

A Musical Comedy in Three Acts.

SETTING: The Pacific Northwest during the Turn of the 19th Century.

STORY: TOM's father has indentured TOM to a traveling medicine show. Outraged by the decision, his wife hurries to the Tualatin Valley Chautauqua, where a PROFESSOR is putting TOM on display as an example of someone who is "not fit to survive." She is not pleased with anything she hears at the Chautauqua. In a desperate effort to save her son from the Darwinian, militaristic, technology-mad Century that is about to begin, she wraps TOM in a Chautauqua poster and tosses him into the Tualatin River. TOM somehow survives and is rescued by a family that lives along the river. TOM's primary defender becomes MAUD, "Queen of the Moonshiners." His psychoanalyst becomes EZRA, who "reads thangs." Just as the singing and dancing begins, TOM is rescued-- again-- by a Temperance Missionary, ABIGAIL, who ushers him off to a "church" which turns out to be a convention of Pacific Northwest geologists discussing their latest findings. In the frenzy, TOM is tarred and feathered. He makes it back to his raft and opens a business as a ferry boat operator. He transports a very peculiar series of passengers. The first is a condemned man and his jailer. The third is a Chinese sage who walks on water. The fourth passenger is the infamous JIM TURK, a historical figure from Astoria. MAUD arrives just in time to rescue TOM from slavery yet once again. She announces that her family and kinsmen are mystified by TOM's upriver origins and are determined to help TOM discover the true meaning of his life.

THE AUTHOR: Clyde Ray List (1944-) was born in Newberg Oregon and has spent a considerable part of his life questioning his folks and their neighbors about why they wound up on that particular spot on the map and could find no greater happiness somewhere else. The University of Oregon Library's online newspaper site opened an even larger window on the question. Some of the dialogue in "Lost Tom" is taken verbatim from the heritage newspaper collection at UO, and those sources are carefully flagged throughout the script.

CAST:

MA

PA//FINLAND

ADAM/TOM

EVE/MAUDE

PROFESSOR#1,2,3,4,5

SALESMAN/IRELAND/VOICE

EZRA/SAGE

ZEEK/RENSOM

SHERIFF

CELESTIAL

GRIFFIN/TURK/FINLAND

GAL1,2,3

GUY1,2,3,4

ACT ONE. SCENE ONE. On a road in the country.

ENTER ADAM and EVE

EVE: I can't believe you would do such a thing, Adam!

ADAM: It's not that unusual, Eve.

EVE: Selling our children into slavery?

ADAM: Oh don't exaggerate, Eve. I loaned them out for a little while, that's all. Until I get these debts paid!

EVE: But we're in Oregon, Adam. Haven't you heard? Indentured servitude is illegal here!

ADAM: Oh don't start quoting Scripture at me, Eve. If you did, I'd point out to you how working for free has been a respected institution clear back into Bible times. Oh those were dark and troubled times back then Eve, with the Red Sea dividing and the Sun standing still and the Forty Years of Wandering. Oh yes! not so very different at all from out here in Oregon Territory.

[Sound of distant thunder.]

EVE: It would not surprise me at all if God struck you dead for talking like that, Adam!

ADAM: Thousands of good and decent American citizens came to America as servants. Several of our U. S. Presidents experienced it, including the Great Emancipator Himself, Abraham Lincoln. Did you know that? He spent a year as an indentured servant. His Vice President, Andrew Johnson, was an indentured servant all his childhood years. That's probably why Abe chose him for the job in the first place. Wouldn't surprise me at all, Eve.

[Sound of distant thunder.]

VOICE: Adam!

ADAM: And there's all kinds of free stuff that went with slavery too, you know! Free housing. Free clothing. Free medical care. You're not going to get benefits like that out here in Oregon, when we don't even know....

[Sound of Thunder.]

VOICE: Adam! Where are you?

[ADAM and EVE startled, look in all directions of the compass.]

VOICE: I did get your name right didn't I, Adam?

ADAM [looking straight up meekly]: Yes sir! 'Adam' is the name. And this here is Eve, my helpmate.

EVE: Pleased to meet you, sir!

VOICE: Pleasure is all mine, ma'am.

ADAM: And so... What seems to be the problem, sir?

VOICE: Well. [Very distant thunder] I seem to be a bit lost, Adam.

ADAM: Really?

VOICE: I am looking for The Second Annual Tualatin Valley Chautauqua? Would you happen to...?

ADAM [laughing]: Oh! You're there, sir! This is it! Just follow the music!

[Band music in the distance.]

VOICE: Oooo-kay, There it is! I hear it! I see it! Mighty fine band this year! Looks like a pretty good crowd too. [Lightning flashes.] Ohh! Better get myself down! See you both in a little while!

ADAM [shouting]: No problem at all, Mr. Kelly. [to EVE] Come on Eve! That's Mr. Kelly, the star attraction at the Chautauqua last year. I was talking to him at the Studebaker shop a few days ago. He said he might even give us a ride this time! All we need to do is to follow that big, glorious hot air balloon of his. Boy! What a godsend!

EVE: [Covering against the rain.] Oh... How is this going to end!?

EXUANT

ACT ONE. SCENE TWO. Grove of trees.

CHOIR:

1. Life is more rewarding now Since I bought a horse and plow. Owning my own piece of land Sewing seed with my own hand. Feudalism's done and gone. Celebrate with joyful song!	2. There is always more to learn, Always one more page to turn In the Book of Liberty. Which we write as well as read! Feudalism's done and gone. Celebrate with joyful song!	3. Should our sons give up the fight, Choosing darkness over light, Let Earth's working people cry: "Beware children! Slavery's nigh!" Feudalism's done and gone. Celebrate with joyful song!
--	--	--

ADAM: What a great old song, Gives me goose bumps every time I hear it!

