

Fallen Officers – Eugene Police Department

Officer Oscar Duley



Eugene Police Officer Oscar Duley was killed in a Marcola liquor raid August 28, 1930 by a bootlegger names Ray Sutherland.

Duley was a City of Eugene Police Officer who had done an "outside agency assist" in going on the liquor raid with LCSO Deputies on that date in 1930.

Officer Duley used to live at 531 Monroe Street with his wife Jacyln (there was a house there at the time). He was a famed local athlete and was known as Duley the Wrestling Cop. He was scheduled to wrestle an opponent at the Lane County Fair the night he died.

Funeral services for Duley were held the next Monday morning at the Branstetter chapel. Until after the ceremony, the flag at the city hall was at half mast. The service was read by the Rev. A.L. Lonsberry of the Bethany Evangelical church. Members of the Eugene Police Department, of which Duley had been a member, served as pallbearers. Interment was at the Mt. Scott Cemetery in Portland.

Details from the Eugene Weekly Guard (now The Register-Guard)

Duley was slain in a battle, which took place at about 9:30 in the evening of August 28, 1930, and his killing, according to the men with him was one of the most cold-blooded and brutal affairs in their police experience.

Duley had gone out with Deputy Sheriff John Carlile on a bootlegging tip. Near Marcola, Duley was stationed to wait for some young men who were said to be expecting a delivery of liquor. Duley went about half a mile down the road toward Wendling east of Marcola. Carlile



waited further down the road. When young Vaude “Stude” Sutherland, 28, arrived to deliver a gallon of moonshine, Duley placed him under arrest and put him in the young man’s car. Standing on the running board of the car, he ordered them to drive towards Marcola where the sheriff’s car was parked. Then Vaude’s 68-year-old father, Roy “Irish” Sutherland, a bootlegger, opened fire from ambush, according to the report, and Duley fell to the road. Young Sutherland leaped from the car and with the help of the old man dragged the wounded man to the side of the road and escaped. The young man headed towards town to give the alarm and Carlile rushing towards Marcola to phone for help, passed the body of Duley without seeing him in the darkness. He returned and finding him, speeded into town where a staff of doctors gave Duley first aid at the Eugene hospital. He died at six minutes to three. A posse of officers from Eugene had reached Marcola shortly after midnight.

A second shootout during the manhunt for Sutherland occurred in the old store building in Marcola where Roy Sutherland lived. Deputies crashed the panels when Sutherland refused to come out. When they walked into the room they were ambushed. Sutherland fired from behind the partition that separated the front room from the kitchen and shot Saunders twice in the heart. Bown and Road jumped to get the slight shelter afforded by the bed. Bown was shot through the hips and Roach through the pistol hand. It is supposed that Sutherland, recognizing the two men, spared their lives by maiming them when he might have shot them as he had Saunders.

Vaude “Stude” Sutherland, 28, son of the killer, who escaped at the time of the first shooting, was captured while at home in bed at midnight.

“Shoot on sight!” was the order issued to more than 100 deputy sheriffs, national guardsmen and citizens of Marcola as they closed in with shotguns, rifles, pistols, and machine guns on Roy “Irish” Sutherland, bootlegger turned desperado at the age of 68, who killed two deputies and seriously wounded two others after the two gun battles August 28, 1930. Bloodhounds bayed on the trail, which was marked by Sutherland’s own blood. For he did not escape in the battles which took the lives of City Policeman Oscar Duley and Deputy Game Warden Joe Saunders of Hillsboro and put Deputy Game Warden Rodney Roach and Deputy Sheriff Lee Bown in the hospital.

The man trailed from the scene of Saunder’s murder to the home of a former wife not far from the town and from there into the brush. There he seemed for a time to have eluded his pursuers, being an experienced woodsman. The officers having had two bad experiences with an ambush on the part of the dead-shot gunman were warned to go slowly. “He can’t go far,” was the opinion, and his capture was expected by evening.

The officers went to the Westfir region to search for the fugitive murderer Saturday, November 15, 1930, following a tip received from an unnamed man who knew Sutherland and believed that he was hiding in that vicinity. The woods between Westfir and Oakridge were combed for 10 days.

On Tuesday, morning, November 25, 1930, at about 8 a.m., Ray Sutherland was cornered by six Lane County deputy sheriffs in the rough wilderness of the Cascade mountains between Westfir and Oakridge. Sutherland opened fire on the deputies, who stumbled onto his little shake lean-to against a log in the brush there, but the hand that shot true and snuffed out the lives of Oscar Duley and Joe Saunders was unsteady, and the four shots he fired went wild. In the gunfire, which was returned immediately, the old man died, he was hit in the head, hands and body. He fired his last shot at John Carlile, leader of the posse and the man who conducted the most relentless hunt for the slayer and an equally relentless campaign against all bootleggers of Lane County

The lair of Ray Sutherland was located in a thicket about a mile east of Westfir and a half mile on the right of the Willamette highway. Two trees, each about three feet in diameter, had fallen cross-wise and it was against the upper one that the killer built his lean-to. He roofed it with shakes, and it was arranged in such a manner that he could shoot out from under the protection of the log at one who approached from toward the road. The deputies who stumbled onto his hiding place, however, did not come from that direction. Four of them approached into the V made by the two logs, and two others from the side.



