

# THESE TWO WILL RIDE NO MORE

Bert Kelly, 1st Round-Up Champion, and C. C. Couch of 1913 Fame Died During Year.

Victims to the hazardous life they led, two former Round-up winners have died during the past year. Bert Kelly, champion broncho buster at the first Round-up and winner of second prize at the third exhibition, dying early in the year of a disease induced by the joltings received in riding outlaws and C. C. Couch, winner of third prize last year, dying two weeks ago from injuries received at a small wild west show held at Toppenish, Wash.

Kelly's death did not come as a surprise for during the last Round-up he was a sick man with death fighting hard to claim him. Intestinal and lung disorders wasted his strength and he was taken to Arizona by his wife in the hopes that a change of climate would benefit him. However, he grew gradually worse and died there. His body was brought back

to Walla Walla near which city he had lived the life of a cowboy. Kelly was a fine type of man, being a clean liver and gentlemanly of conduct. He came to the first Round-up an unknown in the frontier world but his beautiful form of riding took him into the finals and won for him the first championship. His championship ride was made on Lightfoot which horse the day before had eliminated John Spain, winner the succeeding year. The handsome saddle which he won he gave to his wife.

The following year Kelly did not enter the contests but returned for the third Round-up and entered in a number of events. Again he rode into the finals but lost out to Lou Minor who had drawn Angel. Kelly rode Long Tom and carried away

second money by sticking with that indomitable buckler.

The passing of the first champion caused profound regret among the people who knew him best for Bert Kelly was the kind of a cowboy that deserves the best.

Couch's death was a tragic one. He was driving a steer on a horse at Toppenish and, in an endeavor to keep the animal from jumping the fence separating the arena from the track, spurred his horse between the steer and the fence. The steer leaped however, and striking the top rail, broke it loose. One end flew up and struck Couch in the abdomen, impaling him. He died the following day.

Couch lived at Fife, Ore., and last year was his first at the Round-up. He was little known until his riding brought him to the finals.

nine times, on-saddling twelve, and riding a range horse on the quarter-mile track six miles in 13 minutes, 17 1-2 seconds.

For wild rush and reckless speed and turns, nothing can outstrip the cow-pony race. A score of plains-bred men and horses flashed from the start, swung around the track in a wild, mad tear and another of dust, a rattling, hammer-and-tongues run. The Indian relay is another thrilling event, for the red men run the mile riding bareback, changing horses at every lap, leaping their horses often at full speed. But for gameness and fine riding the twenty-squaws who ran the squaw race, also on horses that were bareback save for surcingles, were worthy representatives of their tribe. In brilliant garb, like so many bundles of color, with their black braids streaming in the wind, they shot like iridescent streaks around the great oval. This daring racing is attended with some spills and injuries, but as I helped to carry from the track one of the riders before the galloping hoofs again encircled the track, her finely featured face, while bearing a bad gash, also bore through her suffering that superb self-control and stoicism of her race.

But no less courageous and daring are the white women who ride, whether it be cow-pony race or relay, and when you get riders like Bertha Blainett, Nettie Hawn, Hazel Walker, Vera McGinnis and Blanche McGaughey, the last word has been said in this style of racing. These women are skilled in the lore of the race and the horse no less than the men of the range. They not only put their horses to the utmost, but ride with consummate knowledge displayed in every form of generalship in the race. Yet these quiet-mannered girls and women in another week perchance would be about their domestic duties in house or ranch or at high school. Regrettable incidents which happen occasionally so only to show the kind of stuff of which these riders are made.

When Bertha Blainett's father took all the docile horses away to prevent his little-seven-year-old from riding them, she learned to "handle and ride," by capturing a wild colt and by riding the milch cows nearly to death. In 1904, she not only rode the famous buckler, Dynamite, at Cheyenne, but at Calgary drew and rode that wicked animal, Red Wing, which killed Joe Lemare.

