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J. H. Hulett . . . . . Editor

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HULETT'S TRIP

As one sticks around a strange  
place and listens in to the conver-  
sation that takes place about the  
things that interest those who are  
doing the talking one gets some in-  
sight into human nature that will  
hardly be gathered from any other  
source. Red had been out with the  
crowd and occasionally would run  
over to where fellow workmen were  
employed and relate some little in-  
cident which occurred the previous  
Saturday or Sunday. From the bits  
I got it would seem that there  
should be some missionary work  
done right close home as well as  
attempts made to convert the Chi-  
nese who for centuries have believed  
themselves far ahead of the Cau-  
casian in civilization. There is little  
pride of achievement among the  
blacks, it is true, but some sage  
has said, "Where ignorance is bliss,  
'tis folly to be wise."

Red, the mechanic you know, who  
worked on the bus while at Rock  
Springs, "broke the sad news to  
me" at about five o'clock Monday  
evening. Of course it was too late  
to travel any that night, so I drove  
the car to the camp firmly decided  
to get an early start in the morn-  
ing. We got up early enough Tues-  
day morning, and loaded up while  
the moon and stars were yet shin-  
ing. The six o'clock whistle blew  
just as we drove out of the camp  
grounds, but we didn't get far, just  
about a block or two. Then "pop"  
went the engine and with a few  
dying gasps the thing quit right  
there in the middle of the street. We  
had no flash light, having depended  
on a "trouble lamp" that one at-  
taches to the battery.

Down the street a little way was  
a street light, and we shoved the  
car along by main strength and  
awkwardness. A careful check over  
the gas line revealed that the tube  
which leads to the windshield wiper  
was not attached to the top of the  
vacuum tank where it should be.  
And there in the dark (the street  
light did not throw much illumina-  
tion on the subject) I could not  
get the end of the tube over the  
end of the connection made for it,  
so I whittled out a plug for the  
hole in the connection at the top  
of the vacuum tank and got in and  
stepped on the starter. Away we  
went. There was little danger of  
rain in that section so we left the  
plug in there for a couple of days.

A boy was delivering the morn-  
ing papers when we finally got  
started. We inquired if it was from  
Portland and he told us it was a  
Salt Lake paper.

Names along the highway be-  
tween Rock Springs and Green  
River—Camel's Back, Thieves' Cave  
etc. They were the names of some  
of the towering rocks. Tiny, dirty,  
dull gray sage brush was about  
all the vegetation showing. Forty-  
four miles down a tributary of the  
green river, there is little to enjoy.

Farther on we came to an ex-  
periment station and here we saw  
a few yellowish brown farms. Some  
sheep in the road caused some de-  
lay in getting past them but though  
we passed several bands it was not  
until late that afternoon that we  
had to follow for a long time be-  
hind a band that was going the  
same way we were and the herders  
did not care to be put out  
any to let us pass.

Down to the river, and along it  
for several miles after passing the  
town of Green River, where we  
stopped for gas but were unable  
to rouse the gas man. Whether it  
was too early for him or perhaps  
he was celebrating his mother-in-  
law's funeral. Anyway, he did not  
show up. We borrowed his "stick"  
and measuring the gas in our tank  
(we had felt resentful about leav-  
ing any more money at Rock  
Springs) we decided that with no

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 bene-  
factor's son. Sent by Old Jim, in-  
capacitated through an accident in  
which Kate, his daughter, is tempo-  
rarily blinded, to take charge of the  
company's—the Polaris—woods op-  
erations, 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. Worthing 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 de-  
sire 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 dis-  
covers Steve's impersonation. Threat-  
ened with disclosure, Steve accuses  
Franz of setting the death trap, ex-  
hibiting evidence, and the man dare  
not act. Steve sends LaFane to find  
Young Jim and sober him up. The  
woodsman separates Flynn from his  
companions and sets about his task.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"And what if I don't?"  
"You will. I'm going into the tim-  
ber. You hate me enough to want  
to get back at me and you can't un-  
less you are near me."

