

## INDIAN SHOOT TEACHES LESSON

The following article has appeared in three eastern sporting publications and will doubtless do much good in an advertising way for the valley:

BY FRANK RIEHL

MEDFORD, Oregon, Sept. 13.—

The world-old story of the little acorn as exemplifying the growth of an idea is again strikingly brought to mind in the first annual meeting of the Pacific Indians at Medford, Oregon, September 7, 8, 9. How the original thought of the Indians sprang from a chance remark by Elmer E. Shauer some 15 years ago, and was worked out to a splendid fulfillment by a number of the leading spirits who follow at intervals the sport of inanimate target shooting, is a familiar story. That the Indians have for a generation stood for the best that sportsmanship in America implies—represented in several subsidiary organizations, which became necessary from the fact that the country is too large for all the good fellows in the game to get together once in the year in any one point—is also a well recognized fact. It was therefore inevitable that the great far West, with its undeveloped resources of future empire, should also have its Indian organization. This fact it was that impressed Frank Riehl, Chief Scribe of the Indians since the reformation of the tribe, and prompted him shortly after fixing his abode in the West to set going the forces which have resulted in this latest triumph, not of any one or a few individual minds, but of a fortuitous idea. It was a great occasion, fraught with inestimable possibilities of future development; and this for several reasons. One of them is that out here in the West, the Red Man has not yet passed from the stage of real life to the pages of history and uncertain mythology. Here he is still a familiar figure in the flesh, better as a rule though, sad to say, sometimes worse for his contact with civilization; passed from savagery and is now recognized as a citizen, yet with enough of the glamour of the past about him to be interesting, and with a language still all his own. Thus it happens that in the Pacific Indian more of the truer and aboriginal ideas and lingo are used than in the older organizations. The names of the chiefs and familiar objects are genuine, and many of the members can converse freely in the Chinook jargon. And the costumes worn are not imitations but, almost without exception, the true aboriginal dress. It has come to be accepted as an axiom that nowhere in the world does the word Welcome mean so much as in the West; and be it here recorded that nowhere in all the West could it mean more than in the beautiful little city of Medford, in the heart of the world-famous Rogue River valley of Southern Oregon. Here, one year ago the first informal steps of the organization were taken, and here this week the sportsman of the Pacific slope, from Northern British Columbia down to Southern California, and from the Rockies to the sea, stamped this idea with seal of their approval and gave to American sportsmanship the greatest impetus it has ever received in the West. The good fellowship dominating at this meeting began even before the advance guard arrived, and when the boys headed southward from the Washington-British Columbia-Oregon circuit in a telegram handed to Harold Riehl on the San Francisco Limited at Cottage Grove, which read: "Campfire lighted; Medford awaits Chiefs, braves and Shooters." This in a measure prepared the pilgrims for the reception which met them Saturday morning at the hands of the Entertainment committee, wearing a bright red badge of the First Annual Meeting, Pacific Indians. Across the Main street was a great banner with the legend: "Kalaham Kloosh Tillikum Midlits," which interpreted means: "Welcome Good Friends. While you Tarry Here," and at other picturesque Indian figures on Canvas and the wording "Kalaham Sax," "How are You Friend?" and other sentiments to that effect. Although the city in the midst of harvesting a good fruit crop, was over-

crowded at the various hotels, and the gala week was fairly inaugurated. The stranger who could not attend, but merely reads these lines will perhaps more readily understand to what extent the preceding sentence is true when the fact is stated that the citizens raised \$800 in cash, \$250 added money and \$350 for special entertaining on account of this meet, to say nothing of the wagon loads of fruit, free automobile service, boats for fishing and other courtesies, and by the elaborate fitting up of the shooting range by the Medford Rod and Gun Club. The range was located on a large open prairie northeast of town, on the edge of a small grove of large spreading oaks, burdened with mistletoe. The shooting background was of the very best, as were also the traps, in competent charge of Charley North. Nothing in fact but the weather was left as an element of chance to militate against high scores. The attendance covered all the territory geographically within the scope of the tribe, and in addition, four chiefs of the Indians from the middle states, who were received as honorary members and fellows, and entered into all competitions during the week on the same basis as the Indians. Of this party were Capt. Tom A. Marshall, Fred Gilbert, Chris Gottlieb and Charles A. North, and he it said right now that their presence was enjoyed by all and the wish fathered the thought that they may be with us on many future annual meets. The shoot was run off in record time each day, and in that snappy Indian style that has become the ideal of every tournament manager. The work was done by the bunch as a whole, every brave contributing something, and the writer does not recall in the memories of a long career behind the gun ever attending a tournament where good will and the evident joy of the game was apparent in every turn of the day's events as here. The program mapped out for the meet included nine 20-target events each on first and second days, five the morning of the third day, this contributing a total of 460 targets for the general average, and then the special prize and costume shoots on the last afternoon.

