

The Beaverton Review

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VERTON, OREGON

J. H. Hulett Editor

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HULETT'S TRIP

Well, at the picnic there was a lot of shaking hands and relating of how well you look and that sort of thing. The children persuaded me to get them a boat from the Conservation Service man in charge of the park and they rowed around awhile. Soon bathing suits appeared from out of cars and divers places and the young folks of the crowd were in swimming. The water was just a bit cold, but they seemed to enjoy it.

Following the dinner where all the good things one can imagine were served in ample style, there was a short session of readings and singing. "Speaking pieces" we used to call it, but now everything that is recited is "read." "Henry" as your editor is known there in the Wolverine state, could not recite, he having contracted such a cold somewhere that he quite resembled the fellow who said, "My feet were made to run with, and my nose to smell with, but now my feet smell and my nose runs."

From that time on, it is difficult to remember just what took place, and in what order things happened. We visited the "Windfall" as the homestead of Grandfather Hulett used to be called. There Henry and Celia set up housekeeping in the spring of 1900, in a little old log house with two rooms, and a lean-to kitchen. Later they had built a bigger house, a barn, and some smaller buildings. All the buildings are gone now. The whole quarter section is used only for pasture.

That place was in Wexford county. Just across the road, the county line there, Henry had purchased an eighty from S. E. Curdy, a lumberman on which the Hulett family intended to build so they could live in Grand Traverse county. But an uncle had wanted the place and offered three hundred more dollars than Henry had in it, and a deal was made. The Uncle built a house, a barn and cleared up some forty or fifty acres of the eighty. Now there is not a sign of a building on the place, nor is it fenced at all. It was light land, but produced good potatoes, and some corn and clover grew when one got "a catch."

I always remembered Sam Hulett with the kindest feelings. Of course he was my uncle, and for a time made his home at Father's place, then bought a forty and lived across the road from Father. But Sam was so neighborly, so kindly, so always the same, hard-working, thrifty, honest, with never a word against the absent but always a good word for those whom he treated as friends. He had his dislikes and if he did not like you, you had better leave him alone, but if he liked you he would go through fire or water, to do a kindness, or to help in any way.

When we left Michigan to return to Oregon in November Sam told us he "would never see us again." We tried to cheer him up but he only shook his head. Just a few days ago word came that he had passed to the "Great Beyond." He lived a good life, he was unafraid.

At the old home place, many things are the same as when I lived there forty years ago. The roof needs shingling as it did then. The old log barn where we used to keep the cows is gone, struck by lightning. But the buggy house is still there, the one I built in my first attempt at carpentering. The posts stuck in the ground have rotted off, but though it always leaned a little it still stands, and is full of implements. The owner did not seem to have an auto.

One of the things that will be remembered is the stacks and stacks of old junk, old plows, harrows, cultivators, mowers, rakes, binders, and automobiles. In some yards there were three or four old cars, wrecks just lying there; it was easy to see where the younger generation's money went. Some of the farmers had converted the running gears of old automobiles into makeshift wagons. Had put in tongues and fixed on a sort of cross piece on which they sat the box or bed.

At the Blackman school house, where I went to school and where later I tried to teach, the same desks were there that were in when I went to school. One thing concerning that school house I took particular pains to observe. That was where the stove sat.

When a kid, the stove sat as close to the center of the room as one can get in a rectangle. As a teacher I had harangued the school board to put a jacket on the stove and have it moved into a corner of the room. The jacket to serve something the same use

CODE OF THE NORTH

... By HAROLD TITUS ...

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WBU Service

SYNOPSIS

Stephen Drake, with his four-year-old son, is rescued from a blizzard by Jim Flynn, big timber operator, whom Drake has robbed. Flynn gives Drake another chance, and the father, until his death, impresses on the boy, Steve, the debt they owe "Old Jim."

CHAPTER II—Continued

They came down to the water's edge and one called out:
"Hi, chum, comin' ashore?"

"Hi, chum, comin' ashore?"
He was close enough to see that this obviously was a party of city men and a guide. It was the guide, a short, wiry man, who had hailed.
"Have you got any extra suit?"
"A little. Need some?"
"Yes, we're—"

"Need some?" another broke in.
"Need it? Ever been out of salt for three days? Say, I wanna know, have you?"

