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J. H. Hulett Editor

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HULETT'S TRIP

That cap off the gas tank was
a continual source of worry that
morning. At every little hamlet al-
ong the way we stopped to see if
there was not an old Dodge with
such a cap. But the old Dodges
were still working. When one looks
for something of that sort one gets
some idea of the kinds of cars that
are wrecked. But the 1923
Dodges that were wrecked in that
vicinity were just nil. Finally at
Tremont we found a metal cap that
would screw on but it did not
fit. We cut out a gasket from an
old inner tube lying beside the road
and screwed it on. It did not leak
for a time but the gas dissolved the
rubber, or acted on it somehow. I
hardly know how, but we had to
make a new one soon. It was
about noon that we put the new
one on, that is the new gasket.

That strip of rock road we passed
along that morning, north from
Brigham City, Utah over U.S. No.
30, heading for Burley, Twin Falls,
Boise and way points was one of
the finest we travelled on that trip.
Smooth, solid, wide, it was a joy
to skoot along. Not that we made
such good time. You remember that
noise that developed going down
into Laramie, well it had grown
but still when the engine was pull-
ing the thing ran as smoothly as
one could ask but just let a lit-
tle down grade present itself and
the thing would begin. It seemed
to come from the transmission. I
thought it a bent or broken plate
in the clutch. But it kept going,
and we were headed for the "land
of the Empire Builders" and just
couldn't stop to have an old boat
torn down to see what was the mat-
ter—not anyway as long as the
thing would travel forty miles an
hour.

Snow on the mountains in the
distance and the frost on the
ground reminded us that Novem-
ber was no time to be making a
transcontinental trip, anyway no
time to follow the old Oregon
Trail across the high plateaus and
mountains. We crossed Blue Spring
valley, climbed over the North Pro-
montory range, to Snowville where
the elevation is 4,675 feet. We did
not see any snow on the flat coun-
try but the hills, perhaps I should
call them mountains, had plenty.
Then on over the Hansel mountains
and down into Curlew valley where
the road was still good, and straight
in long stretches. Through Kelton
pass we came to the Minidoka Na-
tional Forest where the dirty, dus-
ty evergreens were scarcely tall en-
ough to cast a shadow. Here we
crossed to Raft River mountains and
turned north to cross the Utah-
Idaho state line. And the good
road ended. Zowie, holes and bumps
and more ruts and higher bumps.
We stopped at Strevell and inquired
whether the road got any better.
"Well, I reckon this road is good
enough for anyone to travel," re-
plied the ex-cowboy who had charge
of the gas pump.

"How far to the pavement?" was
our next question. "Wal, I dunno,
they're workin' on it up ahead a
ways." And that was all we could
get in the way of information. He
was a loyal son of Idaho. If he
couldn't say anything good of the
Idaho roads he would not say any-
thing bad about them. But vol-
umes could be written about them.
In general the Idaho roads were
excellent. We had crossed the state
at its widest part from Payette
to Yellowstone National Park and
found pavement of the finest sort.
But that stretch of the Old Ore-
gon Trail that we traversed Wed-
nesday, the fifteenth of November,
1933, could stand considerable im-
proving.

It is only about forty miles from

CODE OF THE NORTH

... By HAROLD TITUS ...

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WNU Service

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. Worthing
Franz, a plotting enemy of the
Flynn, 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 La-
Fane, 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 impersona-
tion. 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. The woodsman
sets about his task.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

He was within a few yards of the
canoe, then, and as the fish sound-
ed and came up again, the Laird
stared. He snatched up his own
long-handled net and leaned out-
board, ready to take the fish as he
came past.

"Don't do that, please! If I can't
take him alone, I won't take him,"
Drake called.

He did not so much as glance at
the Scot again. He came to a halt,
lifted his rod higher, dragged the
fish nearer. Then, with a sharp, de-
cisive thrust of the net, he slipped
it beneath his quarry, lifted him out
with a swinging movement and re-
laxed his weary right arm.

For an instant the fish lay still,
curled in the mesh, gills working,
and then he began to strain. The
great fan slid up beyond the frame
of the net and Steve, knowing the
danger, knowing that no fish is an
angler's prize until he is killed,
waded to the bank.

A swelling sense of achievement
filled him. He was heedless of the
fact that the Laird had landed and
was approaching.

When the old man came close,
however, Steve looked up. He
grinned because he had done what
he set out to do and because he had
done even more: taken the fish un-
der the eyes of the old recluse him-
self.

But when he had looked into that
other face his smile died. Never in
any other countenance had he seen
that particular rage which now
flooded MacDonald's.

