

# ON TO OREGON— The Way West

By A. B. GUTHRIE, JR.

**SYNOPSIS:** The On-to-Oregon wagon train has been moving slowly along the Bear River letting the horses and oxen feed a bit and rest before the last had climb over the mountains. Death, desertion, and Indian trouble have beset the little company. But the Snakes among whom they are now moving, have only given trouble through the natural thievery. Life Evans, captain of the train, comes back from hunting to find a strange sight beside the river. Now go on with the story—

Chapter 17  
There were eight or ten men, nose-grouped by a tree that held a branch above their heads. Tadlock made out as he walked closer and Brother Weatherly, then Brewer and McBee. He didn't try to single out more, for now he saw an Indian with them, hands behind him. Brewer held a rifle on Evans. Weatherly and Tadlock were arguing. Tadlock had a rope.

The men didn't notice Evans until he spoke. "What you all aimin' to do?"  
Weatherly turned. "They're going to hang a man."  
"The Indian wasn't much more than a boy, Evans thought, an Indian boy no older than the Brownie he was standing dignified with a molly feather in his hair."

"What'd he steal?" Evans asked.  
"He was wearing my coat for one thing. For another, Shields caught him chasing off a horse." Tadlock answered.  
"That ain't hangin' business."  
"Let's git on with it," McBee put in.

For a minute they all looked at Evans. Evans' gaze fell below theirs and traveled on the ground and came to Weatherly, who stood at the side as if praying, and went from him to the feet of the Indian and climbed up and saw the boy dirty and thin and sturdy and unflinching, facing death because he had done what it had been born and drilled in him to do, and a sudden fury took him over, rising out of shame and outrage. "No," he cried out, "you don't do it!"

There was blood-hunger in the faces.  
"Drop the rope, Tadlock!"  
Tadlock threw the rope aside and squared away.  
Evans never had lit a man before. Never in his grown life had he stepped out in anger. The Brownie missed and left him open, and Tadlock struck twice, the short and heavy blows of one who knew the use of fists. Evans swung and missed again and the double hammer of the practiced hands.

The blows shook him. They jarred his brain and struck lights in his skull and dizzied his arm and legs and he knew he fought clumsily, flaying out at air while his feet staggered under him.  
Blow and blow and lick on lick, and the brain stunned and the eye cramped and the hand slipped, the mark, and in his mouth the salty lack of blood. He could stand forever. There wasn't power enough in Tadlock's arms to lay him out. With all his might he swung at the boned line of his jaw.

Tadlock didn't falter and then melt. He slammed backwards all at once, head and shoulders and heels, and moved a little and lay quiet, his blank eyes.  
Evans pulled in a breath and looked around the circle, and then he walked to the Indian and untied him.  
"He didn't see the Indian slide into the brush, for Rebecca tugged at his arm as the rope came loose. "Come on, Lie."  
"What?"  
"Your face is a sight."  
Evans laid in him, and the pride of rage that had made him glare his face at the men, and he said, "We best see to Tadlock first. I didn't want to hurt him bad."  
When Dick came into camp, he said, with the quiet grin in his eyes, "I hear you done the headful, Lie." But Evans didn't have to have Dick's words to feel solid in the right.

While the children shouted around her, Mercy McBee dipped up a cup of bubbling water and stirred a spoon of sugar in it. They were all crying at her and at one another, crying and pushing and shoving, and sakes! Mercy said, "Just what now. You'll all get some." She dumped it up without letting herself think about the taste of it, for the thought troubled her stomach as the smell of frying bacon did or of onion-seasoned steaks. "I'm going from the littlest to the biggest. That's fair."

The train was camped out a piece from the river and the spring she shipped the water from. She could see the women stirring around it, picking fires and readying Dutch ovens for the bread dough they had mixed, using water from the springs in place of yeast or saleratus.  
The men were hunting or fishing or upriver, or watching the stock across the Bear, where the graze was better. Only Brownie Evans was in sight, wandering among the tents and wagons as if lost for company.

Mercy watched them traipse away and listened to the young voices complain. She sat dangling the cup from a finger. She bowed her head with the sick weight of thought in it, telling herself maybe it wasn't so. It didn't have to be so. It could

be it wasn't. A body couldn't tell for sure so soon. Then her stomach turned with sickness.  
The cup trembled from her finger, and she set it down and locked her hands in her lap, trying to catch hold of fear.  
If she could talk to Mr. Mack! but he hadn't made a way to see her again, not after Laramie, which seemed so long ago it was something on the edge of dreams.  
A voice spoke, Brownie's voice, saying, "How-de-do, Mercy. Why, you're cryin'."  
She brushed at her eyes and went to get up and was suddenly so dizzy she had to let herself sink back.  
"It's this fizzy water brings tears to my eyes. It's this fizzy water I been drinkin'!"  
"Oh!" he said. She saw just the blurred feet of him, shuffling as if not knowing what to do.  
"You're a purty thing." The words came out of him like a blurt out of one of the springs, as if they had been building up and wouldn't be held and so spilled out of his mouth in spite of him. The blood rising in his face drowned tan and pinked his cheeks.

