

# Why the Round-Up Runs So Smoothly

There are many elements entering into the success of the Round-Up, but there is one which by its mere presence has caused it to be overlooked to a great extent. Absent it would lessen the popularity of the show and would be a source of much uncomplimentary comment. Unquestionably that which makes the Round-Up all-embracing is the fact that the first minutes to the last is the smoothness with which the long program of events is pulled off, the absence of all delays, waits, hitches and other unpleasant factors.

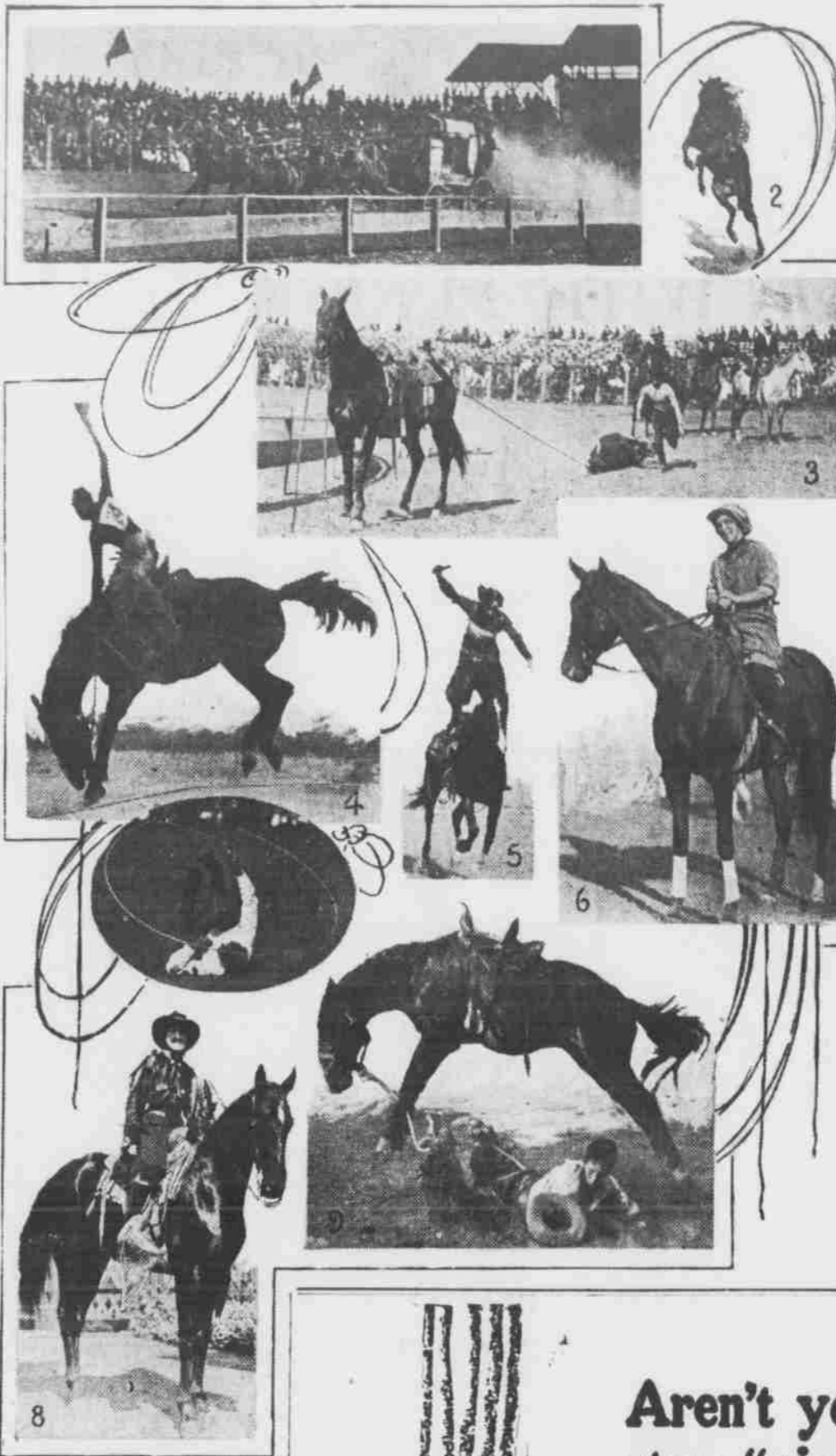
During the exhibitions the audience has never known the feeling of impatience and never has there been heard one word of criticism of the way in which the big show is conducted. There could be none unless, perchance, because the spectator is never afforded an opportunity to catch his breath from the opening to the close of the program.

