

ON TO OREGON— The Way West

By A. B. GUTHRIE, JR.

SYNOPSIS: Oregon, here we come. Nothing has been able to stop the wagon train which started nearly a year ago from Independence, Missouri. Victory is within sight. Now conclude the story—

Chapter 24

Hardly meaning to, Rebecca let her gaze slide to Mercy, the girl-wife by her. What was it told her? The rounding into womanhood? The glow of face? No matter what it was, she knew and was troubled with the knowing.

July. Late July to September 21. A short two months. Not long enough unless—unless—the question, the sore wondering, wouldn't down. Sometimes, seeing Bronnie and the way of him toward Mercy, she guessed he had the answer. She felt his hurt then and knew anger and the urge to hurt his hurter.

She had held in. She had calmed Lije, who was upset enough without this added reason. She had braced of mercy. Was it Bronnie's been the man himself, before their marriage?

She'd like to think so, but it was outlandish. He didn't know enough. He wasn't bold. Who then? Events had liked her though, and Mr. Mack had acted extra nice. "Bronnie's comin'," Mercy said, "he stakin' out his horse?"

Bronnie walked up and said hello, and he said hello to Rebecca. "You're up and Dick ain't here yet. They'll be along though. We'll get the things to cookin'."

Lije came in while she was frying fish. "You'll be where you want to be before you know it," he said, smiling with some good news in him.

"Where's Dick?" Rebecca asked. "That Dick?" he said and spread a slice of fish.

She asked, "What about him?" "Knows everything. Fixes for everything. We'll be afloat tomorrow. He paused, getting, she knew, a small enjoyment from their wondering.

"You know them buffalo Dick had us skin and save the hides?" "Out with it, Pa!" Bronnie said. "It's them I'll sell on in a minute. Lije let them figure for a minute. "These hides are good, but many a stitch of clothes. Gits cold in the winter, too. They sure like buffalo robes."

"I swear, Lije, you take a heap of 'em!"

"We'll fix us flatboats. Take down the wagons and lay the side and bottom boards across canoes and make what a sail!"

"He he he light as the mountains fell away. He said not yet, not yet, while in his gaze a softer country swam.

Across from Fort Vancouver un- seen in the wooded flow of land, the waters of Willamette!

Once, long ago, he had come to the Platte and felt greatness. He had reached the Columbia and shuddered to the flowing hope. And now he looked on home. A tide rose in him, so fierce, so bursting in the breast, so close to women's tears, that he feared to meet the others' eyes. Yonder, it was, yonder was home, yonder the rich soil waiting for the plow, waiting for the work of hands, for the happy cries of children. They'd made it. They had rolled the miles. And back of them came others. Crossers of plains. Grinders through the dusty climbers of mountains. Forders of rivers. Meeters of dangers. Sailors at last of the big waters. Nation makers. Builders of the country.

He let himself look around and see the Byrds' and Fairmans' boats lapping close behind and, on his own, Bronnie idle with his sweep and Becky with the home-glean in her eye and Mercy sitting by her. Mercy who, Rebecca said, was going to have a child. Sweet Mercy who would bring a baby to the house. Blood of his blood, Evans thought. Blood of his blood once removed.

He winked at his woman and spoke loud above the tremble in his throat. "Becky," he said, "hurrah for Oregon!"

(The End)

Waiting, she came to know he couldn't. "I hoped you'd want to know," she said.

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Fifty miles maybe from the Dalles. Maybe forty still to go to reach Vancouver. Six miles to the Willamette.

Behind them lay the final hindrance, the Cascade Falls that from the portage looked like a field of snow. Ahead the water gentled, lazily on its final hitch.

Everyone was here and in good fettle—Byrds, Fairmans, Mercy, Becky, Bronnie, Dick, not to mention the Indians hired to help out with the carry.

Back at the Dalles Brother Weatherly had said, "I'll come later. I want to spend some time here at the mission. It needs help." "And so you're stayin'?" "For the present," Weatherly replied.

Of those who stayed behind him at the Dalles, some like Mack would try their wagons overland. Some, like Patch, would wait their turns at hired boats. Daugherty had started working on a raft.

Evans had said goodbye to all of them at the Dalles. The goodbyes coming up that bothered him. He'd argued to Oregon with Dick. He'd told him he'd best come and settle like the rest. Dick had only smiled or said small things that added up to no.

"What you aim to do?" Evans asked Dick one night. "Hill back." "To Independence?" "Not that, Lije." "Where would you point then?" "Maybe back to Bridger. Maybe to the Bear."

Evans asked, "Don't it mean nothing to you, Dick, for Oregon to be America?"