EVE: Yes dear.

PROFESSOR#1: Welcome to the Second Annual Tualatin Valley Chautauqua. Campers have been arriving all day, and I see new tents going up in every direction.

CALAPOOYA [In the distance, to a traditional drum beat.]: The u- ni- ted states of am -er -i -ca the u -ni -ted states of am -er -i -ca the u - [etc.]

PROFESSOR#1: I can hear canoes arriving. The weather is a bit uncertain, but Jessi Boone and his Calapooya nation know how to get you there on time, I'll say that for 'em!

[Round of Applause.]

...so a little weather doesn't frighten us. We still go right on enjoying books and music and art and fine writing and such, every bit as much as those great lords and ladies in their palaces in Europe. The only difference is that we work for a living and they don't. So welcome to the Chautauqua! Please learn all you can and be edified. For we are building a great country that will have none of that aristocracy bunch telling us what to do and think.

CALAPOOYA [Voices chanting in the background]: Willa-METTE, Willa-METTE. Daughter of the firmament. Do you yearn to reach the sea?

[Applause.]

GUY1: Them Chinamen is sure taking up all the jobs lately!

GUY2: Yes, but they work hard. There's a lesson in it.

GAL1: The Chinese elders look so wise and all-knowing, like they come from the Bible. Celestials. That's what they're called now: Celestials.

GUY3: That Rudyard Kipling fellow. He's no celestial, eh? What do you think of him? Did you read where he called Oregonians all a bunch of loafers?

GUY1: My head's still swimming from that train ride we had up here. The rails keep shifting back and forth every time the train goes over...

GUY3: The one the Scotchmen built?

GUY1: Yes. Scotch-men. Thrifty. The cross ties float around in the mud all the way from Monmouth to Tualatin.

GAL2: But it's a railroad. Better than nothing. The Federal Government sure wasn't going to build it. So we built it ourselves.

GUY2: Yes we did. We did it the Oregon way!

GAL1: Yes! The Oregon Way!

Guy4: And Scotland is part of Oregon. Everybody knows that.

Guy5: And Italy.

Guy6: And China.

Guy7: And Russia.

Guy8: And France.

[Ad Lib]: Yeap! We're all one thing now. One big, new country. Indivisible with liberty and justice and..
 FINLAND: Listen! Listen to this! I brought this all the way from Astoria. It's The Legend of Lurline! Where the nobleman is called into the Rheine River by the maidens. We all learned it back in the old country, remember? Of course you do! Listen! Listen:

1. Der is trunks all full mit money,
 In ships dot sunk here of old;
 Und you helbs yourzelfs, py crayshess,
 To shimmerin crowns of gold;

3. Vot you vants mit schnaps und lager?
 Coom down into der blue Rhein—
 Dere ish pottles der Kaiser Sharleman
 Vonce filled mit golden wine.

2. Yoost dink of dem spoons und vatches
 Yoost look at dese diamond rings;
 Coom down und fill your bockets,
 Und I kiss you like eferydings;

4. Dot fotched him; he shtood sbellbound,
 She pulled his coat-tails down;
 She drew him under der vasser,
 Dot maiden mid nodings on.

[FINLAND laughing hysterically.]

IRELAND: [Unsmiling, carefully turning his back to FINLAND] I'll have a drink with a gentleman. Anyone? Who will join me?

Guy3: Oh oh. What's this? Looks like a couple of hobos. Who invited them here?

[ENTER "RENSOM & SAGE."]

SAGE:
 1. Hey bo! Old bo!
 Don't slow down so!
 Keep on that road!
 Look! We're almost home!
 There's Old Joe waving
 at the general store.

RENSOM:
 2. "Don't call me Joe!
 Don't 'Old Joe'me!
 Hey you Ho Bo!
 What you doin' here for?
 We think it's better
 that you move along."

SAGE:
 3. Oh how loud the trumpeting
 When the army spreads its wing
 Like a gander in the sky!
 Mother whispered in my ear:
 "Don't forget to write us dear.
 We will save your dish and chair."
 I survived a Reb attack.
 Folks both died of Yellow Jack.
 County burned the old place down.

RENSOM: Now we go to war again.
 Time to raise our voices and
 Match the thunder in the sky!
 Father Francis said a prayer:

SAGE: "Jesus guide these precious dears
 As they save us from our from our fears.
 Without their strength what would we do?
 We've only one request of you:

RENSOM/SAGE: Keep them hobos out of town!

[Applause]

RENSOM [to SAGE]: You seem familiar sir. I am certain I saw you during the war.

SAGE: I am certain of it as well, Corporal Rensom sir. For I am Corporal Sage, New York Light Infantry.

RENSOM: It hardly seems possible, Sage, to see you in such excellent condition, for I thought I had shot you dead long ago.

[Both laughing]

SAGE: The ball went through me, bounced off a wall and struck you as well. We would not be alive today had we not forgotten our colors and helped one another to safety. That wound was not the end of my difficulties. I fell victim to 'Yellow Jack' as well, in its most virulent form.

RENSOM: And yet look at you now, Sage! You are the picture of health.

SAGE: I have new blood, new energy and a new lease of life, sir, wholly as the result of using Victoria's Dyspepsia Tablets. [Displays a small glass bottle.] This remarkable preparation has overcome all the evil influences of malaria, all the poison of the army, all traces of dyspepsia, all mal-assimilation of food, and indeed made a new man of me.

