

Lake County Examiner

VOL. XXII.

LAKEVIEW, LAKE COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JAN. 10, 1901.

NO. 1.

PERILS OF AN ELDER

Rev. Summerville and Thos. Keir Have a Hard Experience

NEAR THE LAST CALL

In Attempting to Reach Paisley the Men Founder in the Deep Snow and Nearly Freeze to Death.

The great wind and snowstorm that visited the Pacific Coast states since the last issue of The Examiner was attended by many exciting incidents. Although the storm in this immediate vicinity was nothing out of the ordinary for this season of the year, still in the surrounding country about us it was unusually severe. It may well be termed a "freak storm," for usually Goose Lake valley has a much heavier snowfall than the valleys to the north of us. A few miles north of Lakeview the fall was greater than here, and the farther south one goes from here the less snow is encountered. As the mountain between here and Paisley is reached the snow becomes deeper until it reaches a full three feet at the mountain base. On the summit it is much deeper.

Doubtless the passengers on the N. C. O. train, who experienced the overturning of the coach they were riding in, thought their trials monstrous when they crawled from the overturned coach, bruised and bleeding and that experience was, indeed, an experience that will be remembered for a long time. The experience of the men who were becoming snowbound, all being wrapped out in the late hours of night and refusing to go a step further, clinging to themselves in a strange way, was one physically, hungry, and believing the fate of freezing to death was about to overtake him.

And this is the experience of Rev. D. T. Summerville, Presiding Elder of the M. E. Church for this district, and Thomas Keir, the stonemason of Lakeview.

Last Friday Mr. Keir was substituted for the regular driver on the Paisley-Lakeview stage line, who, owing to the heavy snow up north, had failed to reach here the night before, and Rev. Summerville was a passenger. The churchman had an appointment at Paisley, which he very much desired to fill, and started Friday morning in order to reach there by Sunday, not thinking that the snowfall was so heavy that he would find the trip difficult and hazardous. In starting out Mr. Keir was given a buggy in place of a sleigh, and, after reaching the point where the snow began to get deeper, he discovered that it was a big mistake to start out with a buggy, as his team soon began to wear out. All day long driver and passenger in turn plodded through the snow in an effort to break the road for the team, thinking every moment to meet the relay carrier from over the mountain. But they looked in vain, and the shadows of night had fallen over the earth long before they discovered that it would be useless to attempt to proceed further on the journey. It was 10 o'clock at night when they unhitched the horses and turned them loose, and the weary travelers turned their heads toward Lakeview to look for a habitation. Driver Keir was apparently stronger than his companion, and made his way rapidly through the snow. Rev. Summerville was weary and cold, and felt that numbness and drowsiness coming over him which makes the man feel that he would wish for no greater happiness than to lie down and sleep.

Again and again did he fall in the snow, each time arousing himself to renewed activity, realizing fully that to lie inactive meant the long sleep of death. He shouted to his companion that he could not follow and that he must give up, and Keir shouted back words of encouragement, telling him it meant death to both if he did not push on and find assistance. The churchman

finally reached the buggy and climbing in, wrapped the blankets and robe about him, and was once more on the verge of that long sleep, when he again aroused himself, and getting out started back to find some house. After three hours plodding through the snow, sometimes falling into drifts to his armpits, he reached a cabin and shouted to arouse the inmate, but all in vain—the place was uninhabited. He finally found a wire and inserted it in the lock, and the door opened. He struck a match and discovered a coal oil lamp minus the oil, a few crumbs of bread, and a few pieces of wood. He soon had a fire going, devoured the dry bread that had been lying on the table for many weeks, and thought it the sweetest morsel he had ever tasted.

We leave the churchman to his solitude and joy before the crackling fire, and return to Keir.

After several hours of wandering Keir reached the Alford place, and upon arousing the inmates told them of the predicament of himself and companion. Bert Alford on horseback started back to the buggy to rescue the minister, and upon reaching the spot discovered the man had disappeared. He followed the track until he came upon the cabin and then gave a shrill whistle, which aroused the half-unconscious man, who opened the door and inquired if the stranger was the owner of the cabin, and whether he was going. "I am looking for you," was the reply, and Rev. Summerville says those words, "I am looking for you," was the sweetest music he ever listened to. Soon he was mounted on the horse, and his rescuer was leading the way to the Alford home. Here were exchanged cordial greetings and congratulations by the minister and the stone mason, and the next morning after a hearty breakfast, and thanking their host profusely they returned to the buggy, found the horses near by and after a short rest at Lakeview, after reaching the mountain, the south-bound train was started for Paisley. The travelers were tired to the bone physically for the hardships endured, and so on the train to Paisley. It was an experience that Rev. Summerville, especially, will never forget. At the Alford home the travelers met Tom Alford and his estimable daughters, Mrs. Phil Mulkey and Miss Linnie Alford, who treated them hospitably and made them as comfortable as possible for the remainder of the night.