"You'll tend to that, Lije. I kind of want to see the Popo Agie again." Evans didn't ask what or where the Popo Agie was, or why Dick wished to see it. It didn't matter now.

"See you in the morning, anyhow," he told Dick as they walked back to camp.

"Sure thing." He didn't though. Before he rounded, Dick had slipped away.

Mountains walled on either side, mountains hanging over, mountains bare and mountains tree, their rims high-dizzy in the blue of sky. But, under all the waiting flutes, the singing of the blood when the hills would roll away, and real and fair to sight would come the hard-hired dream.

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Rebecca turned and in the dark- ness saw Mercy's head bent and her shoulders drooping and such an air of young sadness there that her arm seemed to go out of itself to bring her in. She said, "Don't you fret. It's just fine."

A sudden fear came on her, the fear that Mercy, out of misery and the decent need of owing up, would tell her how it was. She sealed it off, forever beyond, beyond here and there, and sealed for good and all, she hoped, the painful wondering. She said, "A baby born to you and Bronnie is bound to be a good one."

Mercy was in bed when Bronnie came back. A greeting started in her and died somewhere inside. "I'm here," she felt like saying. "I'm awake." If she could say that much, she thought, she could say more.

Always in between would come the past. She felt the covers lift, felt the movements of his coming into bed and straightened out and drawing the covers back.

He was good, too good for her and Rebecca was good and Lije was good, and why, then, did she have to stand apart.

If only she could talk to him, if only he would let her, if only she could know the hand-touch of forgiveness.

It was then, it was right then that Bronnie turned in bed and, having turned, made sure the covers still lay snug about her neck. His hand came out and smoothed the covers and brushed her throat and went down by his side.

Without letting herself hesitate, she said, "Bronnie?"

"You awake?"

She came out with it. "I'm—I'm learnin' to care for you."

He didn't answer right away.

Turner — The Turner Sunshine Club met at the home of Mrs. Brutus Ashcroft on the Battle Creek road.

Plans were held for a cooked food sale to be in the Davis building March 16.

Members present were Kitty Peterson, president; Vera Walker, vice president; Vera Mae Siddwell, secretary; Emma Ashcroft, treasurer; Hazel and Mary Harris, Julia Coville, Evelyn Holt, Marie Keene, Myrna Stewart, Eva Graves and Ada Rose and several children.

The next meeting will be an all day affair at the Julia Coville home with a pot luck lunch.

ROOM AND BOARD By Gene Ahern

WHEE-O-O—I'M POSITIVELY OVERWHELMED BY THE MYSTIC POWER OF MORTON THE MOUSE TO PREDICT THE WINNER OF A RACE!

TODAY 'MORTON' PICKED NUMBER 3 IN THE 1ST RACE AT NANHOLT PARK... AND 'LUP'—IT WON... BOTH UNCLE BERT AND I BET \$10 TO WIN AND WE EACH COLLECTED \$73.00!

AS SURE AS I STAND HERE ON MY TWO TRED TROTTERS, AUNT MARY, THAT GIRL WAS PEGGY MARVEL, WEARING A BAN-JOYE ACCENT AND HER SISTER ANN'S BLOUSE!

PERHAPS THE LITTLE MASQUERADE WILL DO NO REAL DAMAGE, BRICK!

IT'LL SHATTER JIMMY'S HEART, MR. KALKENBROOM'S TRUST IN HUMANITY AND THE PROFESSIONAL REPUTATION OF THE PURCHASING AGENCY! THAT'S ALL!

BY THE WAY... YOU SAID SOMETHING GOOD HAPPENED HERE TODAY!

THAT'S RIGHT!—A CENSUS-TAKER CALLED—AND WHEN I ASKED FOR HIS CREDENTIALS HE RAN!

BETTER INSURE 'MORTON'

STEVE ROOPER

TA L L U L A H

OR PHAN AN NIE

L I L A B N E R

H O C A S S I D Y

M U T T & J E F F

R U S T Y

R I L E Y

D O N A L D D U C K

STEVE ROOPER

TA L L U L A H

OR PHAN AN NIE

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H O C A S S I D Y

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R U S T Y

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H O C A S S I D Y

M U T T & J E F F

R U S T Y

R I L E Y

D O N A L D D U C K

Capital Journal, Salem, Ore., Saturday, March 11, 1950—9

RADIO PROGRAMS

SATURDAY—P. M.

