

WVI Leaguers Scores Listed

Backbone's 280 Sets up Towering Mark for Future Shooters

It looks like the WVI leaguers will have to be resigned to a co-championship for 1939, as both Molalla and Dallas, the clubs which wound up regular season play knotted at the top of the heap with 12 wins and two losses each, have tough district tournaments to wade through that will leave no time or endurance for a playoff.

The Bucks lost only to Silverton and Dallas, in their first two encounters of the season.

Dallas was stopped once by Chemawa and once by Molalla, the Chiefs doing it on the Chemawa floor and the Bucks accomplishing it at Dallas.

Robbie, Molalla	68
Johnson, Silverton	62
Johnson, Chemawa	58
Perle, Lebanon	58
Nelson, Woodburn	58
Williams, Dallas	58
Peavey, Silverton	58
Stadler, Lebanon	58
St. Peter, Dallas	58
Spindler, Chemawa	58
Klein, West Linn	58
Marin, Independence	58
Harris, Woodburn	58
Miller, West Linn	58
Kent, West Linn	58
Rogers, Independence	58
Ellis, West Linn	58
Schnee, Molalla	58
Gursey, Woodburn	58
Stacy, Independence	58
Primo, Independence	58
Widde, Independence	58
Ellis, West Linn	58
Ross, Woodburn	58
Anderson, Woodburn	58
Koch, Woodburn	58
Bendstrup, Dallas	58
Walker, Molalla	58
Coleman, Woodburn	58
Graham, Independence	58
Justine, Molalla	58
Stichel, Dallas	58
Forster, Dallas	58
Norton, Chemawa	58
Harmon, West Linn	58
Christ, Lebanon	58
Harris, Dallas	58
Adams, Silverton	58
Barr, Silverton	58

Salem, Corvallis Mittmen to Meet

Coach Cotter Gould's Salem high boxing squad is scheduled for a return to Corvallis, over whom the Vikings hold a 6-2 win, here Monday night at 8 o'clock.

Boys who will don the mitts for Salem include Snyder, Greenlee, White, Hofstetter, Layton, Schroeder, Dickey and Olson.

Whickee Wins Handicap

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 25.—(AP)—Major Christopher Carson's Whickee captured the \$10,000 San Antonio handicap in a stunning upset today and emerged as a strong candidate in the \$100,000 Santa Anita handicap next Saturday.

Bench and Bullpen Fixture



AAU Tournament Due at Portland

Charlie's Collegians Draw Game With Champions, Pacific Packards

PORTLAND, Feb. 25.—(AP)—The cream of Oregon's independent and collegiate basketball teams, including the State college and university, were paired off today for the start Tuesday of the annual AAU tournament on the Jefferson and Benson Tech high school floors here.

Twenty-four topnotch teams will seek the title, currently held by the Pacific Packards, and the right to represent Oregon in the national tourney at Denver. The state finals will be played Saturday.

Albany, Monmouth in Tuesday night's games at Jefferson will include Signal Oil, Portland, vs. Creme Free, Molalla; Blain Clothing, Albany, vs. Bradford Clothing, Portland, and Eugene District vs. St. Helens Paper Co. on Wednesday.

The same night at Benson, games will include Ingle Drug, Ashland, vs. The Dalles Townies; Multnomah Club, Portland, vs. Domestic Laundry, Pendleton, and Charlie's Collegians, Monmouth, vs. Pacific Packards.

Winners of the Eugene and Tillamook districts have yet to be determined. Games will start at 6:30 p. m.

Technician Is Winner In Flaming Stakes

MIAMI, Fla., Feb. 25.—(AP)—Technician, like Lawrin, a speedy son of Inco, probably assured himself the favorite's role in the Kentucky derby when he outran and outgamed Colliant in the stretch to win the Flamingo stakes by a half-length at Hialeah Park today.

Nevada Skier Champ

TREASURE ISLAND, Calif., Feb. 25.—(AP)—Bud Owens of the University of Nevada leaped 103 feet today to win the expert's intercollegiate standing ski jump trophy at the fairgrounds.

Curt Comments

Williams college golfers at Williamstown, Mass., have developed a tournament, the rules of which might appeal to some of the boys hereabouts. No new balls allowed; no penalty for lost balls; "whiffers" don't count; hand mashes permitted after two failures to get out with club; ball in ditch may be thrown out but not with more than 15 yard gain; strokes don't count; improve lie, except in bunker; no concession of pttts over 10 feet; the game must not be taken seriously.