Each exhibition of the Round-Up is about 2-4 hours long, and there is not a minute of that time that the attention of the crowd is not attracted to something on the track or in the

arena. There is but one pause in the entire show, and that pause is filled. Along toward the center of the program comes the grand march of cowboys, cowgirls and Indians, and during the time the glittering pageant is passing the spectators can sit back in their seats and quiet their nerves as they feast their eyes upon the picturesque and romantic cavalcade. At the conclusion of the march around the track there is a mad charge of the hundreds of riders directly toward the grandstand, and the show is on again with a rush.

The smoothness with which every event follows event without any hubbub, disorder or confusion, is, upon the last analysis, the most remarkable feature of the Round-Up exhibition, the more remarkable when one takes into consideration the number and character of the performers. "How is it done?" is a question often asked, and the answer is "Organization." If there is any one thing more than another in which the Round-Up association is perfect, it is its organization. It is no one-man show, for no one man could possibly attend to the innumerable details of such an exhibition.

## SCENES FROM 1915 ROUND-UP



### The Fabled Bridge of the Gods

The famous Indian legend, which made the foundation on which F. H. Balch laid his wonderful story, "The Bridge of the Gods," may be disproved by scientific study.

In the preface to his book, Mr. Balch says, "It may be asked if there was ever a great natural bridge over the Columbia such as the legend describes. The answer is emphatically 'yes.' Everywhere along the mid-Columbia the Indians tell of a great bridge that once spanned the river where the cascades now are, but where at that time the placed current flowed under an arch of stone; that this bridge was built by the gods; that the Great Spirit shook the earth and the bridge crashed down into the river, forming the present obstruction of the cascades. All of the Columbia tribes tell this story, in different versions and in different dialects, but all agreeing upon its essential features as one of the great facts of their past history."

The Oregon bureau of mines and geology is conducting a comprehensive study of the Columbia river gorge. The results of the work will be embodied in a bulletin to be published this fall.

Ira A. Williams, a member of the bureau, who returned from a trip over the highway and stated that the investigation is proceeding in a satisfactory manner and should lead to valuable historical discoveries.

Mr. Williams found that the land on both banks of the Columbia is composed almost entirely of land slips, with the most abrupt slips coming from the Washington side. Apparently this shows that the river once was at its full width even at the narrows but was constricted by some of the historic slides of earth. That the river remains narrow at this point is evidence that the earth is still restless and keeps forcing its way toward the river as fast as the river's erosion naturally would carry it away.

The report when completed will describe the formations of the famous scenic points along the highway and discuss from a popular yet scientific standpoint the geological reasons for the great cliffs and chasms.

We can not help but wonder what the bureau will do with the local proof as given in Mr. Balch's preface: "In the fall when the freshets are over and the waters of the Columbia are clear, one going out in a small boat and looking down into the transparent depths can see submerged forest trees beneath him, still standing upright as they stood before the bridge fell in and the river was raised above them. Scientific men who have examined the field with a view to determine the bridge are convinced that it is essentially true."

### THE WIDOW SETTLED IT

It kicked up a deuce of a stir at the ranch when a female of tenderfoot style,  
 Come out as a boarder a-wearin' good clothes an' a heart-warmin' sort of a smile;  
 A neat little critter with ravishin' eyes an' as smooth in her walk as a cat,  
 An' lips of that temptin' solicidin' brand any feller'd like to git at.  
 Us cowboys just cut her all up with our eyes, she seemed sich a glorified change  
 In the maverick line from the run o' the gals we was 'customed to see on the range,  
 An' when we diskivered the facts in the case it made us feel tenderly sad,  
 Fur she was a widder that come from the states account of a cough that she had,  
 We all got to wearin' our genuine togs when not in the saddle, an' tried  
 To show her that though we were rough in our ways we yit had some gentleman pride.  
 An' first thing we knowed we was loosed with love fur the neat little feminine prize.  
 An' was goin' around with a sort of a shamed an' a babyish look in our eyes.  
 Whenever she'd meet with a ridef

the smile she would bunch on her beautiful face  
 'D seem to go right to his flutterin' heart an' joggle it clear out o' place;  
 O' she was a pedigreed, thorrerbred gal, a blue ribbon winner, by gad!  
 That sickle little widder that come from the states on account of a cough that she had.