RENSOM: I say! It would be wonderful if more veterans of the Civil War— their breath foul, their tongues coated, their teeth decayed, their nervous system shattered, suffering from horrid dreams and frightful nightmares, experiencing terrific headaches, and praying for release from this living death we veterans all must deal with—could only hear you now.

[APPLAUSE]

EVE: Oh dear. I see a child without its mother over there. It could be my poor lost Tom. I had better take a look.

[She makes a wide S-turn through the crowd, which keeps getting in her way.]

PROFESSOR 2: Observe the steam-engine, my friends. You only need to stand amid its ponderous beams and bars, wheels and cylinders, and watch their unceasing play! Old Gothic cathedrals in Europe are solemn places, preaching solemn lessons about solemn things -but an American engine room may preach a more solemn lesson still. How exquisitely complete is every detail! How every little bar and rod fit and work together, just like...

RENSOM: Boy! I sure would not want to be standing in the way when they put wheels under that thing!

SAGE: They will. Just give them time.

PROFESSOR 3: ...this new American made pocket watch, my friends. Thanks to American technology, you now know that if you arrive at a meeting with five persons ten minutes late, you are robbing each of those five persons of ten minutes apiece, and ten times five are fifty. If there be 500 persons waiting instead of 5, you have committed a robbery of 5,000 minutes, for ten times 500 are 5,000 and this will lead to...

SENATOR: ...a world far more sensible and organized than it has ever been before, thanks to American ingenuity and optimism. Why, just consider the recent War with Spain as a case in point. A few years ago, our boys were fighting one another in our great and terrible Civil War. But see them now, like brothers and friends, they lie side by side in Arlington Cemetery because they lost their lives in some other country's civil war...

[Loud applause. RENSOM and SAGE attempt to salute, lose their balance, collapse on the ground, side by side.]

GUY1: Hey! Somebody help these guys!

GAL1: Oh how peaceful they look!

GUY1: Does anyone have a sketchbook?

EVE: Tom! Thank God I've found you at last. You look frightened. Who did daddy sell you to?

CHILD [Pointing at PROFESSOR#4]: Him.

PROFESSOR 4: Please do not try this experiment at home, my friends. I have set this child down to an interesting book, a story that he enjoys. He has been reading for three hours. Now I call him off so that I may diagnose him. Stand up, son.

CHILD: Yes sir.

P4: As you can see from the shape of this child's skull, his brain has been overworked. His head is hot. Examine his tongue, and you will find his digestion impaired. Notice how dazed the child is as he walks. His eyes are full, and touched with inflammation. Sitting for a long time, he has grown weak in his back, and is leaning in his shoulders. The boy is tired and unstrung. He is very irritable with other children.

GUY4: Why look! That professor is reading that boy like a book!

GAL1: Science is sure amazing!

P4: In short: This child is NOT FIT TO SURVIVE, not anywhere, not at work, not at play, and certainly not in a school house. This boy belongs in a factory! He should be granted the RIGHT TO WORK before he breaks down mentally and morally and goes insane...

GUYS/GALS: Yes! [Repeat three times] Give 'em THE RIGHT TO WORK!

SALESMAN: [to EVE] Excuse me, ma'am. Do dreams and nightmares assail you?

EVE [as though in a trance]: What did you say!?

SALESMAN: Dreams and nightmares, ma'am.

EVE: How could you possibly understand such things, sir? Are you a Celestial? You don't look Chinese! From what book of inspired wisdom do you acquire such insight?

SALESMAN: To be honest ma'am.

EVE: Oh no! Fear not honesty! Please speak honestly when you are speaking to me sir! I will have nothing less than honesty in my dealings with people.

SALESMAN: The common people, like me, as well as the more enlightened and refined, such as yourself, ma'am, are beginning to cry out! Yes! From every country, class, and caste! People are beginning to think for themselves. We will no longer allow a few individuals to tell us what our sentiments and opinions must be.

EVE: No! We must cry out! Yes! Please go on!

SALESMAN: For too long, the masses have endured the most intense suffering in the name of duty. They died as martyrs to a false system.

EVE: Martyrs? You're too kind. My own ancestors were more like mules! The great lords called them into service, as a mule is called into harness, and like mules, they died, never finding any other reason to exist.

SALESMAN: [speechless.]

EVE: But please sir. Do go on. What other course do you recommend for me and my fellow European immigrants now that we have learned how to read a newspaper and to discuss things intelligently.

SALESMAN: First, ma'am, and at all times, we must be alert! We must stand ready and prepared for the first symptom of some serious malady.

EVE: Oh! Your metaphor is excellent. The body politic often reminds me of a sick patient in the hospital!

SALESMAN: I am well aware of the censure that will be meted out to me for saying this, ma'am!

EVE: Oh but be Brave sir! Please go on! Remember that I am here, ready to stand by you. Thank God we are in America where such things as the Freedom of Speech are still possible!

SALESMAN: Yes ma'am. Of course I refer to occasional feelings of weariness, sometimes accompanied by nausea, sour taste, bad breath, belching, stomach and bowel trouble... Let me assure you, ma'am.

[He displays a small glass bottle.] Victoria's Dyspepsia Tablets is the remedy. Each tablet will restore the gastric fluid with all the elements needed to build up....

[EVE covers both ears, screams at the top of her lungs and grabs CHILD into her arms.]

EXUANT EVE and CHILD.

Guy4: [Shouting] Look! That woman just grabbed that mentally and morally insane child and....

