

IN THE OLD DAYS SOME HARD JOKES WERE PLAYED

This Shows How The Pendleton Boys Once Jobbed a Newcomer

Ten years in the penitentiary for giving booze to a redskin is a pretty stiff jolt even if a man is guilty of the offense, but to a peaceable citizen with a deep-dyed innocence of wrong-doing such a sentence could not be other than a haymaker.

But that's just the penalty handed down to a tenderfoot in Pendleton during the early days, and said tenderfoot would no more have thought of selling fire-water to an Indian than he would have considered making a special request of the devil for quarters in Hades. He never served his time, but if he still lives, he perhaps still thinks of the terrible fate hanging over him and thanks Providence that he was given an opportunity to escape from a land where a man's life and liberty are in constant jeopardy.

It was a job, of course. The perpetrators were a bunch of the old-timers of Pendleton who found time hanging so heavily on their hands between killings, lynchings and Indian uprisings that they had to manufacture a little entertainment to keep from dying of ennui.

Lot Livermore, Pendleton's oldest pioneer, tells the yarn when in a reminiscent mood and it's easy to set him reminiscing if you happen to catch him with a good El Sidelo in his mouth. He tells it too with great glee, stopping ever and anon as the mortices flood back, to emit a few chuckles and chuckles.

I caught him at a propitious moment one day in his office and after getting him started backward over the road of half a century, it was easy to get him to throw some interesting side lights on the pioneer life of Pendleton.

"We used to have lots of fun in this town in the early days," he said, "when there were only about 150 people here. There was a bunch always waiting to job someone and, if things got to being too quiet and peaceable, they would start something."

"I remember once the scare they threw into a stranger who happened into town. He was a mediocre, inoffensive chap and he didn't do anything out of the way. But he was a stranger and all strangers were legitimate prey. The boys were kind of feeling their oats and wanted to have a little fun so they framed up a kangaroo court with this fellow as the victim."

"Ben Beagle was commissioned to act as sheriff and he arrested the fellow. He was mighty surprised and asked what the charge was against him. 'Sellin' liquor to Indians,' Beagle answered and the fellow swore by the sun, moon and stars that he had never done such a thing. He hadn't either, but Beagle brought him to the court house which stood about where Alexander's store stands

now. 'You'll have to tell it to the court,' Ben said him.

"Well, we had a court alright, Jim Turner, a lawyer here then, acted as a judge. The fellow of course pleaded not guilty and we picked a jury mighty quick. Yes, sir, we had twelve or fifteen witnesses who swore they saw the fellow give an Indian a bottle of whiskey in a little clearing in a grove of cottonwoods which stood where Cottonwood street is now. That fellow was plumb thunderstruck when he heard the evidence and he made the greatest plea of innocence I ever heard. He admitted the evidence looked damaging but he raised his right hand to God and swore he had never sold any booze to an Indian. Of course this didn't affect the jury any and they brought in a verdict in about three minutes.

"Turner made the fellow stand up to be sentenced and I felt sorry for him when he said, 'It is the judgment of this court that you serve ten years at hard labor in the state penitentiary.' The man nearly sunk through the floor.

"Beagle took him around to the jail but of course he couldn't put him in for he didn't have any keys. But the job wasn't over yet. Beagle turned to the fellow and said: 'I've left my keys at home and I'll have to go after them. Now, listen here, I heard that case and I heard your story, and I don't believe you are guilty. If you'll give me \$20 I'll let you get away.' The fellow said he didn't have any \$20 and when he showed Ben that he only had about \$2.00, Ben said he'd let him escape if he'd promise to send him the first

\$20 he got. You bet the fellow promised. 'Alright, then,' said Ben. 'When I go to get my keys you shin up over that fence and beat it through that point of timber to the road and then don't you stop.'

"As quick as Ben left the fellow went over that fence like a greyhound. We knew the move though and had a dozen men with rifles stationed around the corner. As soon as he hit the ground, they began firing, not at him, but pretty close to his heels. If you ever saw a man run you should have seen that fellow. Stop, I should say not. He ran like an army of devils was after him and when he disappeared in the trees that was the last we ever saw of him. I'll bet he hasn't stoppe'd running yet. But he never sent that \$20 back."