The appointment at Paisley was not filled, but it is the first one the reverend gentleman has failed to keep in the thirty-five or forty years of his mission as a preacher of the Gospel.

PRANKS OF THE WIND

N. C. O. Cars Lifted From the Track and Several Passengers Injured Slightly.

Last Thursday afternoon as the south-bound N. C. O. passenger train started up, near Doyle station, between Amedee and Reno, and going at about four miles an hour, a heavy gust of wind lifted the passenger coach and a freight car, immediately in front, loaded with apples, clear off the track and turned them over on their sides. Engineer Ed. Smith was at the throttle and the train was in charge of Conductor Phelan.

There were several passengers aboard the car en route to Reno, says the Gazette, among them Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Bingham of Susanville, Mrs. E. R. Dodge of Reno, Mack Sample, agent for D. W. Earl & Co., at Termo, and Section Foreman Milsap. As the car turned over Mrs. Dodge fell, striking her back on a seat and receiving a severe shaking up. Her physician says her condition is not dangerous, however. F. C. Bingham had his right leg bruised, but not seriously. Mack Sample was badly cut on the neck, which required three stitches when Chief Surgeon Gibson examined the wound. Section Foreman Milsap had a bad gash over the left eye, also necessitating four stitches by Surgeon Gibson. All the injured are resting comfortably. Mr. Sample is at the home of his father in Reno.

Ice began forming last week and on Friday there was some good skating to be had. Sunday the river was frozen over and Monday there was about six inches of ice. The business men of the town laid in their supply Tuesday and Wednesday, and a large supply was put up by A. L. Morse for the Creamery, says the Plaindealer.

THE STORM

Heaviest Snow Fall in a Good Many Years.

LAKEVIEW HAD VERY LIGHT FALL

Mails From West and North Delayed and Pack Horses Substituted For Stage Coaches--Incidents.

During the past week the biggest snow-storm for several years visited Southern Oregon. The Southern Pacific trains were blockaded on the Siskiyou mountains, and stages to and from the railroad were unable to get through. The snowfall appeared to be heavier west and north than in Lakeview and Goose Lake valley. To the south the snow was lighter even than here.

The Ashland stage could not come over the mountain to Klamath Falls and no mail arrived here from that direction. The snow was so deep between Ager and Klamath Falls, and even on to Drew's Gap, that the stages were "held up" and light mails were brought on by carrier from Klamath Falls.

The mail from Lakeview west has been taken out for several days by sleigh to

no communication between Lakeview and Paisley, the mails failing to connect. During those days of hard travel conveyances were sent out from Lakeview to meet another conveyance from the other side of the mountain carrying letter mail and by relays the blockade was avoided.

We of Lakeview were unaware of the extent of the big storm until the mails failed to arrive, and belated carriers brought in the news of the heavy snowfall and the hardships experienced in traveling. It is a safe estimate to make the snowfall in Goose Lake valley during the week about 8 inches. The storm was accompanied by strong winds, and in places the snow drifted three and four feet deep. Doubtless it was heavy on the mountains. Monday morning the sun came out strong, the snow clouds disappeared, and at this writing it is evident that the storm has spent its fury.

Monday night it began snowing again and about two inches fell.

ADDITIONAL STORM NOTES.

Henry Newell arrived from Drews Valley last Monday, and gives us additional particulars of the big storm west of here. He says there are 6 to 10 feet of snow on the Ashland mountain and no mail has come over that route since

GREAT RABBIT DRIVE

Sunday's Kill On the West Side a Good One For a Starter

1500 BUNNIES KILLED

One Hundred and Fifty People Assist in the Drive--Another Drive Today, the Third Next Sunday.

The rabbit drive announced to take place on the West Side last Sunday was well attended and was successful, though not near as many rabbits were killed as in one day two years ago when nearly 3000 of the pests were driven into the pens and slaughtered. However 1500 was the result of the day's work and fully one-half the rabbits driven escaped.