Going to the other extreme, the pros, who do take their golf seriously, are in the southern circuit just now, with the Tin Whistle tournament at Pinehurst, N.C., just completed and the Thomasville, Ga., open now under way. The St. Petersburg, Fla., open starts Wednesday and the Miami-Biltmore next Sunday—four-ball match play for a chance (the change adds up to \$5000).

A fellow in Bradenton, Fla., claimed yesterday he found a golf ball in good condition in the stomach of a fish of the grouper variety, a sort of sea bass, caught several miles offshore in the Gulf—no, Gulf—of Mexico. Principal value of this story accrues to golfers who are also fishermen—they'll be able to economize by having a story that will fit in two types of conversation.

A little occasional mist this weekend, but Emil Buchmann's dodo on the sixth last Sunday officially opened the season and the regulars can't afford to stay away now. John Varley sprang the Silverton match with only about 10 days warning a year ago, and that time of year is coming closer with great rapidity.

Reach Quarter Finals

HOUSTON, Tex., Feb. 25.—(AP)—The elements raged with fury today but John Darnum, Bobby Reigel, Ed White and Howard Croel stumbled on to victory in the quarter finals of the Houston invitation golf tournament.

Vernonia Defeats Monmouth High; Frosh Get Edge

MONMOUTH—Vernonia High defeated Monmouth high here Tuesday night, 28 to 27, in one of the best games of the season. At no time during the game were there over three points difference. At half time the locals led 18 to 15. Otherwise they matched basket for basket giving the leading team one point margin for their lead. With the score standing 28 to 27, 20 seconds to go, the home boys had an opportunity to win, tie or lose the game when they had two gift shots—but the pressure was too great, missing both. Monmouth 27 28 Vernonia Warrick 4 4 Ruddell Foster 4 10 Baker Ferguson 4 8 La Porte McElidowney 4 6 Killias Howard 7 Purcell

Referee, John Haller. What was scheduled as a preliminary game turned out to be the game of the evening—between Dallas Junior High and Monmouth High Freshmen. The game ended in a tie. In the overtime Thurston dropped in a gift shot. Buckingham a field goal. Crook fired a howitzer which dropped through the bucket as the gun cracked, winning 16 to 15.

Dallas Junior 15 16 M. Freshmen Hiebert 1 Crippen J. Smith 3 Dewey Dunon 8 Thurston B. Smith 2 Lorence Buckingham 10 8 Crook

Fish Chokers Win In Final Seconds

With four seconds to go, Jack Haek made good a foul conversion to give the Fish Chokers a 26 to 25 win over Jeepers Creepers last night, the victory carrying with it the Willamette Intramural league championship.

Fish Chokers 26 25 Jeepers B. Williams 1 7 Shinn P. Williams 7 7 Southard Haek 4 1 Pierce Srinio 6 Baker Stewart 6 6 Hinman

Subs, for Creepers: Bennett 3, Turner 1. For Chokers: Shaffer 3, Moo 3, Blake 1, Becken 1. Officials: "Spec" Keene and Les Sparks.

"KIT CARSON - Avenger"

By Evelyn Wells

SYNOPSIS
At 19, Christopher Carson—Kit Carson, as he would be known—found himself, with a price upon his head, in Taos, New Mexico, to which he had fled from Madison County, Kentucky, his birthplace. Apprenticed by his mother to a fiddler, Kit had run away, drifting into Taos over the Santa Fe trail in the spring of 1826. Three years later, he met Ewing Young, a captain of trappers, who was preparing to lead a party westward toward California. Ostensibly the men sought vengeance against hostile Indians. Actually they sought the contraband fur of the beaver. Kit, convincing Young that he would be a valuable addition to the buck-skinned cavalcade, distinguishes himself by killing two medicine men in the first brush with the head Apaches. Through the hot summer the trail breakers toil across the lonely desert toward the Colorado River—and California.

chisel-like teeth, logs laid neatly to form dams, mortised with clay dragged on the trowel-like tails of the hard-working little animals. Standing knee-deep in the river he set traps chained to stakes driven in the banks and baited these traps with the essence prepared in camp of the castor of the beaver mixed with extract of spice-bush root. Old trappers held a beaver could scent this tempting mixture half a mile. Beavers interested Kit. Sometimes he dug under river banks to study their over-shaped lodges with entrances hidden under water, where on bed of moss and twigs the mother beaver bore her three or four furry babes. Green logs were sunk before

plained the exhausted priest. "They red the roofs and in the excitement ran off with all the horses in the Mission corral. They drove them toward the Sierra."
"How many horses, Father?"
"One hundred of our finest. But these Indians will eat them. They are ex-neophytes from our missions, renegade Indians who steal and eat cattle. We call them Horse Thief Indians. And these are valuable horses."
Mission San Jose was rich. Sixty thousand cattle ranged its hills, three thousand Indians paid it homage. It was famous throughout pastoral California for its fine wheat and fine horses. Young



Kit saw her behind the wooden bars of the deep window.... Teresita was to him like the image of a young angel.

