

# Billy Sunday Wanted to be at Round-Up

Billy Sunday was sawing wood in the yard when Bertha Blancett rode up on her horse. He stopped, looked at her and yelled:

"Oh, Ma, come here."

"I am looking for Mr. Sunday," said Bertha.

"That's me," said the man in his shirt sleeves as he rested his saw. "But Ma's coming."

"I have an invitation for him to attend the Round-Up," said Bertha extending the envelope.

"Dear me," he said as he took the envelope. "Won't Ma ever get here before you get away, so we can hold you. You've just got to stay for dinner with us. I think you are just wonderful. Do you ride in that nice white suit every day? Here, Ma, is an invitation to attend the Pendleton Round-Up and here is Mrs. Blancett who has brought it out here to us on a horse. We got anything to eat for dinner?"

And that was the introduction of Bertha Blancett, champion Round-Up cowgirl, to Billy Sunday, champion soul saver of the world, when she rode out to his apple ranch near Hood River to deliver in person an invitation from Pendleton, signed by President T. H. Taylor and Secretary Charles Marsh, to attend the 1917 Round-Up.

Bertha was attired in her white cowgirl suit and made a picturesque figure when she rode up to the Sunday ranch. Rev. Billy was enthralled as he saw her and her mission and full of genuine regrets that he could not be here for the big show. However, he was scheduled to be the director of a big religious round-up in Los Angeles and couldn't very well cancel his engagement. But he promised to bear in mind the Round-Up dates of the future.

All day long the Sundays entered



word by the champion cowgirl of the world.

there on the front seat but I am leaving for Los Angeles, Calif. where I begin a series of meetings lasting two months. If I am in this section of the country any time during the Round-Up I'll be there to witness the wonderful skill of your men and women. Thanking you again and extending best wishes, I am, yours, truly, W. A. Sunday."

## Scores Sleep in Streets to Get Round-Up Tickets

For four or five years past men have slept in the streets of Pendleton before the Round-Up portable ticket office in order to hold front places in the line when the ticket sale opened. This year, however, broke all records for eagerness to secure first choice of the grandstand seats. The line began forming a full 24 hours before the opening of the sale, and all day and all night "watchful waiters" kept their stations.

J. J. Hamley, F. J. McMonies and Lester Hamley, all of Hamley & Co., makers of the Round-Up prize saddles, copped the prized places in the line this year. At 8 o'clock on the last day of August, they hired three small boys and stationed them in chairs on Alta street before the closed ticket office. The sight of this preparedness led others to follow suit and by afternoon there were two dozen boys and men squatting in line in the hot sun.

Chairs gave way to cots at night-fall and there were 25 sleepers in the open. The early morning hours brought scores of early risers who lengthened the line.

The first day's sale this year broke all records. During the first three hours an average of \$1000 an hour poured through the window of the ticket office and by 6 o'clock the receipts had grown to \$6000. During the first three hours, Tami Boylen, veteran ticket seller, was not required to make a cent of change. Every buyer knew just what he wanted and had a check or the right change ready.

In order that the thousands of out-of-town visitors might be protected, the Round-Up directors only open certain sections of the grandstand to home people. The others are reserved for mail orders and for the crowd that does not arrive until the days of the show. No one person is permitted to purchase more than one box of 12 grandstand seats for each day. In this way does the board forestall scaplers.

A new record for an individual sale of tickets was made this year when Benjamin E. Boone, a Portland auto dealer and an enthusiastic Round-Up fan, sent a check for \$102 for 24 seats for himself and party for the three days. There have been many larger orders for special excursion parties but none so large for an individual who formed his own party.



tained their cowgirl guest and their hospitality was of the kind that made Bertha feel at home. She had the time of her life, she declares.

The invitation of Rev. Sunday was prefaced with "greetings from the champion epic drama of the world to the champion evangelist of the

by Bertha read as follows:

"Dear Friends Taylor and Marsh, Mrs. Blancett reached my ranch this morning, bringing your kind invitation to me to attend the Round-Up at Pendleton September 20, 21 and 22. I deeply appreciate your kind invitation and I would surely accept and be



## No Dividends Ever Paid by Round-Up Association

This famous Epic Drama of the West has won a world-wide reputation as the most unique and characteristic, thrilling and exciting reproduction of the sports and pastimes of old west ever staged. It is a three days' carnival of western sports, contests and exhibitions, over a thousand cowboys, cowgirls, Indians, stage drivers and cow-country people participate in the daily events. From the time the first number is on in the afternoon until the wild horse race is finished there is not an idle moment, not a break, not a wait in the succession of thrills and wonderful feats of the contestants. Fading the untamed outlaws, roping the wild steers, bull-dozing the Texas long-horns, running races or contesting in the many other exciting competitions, it is a classic dramatization of western life in which the actors are real cowboys, cowgirls and Indians directly from the ranges and reservations. There is no set stage effect, all the events are competitive and the thrilling climaxes are impromptu.

