The Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett ..... Editor

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HULETTS' TRIP

Eastern Nebraska seemed to be a highly developed agricultural section. As we drove west there were signs of poorer land, not so much in the quality of the soil, from what we culd judge from looking out the windows, but the vegetation seemed to be thinner, and the plants more those of the semi-arid sections. By the time we reached Wyoming the plants seemed to be only those of the dry regions.

One thing that impressed us was that in the western part of Nebraska the roads had degenerated (?) into gravel or rock surfaced highways. As soon as we got to Wyoming, immediately at the state line we found the familiar black-top pavement such as one sees so much in Eastern Oregon, and in some sections in our valley. But the country had better roads than the cities in Wyoming. Fancy driving right up to the city limits on a fine pavement and dropping off immediately into ruts axle-deep, unpaved streets. One gets the feeling that the cities are easy to get into but hard to get out of. Perhaps the city fellows want you to stop awhile and have the buggy fixed, or to take time when driving through to see the town. One thing, though, the dust precluded any seeing of the town unless one came to a dead stop and waited for the dust to settle.

Cheyenne, Rawlings, Rock Springs, all the towns large enough to be called cities, with the possible exception of Laramie, had terrible streets along the route of the highway, although the other streets were nicely improved. Perhaps the city fathers did not think the traveller was entitled to good streets!

The rough going was between Cheyenne and Laramie. After leaving Laramie we followed a nice, wide valley for a couple of hours before getting into the hills, but the hills flattened out as we approached; they were just long grades such as one passes time and again without any particular attention being paid to them. But they might be miles long. Those one usually sees are short ones. The thin atmosphere made distant objects seem close. We made a game of estimating how long it would take to pass a given point we could see in the distance ahead. The younger generation seemed to have a little the edge, but they were "away off" at times.

Across the plains of Wyoming one noticed sign posts pointing to places off the highway places that according to our map the road should have gone through. Daly's ranch, Knobs, Riner, Cherokee, were some of these places.

Just before climbing the last ascent before coming to the divide we stopped at a filling station. There was snow all around and mud ankle deep in the driveway. We inquired how far to the Continental Divide and were told it was about 4 miles. "You won't notice it, only there is a sign there" the service station man told us.

"How far to a tourist camp?" was our next inquiry. "Wamsutter, about 18 miles," we were told. The sun made it miserable climbing that last grade. Had there been much traffic there, accidents would have been frequent, if we may insert an opinion.

The camp at Wamsutter was well equipped, but the snow and the mud made it anything but a desirable place to stay. We had to find planks and make a bridge from the Dodge to the cabin. Then other planks to get to the bath house, to the fuel supply, to the water. And there was a question in our mind about getting out in the morning. It had been down grade to get from the road to the cabin. That grade would have to be negotiated in getting back onto the road: That night we put in a little special plea to the God of the traveller to send a freeze. Sure enough it was frozen all right when we awoke Sunday morning.

That day, Saturday, November 11, we had travelled only 246 miles and had spent for gas, $4.40; oil, 85¢; welding, 50¢; groceries, 15¢; cabin, $1.00; a total of $6.90. Not a very heavy expense, nor a very large mileage.

Sunday morning dawned clear and bright. The ground was nicely frozen and we got out of the camp without any trouble. But Lady Luck soon deserted us and we learned that we were in for a lay-over. One of the cylinders would not work. New spark plugs were of no avail. Must be a valve, broken or sticking. We got under way at 6:45 and a vast desolate section loomed before us. Nothing alive that we could see. Finally we saw three head of cattle. The tires were soft. We drove for 44 miles before coming to a place where we could pump them up.

A new noise developed in the rear axle. We could not locate it exactly. Seemed to come from the differential, but we were not sure. Had some oil put in the rear end. No better. And no garage for miles and miles. Point of Rocks looked promising on the map, but when we got there, there was only the high rocks, and a filling station. Twenty six miles to Rock Springs Could we make it? The three cylinders were working valiantly but the grades looked forbidding.

At Rock Springs we hunted up a tourist camp. Looked longer for one there than at any other place. Finally found one off the road on another highway, one running north out of town towards Yellowstone National Park. It was about noon when we camped and the notes say, "Spent useless afternoon."

But that was Joy's point of view. I hunted up a Dodge garage where they said they had all sorts of Dodge parts and they'd fix her up right away, in the morning. "It's Sunday and the code won't allow us to work on Sunday, you know. Anyway, all our men are away. Saturday was Armistice Day and they all left town. Don't know where to locate one of them."

I got the boss on the phone. He told about the same story. Well, we stayed and took the car down in the morning. "What did you say was the matter?" the office man inquired.

'A broken valve and rear end trouble" I replied. He gave me a withering look. "Valve trouble? Why, she was hitting on all four when you drove in. Must be something else the matter. Here, Red, you fix this man up." Red had just come in, looking half asleep. It developed that he had been up all night Saturday night and got to bed a little after two that Monday morning. I'd get good work out of him.

