

PLOT TO KIDNAP A. G. BEALS AND CHILDREN. Lands Attorney C. R. Worrall and A. C. White in the State Penitentiary.

The plot to kidnap A. G. Beals and the two children Mr. and Mrs. Beals adopted is probably one of the most sensational cases ever unearthed in Tillamook County. and, of course, it created considerable local interest. Those who concocted the plot were devoid of good common sense, for had they given the matter any serious consideration it soon would have convinced them that their scheme would land them in the penitentiary.

Although raw in many ways, it was a case of premeditated plotting extending over several months, with, probably, one object in view, that of obtaining blood money from those who had, in a Christian spirit, undertaken the responsible duty of caring for and raising two children. One can hardly imagine that two persons could be in their right minds when they undertook to carry out such a diabolical, inhuman crime as this, when the little children were being so kindly and tenderly raised, and had so much attention paid them in their happy home.

When the foolish plot was first hatched there were, it seems, only two persons implicated in the affair, A. C. White, of Bay City, and Attorney C. R. Worrall, of Tillamook City, the latter being the secretary of the Tillamook Commercial Club.

How It Got Started.
What brought Worrall and White together was the latter's desire to obtain possession of the children, Worrall being employed to see whether the papers were legal. Before even any plan was decided upon, White seems to have talked too much and let slip a few remarks that showed that he was brooding over something which Sheriff Crenshaw heard about and it raised his suspicions, consequently he had a close tab kept on White, but was greatly in the dark for several weeks.

Plan to Employ Detectives.
White and Worrall must have first concocted the plot, for White gave Worrall \$50 and he went to Portland, who placed an advertisement in the Oregonian stating that he wanted some one to do detective work for about three weeks.

Several parties, we are informed, answered it, and Worrall employed a man by the name of I. A. Carpenter and his partner. They came to Tillamook and registered at the Ramsey House, remaining here several days, Carpenter making his headquarters with Worrall. Carpenter gave out the word that he was going to start a stage line.

Gets Camping Outfit.
They went to Bay City several times and arranged for a camping outfit to be taken into the woods, where it was intended to take A. G. Beals. The two men obtained some money from White. They had a horse and buggy and left the camping outfit at the foot of Dawson's hill, behind a log. After returning to the city they met Worrall and White several times, when they all participated in the plot of kidnapping, of Mr. Beals and the children.

Sheriff Gets Next to Detectives.
The sheriff got wind of the men being at Bay City, and strange to say he followed two other men part of one night going South. Next day the sheriff got a line on the so called detectives, and they, at the same time, were making inquiries as to what kind of a man the sheriff was and had someone point him out to them. Working somewhat in the dark, the sheriff had his suspicions aroused and had a close watch kept on White.

Detectives Get Cold Feet.
Whether Carpenter and his partner did not like the look of the sheriff, or whether they thought it would be more profitable to switch over after agreeing to the plot, may have had something to do with the turning of the tables on those whom they had conspired with. They left the city but failed to consult with the sheriff.

Letters That Warn Beals.
Mr. Beals received three letters, one dated Tillamook, Feb. 17; the second, Portland, Feb. 18; and the third, Seattle Feb. 20. They are as follows which proved that the detectives had switched over, no doubt, with the object of saving their own hides:

Tillamook, Ore., Feb. 17, 1915.
Mr. Arthur Beals,
Dear Sir—Your life is in danger. You are marked to be shot on sight. Carry a gun on you and be careful that you don't make any trips to other towns alone in the night and look out for your house at night. I am a

detective who knows your enemy's. There are two of them, whom you know. I will write from Portland to you or phone you soon. Be careful that's all and don't tell no one about this, as it will spoil my plans. Don't say a word about this to your attorney, wife, your brother, or the sheriff, as you are watched, believe me this ain't from a crank and I'll show you who your man is in time, so be cool and keep it quiet and I'll tell you all else I can not tell you who your man is and his accomplice.

