

Why Pendleton is the "Biggest Town of Its Size in the World"

J. V. TALLMAN.

I have been asked to tell why it is that Pendleton calls herself and they call her "The Biggest Little City in the World."

I can make answer in three words that will satisfy those who know Pendleton as I know it. To them I would say, "The Pendleton Spirit" and they would nod assent. But to give such an explanation outside the pale where the "Pendleton Spirit" is as well known and as well understood as though it were one of the seven wonders of the ages would only lead to the further question, "What is the Pendleton Spirit?"

I intend to state as briefly as possible what constitutes that spirit and what it has constituted. To analyze it one must analyze the citizenship from which it issues, and any such analysis would find that one essential ingredient. There would be found civic pride, civic loyalty, civic love, energy and optimism, but most of all there would be found a civic co-operation without which those other elements would have no potency. It is the loyal and active co-operation of all elements of her citizenship that has made Pendleton bigger though smaller than many of her neighbors.

Has Natural Advantages.
I do not mean to say that Pendleton has not some natural advantages that some other small cities of 6,000 to 10,000 have not. Situated on the main line of the Union Pacific system and in the heart of a vast country of wonderful productivity, she has always been a community very much alive from her earliest townhood. But it has only been within the last decade that she has really been giving serious attention to self-development.

I do not know just when or just how the "Pendleton Spirit" had its birth, but I do know that long ago we discovered that "a long pull and a strong pull and a pull altogether" was the only kind that brought real results. I do not know of any community that can enlist so many of its busy business men and so many forces of its life in an enterprise that has for its purpose the advancement of the whole city. The merchants have their rivalries, the banks bid sharply against each other, the newspapers have opposite views on national policies, the professional men crowd each other, there are two strong political groupings, and local controversies arouse factions that often grow bitter toward each other, but let some big undertaking come up that means another asset for the city, and merchants, bankers, editors, lawyers, doctors, politicians and factionalists drop their private and personal matters and join themselves together under the banner of Pendleton. I have known men who have fought each other bitterly in a business way and in politics work for weeks and months together on the same committee and with the utmost harmony.

Commercial Club Big Factor.
Pendleton, like every other live community, has her Commercial Club and it is the agency through which practically all of the community up-building work is accomplished. I can think of but few movements that have advanced the interests of Pendleton during the last decade that have not their development, if not their inception, in the Commercial Club or its corollary organization, the Women's Civic Club. I had the privilege of serving for three years as president of the Commercial Club and it is from my experience as such that I presume to speak for Pendleton.

Right here let me say that Pendleton has never made of her Commercial Association what so many cities of the west have done, a mere booster organization to attract eastern settlers by glowing promises that un-

fortunately too often have had too little foundation in fact. We have never hired a high-salaried press agent, have never raised a promotion fund and have never been guilty of flooding the east with literature extolling our city as the Capital of Paradise and the Eldorado of Opportunity. We have never enjoyed a boom era of artificial prosperity and, consequently, we have never suffered the inevitable reactionary slump. And on our consciences rests no burden of unredeemed promises. We may not have stepped our share of the immigrants to the west, but those who have stepped with us have never had occasion to reproach us but have imbibed of the Pendleton spirit and become loyal citizens.

Round-Up Biggest Factor.

Undoubtedly the greatest single manifestation of the Pendleton spirit or co-operation has been the Pendleton Round-Up, the so-called epic drama of the west which presents each September to many thousands of visitors the romance, the beauty, the dash and the danger of the west of the cowboy and Indian. The Round-Up was born during the summer of 1910 out of the desire of the live citizenship to stage an annual festival that would be distinctive, significant and commemorative. As the capital of one of the last great stock centers and as a city rich in the traditions of Indian and cowboy life, Pendleton could not have chosen anything more appropriate than a frontier festival. From the first inception of the idea, the Round-Up was a huge success and nothing has contributed more than the loyal and unselfish co-operation of the whole community. In the beginning some 600 citizens subscribed \$10 each for shares of stock and, in order that no one could ever make a direct profit out of it, it was decreed that no one person could secure more than one share and that none of the shares would be dividend-bearing. After the first show, \$12,000 was raised by popular subscription for the purchase of suitable grounds and the building of grand-stand, bleachers, track and barns. When this was done the entire park was deeded free from encumbrance to the City of Pendleton. All profits of the show, and they have sometimes been large, have been put back into the show or have gone to assist in other worthy public enterprises. The Round-Up is managed by a directorate of eleven men, no one of whom receives a cent in salary or dividends. To safeguard the institution of which the city is so jealous, the directors even pay for their own tickets to the show.

Whole Citizenship Co-operates.

