

Forecasts for Stockmen Save Sheep in Time of Storm

In order to enable the owners of some 2,000,000 sheep and their lambs in the northwest to protect the lambs and sheared sheep from the effects of disastrous storms, the weather bureau, during the spring of 1916, installed a special storm-warning service for Oregon, Washington, and Idaho sheep ranges. This service proved to be of such value to sheepmen during the recent lambing and shearing season that it will be continued and possibly somewhat extended.

Storms, especially those accompanied by snow and cold rains, kill large numbers of lambs and recently sheared sheep unless they can be protected in time. This is especially true, because early lambing to meet high market prices is extensively practiced in this section and because winter feeding is expensive, and sheep are usually shorn and put on the ranges as early as possible. Even before shearing, under especially stormy and muddy conditions, a ewe will readily succumb to fatigue and starvation, and her lamb may perish with her.

There have been instances where the losses reached as much as 50 per cent of flocks, in which the animals were

valued at about \$5 each. As a result of these losses the owners make a practice where possible of sheltering their shorn sheep in canyons and keeping them near shelter during unsettled weather in early spring. Later the sheep are allowed to graze more widely, and the herders must have warnings of storms sufficiently in advance to enable them to drive the sheep to the nearest shelter. During

PLUCKY AMATEUR "STAYED" THOUGH HE PULLED LEATHER

H. C. Niefer is no cowboy but he wants to be. His desire plus a nerve not easily daunted may qualify him some day to ride in the Round-Up finals, but just at present he is paying the price of the new beginner.

Niefer is of German extraction and the lure of the west got him. During the summer he hired out as a sack sewer to John Adams, who farms near Adams, but that was a means to an end. He had his eye on the Round-Up and wanted a chance to ride in the bucking contest. To get the chance he must first have an

outfit and then he must have practice.

With a goodly portion of his summer wages he purchased a cowboy outfit from saddle to chaps, and he showed up at the first tryout of buckers. He was the first to volunteer to ride. He was thrown three times that afternoon, a strange horse, Bug and Hotfoot each getting a fall from him.

At the very next tryout he was back on the job. He was thrown three times more, the last tie by Sharkey, the bucking bull. He struck on his head and was stunned for five or ten

minutes, but he recovered with his nerve unshaken. At the third tryout he asked to ride again. Smithy was given him and Smithy made him bite the dust. Seven times up and seven times thrown, all within three days, is an experience calculated to take the desire to be a buckaroo out of the ordinary man. But not so with "Dutchy" as the cowboys call him. He had hardly got his breath until he asked to ride McKay, the wicked little called Indian horse.

Perseverance was rewarded. McKay had to be thrown to be saddled and when he got up the young brown-sweated fellow who had become a joke to the spectators was astride him. McKay unwound himself and went through a varied assortment of twists. But Niefer, ignoring the halter rope, seized the horn of the saddle in both hands and hung on with a bulldog grip. Two or three times he almost went but he righted himself and stayed until picked up. His eighth trial had not resulted in a fall, although he had pulled leather.

When he was helped down the crowd gave him as much of a cheer as if he had ridden in the most approved form. They could not help but admire his nerve and his determination to become a broncho buster at whatever cost.

On the very next day he was thrown by "Grandma" after he had made the best ride of his short career and he struck so hard that his shoulder was broken.

REAL HELL TO SKELTER

Here is what a recent number of Sunset-The Pacific Monthly has to say about the Pendleton Round-Up:

The real, wooly, hell-to-skelter riding of the Wild West is not done for the movies, nor do the itinerant shows of Buffalo Bill and his imitators give even a faint idea of the real article. To see riding that is riding one must take a week off and visit the frontier shows at Cheyenne, Wyoming, or Pendleton, Oregon—provided one has a heart strong enough to stand three days of excitement pitched in high C.

Pendleton is a town of 5000 in central Oregon, in the country where real cowboys still survive. During the September festivities the 5000 Pendletonians entertain between 30,000 and 40,000 visitors. Even the churches during the Round-Up week are transformed into dormitories and the hospital is always filled to capacity with grinning victims of hoof, horn or stage coach wheel. Every event is guaranteed to bring the grandstand—capacity 25,000—to its feet, howling and gasping. Genuine wild horses, animals that have never felt the touch of saddle or spur, are brought to the Round-Up in droves directly from the ranges. Several hundred Umattia Indians from the nearby reservation compete for the substantial prizes and the best riders of the Northwestern ranchers, male and female, white, red and black, wave their hats, risk life and limb to make three Roman holidays for the pop-eyed crowds.

Since its beginning the Pendleton Round-Up has been a community enterprise, its profits being used for the acquisition and development of a city park. This laudable purpose, though dies not detract from the quality of the entertainment. Next to the European trenches, Pendleton will be the most exciting spot on the map in September.

LET 'ER BUCK

Slogans may come and slogans may go, but this slogan goes on forever. It has been the official slogan of the Round-Up since the first year.

