

When Grand Opera and Cowboy Met

"The Greatest Man in the World" Was Not Very Much at Home in the Saddle.

Though the Round-up association presents but one advertised show a year, during the past twelve months the directors have been called upon three times to entertain out-of-town guests with short exhibitions of a frontier character. Two of these exhibitions assumed the proportions of miniature Round-ups and all three were witnessed by several thousand people.

The first occasion arose when the Chicago Grand Opera Co. was en route east after completing coast engagements. At the special request of the management of the big troupe of singers, a wild west entertainment was given them at the park as they passed through in their two special trains. The second occasion was created by the passing through of Queen Thelma of Rosaria and her party and was given as a courtesy from Pendleton and the Round-up association to Portland and the Rose Festival. The third occasion was the visit of the merchants and manufacturers of Milwaukee who were making an excursion tour of the northwest.

It was on Sunday April 5 that the operatic troupe, headed by Mary Garden, stopped in Pendleton. It was a meeting of the two extremes of show life, the grand opera of the east and the epic drama of the west, the one representing the fullest development of the classic and the other the simplest and yet most thrilling expression of the natural. They met and for once the professional entertainers played the part of audience and enjoyed a program quite as far removed from that which they present as one pole is from another. Their enjoyment was not of the forced variety, either, but was an enthusiastic and noisy one.

The painted and befeathered Indians quite enraptured them and the picturesque and swaggering cowboys captivated the lady members, so much so that more than one had a snap shot taken holding hands with a grinning buckaroo. And the daredevil recklessness of the boys with their flapping chaps quite took their breath away with astonishment and admiration. "Ah," one of the great singers was heard to say as Ben Corbett was up in the air on a plunging broncho, waving his hat in utter abandon, "the Italians may be beautiful but the Americans, they are brave."

The two special trains arrived in Pendleton about 11 o'clock in the morning and the moment they had pulled to a stop opposite Round-up Park the occupants, stars and satellites, great and small, artists and chorus girls, valets and maids, swarmed into the stadium where hundreds of Pendleton people were waiting them with as much curiosity as that which the actor folk manifested toward the frontier entertainment. It was the first time grand opera stars had ever visited Pendleton and few wished to overlook an opportunity to see with their own eyes the human song birds whose names are as familiar as kings.

Immediately they entered the park, the visitors surged onto the track and into the arena like a bunch of excited women at a bargain sale. Everyone seemed to be armed with a kodak and they clicked the little machines furiously in order to take away as much as possible of the novel scene.

Cleofanti Campanini, general director of the company, must borrow Johnny Baldwin's beautiful white pony and have his picture taken on it. In order to look like a real product of the western plains, he borrowed Ben Corbett's chaps, sombrero and gay kerchief. Not to be outdone, Signor Titto Ruffo, he of the most wonderful voice in the world, next mounted a horse but he took the precaution of having his faithful valet stationed at the animal's head. And then Tullie Baldwin rode alongside and together, the champion vocalist and the champion cowgirl broncho buster smiled into the lens of the camera. Ruffo's smile was, however, just a trifle strained.

He was uneasy all of the time his feet were off the ground and his hands never left the horn of the saddle. "Hi, there, quit yer pullin' leather," yelled

ed a youthful American but the great Ruffo never understood.

The cowboys tried to induce him to ride the horse about the track, assuring him that the animal was very gentle, but he shook his head emphatically and when someone started to lead the horse away, he took a firmer hold on the "biscuit" and his million dollar voice flowed forth in real alarm. He spoke in his native tongue and he spoke to his valet. No one understood his words but the actions of the little valet interpreted them fully. He leaped to hold the horse's head while "the greatest man in de worl'" as he referred to his master when asked his identity, precipitately dismounted. "Well he may be able to sing a bit," quoth one buckaroo, "but he sure ain't at home on the back of a bronk."

This was all preliminary to the show itself and the management had difficulty in getting the visitors back to the grandstand to clear the track. And then came the Indians in all their savage finery and back came the kodak fiends, exclaiming with delight as they flitted from spot to spot to get the dancing braves and chanting squaws in focus. Gilbert Minthorn, the most picturesque of picturesque Indians, led his tribesmen through the war dance to the beat of the tom tom and the ladies went into ecstasies over his brilliant costume and graceful movements. "Oh, I think he's just too cute for anything," said one and "Isn't he a dear," exclaimed another. Of course these were American members of the troupe saying this, for the madames, mademoiselles, signoras and signoritas spoke in no understandable tongue. But they did speak. They fairly chattered and they punctured their chatter with shrill shrieks in utter forgetfulness of their golden notes. Even Carolina White screamed little screams in which there was no music.

