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SAVED BY INDIAN BOY

Frank Swingle of Klamath County Narrowly Escaped Death at Hands of an Unseen Foe.

Frank Swingle is one of the most prosperous ranchers in Klamath County, and that he now lives is due to the faithfulness of an Indian boy companion, says Paul De Laney in Portland Journal.

Frank was reared in Klamath County and his father was one of the oldest pioneers and most noted Indian fighters in the early history of Oregon. He took part in all of the early Indian Wars and led a company in the famous Rogue River campaign. In fact, the Swingles were either fighting Indians or neighboring with them on friendly terms throughout Frank's younger days.

INDIAN PLAYMATE.

Before the last outbreak of the Plutes a number of Indians had their tepees pitched near the Swingle home. Among them was an Indian boy of about Frank's age, neither having reached a dozen years. A close friendship arose between Frank and this lad. Frank had a beautiful pony and he and the Indian rode out together on the plains. The Indian boy joined him when he went for the cows of evenings and Frank always divided his bread and butter between meals with his red companion. Indian food was not nearly so palatable as that prepared by Frank's mother, and the young boy came almost to living at the Swingle home. Like all Indians, he was a great lover of horseback riding, and he took a special delight in riding Frank's pony. When out after the cows they would exchange horses to the Indian's great pleasure, and they ran many races, Frank's pony always winning over the awkward cayuse of the Indian.

STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE.

One morning Frank was surprised upon waking to find that the tepees had vanished and with them the Indians and his young companion. Not a word had been said about leaving, and neither Frank nor his parents could account for the strange step taken by their neighbors. But the matter did not remain shrouded in mystery many days. A runner came from the agency with the news that the Indians had gone on the warpath, and Frank's father's services were again in demand. As the Indians were operating in another portion of the country it was not thought that the Swingles would be molested, and Frank's father left him in charge of the affairs at home while he went to join the settlers in the attempt to subdue the hostiles.

A HIDING PLACE.

A few nights after Frank's father left a raid was made on their nearest neighbor's horses and they were all stolen. This alarmed Frank about his pony. They might steal all of the cows and drive away all of the range horses, but this would not hurt the boy half so badly as the loss of his pony. He knew of a secret place down in a gulch where the grass grew tall and tender, and he decided upon this place as the best for his pony. People in those days did not raise hay and grain and their horses had to depend entirely on the range, so that Frank could

not keep his pet animal at home and look after it. In order that the Indians should not find his hiding place he kept the pony at home after dark and then followed the gulch quietly in the darkness to the grass plot, where he tied the animal with a long rope so that it could eat its fill of grass during the night.

INDIAN TREACHERY.

This was kept up several nights, but finally bad luck came. One night Frank made his trip as usual, and he had a narrow escape, of which he did not learn, however, until after the Indian War had closed. But one thing he did learn, and that was, when he went for his pony the following morning he found the rope cut and the pony gone. It nearly broke his heart, but if he had known at the time how fortunate he had been in having his own life almost miraculously saved he would not have worried so much over the loss of his pony.

A CLOSE CALL.

On that night as he came out of the door to take the pony to its accustomed place two pairs of eyes were gleaming at him from the darkness. As he opened the door and the firelight showed the outlines of his body in the doorway a rifle went to the shoulder of a man as quick as a flash and a murderous eye peered down the barrel, while a treacherous finger was finding its way to the trigger. In another second the mark would have been found and the report of the gun would have rung out on the night air. But to the great surprise of the would-be murderer, a small, dark form leaped from behind and lowered the gun, fairly hissing in the Indian language: "Coward!"

Frank closed the door behind him, took his pony from the old shack of a stable and led it down through the gulch as usual. He was followed at a safe distance by two companions. One was eager to get away from the other, but the smaller clung closely to the larger. When the boy had tied the pony securely and quietly stole away the same person who attempted to shoot him a few minutes before, stepped out, cut the rope, mounted the animal and rode away, while the smaller object followed on foot.

It was several months later. The Indians had been subdued. Frank's father had returned home, and the boy had made many inquiries of him about his pony. He thought the pony might be recaptured from the Indians, and had faint hopes upon the return of his father of ascertaining something about his favorite animal.

A KIND ACT.

One day they were seated on the veranda when they saw a dark object approaching across the plains. It was not following any road or trail, but traveling by course alone directly toward the home of the Swingles. It was soon discovered that it was a horseman mounted upon one animal and leading another. On it came, in a short time the rider appeared at the gate. "An Indian boy!" exclaimed Frank's father.

"And my pony, as sure as you live!" replied the boy.

Elated beyond all bounds, Frank rushed to the gate, seized the rope attached to his pony with one hand and extended the other to his old-time boy friend.

The Indians had been detailed to



HEINRICH CONRIED, THE NEW MANAGER OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK.

Herr Heinrich Conried, who succeeds Maurice Grau as manager of the New York Metropolitan Opera House and who thus becomes the leading impresario in the country, is a native of Bielitz, Austria. He first attracted attention as an actor in Vienna, and he crossed the ocean to New York in 1877.

