

The Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulet Editor

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HULETT'S TRIP

It would take more space than
is allotted for this whole story if
I were to tell you all the exciting,
dramatic, gorgeous, and interesting
things that we saw, remember, and
experienced while coming from Echo
City to Salt Lake City. The coming
to the end of the road! Or
what for a long stretch looked as
though it was the end of the road.
Following down a long straight,
narrow and shallow valley for
miles we could see the pavement
ahead. As we kept on in the same
direction, the pavement seemed to
stop and end abruptly. The phone
poles could not be seen beyond
that certain point, there were no
buildings that looked as though
the route turned, just ended. When
we got there, we turned sharply to
the right; the low morain that
formed one side of the valley we
had been following came to an
abrupt end and hid the remainder
of the road. Just on the other side
of the morain the cars were whiz-
ing along, and the sign told us
that the road to the left, U. S.
40, was the shortest route to Los
Angeles. But we were going to
Salt Lake City though the back
seat drivers set up an awful howl
about going to see the motion pic-
ture studios, etc.

There were numerous outcrop-
pings of coal along the route un-
til we approached the Mormon cap-
itol. Trucks were coming down
trails that entered the road from
the east at what seemed every lit-
tle arroyo, draw, coulee, valley or
canyon. Teams hitched to farm wa-
gons brought down little "jags"
of the black firewood. Several places
there were great high buildings
somewhat resembling elevators
where there seemed to be coal
stored. Wagons with little piles of
coal in the back end were being
weighed, at places, and at one
place a railroad led off to the east
as though it went up there to get
the coal. This section must be the
Utah coal mining country.

Here we travelled at varying el-
evations. Spring Valley, which we
passed at about ten in the morning,
was up 7,000 feet. Then at noon
when we ate lunch near Baskin,
we were up 6,000 feet; at Coal-
ville, 5,500; then at Wanship, 6,000;
at Kimbal the map does not give
the elevation but it must have been
around 7,000. It was when we had
passed the summit before descend-
ing far towards Salt Lake City
that we found the fellow stalled
for lack of gas. The road descends
rapidly to the Great Salt Lake and
we were worrying a little about
the stiff down grade, not being
able to hold back on compression
on account of the noise in the dif-
ferential and the brakes having
been used until several times we
stopped because they were getting
hot. Well, that fellow who used
his brakes to hold us back will
never know how pleasant it was to
find some one to whom I might be
able to do a little service in order
to get him to hold us back descend-
ing that long hill. If you ever
try letting the fellow behind at
the end of the tow rope use his
brakes for you, I'll bet you'll be
surprised at the number of times
you are brought up and have to
debate letting the power on before
he releases his brakes, and lets
you coast along.

The filling station where he sig-
naled to be released from the rear
end of the tow rope was right in
the suburbs of Salt Lake City. The
sight the folks wanted to see in
that city was the famous taber-
nacle. Really I do not know if they
saw it or not, but I suppose they
must have or we'd be there yet.
Anyway they must have thought
they saw it. This was the first
big city we had got into since leav-
ing Chicago. Perhaps you know
how much of a city the driver sees
the first time through a big city!
I have a few impressions, one of
the vast width of the streets, an-
other of the hills that we climbed
right in the down-town section.

Traffic did not bother much, but
road signs are always the chief
thing on my mind when driving
through a town and I do but lit-
tle sight seeing when at the wheel
of a car, driving in traffic. We en-
tered the city on Twenty-First st.
which passes right by the state's
prison. They probably didn't know
we were coming or there would
have been some one out to meet
us. Turning to the right at State
street we saw a fine building on
a hill in the distance which we su-
posed was the temple. When we
got there we found it was the
state house. Turned left just be-
fore getting to it and wandered off
along and across street car and

