

# ON TO OREGON— The Way West

By A. B. GUTHRIE, JR.

**SYNOPSIS:** You could say that the On-to-Oregon wagon train was a seasoned outfit now. Death, desertion, Indian trouble and many hundred weary miles were behind them. But just ahead at the moment lies difficult cut-off that may save two days, and on the other hand, may bring disaster to the party. Dick Summers, the able man who has been their guide, knows better than the others how tough this high, desert cut-off may be on man and beast. It is late summer, 1845. Now go on with the story—

Chapter 16  
They had cut right at the Little Sandy and headed across the divide and rolled down to the Big and filled buckets there and kegs and barrels and had waited until the day cooled. At four o'clock by the watch that Evans carried, Summers had led them out.

They traveled all night, bumping over the sagebrush. As the desert lightened with the coming of the sun, they stopped and doled out water for the animals and turned them loose for what little that grew and breakfasted on dried meat and bread baked day before and yoked up again and went on.

There never was a day in his remembering, Summers thought as noon scorched close, none so hot or breathless, none that made a reach of miles appear so far.

Think, Summers' thought hard. Left or right or straight ahead? How was it long ago? You can't be wrong. How was it now? Left, it's left by the bulge of hill. Point the party left!

The McBee girl looked sick, sweating pale beside the wagon. Up young'un, and ride. You want to catch a stroke?

Summers thought, these folks are strong. Strong folks, strong for what? For Oregon and fish and farms, for wheat and sheep and nation. It was push now, pull and push and strain at spokes, for some teams couldn't climb a rise alone. Push or double-team?

There was the Green and shade and rest for all and pasture for the ganted stock. It was still half a dozen miles away, down a long pitch too steep for the animals and across a humpy bottom, but the sight of it was like a double drink of whisky, and faces broke into smiles and grins and jokes, saying, "What was it, Dick? Summers? Chancy? The word ain't knee-high to it. We made it, though, rood as any mountain man."

The men arched the teams and let the wagons down with ropes. Dick made serious again by work under the punishing sun. Summers said to Evans, "Lie, these critters'll be a handful when they smell water."

"What you telling me, Dick?" "I'm thinkin' we best drive on a place and turn 'em loose and herd 'em forwards till they smell it. Plenty of time to get the wagons later."

It came out as Summers knew it would. Once they winded water, the critters wouldn't be held. They galloped crazy for it and plunged in. One or he saw had just his snout above the surface.

Now that the cutoff was behind them, Summers thought, he could torment himself some more by going back to days that had been.

Like on the Popo, he remembered. Like with the Crow girl, Ashia, running water, back in running time. There on the Sweetwater he had wanted to cross over to the Popo, which was a bad run and jump away. He had wanted to see the singing waters of it and the trees that had known him and the place where he had camped.

He lived in the now time and in the then time, passing talk with people like old Weatherly, guiding, advising, hunting, joshing with Brownsie or with Lie, while some days and gone folks filled his mind. Weatherly pulled up, for below them, far below, down one ridge and another, ran Muddy Fork and beyond it, the rich green valley of the Bear. "God in His goodness," Weatherly half whispered as his gaze took it in. "In His might."

"It's mighty, sure enough."

"Bear River. It hadn't been named for nothing. Weatherly had had put bears there, black and brown and, king of all, the great white bear, feeder on ants and fish and berries, unknown of the feel of fear."

"Beat wait for the train," Summers told Weatherly. "Got to angle down the slope and push the critters by some springs that it seems like I remember to be plain."

The train rolled up. McBee in the lead. "Y God," McBee said, stepping up to them and looking down on the sweep of valley while his hand worried his beard, "she's fair."

Summers saw the wrong down slanting them one way and another so the pitch wouldn't be too steep. The bottoms were shank-deep in grass, and flowers waved, and chokecherries were ripe and red. The men studied the grass and kicked up the soil and followed the rimmed valley with their eyes and allowed this would be fine farming country if only it wasn't so far from Rhine.

Evans bobbed his head. "I swear, Dick, I thought I was tired of plowin', but a man wants to stick a plow in this country."

Summers climbed the hill and rode down it and came into the proper valley of the Bear and rode on and saw an Indian village ahead. They would be Snakes, he thought. They would be the friendly Shoshones that he'd lived and traded with in his long ago. He reined into the brush. It was Snake all right. He turned into the open, his pipe in his hand, and dogs began to mark and faces turned, and a man got up from the ground and stepped out, waiting, and it came to Summers that this was White Hawk.

