

ON TO OREGON— The Way West

By A. B. GUTHRIE, JR.

SYNOPSIS: Everybody in Independence, Missouri, was talking about far away Oregon in the spring of 1845. Tadlock, a hard man from Illinois, was making up a wagon train. No-account Henry McBea, his bedraggled wife, his pretty daughter Macey, and his five other children were going. Stout Jiji Evans and his sturdy wife Rebecca, together with their shy, gangling son Brownie were going. And Fairman thought, a little helplessly, that sure enough he had done hired himself a man. The mule trader was standing by the pole fence.

Chapter 2
Old Rock welcomed Lije when he got home, as if asking what was up, and he opened the door and saw Rebecca stooping at the fireplace. "Get your breeches on, Becky," he called out. "We're goin' to Oregon."

After Evans had left the store, the others drifted away. Tadlock halted and watched Evans riding the mule on his mule. "There's a man I'd like to have in my company," he said.

It was what Charles Fairman had been thinking of. He was a thin man with the easy-going manner, liked the signs of good humor in the broad and fleshy face, the indications of physical competence in the stout hands. He was a better companion than Tadlock, who would be officious or than Mack, who would be difficult to know, or than McBea, the watchful Evans riding the mule.

Fairman signaled a goodbye and set off for home. It was two rooms in a ramshackle house, but better, at that, than a tent. He doubted that Tadlock could have survived in a tent, the way the fever raged in him. He had to have shelter and care and the high, dry air, such as people said you found in the valley of the high hills, in the mountains in Oregon, where there was no fever at all.

As Fairman approached, the woman of the house opened her door and with a split broom fanned out the dirt she had swept up.

"That's a man here. You been saying you wanted another man," she said.

"Oh! That's good. You mean to go with us?"

"He said he would—for the ride and victuals."

Fairman said, "I see," hoping the man would be back with two more men and the cattle he expected to trail he would need two men at least. He had one, a quiet hand.

He walked through a room and opened the door and the woman and her family occupied. He looked at Judith, letting his face ask how Tod was.

Judith smiled at the boy and put her hand on his head. "He'll be ready. He's getting to be a stout boy."

"This is all fiver country," Fairman cautioned her.

"Not like Pookah."

The boy was still thin as a twig and frail-looking, like a young bird, but his eyes were clear now and his color better.

Fairman felt his thoughts move ahead, while he munched on the chicken, seeing the farm they would have in Oregon and the wheat waving yellow. He saw Tod strong at last, with healthy flesh covering the thin bones. Judith often fell victim to fever too. It was for her sake, as much as Tod's, that he had sold his small plantation and decided on Oregon.

Tod asked, "What you thinking about?"

"I thought I might go out and look at some mules."

Tod came and took his hand, and they left the house and walked down toward a yard that Fairman had noted before, a pole yard built to keep sale stock in.

He was having his wagons reined with three-inch iron, bolted on. He had bought two substantial wagons.

He had laid in a good supply of horse gear and gathered some animal tools and had bought a good rifle and a pistol and a shotgun for fowling. He had purchased a sheet-iron stove with a boiler, and a Dutch oven and skillet and plates and cups of tin. He had a tent, two churns and two plow models and a supply of rope for tethering animals.

The list of equipment he estimated as he counted the items off, was almost complete. Now he had to think about supplies—flour, meal, bacon, sugar, salt, dried apples, coffee, rice, maybe a little keg of vinegar. And books, especially school-books.

More important was the question of stock—oxen for the wagons, seven or eight yokes of them at least; mules to ride, milk cows and cattle to drive.

A voice called from behind him. "You lookin' for a man to go west?"

He turned and said "Yes" and waited seeing a long splinter of a man in hickory shirt and high-tung homespun breeches.

"Name's Hig," the figure announced. "Or that's what they call me. It's obdual for Higgins, I hanker to go," the man continued. "Gimme a place to lay my head and somethin' to feed on, and I'm your gooseberry."

