

ON TO OREGON— The Way West

By A. B. GUTHRIE, JR.

SYNOPSIS: The On-to-Oregon Outfit is already on the trail. They have crossed the Kaw, and Indians have tried to stampede the cattle. Mack, angry with his cool wife Amanda, is taking out his rage by riding off into the dark to try to shoot Indians (against the advice of the old scout Dick Summers, leader of the party). Meanwhile, Life, Rebecca and Brownie Evans, white-trash McBee, Tadlock and the others realize that they are really in Indian country. It is spring, 1845. Now go on with the story—

Chapter 8
Mack reined his horse out from the water and struck west, riding hard in the direction he remembered the cattle had taken.

Nothing happened. The Great Dipper wheeled in the sky and a far dropped and wolves howled and the horses slumbered.

It was far out when, faint as something imagined, he heard rifle fire downstream, from the direction of camp. He pulled his horse up, hazy hearing in him, things in his mind before he had time to regulate his thoughts, of Indians and the camp and Amanda without him to protect her; and then it occurred to him that he must be four o'clock and the sentinels would be firing to rouse the camp for the day's journey. He kicked his horse into a lope. He was close enough to hear the whoo-whoos, sounding thin in the still of morning, when he saw the Indian in the tree. At first he took him for a big coon, or maybe a bear, and then, coming closer, he made out the shape of a man in a comb of hair and the blanket gathered around the shoulders. From his vantage point above the lower growth the Indian was watching the camp. He was holding to his perch and watching.

Mack dismounted and tied his horse and walked ahead, stepping soft.

Even with the blood thumping in his head and his lungs clear, he couldn't miss, not if he fired. There was the barrel lifting and the slight lining up and the finger waiting on the trigger.

The Indian turned his sharp face composed but watchful, and his eyes ran over the back country. Mack saw them nearing, saw them widen and fix in the shocked instant of finding him. He was not four o'clock. The Indian dropped as the rifle cracked.

Mack ran up. The Indian was dead all right, dead as a coonrail. A jouse worked the left of the head and a hand breeze fanned it. Watching, Mack felt fatigue dragging at him, felt loneliness and regret creeping on him and bearing him down. Now, unaccountably, he wanted to cry.

The Kaw lay behind them, the Wakarusa and the Kaw each standing out in memory as the train went up and down the hills and across the canvas of the wagons, each costing something—time and sweat and breath, a broken tongue or piece of harness.

Rebecca said "Haw" to the oxen and pulled her old coat closer about her neck. She was walking at the side of the wagon, being so tired and sore she didn't want to ride. If a person had flesh on her she would give just a little from the jolting and spots on the flesh sore to the touch.

Ahead of her Life turned and smiled and turned back again to the water and the working. He knew that made a mourning sound along the canvas of the wagons. That was the way with that dog. Most of the time he followed the oxen as if on a lead rope. Everything was going as well as a body could hope. They were making fair time, even Dick Summers said, and they hadn't had any trouble with the Indians. Life was all, and the Indian Mack had shot for some reason, and later on, the Kaws that came to call about the shooting and had got their own things into the woods. Mack had found the cattle, all but one. Dick didn't lay the stampede to Indians, except that maybe the sentinels were spooky from the smell of gun powder. He said, always scared of Indian scent.

Rebecca kept her eye out for Dick and Brownie. And for Dick Summers, too, though he was most out of sight. He was following the oxen or deciding the way or first. He kept the pot full. At first, those in the settlements, he had come in with ducks and snipe and geese, but now he hunted bigger game. Last night he brought back two turkeys and a strange thing that he called a wild goat but others said it was an antelope. He kept the pots full, their pot and Brother's too.

Most of the time Brownie was back with the cows. She saw him sometimes when the train was back, being a boy yet and bashful about showing his feelings.

Wagons at the tail had to bear weight of dust, and so it was they rode places day by day, the back end as having up and the fore end coming back.

The wind that blew was not like the winds of home. It was steadier and more devilish.

