

ON TO OREGON— The Way West

By A. B. GUTHRIE, JR.

SYNOPSIS: If Dick Summers (who has just lost his wife Mattie) will lead the party to Oregon, sturdily, he, Evans, Rebecca and his son Brownie will join the train. So will poor-white-trash McBee and his brood. Fairman and his wife and feverish small son Tod and many others of Independence, Missouri. Bull-headed Tadlock of Illinois wants to be the captain of the party. The season is spring. The year: 1845. Now go on with the story—

Chapter Three
Evans' voice went out in a bawl: "Brownie! Hey, you Brownie!"
"What is it, Pa?"
"Get yourself a bucket and go hunt up Dick's cow and milk her. The boy scuffed the ground with his toe.
"Let 'em be," Summers said. "Hell, a man don't like to do women's work."
"The boy said all right."
"How old's he?"
"Long seventeen."
"Good boy."
Summers could tell Evans was pleased. Evans said, shifting his position on the ground, "Anything I can do for you?"

Reckon not a Greek would let a man with a rifle do anything for himself. They brought him meat and bread and cake—more he could eat in a week even if he took to fancy. People and they tied up his place and built a walnut box and dug a grave and the women laid the body out. And all of them stayed around—the men smoking and chewing and talking pigs and crops and the women talking women's talk—until the body was in the ground and the earth thrown on top.
In time a man took losses as they came, a man going on to fifty did, anyway, remembering old good-byes.

That was how he was saying good-bye to his woman. She hadn't been a well woman, not ever since he'd known her. She had been a good woman, not smart-looking or playful or gentle on the outside, but hard-working and wishful of good things for him.
He oughtn't to be thinking of your squaws and old days in the mountains. But he had always thought about them some, even while she was alive. Her being dead didn't make the thinking worse.
He was sad, sure enough, but set up, too. Already he could feel the west wind in his face and see the tactus flowering.

"Nothin' thing," Evans said. "There's a preacher takin' the night at the Tuckers'. Pucker wanted I should ask you do you want him to preach the funeral."
"One's as good as another, I reckon. She would want a preacher."

"Funeral in the morning," Evans said, not asking a question but telling what he knew.
Summers nodded. "This here preacher's bound for Oregon, or so I hear."
The men fell silent as Summers passed through the sitting circle and the women hushed and stepped aside when he entered.

"After you take a look, you come and eat," Mrs. Evans said in her strong voice. "Everybody's et, and you got to eat, regardless."
They had scrubbed Mattie and combed her hair and laid her out with her arms crossed on her chest. All that was left was the still, shrunk body, and some morning it would be in the box.

He waited another minute, not touching her and not wanting to, and then he turned around, nodding slow. "I'm obliged, a heap obliged," he said to the woman and stepped back into the kitchen.

"Don't see how anyone could do it neither."
Lije Evans poked his head inside. "That preacher dropped by with Dick, and Tadlock, too."
Summers took the preacher's hand without speaking.

"My name is Weatherby, Joseph Weatherby, Brother Summers. I come from Indiana."
The words rolled out of his mouth, full-shaped and extra-ripe, as if being offered to the Lord. "Do not grieve, God works in mysterious ways."
The bony head bobbed, then lifted to say, "They tell me you may pilot a party to Oregon?"

"Might be."
"I will go, I feel the Lord is calling me to the new land."
"It's a long piece, for them as ain't young or used to it."
"I put my faith in Him."
Tadlock was standing just outside the door. "We'd like to talk to you a minute, if you'll forgive us for coming at this time. His face turned from Evans to Summers.

"This isn't pleasant, let me tell you. But it was a month ago, almost, that we asked you, and you didn't quite say yes or no. Are you going to pilot us or not? If not, we must find another man."
"Do what you please," Summers answered.
He turned, thinking over what he had said, thinking it wouldn't have made any difference if he had told them now. It was just that Tadlock grumbled him—and perhaps for no good reason at all except his outside manner. A man didn't like to be pushed.

Summers already knew well enough what his answer was. He

wished the funeral was over. He would sell out, except for the land itself, which he might have to come back to, and except for the critters he would need. It wouldn't take him long to get ready.

The wagon, backed up to the door, was nearly full, but not so full it wouldn't take what was left in the house. The pots and pans had been boxed and loaded, the bedding rolled up, the good dishes, such as they were, buried safe in the barrelled flour, the clothing packed away. The few pieces of furniture they would try to take along matted stowed beneath the wagon cover.

