

every section of the grid would be searched systematically.

We both expressed concern that Bull was a “water dog,” and might be attracted to the river. Would the boy be following the dog, or would the dog be following the boy?

Blake put the car into gear and turned up Kirby Road. We drove slowly, passing two or three searchers. Strange, that if Jay and Bull came this way, passing several houses, some with good views of the road, no one had seen them. A two-year-old walking along without an adult would attract attention.

Where Kirby Road turns and becomes Dixon Road we stopped the car and a man approached us. He said he had checked out some of the driveways that led off to unseen houses. And he had a theory: “Somebody could have come along and picked them up and drove off. It’s happened, you know...”

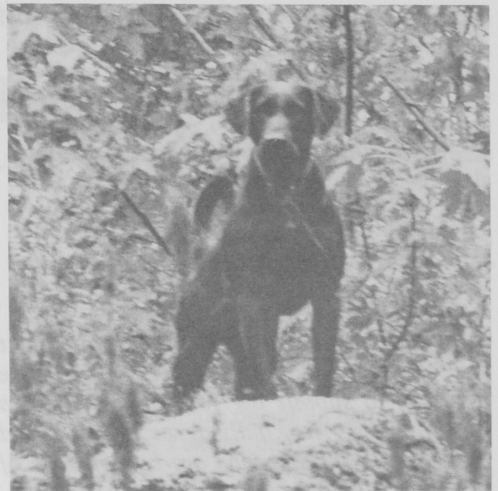
Blake nodded. “Yeah, it’s happened.”

At 2395-2405 Dixon Road a long driveway curved up the hillside. It appeared that we had proceeded beyond the area covered so far by the searchers. Blake, without comment, made a quick movement of the wheel and we turned off Dixon and up the driveway. It was a fateful decision.

The bush and forest fell back from the road to reveal farmlike property that I didn’t know was there. We passed a house and several outbuildings. There were many fences.

We drove as far as we could and came upon a large structure that looked like an unfinished barn, perhaps a large animal shelter. We both checked it out. No sign of a little frightened boy and his dog who might be seeking shelter from what was now a light, but steady rain.

Blake turned the car around, stopped and got out to take a look inside a couple of other sheds. I walked past a water-filled excavation the size of a house basement,



The dog’s barking drew searchers to Jay.

probably a reservoir for watering livestock. There was no disturbance in the water or on the slick wet slope leading down to the water from ground level.

I came to the stationary police car and because Blake was still going through a nearby shed I walked on.

I saw a tractor on the skyline in an open area. Perhaps a little boy would be curious about the machine, or he might seek a dry spot underneath it. Nothing.

I was surprised at the size of the field that sloped away from me and from my vantage point I could look out over a large area. There was no movement, and no sound until Blake approached in the police car.

I turned away. Then — a bark!

“That’s Bull! Here, Bull!” Blake called. To me he said, “I can see him — it’s Bull!”

Blake called out Jay’s name but the only reply came from the big black dog that was standing on the highest point of a nearby rock outcropping, making himself prominent.

Blake went straight up the face of the rock and paused to touch the head of Bull