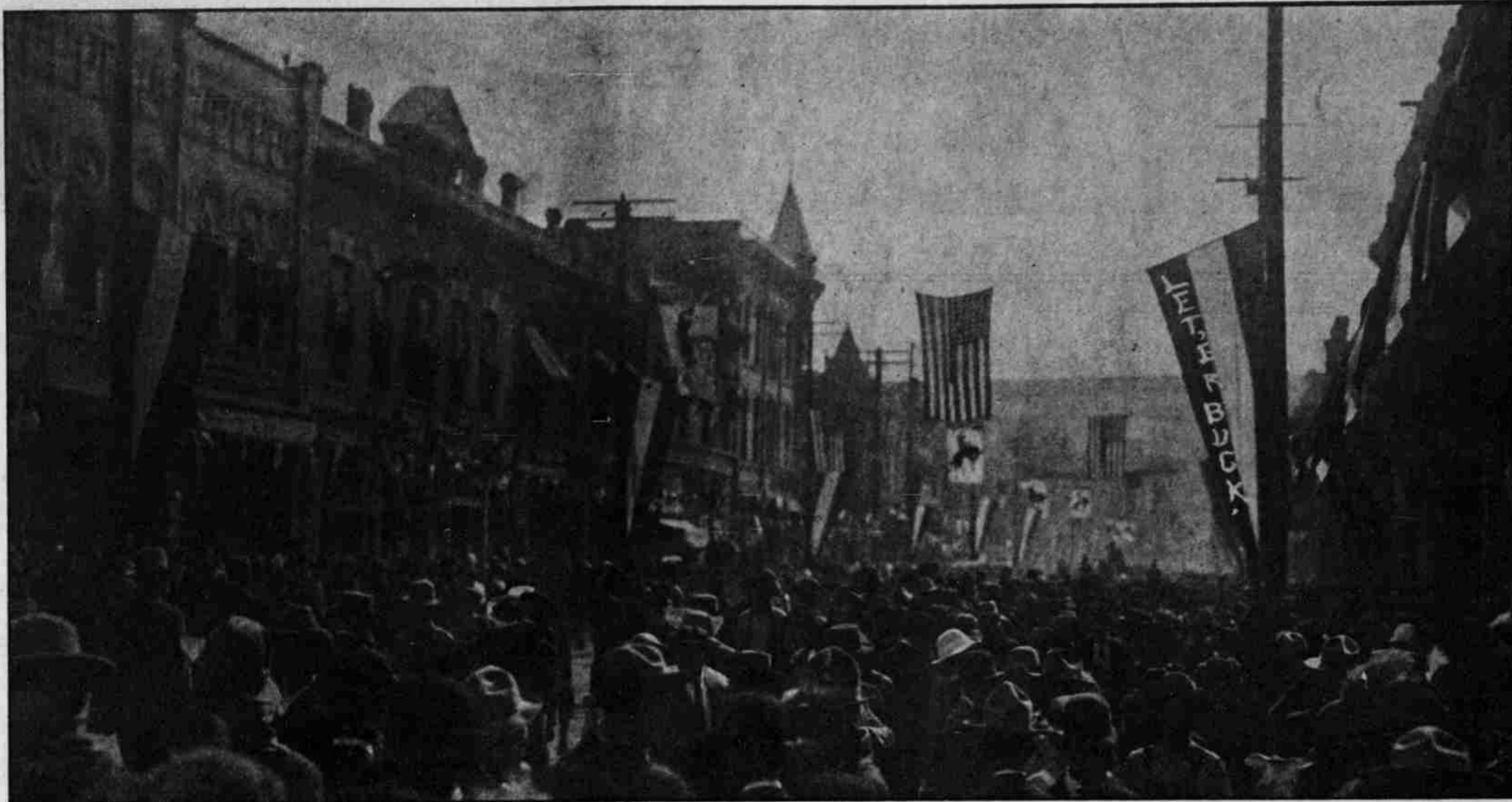


PENDLETON—"THE LARGEST TOWN OF ITS SIZE IN THE WORLD"

A Pendleton Street Scene During Round-Up Time—Pendleton's Business Streets Are Always Lively



How the Big Show Affected a Man From Down East

(By George Gilmore.)
With apologies to the reader for having to use the personal pronoun quite frequently, I will launch head foremost into telling how the Round-up impressed me a year ago. You see, I was green then, indeed a mere youngster in western ways, and I half expected to see something after the manner of the wild west shows that used to blow into our village back in Massachusetts. This impression was gained, perhaps, from the fact that when I came west I did not see the wild and woolly I expected. In other words I found Oregon a good deal like Massachusetts in many respects. I found that Portland had an excellent street-car system, tall buildings and good streets. I found Salem, the capital city, a nice little town with beautiful trees and lawns and wide streets, and I found Pendleton a hustling city, modern and progressive. So with these facts before me, and the illusion of the shoot-'em-up-Bill type of village entirely disappeared, I thought to myself, "This Round-up about which everybody is talking is bound to be a sort of side-show attraction, similar to the traveling medicine shows I used to see back home."

