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HISTORIC FORT WARNER.

General Crook Subdued
the Snake Indians--The Old
Stone Bridge in the Lake.

The country lying about old Fort Warner and the two Warner Lakes in Lake County, is one of the most beautiful in the state, so far as pioneer and government forts are concerned. It was at this point that General Crook formed the basis of his operations against the Snake Indians and where he received the surrender of the notorious tribe. The site of fort building and the old method of crossing Lake Warner with his command are no less interesting, and they at the same time illustrate the determined spirit of the renowned officer.

Fort Warner was first established on the east of Lake Warner, but upon the arrival of General Crook from Astoria, he immediately moved to the lake and established a camp on the mountains on the west side of the lake. Old Fort Warner is now an abandoned ranch many miles from any habitation. The ranch house is the old parade grounds, and the beautiful meadow spreads out in front and from this the stockman hauls hay annually to feed his

stock. One would not recognize the evidences of the former days, but a little information and a further investigation one finds enough to believe that it was really a fort. There are many things to remind one of this. An old rock chimney stands alone on the hillside near the house. It shows awkward, substantial construction. In the fire-place cut in this old chimney the foundation logs of the building still remain. Then an investigation farther, piles of logs are found here and there and foundation logs of other buildings. These were the officers' quarters.

THE GENERAL CROOK LIVED. The fact that only one chimney remains is looked upon by the men with a slight degree of suspicion. They have come to admire the chimney, and should any one attempt to deface it, except to engrave one's name on it, there would be serious objection. The number of logs cut into this hard rock indicate that many people have visited this point in the Oregon desert many miles from railroads and stage coaches. In fact, a mere visit to it.

OTHER EVIDENCES. There are not the only evidences of the presence of the government's camp here 40 years ago. On the opposite side of the parade grounds from the officers' quarters the stables of the command may be found muleshoes, harnesses, parts of harness and

traces, bridle bits and many other things that were required to handle these animals. And about the grounds may be found old cooking utensils, broken sabers, officers' epaulets and other remnants of the equipments of the fort which were abandoned by the soldiers upon leaving it. The uniform initials, "U. S.," distinguish them from property formerly belonging to individuals.

But up on a hill near by, surrounded by a grove of towering pines, are sadder evidences of the former days. Wooden headboards here and there lying about the ground tell in very dim letters of the death of this one and that who was a member of a certain company, while the posts that supported the fence around the little plot have fallen down and the rails have long since been hauled away and destroyed.

The fort was abandoned in the first of the seventies after Gen. Crook had routed the Indians at Dunder and Blixen and they had come in and surrendered.

LOCATION OF THE FORT. The selection of the place was made in keeping with the government's care and judgment in such matters. The place is surrounded by mountains with only one outlet. It could not have been approached but from one direction by the enemy, and then one rapid firing gun could have defended the place against a thousand warriors. A large spring of pure water flowed out of the side of the mountain near the fort and this furnished a small waterworks which supplied the soldiers with all of the pure water that was needed. The mountains were covered with stately pines, and from this forest they secured timber to construct the government buildings, and wood for the fort. A small sawmill was set up in those days and while some of the soldiers were fighting and scouting others were engaged in logging, sawing and carpentering.

CAMP WARNER. Camp Warner, on the opposite side of the lake, was first headquarters of the command. The place was established contrary to government orders. A scouting party had been sent into the heart of the Indian country from Vancouver to select a site for the fort. This party was in charge of an experienced official and he selected the point now known as old Fort Warner and a command then stationed at Boise City was ordered to go to the place and build a fort and suppress the Snake Indians who were then on the warpath.

The command reached Lake Warner and the discovery being made that the lake was many miles in length and that the country bordering its shores was rough and hazardous, the commanding officers decided that it would be best to establish camp on the shore of the lake. By reason of his inactivity, or failure to bring the Indian trouble to a close, Gen. Crook was dispatched to the country to take command of the soldiers and terminate the war.

When the noted general arrived at old Camp Warner with his plans of the fort and found that the command had never reached the right place he was indignant. "Why did you not proceed to the place named in the orders?" the general is said to have inquired. "We could not cross the lake," replied his predecessor.

HE FOUND A WAY. Early next morning every soldier



LOUISE OF SAXONY, THE RUNAWAY PRINCESS. Crown Princess Louise of Saxony, whose recent disappearance from Dresden revealed the whole history of the hidden scandal of the court of Dresden, comes from the Hapsburgs of Austria, a family whose loves and marriages have for half a century resulted in sorrow and tragedies.

Frances de la Guerra Gets Day in Prison.

Last July, as was published in The Examiner at the time, the charge of bigamy was filed against Mrs. Fitzgerald de la Guerra, formerly Mrs. Fanny Rehart of Lakeview. The trial terminated last week in a verdict of guilty, and the shortest term in prison and the lowest fine was imposed as a sentence. The sentence was that she pay a fine of \$150 and be imprisoned at San Quentin for the term of one day. A motion for a new trial was denied by the Judge, but he granted a stay of ten days in the execution of the sentence so that an appeal may be taken to the Supreme Court. Mrs. de la Guerra, who is in poor health, collapsed for a few moments upon the announcement of the Court, but was soon restored to consciousness.