The Indians were followed by Johnny and Tullie Baldwin in their trick and fancy riding and these two won the same applause with which their riding is received at every Round-up. Sharkey, the champion bucking-bull, who has never been ridden by any man longer than seven seconds was next led forth and saddled. His huge bulk quickly propelled Bill Mahaffey and Ben Corbett into space amid the wild delight of the audience. Three outlaw horses were then brought forth and the cowboys rode them straight up, raking their sides with their rowels, fanning them with their sombreros, and yipping in most approved style. It was all quite new and wonderful to the operatic ones especially to those whose skins had an olive tint.

When the show was all over, the guests were loth to leave the grounds. The lady members surged again on the track to gather souvenirs. One secured the purple scarf that adorned the neck of Gilbert Minthorn and she was the envy of all others unless it was that one who secured a portion of the broken cinch from the saddle of Tullie Baldwin. It was the end in which with the ring and she declared with enthusiasm that she would make of it a necktie holder. A dozen or more swarmed about Sharkey to have their pictures taken with that great brute, and Sharkey rumbled his appreciation of the honor in tones far below low C. Others seized upon the cowboys, most of whom were somewhat shy. Not so, however, Cowboy Johnny Tyke. He met the enthusiasm of the foreign ladies with an enthusiasm all his own. When one grasped his hand to hold while a camera was snapped, he immediately swung his long arm into place about her supple waist and then it was she who was abashed.

All in all, the singers were highly pleased with the show. Not knowing the real Round-up and everything being novel to them, they spent an hour which Manager Max Hersch declared they would remember the rest of their lives.

Queen Thelma Sees Indians. As regal bearers of Portland's cordial invitation to her annual Feast of Flowers, Queen Thelma and her retinue of charming attendants arrived

in Pendleton at 8 o'clock on the morning of June 2. They were scheduled for a lively ten minutes. A band of "Indians" was present as entertainers extraordinary to give a real Round-up welcome. Swarming from their special car as soon as the train came to a stop, the queen and her sovereign court, forgetful of any stately dignity that may vest in royalty, rushed through the crowd to the green in the center of which the redskins in their paint and feathers, heads ad bodies bending and twisting, were executing the wardance of primeval America to the beat of the tom tom. Even if the faces of the dancers were white beneath their ochre, the dance itself would have done credit to old Sitting Bull and his braves, and the make-up of the pseudo-aborigines was so good that none of the comely maidens suspected the deception practiced upon them until some of the "savages" bade them goodbye in perfectly good English.

Queen Thelma, and she was a queen, and her bevy of rosebuds were quite enraptured at the novel welcome given them and their high spirits found expression in an impromptu dance of their own about the group of Indians. Before departure the beautiful ruler of Rosaria and her maids grouped themselves with the redskins and had their pictures taken. The queen herself set an example of daring by accepting the war bonnet of Chief Ja-ka-ko-hats and donning it and soon most of the maids were wearing feathers in their hair, too. Their stay was a brief one but they enjoyed it immensely and begged their entertainers to come to Rosaria as guests of the kingdom.

The presentation of the miniature Round-up for the Milwaukee millionaires was really the work of the Commercial association though the directors of the Round-up put on the show. And it was a show that the easterners, upon their own testimony, will remember the rest of their lives.

The special train arrived at Pendleton at 12:30 p. m. on June 10, and the members of the party were met by citizens in automobiles and paraded through the streets to the park. There several thousand Pendleton people had gathered for all stores had been closed for the time being.

The program began with trick and fancy roping by Buffalo Vernon and included the bull-dogging of a wild steer by Dell Blancett, the riding of a buckler by Bertha Blancett, trick-riding, broncho busting by a half dozen cowboys, exhibition rides (?) on Sharkey, the bull, an Indian waltz, squaw race and a number of other typical Round-up events.

Never was an audience more enthusiastic over a show than were these business men.

"If we had known Pendleton to be the kind of town it is and that your people were capable of giving us such an entertainment, we would have cut our stay in other cities short in order to spend more time here." This was the testimonial of appreciation given by Mayor Bading of Milwaukee on the eve of the departure of the excursion train to Chairman J. F. Robinson of the Commercial association entertainment committee. As it was they spent forty more minutes here than their schedule called for, arriving at 12:30 and leaving at 3:10. Until the train pulled out they were continually expressing their gratitude to Pendleton people. "That may not have been as good a show as your real Round-up," said one man, "but it was good enough for me. I never had seen a bucking horse before or any of the other events and I may never see them again. So you have given me something to remember all my life. Come to Milwaukee and I'll quit work any day to take you or anybody else from Pendleton around."

