

The Beaverton Review

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY AT BEA-
VERTON, OREGON

J. H. Hulett Editor

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HULETT'S TRIP

Quite a number of people have asked whether the story of "Hulett's Trip" was not about finished that I just thought I'd keep the thing up indefinitely. ("Quite up to form" I image I can hear from several sources here.) Well I never was noted for doing the thing that was expected of me and I'm getting too old to change much. "It's hard to teach an old dog new tricks," the saying goes, and it is still true though the Brain Trust has not yet sent out any official announcement recognizing the fact.

Of course we were tired when arriving at Moro. Everybody got out and stretched, and then stretched again. To the driver the relief was doubly welcome. If you ever drive a couple of thousand miles without stopping you'll understand something of what it means. Of course there are those among our readers who have driven that far or perhaps farther. But they did not have a big family of their own people for whose safety they were personally responsible. Four others besides myself whose safety depended on how that old car behaved.

Hundreds of times while driving along some particularly perilous bluffs or perhaps at a busy intersection in some city, and perhaps beside some deep ditch the thought would persist in returning, "What if that fly wheel should burst?" Or perhaps, "What if this steering gear would give way?" Or "Supposing an axle should break?" It is easy to say that borrowing worries is foolish, but not every human can direct the whole current of his thought.

Probably the most pleasant memory of our trip will be the extremely cordial reception accorded us on our return to Beaverton. Of the trip down the Columbia River highway I remember little. I had been past that way too often to be amazed at Multnomah falls, at Rooster rock or the numerous falls and sights that meet one's eyes when journeying down that historic route. I suppose that at the bridge over the Sandy I turned left and came into Portland over the Base line road. Anyway I usually do.

One of the first people to greet us was Andy Anderson, late manager of Andy's Meat Market in the Raynard building. About the first thing he said was "You're just in time for the card party the Kiwanis are putting on at the Community Building tonight."

Everyone seemed pleased to have us back. Of course we came down to the Review office as soon as ever we could get there after driving up to the house where we were hilariously greeted by Ida and Parma Reghito, by Josephine Debeneditto, by the Jackson Family and the Alexanders. When we got to the Review office Sefton seemed sort of pleased and gave us one of those little twisted smiles so characteristic of him. "A h-l of a fellow you are, never sent us a word to publish so that people could know where you were and what you were doing," was his greeting. I suppose that was his idea of welcoming us home. Well, we never thought of writing anything while away that was not strictly business. And after twelve years, or nearly thirteen years, of more or less writing we felt relieved that we did not have to write. Why, if not to get away from this writing, should I wish to sell the Review?

Mrs. Sefton and Gladys were much more cordial. They really seemed glad to see us. I think now there was a good and sufficient reason for Gladys being glad; it might relieve her from the drudgery of getting out the paper. For they had made up their mind to turn the Review back as soon as they could when I got back. In fact, everyone round about here knew of that intention before we arrived on the scene at all.

We urged Mr. Sefton to continue on in charge. We had no desire to take the management back if he would make only a reasonable effort to pay for the property. But he left for Salem to take a job which paid him big money while it lasted, \$200 in just a short time. But did he offer to make any payment? Not a sou.

Like a lot of amateurish writers, we are getting ahead of the story. That night, the night we got home to Beaverton we attended two card parties, one at the Kiwanis club and one at the I.O.O.F. hall. Right away it did not seem that people were getting any closer together.

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 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 drunken spree. Polaris is in dire straits, and hoping to do something for Old Jim, Steve hastens to the company's headquarters. Worshipping Franks, a plotting enemy of the Flynn, in a fist fight, the Polaris crew assumes Steve 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 Franks' hate by driving him away from Mary Wolf, young Indian girl whom he has been abusing. Drake escapes a death trap set for him. Franks discovers Steve's impersonation. Steve accuses Franks of setting the death trap, exhibiting evidence, and the man dare not act. Steve sends LaFane to find Young Jim and sober him up. Steve wins the friendship of MacDonald, owner of timber land the Flynn's greatly need, and the Scotsman gives him a seven-day option for Polaris to buy his timber. Franks having destroyed the evidence of his plot to kill Steve, feels he has a free hand. Knowing of the option, and wanting the timber for a rival company, he plans to put Steve out of the way, but the latter outwits him. Young Jim Flynn, sobered, sets out with LaFane for Polaris headquarters. Franks secures another option and records it, learning then that Steve, whom he had believed to be dead, is alive. Knowing Drake has wired Kate, he steals her reply and learns that \$25,000 is to be forwarded, and the time of its arrival.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

After the team trotted up into the town to have McNally's purchases loaded, Franz hailed an automobile, parleying with the driver, and was driven northward on the Good-Bye road. The car could take him only a dozen miles before the route entered swampy country that could be handily traveled only by teams, but it completed that much of the trip before McNally had more than a start on the way home. From there Franz went afoot, headed toward Good-Bye lake. He swam the lower river and, at night, rolled himself in a blanket taken from a pack-sack cached beneath a well-concealed canoe.

