. We bumped into them before we knew it. We kept on going, while they whistled at us and yelled: 'hey, boys, hey!'

The three brothers laughed when Hugh narrated this portion of their flight and Roy whistled in imitation of the officers.

"We hung around Hornbrook. We knew what we were up against and acted accordingly. One evening we were laying near the tracks, and three special agents came along. They were walking right towards us.

"Ray wanted to go out in flashes of guns, and all of that sort of thing, and Roy kidded him out of it. They never stopped. They kept right on going. It was just another of our close calls.

"The next day we went down the Klamath river. Ray was blue and I was the same. Roy appeared salmon in the Klamath river and acted like a girl scout. He cheered us up. We stayed there two days.

"It was on the Klamath that we decided to part and meet again at Santa Ana, Texas, on New Year's. We were to write each other there. I was to be James C. Price, Ray was to be Wm. Elliott, and Roy was to be Ed. Anderson. There was nothing to the parting but a handshake.

Roy and Hugh shook hands, to illustrate.

"We went our different roads. 'I never went to San Francisco,' continued Hugh.

"I went to Los Angeles and to Long Beach and worked there a few days and then down into Mexico. I saw our pictures, and van-moosed back across the line, stopping at Mexicali. I then went to Yuma. I was thinking of New Mexico. I then went to El Paso. I knew a girl there. I thought I could make connections with her, but I was afraid. How I wanted to get to Mexico. The posters all said we spoke Spanish.

"I want to take you back to the tunnel for a minute. I could still hear that damn bell ringing. When Roy and I boarded that train, our faces were as brown as Mexicans. We met Mexican section hands, and talked Spanish to them. We wanted to make our pursuers believe it was Mexicans who did the job.

"I don't know where I went after I left El Paso. I couldn't think. That bell was still ringing. I could hear the brakeman saying: 'Wait a minute boys.' I was down in Arkansas and worked for Bill Adams. I got hit in the eye with

a wedge, as they said. The testimony that railroad 'dicks' stopped me is all bunk. I then went back to Santa Ana, Texas.

"I went to the post office and asked if there was any mail for J. C. Price—not James C. Price, my army name. The postmaster said no. I asked if there was any mail for Wm. Elliott or Ed. Anderson. I asked him two or three times. It made his eyes stick out. No mail from my brothers—the heart went out of me. I then rambled into Missouri and finally to Chicago. Everywhere were posters, with our pictures. Lots of times, I said, 'you sure are a hunted man.'

"In Chicago I joined the army. You know the rest. Sheridan and Slocum and the Philippines. I kept seeing the brakeman and hearing the bell. I lost myself in my duties. I knew some day, it would be Jimmy Price no more, and sort of waited for it.

"I want to tell you this," concluded Hugh. "I've told you the story, some of the details we gave the postal might have been overlooked but it's right as far as we've got. I've told you the high spots."

"Listen to me! Circumstantial evidence is the evidence to believe. Direct testimony can be wrong, but circumstances, never. Whenever you hear it, believe it, if it hooks up.

"That cap they introduced in the trial, never belonged to me. It was left for Roy to wear in the getaway. To change his appearance, and those women who testified they saw me at Deter, were mistaken, so help me God. They never saw me. And that Mexican who testified he sold me cigarettes. As God is my judge I never held up an old miner. I never saw him until he came into court.

"And I never uttered what they said I said at Alcatraz. When I met my mother I said, 'Mother I'm not guilty.' I knew the library was wired. The prisoners told me it had been wired for dictaphones. It was an insult to my intelligence for them to testify that I said: 'It's too bad about your boy going wrong' give me credit for knowing that much.

"The state had enough circumstantial facts without slinging in the applesauce.

"It was all a mistake. Lots of people make them. We know it. We talked from 8 o'clock last night until dawn. We told everything. We've held back nothing. And we are sorry—that does no good now."

The twins gathered around Hugh as he brought his narrative to a close.

"They have given us life imprisonment. Don't let them tell you it is easier than death. We went into this job knowing that death was the penalty. It didn't deter us. There'll be no preaching now."

"We are willing to pay. We want to say that the people of Oregon have tempered their justice with mercy, and we are thankful."

Returned From South—
Misses Hazel Noble and Rena Goers have returned from San Francisco where they have been enjoying a week's visit. Miss Lou Noble who accompanied them south, is completing her course at Lane's Hospital.

At The Pine Tree

A treat to the theatre goes on at Klamath Falls is promised in the appearance of Gilbert, the Great Hypnotic Wizard, noted lecturer on mental therapeutics, art of suggestion who is known to be the only one who has successfully been able to hypnotize via radio. W. L. A. G., Minneapolis, Minn.

Mr. H. W. Poole announces a limited engagement of Mr. Gilbert starting at the Pine Tree for four days, commencing Thursday evening.

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In Answer

to 3,457 inquiries on this subject, my Buick car which was stolen from Fourth St. the evening of June 16, 1927, was insured in the Phoenix Assurance Co. Ltd. for theft and everything else.

We are on the main line now with all city conveniences and should keep our cars locked and insured.

See me about full coverage on your car before it leaves town without you.

M. L. Johnson

406 Main St.

Phone 205-W

Legal Notices

The date of first publication of this summons is June 23, 1927.
RUTENIC & YADEN,
By A. C. Yaden,
Attorneys for plaintiff, address: 409 Main Street, Klamath Falls, Oregon. Je23-30-Jy7-14

NOTICE OF WARRANT REDEMPTION

Notice is hereby given that funds

Legal Notices

are now available in the City Treasury for the redemption of outstanding warrants on Improvement Units Nos. 45, 46, 47, 49, 52 and 57, and that the same will be redeemed by the City Treasurer at her office in the City Hall, Klamath Falls, Oregon, on or after June 31, and that interest will cease on the 31st day of June, 1927.

MRS. IRMA DIXON,
City Treasurer.

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