Mrs. de la Guerra, after having had six husbands from whom she had been freed by natural or legal processes, was wedded to W. A. Fitzgerald in 1900 in Los Angeles. Two years later, believing, she says, that Fitzgerald had obtained a divorce from her, as he had threatened to do, she became the wife of Carlos de la Guerra in San Francisco. Fitzgerald saw in a newspaper that she had wedded again, and he lost no time in setting in motion the machinery of the law in order that she might be convicted of bigamy. His efforts have been successful.

New X Ray Machine.

Dr. J. S. Herndon has just added to his already well equipped offices a splendid X-ray machine, the first and only one in Ashland. It is a Walter & Bartlett machine, of 16 wheels, weight 600 pounds, and has all the latest improvements. The doctor has made an exhaustive study of this scientific marvel, and its addition to his surgical appliances has been chosen on mature judgement.

—Tidings. Dr. Herndon was a resident of Lakeview, and moved to Ashland a little over a year ago.

Klamath Opposed To Scalp Bounty.

That the condition of the two sister counties, Lake and Klamath, are at variance, and wide apart, as far as the stock interests are concerned, is pretty well illustrated in the action taken by the Klamath County Court against the coyote bounty law. It has been demonstrated that the best interests of the Lake County stockmen are best served by the bounty, and the killing off of the increasing multitude of coyotes. However, the sheepmen are the greatest losers by the depredation of the coyote, although they are not backward when they are hungry and will tackle a calf without hesitation. Jack rabbits are also pretty numerous in Lake County, but there is no perceptible increase during the past few years. This may be accounted for by the numerous coyotes who prey upon the bunnies. But rabbits do not eat sheep or cattle in this county, and there are other means of destroying the rabbits than by raising coyotes to eat them.

The following from the Republican shows the way Klamath county feels about it:

"The commissioners of this county have combined in a note to Representative R. A. Emmitt, urging him to use his vote and influence to secure the repeal of the law granting a bounty on coyote scalps. Rabbits are the most destructive pests ranchers have to contend against, and as hosts of them fall prey to coyotes, it is not deemed wise to hire the latter killed. Of course, coyotes should not be protected and ought to be killed on general principles and many of them are, few dying of old age, but it is thought the good they do in lurching frequently on rabbits should warrant lifting the reward which has hitherto hung over their heads."

The heavy snow storm was pretty severe on the numerous quail that abound in canyons and on the hills. Many people are feeding large flocks of them, and they come down to their ranches regularly for their feed.

LAKEVIEW HUNT CLUB.

They Take Their First Run With The Hounds on a Coyote Chase Around Head of the Lake.

Early Thursday morning the citizens of Lakeview were awakened by the deep baying of the stag hounds and the cheery bugle call of Mr. Billie Massingill, master of hounds, calling the members of the Lakeview Hunt Club together. Rev. Smythe on his coal black hunt horse "Lakeview," Mr. Lee Beall mounted on Mr. Bill Barry's splendid hunter, "McCarthy Come Down," answered the call. The "master of hounds" looked well on N. Waldo Taylor's little mare, "Butterfly." The hounds were in the pink of condition and everything promised well for a fine day's sport. The club met at Frank Duke's ranch. Frank, as whipper-in, rode a noble looking animal. The twenty-one members rode down to the neighborhood of Cogswell creek, then out toward the tules near the lake. A little north of where the peninsula reaches out from the main land a fine wolf broke cover and the twenty-one fine charges were off. The master-of-hounds had a hard time to keep his little Arabian from going ahead of the hounds, and at the first fence Billie was leading the twenty horsemen. Three gentlemen whose duty it was to keep to the west or lake side of the run being joined by two or three others succeeded in keeping the wolf from taking to the treacherous ice on the lake. These gentlemen gave such an exhibition of skillful riding that they at once became the pride of the hunt. One young gentleman on a grey horse headed his companions in dangerous going all along the edge of the lake on the east side, and around the north end, and heroically kept his seat in the saddle at every obstruction. His companions were scarcely less skillful.

On the east or mountain side of the run things were indeed exciting, the little "Arabian" with the "Master of hounds" outshone everything. Not once did her clever rider let her down. Not once did she fall at a jump. Year in one place when her rider deemed that his only way of steering over the high obstruction was to put his arms around her neck, he never faltered, but hugged her close and manfully succeeded in getting her over. Everybody who witnessed the dexterous and daring performance cheered and cheered again. At an open ditch the little mare again showed her high breeding; coming with a terrific rush, with head up an dilated nostrils she leaped over safely. A little way from this dangerous ditch was a high board fence; a few onlookers feared for the little mare and her daring rider. The cry was, "he will get his Waterloo here." The ladies had their handkerchieves to their eyes to shut out the awful sight. Every heart beat faster, every limb trembled, every moment until he reached the fence seemed an eternity. A great cry arose "they're over." Such yelling, shouting, throwing of hats. Even the Rev. Gentleman forgot his accustomed dignity and shouted. It seems that when the intrepid horseman saw the danger that the noble mare was in, he thoughtfully stood in the stirrups and grasping the horn and cantle of

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