

# Lake County Examiner

VOL. XXVIII.

LAKEVIEW, LAKE COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1907.

NO. 25

## STRENUOUS TRIP ON HORSE BACK.

District Attorney Moore  
Takes Long Ride.

### ROCKING-CHAIR SADDLE HORSE.

More Comfortable Standing Than  
Sitting. But Tried Hard  
To Smile.

Ashland, Oregon,  
June, 13th, 1907.

Dear Oscar:—  
True to promise, I am writing to you, and shall in a few words describe my physical condition, and shall also give you a synopsis of the most salient features of my trip. These features by the way, are vividly impressed on my mind, to say nothing of the deep impressions made on other parts of my anatomy by the five days continuous ride on horse-back from our town Lakeview, to this city of beautiful residences, Ashland.

It was on the balmy morning of the 4th of June, as the clock was striking six, when I mounted the instrument of torture, a beautiful bright bay, one-eyed mare, having a kidney sore on her back as large as your hat. She had been represented to me as an ideal saddle animal, easy riding as a rocking chair, as swift as the wind and as gentle as a pet lamb.

The saddle, a borrowed one, was warranted to be one of those wide, round, roomy seats not cushioned, in which it would be impossible to ever get tired, and that it would neither slip, slide nor skin a horse's back, or anything else.

This last, I found to my eternal regret, was not absolutely true.

I had not ridden more than a quarter of a mile on this rocking-chair of a horse, and this ideal saddle, so called, before I made a discovery, either real or imaginary, that one of the stirrups was longer than the other. I immediately began fixing them, and from that moment until I dismounted in Ashland, I continued to fix them.

First one of those obstreperous stirrups would be too long and then the other would be too short, never both of the same length, nor of the right length. And even now I am unable to state which of those stirrups is longer, whether one or both of my legs are longer. This much I do know however, I worked faithfully and diligently at those stirrups for five full days, and they are now about the same length as when I started, and do not fit me any better.

I also, soon discovered that this ideal saddle animal with its many commendable qualities, was the roughest of the rough, and the farther I rode her the rougher she got.

At eleven o'clock I arrived at the 70 ranch in Drews Valley, 20 miles from Lakeview. I was quite tired and the day was not nearly so balmy and bright as when starting out. After an hour's rest and an excellent dinner with Billie McKee, I started boldly out on a 20 mile ride across a rough timbered mountain, by a strange and unfrequented trail to Barnes valley. This distance I covered in about six hours, by walking and leading, idling and resting, and then walking again. I was sore and tired in the superlative degree, I can tell you, and while I had an excellent supper at Mr. Tull's place, nothing seemed to taste just right, neither did any of the softly cushioned chairs relieve my aching void. I slept some, not soundly, that night, and the next morning at six o'clock I was again on the move, slowly it is true, on foot and leading my horse for the first mile. That day late in the evening, I got to Bonanza, and every inch of the road my faithful animal became rougher and the saddle more ill fitting, and to relieve the monotony of the continual grind, it rained continually on me.

The next morning at seven I found myself again walking and riding towards Klamath Falls. If I had been sore the morning before, I was truly sore now in every limb and muscle of my body. But I had resolved to make the trip to Ashland on horse-back, and I was making it with as

good grace as possible under these most trying circumstances, looking pleasant (?) and never for an instant thinking of turning back, or accepting a proffered ride in a comfortable rig. I had fully resolved to make this trip in this way as stated above, and incidentally to punish Moore as much as possible while on the way out. This last I accomplished to the minutest detail.

Well I arrived at Klamath Falls on the afternoon of the third day, more dead than alive, and as wet as a heavy half days downpour of rain could possibly make one. Notwithstanding my aquatic, my battered and bruised, my very dilapidated condition and unrepresentable appearance, things looked good to me at Klamath Falls, especially was this true after I had eaten a hearty lunch, and began to dry out a little. My friends of this booming metropolis of Klamath County, met me with a pleasant smile and a cordial hand shake. I returned the hand shake and tried to look pleasant, but I fear my pleasure all dwindled into a sickly smile, for I assure you, dear Oscar, I did not feel at all like either laughing or smiling. Neither did I feel like standing up, lying down, and surely not sitting. The following morning at six o'clock I was again slowly moving toward my destination. This and the day following was merely a repetition of the preceding day's walking, leading and changing my stirrup leathers to fit my real or imaginary increased length of legs.

Well Oscar, I am here, found my family well and anxious to start for a visit to their old Lakeview home.

I should have written sooner, but had to recuperate a few days before collecting my scattered thoughts and quieting my shattered nerves. The promised pictures I herewith enclose, hoping that the same may fully meet with your approval.