Programme of Lake County Teachers' Annual Institute.

Lakeview, Oregon, October 1, 2, 3, 1903.

THURSDAY, OCT. 1st.		
9:00 A. M.	Opening Exercises	
9:20	Reading in Primary Division	
	Discussion led by Arle C. Hampton	
10:30	Recess	
10:45	Arithmetic in Intermediate Division	
	Discussion led by Miss Callahan	
1:30 P. M.	Language in Primary Division	
	Discussion led by Miss Hall	
2:30	Recess	
2:45	Geography in Intermediate Division	
	Discussion led by Miss Sands	
8:00	Address, "The Trend; What Is It?"	J. H. Ackerman.
FRIDAY, OCT. 2d.		
9:00 A. M.	Language—Intermediate Division.	J. H. Ackerman.
10:30	Recess	
10:45	"A Program for the Rural School."	J. H. Ackerman.
1:30	Reading in the Advanced Division	J. H. Ackerman.
	Discussion by the Institute	
2:30	Recess	
2:45	A Paper by Miss Blough	J. H. Ackerman.
	"The Importance of Little Things."	J. H. Ackerman.
8:00	Address, "How Shall We Hold the Boys?"	J. H. Ackerman.
SATURDAY, OCT. 3d.		
9:00	Language—Advanced Division.	J. H. Ackerman.
	Discussion	
10:30	Recess	
10:45	Arithmetic—Advanced Division	J. H. Ackerman.
1:30 P. M.	History.	J. H. Ackerman.
	Discussion	
2:30	Recess	
2:45	State Course of Study	J. H. Ackerman.

The day sessions of the institute will be held in the school house. Due notice will be given of the place for the evening lectures. The general public are cordially invited to attend both day and evening sessions.

J. Q. WILLITS,
County Superintendent.

This program is subject to change.

stolen all of the face and said: "No! We enemies now. Your people killed my father. I never like white man again."

And the Indian boy rode away without uttering another word.

EDUCATION HEALED THE WOUND.

But the young boy was placed in the reservation school. He finally lost his prejudice against the white people, and Frank Swingle in particular. After they grew up to manhood he and Frank often met. It was then that they became sociable

and the Indian told Frank of the attempted murder on the night his pony was stolen.

The Indians had been detailed to steal all of the horses they could obtain in the country, to be used in the war against the whites. Frank's friend had overheard the assignment of the man to raid the Swingle place. He knew of his bloodthirsty nature and followed him to the Swingle place and had prevented him from shooting the boy, which he was about to do out of pure wantonness.

WILL SOON ORGANIZE.

Old Southerners Will Meet And Form Society For Social Enjoyment on October 3d.

A number of Southerners met last Saturday in the I. O. O. F. hall at Lakeview at the call of Daniel Boone of Plush, for the purpose of organizing the people of the South, resident in Lake county into a society as Mr. Boone expressed it, "for social enjoyment through annual reunions." In his speech he made it distinctly understood that this was not to be a political organization but for social enjoyment. He said: "I have worked hard and want to play and you are the fellows I would like to play with. The struggle for money is tiresome and I want some fun. Happiness does not consist in what we gain but what we enjoy. We do ourselves the most good in helping others enjoy themselves. Southerners need not be ashamed of their record. The South has produced some grand men; the Father of our country was a Southerner. Southern men succeed everywhere. Our hearts, no matter where we travel, go back to the sunny South. We all love America and do not intend that this association shall be a political organization. Republican and Democrat, differences of creed shall not bar anyone. We do not want this association of Southerners to be thought a democratic society. I am a republican though I fought in the Southern cause; and this is not to be wondered at for I believe it is as easy for a Southerner to be a Republican as for a Northerner to be a Democrat."

Mr. Boone was followed by Mr. Walters who said: "I am the oldest man and know the least. I am in favor of this social organization and am ready for a good time."

Then Mr. Walters suggested that Vint Snelling "tell all he knew as it wouldn't take him long." Mr. Snelling replied that he doubted if he could make a speech if limited to what he knew. Editor Moore of the Lakeview Herald made a few remarks and also C. M. Smythe who represented the Lakeview Examiner. Judge Daly spoke kindly of the southern people and in favor of the organization of the society.

A good deal of laughter was created when under the head of amusement, Mr. Boone asked the County Judge "what games he played" saying "I would like to know so that I could defeat you at some of them."

It was decided at length to call a meeting for the first Saturday in October for the purpose of organization and that a cordial invitation be extended through the Lakeview press to all Southern men and women resident of Lake county to come and join the organization that day. After a bountiful repast at Harvey's Cafe the meeting was adjourned.

Reliance Wins Every Race.

On Thursday, Sept. 3, the last of the series of races for the American cup was sailed over the yachting course. The Reliance proved the better at every stage of the game. Capt. Barr, the American skipper was too many for Capt. Wringe of the Shamrock III. He outsailed him at every point. The designer of the Reliance, Mr. Iselin, commands the respect of the yachting world, and the Irish Knight is the world's greatest sportsman.