

# Lake County Examiner

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## DEATHS ON THE DESERT.

Venator Canyon and Harrison Gulch on Lake County Desert Named by Tragic Deaths.

Death on the desert is naturally sadder than when the unfortunate meets his last on a comfortable bed surrounded by ministering friends. But some of the deaths that have occurred on the Oregon desert are worthy with their stories of the saddest class. The piles of rocks at different points on the plains tell of many of these. Many of the names of victims are lost and their last resting places would be lost also were it not for the precaution in piling these rocks upon their graves.

The rocks were not piled there as monuments, however, but to protect the dead from the prowling coyotes, buried in the sands of the desert and left only thus protected the coyotes would dig out the bodies and devour them within 24 hours. For this reason those who have died on the desert have been placed deep below the surface and stones piled up over their graves to prevent the marauding beasts from disinterring their remains. Along the old Oregon trail these mounds still mark the way, and near many a deserted camp in the desert may be found this evidence of a sad story.

JOHN HENDERSON.

Just across the Malheur river from the town of Vale, the county seat of Lake County, there is a number of these mounds. The immigrants on the Oregon trail used to stop at this point to rest their horses and repair their wagons; and they were often compelled to stop here during heavy water time and wait until the river became fordable. Then they stopped here to nurse their sick and protect them from the effects of a long journey over rough roads and a waterless region. This was a great watering place. Here both kinds of water could be obtained. Along the banks of the river at this point hot springs boil out from the banks, the water from which is so hot that a continual stream of vapor shoots up into the air as the boiling water comes in contact with the cold air.

These springs were used by the immigrants for medicinal purposes. In fact, they have long been useful for many purposes. The Indians in early days also used them to boil their food, and the ranchers use them today in scalding their hogs at butchering time.

At the foot of a mountain near this point is a grave far away from the group of others. A large boulder, part of the great heap of granite that furnishes the foundation for the mountain, is its headstone. Upon this vast monument is inscribed the name of John Henderson, who died August 8, 1852. The oldest inhabitant knows nothing of the circumstances of his death. The grave and the monument are the only things left to tell the story. One is as familiar with it as another. Whether he died from disease, was killed by accident, murdered by the Indians, or whatever may have been the cause, it is evident that his companions gave him the best burial within their power and then crudely chiseled out his name and the date of his death at a place that might not occupy an unknown grave.

VENATOR CANYON.

Leading out from a great basin



THE BLOCKADED HARBOR OF LA GUAYRA, VENEZUELA.

This picture gives one an idea of the insignificant little Venezuelan port which of late has been so much in the public eye. The rugged mountains in the background rise almost perpendicularly from the shore. Over their crests and some six miles back from the coast is Caracas, the capital of Venezuela.

surrounded by an irregular border of mountains and rimrocks near the east boundary line of Lake County, is a deep canyon which leads out in zig-zag course to another plain. There are many canyons leading out from this basin, but this one is the most noted, by reason of the history which gave it its name. The basin covers many thousand acres of ground, and upon approaching it in summer, from the distance it looks like a vast snowfield. The traveler knows this cannot be true, for the thermometer rises far above the 100 in the shade, when a shade can be found. It might be called the "death's valley" of Oregon but for one redeeming feature.

In spite of the alkali that lies deep upon the surface and blinds the eyes during the summer wind storms, giving the whole country the appearance of snow banks in the distance and the appearance of vast lime kilns at a nearer approach, near the center of the plain a large spring of pure water boils forth and is drunk up by the alkali dust, but not until it has flowed some distance and formed a small lake, which is designated on the map as "Alkali." It is after the death of the man for whom the canyon was named, whose remains were found a few miles from the place after a fearful death from starvation and thirst.

Old man Venator, of Lakeview, Oregon, which is about 75 miles from Alkali, started alone on horseback into this region in search of horses that had wandered away. After he was absent many days his friends became alarmed and went in search for him. Large rewards were offered for his discovery, as he was wealthy and the head of an influential family. After many days the horse he had ridden was found near the spring in the center of the alkali beds browsing on the runty, dry grass. The saddle was still on the animal and a fragment of rope about its neck showed that it had broken loose from some

place at which it had been tied.

FOUND THE TRAIL.

The back trail of the horse was followed into the mouth of the canyon many miles distant. Here the other fragment of the rope was found tied to a juniper bush which told a story. The horse had been tied there and when the biting pangs of hunger and thirst could be endured no longer it had thrown its strength against the rope, broken it, and made its way to grass and water with animal instinct.

The search was then renewed for the lost man. Finally his tracks were found leading along the foot of the rimrocks, at first, and afterwards leading out into mid-desert. Then they found where he had paused and walked about in a circle. Then the trail led out again in another direction, the feet having sunk to their ankles in the soft alkali sands.

Then they came to holes dug in the heated soil at intervals along the trail. They ranged in depth from six inches to two feet, and the marks showed that it had been done by means of a pocket knife and the naked hands.

A HORRIBLE DEATH.

They at last came upon his body which showed that he had died an agonizing death. He had removed one of his boots and placed it under his head. He still clasped his pocket knife, and by his side there was a deep hole which he had dug in his delirium, doubtless imagining that he might obtain water in this way. There irregular marks of the last knife-stabs were still visible about the hole he had dug, which showed that to his last breath he had faintly piled the instrument.

Since that time the canyon has borne his name.

