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ON TO OREGON-The Way West By A. B. GUTHRIE, JR.

the trail, this latest sad even, and the trail, this latest sad even, and the the tark show will soon be flying. The little company moves on along the recent trail. Now go on with the story—
Chapter 22
"We got to be decidin' things," the flying down wish you had time to find the holder fiver. "Don't you wish you had time to find the holder fiver." "Don't you wish you had time to find the council.
"First thing to decide is to get with the state?"
Tort Bolae was the worst, Mack asked by the last concerned.
Tort Bolae was the worst, Mack and the cattle?"
"Fort Bolae was the worst, Mack are do inwardly while the other and ob by."
"We got the state to busines."
"Tort Bolae was the worst, Mack are beat concerned."
"Tort Bolae was the worst, Mack are beat concerned."
"Tort Bolae was the worst, Mack with the cattle?"
"Patch said. "I magine we can fire with order."
"What's wrong with Summers?"
"Who with the singe mer, "What's wrong with Summers?"
"Wo's we?" Evans asked."
"What's wrong with Summers?"
"Wo paid him just to get with the dolles and didn't pay thin the wagon achied to the slope and the to the balae sand didn't pay thin more mon?"."
"Won the way of a now contract."
"Won?"
"Won the way of a now contract?"
"Won?"
"Won the travelin's hard, was about the single men'?"
"Won?"
"Won the travelin's hard, the got and heard the stope and heard the wagon achies to the wagon and cracked on the solope and the follow and skidded off and the stope were with the wagon and cracked out. He wagon and cracked and bare show and skidded off and the stope were with the stope were with the stope were with the stope the shore."
"Won the balles and the whole thin, of the wagon and cracked on the wagon and cracked on the stope were the stope were with the stope were the stope were with the stope were the whole the s

Mack spoke even belore the thought had come clear in him mind. "I'll got" They didn't speak at once, but, watching, Mack foresaw the answer. The thought without irritation, he thought with understanding that, and time, for they had that to give. And it was right, right for through. The single men and I will." Here, from Boise to The Dalles, mas the windup of the trail, the finish of the test, the yes or no to oregon. And yet the days of hardest dourt were gone. The days of any doubt were gone. The days of an

finial of the test, the yes or no to Oregon. And yet the days of any doubt were gone. The days of any doubt were gone. The days of any doubt were gone. Evans didn't need to tell himself that it was so. He counted each day's going against the miles ahead. The Mai heur, Biref Oreek. The leaving of the Stucke, and no one sorry that the Souke, and no one sorry that the WCTU Friday afternoon at the Souke, and no one sorry that the 403 Jersey street home of Mrs. A. H. Smith at 2 o'clock. followed now to get to the Grand Burnt River. There was a place.

followed now to get to the Grand Ronde. Burnt River, There was a place. Burnt River, There was a place. Burnt River, the Brule, as Sum-mers called it—so shouldered in by mountains, so thick with brush and briers, that no one would have diared it, maybe, except for know-ing someone had. But still the days of doubt were gone. Still Evans felt the climb of celebration. They'd whipped the trail. They'd whipped it all but for a few mean miles, whipped the Plate and Green and Sunke, whip-ped the deserts and the mountains and they would whip the rest. Sometimes he thought of cost, of Martin dead and Tod Pairman bur-led with his poisoned leg and Mrs. Byrd delivered of the too-soon child and old Rock rotting who used to trot at heel. And yst—and yst— the thing was worth the cost. No prize came casy, Free land still had its price. A chance at better living had somehow to be earned. A na-tion couldn't grow unless somebody dared. The price was high, but who would say it was too high— except for those who'd paid so dear? Byrd elivis think it. It would have to be Byrd's wagcon. Evans

Byrd might think it. It would

was necessarily postponed from the Friday afternoon meeting until a later date. Mrs. M. G Gunderson is WCTU president

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