

# Lake County Examiner

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LAKEVIEW, LAKE COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JAN. 8, 1903.

NO. 1.

## CHRISTMAS AT PLUSH.

McCarthy Takes a Trip to Bly-- Sees an Ocean of Mud--Describes Plush Christmas.

The pen is mightier than the sword,  
It thunders round from shore to shore,  
And it is far mightier than the thundering  
cannon's roar.

Hurrah for the voice and pen.

Like Santa Claus, I had to purane my weary mortal rounds at Christmas, and having come from the west I wouldn't ask the stage man to stop with Bro. Fitch as we know Fitch is all right. We wended our way eastward toward the metropolis, arriving at the notorious Drews Valley. Bad luck to Drew, he likes mud. Your informant wanted to call and greet the Immortal Mr. and Mrs. Howard of that place, but when we called to halt, lo, and behold, the poor stage driver with his broad leather chest protector pulled on the team with all his might, but couldn't make them move out of the old rut. Then we kept the track as far as Dan Chandlers, but the mud was so deep we had to look away up the mountain to see land; and passing by the big 70 Ranch hotel one of the passengers says there's a tent. The driver said tent be d---d, that is the Heryford hotel. But the mud was awful deep; we plodded along and churned mud, and if the brick makers followed up behind that a splendid lot of brick could have been made. Arriving two days late for the Christmas of 1902 in Lakeview, but serving a good purpose all the same, we were in time for Mrs. Blairs' entertainment, which was up-to-date, away ahead of Fred Moore. For in this case Moore is less.

At the metropolis we met our deputy, who has been taking items for our benefit from the Harney county line to Mud Creek, Lake county, Oregon. The following is the substance of his report:

He says that on Christmas night Plush broke all records to date for new fangled amusements and festivities. He says they had the word of God, dance and song, and the elixir of life distributed under the same roof, and that Rev. Pepper quoted from a well known quotation in the Bible which says "drink that you may forget your troubles, and think of them no more." And referring to the cowboys from the 71 ranch, he says:

A string of cowboys crossed the swamp,  
They cared not for the chill or damp,  
But through the mud and mire old tramp,  
Led on by Charley Ward,  
Then through the tules they did rush  
And took the nearest road to Plush,  
Just to have a little lush,  
And praise the Lord.

When church convened the sinners met,  
Some bowed their heads in sad regret,  
And said the times are hard.  
While others up to Scammon's went their  
whistles for to wet,  
And try their troubles to forget,  
And praise the Lord.

Geo. Washington Wise did beat his breast,  
He prayed may God give sinners rest;  
Geo. knows I always done my best--my debts  
to pay,  
But I take a drop too much with extreme  
sout--that's what they say.

But that booze that's up at Scammon's store,  
I never saw the like before,  
I'd borrow one thousand dollars more  
To buy such stuff. You think it hard,  
But Scammon said, stand back old man,  
You've got enough,  
Go praise the Lord.

The Christmas tree and performance connected therewith was extremely superb. Much credit is due Miss Bolton, teacher of the Plush grammar school, for the splendid showing her pupils made, their correct emphasis and eloquence. Whether acquired or natural might cope with that of Gratton or Sheridan. The dance Dec. 25th was out of sight. The crowd was so big there was not room enough, so they had to do like our "thoroughbreds," stay out in the sage brush. Even when a man moved his jug from one sage bush to another



READY FOR THE MUNT AT TUXEDO.

Here is shown Mr. Frank Griswold Gray, master of the Tuxedo hounds, waiting for the signal to be given to start the chase.

he found two jugs there ahead of him. Talk about music, and Orpheus drawing trees, stones and floods, but listen for a few moments to G. W. Wise, and the most enthralling Miss Wise, and you will say Orpheus belongs where he is, in oblivion. Talk about your hostess' and entertainers, but come to Plush and stop at Scammon's and see what Mrs. Scammon can do, and you will say you have seen something ahead of the times. Everybody had a delightful time. Money was no object. Willis Scammon knows how to treat his patrons right. He owns the Elephant Refreshment Parlors. Wise avenue, Plush, took in \$300 on Christmas night.