Keep this as reference and when I call you up or write I must see you. I cannot show myself now as time is short and I am watched.

I want you to be still that's all.
Yours very respectfully
I. A. Carpenter.
Portland, Oregon, Feb. 18-15.

Dear Sir—No doubt you have received my first letter by the time you receive this one. Mr. Beals, I don't wish to frighten you or make you think that I am trying to extort money from you by my letters to you. This is genuine, take my warning as I gave it to you and don't say a word about it to any one as you will never know who your enemies are. I am working on the case and I'll let you know what I'm doing from time to time but this must be cleared up immediately, as my evidence will be no use later, as they are bent on taking your life sooner or later and they must be captured. I am a detective with 1st class reference and I will meet you personally just as soon as I get back from Seattle, where I am going on a hurry up trip. Don't be alarmed. Watch yourself and don't stay out after dark because they will strike after dark only. I signed my right name and if you will go to the Ramsey Hotel and look on the page that is dated Feb. 12th you will see my name I. A. Higeman and my business was that I was looking for an auto business or was going to open a stage line up. Now don't ask the clerk or Mr. Barnes about the names or don't let them see you looking at it, and don't ask questions. I'll phone you when I want you and I'll either meet you at the Police station here or at the Oregon Hotel, or I may come to Tillamook again, if the coast is clear. Keep this quiet. If you want me to tell you who they are and produce evidence, accomplices and swear to it before a notary and to be taken down in short hand.

Will be back here in one week or 10 days, wait

Yours very respectfully,
I. A. Carpenter.
Address me at 69, 2nd St. Portland or Seattle, General delivery.
Seattle Wash., Feb. 20, 1915.
Mr. Arthur Beals, Tillamook, Ore.
My Dear Mr. Beals—I will arrive in Portland Feb. 21st about midnight, must see you and Fred, your brother, the mayor, the 22nd. I will phone you from Portland. The reason that I want to see your brother is that I must have protection, as I am going to use the detektograph. I must have a short hand stenographer that is game to go into the woods and take dictation. My partner is going to stay at Seattle and I will go back to Tillamook with you and get evidence to convict. I will explain all in phone message. Don't tell your brother yet, until I say so, this must be quiet absolutely in order to go ahead. Hopping for your trust soon,
Yours respectfully,
I. A. Carpenter, Detective.
Don't answer.

Carpenter "Coughs Up."
The letters convinced the sheriff that Carpenter and his partner were the two men he had tagged about the city and went to Bay City, for when Carpenter returned to the county the Sheriff and Mr. Beals met him at Mobler and the sheriff immediately recognized him. Carpenter asked Crenshaw if he was the sheriff of the county and shook hands with him. Beals was introduced to Carpenter, and all three went into the depot, where Carpenter "coughed up" the plot he had entered into with White and Worrall. They returned to this city and commenced working on the case.

More Provisions Wanted.
Wednesday night of last week the Sheriff and Carpenter went to Bay City, the latter going to White's cabin and had a talk with him, the sheriff overheard the conversation. They talked about more provisions, as the supplies were running short. While there Carpenter made arrange-

ments to meet Worrall in his bed room on Thursday night at 8 o'clock. To Be Kidnapped On Way Home.
Worrall, White and Carpenter met as agreed, and the sheriff was secreted so as to hear the entire conversation. It was planned to kidnap Beals on his way home and take him back into the woods near the ranch to an old cabin, where he was to be forced to copy and sign a letter that had been dictated by Carpenter and type written by Worrall.
It is plainly seen that in reading the letters to Beals and this letter that Carpenter was the man who dictated it, and he was still participating in the plot.