Rebecca Evans tried to match the cheerful hurry of the men. They had got the second wagon loaded, the barn to start emptying out the house. Brownie, asking, "What's next, Ma? What's next?"
It was like men, she thought, to be excited and not to feel with their excitement such a sadness as a woman did at saying goodbye to home.

"You can take the walnut chest," she said and watched Lije and Brownie leave it up and saw the men emptying it.
Each stick and splinter of this place was built by Lije, each little touch of prettiness put there by her or him.
Outside, her menfolk talked, thinking out loud how to place things in the wagon. Lije's voice came to her strong, full of a sort of forward feeling she hadn't heard in years. And so it was all right, she told herself. The moving was all right, hard as it was. Oregon was all right. What Lije needed—and what Brownie would need later—was a better chance than in Missouri. What he needed was a dare. What he needed was to find out what he amounted to. A slow-going, extra-easy-tempered man, said people, not understanding it was his self-belief that made him so, not knowing that, without it, there wasn't much he couldn't do. There was one thing she was sure of. Except for giving up the house she could be almost glad that Lije had got one of his rare and sudden notions and signed up for Oregon.

"Old Rock's ready, Ma. How about you?" Brownie's voice echoed in the dead rooms, in the room where he'd been born.
Lije walked from the wagon and came in and had a look around. "Seems you got everything, less you want to load up the house, too."

"Well, I could," he said and patted her shoulder and went back out, asking, "Ready?" on the way.
She said, "All right," and added, "Wait a shake," and turned back in, for it occurred to her, as if she had been slighting and forgetful of one who's served them well, that she hadn't taken the last long look that would be her goodbye. For a long minute or two she breathed the deserted air and in imagination put back into their places the fittings that had been torn away.

"Hurry up, Ma!"
She lifted her head and walked out, making sure the latch they'd used so many times was closed behind her.

(To Be Continued)



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Capital Journal, Salem, Ore., Wednesday, Feb. 15, 1939

RADIO PROGRAMS

WEDNESDAY—P.M.

Time	KGW 630 NBC	KOIN 870 CBS	KEX 1190 ABC	KSLM 1390 MBO	KOCO 1490 Kc.
5:00	The 5 of Us	Barrymore Show	Challenge of the	Mark Trail	Swing Time
5:30	Songs of Times	News	Jack Armstrong	Tom Mix	Swing Time
5:45	Elmer Peterson	News	Jack Armstrong	Tom Mix	Swing Time
6:00	Your Life	Groucho Marx	Edw. C. Hill	Gabriel Testa	Candle Light
6:15	Big Story	Groucho Marx	Home Edition	Mark Trail	Swing Time
6:30	Archie Andrews	Ring Crosby	Mod. Romances	Tello Testa	Swing Time
6:45	Archie Andrews	Ring Crosby	Mod. Romances	Serenade	Twilight Song
7:00	Big Story	Burns & Allen	Edw. C. Hill	Dinner Concert	Carol Bruce
7:15	Big Story	Burns & Allen	Hollywood	Edw. C. Hill	Swing Time
7:30	Curtain Time	Hollywood	Dr. I. Q.	Clisco Kid	Early Night
7:45	Curtain Time	Hollywood	Dr. I. Q.	Clisco Kid	Sports
8:00	Sinatra-Kirsten	Lowell Thomas	Sher. Holmes	Name of That	Track 1490
8:15	News of World	Jack Smith	File Holmes	Sales Fair	Track 1490
8:30	Children's Hour	Dr. Christian	Gregory Hood	Leo Bok. List	Track 1490
8:45	Children's Hour	Dr. Christian	Gregory Hood	Leo Bok. List	Track 1490
9:00	Break the Bank	Frank Race	Burr Adiam	Glen Hardy	Track 1490
9:15	News of World	Jack Smith	Concert Hour	Int. Airport	Track 1490
9:30	Dist. Attorney	Beulah	Where There's	Int. Airport	Track 1490
9:45	Dist. Attorney	Club 10	Musie	Int. Airport	Track 1490
10:00	Sam Hayes	5 Star Final	Rediff. Reporter	Fulton Lewis	Mus. for Amer.
10:15	News of World	Jack Smith	Internews	Max Mitchell	Track 1490
10:30	Spis. Final	Air-View	Concert Hour	O N G	Musie You Want
10:45	Orchestra	Drchestra	Concert Hour	O N G	Musie You Want
11:00	News	File Holmes	Concert Hour	O N G	Musie You Want
11:15	News	File Holmes	Concert Hour	O N G	Musie You Want
11:30	Wax Museum	Organ	Memo Tomor.	Ok. St. Symp.	Track 1490
11:45	Wax Museum	Organ	Memo Tomor.	Ok. St. Symp.	Track 1490
12:00	Hilton Off	Silent	KOIN Hour	Sign Off	Track 1490

THURSDAY—6 A.M. TO 4:45 P.M.