Gal1: On no! Look! She's wrapped him up in a Chautauqua poster! What's she doing!?

Gal2: She's launching him into the Tualatin River!

GUY3: Like Miriam in the Bible? Is that what we're supposed to learn?

Gal2: But shouldn't we try to rescue the child?

Guy3: Yes! Somebody find a boat! We'll search the river all night if we have to!

TO DARK.

ACT TWO. SCENE ONE. LIGHT RISING. People coming ashore.

Guy3: We'll lose even more people if we don't be careful.

Guy2: Those Chautauqua posters are pretty water resistant. The kid's probably safe and dry by now.

RENSOM: I wonder what got into that woman? Some sort of shell shock?

SAGE: The War has left its mark on all of us. Even when you live this far North of the Mason Dixon Line.

PROFESSOR1: But we can't let this defeat us! It's just one more reason to work for a better future.

Gal1: We need something to cheer us up. Who's got an idea?

Guy1: Yes. The show must go on!

RENSOM: [Ukulele in hand] I say! How many people know this song? [Sings]

When I was a lad no older than Six,
I read a big book about sailing ships.
I yearned for a river that was near at hand,
That would carry me away to a far away land.
SAGE: [Leading the CHORUS]
So he found a ship that was oh so very grand,
And the river that she sailed was the Tualatin!
Yes, he found a ship that was very near at hand
And the river that she covered was the Tualatin!
RENSOM:I asked for a cabin on the starboard side
So the tropical sun wouldn't singe my hide.
"Aye aye sir!" the Captain cheerfully replied,
With a smile that seemed to me to be a bit too wide.
CHORUS:And that's how his famous journey began
On the river navigated as the Tualatin.
Yes, that's how his famous journey began
On the river celebrated as the Tualatin.
RENSOM: Almost hit a ferry boat. Almost struck a bridge.
Thankfully the smoke stack's built with a hinge.
We were fairly underway when we ran into a tree.
I was knocked for a loop by the scenery.

CHORUS: Yes he barely had time to get his sea boots on,
When his hat set sail on the Tualatin!
Barely had time to get his sea legs goin'
When he tripped on a branch of the Tualatin!
RENSOM: I was standing on the deck like a man who knows the lot.
When the ship struck a rock not far from the dock.
I heard a lot shout, "All hands on deck!
We're going down faster than the Titanic!"
CHORUS:The Captain refused to give up his command,
But stood saluting on the highest end!
The Captain refused to jump with us when
We sank to the bottom of the Tualatin.
RENSOM:I took a deep breath and much to my surprise,
The water came no higher than the bridge 'tween my eyes!
A crawfish attached itself to my nose
And came home with me for dinner as you might suppose!
CHORUS: There is one thing that we'll now pass on:
RENSOM: You're never far from home on the Tualatin.
CHORUS: There is one thing that we'll now pass on:
The seafood platter on the Tualatin!

ACT TWO. SCENE TWO. By the River.

EZ: [Dreamily] The Moon may look dead to some scientists. But dark patches on its surface look quite green in the telescopic lens. They may be nothing but vast grassy regions covered with flocks and herds. The "man in the moon" may have abundant pasturage for his cattle, and many a shepherd boy may be there seated on the ground, piping as though he should never grow old.

MA: Why that is the most powerful report. It sure makes you want to start a manned space program.

PA: What else is the newspaper saying to you this morning, Ezra?

[Light Rising.]

EZ: CRAZED MAN OUT! Last Thursday Night and Friday morning the western county was afforded considerable excitement by the maneuvers of a crazy man. The sufferer, whose name is not known, was captured and put to bed at the Hotel, with a guard sleeping in the same room. But while said guard slept the "wild man," chiefly equipped with an undershirt and considerable crazy determination, made for the open country. Soon the alarm was given. Sheriff Etkins and Al Yancy, the night watch, tracked him part way up the big grade east of town. Then he took to the woods and climbed up over the steep rock walls near the river --no mean enterprise on a dark night for a crazy man with bare feet.

GRAMMA [offstage]: Ezra! You stop that conjuring, Ezra! It's the devil's work for sure! I'm serious! You're going to eternal damnation someday for all that reading you do!

PA: Aw don't worry so, grand ma! Ezra's been reading things for years. It's only just now that he's discovered newspapers. Everybody down at the General Store reads newspapers. It's never done them any harm.

MA: I'm the one who picked it up and brought it home. I couldn't hear nothing. It stayed silent as a stone until Ezra put his ear up to it. It's been saying all kinds of things to him ever since....

[A volley of rifle fire.]

ENTER ZEEK

ZEEK: [Marching back and forth Center Stage] Woowie!! She can sure stack 'em up! That's my Sis! She lays 'em out just about right! I tell you!

ENTER MAUDE.

MAUDE: Quiet down, Zeek.

ZEEK: [Keeps circling the stage, excited.] Heap big Indian! That's our Maudie! The Revenue Department had better watch out now! They ain't closing our operation down! Not any time soon. No sir!

PA: We're all proud of you, girl.

MAUDE: Ezra! Quiet Zeek down will you?

MA: You didn't lay somebody low out there, did you, girl

MAUDE: I would never shoot a Revenue Officer dead. I only shoot their hats off. They're just doing their job, and I respect them for taking good care of their wives and families and all.

PA: Cousin Charlie says you're the Queen of the Moonshiners now. They're calling you that all up and down the beaver dam. I reckon it's so.

MA: I could not care less what the river folk say about my baby. It's the folks in town I worry about. The last time we went to Hillsboro, all them young lawyers looked plum scared of her.