Fairman debated, looking the man over, from the good forehead to the squeezed face to the spare figure to the feet shod in old peg boots. He did need another man.

While he debated, Hig said, "I'm a fixer, too. Used to be a pewter tinker. I can doctor sick rifle-guns and busted wheels and all. You'll see." He waited, and when Fairman's answer didn't come at once he thrust his hands out. "Lookit! These here paws didn't get that way lyin' folded in my lap. I'm skinny but strong, like a raven. You haw I ain't askin' anything but to go along and help you and eat out of your pot."

"Well—?"

Fairman felt Tod's hand tighten in his own and looked down and saw that the boy was smiling.

"It's all right with you, mister, you done hired yourself a man."

Hig reached down and took Tod's willing hand, and Fairman thought, a little helplessly, that sure enough he had done hired himself a man.

The mule trader was standing by the pole fence.

He said, "Fairin' to buy mules?"

"I thought I might."

"I got some the likes of which ain't often found."

Hig said, "That's Scripture, I bet."

A horseman jogged up and sat quiet for a minute and then swung out of the saddle.

"Lookin' for mules?" Toily, the trader, asked.

"Justassin' home," the man an-

swered. "Neighbor asked me to see if you had some smart ones."

"Now let me tell you somethin'," Toily said to Fairman, gesturing with his cigar. "I sell mules and oxen both, even if I ain't got any oxen right now. And if I was goin' to Oregon, I'd go by mule."

Tod yanked at Fairman's hand. "I want the big mule, Father."

Fairman asked, "How much?"

"Forty dollars each, two for seventy-five, and take your pick."

"It's enough."

"Cheap. Cheap as dirt."

Hig got into the conversation again. "Where you from, that dirt's so dear?"

Toily only looked at him.

The man outside the fence put a foot on a stump and dangled the bridle reins in his hand. He wasn't thin or fat, but Fairman thought, somehow fluid with muscle. On impulse Fairman asked, "What do you say, sir?"

"It ain't my deal."

"Why not?"

"What Injun love, Injun steal," Hig said, and the man looked up, his mouth impassive but his eyes grinning.

"What?" Fairman broke in. "You mean Indians will steal mules but not oxen?"

"Could be."

The man was quiet, flicking the reins against the palm of his hand. When he spoke again it was still mildly. "That big mule there. Seems like he used to belong to Tom Proctor. Yes, sir, Tom said that mule would look close and pick out the teeth he wanted to kick out of a man's face, and then he would let fly and never miss. Not once."

Toily moved toward the gate, acting furtive of purpose.

The man stood quiet, his foot on the stump and his hand resting on his uplifted knee. All he said was, "Take it easy, hoss."

"What's that, your name be?" Fairman asked.

"Dick Summers." Then he swung his horse around.

Fairman wanted to call to him, to ask if he was the mountain man to ask if he'd pilot a company to Oregon, but he stood silent as the horse jogged away, knowing only that he'd seen the second man he'd like to travel with.

Dick Summers sat on a stump and smoked his pipe. The days were longer than before, but dusk already had settled among the trees, and in the cabin the women who had come to lay out Mattie had struck a light, maybe more for the cheer of it than to see by.

A man moved away from the cabin and Summers saw it was his neighbor, Lije Evans, who finally had made up his mind to go to Oregon and now wanted everyone else to go.

Evans asked, "Mind company?" and eased his big body to the ground. They went back to their pipes, and by and by Evans said, "Your pore wife makes a real purty corpse, Dick."

Summers nodded, not speaking, while he thought about beaver country. He had said goodbye to it once. How long ago? Eighteen thirty-seven to eighteen forty-five. Eight years, but it seemed like forever.

Evans said, "You made up your mind what to do yet, Dick?"

Summers shook his head.

A man lost one thing and thought about others lost before. Like he thought about Jackson's Hole and the Wind Mountains and the squaws he had known, a long time ago.

"There just ain't enough range in Missouri."

Summers nodded.