The Letter.
This is the letter that was to be placed under the door so that Mrs. Beals would receive it after Mr. Beals had been kidnapped:

"Do not be surprised at getting this letter, and whatever you do keep quiet about it. I have had to own up to all the tricks I had to do to get those White children. Mr. White brother and assistants have nabbed them. The gang means business. White don't know of this. They may kill me if they don't get what they want. They want the White children quick. You better see White quick and give him the children or I will never get out of this alive, and we can't afford the disgrace of all I did. The truth is all brought to light. I think that lawyer has done some business for White in looking up an estate for White and you better see Worrall and show him this letter and Worrall will help you do what is best. Keep still, for God's sake and my life. You are being watched every moment. So don't go to any officer to try to catch these fellows, for the word will come to them at once and I will be tortured or killed. We must get out of this the best we can. Get the money on this check and follow directions as follows: Take the money with you out to the fair grounds until you meet a man that will meet you and say "I am the man" Give it to him. You will not be hurt. He will meet you just across from the fair gate about 7 o'clock. Don't take any body with you. If you think Worrall is all right you might ask him to go with you out to meet the man. As soon as they get the children and the money they will let me loose and I will come home and we will just keep still and we can talk this all over and do what we think best to do."

This letter was to contain a blank check on the Tillamook County Bank, and Beals was to make it out for \$500, and Mrs. Beals was to do as planned in the letter, and another letter was to have been slipped under Worrall's door, stating that they had kidnapped Beals who had put up quite a fight.

Worrall Refuses to Take Money.
Saturday morning, Mrs. Beals went to Worrall's office with the money, but he refused to take it. They conversed together for one hour and ten minutes, it being planned to arrest Mr. Worrall with the money on him, and Carpenter was to rush in before this was done and demand part of the money. This part of the story is better told in Worrall's confession. He was immediately arrested by the sheriff and locked up in the county jail. White was also arrested on Saturday at his cabin at Bay City the same day. He had nearly \$500.00 in \$10.00 gold pieces hid in his wood shed, and amongst other things found there were two stamped envelopes addressed to Worrall.

White Pleads Guilty.
On Monday evening White and Worrall were arraigned the former indicted on two counts—one for attempted kidnapping and the other for threatening to kill A. G. Beals. Worrall was indicted for attempted kidnapping. White pleaded guilty to both crimes and Judge Belt immediately sentenced him to 1 to 25 years in the state penitentiary on the first count, but the next morning changed this to 1 to 12 1/2 years as the indictment only charged attempt kidnapping. On the indictment of, threatening to kill White was sentenced to 1 to 5 years, to take effect following the completion of the first sentence.

Worrall asked time to plead, and Tuesday evening Judge Belt gave him until the next morning to do so.

Worrall is Sentenced.
He pleaded not guilty Wednesday morning and the judge set the case for trial for Monday. During the day it was decided to change the plea to that of guilty, upon the understanding that Worrall would tell the court the whole facts of the case, which he did. There was profound silence in the court room, Worrall keenly feeling the disgrace he had brought upon himself. Had it been a murder case nothing could have been more solemn as the court passed an indeterminate sentence of 1 to 12 1/2 years in the penitentiary on the prisoner, who collapsed as he heard his doom, which was in marked contrast to that of White, who received his two sentences as though he did not care a whoop.

WORRALL'S STORY AND PLEA FOR MERCY.

Mentally and Physically Broken Down Tells His Story in Atmosphere of Solemn Silence.