Clearly this speaker, a tall, handsome youth, was well on his way toward drunkenness.

Steve turned toward them. "After three days you should be used to it," he remarked, grinning.

"Where'd you get that you stuff? Who'n h—I wants to not notice it? Say, buddy, you just show us some salt and name the price!"

Steve let the canoe beach gently.
"If it'll help you any, I'll split," he said, rising.

They gathered close with an eagerness which was good evidence of their salt hunger. Steve opened his torn and weather-rotted pack-sack and drew out a tin can.

"There. Help yourselves." "What's it worth?" the chief spokesman demanded. "Name a price, old party! We're rotten rich so long's th' jack holds out."

"Take what you want; that's all right."

"A' right, h—I! How much you want for half th' tin?"

Steve laughed them away, telling the insistent purchaser to help himself, and the three, bearing the salt can as if it were a great treasure, walked up the rise toward the tent. The guide and Steve exchanged significant glances.

"Idle rich?" Steve asked.
"Idle, anyhow. Thru'n a fit 'cause th' flapjacks didn't have salt. Beats h—I how folks gets pumpered. Better come up and dry."

Steve had just gotten himself stripped and was wringing out his shirt when the drunken lad emerged from the tent.

"Now, say, buddy, what we owe you?" he demanded. "Nothin'? Th' h—I we don't! That salt's worth its weight in gold, 'nd a whole lot more."

Drake again protested and his firmness balked the other who began to nod with narrowed eyes, returned to the tent and reappeared with a bottle of whisky and a clean pack-sack.

"Now, first you gotta have a drink, fella. Then, from looks your pack-sack, you could use 'nother. Take th'ah. It's extra. Not been used once. Small token our 'ppreciation."

Steve took the pack. It was of white duck, stoutly made. On the flap, initials and a star were branded in black.

"Why, that thing's worth a barrel of salt! I can't take it."

"Try 'nd see, chum! Just you try 'nd not take W. party, 'nd get your dander knocked loose."

The guide, looking grinning, nodded emphatically to Steve.

"All right, fella, you. Thanks."

"Now for a drink."

Drake took the bottle, saluted, and touched it to his lips.

"G'wan! Take a drink, man!"
"Thanks, that's plenty. I'm reasonably well caught up in my year's drinking."

The other grinned.
"Lucky party. We ain't. Secret, but a fact. We're away bein'.... Way bein'...."

He drank lingeringly and then, apparently dismissing the guest from his mind, turned back to the tent.

"Better take the sack," the guide said with a chuckle. "Save trouble. He sure's generous 'nd gets pretty hot when he don't have his way when he's tight. Know who he is?"—cautiously.

"No; this is new country to me."

"Ever hear of th' Jim Flynn, old 'nd young?"

Steve, wringing out a pants leg, relaxed the tension and gave a startled "Huh!"

"Sure you have. Well, that's Old Jim's got: Young Jim Flynn."

"Well, I'll be d—I!"

"Yeah. So will be, likely, if his dander ever gets up. Dam' shame, y' know, for a young feller to carry on like he does. He's supposed to

"Well, it's a long drag; a long hard day. You start here...."

And with a twig he scratched a crude map in the sand.

"Having a pack-sack that'll hold something'll be a help on the carries," Drake remarked when he had the lay of the land in his head.

"You got that way?"

"Likely."

"Well, if you see McNally, better not mention anything about Young Jim bein' here. He's got to be handled careful, this kid. I'll taper him off and get him on his feet when he's had his belly full of bender."

Steve frowned as he paddled. It was not pleasant to think of how Old Jim had warned him with the warmth of his own body, and how generous the men had been with his weakling father, and then to think of him as he was now, scotched and broken....

What he could accomplish by going to Good-Bye he did not know, and he laughed at himself when he considered that. For such as he to think of aiding a figure of Jim Flynn's proportion in the forest industries was like a mouse setting out to help a lion....

