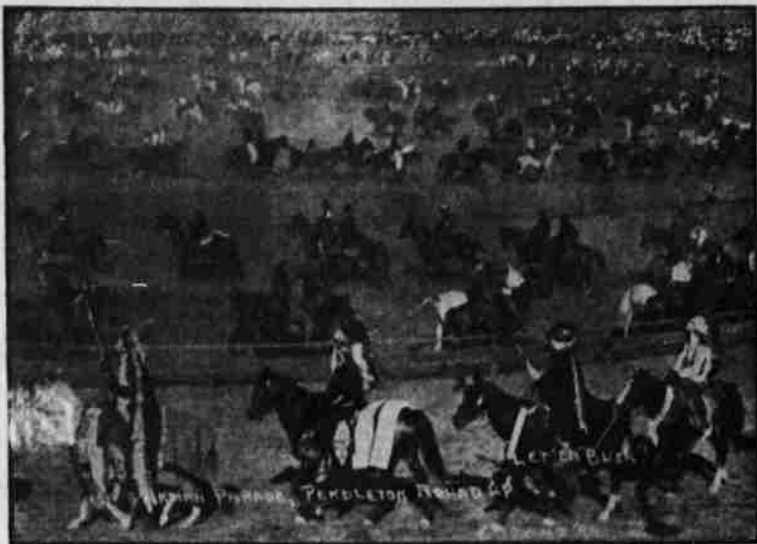


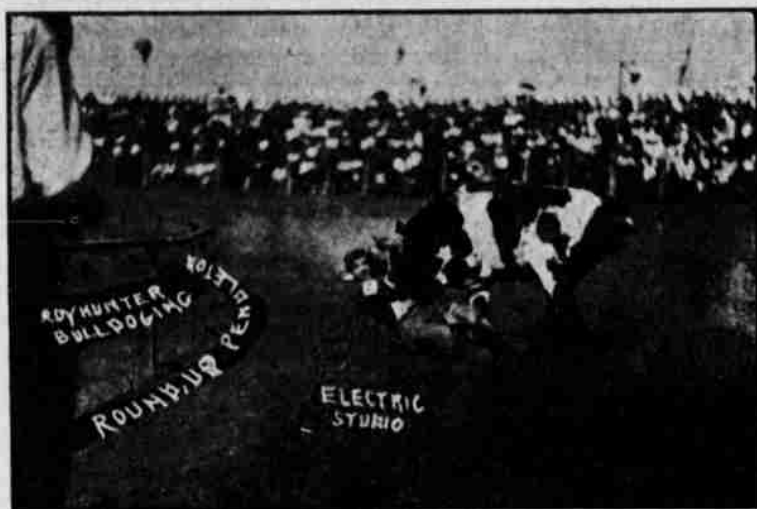
A Photographic Review of 1913 Round-Up and Results of Thursdays and Fridays Exhibitions



A Scene From the Cowgirl's and Cowboy's Grand March, and the Indian War Parade



Darrow Cannon, the 12 Year Old Bronco-Buster, Making His Sensational Ride Thursday



Roy Hunter, the Soldier Cowboy, and His Remarkable Battle With a Texas Long-Horn in Bull-Dogging Contest



Sammy Garret Skipping the Loop in the Fancy Rope Spinning Event



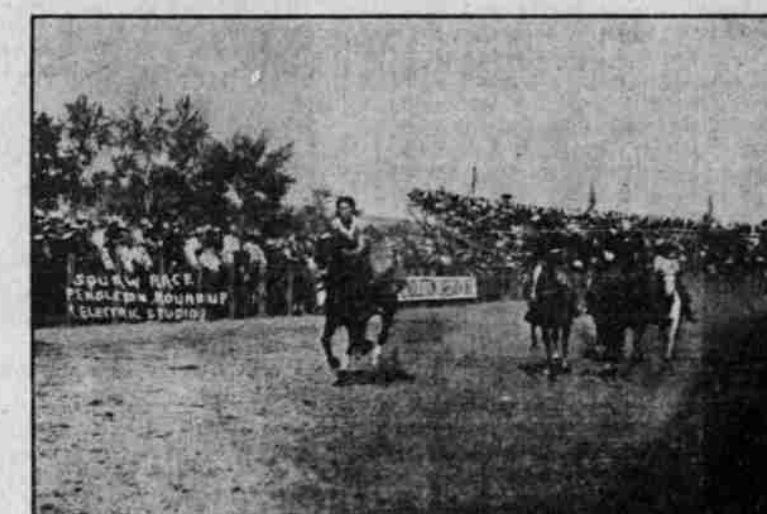
Going Some, in the Full-Blood Indian Race at the 1913 Round-Up