After such a whirlwind of excitement, a moment's pause gives the crowd a chance to catch its breath and the dust to settle. Then, from in front of the cottonwoods, the mounted cowboy band swings into the track, and to well-played martial music the cowboys and cowgirls' mounted grand march is ushered in. Following the directors, many of them ranchmen, two or three or four abreast, about three hundred cowboys and cowgirls pass in review to the jingle of chain and spur and the rattle of leather. The girls are in colored corduroy and khaki or fringed and embroidered buckskin, the men in the ever-picturesque chaps, those of Angora hair often brilliantly dyed, those of leather glistening in their studdings of silver; while loosely, freely, and generally askew about their necks, brilliantly colored kerchiefs lap or flutter in the breeze.

Striking in this ride of romance and kaleidoscope of color is the Indian contingent on their gaily caparisoned horses, whose long-tasseled trappings flapped about them while the copper-colored, painted faces of old chief, young buck, pretty squaw, and little papoose, stenciled in imperturbable

## WHAT ONE TENDERFOOT LEARNED IN THE WEST

Every Cowboy Is Not a Gunman Nor Do They All Drink Whiskey Straight.

They came bucketing into town at a hand-gallop, hat-brims flapping, spurs jingling, tie-down straps streaming, their ponies kicking the dusty road into a yellow haze behind them. With their gay neckerchiefs and sheepskin chaps they formed as vivid a group as one could find outside a Remington. They pulled up with a great clatter of hoofs in front of the Golden West saloon and, leaving their panting mounts standing dejectedly, heads to the ground and reins trailing, went stamping into the bar. Having had previous experience with their sort, I made bold to follow them through the swinging doors; for more unvarnished facts about a locality, its people, politics, progress and prospects, are to be had over a mahogany bar than any place I know except a barber's chair.

"What'll it be, boys?" said one of them, as they sprawled themselves over the polished mahogany. I expected to see the bartender matter-of-courtesy above out a black bottle and six small glasses, for, according to all accepted canons of the cattle country as I had known it a dozen years before, there was only one kind of a drink ever ordered at a bar. So, when two of the party expressed a preference for ginger-ale and the other four allowed that they would take lemonade, I felt like going to the door and taking another look at the

straggling frontier town and at the cactus-dotted desert which surrounded it, just to make sure that I really was in Arizona and not at Chautauque, New York.

It required scant finesse to engage one of the lemonade-drinkers in amicable and illuminating conversation. "Round-up hereabouts?" I inquired, by way of making an opening.

"None," said my questioner. "Leastways not as I know of. You see," he continued confidentially, "we've quit cowpunching. We're tied up with the movies."

"With the what?" I queried.

"The movies—the moving picture people, you know," he explained. "You see, the people back east have gone plumb crazy on these here wild west picture-plays and we're gratifying them at so much per. Wagon train attacked by Indians—good looking girl carried off by one of the braves—cowpunchers to the rescue, and all that sort of thing. It's good pay and easy work and the grub's first-rate. Yes, sarge, it's got cowpunching beaten to a frazzle. I reckon you're from the east yourself, ain't you?"

I admitted somewhat shamefacedly that I was, adding that my bag was labeled "New York."

"The hell you say!" he exclaimed, regarding me with suddenly increased respect. "From what I hear say,

that sure must be some wicked town. Gambling joints running wide open, an' everyone packs a gun, I hear, an' shooting scraps so frequent no one thinks nothing about 'em, it ain't a safe place to live, I say. Now, down here in Arizona things is different. We're peaceable, we are. We don't stand for no 'promiscuous gun-play and, barring one or two of the mining towns, there ain't a poker place left, and I wouldn't be so blamed surprised if this state went dry in a year or two. Well, s'long friend," he added, sweeping off his hat. "I'm pleased to've made your acquaintance. The feller with the camera's waiting and we've got to get out and run off a few miles of film, so's to amuse the folks back east."

I stood in the doorway of the Golden West and watched them as they swung easily into their saddles and went tearing up the street in a rolling cloud of dust. Then I went on my way, musing at the mutability of things. "That's what civilization does for a country," I said to myself. "Lemonade instead of liquor; policemen instead of pistol-fighters; cowboys cavorting in front of cinematographs instead of corralling cattle."

—E. Alexander Powell in Sunset.

### A STORY THE ROUND-UP IS PROUD OF.

(Continued from page seven.)