Dan Summer and the 'Ace of Spades'

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wind brought a drenching sheet. The noise of his fall rose higher and higher. But as it rose, so strengthened the rushing, roaring, approaching sound. It was not wind. It was something else. It might be—

It was water!

With a throb at the realization, Summer ran to the bank's edge, peering upstream into the curtain of rain. On and on it came, changing to a crashing and swirling. He could almost hear the greedy gurgle of the flood as it eddied into recesses of the banks. He forgot the downpour that drenched him, forgot, for the moment, the stallion. Merely leaped forward and strained to catch sight of the first rush.

The creek was rising. Already it had submerged the bottom wire of the fence. The Ace, sniffing loudly, glanced up and down behind the upstream barrier, water swirling about his knees, waiting for this new force, this terrible thing that was coming down to find him trapped and helpless!

In a surge the torrent rounded a bend. A huge section of bank caved in and was swallowed. Up and up silted the stream until it reached the stallion's belly. Lightning shattered a cedar on the point above and by its glare Summer saw the horse commence to swim, keeping close to the bank, struggling against the swishing, roaring rip of the waters. The fences were being submerged before the rising flood.

Struggling, swimming gamely, pawing at the bank for a hold, now losing, now for an instant holding his own, the Ace of Spades was sucked

backward. The top wire of the fences went under. A moment later the posts too were submerged.

With a squeal of fear the horse gave way to the superior force. His head swung out into the tumbling torrent. He was snatched from the bank, swirled away. The lower barrier sagged for an instant when his body caught on the top, but it did not break. Helpless the great horse continued to struggle, crushed by the waters on one side, held fast by the firm fence on the other. He fought superbly, the whites of his eyes glistening in the lightning. Slowly, battling against every fraction of an inch, his back against the fence, he was rolled upward to his side, legs threatening the thick downcoming current.

Then came added force. From the draws and washes of the far hills water poured into Blue creek. The cloudburst had done its work; gravity was finishing the event. Inch by inch the surface of the stream crept toward the bank level as fill and wash and gulch emptied themselves.

The crest of the flood came, in vicious grandeur, tearing away points of land, cupping a bend here, making one longer there, altering with one mighty swoop the course of the stream. It struck the Ace of Spades smothering him for an instant. Then he was twisted, rolled, lifted—lifted clear of the fence top; it hurled him over, let him right and, into the flood of down stream, swept him, swimming and turning, fast in the flood, but strong—unharm'd and free!

And as Dan Summer shivered in his wet clothes he heard, borne back against the wind, the shrill triumphant cry of the stallion; a cry carrying a note of wildness as untamed as the screaming of the storm!

With awe the man watched the orgy of the elements. Suddenly he felt small and inconsequential. He shivered again.—By Harold Titus in The Sunset.

A TENDERFOOT GUIDE TO THE ROUND-UP VOCABULARY

(Continued from Page 19.)

down with his teeth alone. Another form of bulldozing consists in tripping the steer or pushing his horns into the earth while he is running, thus causing him to be somersaulted with great force to the ground. This is more dangerous to both man and beast and being cruel is forbidden by the Round-up management.

Rubber Cinch—An elastic cinch used in relay races to save time in changing saddles.

Quirt—A short heavy leather riding whip used by cowboys.

CORRAL DUST

A good Round-up story comes from Portland. A typical scion of an English family, monocle, top-coat and all, came into a fashionable restaurant and was soon followed by a Pendleton cowboy, whose style of talk and dress was much in contrast to that of the Britisher. By chance they sat at the same table. The waiter appeared to take their orders. "Aw, waiter," drawled the subject of King George, "bring me a steak and bring it to me raw." The cowboy looked at his tablemate in amazement and gaping mouth until the waiter touched him gently. "And yours," he said. "Saw, just cripple a steer and draw him in and I'll cut my own steak." was the answer.

A buckaroo had just been propelled through the air from the back of a buckler, despite his best efforts to keep in the saddle by grabbing the horn. "Say," yelled one of his comrades, "you sure had both hands full of leather." "You bet I did," was the answer, "and I'd a had both arms full, too, if I could."