Mr. Worrall: Unfortunately I am in a poor physical and mental condition. I thought I would be stronger, but on account of a lapse of consciousness this afternoon for a few minutes it has rendered me worse than ordinary. First, I don't recollect the exact date, but some six or nine months ago sometime, Mr. White came to me to consult me as his attorney about some matters, at which time he gave me five dollars, as retainer fee. It was in regard to getting some money he claimed was due him back East some where. I wrote a couple of letters and received no reply, neither did I get the letters back. After that, I don't know the exact time, but possibly it was in a few weeks, he came to the office and talked about his children and their adoption by Mr. Arthur Beals, two boys and a girl. He wanted me to look up the adoption papers and see if they were legal stating at the time, without going into details, that he wanted to get possession of the children or wanted the children back. I believe was his language. I told him I would look into the matter for him which I afterwards did, and advised him on his return to the office afterwards that as far as I could see, the papers were legal, and I didn't see any chance through a law suit to obtain possession of the children. I think that was all that was said at that time, except he possibly said something about "going to have them constantly," and shortly after that, I don't remember how long, he came to the office one day and said he wanted to see me privately, and wanted to know if he could trust me, and I told him to go ahead and talk, that what was said in the office was considered private always. He said in that conversation, it was a mania with him, he thought of nothing else, and dreamt of nothing else but getting possession of those children, that he was going to have them. He had the plans all planned out as he worked on the section through the day he thought of them, and as he slept alone in his little home at night, I talked with him and told him they had a good home, and he said that he had no objection to Mrs. Beals, but he did object to Arthur Beals, without going into details he told me why he didn't want Arthur Beals to have them, he claimed that there had been fraud perpetrated on him and one thing another. Well, I don't know he came up to see me several times. We talked back and forth, and he told me all his plans. Told me what they were. He was going to get the children. Said he had watched them, and the residence, and had an opportunity on one occasion to "grab" one of them, as he said, but wanted them both. Well, gradually one thing led to another, and we talked back and forth for about a month. On one occasion he came up, he had a perfect mania for getting them. Said he was going to get them, no matter what stood in the way. I reasoned with him, and told him he better go back home, that they had a good home, that Mrs. Beals would take care of them. He went away, and came back again, I don't know how long afterwards, in a week or so. And said he was going to get somebody else to help him get the children. I think at one time he wanted Arthur Beals or somebody to buy his home at Bay City so he would have enough to get out of the country—he said he didn't have much money. I don't know as he ever told me how much, think possibly several hundred dollars was all the money he had, and then he developed to me his whole plan of how he wanted to get the children, and that plan as developed, is the plan attempted to be carried out. I don't know why, I have got no excuse to make for it, only possibly my weakened condition mentally. I allowed myself to be drifted along. It couldn't have been the money proposition, because all the money he ever gave me was \$55 or \$60 to cover two trips to Portland I made for him trying to locate somebody to help him get the children. I told him I wouldn't be a party to it, that is taking an active part, and the last time I went up there was an ad put in the paper. The first time, I had a conference with several people I ran across there through agencies, that might come down and assist him in his plan to get the children. A gentleman by the name of Carpenter, I think, if I remember right, answered the ad. in the paper amongst a number of others. I talked with Carpenter and told him I didn't know all the details of the plan, but there was a man down here, I don't think I said what his name was, I don't know him, but a man down here wanted to employ a couple of men to assist him. Carpenter agreed to accept the employment. He came to Tillamook with me. Met White here, in town, up at my office if I remember, and we talked the matter over. The first part of the talk I introduced him to White,—"Mr. White this is Mr. Carpenter," one of the men who wants to talk to you about your plan" and I think I stepped into the club rooms. I was gone a little while and when I came back they were still talking. The idea was that Carpenter should get another man to help him, that he had seen up there. I think it was a man who also answered the advertisement. And I understood so. So the matter then was left until they should send for this other man to come down. I don't recall the name. Wouldn't know it if I should hear it. He soon came down, and they met White at my office and talked the matter over and went up to