"It is good to see my brother." A shout came out of White Hawk, and he ran up while Summers dismounted and held out his hand like a white man, saying, "Big Hunter! I thought you had gone to the spirit land."

Summers had to hunt for the words that used to come so easy. "I have been too many miles away." Of all the Indians he had known, the Shoshones were the friendliest, friendly in a simple, trustworthy way, though they would steal your blind like any other.

"There is meat in my lodge and a robe to sleep on," White Hawk said.

"White Hawk is good. I lead many white men and their squaws, to the big water."

"Tell the white brothers to come, and we will smoke and give pres-

ents and trade."

Lie Evans had only part of his mind on hunting. Another part of it roamed around, thinking what he had seen and done and felt since leaving Independence.

He rode Nellie along the bottom, looking to the ridges on the side for sign of antelope or elk or mountain sheep. It wasn't that the company was short of meat especially, not with Summers to hunt it out, not with game plenty and trout in the Bear. It was just that he wanted to get away for a while, to slide out from under the weight of the captivity.

The train was lazily along the Bear, but for a purpose—to strengthen horses and cattle and especially oxen for what Dick said were stone deserts high above the Snake. They had crossed the Bear twice, to round a mountain that jagged in from the east, and had saved a hard climb by it, though adding to the miles.

Yes, he told himself the train was in good case. He had a right to hunt, though it seemed he'd go back empty-handed. The people had got along fair with the Indians, though the Snakes were quick and sneaky-handed and had made off with pots and kettles and knives and a rifle and some pieces of clothing, including the many-pocketed coat that Tadlock liked to wear.

He let Nellie foot along aimless while she cropped at the grass. Of all the land that he had seen this seemed the richest and the peaceful—woods, water, pasture, soil laid down for a plow, all protected by hills high-rising in the quiet sky.

Dick had come to mind and he knew one reason why he kept saying things were all right with the train. It was because Dick had drawn off from him somehow, leaving him, he felt, to manage almost alone. Dick would come if called; he would help if help was asked; but still he'd quit the old close teaming that kept the spirit stout.

He couldn't keep his head off Dick. Below Big Timber the train had met up with four of Bridler's men, four dark and weathered men who talked spare in front of strangers and by themselves, spoke language strange to settled ears, saying "this child's thinkin'" and "pears to this coon" and "we was froze for meat, we was," and "wagons."

Evans had sat around their fire with Dick at night while Dick's whisky got drunk up and memories worked and tongues loosened, and he let Dick like an outsider even with Dick.

He pulled up Nellie's head, thinking he saw movement. It was an elk, a young bull by the looks of him, too distant for a shot.

He reached over to some brush and circled around under cover and came to the ridge and tied Nellie in a patch of trees where thieving eyes wouldn't find her easy and went ahead on foot.

The elk leaped with the ball and fell thrashing in the brush and Evans went to him and bled him. Later he led Nellie toward camp, turning now and then to see that the elk was riding all right along across the saddle. She didn't like the looks or smell of it and kept snorting as it shifted to her step. "When, now, Nellie, that there bull won't bite you."

He was within a yell of camp before he noticed the men gathered nearer by the river. He thought, while a little uneasiness turned in him, how poor a mountain man he was. Dick would have spotted the men first thing.

(To Be Continued)

**Surprise Arranged  
By Tillicum Chapter**

Independence—Freed by a potluck father and son dinner, the regular meeting of Tillicum chapter, Order of DeMolay, was held in the Masonic temple.

Smarter Separate—It's a big season for separate skirts. The one is the trim tailored type—to finish with fashion's favorite pocket detail or with fake-neck flaps.

No. 3506 is cut in waist sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34. Size 28 with pockets, 2 1/2 yds. 35-in.; with flaps, 1 1/2 yds. 54-in.

Send 25c for PATTERN with Name, Address and Style Number State Size desired.

Address Capital Journal, 214 Mission St., San Francisco 5 Calif. Patterns ready to fill orders immediately. For special handling of order via first class mail include an extra 5c per pattern.



### RADIO PROGRAMS

THURSDAY—F. M.