About seventy-five people from Lakeview, ladies and gentlemen, were out in sleighs and took part in the drive, the ladies, especially, enjoying the sport. It is said that most people who attend rabbit drives become greatly excited when they see the bunnies in great bands dart beneath the sage brush, and this was demonstrated fully last Sunday when men and women in their excitement dashed across the fields at break-neck speed, while others could be seen with clubs and whips making frantic efforts to drive bunnies from their lair. It is truly an exciting experience, as The Examiner reporter can testify. Besides there were other happenings to cause excitement, and the day was one unparalleled for agitating episodes.

The drivers met at the Union school-house at 11 a. m., and at a quarter of an hour before noon they had formed a line one mile long to the east. About 150 people were there in cutters, "bobsleds," buggies and on horseback. W. K. Bernard was elected captain and William Spencer and L. A. Carricker marshals. These officers of the day patrolled along the line and formed the column in a semi-circle, and, when the line was completed, called a halt to make all ready for the grand march northward to the pens that had been placed near the M. A. Striplin residence. The wings of woven wire fence about a half-mile on either side of the pens left a scope of country three-quarters of a mile wide and one and a quarter miles long over which to make the drive. The ends of the column reached the ends of the wire fence, and closed in made a complete stockade around the rabbits. In the pen 1,447 were killed, 28 fell at the entrance and about 40 more were slaughtered during the drive—about 1,500 in all.

To some who never witnessed such a scene the drive and slaughtering in the pens was a novelty; to others the killing was a shock to sensitive nerves. By order of Captain Bernard and the marshals, the killing was not allowed to be proceeded with until all the drivers who wished to witness it had time to arrive upon the scene. The frightened animals piled up along the fence at least two feet deep before the word was given to proceed with the dreadful carnage. And when the slaughter began, men and boys, eager to assist in exterminating the pests, went at the work with an awful vengeance. The pitiful cries of the bunnies caused most of the women present to turn their heads and place their hands to their ears to deaden the sense of hearing. In a brief space of time the massacre was completed, the count made and all was over. There were a number of Indians at hand on horseback, and left the scene with their animals loaded down with dead rabbits, and with a broad grin of satisfaction as they sang out, "Hi-u eatem!" "Hi-u eatem!"

It was announced that another drive would be held at the same place today (Thursday), and the third one next Sunday, when it is probable the pens will be removed to another location. Due notice will be given as to the place of meeting for Sunday's drive, and it is hoped by the West Side farmers that Lakeview people will again turn out largely to assist.

Below we reproduce the first page of a four page folder printed in violet and green. The Examiner Job Department is prepared to turn out anything in the Book or Pamphlet line.

Motto: "The World for Christ; Christ for the World."



FRANK THOMPSON, Evangelist.

KIND WORDS FROM LOVING FRIENDS.

We know Bro. Thompson to be one man who practices what he preaches.—Harrodsburg (Ky.) Democrat.

We had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Thompson preach. He is an orator of rare ability.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Journal.

Frank Thompson preaches effective, scholarly and powerful sermons.—Christian Guide.

Bro. Thompson is an earnest, consecrated, God fearing preacher.—President of College of Sacred Literature.

Frank Thompson is the best speaker in the Class of 1900.—President of the School of Evangelists.

Mr. Thompson is a noble expounder of the truth.—Alturas (Cal.) Plaindealer.

We are glad to welcome Bro. Thompson to the Coast.—Pacific Christian.

Rev. Frank Thompson is a talented young minister and pulpit orator. He will shake up the dry bones in religious circles and his earnestness should do much for the cause he advances.—Lake County (Ore.) Examiner.

PRINTED BY THE LAKE COUNTY EXAMINER.

Klamath Falls, and there transferred to carrier on horse—the sleigh returning with only letter mail from the Falls.

But one day passed without mail connection from the south, and that was owing to the N. C. O. train not reaching Termo, having jumped the track north of Amedee.

The snow was deep between Lakeview and Paisley, there being fully two feet on the level from five or six miles north of Lakeview to the foot of the mountain, and from there on three feet on the level. In places it was five feet in the drifts. For a couple of days there was

the big storm set in. The railroad is blockaded both ways north and south of Ager, and the Southern Pacific has eight engines pushing the big rotary snow plow in the Siskiyou. With the eight engines only eight miles were made in one day.

"Doc" Ramsby, driver between Lakeview and Bly, reports hard traveling, but says this end of the line gets there just the same.

Superintendent McNaughton telegraphed to Lakeview, last Monday, via Sacramento and Reno, that there was six feet of snow at Ager, something never before heard of.