

# Pendleton Folk Had Grand Time in Old St. Paul

(Continued from page 8.)

and Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Bishop of Salem.

In addition to these there were in the St. Paul party Sheriff T. D. Taylor, president of the Round-Up, and wife; his brother, W. R. "Jake" Taylor of Athens, one of the Round-Up's familiar arena assistants, and wife; Dan Clark, livestock agent of the O.-W. R. & N., and well known Round-Up roper, Dave H. Nelson, prominent farmer, and wife; Bill Switzer, prominent Ematilla stockman and grower of wild horses, John Bahr, farmer, Glenn Burbee, Indian impersonator, and Will Kearns, local grainman.

Writing a special article on the St. Paul celebration for the Portland Journal, Marion McTae declared that

the "spectacular feature from far-away Oregon undoubtedly carried off the laurels of the event."

"Pendleton was the town that did it for Oregon and to Pendleton we would pay homage as the best all-around advertisers in the carnival world," he went on to say. "They came, the flower of its citizenry, only 22 strong, but in a parade six miles long, and in competition with marching clubs that numbered as high as 2200, they attracted more attention and excitement and created more good humor and real joy than any of the 20,000 participating."

The following item was in the St. Paul Pioneer Press during the mid-winter carnival which was attended by a party of Pendleton Round-Up boosters:

The Pendleton Round-Up crowd

at the St. Francis hotel has been flooded with demands from small boys and men to be taken back to Pendleton and taught to be broncho busters and cowboys.

The throng of requests started yesterday and Sheriff T. D. Taylor, head of the thirty visitors, was unable to shake off the ones infatuated with the idea of life in the wild west.

"Toward night the men hit upon the expedient of referring all applicants to the women folks, who after diligent questioning, would report some fatal defect.

"One man, who insisted on being a broncho buster, passed all questions satisfactorily until he was asked "Have you ever done your own washing?"

He acknowledged he had not and was led out."

# Washington's First Governor Met Death in the Civil War



An interesting letter written by Miles C. Moore of Walla Walla, the last territorial governor of Washington, on the life of Major General Isaac Ingalls Stevens, the first territorial governor of this state, was read on Stevens' Day at Tacoma by Senator Walter S. Davis before the members of the Historical Research club. Attorney H. G. Rowland also paid a high tribute to the memory of General Stevens.

Mr. Moore's letter, in part, follows:

"In Newport, Rhode Island, an imposing monument bears this inscription: 'In Memory of Major-General Isaac Ingalls Stevens, born in Andover, Massachusetts, March 28, 1819, who gave to the service of his country a quick and comprehensive mind, a warm and generous heart, a firm will and a strong arm, and who fell while leading his command, with the flag of the republic in his dying grasp in the battle of Chantilly, Va., September 1, 1862.'

This was the epitaph of Washington's great first governor. His glorious tragic death exemplifies the truth of the saying: 'The noblest death that man can die is when he dies for man.'

Washington claims its share in the glory of his great name and fame. It was a fortunate circumstance that gave to the territory as its first governor a man whose mind and soul was cast in Nature's noblest mold."

"Looking backward through the mist of years to that rainy November day in 1853 when the young governor rode into the village of Olympia to take up the reins of government, we may imagine his quick and comprehensive mind was busy with dreams of the greatness of the commonwealth whose cornerstone he had come to lay.

"Visions of the coming greatness of the state must have dazzled his brain as he saw the wonders that would be; but, however bright the dream may have been he could not have believed 63 years later there would be residing within the boundaries of the territory more than one million five hundred thousand people; that four transcontinental lines of railroads would have their terminals on Puget Sound and that the ceaseless rumble of car wheels carrying a mighty commerce could everywhere be heard, or that shills innumerable would file in and out through the Straits of Juan de Fuca, bound on long voyages to all parts on all oceans, weaving a web of commerce as they come and go, binding the nations in stronger and more amicable relations.

"The life and achievements of General Stevens are too well known to require repetition. Suffice to say he was born in Massachusetts, educated at West Point served with distinction in the Mexican war and later in the engineering corps of the army, became governor of Washington in 1853, in which capacity he put in motion the wheels of government, displaying great capacity and marvelous energy."

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The pictures here, reproductions of photographs—the hub-mired car and wheels clogged with clay—tell what those tires endured.

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**A**LL four tires, unscathed, reached a point fifty miles from St. Louis. Here one fell a victim to a puncture, but the others wheeled into St. Louis on San Francisco air.

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# Charles Wellington Furlong is in Massachusetts Troop

A familiar figure is missing at the Round-Up this year and the war is responsible. Charles Wellington Furlong, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, author, traveler, scientist, lecturer and lover of excitement, is not dodging about the arena snapping bucking horses and gathering material and color for magazine articles.

Furlong, who has "covered" three Round-Ups for eastern magazines, could not resist the call of the war. He was scheduled to leave early in the year on a scientific expedition to some remote region in South Africa

but the declaration of war broke up the party. Always craving excitement, it was but natural that he should want to get to Europe.

He applied first for entrance to an officers' training camp and was all but accepted. However, a defective right eye eventually eliminated him. He tried for a commission in the marine corps and was rejected for the same reason. He tried to get into the balloon division of the first expeditionary force to France but missed up by a year or two on the age limit. Finally he enlisted in the First Troop, Provisional Cavalry of

Massachusetts, his home state, and is now in training. When the horses to mount his troop arrived, he experienced some of the thrills of a Round-Up during the breaking of the animals to the saddle.

In a letter to the *Elis Oregonian*, Furlong expresses his great regret at not being able to participate in the festivities this year. That his feeling is a genuine one is not doubted by anyone who saw the enthusiasm which was his during the previous shows.

Though sent here to write of the Round-Up, he preferred to be a part

of it. It was this spirit that led him to escape but that was what he wanted after and that is why he, a Bow-bucking Belgrade bull, and to take part in the steer fight each evening at Happy Canyon. He had some nar-