Thus the honors which Pendleton has won through her Round-up she must maintain through the year. And though it takes time and money to stage even small frontier exhibitions, the people of the city are proud of their fame and are always willing to extend the stranger within the gates a western hospitality.

EARLY ADVENTURES OF HENRY LA ZINKA

(Continued From Page Four)

When Lazinka was 28 years of age he went back to Germany and married the girl who had been his sweetheart as a child and who had been waiting for him all these years. Now a Cattle King.

Today he is the owner of a 2000 acre ranch with grazing privileges in the national forest and nearly a thousand head of cattle and horses. Located on the borders of Camas prairie rimmed by a magnificent forest of giant pines with springs, meadows and running brooks, the Lazinka ranch is famed far and wide as one of the best and most beautiful cattle ranches in the entire northwest.

The Lazinka family now consists of a father, mother, two daughters and a son. The two daughters, Ella and Rhoda, are among the best girl riders in the world. Either of them can take care of her own mount, either of them can ride in relay or cowpony race and either of them can stick a bucking horse as good as the average man when occasion requires. Ella won the world's championship for lady relay riders at the Round-up in 1910 and would undoubtedly have won in 1912 but for an unfortunate accident, due to no fault of hers, which caused her to remain in bed for many weeks.

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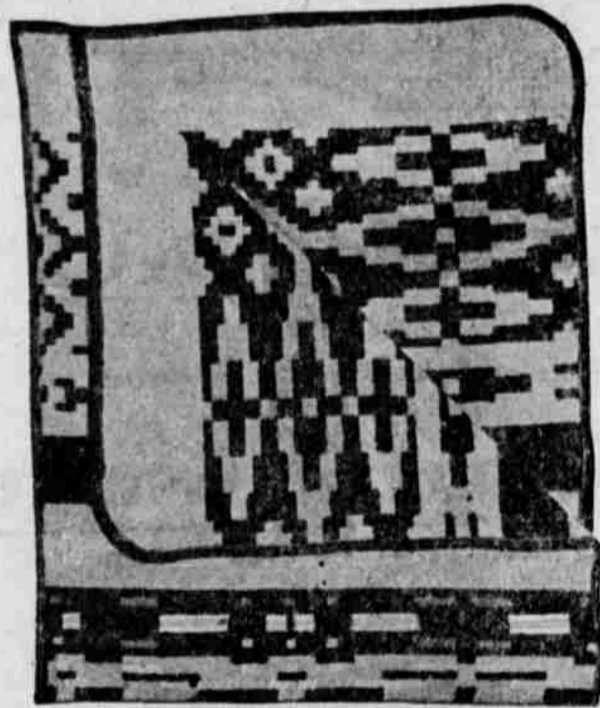
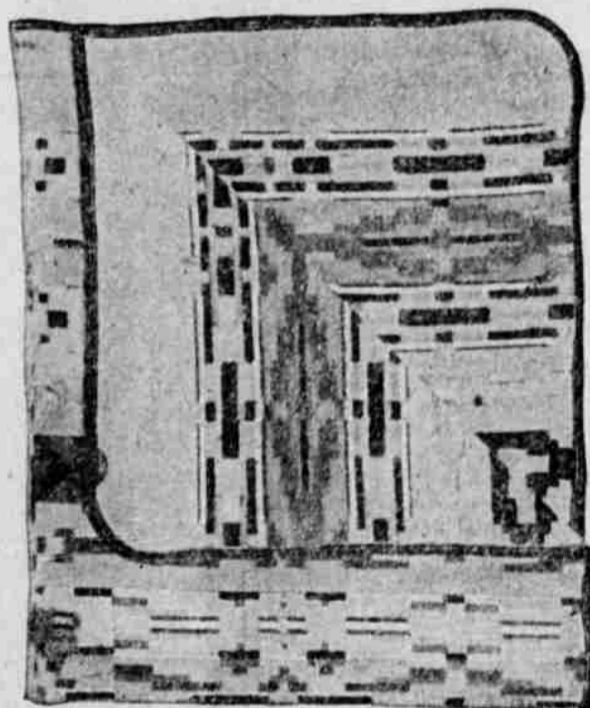


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