

"Sunfish Squirm" May Supercede Tango

To the dump with the Tango, back to the woods with the Turkey Trot, Abas the Bunny Hug, the Angieworm Wiggle and all other forms and fancies in the modern terpsichorean art which have a movement all their own. Something new has been discovered in the realm of the dance which, its originators claim, will relegate all other heel and to phantasies to the darkest recesses of oblivion and itself claim a universal fealty from the dancing world. It is called the "Sunfish Squirm," and to the person familiar with the Round-up, the connotation of that title will be description enough.

The new dance does not take its name, as might be suspected, from some denizen of the mighty deep but derives it from a peculiar but distinctive movement executed by some backing bronches when attempting to project a rider into space. The movement is called "sunfishing" in frontier parlance and consists of a posterior twist combined with an interior rigidity and a misdirectional upheaval, always of course speaking of the aforementioned broncho.

The dance had its inception in the inventive mind of a metropolitan society belle who was a visitor at the Round-up here last year and it is whispered that she plans to introduce it at the dances which will entertain the crowd this year. It is told that while watching Angel in the finals last year, she suddenly clapped her hands and let out a few exclamations of delight, announcing to her friends that she had an idea for a new dance. To date, it is said, she has taught the dance only to a select few but, it is said furthermore, that these few are predicting that the "Sunfish Squirm" is destined to create a furore in high society circles.

"JIMMY THE WHALE" AND HOW HE RODE THE UNRIDABLE BULL

(Continued from Page Seven.)

"He's off," they yelled and everybody stepped back from the bull, giving the crowd a fair chance to see everything.

Chief No Horns blinked his eyes and picked out a nice place where he could lie down without any great inconvenience but just as he twisted himself into the proper shape he changed his mind. Something stirred him to action. It was Jimmy's legs. For a second Chief No Horns was so badly surprised that he could only stand still and bellow. Then he sprang forward, bending Jimmy's head back against the cantel but the young body took the twist without a flinch and when Chief No Horns stopped with a roar of rage, Jimmy was sitting straight in the saddle, still gripping the horn.

Chief No Horns pawed up a few bunches of earth, bellowed forth his defiance and whirled about.

"What in name of all creator's the matter with that bull?" demanded the arena boss.

He said no more for the bull caught sight of the cattleman from John Day with the red shirt and the black derby hat and charged. The big man dodged but he was too slow. No Horns took him about mid-ship and tossed him to one side, then he whirled and took a chance at the carpenter.

"Here you, get back there," yelled that startled individual as he waved his saw in front of No Horns, but it was no use for carpenter, saw and nails were strewn out promiscuously on the other side of the fence. Then No Horns turned and saw the big cattleman in a half rising position, the red shirt showing plainly. Somebody yelled but the cattleman went down and took the count. No Horns now turned his attention to a pick-up and that individual went down and lay sprawling on like a dying crab.

All this time No Horns was bellowing like a bull mad with rage and rain while Jimmy clung to dear life to the saddle horn whipped back and forth until his neck and shoulders ached. Twice he let go but didn't come off. Then he caught the horn again and lay forward.

A man up in the grand stand who claimed he never saw anything funny about the Round-up was carried out on a stretcher. A suffragette who had been loudly demanding votes for women was now in a shrill voice advising everybody to vote for the bull. The bass drummer in the band stand got so excited he beat his instrument

regardless and yelled for a matador. The lemonade boy dropped his trap and began climbing one of the posts in the grand stand. Everywhere people were in convulsions.

No Horns, having put the finishing touches on the cattleman from John Day who was the only person left in the arena and he was there because he couldn't get away, turned his attention to the Indian bleachers where there shone forth an array of colors that would delight the heart of any maddened bull. Just before No Horns took the fence it looked like the rout of Tippecanoe. And then, as No Horns threw his big bulk into the air to take the fence, there was a rent of tearing cloth and Jimmy the Whale shot over the bull's rump in a decidedly negligent attitude while over the fence went the bull with saddle on his back and in the saddle still sticking a pair of home-made leather chaps. As No Horns crashed into the Indian bleachers, Jimmy the Whale picked himself up and in undressed nether limbs sped down the track toward a hole in the fence while the grand stand and bleachers, collectively and individually, went into hysterics.