She knew herself for a strong-tempered woman, but now she needed her husband's strength. "You think things will be all right, sure enough, Life?"

"Sticker'n grease, honey," he said, using the rare name for her as if he understood her need. "Don't you fret yourself."

She heard sounds behind her and turned and saw Tadlock coming on a horse. He spoke while he was two jumps away. "Well, corral. 'High and mighty, ain't he?" asked Rebecca.

"Yep," Life spoke without heat, weighing things in his mind. "Longer he's captain the mightier he gets. He's got his pins, though. He cries hard. It ain't an easy place, with some wanted to hurry and some to hold back and some scared of Indians and some sorry they set out and some just naturally ornery."

"He won't last the trip, Life."

"Time we get to the Platte, we can figure we've made a start," Dick Summers said.

Evans quivered ahead, searching for the hills that people spoke of as the coasts of Nebraska. "It's the best part of a month to get started on," he said.

Life rode along with him and Dick, Patch and Daugherty and Martin. Together they were scouting for Indians and picking out the way for the wagons that followed.

Evans turned and saw a figure in the distance and sometimes tore pieces from it and posted little flags across breaks and washes to show the lead teamster where to head.

Evans turned to his saddle. Back of them, maybe a mile down the gradual slope they had climbed, he could see the wagon train winding in its haze of dust.

Evans could see his own wagons, he thought, and a figure by one of them that he took for Rebecca. Brownie must be inside the second wagon, riding. He knew, with a little pulling of secret pride, that Rebecca would be searching ahead for him, wanting him to be all right, just as he was searching back for her.

This was one day, he thought, when Brownie wouldn't have to breathe so much dust. Mack had talked Shields into helping him once in a while, and today Shields was back with the cows. Evans never thought of Mack but he thought of the night of the stampede and the Indian Mack had shot. The shooting seemed like a cruel and useless thing from what he could make out of it, though some of the men laughed and said the Indian got a case of falling sickness.

Dick picked out the nooning place. The wagons rolled in by and by, pulling in columns a foot or two abreast as they did at noon, and the oxen were unloosed but not unyoked, and the women got busy with the victuals.

Before the wagons started, Evans had climbed his horse, going to join with Dick and Patch and the other outriders. Rock had got up, slow but dutiful, and followed him. They rode without talking very much.

Later Dick standing in his stirrups said, "There's the coast, I'm thinking."

When Evans saw looked like a range of high broken hills, standing sharp and blue against the northwest sky.

As they drew closer, weaving among a long set of bader holes, the hills rolled in until at last they were just piles of sand forty to sixty feet high, blown up by the wind and held together by cactus and little and, Evans saw as he rode into the wind grasses that his horse kept tugging for. A powderlike salt patched the ground with white.

Evans had heard about the Platte, and he had picked it in his mind. He thought he knew what he was going to see, but now that his horse stood on the summit, he couldn't believe. He couldn't believe that flat could be so flat, or that distance could be so far, or that the sky lifted so dizzy-deep or that the world stood so empty. He saw old Rock chase a badger into a hole, saw a bunch of antelope drifting saw the river and the hills, the woods rising on its islands and the sand in a great gray waste, but it was something he couldn't put a name to that held him. He thought he never had seen the world before. He never had known distance until now. He had lived shut off by trees and hills and had thought the world was a doll's world and distance just three hollers away and the sky no higher than a rifle shot.

He said, "By God, Dick! By God!" and Dick nodded, knowing how it was with him, and silence stronger than any sound closed in on the words as if he had broken the rules by speaking.

(To be continued)

Club Board Meets
Amity—Mrs. A. W. Newby and Mrs. H. W. Torbet attended an executive board meeting of the Yamhill county Federation of Women's Clubs, at the home of Mrs. L. R. Alderman at Dayton. Mrs. Alderman served a luncheon.

DOOM AND BOARD By Gene Ahern
I VALUE BROTHER, PINKY'S JUDGMENT, AND HE'S PROBABLY RIGHT IN SAYING MY IDEA FOR AN AROMA ALARM CLOCK IS TOO FANTASTIC SO I'LL DISCONTINUE FURTHER THOUGHT ON IT!

