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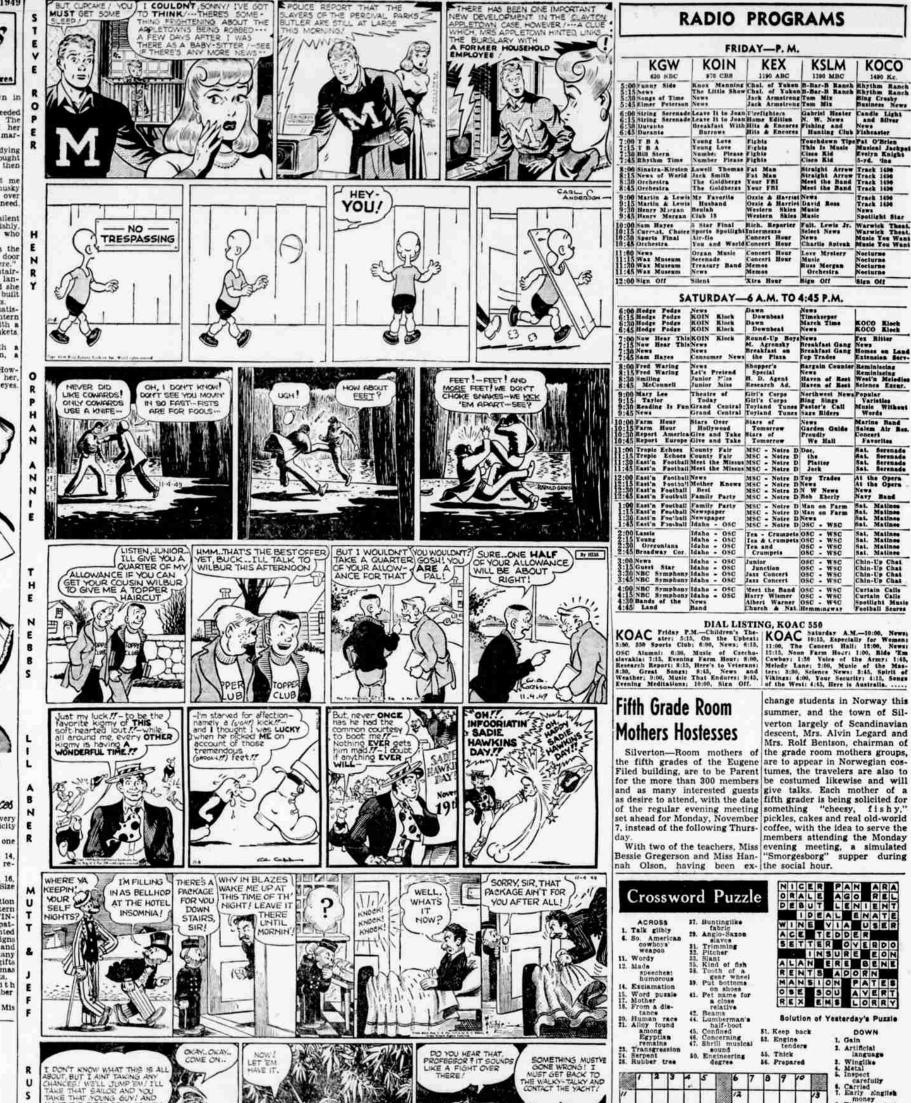
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Bets mething had welcomed her But something had welcomed her home. Now that she had faced the worst she asked herself what she had expected. A twelve-year-old Chips would have had better sense than to return to a house long va-cant without some preparation. But then Chips hadn't lived in a world of bell pulls. There had been a servant or two, usually Indian girls from the reservation, but they had never thought of cushioning her. Warmed, she grew drowsy. She'd make her bed there before the fire. The quilts were giving up their must-iness before the open fire, and the plikes were plumping out. She'd packed with thoughts of home in her mind, and the quilted velvet robe was lined with wool. She'd gat into that. Bhe was belting the robe when she again heard a noise below. But this had a voice, a human voice which called, "Miss Langtry, Miss Langtry!" as though it feared some-thing. "Miss Langtry, this is How Kelly, remember? I drove you up from the store. Miss Langtry, I must talk to you." "Then you're all right? Thank heaven for that. Listen, my moth-er is down in the car. I hacked a pat through the greasewood but she couldn't climb the cliff. She asked me to invite you to be our guest." He had a nice voice, Ah, but it was his mother who has caused



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