Now, I wish to remark that it was a mistake about Ed Bond hugging the fence post. It happened this way. Everybody sat up all night, (which is natural) and were in a semi-somnolent state. Miss Wise, who lives close to the "Elephant" on Wise avenue, had thrown a cotton every day dress on top of a fence post to dry, and Joe Jones passing at twilight saw the dress on the fence post, and said: "Good morning to you Miss Burns, wish you a Merry Christmas. You look as bright and sharp as a new hatchet this morning." Ed Bond came along a few minutes later, and seeing the apparition, and as before mentioned, was in a state of somnoence, says: "Miss Bolton let me offer you my congratulations for the splendid manner in which you conducted matters at the Christmas tree, and the grand way you had trained your pupils. And now my dear Miss Bolton, you are bolted forever to my heart, and the prayer is from your dear Ed Bond that you shall be bonded to my soul by the will and power of all eternal beings now and forevermore, amen."

Plush at the present time is away ahead. We have the best climate, best land, best people. Jeff Parish, for instance, would not step on a worm, but move aside and let the reptile live, and would not have the neighbors' calf, unless said calf had a certificate that it was on its own hook; and Harry Roberts is humane that if he saw 1000 head of his cattle in at a neighbors' haystack he would not drive them out for fear they would get hurt by the wire. Frank Riggs will get out of bed at any hour of night and go after a doctor for a sick neighbor, drive the doctor through lakes of mud, water and ice, and when the team gives out in the last lake, pack the doctor out on his back and send him along to relieve the sick.

Just think of it, some of the greatest men in their line the world has ever produced, hauling our mail to Plush. There was a universal boast made about Hank Monk driving Horace Greeley across the mountains. What did it amount to. Just look at Fred Fletcher, an unpretentious man of the present day driving the mail to Plush over a road where Horace Greeley or Hank Monk dare not tread on at the present day, and you will meet Fred loaded with four men and four other barrels of whiskey, or a threshing machine at the same time. And on his journey back to Lakeview has hauled in on his stage a Durham bull weighing a little less than 9000 pounds.

For such is the case on the road to Plush,  
Men do things that are strange on the way to  
Plush.  
Some hypnotise calves,  
And cause men's better halves  
To quit for a bit, in Plush; hush!  
Most Obsequious,  
MCCARTHY COME DOWN,  
N. B.: Jan. 4.

### Government Land Fenced

In November a complaint was made in the United States Courts against William W. Brown of Crook County for having illegally fenced in several thousand acres of Government land on Wagon-Tire Mountain. Inspector Deady was sent out to see the offender, who agreed to remove the offending fences as soon as the weather permitted. Brown filed an affidavit with United States District Attorney Hall, showing that the man who had informed against him had also inclosed 400 acres of the public domain, himself, in Lake County. In addition he gave the district attorney the names of 17 other persons who have inclosed an aggregate of 30,000 acres of government lands in Crook, Lake and Grant Counties.

United States District Attorney Hall immediately wrote each of the offenders, notifying them to remove their fences. This was on December 23. So far he received answers from two of these. These have agreed to obey the law as soon as the weather permits. In the meantime this man has cut his fences every 200 feet. Mr. Hall says that about 30,000 to 40,000 acres of public domain will thus be thrown open. The second writer also says that he will furnish the district attorney with the names of other offenders.

Wm. Dalgleish came over from Adel Monday.

## HERMANN RESIGNED.

Secretary Hitchcock Asks Commissioner to Step Out--Row of Long Standing Cause.

Binger Hermann, Commissioner of the General Land Office, resigned, Dec. 29 and will be succeeded by William A. Richards, now the Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office. Mr. Hermann's resignation was requested about two weeks ago by the Secretary of the Interior, and was immediately presented.

Commissioner Hermann said that afternoon that the change will be operative February 1st. The relations between Secretary Hitchcock and Commissioner Hermann have been strained for a long time. Charges have been preferred against Harry King and Fred Metzker, Assistant Chief of the Draughtmen's Division of the Government Land Office. The former is charged with neglect of duty and the latter with mismanagement and unsatisfactory administration of his duties. Metzger was formerly from Kansas and was once chief clerk of the General Land Office.

