

# PICNIC AT GIBBON A RIOT OF FUN AND SPORT

To dismiss such an occasion as the O-W picnic last Thursday proved to be without giving a few details and sidelights would be to pass up the ice cream after eating a good dinner, and who would do such a thing as that?

In the language of Fred Lockley of the Journal "the event was soul stirring," and to switch over to Addison Bennett of the Oregonian, "it was such a day as has not been experienced since the covered wagons wended their way through Oregon."

But in reality, and without borrowing any expression from the metropolitan writers, the picnic at Gibbon was a great, big good natured day; a day in which the weather laughed and almost cried within 10 hours; some even absolutely state that the clouds shed moisture late in the afternoon, but the report has not been verified by Graham, of Munley, who knows all about the water situation along the O-W line.

When the handsomely decorated locomotive began to belch at the La Grande station Thursday morning, showing her colors of red, white and blue, it was plain that a high class decorator had been touching up the blackened exterior of that "iron coach horse." It must be admitted that the green boughs and pretty colors did not lessen the pulling qualities of the engine for she pulled her train into Gibbon on time and unloaded her cargo of humanity with perfect safety first.

Of course the train from the west was in and M. J. Buckley was looking in all directions to see if La Grande, his old home town when he was learning the railroad game, would really show up in good form to attend the picnic. When he saw the turnout he had a smile as big as the one that spread o'er his face years ago when he ordered by phone very the militia company of Mack Richey and Judge Henry to mobilize at once and report for duty. Like good, obedient soldiers Mack and the Judge obeyed the telegraphic orders and then "Buck" did not know what to do with so many soldiers. In final desperation he received another "message" from the war department ordering the La Grande militia company to take up a line of march to Hot Lake and there take a bath. That was when "Buck," as his friends all call him, was young and in his prime. No, he is not old now; not by any manner of means. He has just turned fifty, and Jack Peare, Al Andrews and Fred Meyers would become very indignant if any one should even intimate that fifty years indicates a man of years, not to think of saying an old man.

Well, Buckley smiled; Langley chuckled and Mathewson cheered when La Grande came marching in, and then the fun started. You know Mr. Perley, well if you don't you should; he is said to be—and there is every indication that he is—the handsomest big man on the Pacific coast. Perley opened the day and he

didn't use a can opener, nor yet did he use one of those little jiggers that was once used in Oregon to pry off the tops of bottles; hush, speak easy, for that was before the day of the blind pig; the alcohol jag or the sober campaigner. But Perley opened it—he does about everything he undertakes, which can be proven by Mr. Farrell, and we wish to state without further reservation that he opened the day. He spoke with considerable feeling and eyed the lunch baskets while he was speaking. After he told everyone the why of the occasion and closed his remarks with a happy climax, the speaker's box was mounted by Oregon's silver tongued son, Judge Stephen A. Lowell—it is not necessary to tell you where he is from—and the Judge was in his usual good form.

He took his audience back to the days when lightning bugs furnished all the light at night, demonstrated beyond a question of a doubt that sewing machines would have been more of a luxury a hundred years ago than automobiles are today, and then he laid the plain case before the assembly of good citizenship. The Judge knows something about good citizenship, for without any joking, he has put in many years trying to make Pendleton a law-abiding, God-fearing community and a good town to live in. Just about the time he had his job well done Jay Bowerman handed Pendleton a present of an insane asylum and then a bunch of kids started a buckaroo show called the Round-Up, and all the long years of the Judge's work was upset. We never have asked him if he would try again, but if he is like most of us who are past 40 he will say with all the force he has, "let the next generation do the work."

His speech was a masterpiece. We have never heard him deliver any other kind and we have been hearing the Judge for a number of years chase the gamut of eloquence each time bringing out different and sweeter tones and making us wonder how it is done.

When the crowd was still hanging on the Judge's beautiful words resolving to lead better lives and quit talking about their neighbors the thick voice of Dick Buckley was heard through a megaphone—an undersized megaphone for Dick—announcing a baseball game between the Fats and the Leans.

Jim Corbett has such slovenly fat men as Jack Peare and Joe Miller lined up and they were rearing to go, while Joe Keeney had amassed an aggregation of batting strength that reached from Huntington to Pilot Rock Junction. Every man, including the notorious Jimmie Hicks, late of the Chicago Red Sox, pranced up to the plate, examined the bats, had a few words about the grounds, took a sidewise glance at the ladies, and strutted off to position.

There was a little suspense, but

that was relieved when Storekeeper Martin darted into the diamond and in a sharp, commanding voice ordered "play ball."

Up went the batter and he struck out amid loud groans and cat calls from the rooting lines. Second man up and Martin called a strike on him. Corbett became enraged, threw his hat to the ground and started for the umpire; others followed and when the smoke cleared away Umpire Martin was sitting on the pitcher's mound giving his orders, "play ball."