Governor West of Oregon Riding the Prize Saddle and Leading the Great Mounted Grand March



John Spain, the Famous One Armed Cowboy, Making His Sensational Stage Coach Drive



Coming Down the Stretch. A Scene From Thursday's Squaw Race



Red Cross Headquarters and the Hospital Corps at the 1913 Round-Up



Sharkey, the Round-Up's Unrideable Bull, Adding Another Cowboy to His List



Til D. Taylor, the Popular President of the Pendleton Round-Up

Thursday Results

Cowboy's Pony Race.
First, Eddie Turk; second, Braden Gerkin; third, Darrell Cannon. Time, 58 1-2.

Indian Relay Race.
First, Johnson Chapman; second, Lucian Williams.

Steer Roping.
Jim Massey, Dell Blacett, Chester Byers. No contestant made a catch.

Maverick Race.
Jim Roach, first.

Cowboy's Relay Race.
Earl Armstrong on Spain brothers' string, first; time, 4:27 1-2; Hoot Gibson on Barney Sherry's string, second; time, 4:29 1-2; Wade on Blakey string, third; time, 4:31 1-4.

Roy Kelley on Le Grow's string, fourth; time, 4:37 1-2.

Steer Bulldozing.
Roy Hunter made game fight but after being dragged one-half around arena gave up.

C. E. Tunyan missed steer.
Jack Joyce caught only one horn and lost his steer.

John Tyacke failed to show up.

Bull Bucking.
"Happy Jack" Hawn and George Yeager both thrown from Sharkey on first jump.

B. E. Daniels thrown from Henry Vogt on first jump.

Darrell Cannon makes spectacular ride of bucking horse.

Cowgirls' Bucking Contest.
Bertha Blacett on Rambler; Minnie Thompson on Snake.

Pony Express.
Braden Gherking, first; time, 2:19.

Fred Spain, second; time, 2:26.
Hoot Gibson, third; time, 2:28 3-4.

Johnny Baldwin, fourth; time, 2:30.
Frank Hogg, fifth; time, 2:34 1-2.

Cowgirls' Pony Race.
Hazel Walker, first; Lella Smith, second; Babe Lee, third; time, :58.

Cowgirls' Relay Race.
Bertha Blacett, on Sherry's string, first. Time, 4:50.

Vera McGinnis, riding Clarence Adams' string, second. Time, 6:33 3-4.

Ollie Osborn, riding Smith's string, was thrown and failed to finish.

Bucking Contest for Championship of the World.
Jack Joyce was thrown by Whistling Annie in two jumps.

George E. Attebury rides McKay in the most sensational ride of the after-

noon.
Claid Franklin pulled leather on Crooked River.

Ben Corbett rode Mrs. Wiggs.
Ed McCarty made a good ride on Lightfoot.

W. E. Powell failed to show up to ride Butter Creek.

Fred Hyde was thrown by Hotfoot at the first jump.

Johnnie Dobbins made a good ride on Cyrus Noble.

Andred Jack rode Smithy.
Glen Harrison pulled leather on Fuzzy.

Tex Daniels double reined on Long Tom.

John Spain made a god ride on Skyerocket.

Hugh Taylor failed to appear to ride Lee.

John Judd drew Lazy S, but instead of bucking, the horse ran away with its rider.

Otto Kline rode Dempsey.
Jay Oliver rode Butker Bean.