With a shrug, Young Jim stooped  
and shouldered his own pack.

"Where do I get my chance to get  
back at you, then? Where are you  
taking me?" he demanded.

"On a trail that may not be too  
easy," was the reply.

A week later Steve returned to his  
cabin early one evening with the in-  
tention of writing at length to Kate  
Flynn and found Mary Wolf sitting  
on his doorstep.

"Hullo!" he cried in surprise.

"What's the trouble, Mary?"

"I got no trouble," she said.

"Franz, he is scared by you. Today  
I met him by wood camp. He called  
me names but he did not try to  
make me go by him. He is scared."

So, Steve reasoned, Franz had  
been braving his admonitions and  
was in pursuit of Mary when he  
stumbled on Young Jim Flynn, and  
now, with the threat of being called  
to answer the charge of making an  
attempt on another's life hanging  
over his immediate future, he had  
other things on his mind than try-  
ing to force the girl to do his bid-  
ding.

"But he might do more than call  
you names another time, Mary. The  
best place for you, I'd say, is where  
you won't be meeting him. What  
are you back here for, anyhow?"

"Oh, something," she said and  
looked away indolently. "When  
something wild is scared, look out."

"Oh, so you're warning me against  
Franz?"

"May-be," she said idly and rose.

"Good-by. I go by camp, now."

"Where's your canoe?"

"Camp."

"You walked clear here, Mary?"

"It is shorter."

"But haven't you grub to carry  
back?"

She smiled almost childishly.

"I just bring something. I go back  
now."

Her manner puzzled Steve but he  
did not question further.

"Well, you'd better get along to  
your father. He looked to me when  
I saw him as if he were too sick a  
man to be left alone long at a time.  
Stay away from here where you  
might be bumping into Franz; and  
if he locates your camp move to an-  
other place."

hard luck we could make Granger.  
Turning to the left at the bridge  
across the river we climbed the  
hills onto a high, rolling plateau.  
Miles away to the south the snow-  
covered peaks of the Wasatch  
range, or perhaps it was the Elk-  
horn range, looked like some sort  
of rump-up liquid. The sage on  
the plateau seemed greener than  
in the valley. For miles and miles  
we followed the course of the  
Blacks' Fork of the Green River.  
They seemed to have a habit of  
naming their rivers for a color.

"Good-by," she said and moved on  
down the trail, light and graceful  
on her moccasined feet.

The "something" which she had  
brought with her on that long trek  
through the timber he discovered  
when he entered his cabin. On the  
table rested a box made of birch  
into which porcupine quills had been  
worked in elaborate design. In one  
corner was a blue flower and diag-  
onally across the cover in red, was  
the word Jim.

Drake experienced an odd emo-  
tional reaction. He had given the  
girl aid when she was in need. At  
the time she had returned him not  
so much as a word or a look of grati-  
tude. But she had gathered her raw  
materials and treated them and put  
into this gift all the skill and pa-  
tience which were her heritage.  
Then, to deliver it, she had walked  
for a day through the woods and  
now, though the sun was down, she  
was setting out for the long return  
journey.

"Well, old son, you've made a  
hit!" he said aloud and laughed care-  
lessly, but his easy words and man-  
ner were only devices to cover the  
profound embarrassment he experi-  
enced at being the recipient of such  
a generous gesture of gratitude and  
devotion.

So Franz was scared, was he?  
That was as it should be. But Mary  
had also warned him against the  
man, frightened though he was.

The gun which Franz had set for  
him was beneath Steve's bed  
wrapped in newspapers to preserve  
the finger-prints upon its greasy sur-  
face. The case he had against his  
enemy, if ever pushed, would hinge  
on that gun and the imprints of the  
hands which had borne it here.

"Shouldn't leave it knocking  
around that way," he muttered.  
"Mary may be wrong, but he's  
tough enough so it won't do to over-  
look any bets. Well . . . Busy to-  
night."

So instead of depositing the  
weapon in some safe place he rolled  
it in a grain sack and gave it some-  
what better temporary hiding inside  
the leg of a pair of breeches which  
hung against the wall.