Time	KGW 620 NBC	KOIN 870 CBS	KEX 1190 ABC	KSLM 1290 NBC	KOCO 1640 KC
5:00	2nd 3 of Us	Feature News	Little Show	News	News
5:15	Songs of Times	News	News	News	News
5:30	Screen Guild	Suspense	Edw. G. Hill	Edw. G. Hill	Edw. G. Hill
5:45	Mrs. Cavalcade	Crime	Edw. G. Hill	Edw. G. Hill	Edw. G. Hill
6:00	Ferry Come	The Playhouse	Edw. G. Hill	Edw. G. Hill	Edw. G. Hill
6:15	Dragnet	Hollywood	Edw. G. Hill	Edw. G. Hill	Edw. G. Hill
6:30	News	News	News	News	News
6:45	News	News	News	News	News
7:00	News	News	News	News	News
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12:00	Sign Off	Sign Off	Sign Off	Sign Off	Sign Off

### FRIDAY—6 A. M. TO 4:45 P. M.

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### DIAL LISTING, KOAC 550

KOAC Thursday P.M. — 5:00, Children's Theater; 5:15, On the Spot; 5:30, Sports Club; 5:45, Women; 11:00, School of Art; 11:15, Concert; 11:30, News; 12:15, Noon Farm Hour; 1:00, Midweek; 1:15, Melody; 1:30, Health; 1:45, Melody; 2:00, Headlines in Chemistry; 2:15, Evening Farm Hour; 2:30, News; 2:45, Memory Book of Music; 3:00, UNRSKO; 3:15, News; 3:30, Music of the Stars; 4:00, Oregon Reporters; 4:15, Favorite Hymns.

### Amateur Contest Set for Mill City

Mill City — Santiam Lions club of Mill City has set April 27 as the date for the annual amateur show. Auditions for the show will be held at the regular Lion's club meetings scheduled on each Monday night.

Potential candidates are to contact Lowell Stiffler of Stiffler Radio and Appliance; George Veteto of NuMethod Cleaners; George Steffy, Canyon Book-keeping service; and Robert Venness of the local theater.

Prizes to be offered to winners are: First, \$25; second, \$15; third, \$10. The contest is open to any community in the canyon. There is no age limit for contestants.

### Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS  
1. Obscure 4-Pormer president  
8. Euphoric  
12. Early English money  
13. Spike of flowers  
14. Sister of Semela  
15. Diminutive  
17. Stylish  
19. Calculator  
22. Exist  
23. Surveying instrument  
25. Nordalga  
26. Acute  
27. Musical note  
28. Existence

DOWN  
31. Reverse ends of hammer heads  
32. Owns  
33. Myself  
34. Dwell unduly  
37. Except  
38. Anglo-Saxon  
40. Constituent of oil of cloves  
42. Cane  
43. Devices for winding  
44. Extreme fear  
47. Without help  
50. High priest  
51. Report  
54. Honey  
55. Anything  
56. High-down  
58. Burns  
59. Feet

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

DOWN  
1. Acknowledge  
2. Constellation  
3. Boats with three rows and four oars  
4. Pasterns  
5. Pronoun  
6. Terminate  
7. Background  
8. More accurate  
9. Those having  
10. Those having  
11. Plaything  
12. Ages  
13. God of love  
14. Sea duck  
15. More  
16. Precipitous  
17. Early  
18. Alphanumeric characters  
19. Comb  
20. Artist's stand  
21. Follow  
22. Clergyman  
23. Cabs  
24. Percutaneous  
25. Vend  
26. Water wheel  
27. Cogwheels  
28. Golf mound  
29. Measure of length  
30. Regret  
31. Meshed fabric  
32. City in  
33. Tinnetosa  
34. Mother  
35. Conjunction

### ROOM AND BOARD

By Gene Ahern

THERE NOW, THOSE NUMERALS COMPLETE THE JOB... A MINIATURE STARTING GATE FOR "MORTON THE MOUSE" ... FEW FEED TO REGARD IT AS HIS HOME...

THEN I'LL START THE EXPERIMENT... A BOARD COVERS THE HOLES—AND WHEN IT'S LIFTED, "MORTON" WILL VENTURE WHERE HE COMES OUT OF WILL DETERMINE THE RACE AND HORSE TO BET ON!

WE'RE BEGINNING TO SEE