Again they go. Third man up and he bunts the ball. Then Dick Buckley takes the bat and the side lines get back a few paces. The pitcher threw a curve in close to Dick's neck and he almost unjoined his stomach vertebra getting away from the ball. But the next time he got his old time batting eye to work and hit it square in the "snoot." The ball mounted the heavens like an aeroplane and Dick makes the big run to first. Looking across his left shoulder he saw the ball still in the air and hikes on to second, but his wind was failing him and if that ball had never come down Dick would not have taken but two bases. It came down all right and after another man had been put out, someone raised the question that Dick Buckley had run two bases on a foul ball. It was put up to Umpire Martin whereat Jim Corbett again took the center of the diamond and demanded in the name of every railroad man, fair play. After considerable persuasion Umpire Martin reopened the case, took the matter under advisement and decided Buckley had run on a foul ball. Dick was chased in from second base after losing all that good run, and his breath was coming short. But he took the stick and struck a safe one, only to work his way around to third base and there die.

When the other side went to bat confusion ran rife. Jimmy Hicks, the passenger agent east of the mountains, evidently said to himself, "Here is my opportunity to show my Chicago skill as a ball player," and he did. He bunted it or lined it out, or knocked it so far there was not even a pine tree to stop it; in fact he showed up in such good form that King of the Y. M. C. A. immediately asked his name and wanted to employ him to teach the juvenile class in the Y indoor baseball game. That isn't all Jimmy Hicks done. He proved himself to be an attractive chap, and starting in with the ball game he was one sought for gentleman in all games of consequence.

Following Hicks came Jack Peare to the bat. Think of it, another of those fifty year old kids out playing ball. Jack could not bat, for he has smoked too many of Charley Hackman's strong cigars and his eyesight is not as firm as it once was, but say he can run. When he convinced himself he could not hit the ball he waited until the catcher attempted to change the ball from one hand to the other and he made off for first base. Jack hit the bag before the catcher could get his arm raised to throw the ball.

"And that's the Irish mick you have matched me against for a foot race today," said M. J. Buckley of Portland. "Well, you had me going; I was about in the notion to run that race and be a little on myself, but not for me, after I see that black mustache streak along the path to first, the foot race and all bets on the foot race are off."

When the game was whooping along Umpire Martin raised the question as to the number of innings to be played. Immediately Jim Corbett, who had by that time been taught to respect the umpire, yelled, "if your honor please, I would like to ask how the score stands?" Martin yelled back, "the score is five to three in favor of the Fats." Corbett threw down his mit and announced that the game was over. "Some fellow told me once," said Corbett, "when La Grande was a wide open town and there used to be such literary games as twenty-one, poker and craps running, that the time to quit any game was when you are ahead, therefore I do hereby proclaim that this baseball game is finished and that the Fats have won."

The sport events, prizes given and the winners of first, second and third, or fourth are given respectively:

1—Baseball Game, Fats vs. Leans: Prize, 1 Box Cigars—J. Van Buren.

Umpire's decision 5-3 for fats, and Joe Keeney's decision, tie game.

2—Ball Throwing for Ladies: 1st Bar Pin—Seigrist & Co. 2nd pair kid gloves, \$2.00—"Sayres," Pendleton 3rd, \$1.00 Worth "Royal Club Goods"—Oregon Grocery Co.

Mrs. Knapp, Miss Sanders, Miss Ferris.

3—Greased Pole Climbing for Boys, Ages 12 to 16 Years: 1st \$1.00 cash, 2nd 50c cash, 3rd 25c cash.

Floyd Smith, Clark Price, Walter Reager.

4—Apprentice's Race, 100 yards: 1st - Hat—French & Seranton, 2nd pair inside and outside calipers—F. L. Lilly.

Paul Lyman, William Bradley.

5—25-yard Race for Girls, 12 to 15 years: 1st camera—Red Cross Drug Co. 2nd Large Box Candy—Young's Confectionery.

Miss Sayer, Miss Glass.

6—Fat Men's Race: 1st Hat—Ash Bros. 2nd 1 Sack Flour (Best)—Mammoth Grocery.

A. G. Graham, Red Elks (Indian).

7—Nail Driving Contest (Ladies): 1st 1 pair shoes—N. K. West & Co. 2nd 2 pair silk stockings—E. E. Kirtley. 3rd \$1.00 order Royal Club Goods—Oregon Grocery Company.

Mrs. W. W. Glass, Miss Ferris, Mrs. E. Andrews.

8—Tur of War: 1st 1 box cigars—J. F. O'Connell.

Boiler makers.