Y'KNOW WHAT'S IN THIS BOX? "MORTON" DA MOUSE! I WAS OUT IN DA COUNTRY VISITIN' A FRIEND WHO OWNS A RACE HORSE, AN I FOUND "MORTON" IN A SKED FANTASTIC BOX HE COULDN'T CLIMB OUT A—SO I RESCUED HIM FOR A PET!

THIS IS MR. DALE, HENRI—HE CAME TO GIVE YOUR STUDIO A LOOK-OVER!

LOOK?—HE'S GIVING ME OUGHT TO BE LAUNDERED!

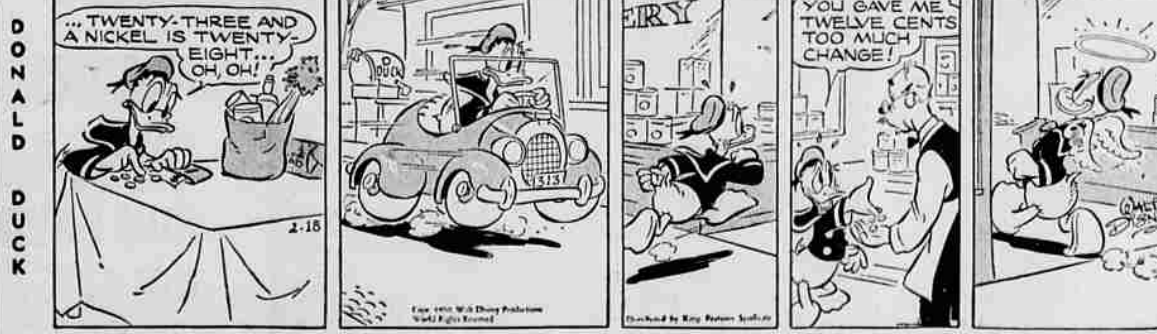
MR. DALE IS ALL POOKED OUT FROM CARRYING A CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER!

I MERELY WANT TO PROOF THAT LOVER BOY IS A GOOD PHOTOGRAPHER, PEGGY!

I'LL HAVE MY WIFE BRING OUT AN ALBUM OF MY WORK!... TANNA!

WIFE?—THEN YOU'RE NOT—I MEAN—I'M SURE WE'LL GET ALONG SWELL, FELLA!

GHEER UP, JUDGE... "MORTON" IS GOING TO GLADDEN YOUR LIFE!



RADIO PROGRAMS

SATURDAY—P. M.

KGW	KOIN	KEX	KSLM	KOCO
420 NBC	970 CBS	1190 ABC	1390 NBC	1490 Kc.
5:00 Hands of Land	Joe DIMAGGIO	Special Events	True or False	Cy Shannon
5:15 Hands of Land	Joe DIMAGGIO	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
5:30 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
5:45 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
6:00 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
6:15 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
6:30 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
6:45 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
7:00 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
7:15 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
7:30 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
7:45 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
8:00 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
8:15 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
8:30 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
8:45 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
9:00 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
9:15 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
9:30 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
9:45 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
10:00 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
10:15 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
10:30 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
10:45 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
11:00 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
11:15 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
11:30 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
11:45 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon
12:00 Hands of Land	Danger Ahead	Remember	True or False	Cy Shannon

DIAL LISTING, KOAC 550

KOAC Saturday P. M.—5:00, Children's Theater; 5:15, On the Upbeat; 5:30, 550 Sports Club; 6:00, News; 6:15, London Letter; 6:30, U. of O. Sem. Dance Parade; 10:00, Sign Off.

