

"LET 'ER BUCK," BY COL. CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, GIVES GRAPHIC PICTURE OF ROUND-UP

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framework of the show. Of these outside Pendleton perhaps no single individual achieved more for the Round-Up than Sam Jackson of the Oregon Journal.

"Roy Haley, the first president wrote the initial program, which has never been practically changed, starting fast and snappy with the cowboy pony race and following through a well-planned gamut of range sports of various sorts, roping, steer bulldozging and roping, grand Indian parade and last but not least, that king of sports, bucking. Eventually the contests led to the world championship competitions in these sports.

"As one of the original directors remarked to me, that first Round-Up compared with the later great show, was like a couple of kids playing ball in the sand lot as compared with a major league.

"The first show was held in 1910 on what was then the ball park and on a little dinky track, egg-shaped on account of the form of the grounds, hardly one-third as large as the present one. The home stretch in front of the grandstand probably did not exceed 100 yards in length. The two or three Indian ropes skirting the other side were on the very edge of the river. The present scope of cottonwoods which form the background of the great Indian village was then on an island, which the next year's improvements included in the Round-Up grounds.

"The second year saw the track extended to its present dimensions, its sudden enlargement being due to an accident which happened the first year in the Indian race at the opening of the show. The rules provided that all Indians should be clothed only in breech cloth and paint and should ride their own ponies. One Indian was painted from scalplock to toe in a vivid blue, standing out strikingly in contrast with the others.

"At the crack of the pistol they were away on the wet, muddy track. They struck the first turn, which was sharp and a variable mudhole at the right end of the egg-shaped track. Down went the leader the others piling on top. Every man went down and every horse piled up. Few escaped without some cut or bruise, while the big Indian when he scrambled out had turned black in the mud; in fact there was not enough blue on him to make even the best of a sailor's trousers. Haley was terribly perturbed but Mark Moorhouse said, 'Roy, the show's made.' It was the first thrill, but to obviate such dangers the plan of the quarter-mile track was put through before another show."

"It is pointed out that, although \$1,500,000 has been spent by the round-up attendance and \$35,000 cleared as profits, the round-up is not a money-making scheme—staged as it is by a volunteer organization and giving neither salaries nor dividends. The directors are leading business men of the city, who serve without pay."

"Where the West Begins?" Under the heading, "Out Where the West Begins," the author tells of the view from Cabbage Hill, which tourists from various parts of the United States have declared is one of the most remarkable they have ever seen:

What? You don't know this country—never saw that marvelous view from the blue-clad Cabbage Hill in spring, that wondrous view on the new highway of the Old Oregon Trail?

"Spread over the lap of the Umatilla Valley, nestling on the gently undulating bosom of its hills, lie the cultivated lands. Over the valley floor is a marvelous, magic color-carpet of Nature. Into this design she has woven the yellow, pink, brown and old rose rectangles of stubble fields and summer fallow, alternated it with the emerald and distant turquoise of luxuriant, verdant fields of spring snowing, and dark-accented it with rich maroons and distant purples of the near-summer plowing. Into it she has dabbed some odd plays of shadow which dash it with lapis-lazuli, levanthine, and velvet and finally has stitched through its center the careless-rambling, silver thread of the river. Nature through her mist-charged atmosphere holds before you crystal globes of amethyst, opal, tourmaline, and bids you gaze into this Valley of Rainbows.

"Week by week one may see this restless Eden of Colors' metamorphoses through summer to fall. Again Nature holds before your gaze a transparent crystal snow of iridescent gold, waves her wand of time over the magic carpet and bids you behold the products of one of earth's richest granaries.

"Journey now by airplane over this huge, earthen bowl called the county of Umatilla of nearly two million acres in extent, and drained by the numerous streams from the Blue Mountains. Over mountain side and upland valley we skim the tree-tops of forests of standing timber, fly over irrigated lands of vegetables and fruits and the fourth crop of alfalfa purpling in the sun; speed over grazing lands dotted with a million sheep and half million head of other livestock; glide over the vast areas which are sown with softly undulating fields of grain products, producing five million bushels of wheat alone.

"Swing over Hermiston, Stanfield, Umatilla, Milton, Athena and Pendleton, the county seat, which here and there checkerboard the landscape, their modern mills, factories and industries taking care of the predominating agrarian pursuits. Hover now over the Round-Up city, Pendleton, the trade emporium of Eastern Oregon.