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, im-
personated through an accident in
which Kate, his daughter, is tempo-
rarily blinded, to take charge of the
company—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. Worating
Frans, a plotting enemy of the
Flynn, in a flat 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 La-
Fane, queer woods scout, and adds
to Frans' hate by driving him away
from Mary Wolf, young Indian girl
whom he has been abusing. Drake
escapes a death trap set for him.
Frans discovers Steve's impersona-
tion. Steve accuses Frans of setting
the death trap, exhibiting evidence,
and the man dare not act. Steve
sends LaFane to find Young Jim
and sober him up. The woodsman
sets about his task.

only a few rods distant, lived still
another great veteran of the stream.
The Laird's trout was a wonder fish,
and no mistake, but this other lun-
ker was of a size fit to scare a man,
when he broke the surface in his
feeding forays. He was a pioneer,
an ancestor, the patriarch of them
all.

MacDonald had believed the
stretch of water barren, had fished
it but little and, in consequence, was
ignorant of the trout's presence.

This afternoon, leaving McNally
at headquarters, Drake paddled
down the river alone. He had the
tackle with him and a goodly assort-
ment it was, too. The rod was Eng-
lish, hand made, of the finest split
bamboo. Steve had tried it on size-
able fish in the last ten days, but he
well knew that it, nor indeed, few
others of its weight, had ever toiled
a speckled trout as big as the one
that lived alone above the Laird's
personal quarry.

He arrived at the bend a full hour
before sundown. Pulling his canoe
out he set the rod. Then, wading
out into the shallow water below
the pool, he began to cast. No fly
was attached to his leader. The gut

Then, of a sudden, his rod was
straight, his line floating in loops
on the surface. He took slack des-
perately and faced about, guessing
what had happened.

Well that he was turned down-
stream, because an instant later a
great surge of pressure came on
the rod, the line snapped taut from
its trailing and Steve began to run.
He stripped more line desperately
as the fish stormed on ahead of
him, feeling this menace which had
invaded his pool.

His only chance was to follow
that frantic flight, to go with the
fish as long as he could keep his
feet. He gave thirty feet of line;
forty; he rounded one bend, then
another. He was below the Laird's
favorite spot, and the fish had not
so much as paused to seek a snag
or rock on which to entangle that
leader. Far below him, then, the
trout began to zigzag across the cur-
rent and then Steve commenced to
retrieve yielded line.

Sheer strength would count now.
He could feel the old fellow worry-
ing the hook moving to and fro,
straining to work in against a snag.
The movement of the fish became
more agitated. He nosed to and fro,
he turned and circled briefly. He
rolled over, flinging his tail into
the air and bringing it down with a
smash as if to break the slender
strand which held him. Then he
turned and darted up stream.

Drake followed the fish and let
out some line, but he did not run.

The trout sounded, nosed the bot-
tom. He came to the surface with
a splash and crossed the current,
rolling over and over. Then he
turned down the river again and
worked for the opposite bank, sul-
king.

He lay in a deep place as Steve
took line and edged along until he
was directly across the current. He
began to prod the trout, then, with
sharp tugs on the rod, in an at-
tempt to stir him to action before
he could gain any measurable part
of his lost strength.

The fish responded with a short
downward rush, turned about and
bored into the current again, forc-
ing out a few feet of line. The
great creature was tiring, now, and
with his fatigue came fresh desper-
ation. Hither and yon he charged.
Steve knew his battle was not yet
won.

No split second for thought of
other than that struggle had been
spared the man since the lunger
rose to his fly, so he had not ob-
served a canoe coming up the river.
did not realize that he was within
easy talking distance of its oc-
cupants. In the bow sat MacDon-
ald, his white head bare, rigged rod
ready in his hand.

He did not speak, did not move
except to put the rod down. His
dark eyes, lighted strangely, watched
every move of the angler, and when
he saw that the fierce vigor of the
trout's resistance was ebbing he
motioned his Indian paddler to pro-
ceed slowly.