Before she thought, she said, "Purty is as purty does."  
"Purty does all 'git, I bet."  
"You don't know nothin' about me, Brownie."  
"Reckon I do. You willing to walk?"  
She said, "Can't stay long."  
Of a sudden she felt close to him and somehow in his debt, for here, in her aloneness, was a one that prized her. Would he prize her no matter what she asked herself while she waited for the dizziness to die in her. Would he if he knew?  
They walked downriver, beyond the camp, and came to Beer Springs, and he tried the taste of it, and they sat down afterwards behind a white cone where water had stopped flowing.

"You ever think what you'll do after you get to Oregon?" he asked.  
"Just keep on helpin' Ma."  
"I think a heap of things. I aim to work hard and get along and own a nice farm and have time to hunt and fish."  
He leaned back and put the heels of his hands at his sides to brace himself. "A heap of things. Like about you, 'rinstance."  
"I ain't much to think about, Brownie."  
"I'm high eighteen, Mercy."  
"Best go."  
"Pa got hisself married younger'n me."  
She kept silent, drawing fear in, putting it quiet in his secret place.  
"I reckon you know what I'm set to."  
"I ain't ready to think about it, Brownie. I can't think about it, I do know as I feel the same, but I thank you all the same."  
The crying started deep in her and wrenched up and broke out, and she put her hands to her face and felt his arm go across her shoulder.  
"Why, it's naught to take on over, Mercy. Don't have to cry on account of I want to marry you." The hand lay gently on her back. He held quiet, as if he knew she had to cry though the why of it was lost to him.

There was concern in his face, and questions and kindness, and of a sudden he bent and kissed her cheek, and she felt a hot wet of humors, but of care and good-wishing.  
"You allus look so sad," he said, dropping his hand and drawing his arm from across her back. "Wish I could make it so you didn't. I'd do anything to see you smile."  
"You're good, Brownie," she said. "Whatever happens, I know you're good."  
She got up because she couldn't talk without more tears, and they went back, saying little, and neared camp, and he said, "I hope this ain't the last time I'll get to walk with you."  
"Or do know," she answered and turned from him and walked and arrived at her family's wagon and heard Pa saying, "I swear, woman! Hurry up them victuals! This country makes a man always hungry."  
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RADIO PROGRAMS				
FRIDAY—P. M.				
KGW 120 NBC	KOIN 970 CBS	KEX 1190 ABC	KSLM 1380 NBC	KOCO 1490 Kc.
5:00 This & Us 5:15 Songs of Time 5:45 News 6:00 Director's 6:15 Playhouse 6:30 Bureau 6:45 Bureau 7:00 Xavier Cugat 7:15 Xavier Cugat 7:30 Bill Ryan 7:45 Rhythm Times	5:00 News of the World 5:15 News of the World 5:30 News of the World 5:45 News of the World 6:00 MGM Theater 6:15 MGM Theater 6:30 MGM Theater 6:45 MGM Theater 7:00 Sam Hayes 7:15 More of Life 7:30 Sports Final 7:45 Orchestra	5:00 Chas. of Us 5:15 The Little Show 5:30 Sky King 5:45 News 6:00 News 6:15 News 6:30 News 6:45 News 7:00 News 7:15 News 7:30 News 7:45 News	5:00 Mark Trail 5:15 Tom Mix 5:30 Tom Mix 5:45 Tom Mix 6:00 Tom Mix 6:15 Tom Mix 6:30 Tom Mix 6:45 Tom Mix 7:00 Tom Mix 7:15 Tom Mix 7:30 Tom Mix 7:45 Tom Mix	5:00 Swing Time 5:15 Bing Crosby 5:30 Hand of Day 5:45 Hand of Day 6:00 Hand of Day 6:15 Hand of Day 6:30 Hand of Day 6:45 Hand of Day 7:00 Hand of Day 7:15 Hand of Day 7:30 Hand of Day 7:45 Hand of Day