His self-conscious smile died when he thought of the old fable. Once upon a time, anyhow, a mouse gave aid to a lion....

He came to a small clearing beside the river. On a bench built of saplings stood a nest of buckets, two hand water pumps, axes and shovels. Above was a sign, faded black on a white background:

"POLARIS FOREST PRODUCTS CO. FIRE TOOL CASH."

And on the corners was stenciled the same five-pointed, black star which branded the flap of his new pack-sack.

However, he saw no evidence of woods operations for some time. He threaded an old beaver meadow and after a short interval the thick stands of swamp timber opened to reveal browned slash with pulp bolts ranked in piles through it. Buildings were there, too, but although it was the supper hour no smoke ascended from their stove-pipe chimneys. A dog barked and another yelped, and in the doorway of a two-story shanty a man appeared. Steve stopped his canoe against the post, and waited as the man moved toward him, huddled in a crumpled blanket from the shanty, and one foot wrapped in many yards of lashed rope, and held gingerly forward.

"It's fine hardwood and if he can get swingin' in time he'll prob'ly make a go of it. There's some swamp stuff and this spring he put in a pulpwood camp 'nd they're drivin' it down th' river. Same time, he starts puttin' in his railroad."

"What's this about the Flynn job gone haywire?" he asked sharply.

The guide shrugged. "I dunno much. It's a scrap amongst th' big guns. I guess; either that, or a lot of bad luck comin' to Old Jim, which it does now 'nd then to lots of loggers. He's cleaned out down below, they say. Lost two mills and a good many years' cut on a mortgage. All he's got now's the Good-Bye stuff."

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there did not used to be much of a grade. But one fellow had his farm all in one piece now, and does not have to cross the road to get to his field.

Of the Old Timers in Kingsley, few of them knew me any more, until after I had told them who I was. Twenty odd years since living there has placed many of the things I remember way back in the memory of those who still live in the same place they did a third of a century ago. Geo. Chafty, former merchant and potato buyer, held my hand for minutes, saying, "Yes, I know you, but I just can't place you." A. B. Stinson, postmaster through Republican and Democratic administrations, said, "Sure, I know you. No, let me see. Come around to the light, yes, no it isn't either. That voice, I know it. But I guess you'll have to tell me. No, by George, it's Henry Hulett. Where did you come from?"

I stood in the pool room while a couple of old associates and friends were shooting two games. Finally I spoke to one of them. "Sure, I know you. I would know you anywhere. I did not take any notice of you was standing there." That is how Ed Rawlings, school board member, township treasurer, deputy sheriff, and a lot of other things put his greeting into words. Ed used to be sort of sweet on my sister. But they agreed to disagree and Ed married Maggie Knapp

plunder to put up a mill in Kingsley 'nd run next winter, but when I went in for bones for these docks last week I heard a fellow named Frans had his right-of-way sewed up. That is, they say it was Frans, but I know him 'nd know he never had a dime of his own. More 'n likely he's just doin' the dirty work for the Bensons, who own the land up to Old Jim and who'd like to get their paws on his Good-Bye stuff. There's some talk of Flynn's becomin' sayin' that if he can't get operatin' this fall they're done with him. Tough!"

"That is tough!" Steve muttered. "When the kid's sober, is he any good?"

The guide shrugged again.

"Can't prove it by me. He's never been in this country before; Old Jim's kept him pretty close. Likely he don't count much on him. He's two weeks overdue at Good-Bye now. He's been with me, drunk every day. Looks like he'd be here until his money plays out, and he's got quite a roll."

"Well!" Steve began peering on his damp shirt. Old Jim Flynn in a pinch! And physically helpless and financially handicapped. This, while he had been reared to believe that to render service to Jim Flynn, should opportunity arise, was the first obligation!

"How do you get across to the Good-Bye?" he asked.

"Well, it's a long drag; a long hard day. You start here...."

And with a twig he scratched a crude map in the sand.

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right next to the old school house. Leon Barratt accosted me and called me by name. I used to be sort of sweet on this sister is how he knew me, I guess. Wm. Wurtz-burg, the big tuba player in the band, took one glance: "Well, by G-d, if it isn't old Hank Hulett!" He had been in the west, Idaho, Utah, Montana, but had never seen Oregon. He promised to come out to see me.