The week's work was informally begun with practice shoot Monday afternoon. Jesse Enyart of the Medford Gun club, fired the first shot at 1 in the afternoon, and the ensuing two hours thirty-five men shot at one hundred or more targets. The scores made were of the highest order. Hugh Posten led the field with an almost perfect record of 99; then came Harry Ellis with 98, Charley Thorpe with 97, Fred Gilbert and Maurice Abraham 96, Dr. Seely 95, Lee Barkley, Frank Riehl, Jack Forbes and Al Adelmann 94, Ralf Miller and J. G. Nauquin 92. This was all finishing above 90 per cent. The later afternoon was devoted to short excursions to Rogue River, the social amenities, and the evening to the first session of the annual meeting. The meeting was held at the spacious rooms of the Medford Commercial club, Tye Schem Abraham presiding. Minutes of of the first organization at Medford one year ago, together with the financial report to date, were read by Harold Custodian and approved. A vote of thanks was also taken and ordered to be recorded as extended to the Herald-Custodian for his efforts in getting the new order squared away for its useful and active career. It was moved to defer the election of new members to the adjourned meeting later in the week, and to limit the number of new members received at this time to twelve.

Election of officers for the coming year resulted in the unanimous choice of the following: Tye Schem, Peter J. Holohan, Twin Falls, Idaho; Makst Tye Schem, J. E. Enyart, Medford, Oregon; Klone Tye Schem, George P. Wells, Nelson, B. C.; Herald-Custodian, Frank C. Riehl, Tacoma; Tillikum Wawa, T. B. Ware, Spokane; J. T. Hillis, Vancouver, B. C.; C. A. Haight, San Francisco; J. E. Cullison, Portland. A vote of welcome and the glad hand of fellowship was extended to visiting eastern Indians, High Chief Tom A. Marshall and Chiefs Heap Talk Fred Gilbert, Slob Chris Gottlieb and Mak-am-Fly Charley North, and they were made honorary members of the tribe and invited to participate in the present meeting of the Western Tribe. This tender was accepted in a most graceful and heart-warming speech by High Chief Marshall, such as he alone knows how to deliver. In his talk he gave much assistance and advice in citing the experience of the Eastern and Original Indians, and in turn was warmly

thanked and congratulated. A fraternal resolution looking to the closer knitting of the ties of mutual good fellowship among members was adopted and given to be memorized as one of the unwritten laws of the order. Vice Sachem Enright then addressed the meeting, citing the program of entertainment provided for the week by the good people of Medford, which was greeted with most enthusiastic applause. Meeting adjourned to Thursday afternoon.

The regular tournament program was begun promptly on time Tuesday morning, forty shooters going to the score. Traps worked beautifully, the force was efficient and not a hitch occurred anywhere; result, the events were cleaned up by 2 o'clock, and an hour later the enthusiastic fishermen in the crowd were casting the ripples of Rogue River 12 miles away. The shooting was of high order throughout, and some really good remarkable scores were recorded. Tom Marshall continued the good form he has shown on the western circuit and accounted for 90 on his first hundred, four of five events being perfect scores. There were others, however, who allowed him none the best of it even at that, but the actual winners for the day could not be picked until the last round was fired. In the final accounting Hugh Posten was again the leader by just one bird over Lee Barkley and Jack Cullison; Tom Marshall, Fred Gilbert and J. G. Nauquin came in for third. One of the remarkable features of the day was the royal feast of watermelons and fruit provided gratis for all guests by the good people of Medford; these came out literally in wagonloads, ripe, rare and so luscious that many a shooter who started with an eye to a record killing came back from the score to the tune of 15 or less out of the 20, and explained it when asked by solicitous friends in the trite sentence: "Too much melon," or words to that effect. In the evening, leaving the hotels at 4, 20 automobiles took all guests on a drive to see the wonders of the Rogue River valley orchards, now just bending under their burdens, and a sight it was never to be forgotten. There are now planted to fruit trees in this wonderful district something like 40,000 acres of which less than one-tenth has reached full maturity. The Indian custom of bringing the family, or at least that portion of it represented by the "better half," was not neglected here, and it is doubtful if any shooter ever enjoyed an outing more than these good ladies; those coming especially to the shoot were Mesdames W. A. Hillis, J. E. Enyart, Harry Ellis and daughter, F. C. Riehl, L. H. and James Reid, J. G. Nauquin, D. W. King, G. P. Wells, J. T. Dillon and daughter and Edgar Hafer.

### Second Day.

For the second day there were again 40 shooters, the exact number as at the beginning; weather conditions were ideal and some of the boys proceeded to annihilate the common enemy, the little clay birds, in marvelous manner. It was a race from start to finish between Gilbert and Barkley, they finally tying for

the day with only three each lost. Barkley finished with an unbroken run of 114 straight. Next in order came J. G. Nauquin, who finished with an unfinished run of 90, losing nine for the day, on a tie with Frank Riehl. Hugh Posten lost only ten for the day, and Mr. Helman of the home club got fourth place with 109. The program was finished by a little after noon, and the afternoon was devoted to the enjoyment of the entertainment furnished by the city. In the evening there was a parade of all the Indians and Kloochmen who had suitable uniforms. This was arranged by the citizens' committee and provided simply a magnificent and unqualified success.

### Windup of Shoot.

Fred Gilbert came to the front again on the final day with 99 out of 100 in the regular events, and Lee Barkley was second with 98. The Delate medal went to Frank C. Riehl, with a perfect score of 50 targets. This medal was only open to those shooting 92 per cent or better. The Skookum medal, open to those with an average of 87 to 92 per cent, was won by Helman of Ashland, with 50 straight. The Klooch medal, open to shooters averaging under 87 per cent, was won by King with 46 out of 50. The Jackson county cup was won by Dr. Seely on a short-off with Enyart.

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