CHAPTER IV

There were times when Ewing Young looked curiously at Kit Carson across the camp fire.

"By the smitten look of you, lad," he would say, "and were you a hundred miles nearer a woman, I'd swear you were in love."

Kit would start, try not to redden. Then the trappers, lounging, mending tattered buckskin trousers or scraping pelts around the fire, would laugh at his youthful discomfiture.

But when they slept after the long day's hunting on the Sacramento, Kit stole from camp. Beyond a knoll waited the Maid, whinnying with love for the boy as he came to her. Softly at first, and then hastening, they hurried over the plain to the southwest.

Six hours he would ride. Then the plain showed a long low dwelling of flat-roofed adobe, like the houses of Taos. Kit sprang from the Maid, leaving the bride trailing, and hurried into the shadow of the casa. Many dogs around the ranchhouse stirred and were silent, knowing Kit the hunter, the trapper, the man sharing the conspiracy of romance.

"A-see, Christopher!" Teresita's voice, hushed and mocking! Kit saw her then in the gloom behind the wooden bars of the deep window. In its velvet depths, her tightly-bodiced little figure was to him like an image of a young angel.

"Aye, so Christopher," whispered Kit, and how the men in camp would have roared to see their rough and ready Carson as a gallant, bowing hand on heart before a darkened window! He might tell of this long affair, with embarrassment and an amused, wistful regret.

They talked. Liquid was Kit's Spanish learned in Taos. Burning the words. They planned with the innocences of the unguided and very young.

"I'm not going back to Taos, Teresita. I'm staying here. Maybe some day I'll have a ranch like your father's on Mission San Jose land. Maybe we'll live near each other! Maybe..."

They sighed over the delicious words, which fled in lightning. Only the shadows met between the heavy redwood bars of the deep window. And because Kit had never seen the girl by day, she was like a dream with outlines blurred in ecstasy.

One hour of this, and then to camp again. Unwearied, carrying a small tin case, he shot on the way as alibi. Kit took his place among the other trappers at breakfast. And not even Young dreamed that his youngest follower had left camp during the night, or, in the night, that the Maid had been put to the horse run of a hundred miles.

Sometimes the trappers recalled the fate of the Patties, and Smith, the only white men before them to enter California overland. Pattie had been killed as a spy from Spain, and died in a Mexican prison. "The trappers who stay from Monterey to the border," said Young, "they haven't visited us."

looked at Kit who was brewing scorn coffee for the priest.

"Since it's your fault and a girl's that we're found, lad, I'm going to let you handle this. You've shown me you can scare Indians. Choose your men."

Kit's eyes seemed to turn from turquoise to granite. Someone would write later of Carson that his eyes could be soft as a lover's and hard as a rattler's. In this moment Young saw the change.

"Can I take eleven, Cap'n?" Kit would ever prefer a band of twelve for vengeance. He was superstitious with legends learned from desert Indians. Twelve was the number of fulfillment, the number of the divisions of the year. Now he pointed his finger at men twice his age, saying, "I'll take you Jean. And you, Higgins."

So he rode from the willow-shadowed Sacramento, for the first time leader of an avenging band.

They crossed the plain to the Sierra. Kit jumped the Maid across an arroyo. Her small unshod feet landed safely on the other side. Kit exclaimed, pointing: "Indian sign!" Higgins rode to him. His voice was respectful and he did not call the boy, "Kit," as before.

"How many tracks, Carson?" Kit dismounted to study the disturbed soil.

"I'll say, morn'n a hundred horses passed here within six hours. How many Indians are on 'em—who know! But Indians don't raid in small parties. Maybe a hundred varmints are waiting in ambush over that'nas hill."

Kit pointed to a low hill of the Sierra. At his back lay wilderness, and two hundred miles away the first Mexican habitation, and that unfriendly. They were hemmed in every way by danger.

Kit shifted his long rifle into readiness. His eleven followers looked doubtfully at one another and at their headless leader Kit Carson.

Higgins muttered, "But we are only twelve..."

(To be continued)

Jefferson Drops Tilt to Mill City

JEFFERSON—Jefferson high school boys lost to Mill City in the game played on the local floor by a score of 21 to 18.

The score at half time was 17 in favor of Jefferson. Only one point was made by the local

team in the last half of the game.

