

"Jimmy the Whale" and How He Rode the Unridable Bull

A Whale of a Story Showing One Way to Win \$100 and Acquire a Reputation—By W. C. E. Pruitt

Long before the sun had peeped over Dynamite ridge old man Bentenwale, standing on the top step of the improvised ladder, stuck his head through the small garret opening and called:

"Hee-ah, you, James Buchanan an' you, Thomas Sylvester, you all hee-ah me. Hit air now fo-ah 'clock, an' mammy's got yo-ah flap-jacks done cooked an' hef you all is goin' to that air haws an' ridin' circus hit's time you all was gettin' staided."

In response two tow headed, sleepy-eyed youngsters scrambled out of the garret bed, dressed with four movements, slid down the ladder and noisily drew chairs to the table on which burned dimly an old lamp.

"Laws-a-mercy on us, James Buchanan Bentenwale," exclaimed the sharp featured slatternly woman as she turned from the griddle iron on the stove, "what on airth be the matter with yo-ah laigs?"

"Nothin', mammy," sheepishly replied the older of the two tow heads as he slipped into his chair.

"Nothin', huh? I knows better," replied the woman, sharply eyeing the youngsters, "you walks all spraddled out. What's them things?" she demanded pointing to the outer covering of James Buchanan's legs.

"Chaps" replied James.

"Chaps, yo-ah granny's night cap," retorted the woman, "you done cut yo-ah pappy's leathern apron all to pieces, that's what yo-ah have."

"Hit war no good anyhow," answered James Buchanan.

"Just all full a holes an' plumb wore out," corroborated Thomas Sylvester.

"Let 'em alone, can't you, Mammy," put in the old man as he slipped a hot flap-jack onto his plate, "hit aint no great loss, nohow."

Ten minutes later the two tow heads were climbing out of Bob Cat canyon, toward the Breaks of Bell Cow and took the old S trail around the ridge of Cabbage Hill to where it drops down a sheer thousand feet to the valley of McKay below.

Silently they trudged along for the first quarter mile in the dark of the coming dawn. Then Thomas Sylvester dropped behind and began to snicker.

"What air ye snickerin' about the-ah?" angrily demanded James Buchanan.

"Hee-hee," snickered Thomas Sylvester, "hit air jist like mammy said, you all do walk most powerfully spraddled out."

"Spraddled out, nuthin'," rejoined James, "these he-ah things hurt an' when they katch by them points hit most night throws me down. Hit air no fun walkin' a right smart ways like this with these he-ah things a-pullin' on yo-ah laigs."

"You might take 'em off fer quite

Music Has Charms to Make Men Think They Can Ride When They Can't



Pendleton's Famous Round-Up Band Which Leads the Grand March in the Arena and Stirs Cowboy and Cow Pony to Action

a spell yit," suggested Thomas Sylvester.

"U-huh, guess I might," and Jimmy suited action to the word.

Seventeen long weary miles lay before the two and the Let'er Buck city. But their little legs vibrated rapidly back and forth, and born to the mountain and hills, they felt no weariness.

When daylight came and they reached the immigrant trail they stopped to inspect the precious chaps which James Buchanan carried on his arms. Gingerly each ran his fingers along the inner side of the leather from the hips down.

"They shore do stick some," announced the younger boy.

"Stick!" ejaculated the older one, "hif them ever gets stuck good in that air saddle all Jerusalem couldn't haul me out of hit."

"Yas, sir-ee," continued Thomas Sylvester, "an' then when we-uns come walkin' into the house tonight and jist kinder suspicion to mammy and pappy that we all haint no porpers no longer, an' then when they up and ar-ks usns what we mean, an' then we jist pull out that one hundred dollars, wont they be ejaculated?"

"U-huh," conceded James Buchanan, "but they keep katchin' all the time."

"Maybe you best let me wear 'em down to the foot of this here hill," suggested Thomas Sylvester, but this proposition was refused with scorn and they plodded on in silence.

Thirty thousand people crowded

the grand stand and bleachers. They laughed, they talked, they sang, they yelled and each one individually gave free advice to the management, to the arena director, the track director, the carpenter and every one else who happened to meet with their approval or disapproval in the arena.

"In the center of the aren-ah," cried the enunciator and every megaphone on the fifty posts repeated it simultaneously, "Joe Paramateer on Whistling Annie." Everybody whistled. Then they yelled with delight when Joe went after the gourd.