Officer Jesse Jennings Jackson

(Details from Eugene Weekly Guard)



Officer Jesse Jennings Jackson was killed in the line of duty on Saturday, June 2, 1934, while he and Patrolman Clarence Quinn were pursuing a reckless driver. Quinn was driving, and Jackson was a passenger, when the car they were following suddenly swerved. Quinn attempted to avoid a head-on collision and the police car plunged into the mill race. Quinn escaped from the wreck with a broken rib and a bad cut on his head.

The two officers had started pursuit of the car on East roadway near the ice plant, their attention having been drawn to the machine by its erratic progress along the street. It was traveling at a high rate of speed and when the officers started following, it weaved from one side of the streets to the other, forcing two cars to leave the highway. As the police car drew up on the fleeing machine near the Anchorage, one of the two occupants of the car turned around,

according to Officer Quinn. The fleeing machine then darted across the highway into the path of the officers' car. In attempting to avoid a head-on crash with another oncoming car, Quinn swung his machine far to the left and attempted to pass between this car and the fence bordering the bleachers along the mill race, but the speeding machine crashed through the fence and plunged into the stream. Officers believe the two occupants of the fleeing car were intoxicated.

Results of a post mortem on Jackson revealed he drowned, most likely after taking a blow to the head from the crash. Officer Quinn was knocked unconscious, but revived when he struck water and was able to extricate himself and swim to shore.

State, county and city officers conducted an intensive search for the car responsible for forcing the police car into the mill race. Officers had several 'leads' they were following Monday and believed they would be able to locate the machine that the two officers were following when the crash occurred. The car was described as a large, blue gray touring car with a trunk at the rear. On June 6, 1934, two men were arrested in the case. Clyde Foster, 22, and Donald Wills, 22, both of Eugene, were arrested as driver and occupant of the car pursued by Officers Clarence Quinn and J.J. Jackson late Saturday night. Foster was arrested on a warrant charging involuntary manslaughter while Wills was held as a material witness.

Cooperating in every stage of the investigation, state, county and city officers quickly ran down various clues in the case on Monday and Tuesday. They received tips from two sources and swiftly rounded up Wills at 464 Eighth Avenue east, on suspicion of being the passenger. Questioned by officers Tuesday night, Wills refused to implicate himself or anyone else in the affair, but Wednesday morning, after being shown a note from his father urging him to tell the truth, he showed signs of weakening, according to officers.

Taken to the bedside of Officer Quinn, in the Eugene hospital, the injured officer greeted him by saying "Why didn't you fellows stop that night?" Wills, officers said, broke down and admitted he was in the car. Later, at the Eugene police station, he voluntarily wrote out a statement to officers, outlining in detail the actions of himself and Clyde Foster, but indicated neither of them realized a police car was following them and couldn't understand how the crash had happened. Foster, officers said, had been questioned Monday as his car fit the description of the pursued machine, but at the time, Officer Quinn was unable to identify either Foster or the car and he was allowed to go. State police, however, kept track of his actions and he left for Salem, where he was picked up by state police Wednesday following Wills' statement implicating him as the driver. Simultaneously Tuesday evening, officers received two tips on the occupants of the car, it was announced. Paul Schantol, West Springfield, went to Sheriff C.A. Swarts and told him he and three other youths, Blaine Fisher, Kenneth Cox and Bruce Squires, had been driving east on Roadway and had been passed by the fleeing machine and the police car. Later, after the crash, the boys stopped at the scene of the tragedy while Jackson's body was being taken from the water. Schantol told the sheriff he had recognized the car and the driver.

At about the same time, A.J. Cowart, night officer at Springfield, informed Chief of Police Carl Bergman that he had seen the Foster car and the two occupants come into Springfield shortly after midnight and drive up to the beer parlor. He was attracted by what he termed the 'unusual actions' of the pair and got near enough to them to see they "acted in a nervous manner." Cowart told Chief Bergman he heard one of them say, "I thought he was going to arrest us." It was following these tips that Wills was brought to the station and held for investigation. No decision as to the disposal of reward offered for information leading to the arrest of the two men has been reached yet, it was announced. F.L. Beard, who started the fund, contributed \$25 and East Side Cleaners contributed \$5. It is likely the reward will be divided among those considered responsible for important information.

Foster was cleared by the Lane County Grand Jury of charges of Involuntary Manslaughter, but was re-arrested by Chief of Police Carl Bergman on charges of Reckless Driving. The Grand Jury found him not criminally responsible.

Jesse Jennings Jackson was born in Rola, Missouri, on July 2, 1898, living in that city until he was 16-years-old. He attended the Philadelphia State Electric and Steam Engineering School and upon his graduation, he joined the engineering service of the U.S. Navy. While in the Navy he made 15 trips across the Atlantic, being given a commission before his discharge at Vallejo, California in 1920. He went to Portland to become engineer for the Northwest Electric Company, remaining there 10 years. In 1930, he came to Eugene to be an engineer for the University of Oregon. He had been a police officer for the City during the past year. Jackson left a widow, Blanche Jackson, and one daughter, Francelle, age 8. He is interred at Walker cemetery (Masonic Lodge cemetery).