I recalled to mind a certain Fourth of July celebration we had once in Our Village when the boys whooped it up and rode their horses bare-backed through the streets, and I might say too, that they were pretty good riders considering that they were "born and raised," as the expression goes, within a few miles of Boston. If the round-up is anything like this celebration, said to myself, then I shall feel that I have come west in vain, all other adjectives to the contrary.

So I waited with bated breath and palpitating heart for the great days to come around. And as time has a habit of passing, soon the great event was in full swing and I could scarce control myself till I had opportunity of going down to see what it was like. I approached the park with a feeling that after all I was going to get a rude awakening from the ideas I held of the Round-up. I began to believe, when I saw the thousands of people from all parts of the country, that after all this show was going to beat the whoop-de-do of that certain Fourth of July by several whoops to the good and whoops that would not be of the tame, school-boy variety.

And then I found myself in the grandstand, an atom in the congregation, and the big, kicked-looking arena stretched out before me. Surely, said I to myself, there is going to be something doing here today that will make everything else I ever saw look like a bevy of the ladies' sewing circle back in Our Village. And was I right? Zip—something started and the great show was underway. There was no need of a ringmaster to call attention to the various events. I found that I had a thousand eyes and each eye took in a particular scene. I saw that there was the real west, the west I had dreamed about; and read about, stalking in the flesh before me. I saw the genuine cowboy, the descendant of pioneer days when death lurked at every turn; the undaunted man, whose watchword ever was "There is no such thing as a free lunch."

PENDLETON IN 1869



Picture Shows Goodwin's Hotel and the Residence and Store of Lot Livermore. Mr. Livermore is shown standing on the roof of his home.

Westward Ho!

What strength! what strife! what rude unrest!
What shock! what half-shape'd armies met!
A mighty nation moving west,
With all its steely sinews set
Against the living forests. Hear
The shouts, the shots of pioneer,
The rended forests, rolling wheels,
As if some half-checked army reels,
Loud-sounding like a hurricane.

O bearded, stalwart, westmost men,
So tower-like, so Gothic built!
A kingdom won without the guilt
Of studied battle, that hath been
Your blood's inheritance . . . Your heirs
Know not your tombs; the great plough shares
Cleave softly through the mellow loam
Where you have made eternal home,
And set no sign. Your epitaphs
Are writ in furrows. Beauty laughs
While through the green ways wander-

This Indian Would Take No Back Seat

An Indian is no man's fool. That's the opinion of Tom Loyal, the younger, official ticket seller for the Round-up and Tom says he ought to know as he has had considerable dealing with the noble reds since he began exchanging pasteboards for long green. One of the incidents which has convinced the ticket-doubting Thomas of the sagacity of the native American occurred several days after the opening of the seat sale this year. A long haired blanket Cayuse brave appeared at the portable office and showing a fifty-cent coin through the aperture made it known that he wished a grandstand seat on the front row. Tom explained first that grandstand seats sold for twice the sum deposited and the other half was forthcoming. Thereupon, he gathered in the silver and informed the bronze individual that all of the front seats were gone and also all of the others save those on the top row. Like all good salesmen, however, he began "exploiting the advantage of his marketable product. "Up there," he said, "no dust, no rain, no wind, no sun." "Ugh," grunted the big buck. "No see 'em too."

Lessons in Manners.
Many humble immigrants from Europe can give Americans lessons in good manners. A well-dressed American woman was walking in a park with her 4-year-old daughter when she saw an Italian beginning to divide a very small cantaloupe among his eight children. She stopped to look whereupon the Italian thinking the little girl wanted some too, with a most gracious bow handed her the first slice. The mother protested, but to no purpose, and rather than hurt the feelings of so true a gentleman, she permitted the little girl to accept. It hurt her to think that her carelessness had reduced the already inadequate feast, but she retrieved her error in the only possible way.—Youths Companion.

How Pendleton is Able to Handle Its Crowds

How can Pendleton, a town of 7000 people, accommodate the Round-up crowds when the aggregate attendance at the three days exhibition runs up to 60,000 people?
This is an inquiry made by many and it is a natural inquiry. To the uninformed it looks like the town is attempting the impossible when it even undertakes to care for so many people. Be it known there are as many as 20,000 out of town people in Pendleton during some days of the Round-up.
But the crowd is accommodated and accommodated with what might be called ease. At least there is every reason to suppose that such is the case because the show has been running for four years and there has been virtually no complaint on the score of inhospitality. If there are such complaints they have been mild and they have not reached the Pendleton ear which by the way is very keen for anything pertaining to the Round-up.