It took more than just the co-operation of the citizens who subscribed the original money and who did the actual work of making the show to make the Round-Up the continued and ever-growing success that it has become. Pendleton has a population of approximately 7500 and each year the city has been called upon to absorb three times its population during the three days of the Round-Up. It does so without saving that the ordinary eating and sleeping accommodations of the city are entirely inadequate. And here is where the co-operation of the whole citizenship comes in. Residents are asked to throw open their homes to take care of the surplus and the response has been so unanimous that there have been beds and meals for all and at nominal prices regulated by the directors of the Round-Up. Pendleton, in fact, makes of herself one big hotel for the three days of her cowboy carnival.

Woolen Mill Established.

While Pendleton's national reputation is based largely upon her Round-Up, that big festival does not stand as the lone monument to the Pendleton spirit. When a proposal was made

for the establishment of a woolen mill here, the promotion and trade extension committee of the Commercial Association saw that Pendleton was the logical location for such a mill and placed its O. K. on the proposition. As a result \$20,000 in stock was subscribed locally, the mills were established and thus Pendleton became the home of the famous Pendleton Indian Robe, known the world over. Last year a proposal was made to move a combined harvester factory to Pendleton, which is the capital of a county that produces one per cent of all the wheat grown in the United States. Stock to the amount of \$25,000 was subscribed through the activity of the Commercial Association, the factory was built and is now selling machines faster than its plant can turn them out.

\$10,000 Natatorium Built.

Pendleton is a warm, dry place in summertime and the nearest mountain resort is 25 miles distant. Some diversion for the stay-at-homes was needed. Three years ago the Commercial Club took hold of a campaign for a public natatorium. As a result, \$10,000 was raised in subscriptions varying from 25 cents to \$100 and the finest concrete natatorium in the west was built at Round-Up Park. This, too, was deeded to the city free of encumbrance.

Big Federal Building.

Pendleton was in need of a post office building. The Commercial Club took the matter up with the Oregon members of Congress. An appropriation adequate for a building of the kind was secured but meantime the association had secured for Pendleton the headquarters of the Umatilla National Forest and the U. S. district court for eastern Oregon. The new building should be large enough to house these branches of the federal work, too, and eventually a \$150,000 appropriation was made and Pendleton last year saw the handsome new building completed.

The Commercial Association has been active in securing the paving of eight or nine miles of street, and, when a main avenue of entrance, the property owners along which were of the poorer class, was ordered paved, the association raised money to lighten the burden. Co-operating with the county court, we have secured six new steel bridges over the county in the past few years, and have secured from the government appropriations for the building of two bridges across the Umatilla river on the Umatilla Indian reservation. Working with the Civic Club, the association has within a few years removed three eyesores from the landscape and converted them into green parks.

Holidays Are Celebrated.

Each Fourth of July finds Pendleton host to the entire county with everything, entertainment, amusement and a big barbeque, free to all.

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Trial of Pioneer Life Told in Verse

(Continued from Page 16.)

We raced with death; we hunted no life game
All night we dragged the woods without avail;
The ground got drenched—we could not keep the trail.
Three times again my cabin door I found,
Half hoping she might be there safe and sound;

But each time 'twas an unavailing care;
My house had lost its soul, she was not there;
When climbing the wet trees, next morning sun
Laughed at the ruin that the night had done,
Bleeding and drenched, by toll and sorrow bent,
Back to what used to be my home I went.
But, as I neared our little clearing ground—
Listen!—I heard the cowbell's tinkling sound.
The cabin door was just a little bit ajar,
It gleamed upon my glad eyes like a star.
"Brave heart," I said, "forsuch a fragile form!
She made them guide her homeward through the storm."
Such pangs of joy I never felt before,
"You've come!" I shouted, and rushed thro' the door.
Yes, she had come, and gone again.
She lay
With all her young life crushed and wrenched away,
Lay, the heart ruins of our home among.
Not far from where I killed her with my tongue,
The raindrops glittered 'mid her hair's long strands,
The forest thorns had torn her feet and hands;
And midst the tears—brave tears—that we could trace
(Upon the pale, but sweetly resolute face,
I once again, the mournful words could read,
"I've tried to do my best—I have, indeed."
And now I'm mostly done, my story's o'er;
Part of it never breathed the air before,
Tisn't over usual, it must be allowed,
To volunteer heart history to a crowd,
And scatter 'mongst them confidential tears,
But you'll protect an old man with his years,
And whoso'er this story's voice can reach,
This is the sermon I would have it preach:
Boys, flying kites, haul in their white-winged birds
You can't do that way when you're flyin' words;
"Careful with fire," is good advice, we know,
"Careful with words," is 10 times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God, himself, can't kill them when they're said;
You have my life griet; do not think a minute
'Twas told to take up time. There's business in it,
It sheds advice; who'er will take and live it,
Is welcome to the path it costs to give it.

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