Lineups:
Jefferson 18 21 Mill City
Parrish 2 7 Schroder
Grisel 10 Herron
Knight 10 2 Wilson
Cole Moravec
Pennick 6 1 McDonald
1 Lalack
Referee, Hobbs.

POLLY AND HER PALS

Yeah, It's a Long Stretch!



Nevada Skier Champ

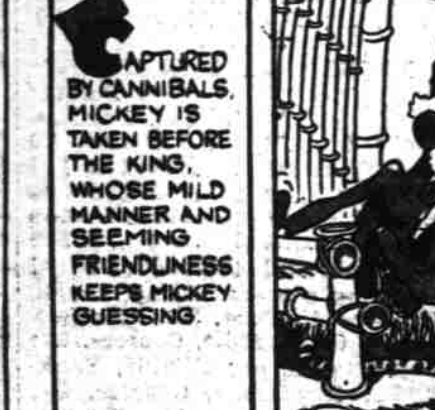
TREASURE ISLAND, Calif., Feb. 25.—(AP)—Bud Owens of the University of Nevada leaped 103 feet today to win the expert's intercollegiate standing ski jump trophy at the fairgrounds.

Reach Quarter Finals

HOUSTON, Tex., Feb. 25.—(AP)—The elements raged with fury today but John Darnum, Bobby Reigel, Ed White and Howard Croel stumbled on to victory in the quarter finals of the Houston invitation golf tournament.

MICKEY MOUSE

There Are Hors D'Oeuvres on the Menu!



Little Annie Rooney

A Young Man With a Bad Memory



Toots and Casper

A Descending Doom



Thimble Theatre - Starring Popeye

Way Down Yonder in the Corn Fields



Fish Chokers Win In Final Seconds

With four seconds to go, Jack Haek made good a foul conversion to give the Fish Chokers a 26 to 25 win over Jeepers Creepers last night, the victory carrying with it the Willamette Intramural league championship.

Fish Chokers 26 25 Jeepers B. Williams 1 7 Shinn P. Williams 7 7 Southard Haek 4 1 Pierce Srinio 6 Baker Stewart 6 6 Hinman

Subs, for Creepers: Bennett 3, Turner 1. For Chokers: Shaffer 3, Moo 3, Blake 1, Becken 1. Officials: "Spec" Keene and Les Sparks.

Toots and Casper

A Descending Doom



Thimble Theatre - Starring Popeye

Way Down Yonder in the Corn Fields



Fish Chokers Win In Final Seconds

With four seconds to go, Jack Haek made good a foul conversion to give the Fish Chokers a 26 to 25 win over Jeepers Creepers last night, the victory carrying with it the Willamette Intramural league championship.

Fish Chokers 26 25 Jeepers B. Williams 1 7 Shinn P. Williams 7 7 Southard Haek 4 1 Pierce Srinio 6 Baker Stewart 6 6 Hinman

Subs, for Creepers: Bennett 3, Turner 1. For Chokers: Shaffer 3, Moo 3, Blake 1, Becken 1. Officials: "Spec" Keene and Les Sparks.

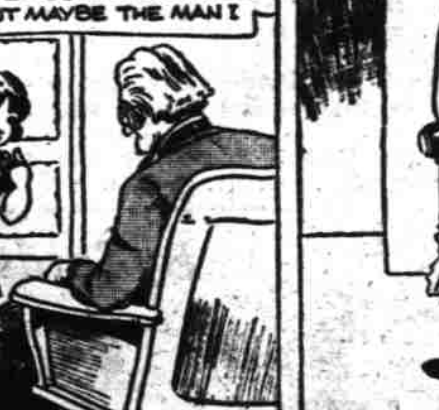
Toots and Casper

A Descending Doom



Thimble Theatre - Starring Popeye

Way Down Yonder in the Corn Fields



Fish Chokers Win In Final Seconds

With four seconds to go, Jack Haek made good a foul conversion to give the Fish Chokers a 26 to 25 win over Jeepers Creepers last night, the victory carrying with it the Willamette Intramural league championship.

Fish Chokers 26 25 Jeepers B. Williams 1 7 Shinn P. Williams 7 7 Southard Haek 4 1 Pierce Srinio 6 Baker Stewart 6 6 Hinman

Subs, for Creepers: Bennett 3, Turner 1. For Chokers: Shaffer 3, Moo 3, Blake 1, Becken 1. Officials: "Spec" Keene and Les Sparks.

Toots and Casper

A Descending Doom



Thimble Theatre - Starring Popeye

Way Down Yonder in the Corn Fields

