

The Beaverton Review

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY AT BEA- VERTON, OREGON

J. H. Hulett Editor

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HULETT'S TRIP

There is something about an operation at a hospital that gives one pause. Just why this is true is hard to analyze: Perhaps it is that it is an experience one does not meet every day, it may be the thought of being made unconscious, not by the soothing influence of sleep but by an artificial means that causes the subject to consider the seriousness of the condition. Whatever it is there are few of us who would care to have any sort of operation that we did not consider very serious.

Mrs. Hulett went to the hospital on an evening early in December. I was down there when she went under the ether but was not allowed in the surgery during the operation. When she was brought out the nurse called me and I accompanied her to the room assigned convalescents and watched by her side until after she came out from under the ether. Some little time after going into the room Gladys Braun, our oldest daughter, came and watched with me. But you all know the details of the recovery, and the time she had before coming back home.

She was home for Christmas dinner with the family though she had to be brought to the table on a chair. Her strength was at a low ebb for a long time and the work of taking care of the house and of one of Tina's children, Eugene Ward Thompson, fell to Joy's lot. She met the task valiantly. Her work shows something of what the younger generation can do when put to the test.

Mrs. Hulett was very low yet when Sefton turned the Review back to us. He signed a statement that he assigned all his right, title and interest in his contract that he held for the purchase of the Review back to us. Well it was some job getting the paper out. Joy had a lot of the work at the house to do and all the type to set. Perhaps on none of us did the work fall more heavily than on her shoulders. But we got out the paper to the best of our ability.

Then after being gone from the shop for about two weeks, and never having made any effort to get anything that he had left in the shop when he turned the paper back to us, Sefton began suit to recover the costs of several items of type, equipment, etc., that he claimed to have bought and left in the shop. The suit was brought for a hundred and thirty odd dollars, he claiming that I refused to turn over property which did not belong to the shop.

Some of the items he claimed he was entitled to pay for were items that I have no use for and which he could just as well have come and taken away at any time. He had come in and purchased a lot of things and never paid for them. The items, so far as I can learn are not paid for yet, yet the Hillsboro court awarded him a judgment against us.

Among the items that he had taken from the shop, that were in the shop when he took it over was a 1 1/2 horsepower motor that I used to run the big press with. This he turned in to W. A. Smith who sold him a three-phase motor in its place. The three-phase motor necessitated the installation of another electric service in the shop and along with the new service came a new minimum charge. On looking over the electric company's statements I found that for ten kilowatts a month I was being billed for \$2.13, or 21.3¢ a kw.

I then went to Mr. Smith and asked for my motor back. He told me he had sold it. I sued him then for the cost of the motor and took the one he had let Sefton have and turned it back to him (Smith). But again, this time in Geo. Thyng's court, the judgment went against me, a non-suit this time.

Perhaps you wonder what this has to do with "Our Trip." Well, it is an out-growth of the trip at any rate.

LOCAL NEWS

Charity Lodge and Tigardville Rebekah Lodge were responsible for a splendid program put on at the I. O. O. F. home in Portland, Sunday afternoon. A Tom Thumb wedding ceremony was one of the numbers.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McCann, son Ted, grandson Donald Richardson of Portland, and Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Kahr and son Delbert, drove to Oregon City Sunday to visit

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—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. Worthing Franz, a plotting enemy of the Flynn, in a first 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. Drake escapes a death trap set for him. Franz discovers Steve's impersonation. 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. Steve wins the friendship of MacDonald, owner of timber land the Flynn greatly need, and the Scotsman gives him an option for Polaris to buy his timber. Knowing of the option, and wanting the timber for a rival company, Franz plans to put Steve out of the way, but the boy outwits him. Franz secures the option and records it. He finds out that \$25,000 is to be forwarded from Chicago to Drake, and the time of its arrival. Franz plans to steal the \$25,000. Kate Flynn arrives at headquarters, bearer of the money which will save Polaris. Her eyes are bandaged, and before Steve has to betray himself by speech a forest fire alarm is sounded. Drake hastens to take charge of the fire fighters.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

Those woodsmen in the boats knew what a fire meant, starting in that resinous slash, with the whole country like tinder. It would leap across the country, burst upon the stand of green swamp timber with such a fury that spruce and balsam, cedar and pine would flame like torches, leaving valuable timber dead and spoiling in its wake.

It seemed to Steve that the boat scarcely crawled, as if Good-Bye like expanded, stretched out its boundaries; as though many hours instead of less than one elapsed before he cut off his motor and leaped out.