So the Laird was close enough to
hear Steve's chuckle when, after a
long time, the fish paused suddenly
in his struggles and floated a few
feet, writhing slowly on his side,
opening and closing his jaws. He
righted. He tried to work into the
current again; turned reluctantly
but helplessly, as the rod drew back-
ward.

"Come home, old timer!" Steve
cried as, reaching for his landing
net, he walked into deeper water
where the kingly old veteran drift-
ed with the flow.

It was then that he saw the canoe
and its occupants. He gave a sharp
nod but did not speak. He took out
his net, stretched his arm. As the
net all but slipped beneath him, the
fish rolled over, churning the water
and sank from sight. Drake straight-
ened quickly, cautious lest he de-
feat himself in the very moment of
victory.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"See? You're a Lot Stronger, but
You're No Match for Me."

CHAPTER V—Continued

To one side sat Young Jim Flynn.
A half hour before he had delivered
an ultimatum, declared that he was
going to take the trail back to the
Mad Woman, launch his canoe and
go his own way.

"No. You are not going," LaFane
had said.

"Who'll stop me?"

"I will."

"Then be about it!"

In great rage the boy had hurled
himself at the older man. His as-
sault was furious, backed by return-
ing strength. LaFane had slapped
him but that did no good, this time.
So he struck, just once, sending the
boy sprawling. Then he stood over
him, smiling oddly.

"See? You're a lot stronger but
you're no match for me," he said
quietly. "I can handle you easily,
yet. Aren't you ashamed of that?
You're younger by twenty years;
you're as heavy as I am, within ten
pounds. By the book, you should be
able to eat me alive but you can't.
You can't get away from me, un-
derstand. You can't even make
more than a good beginning at de-
fending yourself from me. It is be-
cause you've been such a spendthrift
with your manhood."

The boy, rising, sneered. "Preach-
ing eh?"

"Perhaps, in a way. Think it
over, though; you should be able to
be your own master and yet I handle
you as I might a child."

Then he turned his back and
made the fire and opened the grub
sack as though he were nothing
more than Young Jim's servant.

CHAPTER VI

DAYS before, Steve Drake had
taken the chance that LaFane
had known, rather than simply
guessed about the Laird.

Thrice he had lain in the bush
and watched the old man angle for
the great trout, studying the white-
haired recluse in action at his fa-
vorite pastime. Steve had discov-
ered that in the second bend above,

took the water without a raffle.
Again he shot it forward and still
again, and as it struck the third
time the great fish rose, swirling
almost against the strand to seize a
floating insect.

"That's that!" he muttered in sat-
isfaction knowing that though his
leader was coarse enough to stand
any pull which the rod could stand,
it did not throw sufficient shadow to
alarm the trout.

Steve set the fly traveling in great
arcs above his head. Then he let it
fall on the water at the head of the
pool. It was a good fly; his cast was
splendid.

A dozen times the fly rode the pool
without reward but then the fish
struck!

For an instant thereafter the pool
was serene except for the V-shaped
rifle where the leader penetrated.
The trout did not even sound. He
seemed to hang right there, no more
than an arm's length beneath the
surface, surprised, amazed, perhaps
bewildered. . . .

And then a long, curling fin of wa-
ter was laid back as the singing
leader slashed in toward the far
bank. Across and up the current
went the lunger, boring into the
depths, charging for the snag or
rock which had been his private
sanctuary and Steve let him go.
Never had he felt such weight on
a rod.

railroad tracks until we came to
Temple street. Just about that
time I sighted Beck street, the
street that led out of town on U.
S. No. 91 which we were to follow
for a short distance until getting to
Ogden.

To one who has never visited
the fertile valley where lies the
Mormon capital, it is a revelation.
I remember well the first time I
saw it. It was about the tenth
of March in 1912. Farmers were
drilling oats there in the valley.

That night I stopped at Grand
Junction, Colorado, and the next
day went over Marshall Pass, 12,000
feet up and snow, with five loco-
motives to get our train through;
two on a snow plow just ahead;
two on the front end of our train
and one behind pushing. Some
change in just a few hours. Well,
this time, it was November and the
crop for the most part was laid
by. One load of alfalfa on the
road sprinkled us with the little
branches when we passed.