"It lies like a clean-cut gem in a band of green, surrounded with a setting of gold. But for the whir of the motor you might hear the drone of its industry, for here the manufacturing of Eastern Oregon centers. Main street defines the center of this biggest little city of the West; the great oval and the little cones of white to the left define the Round-Up park and the lodges of the Umatillas. Here we await for tomorrow the great carnival of the cowboy and Indian is on. This is, indeed, "Out Where the West Begins."

Under the heading, "The Pageant of the Passing of the Old West," the story is told as follows:

"This greatest of all human shows is a magnificent three-day cowboy carnival, given over to the old sports and passing life of the frontier, character-



Charles W. Furlong, Above, as an American Officer in Serbia; Below as a Participant in the Round-Up and as an Explorer on the Sahara.

istic, unique, thrilling, a classic in which the Old West stalks before one in the flesh. Here gather over a thousand cowboys, cowgirls, Indians, stage drivers and cow-country people. They ride in from Tum-a-lum, from Hildawa, they come from California and the Dakotas, and from beyond the Mexican border and the Canadian line. These actors are real range folk, fresh from the ranges and reservations and include the most superb contingent of rough riders ever brought together.

"From the time the starter's first pistol shot rings out at one each afternoon until the wild horse race is finished there is not an idle moment in the spectacles spread out before one, not a break in the unbroken chain of head and heart thrillers, or in the wonderful feats performed.

"In this pageant of the old range sports and pastimes, men of agile body and iron nerve vie in fancy roping and trick riding; compete in cowboy and standing races, in the relay and pony express, in roping wild steers and bulldozing Texas long-horns; participate in the grand mounted parade; dance in Indian ceremonial; race with old stagecoaches; contest on famous bucking bulls, steers, and buffaloes and on the backs of the world's worst outlaw horses. There is no seat-singe effect, all events are competitive, the climax is unscripted. It is all "best," marvelous, new and—all American.

"It is the child of Pendleton's sturdy citizens, who have, as though by magic, created a fascinating, instructive object lesson in nature and modernized humanity. It is owned by the municipality of Pendleton, pays neither profits nor dividends and is staged by a volunteer association of young men who serve without salaries. The money goes into prizes for the contestants and the improvements of the city. The arena is enclosed by a quarter mile track which it almost entirely surrounded by grandstand and bleachers with a total seating capacity of 40,000, the largest west of the Mississippi River. It is a monument to the little city which birthed and matured it.

"In all the world there is no more thrilling, impressive spectacle, it nurtures the wonderful heritage our forefathers created for us. It puts a glow into the minds of youth, it strikes you squarely between the eyes and reveals the great, living, panting West before you."

Tim Taylor
The story of the murder of Sheriff Tim Taylor, beloved Umatilla officer, is told in graphic style, as follows: "In early July of 1920, about the time the great combine was starting to garner the first of Umatilla county's vast golden wealth of wheat, word came into the sheriff's office at Pendleton of a hold-up staged a few miles east of the city by two bandits with all the earmarks of desperadoes. Taylor and deputies soon picked up their trail and came upon them near the little hamlet of Rieth in the canyon.

"Then came a running gun fight. Deputy Jacob Marin captured the first bandit who traveled under the alias of Ned Hart; but his 'partner' under the alias of Jim Owens, the more desperate of the two, took to the hills pursued by Taylor and a hide-and-seek chase and gun duel, with life and death the stakes, and odds even, was witnessed by the people of Rieth in the valley below. Playing one another, crouching like panthers, they eventually closed in, Taylor getting the drop on his man.

"Like a flash, Owens with the movements of a cat grabbed the sheriff's gun, attempting to turn it on his captor, but they did not count on the power of Taylor's grip. Most men would have shot his man but Taylor, adhering to his policy of never killing a man to capture him, soon had the outlaw in front of him, covered, and jailed him in Pendleton.

Even the courthouse was deserted. About a quarter of two Deputy Sheriff Jacob Marin with the help of Louis Anderson, a trusty he had taken out with him, entered the jail with the midday meal for the prisoners. Anderson, having noted that no one but the deputy was about the courthouse, signaled to his companions that the point was clear. Marin was shortly dispensing the dinner to the prisoners.

"Crack! He was felled from behind by John Rathle, a prisoner, with a heavy stick of cordwood, striking his head against the iron railing. All but stunned, half crouching, he reached for his gun but his arm was seized by Nell Hart, who dodged just in time a powerful swing of the bunch of keys by the gritty warden.

"Thud! Again a terrific blow crashed upon Marin's head. Even then, unable to tie the hands or stop the calls for assistance of the half-dazed but struggling warden, it required the combined efforts of the prisoners to carry him to a nearby cell and throw over the bolt. Taking no chances

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