Until the arrival in the country of Steve Drake, Franz's first plan, which had taken many months in the fashioning, had progressed steadily. Once upon a time, he had sought to attach himself to Old Jim Flynn, render the services of which he was capable and profit therefrom, as most men profit. His impulse then had been rather decent; he was willing to give value for what he received.

Then Kate Flynn had come to Good-Bye with her father. In the beginning she appeared to like him, but her intuition had it that the man was not what he appeared to be on the surface, that he was not one, even, for her father to depend on.

When this became clear to Franz what decency had been in his character before was consumed by the fire of his greed and ruthlessness. Nothing remained for him in his relationship with the Flynn's except gain.

But he did not betray himself in the beginning. He pretended a continuing friendship with Polaris until his connections with rival timber owners were perfected. Then he had commenced his campaign to undermine Old Jim.

Everything seemed to be going well. The arrival of the man for whom

he was to form such an antipathy frustrated the success of that scheme. His hope of sending Jim Flynn tobogganing into ruin so his holdings might go to add to that growing empire of timberlands which Franks' principals desired was quickly cooled by the new signs of life about the job which followed the arrival of an outstanding leader.

This was bad enough but, added to these other failures which could be laid only at the feet of the one who posed as a Flynn, was the item of his hold over Mary Wolf. When Steve Drake aided the girl in her departure from the squalid little farm home where she had been so conveniently located, Franz was shaken by an urge for vengeance which knew no bounds.

He tried to kill, in a coward's way, and failed. He tried blackmail, a coward's weapon, and failed again. At MacDonald's, because of his regard for the old Scot's nature, he was forced to stand by and see the last plan he had laid for personal gain go crashing down.

But he was no quitter, this Franz! And when he read those telegrams, at Shoestring, hope came to life



"You Want Me?" She Asked So Simply and Directly That It Quite Took His Breath.

again. Money was coming into the country; money in a quantity which was in itself disturbing to consider. But that money meant more than the possession of so many thousands. It renewed his faith that some day he would be the agent for a transaction involving the transfer of the much coveted MacDonald property.

He had unmasked Steve Drake for the Laird at the proper moment. If that option could be caused to lapse he felt certain that the eccentric old Scot would refuse to renew a deal with one who had hoodwinked him or with a corporation which had had such a one in its service. So, the option must lapse.

Steve was in the store when McNally drove into the clearing. Mac had planned to spend the night at the last farmhouse between headquarters and town and Drake, after breakfast, had busied himself there to be present at the arrival.

He had awakened as usual when the chorus of bird songs commenced to swell, dressed and stepped outside with an ejaculation of surprise, because Mary Wolf was seated on a log beside his threshold, elbows on knees, waiting with stolid patience, apparently for his appearance.

"Hello, Mary! Something wrong? Has Franz been after you again? I haven't seen him in days and I'd wondered about you."

"Nothing wrong. Franz don't come by our camp."

"Well, if nothing's wrong . . . What brings you here again, Mary?"

"You want me?" she asked so simply and directly that it quite took his breath.

"Want you? Why . . . What . . . That is, I don't know what you're driving at," he evaded lamely.

The girl stirred slowly on the log. "My father, he die by-n-bye," she said. "Not long, now. He gets worse. He breathes fast . . . So." She panted. "I should not go before he is dead. He is old; sick. At school they tol' us we should stay by old people. Take care of 'em. That is right. I do."

"But he die pretty soon. I can go. You're Jim," she said, "you treat me good. You are the only young man who ever treats me good. You are . . . you are . . ." She hesitated, seeming to search for the proper word. Then, successfully, spoke it with as much emphasis, it is likely as she had ever placed on an utterance. "You are kind."

Steve laughed, deeply embarrassed.

"I say what is so: you are kind. You live alone. I can cook good. They tol' me at school I can cook good. I not like some. Some girls don't work. Me, I work. My father die. I come here and cook for you. I do it all. Sweep. Wash. Sew. I be your girl."

Red swept into Steve's cheeks. She searched his face with a probing gaze, almost as a faithful dog might, expecting largess.

"When Old Jim come, I go away. When white girls come, I go away. When you go to town, me I stay by camp. I think everything when I got bark and split cedar. What you say, Jim?"

Now, what did a man say to a proposal such as this?

Steve Drake said nothing at all. He had not a word at his command for that interval. In Mary's plan was nothing unclean, nothing offensive. It was childishly natural. He had been kind to her, probably the first man of his race whom she had known who had not looked upon her as a creature of utility, and in her gratitude she was offering all that she possessed.

"Why, Mary," he began with a helpless feeling as he realized the futility of attempting to make her understand how deeply her offer touched him or the impossibility of his acceptance. "You . . . I don't know what to say to make you know that I am your friend. But, even so, you can't come here and stay. Understand that? I can't have you here."

"All right. I make camp somewhere close. I stay away, but be your girl."