Some of the fellows, like the Moxes, knew me better than I did them. They were new to that country when I left and had grown up and changed, married—maybe that caused the change. Little Walt Cleland was in the restaurant. Such a little slim chap, looked like a good strong wind would pick him up, when he went to school to me at Hodge. Not very tall now, but he makes up in depth and thickness what he lacks in height.

Dr. J. J. Brownson, just my age almost to a day, went to the first teacher's examination that I ever took, but his father was a physician, and he got to go to medical college. Jay, as we called him, knew me at once. We had several chats, once or twice when meeting casually and once when I made a call on him at his home. He introduced his wife, whom I do not seem to remember, though he says he has been married most as long as I. A great lad, Doctor Jay.

This narrative might run on and on if the stock of paper did not

run out. The ribbon on this machine is getting sort of dim right now as it is.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pritzlaff entertained Saturday evening with a surprise birthday party for Mrs. Pritzlaff's father, Mr. H. J. Wright Sr.

DOG LICENSE NOTICE

(The license fees for dogs over 8 months old or for dogs owned or kept over 30 days for the year 1934 are:

Male dog \$1.00
Female dog \$1.50
Spayed Female dog \$1.00

After March 1st of this year, the penalty is \$1.00 for failure to procure license for the dogs above stated.

Also, after March 4th, 1934, a penalty of \$1.00 attaches to licenses for dogs becoming over 8 months of age after March 1st, 1934, and owned or kept over 30 days after March 1st, 1934.

Licenses may be ordered by mail. State the name and address of the person to whom the license is to be issued, and the sex of the dog.

Fees are payable to:
Edw. C. Luce, County Clerk,
Hillsboro, Oregon

Published by order of the County Court, of Washington County, Oregon.
adv c-9-11

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County.
H. A. Karsell and J. J. Wisner, Plaintiffs, vs. Gust Richardson, Sylvia Richardson, and Laura B. Morgan, Defendants.

To Gust Richardson, Defendant: IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause on or before Wednesday, the 28th day of February, A.D. 1934, said date being after the expiration of 4 weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons upon you in The Beaverton Review, the date of the first publication being Friday, January 19, 1934, and the date of the last publication being Friday, Feb. 16, 1934, and you will please take notice that if you fail so to appear and answer said complaint, for want thereof the plaintiffs will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in their complaint, to-wit: for a judgment and decree in favor of plaintiffs and against said defendants and each of them as follows:

FIRST: For a judgment against said defendant, Gust Richardson, for the sum of \$100.00 with interest thereon at the rate of 8% per annum since July 25, 1931, and the further sum of \$50.00 attorney's fees and for plaintiffs costs and disbursements of this suit on the first cause of suit set forth in plaintiffs' complaint.

SECOND: That the mortgage of plaintiffs mentioned and described in their first cause of suit in plaintiffs' complaint be adjudged a first lien upon the following described real property in Washington County, Oregon, to-wit:

The South half of the following described tract: Being part of the Isalah Kelsey D.L.C. No. 41, T. 1 N. R. 2 W. Beginning at an iron pipe on the E line of First Street of the City of Hillsboro, Oregon, extended northward; the said beginning point being also the N. W. corner of a certain 13.84 acre tract conveyed to E. L. Johnson by deed recorded at page 96, Book 131, Records of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon, and is reached by beginning at the N. W. corner of the Isalah Kelsey D.L.C. No. 57, T. 1 N. R. 3 W. Will Mer., and running thence along the N line of said Isalah Kelsey Claim No. 41, S. 34 degrees 51' E. 1196.8 feet to the E line of said First Street extended; thence along the E line of said extended street S. 1 deg. 00' W. 234.4 feet to the place of beginning of the herein described tract; running thence along the N line of said Johnson tract, S. 89 deg. 00' E. 432.4 feet; thence N. 0 deg. 59' E. 106.7 feet; thence N. 89 deg. 00' W. 432.4 feet to a point on the E line of said

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