A Touring Tip

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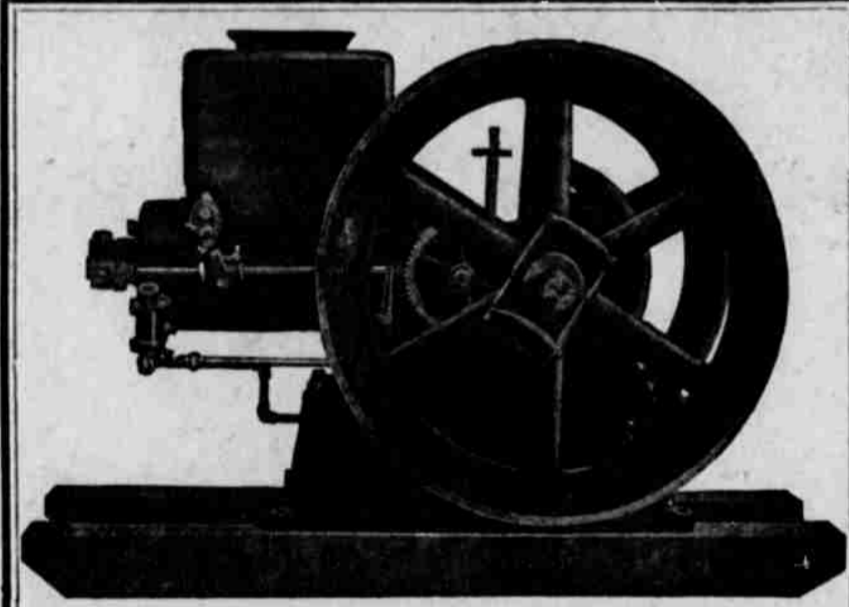
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A good many people fool themselves into thinking that by doing the hard drudgery work about the farm or shop by hand instead of investing in a gasoline engine and suitable machinery, they are saving money. No greater mistake has ever been made. The modern dividend paying factory is a lesson to farmers as well as others. Here nothing is done by hand or muscle power that can possibly be done with machinery. Hard work alone never will get you much money, at least not as much as if you use your intelligence to get the very most out of your time and labor. For instance if your cream separator, feed mill or pump when operated by a gasoline engine will give you three extra hours a day for other work it will not take many months before the money you have invested in equipment will be returned to you, will it? After that the money and labor saved begins to count on the profit side of the ledger. Thousands of farmers in the Northwest have found that the most economical and wise course is to

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PENDLETON, OREGON

HOW HOW-LISH WAMPO WON HIS GREAT RACE

(Continued from page 11.)

Away they sped, like flying birds. The crowd joined in shouts and hurrahs, hundreds of all colors falling in behind and following up.

Away go the flying horses, and several thousand eyes following the yellow rider, still ahead, as they grow smaller and smaller in the distance, until the Indian horse turns the stake at the farther end in advance. Now they come, increasing in size to the eye as they approach, the yellow rider still in advance. Crabb gasps for breath, and declares that his horse will win yet.

The eagle eye of the old chief lights up as they come nearer, his rider still leading. Excitement is now beyond all words to tell. Look again, the Indian boy comes alone, rattling his dry willows over a horse that was making the fastest time on record, considering the nature of the turf.

The Indians all along the line fell in, and ran beside the victorious racer, encouraging him with wild, unearthly shouts, while he comes to the starting point, running the five and one quarter miles and eighty three yards in the unprecedented time of nine minutes and fifty-one seconds; winning the race and money, for their friends. Crabb, without waiting to hear from the judges, ran down the track nearly a mile, and, rushing up to the gay jockey, with silver spurs, white pants, blue cap and crimson jacket, who had dismounted the now docile, fine blooded English racer by his silver mountings inquired, "What's the matter, Jimmy?" "Matter? Why, this hoss can't run abit. That's what's the matter." Before leaving this subject, it is proper to state that How-lish-wampo gave back to Crabb the saddle horse he had won from him, and also money to get back home on; with a word of caution about stealing out his competitor's horse, and having a race all alone, remarking dryly, "Me-si-ka-wake cum-tux, le-ta mam-mock ni-ka-cultan kint-a-wa." (You did not know how to make my horse run). Klahoy-un Klabb." (Good bye, Crabb).

I will further state that many years ago these Indians had traded horses with the emigrants going into western Oregon, across the plains, and this celebrated Indian race horse is a half breed.

The old chief refused to sell him, saying: "I don't need money, I have plenty. I am chief. I have got the fastest horse in the world. I bet one thousand horses I can bet any man running horses."

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