"You've taken my fish, mon!" His
voice vibrated, a vein on his fore-
head leaped out into a welt.

"Your fish, Mr. McDonald? I
don't think it was—"

"Didn't think! Didn't think!
Mebbe so! But ut's th' fish I've
worked over summer after sum-
mer; th' fish I've dreamed on win-
ter night after winter night! 'Nd
who may ye be to come on anither's
property 'nd poach 'nd pillage 'nd
kill what's anither's right to take?"

Steve thought quickly. Instead of
having the Laird's admiration as a
reward for his accomplishment, he
had won only animosity, and ani-
mosity is a poor beginning for
friendship.

"You're mistaken, sir," he said.
"This isn't your fish. Come here.
Look up-stream. Watch."

He led the other a few paces
to a vantage point, the old man sud-
denly silent but obviously suspi-

cious. After a moment, in against
the far bank a great fish rose.

"See! Isn't that where your fish
lies?"

Almost reluctantly, the Laird nod-
ded assent.

"This fellow of mine was two
bends above. He lived all alone.
He's too big to tolerate company.
He's even bigger than the one you've
been working on, if I'm any judge."

The Scot's fingers commenced to
rummage in his beard. He drew a
long breath and Steve felt relieved
but on the man's words his heart
sank again.

"Ay! Younger muscles! Younger
wits! A bigger trout, likely, than yon
fish." His tone was bitter. "Bigger,
as ye say, than th' one who's defied
me these years, but ut's unseemly
for a young man to belittle th' abili-
ties of his elders!"

He turned then toward his wait-
ing canoe and Steve stood with
hopes falling to ruin about him. He
was on the point of stammering an
apology but when, after hesitating,



"I'll hae a guest, Annie," He Said.
"Spread yersel', Noo, 'nd do yer
best!"

he spoke it was no stammer, no at-
tempt to excuse himself. Dangling
the trout by the gills, he called al-
most casually:

"Mr. MacDonald, what'll he
weigh?"

"Ha'n't ye a scale wi' ye?"

"No, sir; and it's a long way back
to headquarters."

"What kind of angler are ye, not
havin' a scale handy?" The Laird
gestured for a halt on that. "I hae
me doubts that he's so much heavier
than yon. . . . Ay!" He rummaged
in his beard again, thoughtfully.
"Come wi' us!" he demanded. "Ut's
my right to examine yer trout. 'Tis
my belief, when I kill mine, he'll
be so mooch lighter. 'Tis yer obli-
gation to gi' me 'n hour!"

"Certainly!" replied Steve, trying
to keep elation from his response.

"Of course, I'll go with you, Mr.
MacDonald."

No word was spoken through the
quarter of an hour it required to
drop down to the great log struc-
ture which was the old man's re-
treat. Landing there, MacDonald
walked heavily up the steps.

"Stand there," he said surlily
when they had entered the dark
room. "I'll make a light."

He took the fish from Steve and
laid it on the table, moving the lamp
to make room. A noble creature it
was, indeed. For an interval the
old man stared silently at the tro-
phy. Then, without taking his eyes
from it, opened a drawer in the
table and fumbled for a small spring
scale reposing there.

Together they leaned close, scan-
ning the needle.

"Six pounds!" Steve whispered.
"Six?" in contempt. "Six! Look,
mon! Six pounds 'nd two ounces!
Ay, better 'n two! Near two 'nd a
half ounces!" He straightened with
a deep breath. "Ah, what a fish!
What a bonny, bonny fish!"

He bent low, hands on his knees,
to gaze contemplatively.

"'Nd what," he asked, turning his
head but not straightening, "was th'
fly, lad?"

The brusqueness was gone from his
voice, the animosity from his eye.
In place of the crusty old fellow he
had been, injured, defiant, unrelent-
ing and scornful, he was now as a
seeker after news from a superior!

"I used a light cording. It
matched the insects hatching."

"Ay, a gude fly. Th' smaller
ephemeridae. . . . So he was feed-
in' on them, not waitin' for th' hatch
of larger!"

He placed a hand on the younger
man's shoulder.

"Mon, ye took him! Beside this
one, noo, my grand trout's a young-
ster, I'll have tae admit. Ut dis-
turbed me a mite, thinkin' ye'd took
mine but . . .

"Noo, sit yersel' doon. Hae ye a
pipe? So? Well, so ha' I." He
went to the mantle and took down a
great briar. "Ay, sit yersel' doon.
Noo, tell me, Flynn, how long did
ye work over yon noble afore he
took yer fly?"

