

ON TO OREGON— The Way West

By A. B. GUTHRIE, JR.

SYNOPSIS: The Byrds are having bad luck. First their wagon was nearly lost in crossing the Snake. Then the "too-soon-come" Byrd baby was born in the night and died. Now they have broken on the trail and the wagon has overturned. But the On-to-Oregon trail lets nothing stop them. Death, cattle stampedes, rivers and mountains have confronted the intrepid pioneers. Still they move on toward their destination. Now go on with the story—

Chapter 23
Weatherby walked off from camp, giving a last long stare at the little ring of card players. The train needed rest, he knew, but ways of resting could be wickered.

Sometimes he felt that he had failed. In spite of all his exhortations the train still broke the Sabbath, condoning the aim by saying it was necessary. His people liked the fiddle's music. They danced. They swore. They played card games. Give me strength, Lord! he asked. Give me power. Give me wisdom. A Indian came riding on a horse, a Cayuse Indian, doubtless, or perhaps a Nez Perce. Here again, he knew, was the living proof of faith not in the single Indian but in all the Indians hereabouts. They were clean and clothed. They were good husbands and artisans, having wheat and corn and vegetables and dressed skins to trade for garments, callow and nankins, and good horses to exchange for cattle. In these tribes had disappeared the savage heathenisms—and all because of Christianity. All because of the word of God. Dr. Whitman and another—Spaulding—had established missions somewhere north to bring the truth to them.

"Go to camp," the Indian said, motioning toward the idled train. He led his horse along. The men were still playing cards, so intent on the game that none but Summers appeared to notice their approach. They played with noise and violence, slapping down the cards as if force would rule the outcome. Weatherby tried to guide his guest around. He was angry with noise and violence, and fearful that a strange temptation would fascinate the Indian.

The Indian wouldn't be herded. He stepped up to the circle. Then, to Weatherby's surprise, to his satisfaction, to his immense delight, he said, "Bad! Bad!"

For three days Evans let the train dawdle across the Grande Ronde, though he fretted to be really rolling. Man and beast could use a rest, and the two Byrds needed time to get their courage up. Other reasons, big and small, came in. The women had a pile of washing. The Cayuse Indians offered things for trade. Among a believing tribe, Brokers' Weatherby was as close to heaven as he'd get on earth. By liding here the train might make the miles ahead without another rest.

The days were fair, with no hint of spowfall in the Blues. While they waited, hunting, fishing, trading with the Indians down to their final pair of pants, a train of wagons straggled by, looking lank and battered, and sent a rider to their camping place a half mile off the trail.

Evans watched the train string on. He didn't care. The train had passed, not much. Ahead was likely grass enough. But though he wasn't jealous of the men ahead, nor anxious any more about snow in the Blues, he was eager to roll on.

They pulled out on a balmy morning, rested now and full of go, and climbed up in the Blues, making led of a two-mile rise so stiff they sometimes had to use six yokes. Above was rolling country with groves of yellow pine. Over it the trail ran stony and dipped to cross the Grande Ronde River and led on to a bottom where they camped.

The next day they did a little better over country just as hard—up a mountain along a ridge, down and up a dozen sharp-pitched hollows, over crazy rocks and into plains and groves again where deadfall lay.

The third day, though, was best of all though no softer than the rest. Pulling up a slope, head raised to see what lay beyond, Evans wheeled his team, for yonder, yonder, blue and white and dizzy in the distance, rose the Cascade range and, the queen of heights, Mount Hood.

Here on the final stretch they had a long, hard, driving strength with Mount Hood and Mount Saint Helens like beacons in their eyes. The train camped and lost a strayed or stolen horse and rolled on down the Umattila, crossing and recrossing it. And now, besides the snowy peaks, Evans saw the valley opening, the valley of the Columbia with the shades of distance in it.

It seemed he couldn't think but of the river. It flowed beneath and over and around his other thoughts—the Columbia and the Dalles and the mission buildings there, and afterwards each family for itself, finding ways to get downriver. A shudder shook him, and he started at Dick's voice and looked to right and left and saw that he was not alone and remembered how

they'd left the wagons to stand upon the bank.
"Bout four days to the Dalles," Dick said.

Judith Fairman sat by the river, which here near the mission house flowed with a kind of quiet peace after the violence she had glimpsed from the trail.

Voces sounded behind her, muted by distance. From downstream came the knock of axes, swung by earlier arrivals now busy building arks for the voyage to the Willamette.