MAUDE: It was fun to watch them run away.

MA: I'd rather see a few of them running your direction once in a while, Maude baby. You're as pretty as a flower.

PA: [Laughing to himself] Talk about 'afraid.' That fellow she was talking to at the chautauqua sure wasn't afraid of nobody or nothing!

EZ: [Tossing the newspaper in the air.] Up in the air! Up in the air!

EXIT ZEEK.

MAUDE: That Kelly fellow? He was alright.

MA: You see what I mean, child. There was a nice young fellow for you. You should have said 'Alright, Mr. Kelly' when he asked you to go for a ride.

MAUDE: Yeah. I guess.

EZ: All the way up there! All the way...

MA: Be careful with that newspaper Ezra. You know how worried gramma is by you reading everything the way you do.

PA: Aw go on, go ahead son. What does the newspaper saying about Mr. Kelly?

EZ: The balloonist looked no larger than a fly that's been caught in a spider web. When he finally cut loose from the big fat hot-air bag, all eyes were focused upon him. Thousands of hearts skipped a beat while he plunged downward perhaps 300 feet, as if thrown from a catapult. And then the big canvas umbrella spread. The man threw a turkey in the air at the same time he opened the parachute, so that he could race that bird to the ground...

MAUDE: I remember that poor critter. Yeap.

PA: Does the newspaper say anything about Maudie?

MAUDE: Oh PA! That ain't news. I just wanted to help Mr. Kelly win is all. He deserved to get to the ground first.

MA: I think that is enough reading, anyhow, Ez. You better put that news paper back in the wood box before your grannie comes out.

ENTER ZEEK and TOM

ZEEK: Look what I found!

PA: Is that the Revenuer?

ZEEK: Go Maudie! Go!

MAUDE: No! Wait a minute. Never seen you before. Who are you? WHAT are you?

EZ: Are you a wilderness man?

MA: One of them Robin Hood people from Sherwood?

TOM: [speaking in natural river sounds:] I drift around a lot.

PA: What did he say?

EZ: He says he's a "drifter."

MAUDE: [Offers TOM food.] Stands on two feet well enough. Could be a person I suppose. Talks like a bird. Eats like a horse.

TOM: [Refreshed] Be kind to your fine feathered friends. For it might be somebody's mother!

PA: What's he saying, Ez?

EZ: Not sure. Never read nobody like this before.

TOM: When I was young in Salem town adventure was my game!

MA: Why, listen to him! He's singing a song that reminds me of one I know. Our kind of music!

MAUDE: Go get your fiddle Ez!

PA: That's an old, old song alright! [SINGING]

When I was young in Salem town adventure was my game.

I journeyed far as Boston once, amazed how far I'd came.

While there I saw some words that led my thinking far astray!

The head-line read, "Go West Young Man! Don't tarry. Go today!"

My nanny packed a lunch for me and pressed my coat and sleeves.
 "The West is very nice." she said, "It's quite near Albany!"
 But when I left old Salem MASS and reached dear Salem MO.
 I was nearly trampled by a herd of buffalo!

With nowhere else to face except the sunset in my eye,
 A wagon train comported me across the Great Divide.
 But when I reached Astoria, Fate pushed me overboard.
 A gentleman from Shanghai wacked me with an oar!

The ship we sailed did not sail far, for this I praise the Lord!
 She broke up on the Columbia bar. I paddled back to shore,
 Took off my cap, fell to my knees, before sweet Molly McGee
 And said, "Dear, let's call Or-Ee-Gone home.
 It's West enough for me!"

MA: You left out the part about crossing the River, Pa. All the misery we came across in the land of Malheur.

1. When first we came to Oregon,
 We saw a lot of features
 With names now only understood
 By foreign language teachers.
 Malheur, Malheur,
Pardonnez moi, masseur!
 Malheur, Malheur,
 Means misery *du jour!*

2. Getting off in Malheur
 Felt like I was coming home.
 But Malheur was the saddest stop
 On any trail I've known.
 Malheur...

3. The streets were filled with cattlemen
 And sad forgotten songs.
 A fellow from Lorado town
 Kept crooning all night long!
 Malheur..

4. I heard a church bell ringing
 And the sound was so forlorn.
 The choir started singing,
 "Lord! Why were we ever born?"
 Malheur...

5. Stopped at a soda fountain
 To ask the reason why.
 The lady only looked at me
 And then began to cry.
 Malheur...

6. I tried the Commerce Chamber
 Thought they'd be worth a try!
 But the sign above the window read,
 "Closed! Forever! Gone! Goodbye!"
 Malheur...

7. We climbed back on the wagon train,
 Retraced our journey nigh.
 If West I ever go again,
 Malheur I shall pass by.
 Malheur...

PA: Ah, but I still have a yen to go back there, Ma. The air East of the mountains always reminds me of the ocean!

MA: Oh yes! A trip to Hawaii is always a joy!

MAUDE: Hawaii is THAT a-way!?

PA: Yeap! It all depends on how you say it!

1. When first I come to Oregon,
I suffered from vexation.
The doctor said, "Take my advice.
You need a small vacation."
Owyhee, Owyhee!
I'm heading for Owyhee
Owyhee, Owyhee! In sunny Idaho.

2. In search of paradise now lost
I hurried to the station.
I said, "What would a ticket cost
To reach that elevation?"
Owyhee, Owyhee!
I'm heading for Owyhee
Owyhee, Owyhee! In sunny Idaho.