We all got to scappin' about her at last, got ugly an' jealous, you know,  
 Big Bill got a sluggin' from Tennessee Jack and Texas punched Mexican Joe.  
 An' Rough Rider Rankin, that fit in the war with Teddy, got making so free  
 With the dame he got laid out by one o' the gang I don't mind admittin' was me.  
 Sam Pope tuk a shot at Montana Magee, which let him clear out o' the game,  
 Him havin' to light in the saddle an' skip 'fore the sheriff could hear o' the name;  
 A spell o' hostility knocked us plum out, we all had it plenty an' bad  
 Account o' that widder that come from the states because of a cough that she had.

The gals o' the range got o' kickin' like steers because we neglected 'em so,  
 They got up a dance fur to bust up the game, but none 'us fellers 'd go,  
 They'd smile and be powerful nice in

their talk when we'd meet 'em in hope  
 We'd drift to their favor agin, but we'd shy when we saw 'em a swingin' the rope.  
 I reckon a seventh dame born with a veil an' gifted with mythical powers  
 Could scarcely have told what the future 'd bring with rattled up feelin's like ours  
 If the cause o' the row hadn't settled the scrap in a manner quite sudden and sad,  
 An' the only durned way that it could have been stopped—she died from the cough that she had!  
 JAMES BARTON ADAMS

### Answers to Queries

- C. E. S., Boston—No, you cannot grow rope from hemp seed.
- Miss P. R., New York—No, cowboys do not use bait on the end of their ropes to catch horses.
- P. N. G., New Jersey—Do not know how many acres of horse radish it would take to feed a horse over winter.
- Dick Wilson—Yes, that was only a joke about Billy Fisher's hen laying an egg weighing three pounds.
- S. O. S., Toronto—If the broncho you purchased is branded IK on the hip that does not mean I kick; treat him nice and you can break him all O. K. Write Duke Ranch Lee for full instructions.
- D. V. T., Chicago—Yes, if your horse is poor and you want to change his name from Buck to Oats, I think he would soon become familiar with it.
- R. L. X., St. Paul—I have heard of shows dipping a swab in a slop made of bran and hitting the horses over the hip to feed them. I was with a couple of shows once that did not do that well.
- C. R., Pittsburg—Guy Weadick knows the P. B. or S2 connected outfit. A letter to this office will reach him.
- G. W., Sioux City—No, they do not turn bulldogs loose on steers when they buldug them.
- N. O. S., Buffalo—In a potato race they use raw potatoes.
- S. U. P., New York—If you eat Spanish onions, it will not help you to learn to talk Spanish. Sometimes Spanish stew strengthens you up. Write Dan Dix.—From Wild Bunch.

## IT ISN'T YOUR TOWN IT'S YOU!

Every Pendletonian lives in the kind of a town  
 Like the kind of a town we like,  
 You needn't slip your clothes in a grip  
 And start out on a long, long hike.  
 You'll never find what you left behind,  
 For places like this are few;  
 It's a knock at yourself if you are not keeping up,  
 It isn't your town—it's you.  
 Real towns are not made by men afraid  
 But by confidence and pep instead;  
 'Cause everyone works and nobody shirks  
 Has put old Pendleton ahead.  
 And if while you make a personal stake  
 Your neighbor can make one, too,  
 Your home's in a town, that's a dandy town,  
 And the one we are addressing is YOU.

## WHY NOT BUILD YOU A HOME?

We give Quality, Quantity, Service  
 In building a home, the question of QUALITY is an important one, and that is what we guarantee.  
 No matter how large the quantity, we are prepared to look after your wants for any thing in the building material line.  
 We deliver the goods, and if your orders are placed with us, you will not be tied up indefinitely waiting for the arrival of material.  
 We help you build what you want.

## Oregon Lumber Yard

"THE HOME BUILDERS"

## Aren't you about ready to stop "cigarette-shopping"?

You've tried out more different brands of cigarettes than you can remember. It's discouraging. And expensive.  
 Naturally, you'd stop this "shopping" around—quick—if you could find a cigarette that never grew tiresome.  
 Fatima is such a cigarette.  
 Men don't simply get Fatimas—they adopt them.  
 Because they find that Fatimas never grow tiresome.

Fatimas are a SENSIBLE cigarette inasmuch as they are *always* cool and comfortable to the throat and tongue. And they allow you to smoke as you like to smoke—without leaving a trace of "mean" feeling afterward.  
 Is it any wonder men adopt Fatimas and STICK to Fatimas for their steady smoke?  
 Surely—you should at least TRY Fatimas.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



CRITMAN BROTHERS  
WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS  
Pendleton, Oregon

20 for 15c.

IF you want to get it from a drug store, KOEPPEN has it.

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