The Round-Up was first produced in 1910 and in 1912 65,000 people passed through the gates and since that date the attendance has steadily increased until today it is witnessed by the largest audience attending any single event in the western part of the continent.

It is owned by the municipality of Pendleton, pays neither dividends nor profits, and is staged by a volunteer association of young men who serve without salaries, even paying for their own seats at the performance. Its money goes into prizes for the contestants and all events are purely amateur.

The arena is enclosed by a quarter-mile track which is almost entirely surrounded by grandstand and bleachers and a total seating capacity of 20,000, the largest west of the Mississippi river.



# The Buckaroo

BY RICHARD CARTER WARINNER  
Dedicated to John F. Robinson, owner of the Pendleton Commercial Association.



"Uncle Dick" Warinner.

Tighten the cinch and take off the blind  
Let 'er buck in front, let 'er buck behind,  
We'll both go up and come down together,  
But I hope to die if I'll "pull leather."

Oh, I live the life of a buckaroo,  
And I love the scream of the wild curlew,  
And the coyote's howl is music to me,  
As I gaze on the stars in the milky way.

Awaiting the dawn of another day,  
As I lie alone, alone, did I say?  
Not my broncho's with me, my cayuse pet,  
And he's tethered to me with a lariar.

Our Teddy was once a buckaroo,  
And he could handle a lasso, too;  
He loved the scent of the wild sage-brush,  
He loved the silence he loved the hush.

Before I knew of the wild, wild west,  
And I'm thinking of her whom I loved best,  
And I'm wondering should I go home again  
If she'd welcome a cow-boy of the plain?

But I must tighten my lariar  
For I'm off with the morning's first faint glow,  
Over the sage-brush plains I ride,  
Like a buccaneer on a rising tide.

With new sombrero and silver spurs  
I'll search the herd for stray "sick-oars,"  
For I'm off to the Round-Up, sure, this Fall—  
My broncho and I. Say, I've got the gall.

To ride with any old buckaroo,  
And to show 'em a trick with a lasso, too,  
I'm not much good at that "bulldog's" stunt,  
But I'll show 'em a pace at a maverick hunt.

'Mongst them beautiful Eastern Oregon girls,  
I'll show 'em a trick! how my lasso twirls  
Straight out from the heart of a cow-boy true,  
They'll go some, if they heat this buckaroo.

Then tighten the cinch, take off the blind,  
Let 'er buck in front, let 'er buck behind,  
For neither of us 'll show the "white feather,"  
But I hope to die if I pull leather.

We reprint this poem in response to a general demand for copies of it among the friends of the author and man to whom it was dedicated.

Of the boundless range where the cattle roam,  
His pony his pal, his saddle his home,  
He gathered an inspiration there,  
Which led to the presidential chair.

I never expect such great renown,  
But I may be marshal of some cow town,  
Or sheriff, or judge, or something like that,  
And choke some guy with my lariar.

My chaps are worn, and my hair is long,  
And I'm humming all day some dear old song,  
Some dear old song which my mother sang,  
Before I learned all this cow-boy slang.



"Jack" Robinson, owner of the Domestic Laundry  
LET 'ER BUCK

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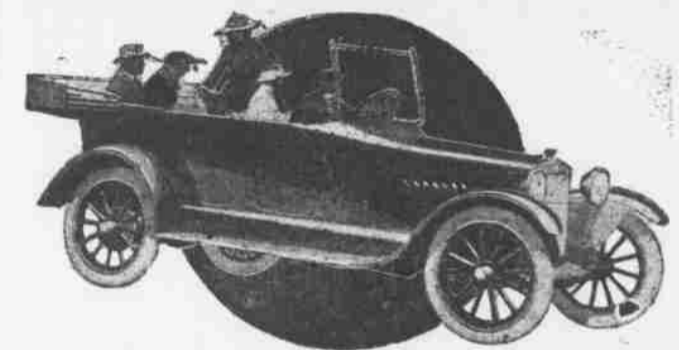
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