I shall start for Klamath Falls tonight on the mid night train, and shall attend a term of the circuit court of that County, which convenes on the 17th, before returning to Lakeview.

Yours very truly,  
W. J. Moore.

P. S. I shall not travel on horse back on my way home. W. J. M.

### Trap Shooting.

The local gunmen took a turn at trap shooting last Sunday. J. B. Auten, the real estate man, was champion of the team, breaking 23 out of 35 blue rocks.

It was arranged to take 5 shots each in 5 different rounds, making 25 shots each. But as they had several blue rocks left they decided to make it 7 rounds, a total of 35 shots. The score stood as follows:

Auten 23, Proudfoot 22, Thornton 22, Boyd 20 Ingram 16, McKendree 15, T. E. Bernard 4, Venator 7.

### Celebration at Paisley.

It is said that the largest crowd visited Paisley upon the occasion of the "blowout" at that place that the town has seen for a long time. Over seventy tickets were sold for the ball, and the hall was crowded. Every thing passed off smoothly.

In the ball games Paisley won from Silver Lake by 3 tallies and beat Lakeview in a score of 20 to 13.

### In the Rotunda.

Under the heading of "Heard in the Rotunda," the Portland Oregonian of the 15th, inst., says:

"Mining in Southeastern Oregon as beginning to assume a lively aspect," said A. E. Florence, of the Lakeview Mercantile Company, at the Oregon Hotel yesterday.

We are about 110 miles from a railroad and traveling is slow work in our section. Activity in stock and sheep raising, with the recent interest aroused in mining, is making the district pretty lively at present, however.

We have no idea when we will get a railroad, but at the present rate of progress it will be about 26 years.

The mining activity, however, may stimulate a movement for railroad connection with the outside world.

The mineral formation in which gold is found is similar to the formation in the Nevada and Arizona mines. There has been much prospecting lately and many good quartz properties have been found. No development has begun yet, but there will be in the next few months."

A friend of Mr. Florence in Lakeview, after reading the above in the Oregonian, said that he rather expected Mr. Florence would meet with some misfortune, but he had no idea he would get into the "rotunda."

## LAKEVIEW IN NEED OF A COMMERCIAL CLUB

A Place to Entertain Strangers When They  
Visit Our Prosperous City.

That Lakeview is devoid of one very important feature is evidenced by the absence of a suitable place to entertain strangers and where one can while away a few leisurely moments. Every town of Lakeview's size and importance has its commercial club or chamber of commerce. At these clubs strangers are entertained and many, many pleasant hours are spent in various ways, both pleasant to the patrons and beneficial to the progress of the community. Plans for betterment of conditions are laid and discussed and many improvements to town and county detailed. Nothing could add more to the well being of Lakeview than the establishment of such a club here. Fifty members can be secured in the town, to say nothing of the outside membership that might reasonably be expected, and with an initiation fee of, say \$25, sufficient funds could be raised to start the club off on a solid foundation. If needs be a building could be erected to accommodate the club. The matter of maintaining it, once started would

be a small one. Such amusements, as suggested themselves to the members could be arranged for, and under such proper management as our citizens are capable of giving the place would be one in which every member and every resident of the town would be proud.

Lakeview has every reason to expect frequent visits from distinguished persons, and their numbers and visits will continue to increase. With out a place of entertainment the town is in an embarrassing position. As property increases in value, which it is certain to do, the Club's assets would grow, and in the future might reasonably be expected to prove a good investment, to say nothing of the every day advantages it affords.

Now is the time to begin on such a proposition, as some delay would be experienced in completing arrangements, and if a building must be erected some time would be necessary for buying material, ground and construction.

Think this matter over, talk it up, and start the ball to rolling.

## ARTHUR PRICE WAS SADLY NEGLECTED

Arthur L. Price died last Thursday night, of cancer of the face, from which he has suffered for several months past.

Mr. Price went to Portland for treatment some months ago but got no relief, and returned here to take his chances with fate. He had gradually grown worse for some time and several weeks ago gave up all hopes of recovery. About two weeks ago he concluded that the world was tired of him and his presence not acceptable to any one, so he went to W. Z. Moss' barn and laid there till urged to remove to a more comfortable quarters.

While he was at the barn the story was circulated that he was an object for charity and Mr. Boone and Mr. Duckworth decided to give him comfort. When Mr. Duckworth called upon him, Price informed him that he was not an object for charity, that he had money in the bank, ranch and horses on the range, and that his knowledge of his condition and of his presence being uninviting to others was his reason for his seclusion.