The weather was dry. The sun  
shone hot, unobscured by clouds.  
Nights brought little dew; the wind  
blew constantly, licking moisture  
from the soil.

It was a period of great forest  
fire hazard, the sort of weather to  
keep any logger continually on edge.

The response from Kate Flynn to  
Steve's telegram was a letter filled  
with mingled hope and doubt, and  
he saw that his first determina-  
tion not to risk revealing the game  
he played by writing to her would  
not do at all.

"Please, please, Duffer, tell me  
the whole story!" she begged. "You  
are on the job after a long and un-  
explained delay; that is all I know.  
Tell me about yourself; about the  
job, next. Mac's word that the rail-  
road is blocked is too heavy a secret  
for me to carry much longer and I  
don't dare tell Dad yet." . . . Later,  
in a burst of girlish sentiment: "I  
love you more dearly than I shall  
ever love any man but one. I lie  
awake nights thinking about you  
and wondering about you. I'm with  
you always, Duffer, pulling for you,  
fighting for you, but I'm on my knees,  
now, begging you to tell me every-  
thing. . . . I'll go wild if I don't  
know that you are acting as you  
know you should."

Other letters such as this arrived  
with every mail which reached  
Good-Bye and from them and the  
photograph which he cherished  
Steve constructed for himself a girl  
of ever increasing charm.

He debated at length over the first  
letter he wrote. An old typewriter  
was in camp, which obviated the  
chance that the girl who read to

Kate might come upon Young Jim's  
handwriting in office files and be-  
tray the secret.

He did not attempt too much de-  
ception: "I was drunk as a fool  
for two weeks," he began, feeling  
that Kate was the sort who would  
prefer blunt truth. "But I am on the  
job now, and things aren't as bad  
as they might be." He proceeded  
with a truthful account of the situ-  
ation as he had found it.

Her response touched him deeply:  
"You seem so changed. You don't  
write as you used to. What hap-  
pened, Duffer? Has the iron, like  
Dad's, finally come out? Have you  
finally got the old hooch appetite  
whipped? I'm praying for it every  
hour, of course. I can't help but  
feel that the man who wrote this  
letter has something to step up and  
deliver. We'll fight it through to-  
gether until the old Dad comes up  
from the rear and begins to lead  
again. That's a promise!"

He wrote other letters and, at  
night, at odd times during the day  
when the mind of a man engaged  
with such a job should have been  
busied with sterner matters, he  
found himself thinking of Kate  
Flynn.

At the beginning he had left her  
photograph on the table in his cab-  
in; now, he carried it in his shirt  
pocket and when alone in the woods  
often looked at it almost furtively.  
Now and again, thinking of the girl  
he would mutter:

"I'll pull it through. We'll pull  
him through . . . for you. . . ."

Steve and McNally were together  
one day, eaching new fire fighting  
equipment in strategic places.

"Seen Franz the last few days?"  
Steve asked.

McNally shook his head. "Nope  
but that ain't unusual. Times, we  
don't see him for weeks, but he's al-  
ways in the country."

"Dad sort to have loose, wouldn't  
you say?"

"You bet! He don't like Polaris  
and, of course, he don't like you,  
Jimmy. Still, it'd take a fox to  
watch him. Might be down at the  
Laird's."

"How does he get his drag with  
the old fellow?"

"Got me, unless it's because he's  
young. You got to hand it to Franz!  
He's as slick as they get. He even  
fooled Katie good and plenty. It  
looked for a time that summer two  
years back that she was goin' to fall  
plumb in love with him. But she  
found him out and afore any the  
rest of us did. He was real cut up  
when she told him to git, he was!"

A sharp tingle of jealousy ran  
through Drake and he smiled. Jeal-  
ous of a man who had once known  
the favor of a girl he had never  
seen, whose voice he had never  
heard!