"I ought to be seeing about a boat," Charles said, looking at the water. "We'll have to buy or build or something, the two boats for hire are engaged so far ahead. They're high, too, though I guess we could afford them."

Charles' hand touched hers, braced back upon the bank, and she welcomed it but didn't speak.

"What was grief? What was this the rule, she realized when Becky Evans said, with compassion underneath the hard simplicity? That no one could afford grief very long? As if grief were a luxury, an indulgence that could be bought, and a woman met her duties. That was the rule, she realized when Becky stated it the rule to Oregon, the rule to all frontiers, the rule perhaps of life, but still she hated it. Still she fought against it, feeling hurt and guilt for having lost Tod.

Well, she had done her duties. She had found strength. She had bowed it from Rebecca. If she cried, she cried at night and got up in good time and met the day. She would do her work and hold her grief.

She heard the sigh she hadn't known was coming. Home to Oregon. Home to a home unremembered, never seen, still unknown. Judith could see the home they'd have—a cabin first, unless she could get a cabin, and then maybe later on a house of brick.

From the fire she'd kindled Rebecca Evans saw the Fairmans returning from the river. She waved a greeting to them and stopped to lay some signs of things upon the growing blaze. "There's a good woman," she told Mercy, wondering when the words were out how often she had said them.

Mercy wasn't one to point out she'd heard so before.

"She's comin' to herself. Once the baby's here she'll be all right." Mercy's gaze slid down. She didn't like much. What she didn't like much stayed there. But still she wasn't sulky. Sober, yes, but not ill-natured. "Wonder when the men'll come?" Rebecca asked. "Late, I reckon. No tellin' about Lije and Dick."

The two had ridden off an hour or two after the train had reached the Dalles, trailing a couple of pack horses. Lije looked top-heavy with their loads of buffalo robes. Rebecca didn't know just what they went for. To trade, Lije said. No use to hang around the Dalles. You couldn't hire or buy a boat here.

"Brownie ought to be here soon," Mercy said. "I saw the cattle guards go out to spill him."

"There ain't much to come for. Fish again, and rice. That and bread, and we'll get out some sweetenin'."

They sat out from the fire, for the evening's cool was slow in coming. From her position Rebecca caught the wind that led up to the flanking hills. The Dalles. This was the Dalles for which they'd strained so long, the Methodist mission, the dreamed-of-end of wagon trails, the name that led up to charm them on when grass was poor and water scarce and hope shivered in the breast. It was just a mountain niche, a piece of bottom and sidehill, a breathing place between the heights, a haven ever known maybe but to Indians until the Methodists had built a mission.

Here the train divided out. Here the kinship of the trail was loosened, each company confused with others, each family knowing now it stood alone, each feeling somehow strange toward those who'd been so close.

The tie had been unitted, Rebecca thought. This was the end of something hard and good, of something that would stay in mind to death. She and Lije and Brownie and Mercy, there were just them alone, except they wouldn't cut loose from the Byrds and Patience yet. A kind of claim lay on them, she and Lije agreed, a duty to the weak and weakened.

(To Be Continued)

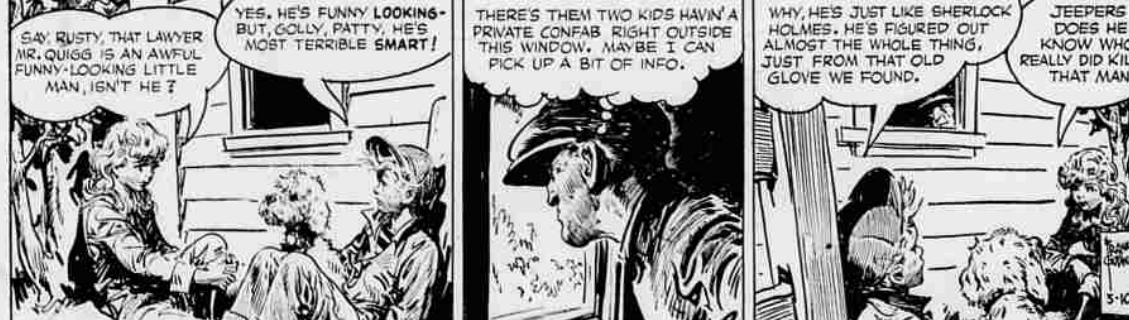
Women Start Work On Bazaar Articles

Maclean—Mrs. Harry Martin, Sr., and Mrs. Edwin Powers were hostesses to members of the grange home economics club, at the grange hall.