He seemed indignant at the rumor of his dependence. But he concluded to move his quarters, and went to the Thompson house on Slash street, but had no one to wait on him. Kind neighbors did what they could in the way of carrying him food. On Wednesday evening the marshal, Mr. Barker, informed the people that Mr. Price was helpless, not being able to build a fire for himself, and circulated a subscription paper to secure funds to hire a nurse for him. He met with poor success in getting any one to go to the sick man's assistance that night. The consequences were that the next morning when neighbors went to the house to take him food they found him dead.

The poor fellow had laid there and died alone. The horrors of such a death without the comforting word or touch of even a single friend, ought to make every resident of the town ashamed of himself. We do not know what our end may be; we hope it will not be such, but if it should, have we "done unto others as we should wish them to do unto us?"

Lakeview has a wide reputation for its charity; no person ever went hungry or cold when their wants were known to the people of Lakeview. But this man did not need money, he did not need clothing, nor, perhaps food, but he did need to be nursed.

It is not natural for a man to lie down and die like a dog, nor is it humane to allow him to do so. What could have been done to relieve his suffering is not known, there was probably nothing that could have relieved his pain, but could his departure from this life not be made more pleasant by comforting words?

Geo. Hankins delivered to the XL firm this week the beef cattle sold to the company some time ago.

## BUT ONE WOOL SALE REPORTED TO DATE

The wool market is the most peculiar ever experienced in this section of country. Buyers are here and growers are here, but they are from one to two cents per pound apart. The best buyers say they can offer is from 17 to 19 cents, owing to the grade of wool, and the growers are holding for 20 cents.

V. L. Snelling opened the market first of the week by buying about 80,000 pounds from S. B. Chandler, for Hallowell, Jones & Donald of Boston, paying for it between 18 and 19 cents, from the best we can learn, it was very close to 19 cents. Mr. Snelling says the prices now range from 17 to 19 cents. He was on a deal yesterday for the Moss clip.

Massingill has been out, reports no purchases.

Frankl has offers out, but reports no purchases.

Mr. Cotter says he has bought none yet.

Within the next ten days it is believed that there will be a change in the situation. By that time shearing will be about over and growers will either want to sell or ship.

Some wool has been consigned already.

### Mr. Drenkel and Family Return

W. H. Drenkel and family, consisting of his wife and four children arrived here last Saturday from Los Angeles. Mr. Drenkel, when here a few weeks ago, as was stated in The Examiner, purchased the Norin residence in Lakeview, and the Dent Bros. farm at the south edge of town, and they have come to take up their residence in this city.

### Resolutions.

To the Noble Grand, Officers and Members of Lakeview Lodge No. 63, I. O. O. F.

Sirs and Brothers:

Your Committee appointed for the purpose, fraternally offer the following Resolutions:

Death has invaded our Lodge and taken from us our beloved Brother Martin T. Walters.

He has gone from a well spent life to his Heavenly rest. While our hearts mourn for him, our belief in the Immortality of the soul teaches us, that he has gone, to that higher life, which we all hope to attain by the practice of these virtues which our Order inculcates and which he so faithfully observed while with us.

Our loss though great, is but small when compared with that which his bereaved family sustained. It is our sad duty to offer them our most heartfelt consolation. May our Heavenly Father soften their sorrow in this great affliction and support them in their grief.

The loss sustained by this Lodge and the Community in which he resided so many years is keenly felt by all who knew him. Knew him, to love

him for his upright and honest ways, for his genial disposition and for his strict adherence to Truth and Morality.

Always green will his Memory remain in our hearts.

Resolved that the foregoing be spread on the Records of our Lodge, a Copy be furnished the Family of our departed Brother and that it be published in the local Newspapers.

J. Frankl,  
S. F. Ahlstrom, ) Committee.  
Harry Bailey, )

### Alexander McGillivray.

Regarding the death of Mr. Alexander C. McGillivray, announced in the Examiner last week, The Dickinson Press, published in Mr. McGillivray's home town, says in part of the sad occurrence:

"A gloom was cast over the city Tuesday evening when it was learned that Alexander C. McGillivray had died of heart disease at his home on Sims Street. Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray had been home but a week from Southern California, and it was not generally known in Dickinson that Mr. McGillivray was in poor health.

He had been poorly all winter, or since he left here in January. It was necessary for him in his home trip to stop along the route and rest. After getting home Mr. McGillivray was down town several times and seemed cheerful and quite himself. An hour before his death he was up and dressed. He was born in Canada in 1850, came to the United States in 1877, was for five years a traveling salesman for a New York drygoods house, was in the merchandise business for twelve years, was in the stock business, and also developed large coal mines in Dakota. In 1888 he married Miss Mary J. Montague, also a native of Canada. He entered politics in 1887, and was elected state senator in 1900, serving in that capacity for ten years, when he was appointed register of the Bismark land office. In the senate he was a leader, and one of the foremost Republicans in North Dakota, one time being mentioned for governor. He was instrumental in getting the Dickinson land office created, and was appointed register, but served but a short time, resigning to devote his entire attention to his large land interests in Oregon."