White's house. That man stayed here I think, three or four days. They went up to Whites' one evening, at least they said they were, I wasn't with them, all I know was I was told afterwards White gave them some money. How much I don't now recall. They met there at the office one evening and White dictated, or told over to them, we call it dictating, a sort of a letter he had mapped out in his head, he said he had the letter at home, but he knew it by heart because he had read it over so often. Carpenter sat at the desk with paper and pencil and took down the statement. I was sitting reading most of the time they were talking. The letter went over the development of the plan as I remember it, as I say I am not in condition mentally, as I remember it was to get Mr. Beals, Arthur Beals, that wasn't the wording of it, but that was the meaning of it. They was to catch him and take him out and tie him up and cause him to write a letter to his wife to give the children to White, and give these men a certain amount of money, as I remember the amount was fixed at that time, at a thousand dollars. The money was to go to them to pay them for their trouble and if my memory serves me right White was to that fact though, exactly, but White was to have the children and was to get them in that way, that Beals, when captured, was to write a letter to his wife, which as I stated a moment ago, was to give the children to these men, and White was to get them some way. I know we talked about it that this man might bring his wife down and let her take care of them, but White said "no" he had some arrangements of his own, some arrangements of his own, some place to put them. If it was said, I don't remember where, and they went away in the meantime, to locate a place up in the woods, somewhere not far from Bay City where Beals was to be taken to during this time. They was not to kill him, but they were to bring sufficient pressure to bear on him to cause him to sign a letter, I think I recall there was something in that letter about he had obtained them,—the children, through fraud, Mr. White always claimed that they had defrauded him, misrepresented things and that he understood Mrs. Beals was to have the children and not Arthur, that was White's contention, and he wanted Beals to admit in that letter the fraud that time.

I think I didn't see any more of them, either the two men or White until possibly two or three days. I don't recall how long. Then Carpenter came in and tapped on my private door, which is up there Laundry one morning, before I got up, I didn't get up very early, and this other gentleman was with him and said they had to have some money. I told them to see White. In the meantime, White had left with me, \$25 to give to them when they needed it for expenses, buying something to eat and little expense items connected with the time they were around. They left there, saying they were going to see White. The next day some time, they came back, showing me an order from White to give them the money, which I did. I didn't see them any more until I think a day or so after that I inquired at the Ramsey Hotel where they were stopping, if they were there, and the clerk told me they left on the train that morning. That is the last I saw of either of them until I think it was six or seven days after that. Then Carpenter came to my office one night, possibly about 10 o'clock when I was sitting reading or writing,—very much frustrated and excited and said "we have got to have some more money." I said I haven't got any "White hasn't paid me anything except my expense account for the trip out to Portland, or two trips, and I haven't got a cent, and if you want any more money you will have to see White." I said "I am getting tired of the whole thing, butting my head into trouble and getting nothing for it." Something like that I don't remember the exact verbiage. He wanted me to see White and I told him if he wanted to see White, he could go and see him, as he knew where he lived. We sat there talking awhile, not very long, and I asked him where his partner was, and he said down on the street waiting for him.

I don't remember the little details following, as I say, my mind is not what it should be now. In any event, he left there between eleven and twelve o'clock, and said he was going up to see White. I remember Carpenter said in that conversation that he wanted to get this thing over with and "get to hell out of here" that he was tired of it, and his partner also and they would have to have some more money. That was the hue and cry all the time he ever saw me or White, was money, money. And he went, or so he said, all I know, went up to see White, and the next evening, about seven thirty I think, White walked into my office and says "Have you seen Carpenter?" and I says "No", and he says, "He is to meet me here at eight o'clock, he was up to see me and I gave him some beans and one thing and another to eat," and we were sitting there talking and I told White this thing was getting pretty dangerous and I thought the best thing to do would be to get away from it, and he got to talking in his mania about the children, and said he was going to have them no matter what happened. I told him I was getting tired of it, something like that, didn't like the appearance of things. And while we

were talking, Carpenter come in, as I remember, and when he came in White and he went to talking, and I excused myself and stepped into the club rooms, to get away more than anything else, from it, and then I went from the club rooms into my private room on the other side of the stairway, and had been there three or four minutes, possibly five or ten, I don't remember, a few minutes and somebody knocked on the door, and I opened the door and White came in, and Carpenter said he had destroyed that other letter that White had dictated to him, that it was full of slush and he wanted another letter, or a copy made of it for Arthur Beals to sign, that they were going to pull this thing off. White said "you write it." I said "We had better go to the office where there is some paper. There's not any here." So we went over to the office, and that letter, I don't know that I can recall it, it is in existence somewhere. It was a type-written letter. (Mr. Tongue hands letter to witness,—"Is that it?" (letter marked Ex. A.) I think this is it, I says to Carpenter; "Sit down and write it, there is paper and pen." I am nervous and hardly ever write anything except with a pencil, and then very little on account of my nervous condition. And he insisted "No, you write it, you write it." I said, "I can't write it." He said "Sit down at the type machine." Anyhow, I sat down at the type machine, and I think this (indicating letter handed him before by Mr. Tongue) is the letter. It has the appearance, from the paper, and all.