(To Be Continued)

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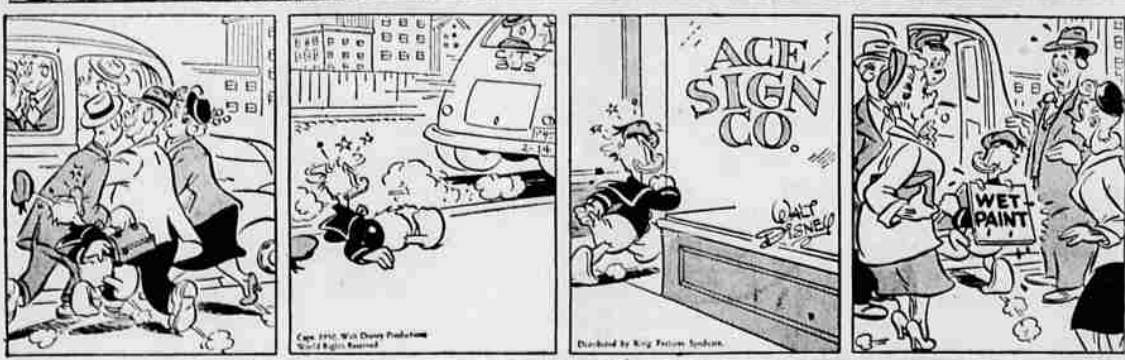
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RADIO PROGRAMS

TUESDAY—P.M.

Time	KGW	KOIN	KEX	KSLM	KOCQ
5:00	The 3 of Us	Feature Story	Green Hornet	Stratford Arrow	Swing Time
5:15	Fanny Brice	Little Show	Edw. C. Hill	Stratford Arrow	Swing Time
5:30	Fanny Brice	News	Edw. C. Hill	Stratford Arrow	Swing Time
5:45	Fanny Brice	News	Edw. C. Hill	Stratford Arrow	Swing Time
6:00	Bob Hope	Life with Luigi	Edw. C. Hill	Stratford Arrow	Swing Time
6:15	Bob Hope	Life with Luigi	Edw. C. Hill	Stratford Arrow	Swing Time
6:30	Bob Hope	Life with Luigi	Edw. C. Hill	Stratford Arrow	Swing Time
6:45	Bob Hope	Life with Luigi	Edw. C. Hill	Stratford Arrow	Swing Time
7:00	Bob Hope	Life with Luigi	Edw. C. Hill	Stratford Arrow	Swing Time
7:15	Bob Hope	Life with Luigi	Edw. C. Hill	Stratford Arrow	Swing Time
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7:45	Bob Hope	Life with Luigi	Edw. C. Hill	Stratford Arrow	Swing Time
8:00	Bob Hope	Life with Luigi	Edw. C. Hill	Stratford Arrow	Swing Time
8:15	Bob Hope	Life with Luigi	Edw. C. Hill	Stratford Arrow	Swing Time
8:30	Bob Hope	Life with Luigi	Edw. C. Hill	Stratford Arrow	Swing Time
8:45	Bob Hope	Life with Luigi	Edw. C. Hill	Stratford Arrow	Swing Time
9:00	Bob Hope	Life with Luigi	Edw. C. Hill	Stratford Arrow	Swing Time
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11:30	Bob Hope	Life with Luigi	Edw. C. Hill	Stratford Arrow	Swing Time
11:45	Bob Hope	Life with Luigi	Edw. C. Hill	Stratford Arrow	Swing Time
12:00	Bob Hope	Life with Luigi	Edw. C. Hill	Stratford Arrow	Swing Time

WEDNESDAY—6 A.M. TO 4:45 P.M.