Believe me I stayed right there and worked along with him. He intimated that I was in the way a time or two, but my hide was thick and I stuck her out. He took the wheels off and found a rear bearing broken. Then I took off the cylinder head and found the broken valve. Then began a selling campaign to have a "Good job done on the old boat." Well, I listened to some of it and allowed new valve seats to be put in. But they wanted to ream out all the cylinders and put in sleeves. "Make her like a new car." But the bill was high enough, $35.00, and all I got was one bearing, new valves and new seats for the valves!

CODE OF THE NORTH

. . . By HAROLD TITUS . . .

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SYNOPSIS

Stephen Drake, with his four year-old son, is rescued from a blizzard by Jim Flynn, big timber operator. Drake, until his death, impresses on the boy, Steve, the debt they owe "Old Jim." Twenty years later, Steve meets "Young Jim" Flynn, his benefactor's son. Sent by Old Jim, incapacitated through an accident in which Kate, his daughter, is temporarily blinded, to take charge of the company's—the Polaris—woods operations, the youth is indulging in a drunken spree. Polaris is in dire straits, and hoping to do something for Old Jim, Steve hastens to the company's headquarters. He finds Franz, a scoundrel, plotting against the Flynn interests. Worsting Franz in a fist fight, the Polaris crew assumes that he is Flynn's son, and he takes charge, as "Young Jim." A photograph of Kate Flynn, which he finds, immensely increases his desire to aid Old Jim. Steve gains the warm friendship of LaFane, queer woods scout, and adds to Franz's hate by driving him away from Mary Wolf, young Indian girl whom he has been abusing. Drake escapes a death trap set for him. Franz discovers Steve's impersonation. Threatened with disclosure, Steve accuses Franz of setting the death trap, exhibiting evidence, and the man dare not act. Steve sends LaFane to find Young Jim and sober him up.

CHAPTER V

—12—

AND that night, up the waters that Steve had descended on his way to Good-Bye went another lone man in a canoe. LaFane's pack was light and he paddled steadily until he was well past the wood camp. Steve had described the camping spot where he had met Flynn but none with a good eye would have needed the directions he gave because smoke was rising from a camp fire against the afterglow.

LaFane idled along waiting for night to come, then he let his canoe drift into the rushes and sat listening to the sounds that came from the camp.

Sounds of revelry, they mostly were; the snatch of a song, loud laughter, a careless oath occasionally.

For a long time LaFane sat listening and watching; then he backed noiselessly away, paddled half a mile, landed, concealed his canoe in the bushes and slept in a single blanket.

He did not sleep long. He was up while many stars were still brilliant, folded his blanket, ate a cold snack and waited for the coming dawn.

When light was strong he began to walk slowly and silently through the timber. He did not stop until he could observe the activity about the camp.

Smoky, the guide, was up. Two of the three young men who comprised the party were washing in the lake.

"Ready for cakes now?" Smoky asked.

"Dick and I'll be. Jim, though, he's dead to the world."

The guide grunted and drew the coffee pot from the fire.

LaFane heard the others try to rouse Flynn, saw them finish their breakfast, and then begin rigging their rods.

They embarked shortly, the three in one canoe. LaFane went directly to the tent, jerked the flap aside and looked down at the sleeping figure there.

The face was upturned. It would have been a handsome one under normal conditions, but now it was lined deeply with the ravages of dissipation.

LaFane stooped. "You!" he said gruffly. The sleeper made no response. "Jim!" He shook the lad's shoulder but, except for a long breath, Flynn made no response.

The man went over the packs carefully and finally selected one that contained apparel which would fit the sleeper, discarding that which by any chance might belong to the others, and packing those belongings which were obviously Jim's.

This done, he carried the pack to the canoe on the shore and set the craft in the water. The other canoe had disappeared among the islands.

LaFane returned quickly to the tent, slung the recumbent figure to his shoulder and bore Young Jim, with little apparent effort, down to the shore and laid him gently in the bottom, head on the duffle in the bow.

The boy mumbled in protest and brushed at his face. Once he tried to sit up but abandoned the effort and sank back to his stupor.

Observing this LaFane left him, broke a stick and scratched in the sand on the landing the following message in bold characters:

"On my way. Good luck. J. F."

With a grim smile he shoved off and paddled down the lake.

He kept on for an hour, watching the sleeping man with him until he commenced to show signs of restlessness. Then at a point of exposed rock ledge he halted and stepped out of the canoe. He made the craft fast and leaned down to shake the sleeper roughly.

"You!" he said. "Come out of it, now. Get up!"

"Lemme 'lone, fellers . . . Gotta res'. . . ."

"Get up before you get hurt!"—sharply.

Young Jim came to life with a bewildered start. His perplexed

"D—n You, I Hate You, Whoever You Are!"

eyes finally came to rest on La Fane's face.

"Who the devil 're you?" he demanded.

"My name's LaFane. Come along. We're going to make camp."