A Washington dispatch adds that Mr. Hermann has had the misfortune to disagree with Attorney Vanderventer of the Interior Department on several occasions. In one of these cases—a clash over forestry reserve lands occupied by private owners—Commissioner Hermann was overruled by the department, and Congress afterward passed a law which virtually upheld Mr. Hermann and overruled the department.

The unofficial allegations against Commissioner Hermann are that he is not a good executive officer and that he has been lax in his methods. Fault is found with some of his decisions, also, though there has been at no time any charge that impeached his honesty. Secretary Hitchcock is said to have stated to friends that Mr. Hermann has not been active enough in running down timber thieves and that none of the prosecutions under the theft law has been due to investigations made by him.

The forest reserve controversy involved a decision as to what should be given settlers on reserve land in exchange for this land when they gave it up to the Government. Commissioner Hermann held that it was proper for the settlers and owners of this land to receive land in exchange, but that they should receive it under the homestead act. Attorney Vanderventer held, on the other hand, that these private owners should be allowed to select any government land in lieu of their property in the reservations. Mr. Vanderventer's views were adopted by the department.

### Stock Items.

C. A. Bunting took 225 head of cattle from Merrill last week which he sold to Mr. Aiken of the Western Meat Company, Oakland.

Bloomingcamp Bros. sold 160 head of beef cattle to C. A. Bunting last week.

Louis Gerber started 250 beef cattle last Saturday for Sacramento. W. D. Campbell was in charge.

The Carr Land & Cattle Company sold 300 head of beef cattle to Mr. Aiken, the cattle to be delivered the 20th of January at Gazelle.

## RESOLVES FOR 1903.

Pat O'Doyle and Ole Olsen Talk About New Year Pledges and Why They Should be Kept

Pat O'Doyle talks to his friend Ole of our morals for 1903.

"A Merry Christmas to ye Ole, and may yez have manny a Happy New Year. It's meself that have made some good resolutions for 1903, and, please the Lord, I'll be afther keeping them. I always make it a pint to resolve to be a better man every New Years eve. And with the exceptions av a little punch at Christenings, and on the holy feast days and bone-fire nights I kape me resolves. Av course at a wake we must honor the corpse and say a good word for the man that's dead and drinks to his health."

"Yah do, I tank the Swenska people ban always mak resolves on Christmas sangerfest, an ah ban mak me resolves to ban a braw gossin. Ah tank dis ban a purty gude counthry for morals, but ah tank lady folk and yantleman's have better morals than Swenska and Irishman's. I tank no ladies and yantleman's could do bad tings and I tank if every man's could be like the ladies and yantleman's of society av ban have gude morals."

"Ole, me friend, yez are all wrong in the study av hman nature agin. We poor divils are not much different in our morals from thim society fellows when we come to compare ourselves in the mathur av morals. The difference between pfwnat ye call the refined and the poor divils av society is wan that consists less in the amount av iniquity distinguishing the two respectively than in the method and sthyle av it. The civilization av today is not so much an improvement in morality as it is the adoption av more cultivated and bligant forms av immorality, as Father Charlie used to say. As people become civilized they do not necessarily sin less, but they learn to sin more artistically; they do it in ways that are lees ddisgusting to a cultivated taste. Min don't have three wives now, but they git a divorce from a woman whin they are tired av her and begob thim git another wan. In that way they save gittin their skulls cracked wid a shillalah, for whin two or three ould wimmin loike my Bridget puts their heads together divil a wan could live with thim. Of course sum av the ladies av society gets dhrunk but thim they do so in their own parlors. Its all a matter av taste. A downtown saloon is very different from an up-town clubroom—different in everything except in that kind divilment which goes on in both, and perhaps they are equally bad, only that a gilded divil is, if anything, worse than a divil upon which no decoration has been put. I wanst heard a man say that he saw the divil and I believe he did, for lookin glass were invinted before that."

"Now Ole, the lady who gambles in Fifth avenue, New York, is doing the same thing as the 'tough' who gambles in a lowdown dive. The 'tough' would not enjoy himself gambling in the ladies' parlor and the nice lady would not enjoy gambling in a saloon. Now me friend, the only difference, though, between the vice as committed in wan place and

(CONTINUED ON LAST PAGE.)