

### Round-Up Shows the Old Western Spirit Still Lives in the Hearts of Virulent People

(Continued from Page Nine).

ed. It looks easy. All you have to do is put your brub, your cooking utensils, your "war bag," your pick and shovel and the rest of your plunder on the pack horse, then put the "tarp" over the pack and throw the "diamond hitch" properly, which in itself is a work of art. You may, as I did once, get the hind cinch too tight and see the pack-horse buck all over a quarter section and finally go straight up in the air and fall over backwards, flattening the shee-iron stove like a pancake and making the tin coffee pot look like a double-barreled pie-pan. The next event was the Indian race. The feathered and painted Umatilla Indian riders flashed under the wire plying their quirts furiously. "Hi-yi, Hi-yi," sound their sharp, shrill cries of encouragement to their horses. First Young Sumkin is ahead, now Red Hawk leads but when the line is crossed, Jim White has passed Red Hawk and is at the flank of Young Sumkin who crosses first.

There is something in our nature that responds to the spectacular and dangerous. No matter how much we may proclaim the superiority of the intellectual, nevertheless, feats that are hazardous and thrilling, appeal to a something deep and ineradicable within our nature. When the restraints of civilization and the artificialities of society are removed, it does not take us long to lapse back to the savage, and our long-buried and original instincts assert themselves. So it is now, strange that as one thrilling feat followed another, the spectators' hearts beat faster and their faces flushed with excitement. A maverick is turned into the field. With a snort of mingled rage and fear he gallops toward the center of the enclosure. The signal is given. There is a yell and fifteen cowboys launch themselves toward the running steer with their lariats swinging over their heads. "Swish!" and a rope settles around the steer's neck to be followed almost instantly by half a dozen others. With a thud and a grunt, the steer goes down and Narcissus McKay, an Indian, is declared the winner of the Maverick Roping contest.

Another steer is released and comes charging down the track, his eyes rolling wickedly as though he did not approve of being a candidate for the steer roping contest. The timekeeper gives the signal to the waiting cowboy. Like a flash he is after the steer but this steer wasn't born yesterday. He dodges the encircling rope and with a powerful leap, clears the high board fence and is among the spectators on the bleachers. There is a wild scramble to get away, the cow-

boy's rope settles around its horns, the pony braces itself for the shock and down goes the steer with a crash.

There is a gasp of delight and astonishment as the spectacular parade of Umatilla Indians, in their war paint, comes down the track. A hundred Indian braves mounted on their galli way from their teepees in the Indian village past the grandstand, their faces look as though painted by an impressionist, with their yellow cheeks and broad bands of ochre and black. On their heads rest the treasured war bonnet of eagle feathers with its long feather streamers falling down the back. Their bodies are fantastically painted. A gee-string and necklace of bear claws or beads and handsomely beaded moccasins is about the extent of the costume of most of them. The squaws are more elaborately dressed. Their cheeks also, are brilliantly crimsoned and their buckskin shirts are decorated with elk teeth or beads. Their leggings are of green or red flannel and they also wear buckskin moccasins. In single file, by twos, by fours, they gallop past the

grandstand, finally gathering in a circle to hold a war dance.

The Indian parade is followed by the parade of mounted cowboys and cowgirls led by the cowboy band.

Thrilling as is the broncho busting contest, the wild horse race is even more so. There were more than a score of contestants in the wild-horse race. Each rider was allowed a helper. The horses were, as the name indicates, unbroken bunchgrassers. The man crossing the line first was the winner but what happened between the saddling and the crossing of the line would take a good many pages to describe. Twenty unbroken, never before saddled horses, are biting and plunging and rearing and kicking as the rider and the helper attempt to get the saddle on. The horse is blindfolded and saddled and the rider leaps on, the helper snatches the blindfold away and instantly, with a squeal of rage, the horse goes up in the air, sun-fishing, cork-screwing and side-winding. A strap breaks. Saddle and rider go over the horse's head. One horse has gone over backwards with the rider underneath. Here a rider has "pulled leather." There one is riding loosely, giving to every pitch and toss that the horse makes, and snapping the frantic animal over the head with his grey stick. There is plenty of motion up and down but very little forward. Suddenly one of the horses gives up the idea of unseating its rider and makes a wild dash up the track and carries its rider over the line, the winner. Here you

will see some famous "outlaws,"—horses that, no matter how often ridden, their indomitable spirit can never be broken. When Lightfoot and Blue Blazes and Long Tom get into action you will see bucking that is bucking.

The express race and the ladies' relay race, as well as the squaws' race, furnished lots of excitement and fun for the spectators. Mrs. Short-and-Dirty is mounted on a wall-eyed calico pany, while Mrs. Cow-that-Comes-Over-the-Mountain-to-get-her-Calf-in-the-Gully is pinning her faith to a rawboned black mare. Grey-Eagle-Sitting-on-a-Rock-with-his-Tallfeathers-Hanging-Over is giving a last careful inspection to his squaw's mount. The flag drops and away they go and the bleachers rock with laughter and applause.

Successful as was the first Round-up, this year's exhibition was even more so. Many new features were added, among which were stage-coach and pony-express races. Probably the most spectacular event of the whole Round-up was the steer bull-dogging contest for the world's championship. After throwing the steer bare-handed, the contestant catches the animal by the lip with his teeth and holds him down, raising both hands to show that the steer is being properly bull-dogged. The Spanish bullfighter has his sword to oppose the rush of the maddened bull. The bulldogger has only his bare hands to conquer the steer. The steer is turned loose on the track and mounting his horse, the bulldogger starts in

pursuit. When he has gained the side of the steer he leans over, grasps its horns and leaps from his horse. The frightened steer plunges forward with the man hanging to his horns. Then comes a battle of skill and science against brute strength. Back and forth go the steer and the man.

One of the contestants this year lost his hold and the steer tore the man's face with its horn. Another after a ten minute battle, finally threw the steer but the animal gave a lunge and fell on the bulldogger's leg, wrenching the ligaments of his knee. One of the contestants was shoved into and through a fence and bruised up badly. "Buffalo" Vernon had better success. He is not only a wizard with the rope but he is also the champion bulldogger of the world. Catching the steer by the horn he stopped it, succeeded in getting a twist on its head that forced the animal to its knees and a moment later the steer was on its side and helpless. Catching the steer's lip with his teeth he kept its horns to the ground and its head upright while he held both arms high in the air to show that he had conquered the animal.

In the East Oregonian, a paper published at Pendleton, W. C. Pruitt gives the following vivid and realistic impression that the broncho busting contest made upon a tenderfoot:

There was the subdued hum and buzz, and atmosphere of expectancy that comes from a crowd. Every eye

(Continued on Page Thirteen.)



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