3. Spelled with an "H" or with an "O"
Ignore the variation.
The two names really are the same,
In spite of their location.
Hawaii, Owyhee!
I'm heading for Owyhee
Hawaii, Owyhee! In sunny Idaho.

4. When Britain ruled the Seven Seas
She sent out invitations
To South Pacific Islanders
To slave on her plantations.
Hawaii, Owyhee!
She sent them to Owyhee
Owyhee, Owyhee! In sunny Idaho.

5. The Depot Agent looked at me.
He said, "You must be jokin'."
No one gets to Ha-wai-ee
By train across the ocean.
Hawaii! Hawaii!
You can't get to Hawaii!
Hawaii! Hawaii! Just any way, you know!"

6. I said, "Quite sadly sir but typically
You're tragically mistaken.
My granny came by wagon train
Amidst great tribulation."
Owyhee, Owyhee!
She trundled to Owyhee
Owyhee, Owyhee! In sunny Idaho.

7. Americans came overland
In search of land donations
The North Pacific Indians
Yelled, "Where's your reservations!?"
Owyhee, Owyhee!
We all came to Owyhee
Owyhee, Owyhee! in sunny Idaho.

Also river and a lake
both bounding toward the Snake,
A river bright and dancing.
Her canyon walls are full of shade
Quite handy for romancing.
Owyhee, Owyhee!
Let's all go to Owyhee....

ENTER Abigail.

ABIGAIL: Shameless! I am outraged by such an irreligious spectacle on a Sabbath Day!

MA: Abigail Scott Duniway! Good to see you again. We can always count on you marching through when we least expect it.

ABIGAIL: Thankfully, this is Oregon Territory, where we are all allowed to come and go as we please.

EZ: Did you bring a newspaper?

ABIGAIL: Why no. Not this time, Ezra! But I would be most pleased to send you the latest copy of my publication. Here! Write down your name and postal box number for me. I will put you on the "New Northwest" subscription list.

EZ: I never learned how to write none. Only know how to read.

ABIGAIL: I see.

MA: I won't have anybody criticizing him neither! Don't you go lecturing Ez about it. Us folks have been reading things for years and years and it has never done us no harm!

ABIGAIL: Well... I cannot say as I disapprove of reading the newspaper. Just thank God this be Oregon, where we can practice as many religions as.... [Notices TOM] What are you!?

EZ: He can't read nor write. But he sings good!

[Voices chanting in the distance.]

ABIGAIL: What's that church I hear over yonder? The music sounds Presbyterian.

PA: Oh that's a bunch of them rock talkers.

ABIGAIL: Rock talkers? What sort of conversation is that!?

PA: It's always about rocks. When they ain't digging them up, they'll be talking to them and holding them up to the sunlight and stuff. Makes no sense at what they're saying.

ABIGAIL: Oh! You mean geologists! [Taking TOM by the arm] Here! Come with me, young man. Let's go have a listen. Any manner of conversation is better than what you're getting around here.

EXUANT.

ACT TWO. SCENE THREE. Meeting Hall.

ENTER TOM [hair combed, wearing new suit], ABIGAIL, PREACHER, CHORUS, GUYS AND GALS.

PREACHER: [Speaking rapidly] Through many dangers toils and snares.

CHORUS: [Speaking slowly, in three tones]...many DAN-gers, TOILS and (snares).

PREACHER: Have we arrived thus far.

CHORUS: HAVE we ar-RIVED (thus far).

PREACHER: Two thousand miles from home.

CHORUS: Two THOU-sand MILES from (home).

PREACHER: No nation dear to call our own!

CHORUS: NO NAT-ion DEAR to CALL (our own).

PREACHER: An ocean waits for us out there.

CHORUS: An o-CEAN WAITS for us out there.

PREACHER [suddenly gripping the lectern with both hands]: ...Mountains will fall!

ABIGAIL: [Aside to TOM] It's true! They talk about that a lot over at Cascade Locks! There's a three cubic mile mountain sliding into the Columbia Gorge.

PREACHER: The Oceans will rise!

ABIGAIL: [Aside to TOM] It's true! I heard about that from the Indians!

PREACHER: Rocks will fall from the sky!

GAL1: Oh yes. Talk to me! Especially coming through southern Idaho on the covered wagon! Where did all that gravel come from!?

PREACHER: The Sun will stand still!

ABIGAIL: [To TOM] Ah yes. It's the same slippery slope my ancestor Jonathan Edwards used to preach about years ago. Good, hair raising stuff. You'd have to live in Nantucket or Astoria for a while to understand how satisfying it is. I only wish I could stay and hear the rest of it.

TOM: You're going to leave me here!?

ABIGAIL: You'll be fine! I get around a lot. We'll meet again, soon enough.

GUY1: [To TOM] Oregon is a great place to be when the Earth stands still. The Oceans keep right on mover-ing! They drop their bedrock far inland, as high as the mountains and even become mountains themselves!

PREACHER [Grinning with triumph. Everyone else trembling.]: You came here by your own Free Will to this storm tossed, flood tossed, earthquake plagued, volcano belching land known as the Pacific Northwest! What was your excuse, my friend?

GUY2: Oh no! You mean... It's all OUR fault that there's no more places West of here for us settlers to run to!?

GAL2: Who else you going to blame?

GUY3: Well don't look at me! What are you looking at me like that for!?

GAL2: Well somebody must be to blame!

GUY3: Hey! It's not my fault if the Earth falls apart once in a while!

GUY1: The Preacher don't lie, Carrabelle. Just look at you!

GAL1: Look at me? Look at you!