"Joe Paramateer on Whistling Annie pulls leather," spake forth the enunciator bells and everybody whistled again.

"Ladies and gentle-men," shrilled the enunciators, "the Round-up now presents to you, for the first time in its history, the famous Belgrate Bull, Sharkey, who has never been ridden to exceed seven seconds. To any one who rides him for ten seconds the Round-up will pay one hundred dollars. Ladies and Gentlemen, Sharkey, the bull."

"Go get 'em Sharkey," "Ride 'em cowboy," "Let Sittin' Bull ride 'em."

These and similar jocular expressions floated across the track and into the arena where the buckaroo boss, a tall, angular man from Arkansas led Sharkey, the bull.

The big cattleman from John Day with the red flannel shirt, brilliant handkerchief and black derby hat came, plodding through the padlock and took a good long look at the bull.

Removing the cigar stub from his

mouth he said, "Five hundred to one that Paddlefoot Barker of the Circle Dot can ride 'im to a finish."

No takers.

Happy Jack threw the bull-rigging on Sharkey's back and began tightening the cinch.

Two tow heads peeped over the arena railing and two pairs of big blue eyes were riveted intently upon the ton of bull-meat standing submissively in the arena.

"Now," breathlessly breathed Thomas Sylvester between his teeth, "Hush," whispered James Buchanan, "wait till this yere other man rides 'im an' I can git a idee o' how he goes."

"In the center of the arena," piped the enunciators to the hushed thousand and with eyes expectantly upon the arena and the bull, "Tommy Trotwater of Cayuse will ride Sharkey for the money."

"Hurrah for the Tommy Trot," sang the crowd in chorus.

"Give 'im the bunny hug, Tommy Trot," advised the west bleacherites.

"Squeeze that lemon tight," admonished the cattle man from John Day with the red shirt and derby hat as Tommy Trotwater deployed himself over the bull saddle.

"Cut 'em loose," yelled the crowd and the enunciators repeated it and Happy Jack slipped the halter from Sharkey's head and jumped back. One jump and Tommy Trotwater was rolling like a floundered ship in a choppy sea, two jumps and he was sally out of place, three jumps and he went overboard amid the wild huzzas of the delighted multitude. Sharkey, re-

lieved of his burden planted his two front feet far apart, shook his big black head and snorted defiance, but otherwise remained patiently awaiting the removal of the saddle.

"Now," whispered Thomas Sylvester and, with beating heart and limber knees, James Buchanan slipped under the fence and started for the center of the arena. He was stopped once by the carpenter who shoved him back and again by a pick-up who almost ran over him with his horse. Finally James Buchanan negotiated the passage and reached the crowd around the bull as the second man went up. He made straight for the cattle man from John Day with the red shirt and derby hat.

The cattleman with the red shirt and derby hat lost two seconds of valuable bull-bucking by trying to locate what it was that was pestering his legs. Finally he looked down in that direction and saw James Buchanan.

"You want to ride that bull, son," he said after James had stuttered and stammered his request, "then you shore shall do that same thing."

The big cattleman pushed his way to the arena boss. "Nothing doin'" was the reply of that official, "we buck Sharkey but twice each day."

"See here," spoke the cattleman, and there was a quiet intensity in his voice and manner, "either this party I have in min gets to ride a bull or I take my strings and the Circle Dot outfit and go home, right this minute. This party has jist got to ride a bull."

"Oh, well, if that's the way you feel about it," replied the arena boss, "bring out Chief No Horns. He's a bull and that's all you ask for."

"And it goes for one hundred, just the same," asked the cattleman.

"That depends on the rider, where is he?"

"Come here, sonny," bawled the cattleman shoving his big fist in the direction of James Buchanan Bentenwale.

"Is that him or it?" laughed the arena boss. "Then the one hundred goes."

Chief No Horns was a bucked-out bull. It was a safe bet that no one would ride him ten seconds for he always laid down. He was a good buckner in his day but had grown wise to the fact that the easiest methods of unloading his burden was to lay it down and go down with it.

"What's your name," demanded the clerk of the course, of James Buchanan as Chief No Horns was being saddled.

"Jimmy Bentenwale."

"From where?" asked the clerk, scribbling on a piece of paper.

(Continued on Page Seven.)



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