"No, no! I think you're fine, Mary, but I can't have you for my girl. You see, we don't travel the same trail. I go one way; you go another. Understand? Some day you want to get married. Sure! Priest and everything. Me, I don't think I'll get married right away. Maybe never. When I do, I'll marry a white girl. It is better that white people marry whites and that Indians marry Indians. You're young yet. How old are you, anyhow? Don't know?"—as she shook her head. "I'll bet you're not much over eighteen, anyhow."

"When your father dies you should go back to school. You are smart. You can learn a great deal from teachers and maybe they can learn something from you. You're the best quill worker I know of. You're an Ojibway and should be proud of it. You should keep on being Ojibway. Do the things your mother did; marry an Ojibway boy; have plenty of Ojibway papoose. It's our trails, remember. You go the Indian way, I go the white man's way. They can't cross. Understand that?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ways on the end of the tongue when one or the other of us were present. Perhaps that gave us an undue opinion of our importance. Anyway, having a considerable egotism seems to be one of the congenital faults that has followed me all down the years. Shall I ever recover? I much doubt it.

The chickens were kept by Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bush near Tobias. They were at the card party if I remember rightly and of course we got a report on that part of the family. The little brown dog had been taken to Moro by Lutina and we were welcomed by him there. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kelly took care of the cow. She was the last of the family that we heard from, but of course we had heard from the Kellys while we were in Michigan. They are now in Michigan and I suppose are wondering when I'm going to pay for that cow feed. We'll try to square accounts when they return to Oregon after their pilgrimage which will probably extend over quite a time yet.

Is there to be any more? Wait and see.

BEAVERS RANK HIGH AS TRACK STARS

The 1934 track team of Beaverton High School has been very successful this season. Under the able direction of Coach Warren, the track members have won every dual meet this year, and won the county meet by defeating Forest Grove, Hillsboro and Tigard. They took first place in the Junior track meet held at Grant High in Portland, by defeating 20 schools of which Portland schools were competitors. Beaverton took seventh place in the Northwest meet held at Pacific University with 25 schools participating, and eighth place in the Hill Military relay meet.

The outstanding men on the team are: Rex Saxton, Frank Emmons, Don Jossy, Ellis Nyland and Kenneth Taylor, student body president and graduating senior. Although he has been in the Senior Play and did not get the regular practice the sixth period as the other track men, he took a first place in every meet he entered except the Northwest meet.

The scores of the meets were:
March 30: Hill Military relay meet—8th place out of 30 schools.
April 6: Scappoose at Beaverton

—Beaverton, 87; Scappoose, 35.

April 13: Forest Grove, Hillsboro and Beaverton at Forest Grove—Forest Grove, 60½; Beaverton, 40½; Hillsboro, 24.

April 17: McMinnville at Beaverton—Beaverton, 83 1/3; McMinnville, 29½.

April 21: Northwest Meet at Pacific University—seventh place out of 25 schools.

April 24: Scappoose at Scappoose—Beaverton, 81; Scappoose, 41.

April 27: County meet at Beaverton—Beaverton, 62½; Forest Grove, 58; Hillsboro, 26; and Tigard, 5.

May 8: Junior Meet at Grant—First out of 20 schools.
May 9: Hillsboro, there—Beaverton, 64; Hillsboro, 58.

A college professor courteously offered his seat in the street car to a woman passenger. As the car started jerkily, the professor lunged forward, clutching wildly for a strap. His hand closed firmly on the nearest one, which happened to be already held by a young lady. Looking up, the charming young person said, "Evidently we must hang together!"

And the college professor, looking down at the owner of the little hand, replied: "Capital punishment!"

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed executor of the estate of Casper Kehrl, deceased, by an order made and entered in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, on the 17th day of April, 1934, and that he has been duly qualified to act as such executor.

Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present them with the proper vouchers to the undersigned at his home, Route No. 1, Beaverton, Oregon, or at the law office of P. L. Patterson in the Wells Building, Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, to-wit: Within six months from April 20, 1934.

Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, on this 17th day of April, 1934.
Casper Kehrl, Executor of the Estate of Casper Kehrl, Deceased.
P. L. Patterson, Attorney for Executor. Post-office address, Hillsboro, Oregon. adv c 21-25

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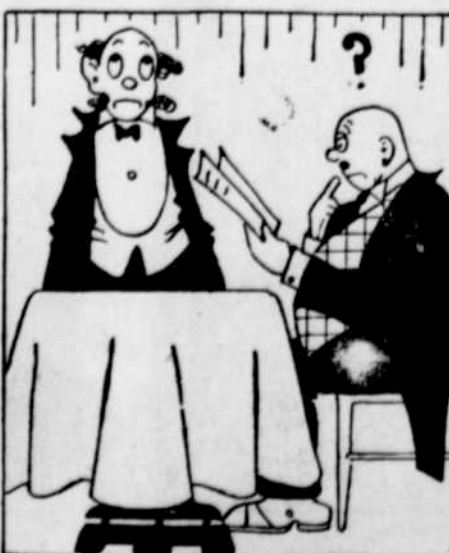
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AFTER THE HONEYMOON



By Geoff Hayes

Geoff Hayes