This was spoken casually as though they were old companions.

"Camp? Say, where the devil are we? And what . . ." The boy frowned and made a wry face.

"We're on our way to Good-Bye," LaFane said. "Get out and have a drink; water, this time. It'll help you clear your head."

This suggestion coincided with a need, evidently, for Young Jim got stiffly out of the canoe, lay down on the ledge and buried his face in the clear waters of the stream. He drank at length, with frequent interruptions for breathing. As he did this LaFane bore the canoe up into a protecting screen of bushes, careful to disturb them as little as possible. There was a chance that those three back yonder would suspect something and come searching. He wanted no complications. Returning to the stream he stood looking somberly down at his charge.

Thirst slacked, mind somewhat cleared by the bathing, young Jim hitched himself up on one hip.

"Now," he said, pleasantly enough, "what the h—l's this all about? How does it come that you're giving me orders?"

"I came after you."

"From Good-Bye?"

"Yes."

"Who sent you?"

"Never mind that."

The boy frowned. "Are we on our way there now?"

"Might say so. A roundabout way."

"What d'you mean by that?" He rose, belligerent now.

"We are going to Good-Bye when you're fit to go. That will be when you can be of some use there."

The lad's lower lip dropped and he wiped his hands on his hips.

"Say, LaFane, or whoever you are . . . how'd I get here with you? Who're you to tell me what I'm going to do? And when? Where do you get your authority for all this?"

"Here," said his companion, spreading his hands. "Just in these . . . if I need to exercise it."

His voice was almost gentle and the light in his eyes was far from hostile. Still, his answer beneath the quiet delivery had been hard as metal.

It was this last which the boy understood; probably he heard only that and his own face, with its marks of debauchery, went dark. He clenched his fists menacingly, a threat in his voice.

"That's not enough!" he said huskily and, stepping past LaFane strode up the ledge to where the canoe had been cached.

"Where are you going?" LaFane's question was stout, challenging.

"To get my outfit. I'm going back to my gang and d—n you if—"

The grip of those hands on his arms checked both words and movement. He was spun about to confront a different LaFane, a man with glowing eyes and set mouth.

"You're wrong again," he said quietly. "You go where I take you; you do as I tell you."

"Like h—l, I—"

And Jim, breaking loose, swung quickly, his savage blow landing on the older man's cheek.

It was a stout blow, strong enough to rock LaFane, but it was the only one Jim struck. A hard, broad palm smote his own face, he was lifted from his feet, swung about, shaken like a child.

The boy kicked and swore. He struggled to get free and strike back. LaFane, with a pivoting movement of his body, flung him sideways into the cold, sparkling waters of the Mad Woman.

Jim's oaths were cut short as he went under and when he came up, shaking his head to clear his eyes, he was gripped again because LaFane had plunged in after him. He was gripped and shoved under; held there an instant, jerked to the surface and held helpless, face to face with his captor.

LaFane's feet touched bottom. He backed into shallow water, dragging the boy with him, still retaining that prisoning grip.

"Shall I show you more of my authority?" he asked. "Shall I make you madder?"

The lad, quivering with rage, looked into that face so close to his. He saw strange lights, a queer smile, not without an element of gentleness beneath its hard quality.

"D—n you, I hate you, whoever you are!" he said between clenched teeth.

On that LaFane let go his hold and gave one of his short, dry laughs.

"Fine! We understand each other . . . perhaps. Come along."

He waded ashore and picked up his pack.

"Bring yours," he said as he slipped his arms through the straps.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Silently Passing

MRS. FREDA WELLS

Mrs. Freda Wells, 50 years of age, died Sunday in Hillsboro, after being struck by an automobile near Beaverton. Funeral services were held Thursday afternoon in Pegg's chapel. Mrs. Wells is survived by a son, Kenneth Wells of Huber, and a daughter, Doris Wells of Portland.

LOCAL NEWS

Don't call it "Theatre". Call it "Ritz". adv p-19

Geo. Coughlan of the Newport, Ore., fire department visited with Beaverton friends Wednesday. He formerly resided here.

Miss Harriet West had charge of the program at the Saturday evening Bible Study class. Douglas Taylor and Miss Margaret West led the Scripture reading and Mr. Garnett had charge of the study. Twenty four were present.

Mrs. R. R. Summers attended the 1924 Matrons club of the O.E.S. meeting at the home of Mrs. Mary Spencer at Troutdale, Thursday.

Ed Hansen visited for several days last week with relatives at Mc Minnville.

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Yearlings pastured, $1 per month, other cattle, $1.50 on old Peterson place at Whitford. Inquire across the road at D. Palumbo's. adv p-18-19

For Rent—Tom Morgan's home, with 3 acres, 1 mile west of Beaverton, $10.00 per month. Call after 5 p.m. adv

For Sale—Four gallon cow, phone 0415. W. H. Hart, Beaverton. Don't come Sunday. adv c18

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"MICKY" AND HIS GANG

By Sam Iger