SUNDAY

KGW	KOIN	KEX	KSLM	KOCO
7:00 Radio Pulpit	Church of Air	Band Box	Band Box	Band Box
7:15 Radio Pulpit	Church of Air	Band Box	Band Box	Band Box
7:30 Radio Pulpit	Church of Air	Band Box	Band Box	Band Box
7:45 Radio Pulpit	Church of Air	Band Box	Band Box	Band Box
8:00 J. Dan's Studio	Newsweekers	Revival Hour	1st Baptist Ch.	River Boys
8:15 J. Dan's Studio	Newsweekers	Revival Hour	1st Baptist Ch.	River Boys
8:30 J. Dan's Studio	Newsweekers	Revival Hour	1st Baptist Ch.	River Boys
8:45 J. Dan's Studio	Newsweekers	Revival Hour	1st Baptist Ch.	River Boys
9:00 J. Dan's Studio	Newsweekers	Revival Hour	1st Baptist Ch.	River Boys
9:15 J. Dan's Studio	Newsweekers	Revival Hour	1st Baptist Ch.	River Boys
9:30 J. Dan's Studio	Newsweekers	Revival Hour	1st Baptist Ch.	River Boys
9:45 J. Dan's Studio	Newsweekers	Revival Hour	1st Baptist Ch.	River Boys
10:00 J. Dan's Studio	Newsweekers	Revival Hour	1st Baptist Ch.	River Boys
10:15 J. Dan's Studio	Newsweekers	Revival Hour	1st Baptist Ch.	River Boys
10:30 J. Dan's Studio	Newsweekers	Revival Hour	1st Baptist Ch.	River Boys
10:45 J. Dan's Studio	Newsweekers	Revival Hour	1st Baptist Ch.	River Boys
11:00 J. Dan's Studio	Newsweekers	Revival Hour	1st Baptist Ch.	River Boys
11:15 J. Dan's Studio	Newsweekers	Revival Hour	1st Baptist Ch.	River Boys
11:30 J. Dan's Studio	Newsweekers	Revival Hour	1st Baptist Ch.	River Boys
11:45 J. Dan's Studio	Newsweekers	Revival Hour	1st Baptist Ch.	River Boys
12:00 J. Dan's Studio	Newsweekers	Revival Hour	1st Baptist Ch.	River Boys

MONDAY—6 A.M. TO 4:45 P.M.

KGW	KOIN	KEX	KSLM	KOCO
6:00 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
6:15 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
6:30 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
6:45 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
7:00 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
7:15 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
7:30 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
7:45 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
8:00 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
8:15 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
8:30 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
8:45 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
9:00 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
9:15 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
9:30 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
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10:00 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
10:15 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
10:30 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
10:45 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
11:00 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
11:15 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
11:30 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
11:45 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News
12:00 Hodas Podas	News	Farm News	News	News

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS: 1. Formal proposal; 7. Small houses; 12. Exact satisfaction; 14. A satellite of Uranus; 16. Mountain lake; 18. Palm leaf; 19. Sea eagle; 20. Part of the eye; 21. Short sleep; 22. Parts in a play; 23. Jumbled type; 24. Head covering; 25. Tablet; 26. Cur. meat; 27. Perceived by the eye.

DOWN: 2. Give; 3. Part of certain flowers; 4. Nourished; 5. Tennis shot; 6. At a loss; 8. Jury list; 9. Old musical note; 43. Agreement; 44. Dip; 45. Do the matter; 46. Part of the eye; 47. Wingless; 48. Part of the eye; 49. Musical note; 50. greeting; 51. Garden fruit; 52. Puffs up; 53. Ship's officer.

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle: 1. City in Portugal; 2. Bird of the gull family; 3. Interior; 4. King of Sheehan; 5. Like a cloud; 6. Winds spirally; 7. Competently; 8. Exalt; 9. Sarcasitic; 10. Italian city; 11. Crackle; 12. Old; 13. Seal; 14. Broad open vessel; 15. Sunmit; 16. Toucher; 17. Jointly; 18. Purloin; 19. American Indian; 20. Rippled against; 21. Having a good margin; 22. Stand opposite; 23. Covers with a hard surface; 24. South American animal; 25. Direction; 26. Provocative; 27. Golf stroke; 28. Salted; 29. Tropical fruit; 30. God of love; 31. Ostrich; 32. Ostrich.

AP Newsfeatures

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