Men flung themselves into the shallow water, carrying equipment with them, and Wartin, who had seen their approach, came running.

"Got your crew all on it?" Steve called.

"Yes; just now. But, G—d, Jim, she licked up four-five furlies before we could even get in here! She's goin like h—l itself!"

The man was badly frightened. "Going to be licked without a try?" Drake snapped. "Get hold of yourself, Wartin! Where've you put your men?"

A small crew was behind the fire, armed with shovels to throw sand and hold the line from crawling back against the wind. A larger detail was on the western flank, supplied with hand water pumps, trying to squeeze the fire toward the lake, to keep it from widening in their direction.

"We'll start in at the creek and backfire the whole works," Steve announced decisively. "Maybe we can't stop it from crossing, but nobody'll ever say we didn't try! Hop, now! We'll fire a few rods at a time and see what kind of a job of holding it we can do."

He knew that he was taking a long chance, setting a fire to work backwards toward a phalanx of approaching flame, burning the ground clean as it went so that when the main front met it there would be no food to feed it. If they waited for night, the proper time for back-firing when heavy and quiet air becomes an ally of the fighters, the front surely would have reached the green timber and might be a raging monster beyond human control.

Drake with a gasoline torch set twenty rods of fire and then waded the stream that he might better watch his handiwork and the functioning of the crew.

The men, he saw, believed their fight hopeless and he rushed in among them.

"Give me that pumper!" he cried to one and pulled the device from the fellow's back. "Hot?"—as the man made his excuse. "Hot as the hubs of h—l! But that's all the more reason for keeping after it."

Crouching low, he edged in, closer than the closest of them. He held his breath because the air was liquid heat.

"Shovels, now," he croaked. "Get your shovels in, Mac! Close in, you!"

Sand as well as water commenced to fly. The burning spot was surrounded by fighters. The skin of Steve's face was taut and dry with the torture of heat, but they were making headway, checking the spread of the fire, driving it back.

"Good!" he panted, relaxing a trifle. "Three of you keep her where she is, now. Bury everything with sand that smokes. Spread out the rest of you. . . . Yonder! There's another one!"

A second serious blaze was developing, set by sparks from his backfire, and wallowing through the down-stuff a half dozen men followed him to another interval of heart-breaking, lung-searing work.

"Coming great, lads!" he cried when that particular engagement was won. "All right, Mac. She's cooler, now. Cross over and touch off some more. Give us a few minutes every ten rods or so and don't get caught yourself. Keep to the west of your backfire all the time."

He made his way eastward, mounting a sharp little knoll so he could have a fair view of the terrain.

On beyond, great plumes of smoke gushed upward eruptively as the front of the main fire opened and closed again, its points joining forces here and there to create great quantities of gas.

It was coming rapidly. Two, perhaps three miles an hour that front was travelling. His backfire was small and relatively cool, and still he had held the first section of it by the skin of his teeth! What would happen if the main fire reached the creek before he had burned a gap all across its way, or if the wind rose higher to make it roll even more rapidly?

For a full half mile to the westward that backfire must be laid in before the front of the burning area would be wholly blocked. It did not seem to Steve that his crew could possibly hold the pace for the length of time that would be required.

He needed men, now; all along this battle line he needed them; more men and fresh men, because an hour in there was more exacting than a dozen at ordinary labor.

at the Ed McCann home. Later they all drove to Molalla to visit at the home of Mrs. Baker. Mrs. Baker is a sister of J. A. and Ed McCann.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Wright, Jr. and daughter Dolores, and Mrs. H. J. Wright, Sr., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Wright of Hillside.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Denney left Saturday morning for Chicago to visit the Fair, and also to visit relatives in Indiana. They will be gone about a month.

Starting this week the Ritz will run three shows a week, with no dark nights. Several big pictures are coming soon, such as "It Happened One Night" and many others.

Little Val Jean Madsen spent Saturday and Sunday visiting at the J. F. Felsner home.

Mrs. E. M. Madsen returned on Tuesday from a three weeks visit with friends in Wyoming.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Perkins were Friday evening guests at the Emil Ritter home in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. John Boge, Miss Veva, and Evon Boge were Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Boge on Lake Road.

Bob Johnston, who has opened a garage in the building formerly housing Bielman Motors, has received the agency for Goodrich tires.