TIME	KGW	KOIN	KEX	KSLM	KOCO
5:00	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
5:15	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
5:30	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
5:45	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
6:00	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
6:15	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
6:30	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
6:45	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
7:00	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
7:15	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
7:30	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
7:45	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
8:00	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
8:15	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
8:30	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
8:45	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
9:00	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
9:15	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
9:30	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
9:45	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
10:00	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
10:15	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
10:30	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
10:45	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
11:00	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
11:15	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
11:30	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
11:45	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land
12:00	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land	Handy Land

DIAL LISTING, KOAC 550

KOAC Saturday P.M. 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00.

SUNDAY

TIME	PROGRAM	TIME	PROGRAM	TIME	PROGRAM
7:00	Radio Pulpit	7:30	Church of Alt	8:00	First Baptist Ch.
7:15	Radio Pulpit	7:45	Church of Alt	8:15	First Baptist Ch.
7:30	Radio Pulpit	8:00	Church of Alt	8:30	First Baptist Ch.
7:45	Radio Pulpit	8:15	Church of Alt	8:45	First Baptist Ch.
8:00	Radio Pulpit	8:30	Church of Alt	9:00	First Baptist Ch.
8:15	Radio Pulpit	8:45	Church of Alt	9:15	First Baptist Ch.
8:30	Radio Pulpit	9:00	Church of Alt	9:30	First Baptist Ch.
8:45	Radio Pulpit	9:15	Church of Alt	9:45	First Baptist Ch.
9:00	Radio Pulpit	9:30	Church of Alt	10:00	First Baptist Ch.
9:15	Radio Pulpit	9:45	Church of Alt	10:15	First Baptist Ch.
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10:00	Radio Pulpit	10:30	Church of Alt	11:00	First Baptist Ch.
10:15	Radio Pulpit	10:45	Church of Alt	11:15	First Baptist Ch.
10:30	Radio Pulpit	11:00	Church of Alt	11:30	First Baptist Ch.
10:45	Radio Pulpit	11:15	Church of Alt	11:45	First Baptist Ch.
11:00	Radio Pulpit	11:30	Church of Alt	12:00	First Baptist Ch.
11:15	Radio Pulpit	11:45	Church of Alt		
11:30	Radio Pulpit				
11:45	Radio Pulpit				
12:00	Radio Pulpit				

MONDAY—6 A.M. TO 4:45 P.M.

TIME	PROGRAM	TIME	PROGRAM	TIME	PROGRAM
6:00	Hodes Podge	6:30	News	7:00	News
6:15	Hodes Podge	6:45	News	7:15	News
6:30	Hodes Podge	7:00	News	7:30	News
6:45	Hodes Podge	7:15	News	7:45	News
7:00	Hodes Podge	7:30	News	8:00	News
7:15	Hodes Podge	7:45	News	8:15	News
7:30	Hodes Podge	8:00	News	8:30	News
7:45	Hodes Podge	8:15	News	8:45	News
8:00	Hodes Podge	8:30	News	8:45	News
8:15	Hodes Podge	8:45	News	9:00	News
8:30	Hodes Podge	9:00	News	9:15	News
8:45	Hodes Podge	9:15	News	9:30	News
9:00	Hodes Podge	9:30	News	9:45	News
9:15	Hodes Podge	9:45	News	10:00	News
9:30	Hodes Podge	10:00	News	10:15	News
9:45	Hodes Podge	10:15	News	10:30	News
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10:15	Hodes Podge	10:45	News	11:00	News
10:30	Hodes Podge	11:00	News	11:15	News
10:45	Hodes Podge	11:15	News	11:30	News
11:00	Hodes Podge	11:30	News	11:45	News
11:15	Hodes Podge	11:45	News	12:00	News
11:30	Hodes Podge				
11:45	Hodes Podge				
12:00	Hodes Podge				

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Blue metallic alloy
2. Lush islands in the North Atlantic
3. Bedouin
4. Land snapper
5. Bird
6. Profane word
7. Direction
8. Short-cropped
9. Fabrics
10. Spanish hero
11. Consequent
12. Leap lion
13. Seed out
14. Eggs
15. About
16. Lamented
17. Town in India of 11,500 feet elevation
18. Strangest
19. Upright part of
20. Simple sugar
21. Down
22. Silkworm
23. Repeated
24. Kindled again
25. Carpinus
26. Ardisia
27. Spring back
28. Bowing
29. Instrument
30. God of love
31. Alcoholic liquor
32. Type square
33. Skin name
34. Blue name
35. Yellow ochre
36. American author
37. Machine for stretching
38. American author
39. Machine for stretching
40. American author
41. Machine for stretching
42. American author
43. Machine for stretching
44. American author
45. Machine for stretching
46. American author
47. Machine for stretching
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79. Machine for stretching
80. American author

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