

"LET 'ER BUCK," BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

(Continued from Page 11)

ingly in midheaven. It was, indeed, a sight fit for the gods. Long braids of crowblack hair tied in front, looped and wafled against the cinnamon brown cheeks of the rider; his colored shirt and kerchief flattening and billowing against his muscle-articulating torso in the movement of the wind; his long-haired, black spotted orange chaps flapped and fluttered, as the horse rose and fell, while the wild-fighting beast, following the inner side of the fence, bucked, twisted, high-tived and did his best to break it in two.

"On he went. It seemed no man could stand the punishment but never for a moment did those long-haired chaps pause in their swelling from withers to rump during the entire fight of the ride, nor did the big sombrero cease for a moment to fan the air. Sundown was indeed riding to win or lose everything on his last throw of the dice.

"The shot rang out.

"Take him up."

"The crowd was cheering itself into a frenzy. One name was borne out from the ten thousand throats. 'Sundown Sundown!' came from the grandstand.

"Ugh."

"It was the epic ride of his race which this son of Chief Joseph made in his fiftieth year. It was indeed the grand championship in the grand final not only of the Round-Up, but probably of the history of his race. Jackson Spindown, the Nez Perce, was a fitting representative as the first and only red man to wrest this title from the paleface.

"What inscription do you want on the silver plate, Sundown?" was asked him as they viewed the beautiful, coveted prize-saddle.

"You put wife's name," was the quiet reply.

The ride of Caldwell is graphically told as follows:

"Look; they are to draw for horses for the grand finals. It's Lee Caldwell, Yakima Canutt and Jackson Sundown. These three have ridden through with the other twelve or thirteen selected for the semi-finals and now have fought their way through these into the grand finals. See! The cowboy drawing now is Yakima Canutt, that tall and lanky buckaroo with a ranginess characteristic of the clan; there goes Sundown, the agile, erect figure you know so well; the third is Caldwell, the shortest and youngest of the three. What a superbly proportioned body; splendid shoulders, lithe and beautifully muscled and the very embodiment of health. The women say he's good-looking and even the men admit it.

"Lee had just come down from Moosejaw where his winning of the all Canada championship had been heralded before him; but he had come to the greatest of all shows where more men ride and are eliminated in the elimination contest than even enter the other great shows.

"Sundown draws Cul-de-sac and makes a splendid ride. Canutt draws Speed Ball and rides equally well.

"In the wildhorse race yesterday you recall Caldwell's right forearm was broken. When they set it in the plaster cast last night the doctor left a little aperture in the bandage to facilitate a shot with a hypodermic needle to dull the pain for he was to ride in the semi-finals. The doctor is on hand all right to shoot it into him now, while they are wrangling Two Step.

"He's up and away; a perfect ride although Two Step the trickiest devil with his apparently easy straight-away, really puts in to it everything that he thinks of and you don't. The rider's face shows that the pain in the bandaged arm is terrific, but watch! Instead of fainting, it makes him so 'dad-burned mad' that he makes a hair-raising ride, the only qualified one on the buckler that season. Lee

dismounts, walks toward the line of saddles. His left hand steals to nurse his right which is paining. Lee a second time refuses hypodermic, remarking 'I'm too mad to take it; I want to be a little mad—a man always rides better.'

A Noted Ride
Lee Caldwell, clearly enunciated, Fred McMonies through the great megaphone announcer from his crow's nest on the pole top.

"A great roar of satisfaction goes up from the bleachers and grandstand. They are the five magic words which the crowd wants more than anything else to hear. They have always wanted him to draw Long Tom in the grand final to see if he dares scratch him.

"Caldwell is ordered to tackle Long Tom. Caldwell as is his custom, sizes up his antagonist. Caldwell is up against it and watches every movement like a cat. He impatiently motions, says something and the wranglers turn. Long Tom's head a bit more to the southwest toward the grandstand. It is 'direction' Caldwell is thinking, which will head him just between the judges. He believes he can 'scratch hell' out of Long Tom. He wants no doubt in the judges' mind as to what he is doing. There is a bit of a struggle, then Lee snaps out a curt order. He does not want his horse to be frightened. There is a difference between frightening a horse and getting him mad; frightening him has a tendency to make him blunder in his own movements, because, as Lee once said, 'A horse like Long Tom does a lot of thinking.'