SATURDAY—6 A.M. TO 4:45 P.M.				
6:00 Hodge Podge 6:15 Hodge Podge 6:30 Hodge Podge 6:45 Hodge Podge 7:00 New Hear This 7:15 New Hear This 7:30 Sam Hayes 7:45 Sam Hayes	6:00 KOIN Klock 6:15 KOIN Klock 6:30 KOIN Klock 6:45 KOIN Klock 7:00 KOIN Klock 7:15 KOIN Klock 7:30 KOIN Klock 7:45 KOIN Klock	6:00 Dawn 6:15 Dawn 6:30 Dawn 6:45 Dawn 7:00 Dawn 7:15 Dawn 7:30 Dawn 7:45 Dawn	6:00 News 6:15 News 6:30 News 6:45 News 7:00 News 7:15 News 7:30 News 7:45 News	6:00 KOOC Klock 6:15 KOOC Klock 6:30 KOOC Klock 6:45 KOOC Klock 7:00 KOOC Klock 7:15 KOOC Klock 7:30 KOOC Klock 7:45 KOOC Klock

DIAL LISTING, KOC 550	
<b>KOAC</b> Friday P.M.—8:00, Children's 8:15, Theater 8:15, On the Upbeat 8:45, Webfoot Buddie 8:00, News 9:00, Dinner Melodies 8:30, Music of Czechoslovakia 9:15, Evening Farm Hour 8:00 9:30, Music of the West 9:45, Music That Endures 9:45 Evening Meditations 10:00, Sign Off.	<b>KOAC</b> Saturday A.M.—10:00, Women's 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, Concert Hall 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, News 12:15, Noon Farm Hour 1:00, Ride 'em Cowboy 1:15, Voice of Army 1:45, Melody Lane 2:00, Music of Masters 3:30, Science News 3:45, Here's to You 4:00, News of the Islands 4:15, Songs of the West.

### Club Work Expands In Willamina Area

Willamina—The town of Willamina and surrounding area are becoming very well organized for the 4-H club year of 1950. Willamina schools have three health clubs, one led by Mrs. Grace Herzberg with 24 members, one by Dale Johnson with 23 members, and one by H. O. Kravig with 26 members. There is a good possibility of four more being organized.

Bob Bainter has a clothing club and a rose and flower club. Mrs. Ronald Johnston has a cooking club and Mr. Johnston has a tractor club. Fred Mendenhall has organized a riding club. There is a health club and a "My Room" club at the Rock Creek school, led by Mrs. Roy Bird and Mrs. R. H. Lenocker.

The Willamina Kiwanis club will again sponsor two scholarships to summer school in Corvallis. These will be given to boys and girls living in or near the Wendell district, Mrs. Willamina.

### Crossword Puzzle

**ACROSS**

1. Mineral spring
2. Frollo
3. Pronoun
4. Wind
5. Instrument
6. Sheet of glass
7. Solid water
8. Telegraph
9. Sea eagle
10. Fixed charges
11. Exchange
12. Was aware
13. Place covering
14. Tree
15. Jewish month
16. Source
17. Very hot
18. Cook with dry heat

**DOWN**

1. Evade duty
2. Plays on words
3. Always
4. Molten rock
5. Second odd number
6. Bar for transmitting force
7. Faithful
8. Wild plum
9. Literary
10. Fragments
11. Merchandise
12. Sea bird
13. Under profit
14. Was indebted
15. Branches of
16. Light rap
17. Down

**Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle**

1. Kind of nut
2. Mountain ridge
3. Tiers
4. Japanese eash
5. Human being
6. Equals
7. Imitated
8. Equator of public life
9. Hostility
10. Scenic river
11. Pitchers
12. City in Ohio
13. Mint
14. Sent
15. Married woman's title
16. Metric measure of capacity
17. Passageway
18. Three: prefix
19. Uncle: African
20. Ecstasy
21. Fine hair
22. Factor
23. Goddess of the north
24. Ceres
25. Nautical
26. Place where a trial is held
27. Oriental wagon
28. Pay attention
29. Device for refracting light rays
30. First even number
31. Fragment

### ROOM AND BOARD

By Gene Ahern

THIS MINIATURE STARTING GATE WILL BE THE HOME OF MORTON THE MOUSE... THE NUMERALS SIGNIFY THE POST POSITIONS OF HORSES IN A RACE... AND THE HOLES FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE THE RACES... FOR EXAMPLE, ON THE MORNING OF A RACING DAY... I'LL LIFT THE BOARD IN BACK OF THE HOLES AND IF MORTON COMES OUT OF THE 7TH HOLE THAT WILL MEAN THE 7TH RACE AND THE HORSE TO BET ON WILL BE NUMBER 2!

AS GOOD AS THE PIN OR CHINESE SYSTEM—3-3

### chewing helps keep your teeth bright

Wrigley's Spearmint Chewing Gum

HEALTHFUL—REFRESHING—DELICIOUS

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