9—Stout Women's Race: 1st chafing dish (value \$8.00)—Geo. C. Beer & Co., Pendleton. 2nd Purse (\$4.00)—Tallman Co., Pendleton. 3rd bottle perfume (\$3.50)—A. C. Koepfen & Bros., Pendleton.

Bertha Peer, Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Wells.

10—Pie Eating Contest (Boys): 1st 75c cash, 2nd 50c cash, 3rd 25c cash.

Owen Price, Alex Day, Carl Price. 11—Egg Race for Ladies: 1st 1 ladies' bathing suit—Golden Rule Co. 2nd 2 pair silk stockings—Hill's Department store. 3rd \$1.00 order Preferred Goods—La Grande Grocery Company.

Martha Sayer, Silvia Glass, Mrs. C. R. Gerry.

12—Wheelbarrow Race for Fat Men: 1st 1 stick pin—J. H. Peare & Son. 2nd \$1.00 cash. 3rd \$1.00 order Preferred Goods—La Grande Grocery Company.

C. S. Schultz, A. G. Graham, Fred Schilke.

13—Sack Race (Open to All): 1st \$5.00 merchandise order—The Alexander Department Store, Pendleton. 2nd \$2.00 cash. 3rd \$1.00 cash.

Harry Swart, Owen Price, Clark Price.

14—Three-Legged Race for Boys: 1st baseball mit \$1.50—W. H. Bohnenkamp Co. 2nd baseball mit \$1.00—W. H. Bohnenkamp Co. Third prize, \$1.00 cash by F. J. Graham.

Ferrin, William Black; Price boys; Emmet Hanson and Earl Simmons.

15—100 Yard Dash (Open to All): 1st 1 pair cuff links—George Birne, Jeweler. 2nd 1 pocket knife—The Taylor Hardware Co., Pendleton. 3rd merchandise, \$2.50—Jas. T. Brown, Pendleton.

Fred Reed, Garity, Mike Walsh.

16—Shot Put 16-lb. Hammer: 1st merchandise order \$5.00—Bond Bros., Pendleton.

Clarence Bert, Tom Williamson, Martin Colby.

17—High Jump: 1st \$5.00 Merchandise Order—The Peoples Warehouse, Pendleton.

Ralph Winters, Martin Colby, Garity.

18—300-yard Race for Indians Only: 1st \$1.50 cash. 2nd \$1.00 cash. Henry Elk, A. Jackson.

19—Wood-Sawing Contest for Ladies: 1st hand bag, value \$5.00—The Pendleton Drug Co., Pendleton. 2nd \$2.00 cash.

Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Metcalf.

25-yard race for ladies free for all—First prize \$5.00 merchandise Golden Rule Co., Pendleton; second \$5.00 order for pictures by H. J. Ritter; third prize \$2.50 cash; fourth \$1.00 cash donated by J. F. Graham.

Miss Sayer, Wella Lilly, Silvia Glass.

Employees race—Year membership to Y. M. C. A.

Ralph Winters.

Prize Waltz—\$5.00 bathingsuit by Toggery. Won by Mr. and Mrs. Tom Williamson.

Prize two-steep—\$2.50 cash. Won by Mr. Cunningham and Mrs. Frank Leavitt.

Indoor and outdoor baseball for ladies—\$2.00 box of candy by the program committee. Won by Miss Group's team. Second prize, \$1.50 box of candy, won by Mrs. Buckley's team.

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and the children's clothes require attention. You need a "FREE MACHINE" I have it. Most artistic and beautiful family sewing machine built. Guaranteed for life and insured against fire or breakage for 5 years.



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FOR SALE—L. C. Smith typewriter No. 2, first class condition. Phone Red 1482.—Adv. 8-18-6t.

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FOR SALE—Edison phonograph; good as new, cash \$30. About \$90 worth of choice records. This machine is complete with large horn and rack. Two and four minute reproducers and all goes for \$35 if sold at once. Call at 2111 First St., La Grande.—Adv. 8-17-tf 8-19-1t

### MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Young men and women to learn the insurance business. Commission or salary and commission while learning. Positions in Eastern Oregon and Washington. Give references and state experience, if any. Write to C. S. Bliss, Walla Walla, Wash.—Adv. 7-28-1m

WANTED—Old bills, notes; no matter how old they are or where debtor is, we take them outright on our claim brokerage plan. Address Box 144, La Grande.—Adv. 8-15-tf.

MISPLACED—Parcel of boys' clothes was placed in wrong auto in front of Sherry's theatre several nights ago. Please leave at Observer office.—Adv. 8-18-3t.

WANTED—To rent, modern four or five room house furnished. State particulars and rental. Write W. W., Observer.—Adv. 8-18-2tp.

WANTED—Housekeeper for widower. Call at Oregon hotel.—Adv. 8-18-6tp.

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\$ 500.00 @ 10 Per Cent
\$ 700.00 @ 10 Per Cent
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