"Everyone knows Caldwell is tremendously high strung, trained so to the minute that a mere nothing can set him off the handle; but Allen Drumheller knows his man, knows Lee's every idea, so he makes every movement count. Everything is timed to a nicety when he tightens the cinch and fastens the latigo.

"He's going up!" says a man.

"The great audience rose as one man. Lee settles himself in his saddle as nonchalantly as though he might be testing his stirrup's length the world's championship on the toughest brute Oranch can secure. Lee knows he is mounting one of the best horses in the world when Drumheller hands him the halter rope. See how carefully he takes a last look over everything and then deliberately at the judges. They nod.

"The rider wants at least two of the judges to see everything he does, so he readjusts himself in the saddle and puts the rein in his left hand; snuggles his feet right up to his heels in the stirrup—for a single foot out disqualifies the rider.

"Turn him around," he snaps to the wranglers.

"The rider knows that though the old outlaw is standing apparently square, he is really 'tense up' to 'throw back.' Turning him changes this position or 'untracks' him. The

GADWA'S STORE

We Carry a Full Line of Harness, Collars, Saddles and Chaps

We Specialize in Auto Tops, Upholstering and Repairing

OPERA HOUSE CORNER PENDLETON OREGON

PHONE 773

Let us put a Plate Glass in your car. It will be classy and serviceable.

blind is off. He is loose.

"The great brute springs into the air and the rider's legs shoot forward to scratch towards his neck.

"Let 'er Buck!" comes from all sides, at this first jump. But the initiated know something is wrong. There is an unnatural throw to Long Tom's head toward the wranglers on his left—the free end of the snubbing rope has traveled too fast through Tom's halter and has whipped into a knot around his own right and caught, causing this violent, unnatural jerk backward.

"Caldwell's halter rope is on the right of the horse's neck, the sudden jerk of his head to the left will force him to either give way, be pulled forward, or let the line slip through his hand. This will cause a change of rein, and when the horse recovers will make so much slack he will have nothing to steady himself, with and his ride will be hopeless on a horse like Long Tom.

"Caldwell is jerked violently forward and to prevent being unbalanced, is allowing the rope to slide through his hand. See it go—a fall foot and a half. Wrench! Good, the snubbing rope is free. He is readjusting his hold by taking up the slack with the weakened grip of two fingers of his broken arm. The sudden release from the snubbing rope makes old Tom throw his nose skyward more than usual—an old trick of this buckaroo—and gives Lee more slack than he wants, which when now taken up gives him too short a hold.

"All this occurs while the horse's forequarters are in the air, and during the first jump Caldwell has not only adjusted the rope but has pulled off his hat with which he now fans him, gripping it with the two fingers of his broken right forearm.

"Look out, cowboy, when he comes down," yells an old buckaroo.

"With hindquarters snapped up, Old Tom now puts his head earthward, at the same time giving one of his peculiarly violent kicks, his eyes show white; down he comes ker-plunk. Caldwell already pulled and held forward to the front part of the saddle is now thrown violently against the saddle horn. Crack! goes the boys' breast bone and breaks three inches above the point, knocking the wind clear out of him.

"Will he stay with 'im?"

"His breath is gone—his head swims—stars shoot—everything cants in a swirl of blue—For a second he seems to be gone. If you know Caldwell, you know if he is going to fall, he'll reason he cannot strike any harder by scratching old Tom, besides he knows he will be making a real ride when he hits the dirt. See—he's letting 'er buck now for all there is in it.

"Long Tom broke like a boomerang into that terrific pounding, bounding buck, which, if it does not unseat most riders in the first three jumps, shakes their daylight so that they welcome hitting the ground, it is so much softer—

"Whang! In the back with the cantle of the saddle. In Long Tom's bucking nearly a dozen men have left the saddle unconscious on this account and never knew why they left it.

The big, hill-climbing demon snorts, even groans with rage in the effort to shake the clinging man thing from his back.

"Caldwell lets another foot of rope slide through his hand on the next jump.

"Ride 'im comboy!" yell the buckaroos.