We sort of planned on camping
or the night at Ogden so hurried
through Hot Springs, North Salt
Lake, Burns, Bountiful, Porterville,
Kaysville, Farmington, Layton, and
Clearfield tiny villages within a
very few miles of each other, and
all between Ogden and Salt Lake.

Between the towns we caught
glimpses of the lake, and the sun
made it look like something you
will not soon forget.

Getting in to Ogden we found
no camping place that quite suited

and so went on to Brigham City
where we found delightful quarters.
The keeper had no eggs when we
inquired but told us that he would
go out and get some. We remon-
strated and supposed the incident
dropped but when we visited his
store just a little later he proffered
us "real fresh eggs" that he had
gone out into the country and se-
cured for our benefit.

Here we found the sales tax in
its aggravated form. Every purchase
has to be reported and the mer-
chant must keep the tax separate
from the other proceeds of his sales.
In a little tin cup they placed the
tax which they require to be levied
on every sale. How those fel-
lows hailed this tax as a great
thing! Like we used to say as
boys, "Over the left!"

That was Tuesday, November 14.
We had come from Rock Springs,
Wyoming to Brigham City, Utah,
251 miles. Not much of a day's
journey, but plenty of ups and
downs, literally—6,300 feet eleva-
tion there, up to 7,000, then down
to 5,500, then up again and down
again to 4,250 at Salt Lake City
where we began to climb again to
Brigham City, a little over forty
three hundred feet.

That day we spent \$3.71 for gas;
oil, 30¢; groceries, \$1.06; and cab-
in, \$1.00; a total of \$6.07.

From Brigham City we turned to
the left following U. S. 30 again,
the road we had left at Echo City
the previous afternoon, when we
detoured to go to Salt Lake. U. S.
91, which we had encountered at
Salt Lake went on north to Poca-
tello and before we arrived at
Burley in Idaho we wished that
we had followed the pavement to
Pocatello. That morning we discov-
ered we had lost the cap off our
gas tank. And try as we might,
none of the caps for gas tanks
could be made to fit, that is, none
we found would fit.

North and west of Brigham City
we came to the sugar beet coun-
try of Utah. Great heaps of beets
were stacked on the ground, high-
er than you could throw one, even

though you had Walter Johnson's
pitching arm. They used elevators
to elevate the roots, these machines
being run by gasoline engines. The
road was full of trucks hauling
the beets to the shipping places
where other elevators were used in
loading them on cars.

Did you ever see a sugar fac-
tory? The water that runs from
one looks as bad as the air from
a smelter smells. That water, for
what purpose used I don't know,
looked as though it was filled with
ground slate, or possibly like a
thin wash made of cement. Per-
haps some of our readers can tell
us about the process of taking
the sugar from the beets and why
the waste water looks like mud.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Blasser, Mrs.
W. H. Boyd, and Mrs. John
Summers drove to Willamina, Ore.,
Wednesday to spend the day visit-
ing with Mr. and Mrs. M. E.
Underhill.

At the last meeting of the Ti-
gardville Rebekah Lodge Mrs. Sar-
ah Van Kleeck and Mrs. Rosa Ti-
gard were elected as delegates to
the Rebekah Assembly to be held
in May at Tillamook.

JOHN D. GOSS

FOR DEMOCRATIC CHOICE
AS U. S. REPRESENTATIVE

Senator Goss is a forceful
speaker and an experienced leg-
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facturing, ranching, mining and
general business as owner and
attorney, and is peculiarly qual-
ified to represent the first district.

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tax relief; establishing and fi-
nancing of settlers; federal dis-
tribution of Bonneville power;
contributions by U. S. to coun-
ties in proportion to federally-
owned land, and flood control of
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adv. p-21 p-24

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"MICKY" AND HIS GANG



By Sam Iger