During the business session plans were made to begin making articles for the annual handwork fall sale. The invitation from the Waldo Hills grange home economics club to be guests of the club March 21 was accepted.

The discussion topic was flowers. The date set for the Salem Civic players play was April 15.

Present were Mrs. Archie Shaw, Mrs. Harry Way, Mrs. Richard McKee, Mrs. W. Welch, Mrs. Coila Perry, Mrs. Harry Martin, Jr., Mrs. L. H. White, Mrs. Harry Prunk, Mrs. Leroy Horsley, Mrs. W. F. Cole Mrs. J. L. Armort, Mrs. Albert Mader, Mrs. Alpha Michals, Mrs. M. M. Magee, Mrs. Martin, Sr., and Mrs. Powers.



RADIO PROGRAMS

FRIDAY—P. M.				
KGW	KOIN	KEX	KSLM	KOCO
820 ABC	170 CBS	1300 KEX	1300 MIBC	1400 Kc
5:00 The 3 of Us	Harvard	Chal. of Yukon	Mark Trail	Swing Time
5:15 News	The Little Show	Chal. of Yukon	Mark Trail	Swing Time
5:30 Songs of Time	News	Jack Armstrong	Tom Mix	Winkie
5:45 Elmer Peterson	News	Jack Armstrong	Tom Mix	Winkie
6:00 Directors	Leave It to Jean	Edwin C. Hill	Gabriel Heater	Candle Light
6:15 Harbouse	Lum 'n' Abner	Hills & Encores	Home Edition	N. W. News
6:30 Hovari	News	Hills & Encores	Home Edition	N. W. News
6:45 Durania	News	Hills & Encores	Home Edition	N. W. News
7:00 Xavier Cugat	Johnny Dollar	Fuchs	Falk Music	Sports Mirror
7:15 Xavier Cugat	Johnny Dollar	Fuchs	Falk Music	Sports Mirror
7:30 Hill Stern	Number Please	Fuchs	Falk Music	Sports Mirror
7:45 Rhythmic Time	Club 15	Fuchs	Falk Music	Sports Mirror
8:00 Sinatra-Milster	Lawell Thomas	Fat Man	Proudly Hall	Track 1400
8:15 News of World	Jack Smith	Fat Man	Proudly Hall	Track 1400
8:30 Halls of Ivy	Show Goes On	Your FBI	Proudly Hall	Track 1400
8:45 Halls of Ivy	Show Goes On	Your FBI	Proudly Hall	Track 1400
9:00 MGM Theater	Columbia	Orzie & Harriet	Musie	Track 1400
9:15 MGM Theater	Columbia	Orzie & Harriet	Musie	Track 1400
9:30 MGM Theater	Beulah	Western Skies	Comedy Errors	News
9:45 MGM Theater	MGM Theater	Western Skies	Comedy Errors	News
10:00 Sam Haver	5 Star Final	Rich Reporter	I Love Mystery	Warwick Theat
10:15 Sports of Life	Sports Spotlight	Intercomer	Mutual News	Warwick Theat
10:30 Sports Final	Sports of World	Intercomer	Mutual News	Warwick Theat
10:45 Sports Final	Sports of World	Intercomer	Mutual News	Warwick Theat
11:00 News	Treasury Band	Concert Hour	Net News	Nocturne
11:15 Waa Museum	Treasury Band	Concert Hour	Net News	Nocturne
11:30 Waa Museum	Treasury Band	Concert Hour	Net News	Nocturne
11:45 Waa Museum	Treasury Band	Concert Hour	Net News	Nocturne
12:00 Sign Off	Silent	Nira Hour	Sign Off	Sign Off

PM Muz. KGW 100.3, 9-10 p.m., KOIN 101.1, 6 a.m., 12 p.m., KEX 92.8, 8 to 9 p.m.

SATURDAY—6 A.M. TO 4:45 P.M.