"The rider's heels touch withers and toes with his spurs.

"His spurs are dull but I reckon a year from now there'll be scars eight inches long on old Tom's hide. See, at every jump the old outlaw deliberately jerks his head and takes more rope, a few inches at a time.

"Three—four—five fifteen tremendous, vicious, man-killing jumps you count, spaced with every art of the old buckler's repertoire. Look, he's circling toward the corral, still inside the fence.

"Caldwell's breath is coming back a little, things have ceased swimming. You know he is badly handicapped through the blow on his chest and a rope too slack to balance himself with. But his determination to make the greatest ride of his life is as evident as the determination of the brute beneath him that he shall not.

"It is the slack now that bothers. He realizes after the horse was freed and after the first buck, that if he took it up with the other hand he would be disqualified. But he is a heady rider.

"Quick as thought, on the spruce of a buck, he takes the fuz of rope (the frayed end) in his teeth, which many have seen him do in exhibition rides when he held both hands up. There is no rule against this. He now slides his hand down and is set for a new fight as he approaches the fence. He knows by the animal's action whether he will go over it or crash through.

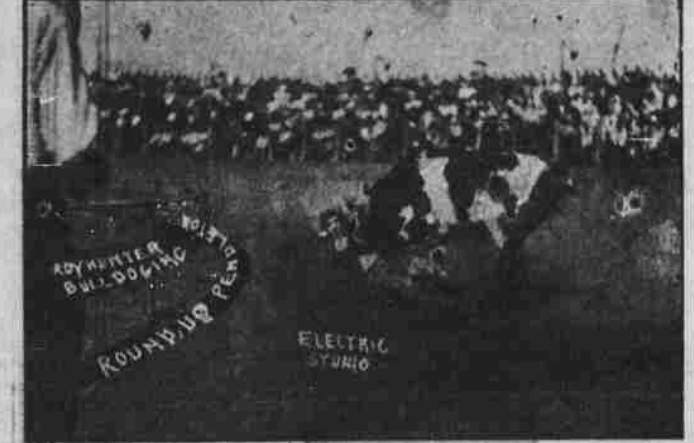
"Springing skyward, Long Tom clears the fence with a pretty jump. Caldwell is sitting 'straight up' in a way no man has ever sat on Long Tom before. He knows he has him now.

"Caldwell now confines his rowels to the great humping shoulders to make him flinch—circle—before the ki-hooting hellian, who now seems to have gone plumb crazy, smashes and tears him to pieces against the posts and wire of the high outer fence of the track.

"He does it barely in time; down the track by the yelling, yipping, mounted cowboys; along by the whooping Indian bucks; shrill ki-yi-ing women and screaming papooses; on around the track files the outlaw, semi-circling the entire eastern end, bounds and bucks his way, pounding the earth in a manner that must rattle loose the bones and teeth of the lithe, boyish Caldwell.

"See there—half way round to the grandstand something has happened which never happened before. The hitherto undaunted king of buckers is breaking into a run—he surrenders, he's been ridden out. Bang—went the judge's pistol.

"Caldwell musters his remaining strength and springs off to one side, landing 12 or 15 feet away. He figures he would rather take a sprained ankle than a kick."



BUICK

YOU measure the value of your motor car by its power to travel hard and fast; its strength to bear up under hard usage and its capacity to go and keep going. These have always been Buick qualities and are again dominant features of the new Nineteen Twenty-One Buick Series.

With all their strength and stamina, these new Buick models are cars of striking beauty. There is comfort, too, in their modern refinements and roominess. Authorized Buick Service guarantees your satisfaction wherever you go.

Prices of the New Nineteen Twenty One Buick Series

Model Twenty One-Four Five, three passenger car	\$1995
Model Twenty One-Four Five, five passenger car	1995
Model Twenty One-Four Six, four passenger coupe	2010
Model Twenty One-Four Seven, five passenger sedan	2125
Model Twenty One-Four Eight, four passenger coupe	2215
Model Twenty One-Four Nine, seven passenger car	2290
Model Twenty One-Five, seven passenger sedan	2345

R. O. B. Buick Case Terminal Sales



Real Agency Service

The Oregon Motor Garage is bigger, better and stronger than ever in the service it affords prospective automobile owners.