GUY1: What's wrong with the way I look! [Pointing at TOM] What about him! He's just standing there!

GUY3: Yeah! How come he's just standing there with his mouth open that way?

CHORUS: Hey yeah! How come he ain't all worried and confused the way we are!?

[All circle around TOM as he walks backward to the door.]

EXUANT

ACT TWO. SCENE FOUR.

[TOM sitting alone on his raft, picking feathers from tarry self.]

TOM: Sometimes it's better to be adrift out here in the wilderness than to be cooped up inside where people think too hard!

ENTER SHERIFF and GRIFFIN.

SHERIFF: What is your fee?

TOM: Huh?

SHERIFF: To take us across! What's your fee?

TOM: Oh! This isn't a ferry boat.. A fee? Or well.. maybe it is! Um. The usual fee! Sure! Why not! I could use a job!

SHERIFF: I am the Sheriff of Tuality County. I'm taking this man up to the gallows.

TOM: Oh!

[The SHERIFF boards the raft first, with GRIFFIN behind him.]

SHERIFF: [Carefully displaying two gold coins before placing them in TOM's hand one by one] Normally we would place these on his eyes.

TOM: Oh? Why?

SHERIFF: To pay the boatman. I guess that would be you.

[SHERIFF pays no attention to GRIFFIN, while TOM struggles with the long pole he's rowing the raft with. There is a long silence, while the raft pole behaves like a metronome marking the length of the journey. Midway, GRIFFIN steps ahead of SHERIFF, determined to get ashore first. TOM does not notice the switch.]

TOM:

[to GRIFFIN] He sure looks guilty. What did he do? Oops! Excuse me!

[to SHERIFF] He sure looks guilty. What did he do?

SHERIFF: You don't have to stare at me like that, lad. The Law's the Law. This man broke the law and the Judge sentenced him to hang. It's not up to me. It's up to you... Griffin!!

GRIFFIN: Law's been broke. It's got to be put right!

SHERIFF: Well I never hanged anybody before. Think of the burden this puts on me, Griffin! I got to go face my kids when this is over and I don't know how I'm going to look them in the eye after they find out that I just killed a man. I left the cell door open for you Griffin! Everyone wants you to live! Why can't

you just do the right thing and leave town for a while? No one cares if you walk away. You're the best blacksmith we ever had and that's the worst part! [To TOM] Look at him. He could just walk away.

GRIFFIN: Do your job! Get it done! I shot the kid. I did the world a favor. But it was still wrong. Nobody deserves killing. What's wrong wasn't made right!

SHERIFF: But you're killing the world even more, Griffin! Don't you see?

EXUANT SHERIFF and GRIFFIN, Stage Right.

ENTER CHINESE MAN, Stage Left.

[TOM, examining the coins he's just been handed, notices CHINESE.]

TOM: Oh! Sorry I didn't see you there!

CHINESE: I am used to waiting!

TOM: [Suddenly enjoying his new job] Where to, my friend? Hillsboro or Oswego? Connections to Saint Johns also possible. Anywhere the river goes, I go.

CHINESE: The Other Side. Take me to the other side. That will be sufficient.

TOM: You've come to the right place, partner. Tom's my name! Please remember No Smoking during the trip. Keep your feet planted firmly to the floor at all times please.

CHINESE: Most excellent advice, sir!

TOM: Why do the men of China wear those pig tail things?

CHINESE: I could ask you a similar question. Why do Christians call themselves "Christian?"

TOM: I know that one: Because the word "Christian" was an insult. At first. Then, later, it became a mark of nobility and high self-esteem!

CHINESE: Just so! It takes about 400 years.

TOM: Four hundred years? Is that how old you are? What does a man learn during all that time?

CHINESE: Patience.

EXIT CHINESE

TOM: Hey! Don't you want me to land the boat first?

ENTER JIM TURK.

TURK: Got room for me?

TOM: Where did you come from?

TURK: "Turk. Jim Turk" is my name. Don't say you've never heard of me son!

TOM: Why no. I really have not.

TURK: Well. Well now, just make me feel left out, will you? Here. Share a drink from a fellow sailor. We're both in the same racket. Being strangers just won't do.

TOM: A vineous, spiritous malt substance, sir!? Oh no! I promised Abigail that I would never touch a drop of liquor. I must keep my word.

TURK: Say! What's that mountain called over there?

TOM: Which one you looking at? Adams? Baker? Hood? Saint Helens?

[TURK hits TOM on the head with the bottle. The sound effect is that of a creaky gallows trap door opening and closing.]

TURK: Haha! Jim Turk is my name! Shanghaiing is my game. Welcome aboard, Matie!

ACT THREE. SCENE ONE. [TOM and CREW pulling at ship's rigging. TURK drumming.]

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. TURK: We roamed from shore to shiny shore.
CHORUS: And tip-toed in the sand.
T: The wagon trains brought us as far
C: As feet were made to land.
T: We built ships deep as trees are tall.
C: Sea-worthy as a cannon ball.
T/C: On the coast of Oregon. On the coast of Oregon.</p> | <p>3. T: No light-house beacon ever made
C: Will find you in a storm.
T: Your mum can only pray for you
C: To keep you nice and warm.
T: So say farewell to us my friend!
C: You will ne'er see me again
T/C: On the coast of Oregon. On the coast of Oregon.</p> |
| <p>2. T: We sailed through waves that touched the sky,
C: When night began to fall.
T: No mountains that we crossed on land
C: Ever looked to us so tall.
T: The surface carried us along
C: Like so much flotsam that is found
T/C: On the coast of Oregon. On the coast of Oregon.</p> | <p>4. T: And so we sail across the Sea.
C: Across the bloomin' Sea!
T: Maudie stands by Lookout Tree!
C: Maudie! . Weep for me!
T: Glad it's you instead of she
C: Sailin' off across the Sea! Across the bloomin' Sea!</p> |

[Gunfire.]