Morn Smallwood was thrown by Sea Lion.
C. E. Runyan rode Goodnight.

Friday Results

Cowboys' Pony Race.
First, Darrell Cannon; second, Ed Turk, who was first in yesterday's race; third, W. M. Rettig.

Indian Relay Race.
No. 188, first; time, 2:20; Richard Burke, second; time, 2:19 4-5; third, Minthorn's string, time, 2:21 1-2.

Steer Roping Contest for Championship of the World.
Jack Fritz failed to tie steer before time limit was up. His time was 2:09.

Jason Stanley failed to get his steer.
Cuba Crutchfield made a perfect cast and tie. Time, 27 seconds.

Ed McCarty caught his steer but was spilled from his horse. His second throw came just as his two minute time limit expired.

Pony Express Race.
The names of the men in the order in which they finished are as follows; the time today and their total time is as follows:

Braden Gherking, 2:18 1-4-4:37 1-4.
Jason Stanley, 2:22 1-2-4:57.

Johnny Baldwin, 2:23 1-2-4:53 1-2.
Fred Spain, 2:30-4:56.

Frank Hogg, 2:40 1-2-5:24.
The other riders did not finish.

Then his rifle pointed wavylike and slack.
And he grabbed for leather at his hawse's shy.

Yet he sent a soft-nosed exhortation back.
That convinced the sinner—just above the eye.

So the sinner sprawled among the shadows black.
And the Ranger drifted north beneath the moon.

Wobblin' crazy in his saddle, workin' hard to stay astraddle.
While the hoofs beat out a sorry, stumblin' tune.

And the sheriff rose up early out of bed.
And he stared and vowed his soul a total loss.

When he saw the droopy thing all blotched with red.
That was ridin' in aboard a tremblin' hawse.

But "I got 'im," was the most of what he said.
And you couldn't hire him now to tell the tale.

For he's just a humble ranger, just a bashful pilgrim stranger.
And he labors with the sinners of the trail.

—Charles Badger Clark, Jr.

His View.
Bill—What are you trying to do with that meerschaum pipe?

Jill—I'm trying to color it.
Bill—Looks more as if you were discoloring it.—Yonkers Statesman.

A RANGER

He never makes parade of tooth or claw;
He's as plain as 'us that nurse the bawlin' herds;

He has got a rather meanin'-lookin' jaw,
But he's shy of excerin' it with words.

As a circuit-ridin' preacher of the law
All his arguments are short but seldom fall—

He is just a common Ranger, just a quick-eyed pilgrim stranger,
And he labors with the sinners of the trail.

Once a man he knifed a woman, jealous mad;
Then hit southward with the old, old killer's plan.

And nobody missed the woman very bad
And they'd just a little rather missed the man.

But the ranger crossed his trail and sniffed it glad,
And he loped away to bring him back again.

'Cause he stood for peace and order 'long the sunny, lonesome Border,
And his business was to hunt for sinful men.

And the trail it led him southward all the day
Thro' the dead, bright country of the thorn and snake.

Where the sun had drove the very swifts from play
To the shade of rock and brush and yucca stake;

And the mountains heaved and tipped far away,
And the desert broiled as on the devil's fry.

But he didn't mind the devil, if his head kep' clear and level,
And the hoofs beat out a clear and steady song.

Came the yellow west and on a far-off rise,
Somethin' black crawled up and dropped beyond the rim.

And he reached his rifle and and rubbed his eyes,
While he cursed the southern hills for growin' dim.

Down a hazy 'royo came the coyote cries
Like they laughed at his because he lost his mark;

And the smile that brands a fighter pulled his mouth a little tighter
As he set his spurs and rode on through the dark.

Came the moonlight and a trail that wriggled higher
Through the mountains that looked into Mexico.

Where the shadows strung his nerves like banjo wire
And the miles and minutes dragged unearthly slow,—

Till a black mesquite spit out a thread of fire
And the canon rocks flung thunder back again.

And he caught himself and fumbled with his rifle while he grumbled
That his bride arm had weighed enough for ten.