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KGW	KOIN	KEX	KSLM	KOCO
820 ABC	170 CBS	1300 KEX	1300 MIBC	1400 Kc
6:00 Hodge Podge	News	Downbeat	News	Timekeeper
6:15 Hodge Podge	News	Downbeat	News	Timekeeper
6:30 Hodge Podge	News	Downbeat	News	Timekeeper
6:45 Hodge Podge	News	Downbeat	News	Timekeeper
7:00 News Hear This	KOIN Kick	Round-Up Boys	Honolulu	Tex Ritter
7:15 News Hear This	KOIN Kick	Round-Up Boys	Honolulu	Tex Ritter
7:30 News Hear This	KOIN Kick	Round-Up Boys	Honolulu	Tex Ritter
7:45 News Hear This	KOIN Kick	Round-Up Boys	Honolulu	Tex Ritter
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DIAL LISTING, KOAC 550

KOAC Friday P.M.—5:00, Children's Theater: 5:15, On the Upbeat; 5:45, Webfoot Huddle; 6:00, News; 6:15, Dinner Melodies; 6:30, Music of Cerebral; 7:15, Evening Farm Hour; 8:00, OSC Home Economics Audition; 9:00, Music That Endures; 9:45, Evening Meditations; 10:00, Sign Off.

KOAC Saturday A.M.—10:00, News; 11:00, Concert Hall; 12:00, News; 1:15, Noon Farm Hour; 1:30, Ride 'em Cowboys; 2:00, Music of Cerebral; 2:15, Value of Art; 2:30, Melody Lane; 2:45, Music of Masters; 3:30, Science News; 3:45, Here's to You; 4:00, Song of the Islands; 4:15, Song of the West.

Brownie Troop Has First Anniversary

Liberty—The Liberty Brownie troop 112 celebrated their year-old birthday at the school luncheon, with sixteen Brownies attending.

It was announced that the troop sold 151 boxes of scout cookies. Flower pennants for one year in the troop were awarded to Eileen Beck, Patricia Billings, Joyce Clark, Cheryl Faye Fries, Arlene Rybloom, Joan Wirth, Patricia Whelan, Sharon Robertson, Betty Knepper and Carol Epperly.

A birthday cake with one candle was served by the leader, Mrs. Arthur Wirth, and assistant leader, Mrs. Charles Rybloom.

Visitors were Mrs. Walter Schendel, Steve, Virginia and Jeanette.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

- South Africans
- Entangle
- Italian commune
- Young bird of prey
- Affirmative color
- Simpleton
- Erin
- Troubled
- Adhesive
- Fruit preserver
- Adapted
- Beat formed in brewing
- Before; prefix
- Male deer
- Compound
- Topaz hummingbird
- Assent
- Public storehouses
- Avoid
- Apartment
- Direct
- Nobleman
- Electricity particle
- Organ of hearing
- Regale
- Siamese coin
- Watch secretly
- Abounding
- Swamp
- Slave debts

DOWN

- Feminine name
- Ingenious of varnish
- Central cylinder of stams and roots
- Giri
- Scotch city
- Wigwam
- Metal
- French annuity
- Extra
- Goss amore
- Burial vault
- Public conveyance
- Town in Ohio
- Cubic meters
- Anger
- Measure
- Diminshad gradually
- Salutation
- Amethyst
- Sequence
- Walking stick
- Rich brown
- Medieval playing card
- Local representative
- Worship
- Each's seat
- Skip over water
- Acquainted pistol
- Platen

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1. Swamp
2. Slave debts
3. Giri
4. Scotch city
5. Wigwam
6. Metal
7. French annuity
8. Extra
9. Goss amore
10. Burial vault
11. Public conveyance
12. Town in Ohio
13. Cubic meters
14. Anger
15. Measure
16. Diminshad gradually
17. Salutation
18. Amethyst
19. Sequence
20. Walking stick
21. Rich brown
22. Medieval playing card
23. Local representative
24. Worship
25. Each's seat
26. Skip over water
27. Acquainted pistol
28. Platen

ROOM AND BOARD

By Gene Ahern

ON TH' LEVEL, LUNK, DID 'MORTON PICK A LONGSHOT WINNER FOR YOU AN' TH' JUDGE?

AND HOW!... THE JUDGE GOT 'MORTON'S \$5 BET TO WIN, AN' I GOT \$31 FOR MY SHOW BET OF \$5!

I WENT OUT TO NANHOLT PARK AND NEARLY DIDN'T BET ON 'MORTON'S CHOICE... A BIG GRAY HORSE CALLED 'SWAMP FROG'... HIS HEAD LOOKED LIKE A BUTTER CHURN, AND THE WAY HIS BACK SLOPED DOWN TO HIS NECK, TH' 'JOCKEY LOOKED LIKE HE WAS ON A SKI JUMP!

THE JUDGE IS OUT AT NANHOLT PARK TO BET 'MORTON'S PICK ON '31 IN THE 1ST RACE.

enjoy it while you work

WRIGLEYS' SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

HEALTHFUL - REFRESHING - DELICIOUS