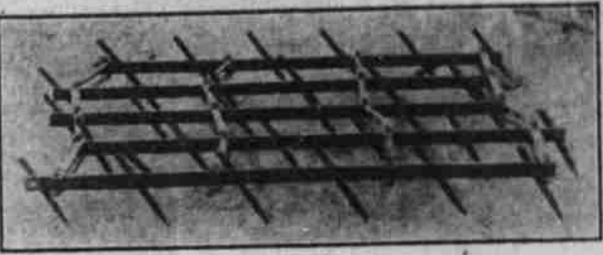
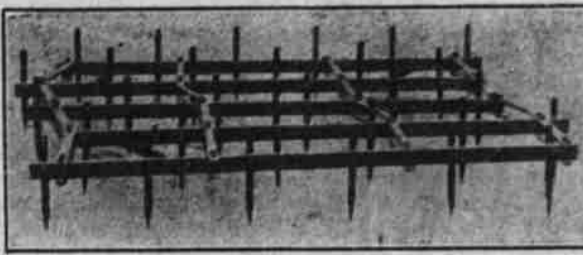
to the arena. They swing around the narrow curve, where the rider's game is to guide his horse to this relay without slackening speed too soon. Then occurs the special event of this race—changing horses—and each swings from his horse, still on the run; his helper seizes it and at the same time turns the relay over to the rider who, without a second's pause, makes the "pony express" mount, a flying leap without use of stirrup into the saddle as the horse starts off for the run. With tear and rush off they go again, and when Braden Gerking, after three days' races, pulls out his three miles with his twelve flying mounts and nine changings of horses in 6 minutes, 54 3-4 seconds, you admit there never was a play with faster action or more vivid touches of reality.

The relay is closely akin to the pony express, but is a test of those prime requisites of the cowboy—to on-and-off-saddle, mount and ride. A signal! A rush and four sets of stirrups and latigos simultaneously fly through the air. You crane your neck to watch the saddles adjusted. You're too late—four riders shoot out and away, having saddled with-in five seconds, and in a whirlwind of dust they swing around the track. The dilating nostrils and nervous, moving ears of the waiting horses, fresh from the range, have caught the spirit of the crowd and at the second change something happens when number three horse prefers kicking to saddling, and then bucking, leaves his rider hopelessly in the rear.

The quality of the riding was the finest ever seen at Pendleton. That every man was an expert was attested by the totals of the three-days' heats, in which was a difference of only 25 seconds between the winner, Armstrong, and "Hoot" Gibson, who finished fourth. Armstrong's riding and lightning changes on Spain's string were marvelous, off-saddling

# The New Pendleton Harrow

### A New and Efficient Innovation



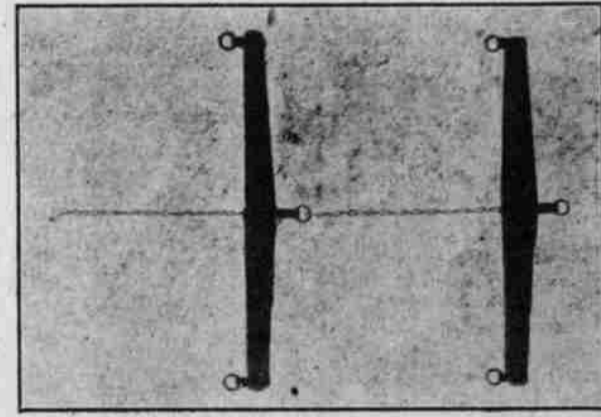
The above cut shows the harrow with the teeth in the vertical position. With the teeth in this position the harrow may be used for all purposes that the common harrow is used.

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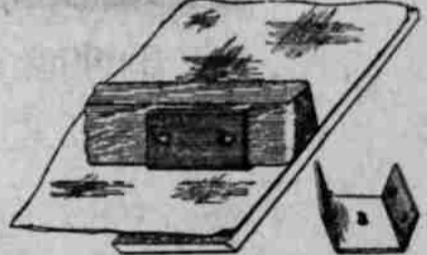
Price list on request.



Rear view of the Pendleton Equalizer.

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