Court: Who wrote the letter?
Mr. Worrall: I did at the type machine. Carpenter said he couldn't use the type machine, and I didn't want to write it myself.

Mr. Olson: Is this the letter Mr. Beals was to sign and send to his wife?
Mr. Worrall: No, the letter he was to sign was to be formulated from that letter. The thoughts were there, I knew the idea was at the time, White would tell me what to write, and Carpenter kept making suggestions. The thought was to make the points, and Carpenter said "I will see it is written in the proper way," all that was, was the ideas in that letter the thoughts there but not the verbiage.

There was some talk came up about how much money, (I didn't read the letter). I don't know whether it mentioned it, but he was to get the children and some money and there was to be check given to his wife to draw some money on, and that money was to be given as the letter sets forth, to Carpenter, down in front of the Fair grounds. I think that sets it up. And that she was to come in and see me, and I was to go down with her, and possibly some other talk along. After that was done he asked White for some money, and White gave him some, I don't know how much. I saw him hand him some money. I didn't see how much. Then Carpenter said to White, "You had better get out of here, and not let anybody see you," so White left and in a few minutes Carpenter left. And the next day, or the day after, I don't remember now, what date it was, but I think it was last Saturday morning, there was somebody told me a lady wanted to talk to me on the phone, so I went to the phone, and had my slippers on, just got up. Along between nine and ten o'clock. It was a lady's voice on the phone, apparently excited, and wanted to know if she could see me at once, privately. I asked who it was and she gave me her name, by Mr. White she said Mrs. Arthur Beals, or gave her first name. Anyway I understood the name Beals. She wanted to know how soon she could see me, and I told her any time, I would finish dressing, so she came up the stairway and into my office. I was still in my private room putting on my shoes. And I was told a lady was there who wanted to see me, by Mr. Willett. I went across and Mrs. Beals was there. She got up and said she wanted to see me privately. We stepped into one of the back rooms of the commercial club, and she said "Are the doors locked?" So I went and turned the latch on the three doors into the room, and we sat down and pulled our chairs up close together, and she said she was in trouble and took a letter out of her purse or hand bag which she carried. While I think of it, I will have to give these things as they came to me—There was some talk there the last night when I was in the event Beals wouldn't sign any letter or do anything, and Carpenter said "What shall I do with him? I have got to get to hell out of here." One of his favorite expressions,— "What will I do let him loose?" and White said "No, not to let him loose, but to bring him to my house." Carpenter said something about bringing him there, anyway there was some talk between them as to bringing him to the house or go get White and bring him where Beals was, the talk was to turn him over to White. He said "I will take care of him" with a sort of a grin or something. There was something about "I will get the children."

Now go back to the room where Mrs. Beals and I were. I thought she was in a great deal of suffering and agony, she handed me the letter, slip said she had got that morning, her head under her door. I asked her where and she said at the Elmwood ranch where they were living. I read the letter. She said it was in Arthur Beals's hand writing, I don't know of his course. But she said it was in his hand writing. I presume the letter is still in existence. I can't try and tell what was in it now. It was written in indelible pencil of some brand. Then she took out of some envelope of bills and says "Here is \$800." She didn't count it, and I didn't. She took this money and go and get Arthur," she said. I said, "I don't want the money, Mrs. Beals, I won't have a thing to do with it. I won't handle it. It is blood money... She kept insisting on it. I said "No, I don't want the money. Your husband says if you so and so with the money. If you want to follow his advice, that is the