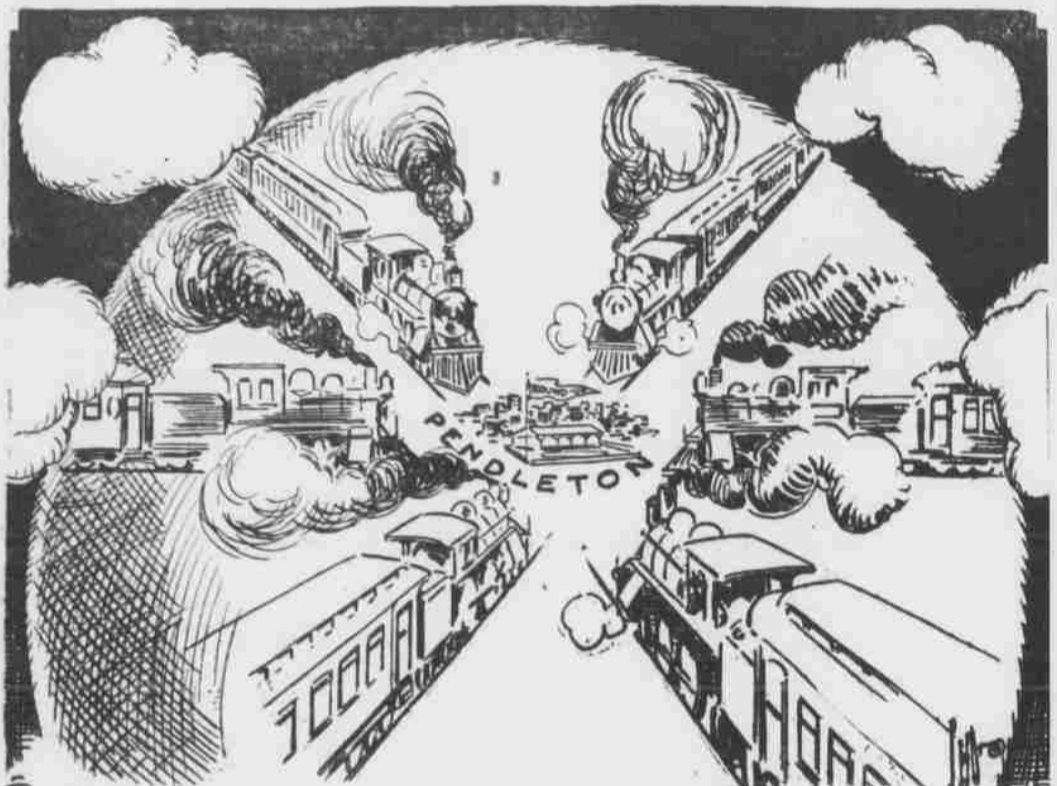
"Let 'er Buck!" There's something about it that compels utterance. Once heard, never forgotten and frequently repeated. That's it. You can't get away from it, no matter how staid, how sedate, or how taciturn you are.

Fathers may reprimand their boys for mouthing it, but they might as well try to dam the waters of Niagara. Mothers may admonish their daughters in tones of holy horror against using the unrefined cry of the Round-Up, but they cannot suppress it. They themselves cannot refrain at times from making it the expression of their exuberance.

Since the origin of the Round-Up the unparalleled slogan has spread, until it no longer has a mere local utterance. Its popularity has led the management of other frontier shows to adopt it, or weakly to imitate it; but never can they steal it away.

It possesses all of the qualifications necessary for a really good slogan—namely brevity, originality and snap. Furthermore, it is typical of the frontier and charged with the very spirit of the Round-Up.

Who originated the slogan, do you ask? There are several who claim the credit, but the community has never cared sufficiently to try out the claims. They have the slogan; it has become famous, and they intend to hold on to it until it dies of senile decay. Until then, "Let 'er Buck!"



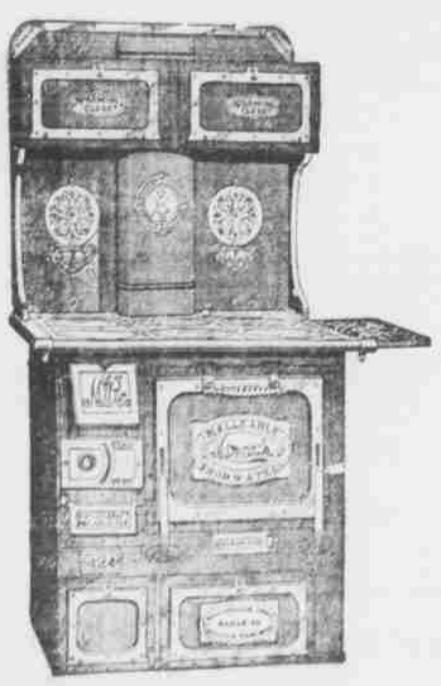
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Camas Prairie Fight 1878

(From the Weekly East Oregonian, July 8, 1878.)

Report of fight between Captain Wilson's company of volunteers and Snakes. We camped at Captain Martin's ranch on Camas Prairie. There were 25 men in the company. Six or seven more were with us who did not belong to the company. At half past six we started from camp for Albie ranch on the other side of Camas Prairie. After going about three miles we saw one hostile Indian spy. We ran him down and killed him. Took a good American, four year old horse from him and his outfit and scalped him. We then rode down to the Albie ranch five miles from our camp last night. Halted an hour and concluded to scout Camas Prairie. We then started and went around to where we had killed the Indian. Made a slight halt and while we were there we heard them firing on two

herders we left at Albie ranch, which we suppose are killed. We started for that point to see what was done and found the Snakes leaving the Albie ranch and coming in the direction of Pendleton. At the sight of the Indians all the men except Bud Beagle and Henry Willis started for the camp of the night before where we intended to fort. Beagle and Willis started in the direction of the Indians and as soon as they struck open prairie firing commenced between them and the Indians. After firing five or six rounds apiece Willis, while aiming to shoot, was shot in the hand, the ball passing so close to his head that he was stunned, so that he fell from his horse and could not get up for about two minutes. After rising and falling the second time Beagle seeing that he was able to ride, rode back to the company which was halted about 400 yards distant but he could not get them to go to the assistance of Willis. After this he tried to catch Willis' horse, but was unable to do so. All this time he was exchanging occasional shots with the Indians. Finding he could not catch the horse he rode back to where Willis was, got him up behind him and brought him to the company, which was retreating.

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