HARRISON GULCH

Still farther into the heart of the desert, 25 miles from the same place, is a narrow gulch that begins at the foot of a mountain and leads off

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## BECAUSE I LOVE YOU.

This Most Thrilling Drama Was Produced by New Pine Creek Amateurs With Success.

Altho the evening was stormy and very disagreeable and it was almost impossible to get out on account of the mud, the Cannon hall was soon packed, and long before the appointed time for the curtain to raise there was a larger audience than is usually seen at the State Line.

As this was the first appearance of local talent at New Pine Creek a great many were, of course, speculative as to what was forth coming. And while all realized that there were many inconveniences for the Amateurs to contend with, and most of all their paraphernalia ordered from the east for the occasion did not arrive, nevertheless, with improvised swords and guns and other things too numerous to mention, the company produced one of the best dramas ever given in this part of the country.

There were twelve characters: Bucks Tyson, a gipsy tinker, was represented by Dan Funk. This character was the real comedy of the play and only those present are qualified to tell how well Dan did it. Indeed, Dan was alright.

Nance, Buck's wife, was well represented by Ettie O'Neil.

Daly Robinet took the leading part, representing Horace Verner, an artist, well born, genteel and honorable—the hero, and being the hardest character on the list to represent well, they did well to choose Daly for it.

Dink Potts, chum and companion of Horace, was Justin Gibbins. The part was well fitted and Justin seemed to like certain parts of it exceedingly well.

Imogene Courtly, Eva Gibbins, a rich young heiress is courted for her wealth, by the Villain, her Cousin, Ira Courtly (Warner Clark) and either did the part in a manner that places them among the best Amateurs of the country.

Prudence Freeheart, maid to Imogene, and a young lady bordering on the old maid list was Alta Spray. She made a giddy effort to attract the attention of Major Duffy (Wm. Lemon) a confirmed old Irish bachelor.

Sylvesten Gallagher, the Dude, must certainly be a dude. He could not have acted so real if he were not.

Clarence Boyce, representing Squire Riply, keeper of the inn, was a good character.

The little gipsy fortune teller, under the name of Buck Tyson, her assumed father and mother was very prettily represented by Ollie Cannon, and one seldom sees one his age do so well.

Lige, the Negro, by Henry Cook was alright.

The proceeds of the evening were \$48.90. And owing to the inclemency of the weather, this amount was much more than could have been hoped for.

A great many were prevented from coming by the mud and rain, and they have asked the Company to put the play on again in the near future, assuring them that they will be well paid, as their first effort is a good advertisement for them.

The Company expects to go to some of the neighboring towns and give the neighbors an opportunity

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## 2000 RABBITS RUN DOWN.

A Big Rabbit Drive(?) Was Had in Warner--Great Success--Plutes Have "Big Eatum".

The beautiful snow has come in Plush and laid the dust and old cows rally around the haystack, and all indications of plenty of storm is in sight.

The main object of my communication is to inform you of the success we had at the jack rabbit chase which came off here a few days ago. The bugle call was sounded by Harry Roberts, the general foreman on the 7T ranch, and was starter of the enterprise. At the bugle call the people responded from all parts of the precinct. There were sheepmen, cow men, coyote men, woodmen, workmen and other men.

The meet was at the east side of Warner Lake, and a half circle was formed by order of General Roberts, and with a whoop from all hands, several hundred rabbits were crowded into the lake. The general got his crowd into line again back of the 7T ranch, and being close to the rimrock where horses could not travel, he picked out a few men who are fleet of foot and stationed them on the side hill. The foot racers were W. R. Bond of the homestretch, William Petrie, home of the weary, and Phil Barry of the Midway. The signal was given and in a twinkling, rabbits were going in all directions, but were quickly rounded up into a bunch.

Bert Harbor lassoed 4 rabbits at one throw. Dave Jones let a yell and six jack rabbits fainted. One rabbit broke up the mountain and W.R. Bond took chase, tripped the rabbit and both he and rabbit fell, and rabbit came to grief. Phil Barry took chase and fell on top of a rabbit, bruising him up considerably. William Petrie run 50 porcupines and 14 coyotes out of the junipers and run them in amongst the rabbits. By that time Ed Bond and Joe Jones who were in the rear talking to the ladies, come up, and Joe Jones killed 10 rabbits with his Hatchet, and Ed Bond bolted 4 coyotes. Bill Barry fell off his gray Pony falling upon and killing several rabbits. Said fall was caused by too much orange cider supplied to Bill by Jeff Parish of the Elephant. All hands worked hard and in a little while rabbits, squirrels, porcupines and coyotes were in the corral, and close on to 2000 rabbits were slaughtered. Our own folks were there in large numbers, and cried "whoop big eatum." One economical dusky brother said, "me takum load porcupine to Lakeview, one man Bill Harvey and two other chinamen keepum restaurant. He Hykum porcupine." Another brother says, "me take load jack rabbit to Frank Light, he keepum big brick hotel, he likum jack rabbit," and so they hauled off two four horse loads to Lakeview. If you feel like to eat when you come to Lakeview, call at Bill Harveys' for a porcupine stew.

If indulging in booze,  
And you roam 'round at night,  
Get a jack rabbit hash  
From our Corporal Light,  
Most Obsequous,  
McCarthy Come Down.

L. B. Whorton lost a buckskins purse containing a \$20 bill some place in town. A reward will be given for its return.