Ten minutes later, while the cattleman from John Day was still wondering what had happened to him and was being consoled by a bunch of sympathetic friends who gathered about him, a small tow headed chap in a pair of trousers that evidently had been cast off by Jack Johnson or the famous cardiff giant, pushed through the crowd, touched the cattleman on the arm, and said plaintively:

"Please, sir, do weuns get them hundred dollars?"

"Son," said the big cattleman pulling out his purse gently from his pocket and selecting numerous bills, "here's a hundred and fifty an' it's yours with this one reservation that you tell me what done it."

"Fish hooks," grinned Jimmy the Whale as he took the money and slipped away through the hole in the fence where another tow head waited his coming.

A GOOD RIDER MUST BE ABLE TO OUTHINK HIS HORSE

(Continued From Page Two.)

one of the most finished and famous of the girl riders, gives it as her opinion that the girls are "whipped" because they ride with hobbled stirrups. That is, the stirrups are tied down to the cinch and as long as the girl keeps her feet in the stirrups she will stay in the saddle and the variations of the bucks of the horses cause her head to whip back and forth. It is noticeable, too, that girls who ride slick saddle are never "whipped." Tittle never hobbles her stirrups.

While the audience dearly loves to see a cowboy bucked off a horse they take no delight in seeing a cowgirl go the same way. Consequently the management is always very desirous of getting as many poor riders in the boys' class as possible but will not let a girl ride until she has been tried out and found competent to stick the horse. On the first day all the young boys are given their chance and about 75 per cent of them get thrown. But they are learning to ride and by watching the top-notchers on the second and third day they prepare themselves for the championship class for the next year.

Relay Riding. In relay riding all depends upon the ability of the cowboy and cowgirl to make the changes. And therein lies all the excitement of the race after the first dash. Many good riders are out of the relay class because they get nervous and excited in changing saddles and take more time than the poor rider who keeps his head and makes his changes in the least possible time. With the girls the same thing is true, excepting that many good riders are either too small to make the mounts or have not strength enough to work through the four changes.

But still, everything considered, the real appeal that grips in witnessing either cowboys or cowgirls ride bucking horses or relay strings has never been analyzed. Even though the audience may not understand the fine points in the riding they do catch the thrill and the primitive emotions surge upward to utterance and expression in cheers and muscular motion. It is the first and primitive emotion, the conquest of man over beast, and it lives in every human breast. The thousands who annually witness the Round-up go away fully contented and satisfied with never a thought of why it is or what it is that makes them feel so

strangely content with what they have seen.

Love For a Book Saved Man's Life

A party of people, some of whom later made their home in Pendleton, and one of whom recently died at a ripe old age, could tell many stories of happenings not so humorous perhaps as the one told above. One Pendleton pioneer relates the story how her husband's lingering to read a book as they were crossing the plains, led to their being saved from massacre by the Indians.

The party had stopped for a meal, and at its finish, the train took up the long journey again. But the husband, who had got interested in a book lingered in a cool spot to read. The other wagons had got far ahead.

The wife finally went to the husband, roused him from his study and said they better be going. He reluctantly prepared, but they had not driven far before they saw a band of Indians coming down upon them. The husband turned the wagon and raced the horses at dead speed in the opposite direction, while the wife lay in the rear of the wagon with a rifle fighting the Indians off. The race was a close one and many times, she used to say in relating the story, she thought her time had come. Their baby was shot through an arm with an arrow but the wound did not prove serious. Finally after a long chase the Indians withdrew and later the little family reached a fort where they were welcomed. They learned later that all in the party with whom they had traveled had been massacred. It was the husband's interest in his book that alone saved them from a similar fate.

The Round-up Anthem (With apologies to America and all her population.)