### Ash-Sessions Nuptials.

Fred A. Ash and Miss Ora D. Sessions, both of Bidwell, Calif., were married Monday at noon, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Sessions in Lakeview Rev. A. J. Armstrong, performed the ceremony.

Mr. Ash is a highly respected gentleman who has resided at Bidwell for five or six years and has gained the respect and friendship of everyone who has made his acquaintance.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. Ed Sessions of Fort Bidwell, one of Surprise valley's well-to-do pioneers. Mrs. Ash is a highly esteemed young lady and a favorite among her acquaintances who consist of the entire population of the community in which she was raised.

The happy couple have the good wishes of a large circle of friends, and The Examiner joins the host.

### Only Two Left.

C. C. Cannon was up from Pine Creek Monday. Mr. Cannon was in a reminescent mood. He said that he was the only man now living who was present at the first Fourth of July celebration ever held in Goose Lake valley, which occurred in 1869, and that Mrs. Myrtle was the only woman now living who was present.

Seldom does one, in these times of hasty progress, stop to think of these early day events. For thirty-eight years the people of Goose Lake valley have been celebrating the Fourth of July, each year with larger attendance, and each year with fewer who attended the first occasion, until now there are but two persons living who made merry on that Fourth of July in 1869.

Mr. C. Stardley, head engineer of the Oregon Eastern railroad arrived here Tuesday. The large force of engineers and draftsmen are very busy in the head offices in the First National Bank building, with maps and plans.

L. F. Conn and wife and little daughter started yesterday for Dallas, this state, where they go on a visit with Mrs. Conn's relatives. Mr. Conn will return in a short time and Mrs. Conn and daughter will remain some months.

## MAYOR SCHMITZ IS CONVICTED.

Henry Made Good in San  
Francisco Graft Case.

### OTHER OFFICIALS TO FOLLOW.

Mayor Says He Will Fight Case  
To The Highest Court in  
Pursuit of Justice.

A jury of twelve of his peers has declared Mayor Eugene Schmitz guilty of the crime of extortion as charged against him by the Oliver grand jury.

The jury was out just one hour and thirty-five minutes. It elected Charles E. Capp foreman and at once proceeded to an informal ballot. This was cast verbally a stood for conviction, one for acquittal. Mr. Burns, a shoemaker cast the dissenting vote. Then the twelve men began a discussion of the evidence, which lasted for nearly an hour. At the end of that time the first formal ballot was cast. It was a written ballot and was unanimous for conviction.

District Attorney Langdon said:

"The verdict shows that justice has been done. It shows that no man, no matter how proud or arrogant or high showing his position may be, is above the law. It vindicates the campaign instituted some eight months ago to clean up affairs in this city. Through these many months by a considerable portion of the community the prosecution has been maligned, its motives impugned and it has been characterized as a persecution instead of a prosecution. Twelve men of his own choosing have found him to be guilty. This sweeps away all criticism heretofore made against the prosecution.

This verdict means more than the conviction of Schmitz. It means that those who have made possible his treason in office will meet the same fate. It means that the mighty princes of finance who would have defeated the laws of the state and city will surely be convicted; that law and order are demanded by our citizens and that a new era of decency has set in. We shall not stop until the whole situation has been cleared up.

Again may we repeat the statement made at the inauguration of this campaign:

"No innocent man may fear the law; no guilty man may hope to escape it."

J. J. Barret of the defense said:

"Nobody knows better than the prosecution that this verdict is not worth the paper it is written on. It represents in every particular a disregard for law and justice about which we have complained in unmistakable terms at every stage of the trial. We promise to exhibit a record of the errors and misconduct without parallel in the history of criminal litigation in California."

Mayor Schmitz said: "No matter what the decision of the jury was, gotten under most adverse circumstances regarding myself, I still maintain and affirm that I am absolutely innocent of the crime charged against me and will fight the case to the last resort. As I said before my trial, I did not expect, nor did I receive fair or even decent treatment at the hands of Judge Danne, and, realizing his prejudice I made every effort to have the case transferred to any other judge in the state. I do not take this as a defeat, and the decision makes me all the more determined to seek and secure justice in another court."

### School Election.

School election was held Monday, for the purpose of electing one director to succeed B. Daly, and a clerk to succeed Mrs. Umbach, whose terms expired. There was a large attendance, in view of a rumored contest for director, but if there was any one present who had any objection to the present regime, they kept their lips sealed. There was but one nomination for director, that being Dr. Daly to succeed himself. When it came to choosing a clerk Mrs. Umbach was the unanimous choice, both being elected by acclamation.