McNally went on: "But 'bout him  
'nd the Laird, I dunno. If he is  
after th' Laird's timber for Benson  
looks like he had the inside track.  
It ain't price, you see. Three hun-  
dred 'nd twenty thousand was what  
your daddy estimated it was worth;  
that's what he offered. MacDonald  
said it was a fair price, but he just  
naturally didn't want to sell. . . .  
The thing is that if you had his stuff  
at a fair price th' banks might  
loosen up a little. 'Nd time's what  
you need, Jimmy! It's getting  
a'mighty short."

The older man talked on, outlin-  
ing the possible, the even probable  
disaster which was to overtake the  
Flynn interests, while Steve turned  
his thoughts to the Laird. He had  
learned all he could of the old re-  
cluse but, reviewing it all, only one  
really significant thing had ever  
been said to him about the man and  
this by LaFane. Some men, the dog  
handler had said, are so constituted  
that they will yield no measure of  
admiration to another until he can  
best them at something they want  
to do. Was that the key to Mac-  
Donald's friendship?

Miles away, before a meager shel-  
ter made of a single tarpaulin, La-  
Fane was making coffee.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

before leaving Wyoming we were  
up almost a quarter of a mile  
higher! From that point we began  
to go down. Like Will Rogers in  
"Mr. Skitch", we did some grand  
free wheeling, getting down to Salt  
Lake City.

The roads were fine again as  
soon as we got into Utah. Black  
top pavement for the most part  
with here and there short stretch-  
es of cement. The towns did not  
show up, as they were built along  
the railroad. We skirted Echo res-  
ervoir, the first indication for  
hundreds of miles of the use of  
water for irrigation. Going on down  
the grade we turned south at Echo  
City and followed along a little  
valley where the water seemed to  
be as free as it should be every-  
where. It gushed out of pipes  
along the road, ran in ditches  
where one might expect to find  
drainage ditches, great canals car-  
ried millions of acre feet to dis-  
tant points to be used to make  
the desert produce abundantly.  
Those Mormons certainly had an  
eye to the future for they are the  
ones responsible for the introduc-  
tion of irrigation into the white  
man's scheme of life.

Along one stretch of straight  
road we noted a car far ahead,  
and then soon a fellow out on the  
pavement signaling to stop. We  
looked him over pretty carefully  
before coming to a halt. But his  
partner was on the running board  
of an old truck busy with an inner  
tube. When we stopped, the young  
chap was very courteous and re-  
quested the "loan" of some tire  
cement, they having used all theirs  
in fixing an old tire that kept  
giving them trouble. We were hap-  
py to be able to supply their wants  
and they seemed exceeding grate-  
ful.

It used to be a rule of the road  
never to pass a fellow traveller  
in distress. Now it seems that the  
law of self preservation has estab-  
lished a rule which requires one  
never to stop when passing anyone  
along the road. Yet they say the  
world is getting better right along!

As we got down into the lower  
altitudes, the sun, which had shone  
all day, began to take on some

of its summer characteristics. We  
began to shed our blankets, then  
our coats, and finally got down  
to shirt sleeves. The dust of a band  
of sheep that we followed for a  
long time seemed insufferable. Fi-  
nally we got past the sheep and  
then we did descend!

In the middle of what seemed  
to us a steep incline a young fel-  
low and his lady love sat in a  
nice new Chevrolet. Right in the  
middle of the road they were, and  
we had to slack up to pass. Sens-  
ing trouble we inquired and the  
man stated that they were out  
of gas and would I let them have  
some or had I a tow rope that  
would serve to get them started  
just a little way and then they  
could coast to a filling station. I  
had a tow rope and I bargained  
with him to use his brakes to keep  
me from going too fast and I'd  
use my gas to pull him along. His  
brakes were new and he could  
bring me up standing even on the  
steep inclines. But we got down  
the hill to the suburbs of Salt Lake  
City much relieved. His brakes  
were smoking but the noise in my  
differential had not bothered us  
all the way down that long grade!

Mrs. Lewis Walters and little son  
Roger of Portland visited at the  
home of Mrs. Walters father, D.  
A. Spurlin at Whitford, Friday.

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But, Oh! How Dumb Sometimes