The first year the Round-up was held and when the crowd was comparatively small in numbers there was some complaint about lack of sleeping and eating accommodations. That was because the work of handling the crowd was not well organized and the local people did not know what to expect in the way of attendance.
Since that first year there has never been a time when the local accommodations committee has been unable to handle the crowd. There are thousands of improvised beds to be had in Pendleton and these beds go far towards providing sleeping places for the visitors. There is probably not a home in Pendleton that has not one or more beds for visitors. Some of the better and larger homes of the city accommodate as many as 25 or 30 out of town people. It is done through using extra beds and cots in the halls. Some are on porches and some in yards. Then there are temporary lodging houses established just for the occasion and those places cure for an enormous number of people.

It is not necessary of course for the city to provide sleeping and eating accommodations for all who come to the show. A large number of those from distant cities, particularly the large centers come by special trains and their trains are fully equipped with sleepers and diners so that the special train guests are able to rely entirely upon the railroad and the Pullman car company for food and shelter while here.
Another fact that helps out the situation is the fact that thousands of those who attend the Round-up are able to return to their homes in the evening following the close of the program. This is true of local country people, it is true of people as far north in Washington as Dayton, as far as Kennebec on the N. P., as far as Baker to the east on the O-W-R. & N., to Pilot Rock on the Pilot Rock branch and as far west as Umatilla on the run toward Portland.
The chief reason however, why the Round-up visitors have always been accommodated comes from the fact that the Round-up directors work systematically to provide quarters. The fact that thousands of special beds

Chief Moses Friend of the White Man

One of the Indian chieftains who left his imprint on the pages of northwest history, both as an enemy and a friend of the "paleface" was Klak-ta-koo-sum or Chief Moses as he was commonly known by the soldiers and settlers. For years he led his braves in a relentless warfare against the whites in an effort to drive them from the lands of his forefathers, but after repeated defeats, reversals and hardships encountered, he had the foresight to see that what he longed for and had fought for could never be and the wisdom to profit by his vision. He became a sworn friend of the white man and, despite the insistent urging of his own people and numerous provocations from the people he sought to befriend, that friendship endured to the day of his death and his plighted word was never once broken.

Moses was not the chief of any one tribe, he was the chief of many different ones, his bravery, sagacity and other qualities of leadership being so widely recognized that the chieftainship of many tribes was offered him. Some he accepted and some he refused.

Col. George Wright and was driven back with considerable loss. It was soon after this that he came in contact with an Indian agent by the name of Wilbur, whose fairness in treating with the natives so impressed Moses that he took his vow of friendship. Thereafter, he could not be persuaded, even by the mighty Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés himself, to lift his tomahawk against the whites. Even when three Cayuse Indians murdered a family by the name of Perkins and he was accused by the settlers of giving refuge to the perpetrators of the atrocious deed, his determination was not shaken and, to prove his good faith, he offered to assist in the search for the three Cayuses.

For many years he was known as a chief of "outside Indians" as distinguished from the leader of those tribes which were settled on reservations, and he resisted all efforts to place him under governmental jurisdiction until he was granted a reservation on the lands of his ancestors. Moses, as described by Northwest makers of history who came in contact with him, was a splendid specimen of Indian manhood, handsome, dignified, brave and wise, and before he was won as a friend, the white soldiers feared him as much as any one chief, because of his strength and his daring. Skilled in Indian warfare from his youth when he fought against tribes of his own race, when the white man became a menace to the freedom of his people, he ceased hostilities against his hereditary enemies and helped unite the various tribes to resist a common foe. His greatest battle against the United States troops was that at Yakima River in 1856 when he led his warriors against the "Boston" under the command of

With thirty of his braves, he took their track, but before he could accomplish his purpose, he and his party were surprised in their camp one night by a detachment of troops and, despite their protestations of friendliness, taken prisoners. Moses was thrown in jail and only regained his freedom when Gen. O. O. Howard had been apprised of the capture and had ordered his release.
Free again, he made another appeal for a reservation on the lands of his fathers and it was granted. This was the Colville reservation, established and upon it Moses remained until his death ten years ago, his friendship and his power keeping many hundreds of Indians at peace at times when other tribes were waging bloody warfare. His grave is at Nespelem only a short distance from the little mound of earth under which lies the remains of the only chief of his time whose glory was greater than his own. Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés.

Please.
It is such a little thing,
And it isn't hard to say,
If you use it, it will bring
Smiles and joy in work and play,
Those who do not use it find
Folks get cross at what they say,
When you say it per se mind,
And do what's wanted right away.
Learn to say that word with ease,
This is it, remember—PLEASE.
—Advance.