Our financial connections enables us to grant easy terms to car buyers at this garage and put the convenience and pleasure of the automobile within the reach of many who have heretofore been denied this privilege.

This garage is the real constant market for used cars of the makes we handle.

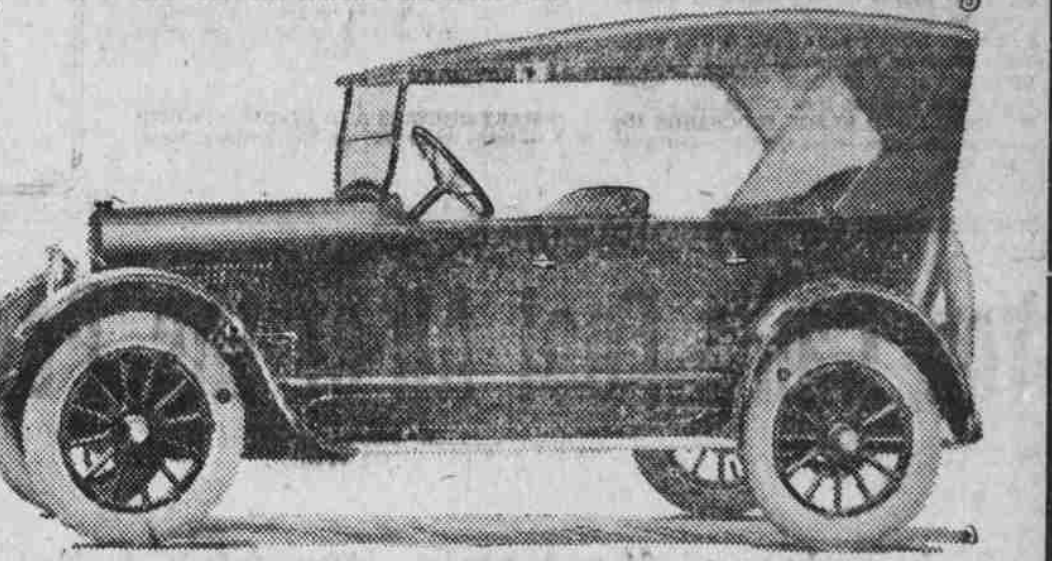
Every sale here is backed by the genuine service you need, expect and should receive.

We carry the largest stock of extra parts to be found at any car agency in Eastern Oregon.

These are factors to be given the utmost consideration before you buy your car. It is easy to buy a new car, but how about having the constant service of your car when parts are needed?

THIS SERVICE WE GIVE YOU

BUICK



Presenting The New Buick Four

The new Buick Four is a distinctively Buick creation in every feature of design and construction. It embodies those principles of construction that have characterized Buick automobiles for more than twenty years.

The engine is of the famed Buick Valve-in-Head type. The bore is 3 3/8"—the stroke, 4 1/4". Wheel base, 109", turning radius, 36'.

A Marvel carburetor with the new automatic heat control insures proper vaporization of the common low grade of commercial gasoline.

Multiple disc clutch, the transmission and universal joint are of standard Buick construction—the universal joint

being lubricated from the transmission.

The rear axle is the three-quarter floating type, with semi-elliptical type springs front and rear. The frame is a deep channel section, strongly re-inforced with four cross members.

High pressure Alomite system provides lubrication. Delco equipment with Exide battery insures efficient starting, lighting and ignition.

All models have non-glare headlight lenses—all are complete with tire carrier and extra rim. Closed models are equipped with adjustable windshield visors, windshield cleaner, dome light, ventilating windshield, adjustable windows, and sun shade in rear window.

Cord Tires Standard Equipment on all Models
See Us for Specifications and Delivery Dates

PRICES OF BUICK FOURS

Two Passenger Roadster, 22-34	\$935	Three Passenger Coupe, 22-34	\$1475
Five Passenger Touring, 22-35	975	Five Passenger Sedan, 22-37	1650

All Prices F. O. B. Flint, Michigan

OREGON MOTOR GARAGE

Goodrich, Goodyear Tires—Oils and Accessories. Where You Get Service 117-123 West Court Street Telephone 468