Time	KGW 630 NBC	KOIN 870 CBS	KEX 1190 ABC	KSLM 1390 MBO	KOCO 1490 Kc.
6:00	News	News	Farm News	News	News
6:30	News	News	Farm News	News	News
6:45	News	News	Farm News	News	News
7:00	News	News	Farm News	News	News
7:30	News	News	Farm News	News	News
7:45	News	News	Farm News	News	News
8:00	News	News	Farm News	News	News
8:15	News	News	Farm News	News	News
8:30	News	News	Farm News	News	News
8:45	News	News	Farm News	News	News
9:00	News	News	Farm News	News	News
9:15	News	News	Farm News	News	News
9:30	News	News	Farm News	News	News
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11:30	News	News	Farm News	News	News
11:45	News	News	Farm News	News	News
12:00	News	News	Farm News	News	News
12:15	News	News	Farm News	News	News
12:30	News	News	Farm News	News	News
12:45	News	News	Farm News	News	News

DIAL LISTING, KOAC 550
KOAC Wednesday P. M.—5:00, Children's Theater; 5:15, On the Upbeat; 5:30, 550 Sports Club; 6:00, News; 6:15, Eugene; 6:30, Invitation to Read; 7:00, Farmers' Union; 7:15, Evening Home; 7:30, Basketball; 8:00, News and Weather; 8:15, Evening Meditations; 10:00, Sign Off.

Gilbert Honor Guest Upon 83rd Birthday
Maclay—The home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gilbert, Sr., was the scene of a pleasant affair when Mr. Gilbert was honored on his 83rd birthday with a family party.
The evening was spent informally with refreshments served at a late hour.
Present besides the honor guest and Mrs. Gilbert were Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gilbert, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Steele and Brenda, Dallas; Mr. and Mrs. William Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Gilbert and Wayne, Jr., Mrs. Celia Perry and Mrs. Paul Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Gilbert and Darrell, Larry and Londa, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Lucas and Ronald, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Gilbert and Jennie, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gilbert, and Doris, Ruth and Dick of West Astoria.
Mr. and Mrs. Lester Perry and Joseph, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gilbert, Jr., and Bob and Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Martin, Jr. and Maxine, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Measman and Dennis and Dana, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Kennis and Ronald, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Halman and Gerald and Merrill, Salem and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cox, old friends of the Gilbert family, formerly of North Dakota, but now of Salem.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS: 1. Roman goddess; 2. Proportion; 3. Dancer; 4. Brazilian money; 5. Punnett vegetable; 6. Seaweed; 7. Lark; 8. Made of a certain wood; 9. Alaskan cape; 10. English divine; 11. Slop; 12. Made; 13. Principal artery; 14. Cigar; 15. Behold; 16. Hotel resort; 17. Relabel; 18. Scatter seed.

DOWN: 1. Italian lady; 2. Wander; 3. Wrath; 4. Climbing vine; 5. Draw game; 6. Card game; 7. Exist; 8. Number; 9. Ruminant animal; 10. Old; 11. Peruvian chief; 12. Squander; 13. American Indians; 14. Compound; 15. Convey beyond jurisdiction; 16. Dot; 17. Indian; 18. Smooth; 19. Minute crinoid; 20. Haul; 21. God; 22. Schoolmistress who turned her admirer to stone; 23. Devil; 24. Measure of length; 25. Cray; 26. Aster; 27. East India weight; 28. Mary; 29. Female sheep; 30. Sun god.

Room and Board

By Gene Ahern

VER A GENIUS JUDGE, AN I THINK YER IDEA OF A NEW ALARM CLOCK IS KERLOSSAL! I'LL PUT MY ORDER IN FER ONE NOW, BUT INSTEAD OF IT I WANTIN' CUT DA SMALLER OF BACON AN' COFFEE, KIN YUH MAKE IT PANCAKES AN' SAUSAGE, MUH FAVORITE PERFUME?

AH, BUT JUNIOR, I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE THE CLOCKS, MYSELF... I'M AN IDEA MAN! I'LL SEND IN A BLUEPRINT OF MY INVENTION TO A CLOCK COMPANY AND OFFER THEM THE IDEA FOR... \$50,000!

cools your mouth

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