Steve, with his heart leaping,
seated himself and drew out his
pipe. He sat silent a brief inter-
val, telling himself that he was
about to achieve the thing for which
he had set out this evening. He
marshaled his wit and his resources,
and then began to talk, slowly and
carefully, telling the best story he
had ever told in his life! At the
end he sat back and nodded toward
the table and said:

"And there he is, Mr. MacDonald,
to prove it!"

"Ay, a grand fight for a lad. I
could nae do better myself, Flynn,
if so gude."

He clapped his hands and from a
doorway a squaw appeared.

"I'll hae a guest, Annie," he said.
"Spread yersel', noo, 'nd do yer
best!"

Steve protested that he should be
back at headquarters but the Laird
would not listen.

"Stay, lad, stay! 'Tis an evenin'
to mark well, to celebrate. Ye must
stay th' night. Ut's been long since
I've had by me 'n angler such as ye
are! The others, I've taught them
what they know. But ye, Flynn . . .
Well, ye took a better fish than I
ever killed!"

And stay the night under the
Laird's roof Steve did. In detail
the stories of fish they had taken
must be told, and it was after mid-
night before MacDonald led Steve
to the room he was to occupy.

While Drake was thus engaged,
heart quickened at thought of what
this friendship meant to Polaris,
Franz sat on a bench in the store
at Good-Bye, silently listening to
the gossip of the men gathered there.
He had become a fallen fa-
vorite and had no longer a place of
consequence in their regard.

Wartin came in. "Where's Jim?"
he asked.

"Fishin'," Tim Todd replied.

"I'd ought to see him tonight. D'
he say when he'd be back?"

"Nope. But he's been stayin'
mighty late, recent," the old clerk
informed him.

Shortly, Franz went out unno-
ticed. He took a trail that led back
into the timber, circled LaFane's
house by a wide margin, and ap-
proached the cabin which Steve oc-
cupied.

He stood near by for a lengthy in-
terval; then carefully he advanced,
tried the door and went within.

It cost him time and pains to find
the shotgun, but he did locate it,
finally, wrapped in the grain sack
and shoved in the log of the old
trousers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

a fellow who was demanding his
services pronto. After considerable
argument, and much more diplo-
macy I finally got his attention
and he required that my car be
brought to his place before he
would touch it. Could I push it
down? Not very handily, but I
could take his tow car and bring
it in. You can bet he was not go-
ing to let me have his car to go
away from his shop! He finally
got into his tow car and we brought
the Dodge in. He looked over the
distributor, fixed the tube that led
from the swipe to the vacuum tank,
gave the carburetor a couple of
thumps and asked me to get in
and turn it over. Away she went.

No, I did not feel like easing;
I was too tickled to hear the fami-
liar whirr of the flywheel—if that
is the noise I hear when she turns
over. "When she stops like that
again, just thump the carburetor a
time or two. There is a thing in
there that sticks sometimes. Usual-
ly a thump or two will loosen
it and the engine will start again."
You see, after driving it all these
years I still had something to learn
about the old bus.

Between Burley and Twin Falls
there is a big irrigated tract served
by the Milner irrigation project.
Down at the bottom of a deep,
steep canyon the Snake River looked
like a little creek. Strawberries in
regular rows in the orchards took
our eye. The apples were being
picked, great heaps of them lying
on the ground. We had entirely
forgotten passing through such a
country. (We were now retracing
our steps taken at the beginning
of our trip.) As we went west
the same road took on a much dif-
ferent look. The same fine pave-
ment was there, but where was
that long stretch without a service
station we had travelled over so
anxiously when eastward bound?

The water from the Thousand
Springs swelled the little creek
that was the Snake river above the
springs until it became a big hon-
est-to-goodness river. The grass
was green but everything else
showed up brown, except the river
and the multitudes of springs

pouring out of that bluff. Have
you ever been there? The sight
rivals anything we saw at the Cen-
tury of Progress. Multnomah Falls
is surely worth seeing; one gazes
with wonder at the water plung-
ing over the precipice. But imagine
a thousand such streams, all in view
at one time coming out of the
side of the bluff to fall hundreds
of feet to the silver stream below.
Right out of the rock they come;
not over the top. One place a con-
crete wall holds the water back and
guides it to a big hydro-electric
plant. But most of it is unharn-
essed. Just the other side of Ha-
german, it is, between there and
Buhl and what a sight!

Dr. Cora V. Getty entertained
with a luncheon at Lipman & Wolfe
tea room in honor of Mrs. S. H.
Lawrence and Mrs. H. M. Keck.
Mrs. Keck left Saturday for Fort
Riley, Kansas. She will sail from
New York about the 21st for Pan-
ama, where she will make her
home.

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