TURK: Oh no! There went my hat!

MAUDE: Not so fast, Master Turk!

TOM: Sure am glad to see you!

ACT THREE. SCENE TWO.

TOM, MAUDE, and Maude's family on TOM's raft.

[TURK is swabbing the deck.]

MAUDE: Now that Ez has learned to read for real, he's been reading all about the Tualatin River.

EZ: "The headwaters have never been discovered. Its source is a genuine mystery."

PA: We traded our distillery business for some canoe boats Tom. Just so we could help you solve the mystery! We decided to become rich as explorers instead of regular businessmen.

EXIT TURK.

ENTER COUSIN JUNE, COUSIN BERT, etc.

MA: Come on Cousin June and Cousin Bert! Tom here is going to help us solve the riddle of the River!

All:

1. Columbus sailed to the edge of day
That's where he though prosperity lay.
He'd rather have gone the opposite way
But fear of the Turk always kept him at bay.

2. Only a Argonaut could know what it's like
To sail out there with no lantern in sight
All alone in the weird starry night
Like a moth navigating by candle light.

3. Early one morning,
 the watchman yelled 'GROUND!'
 Christopher was right: The world is round.
 By sailing West, the East he had found.
 (He could hardly believe his sanity sound.)

4. The native population seemed
 more amused than relieved
 Every time Chris talked to them in Chinese.
 They did their best to play host to his needs
 By trading their lands for ribbons and beads.

5. We set up our cabins and invited our kin.
 It seemed something new might really begin.
 Then here came the Quaker and his Pilgrim kin.
 (My, how glad we were to see them again!)

6. But with plenty of space to fill up our time,
 We managed to live in peace with our own kind.
 Never mind if our boundary lines
 Might someday need to be a bit more refined.

7. Civil war came. You know all about that.
 All of our dreams got knocked in a hat.
 You built great cities, factory smoke stacks,
 While I struck out for the Oregon habitat!

PA: Well! This is as far as the boat goes. We'll have to hike the rest of the way.

MA: I'll take my half of the family this direction. Come on gramma and Uncle Ned!

MAUDE: Tom and me will take the hardest climb. Looks like a lot of marshy ground ahead!

EZ: This is about as far West as Western Civilization is going to get. May as well make the most of it!

PA: Shut up Ez.

EZ: Cost of everything is just going to keep rising from now on.

MA: That's enough reading for now, Ez.

TOM: Sure nice of you folks to help me.

PA: Now everybody take a number and be sure to call out, so we don't lose track of each other.

[Voices grow fainter and disappear one by one, in random order, until every voice is silent.]

CURTAIN.

LINES AND THEIR SOURCES:

PROFESSOR#5: "Welcome to the Second Annual Tualatin Valley Chautauqua."

<http://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn83025138/1900-07-12/ed-1/seq-5/>

ANON: "That Rudyard Kipling fellow."

<http://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn83045782/1903-02-08/ed-1/seq-22/>

FINLAND: "Listen to this! ...The Legend of Lurline!"

<http://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn96061149/1879-02-11/ed-1/seq-3/>

RENSOM&SAGE:

Hey bo! Old bo!

<http://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn85042522/1884-05-16/ed-1/seq-5/>

PROFESSOR 1: "Observe the steam-engine, my friends."

<http://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn84022661/1848-06-10/ed-1/seq-1/>

PROFESSOR 2: "...this new American made pocket watch, my friends."

<http://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn99063952/1893-01-02/ed-1/seq-4/>

SENATOR: "..a world far more sensible and organized.."

<http://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn83025138/1900-07-12/ed-1/seq-5/>

PROFESSOR 4: "Please do not try this experiment at home.."

<http://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn93051670/1891-07-16/ed-1/seq-3/>

SALESMAN: "Excuse me, ma'am. Do dreams and nightmares assail you?"

<http://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn96061150/1883-11-13/ed-1/seq-3/>

EZ: "The Moon may look dead to some scientists."

<http://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn85042522/1877-03-02/ed-1/seq-6/>

EZ: "CRAZED MAN OUT!"

<http://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn96088235/1910-07-13/ed-1/seq-12/>

ZEEK: "Woowie!! She can sure stack 'em up! That's my Sis!"

<http://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn85042522/1882-03-24/ed-1/seq-5/>

MAUDE: "Quiet down, Zeek."

<http://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/97071090/1911-07-02/ed-1/seq-12/>

EZ: "The balloonist looked no larger than a fly.."

<http://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn83025138/1904-05-30/ed-1/seq-1/>

ABIGAIL: "There's a three cubic mile mountain sliding into the Columbia Gorge."

<http://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn96061149/1882-11-14/ed-1/seq-1/>

GRIFFIN: "Law's been broke. It's got to be put right!"

<http://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn99063954/1894-11-10/ed-1/seq-2/>

CHINESE: "I am used to waiting!"

<http://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn93051670/1891-07-09/ed-1/seq-7/>

TURK: "Jim Turk is my name! Shanghaiing is my game."

<http://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn84022673/1880-09-02/ed-1/seq-3/>

EZ: "The headwaters have never been discovered."

http://www.oregonlive.com/washingtoncounty/index.ssf/2009/10/an_unexpected_river_runs_throu.html