Time	KGW	KOIN	KEX	KSLM	KOCQ
6:00	Hodge Podge	News	Farm News	Morn. News	Morn. News
6:15	Farm Times	KOIN Clock	Keep Smiling	March Time	KOCO Klock
6:30	Farm Times	KOIN Clock	Keep Smiling	March Time	KOCO Klock
6:45	Farm Times	KOIN Clock	Keep Smiling	March Time	KOCO Klock
7:00	Early Bird	KOIN Clock	Keep Smiling	March Time	KOCO Klock
7:15	Early Bird	KOIN Clock	Keep Smiling	March Time	KOCO Klock
7:30	Early Bird	KOIN Clock	Keep Smiling	March Time	KOCO Klock
7:45	Early Bird	KOIN Clock	Keep Smiling	March Time	KOCO Klock
8:00	Early Bird	KOIN Clock	Keep Smiling	March Time	KOCO Klock
8:15	Early Bird	KOIN Clock	Keep Smiling	March Time	KOCO Klock
8:30	Early Bird	KOIN Clock	Keep Smiling	March Time	KOCO Klock
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11:45	Early Bird	KOIN Clock	Keep Smiling	March Time	KOCO Klock
12:00	Early Bird	KOIN Clock	Keep Smiling	March Time	KOCO Klock

DIAL LISTING, KOAC 550
 Tuesday 5:15, Children's Theatre: 8:15, On the Upland
 Wednesday 5:15, Children's Theatre: 8:15, On the Upland
 Thursday 5:15, Children's Theatre: 8:15, On the Upland
 Friday 5:15, Children's Theatre: 8:15, On the Upland
 Saturday 5:15, Children's Theatre: 8:15, On the Upland
 Sunday 5:15, Children's Theatre: 8:15, On the Upland

Secret Club Members
 Pleasantdale — The Arrawanah needle club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Gubser. Mrs. Stephen Benedict, Mrs. Glen McFarlane, Mrs. Scott Edwards, Mrs. Dick Sitton, Mrs. James Penland, Mrs. Raymond Palmer, Mrs. Ivan Gubser.

Crossword Puzzle
 ACROSS
 1. Public conveyance
 4. Division of artillery
 9. In addition
 12. Literary fragments
 13. Trial
 14. Impression
 15. Flowering plant
 17. Chancre
 19. Nobleman
 20. Conduite
 22. Kind of dog
 23. Butterfly
 24. The man without a country
 25. Celestial body
 31. Puckish and illy family
 32. Aray
 34. Carried on
 36. Term of address
 37. Feast of good times
 39. Take up again
 41. Place of the seal: a hair
 42. Uncanny
 44. Official in certain
 46. In good health
 48. Set of three
 49. Kind of dog
 50. Every day
 52. Artifice
 53. Language
 54. Bushy clump
 55. Puckish and illy family
 56. Has ability

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

DOWN
 1. Claret
 2. Character in "The Faerie Queene"
 3. Capital of Oregon
 4. Kind of bird
 5. English letter
 6. African worm
 7. Unit of electromotive force
 8. Frequently
 9. Barbers
 10. Simple sugar
 11. Merry
 12. Not professional
 13. Son of Seth
 20. City in Colorado
 21. Sun-dried brick
 22. Author of "Robinson Crusoe"
 24. Kind of musical line
 26. Nimble
 27. Norwegian
 30. Article of belief
 33. Ahead
 35. Pays
 36. Bearing
 40. Silver dam
 42. Omit
 43. Metal
 44. Adjust
 45. Golf instructor
 51. Cover
 52. Room in a hat of the scale

ROOM AND BOARD By Gene Ahern

WHEN I FIRST HEARD ABOUT YOUR IDEA TO DESIGN AN AWAKEN PEOPLE BY ABLURRING SYNTHETIC ODORS OF BACON AND COFFEE ACROSS THEIR NOSES, I THOUGHT I WAS ONLY JOKING... BUT YOU'RE REALLY SERIOUS ABOUT THE IDEA! HAR... HAW... P

WHY, CERTAINLY I'M SERIOUS! IT'S AN ADVANCED IDEA OF OUR MODERN TIMES, SIR. ARE STILL IN THE JOG TROT OF THE HORSE-AND-BUGGY ERA!... UM... IN OTHER WORDS, THIS IS THE DAY OF TELEVISION, BUT YOU'LL WITH THE MAGIC LANTERN!

WOW NOW LINK?