Oh Long Tom, 'tis of three, Symbol of devility, Of thee we sing, Horse that no man can ride, Horse that they all have tried, Horse of the Round-up pride, Great equine king.

We love thy snorts and kicks, We love thy vicious tricks, Thy name we love, We love thy bucking true, We love thy pitching, too, We in the grandstand do, From up above,

Pride of a hundred shows, Author of endless woes, To thee we sing, Long may thy soul be bright, With hell's own baleful light, God save us from thy might, Long Tom, our king, —Merle Chessman.

Slow But Sure. Mabel—"Yes my grandpa has reached the age of ninety-six. Isn't it wonderful?" Willie—"Wonderful nothin'! Look at the time it's taken him to do it."

PENDLETON'S PROGRESSIVE SPIRIT

Shown in Selection of Modern Type of Street Improvements

Type of Street Improvement. Pendleton through the intelligence and business acumen of its citizens, has unquestionably become the biggest and most progressive city of its size in the country.

In no single instance has this progressive spirit been better demonstrated than in the selection and adherence to the type of pavement laid here. The same spirit that made the Round-up of national prominence, exerted itself against all opposition and after a thorough investigation decided that the best was the cheapest and none too good for the town. As a result Bitulthic was selected and first laid eight years ago on Main street and East Court street and the wisdom and advantage of this selection is best shown by the fact that these streets after eight years of heavy traffic are apparently just as good as when first laid, and have not required the expenditure of a single dollar in maintenance. Last year, forty additional blocs of this pavement were laid and at least fifty more will have been laid or contracted for this year. The adherence to Bitulthic was not accomplished without considerable opposition from within and without and although several different types of pavement reported to be "just as good but cheaper" fought desperately for an entrance, the Pendleton spirit, in the light of their knowledge of Bitulthic, and its apparent superiority, refused to experiment.

With the increasing popularity and realization of the advantage accruing from this type of pavement, Pendleton will soon be in the first rank of cities having well paved streets. The impetus to real estate values since the adoption of this pavement on residence streets has even exceeded the highest expectations. In one instance in particular can be shown of a lot on West Court street, which could not be sold for \$500.00 before this street was paved, which sold for \$100.00 after the pavement was completed and the buyer assumed the cost of the pavement besides. This represents practically a triple increase in value, most of which is undoubtedly due to the pavement. The record of real estate transactions in Pendleton in the last two years will show that fully 90 per cent of the property that changed hands was on paved streets and at a considerably increased value.

While in Pendleton take advantage of the opportunity to drive over the streets and see for yourself this modern type of street improvement that has been such an important factor in Pendleton's progress.

(Advertisement.)

Advertisement for Hamley & Company featuring a large image of a saddle. Text includes: "The Circle 'H'", "TRADE MARK", "HAMLEY & CO. MAKERS PENDLETON, ORE.", "on a saddle means absolute satisfaction to both horse and rider. 'If they're not right, we make them right.'", "Catalog Free", "HAMLEY & COMPANY", "124-126-128-130 East Court Street Pendleton, Oregon".

Advertisement for Pendleton's Progressive Spirit featuring two images of street pavement. Text includes: "TAKE HOME A SOUVENIR", "'Pendleton' Indian Robe", "MADE in Pendleton, Home of 'THE ROUND-UP'", "PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS, Manufacturers of PURE FLEECE WOOL INDIAN ROBES BED BLANKETS STEAMER RUGS BATH ROBES INDIAN SHAWLS", "The superior quality and originality of design has given these goods and individuality known throughout the United State. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.", "No piece without this Trade Mark on it is genuine. Wm. HANSCOM THE Jeweler."

Advertisement for Hawke's Cut Glass featuring an image of a glass vase. Text includes: "HAWKE'S", "WHEN CHOOSING YOUR CUT GLASS", "look for the above name on every piece.", "It stands for perfection in cutting and polishing.", "The beauty of design and fineness of detail makes HAWKES CUT GLASS found in the homes of those who KNOW—and treasure most highly by its possessors. Sold in Pendleton exclusively by Wm. HANSCOM THE Jeweler."