And the men were coming. At least, two men. They had been coming down the Good-Bye since early day and as they saw the smoke they came faster, paddling in quick cadence. They were stalwart men, LaFane, in the stern, sat as straight as a proud Indian. The other was not quite so large of frame, not so deep in color, but Young Jim Flynn's eyes were clear, his mouth set in a line of assuring firmness and he bore his share of the task with relish. A different boy, this, from the one who had been kidnaped from his camp in a drunken stupor days before; another lad than the one who had defied his captor and sukked and sworn that he would not do as bidden. Resolution, ability seemed to be his characteristics this hot, windy morning as the canoe finally cut the waters of Good-Bye lake.

From the knoll on which he was directing the redistribution of his forces, Steve Drake could have observed the landing of that canoe, but his eyes and attention were centered on the area he sought to save from destruction, so he was not aware of their arrival until they approached, LaFane in the lead.

"One of you—" Steve began, pointing toward a place that needed guarding.

He stopped short. He had addressed LaFane. The upraised hand sagged and then he turned to stare at Young Jim.

The boy looked straight into the eyes of the man who for these weeks had used his name. It was a hard look, a square look difficult to determine because of its sobriety whether it was one of regard or offense. And then, after a moment, the lad smiled.

"You're Steve Drake," he said and put out his hand.

Steve did not speak. He was searching the other's countenance and thinking swiftly of what hinged on the nature of LaFane's handiwork. The real Young Jim was here, now. Pretense was done, a play ended. The Flynn must from this hour take their destinies in their hands and win or lose.

He shot an inquiring glance at LaFane. The man's lips twitched and his eyes smoldered.

"You bet!" he said in response to the unspoken query and his voice carried more enthusiasm than Drake had ever heard in it before.

"Good!" he muttered. "You've hit the job at the right time, Jim! Until now, I've run things high, wide and handsome, but from now on—"

"Not yet, Drake! Lord, man, you've got to stay on the job through this! I'm just bringing in another pair of hands and a tolerably good back. What'll you have me do first?"

That was good sense. Even though he was no longer even a usurper of authority Steve could not then take time to confer with the newcomer. His task this day, could not be shouldered on another.

But as he outlined what had happened, what had been done, how he had spread his forces he was anticipating: What would the men think, when they knew? This boy, come to take charge, must have them with him from the beginning to avoid trouble. Knowing what he had been they might be reluctant to accept him for what LaFane evidently now believed him to be. It was not going to be clear sailing for Young Jim.

"LaFane, if you'll drop over to the left, there, and spell some of the boys who're all in, it'll help a lot. Flynn, I'll find a chore for you in a second."

He started walking down the slope with the older man, leaving Young Jim alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



Congregational Church

Charles F. Clarke, Pastor Bible School, 9:45 a.m. Mr. Harry Boswell, Superintendent. Services: Worship and sermon, 11:00 a.m. Even song and sermon, 8:00 p.m. You are very cordially invited.

Church of the Nazarene

Rev. Willard P. Anderson, Pastor "But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy; And in thy fear will I worship." We invite you to worship with us—Sunday school, 9:45 a.m. Morning worship, 11:00 a.m. N.Y.P.S. 7:00 p.m. Evening service 8:00 p.m. Wed. Prayer and Praise, 8:00 p.m. Every body welcome.

KINTON CHURCH

Rev. W. E. Simpson, Pastor "Children's Day" will be observed at the church by the children of the school on Sunday, June 17, in the morning during the Bible school hour. A committee has the program in charge. All are invited to be present. At the regular weekly meeting of the Christian Endeavor society Sunday night, it was decided to hold meetings once a month during the summer months, on the

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last Sunday night of each month. As the annual conference of the Evangelical churches of the state is to be held in Corvallis, June 14 to 17, the regular preaching service will be omitted as the pastor, Rev. W. E. Simpson, will be in attendance, but will preach the following Sunday, June 24, at the usual time, 9:45 in the morning.

Church of Christ

G. W. Springer, minister In our Christian Life program the blues are still in the lead and are apparently determined to win. However the reds with a little extra effort could easily catch up. The topic for the sermon Sunday morning will be "Doubt Dispelled". The evening sermon will be "Who Hath Everlasting Life."

WANTED AND FOR SALE

For Sale—White Leghorn pullets, 8 weeks old, 50¢ each. Don't come Sunday. W. H. Hart. Phone 0415.

Have your prescriptions filled at Brown's Beaverton Pharmacy. adv

For Rent—House with barn, cheap. Can have cow, chickens. Fruit and garden. Chas. Bernard. adv c-26-28

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"MICKY" AND HIS GANG



By Sam Iger

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McCann, son Ted, grandson Donald Richardson of Portland, and Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Kahr and son Delbert, drove to Oregon City Sunday to visit