

# BELOW ZERO

## A Romance of the North Woods



By  
**Harold Titus**  
W.N.U.  
SERVICE

She flushed beneath her make-up. "I didn't know enough once, it appears! I believed you and kicked my chances in Chicago over to trull up here. What've I got? Promises! More promises! All I get—"

"And a fur coat and a car, and enough dresses to stock a store; and—"

"Which were only a part of the bargain!" She put a hand on his shoulder and a hard anxiety showed in her wide blue eyes. "Paul! Don't be a goop! Don't try to hog it. Don't try to run a racket on old Tom. I've got a stake in you now. I may fly off the handle now and then and say mean things, but . . . Paul . . . I'm crazy about you all the time!"

Her mouth trembled.

"Good girl!" he said absently, and kissed her. "Don't fret. I've done pretty well for myself so far. I know about where I'm going, even in the dark!"

In calked boots and his heavy clothing John tolled ten hours each day about the hot-pond of the property which his father shared with Paul Gorbel.

His immediate superior was a Swede, hailed as Ole, whatever his name might be. His job was to help keep logs going from pond to saw-floor as rapidly as the mill reduced them to lumber. When the logs snarled and tangled on shore, John worked with a peavey, prying them free, rolling them on down. Then, with pike-pole, from shore or from his stand on other logs, he helped tool them to the slide with its endless chain which gripped and dragged them upward to disappear within the mill.

He lived in the company boarding house, a modern, clean, well-managed establishment. He spent his first evening in the company recreation hall, at checkers with other men, playing pool or bowling, watching moving pictures.

During those first days and nights he was only another man, one of hundreds, and accepted as such; but towards the end of the week his checker opponent—Foot, a lumber inspector—said casually:

"You know, Jack, they're saying your name's Belknap."

"It is."

"Are you old Tom's boy?"

John admitted it.

"Well I'll be jiggered!" the other laughed and turned away.

As his identity became known it brought some incredulous looks, some good-natured skepticism; and soon thereafter he had a distinct feeling that his standing was not what it had been, that now and again a man laughed at him, a bit sneeringly.

A distorted report of what he had done went through the town. He had been kicked out by his father; he had gone to work for the Richards company; he had stolen some of his father's logs, had been discharged and ordered to come to Kampfest where he could be under the watchful eye of Gorbel. The son of the boss was being disciplined. . . . Well, let it ride! he decided. He had more important things to think about than what people thought of him.

Still being this particular sort of a pariah was unpleasant. It was the man Baxter who brought his status home to him most forcibly. This was the man who, Richards men believed, had been brought in to start trouble and whose rumored coming to Shoe-string had set the stage for John's own dramatic entrance into that town.

John had singled the fellow out his first night in the recreation hall. A great, heavy-shouldered, thick-bearded ruffian he was, always seated by the fireplace, spitting copiously, boasting to the younger and less stable men. His tongue was vile, his ego great, and though his job only that of helper in the repair shop, John thought that the man bore himself with a greater degree of confidence than his mere physical superiority and his station

warranted.

He passed the fellow and his group one night and heard him mutter: "Takes a lickin' like a yellah dog!"

He knew by the turning of heads that the words were about him. He did not like it but gave no indication of having heard. Let that ride! Let everything ride except his sole objective!

It was on Saturday that Nat Bradshaw drove up before the Belknap & Gorbel office, went casually up the steps and into the manager's office.

"Howdy, Paul!" he said cheerily.

"Oh, hullo, Sheriff!"—those eyes changing ever so slightly. "Cold!"

"Kinda. Time of year for it, anyhow."

"Have a chair. What can I do for you?"

Gorbel cleared his throat sharply.

"Oh, I've got a letter from the wife of one of your boys here"—fumbling in his pocket. "They've had a row and he's hauled out and left her with a coupla kids and don't send her money regularly. She wants him arrested, but I don't favor arrestin' any more 'n 's necessary. I wondered if you'd have a talk with him."

Gorbel leaned across the desk to see the letter, perhaps a bit over eagerly, as if in relief.

"Anything I can do, of course. Who is he? Oh. . . . I'll look him up and have a talk with him myself."

For several minutes they discussed the case, Gorbel obliging, suave, offering to go to any lengths to help settle the matter.

"Fine of you." Nat started to rise.

"Oh, by the way! Seems that this feller who burnt up the Richards stable's got a brother down below. He had some kind of fraternal insurance that was void if he met death while drunk. They've written in about it, the company. I s'pose they've got a right to the facts."

"Why, that's only right. I don't like to beat a family out of what might be due, though."

"But he was drunk?"—looking up keenly.

"So soaked he couldn't or wouldn't work!"

"And you knew it and gave him the air?"

"Yes. Just as I told you."

"And that was after supper?"

"No. Just before. I told him to get out first thing in the morning."

(Continued Next Week)

### CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

#### Congregational Church

Rev. Charles F. Clarke, Pastor

Well Friends: It is so easy to forget that man has always set apart days as reminders. Among our great reminder days is Memorial Day. Let us observe it fittingly that we may not forget the heroes who made our fair land what it is; and on Sunday let us gather in our places of worship that we may hear the deeper meaning of their devotion and sacrifice. At 11 A. M. the pastor will take as his topic, "Lest they have died in vain." The Bible School under the direction of Mr. R. C. Doty and a competent staff of teachers meets at 9:45. These will be the only services at the church this Sunday as in the evening this church will unite with the other churches at the Baccalaureate service at the High School Auditorium.

Beaverton Rebekah Lodge No. 248 meets first and third Tuesday evenings at 7:30 P. M. in the I.O.O.F. Hall. Mrs. Sarah Chamberlain, secretary, and Mrs. Hazel Miller, N. G.

### SHERIFF'S SALE

On foreclosure, in the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County.

L. E. Klatt and Marion Klatt, his wife, Plaintiffs, vs. Peter Vergeer and Mary M. Vergeer, his wife; Rev. W. S. Gordon and Elizabeth Gordon, his wife, Albert W. Genter and Jane Doe Genter, his wife, Credit Service Company, a corporation, Defendants.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution, judgment, decree and order of sale, duly issued out of and under the seal of the above entitled Court date the 10th day of May, 1933, upon a judgment rendered and entered in said court on the 10th day of May, 1933, in favor of L. E. Klatt and Marion Klatt, his wife, plaintiffs, and against Peter Vergeer and Mary M. Vergeer, his wife of the above named defendants, and against the real property hereinafter described, for the sum of \$250.00 with interest thereon since June 12, 1930 at the rate of 8% per annum, and the further sum of \$50.00, attorney's fees, and the further sum of \$55.65 costs and disbursements and the cost of said sale and said writ commanding and requiring me to make sale of all the following bounded and described real property situated in Washington County, State of Oregon, to-wit:

The East two hundred sixty four and four tenths (264.4) feet of Lot No. 10 in Block No.

5 Reedville Homes as shown on the duly recorded map and plat thereof.

Now, therefore, by virtue of said execution, judgment, decree and order of sale, and in compliance with the demands of said writ, I will on Monday June 12, 1933 at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the East door of the County Court House in the City of Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest which the above named defendants, Peter Vergeer and Mary M. Vergeer, his wife; Rev. W. S. Gordon and Elizabeth Gordon, his wife, Albert W. Genter and Jane Doe Genter, his wife, Credit Service Company, a corporation, or either or any of them had in said real property above described on the date of the mortgage belonging to the plaintiffs herein, namely, June 12 1930, and all the right, title and interest which the said within named defendants or either or any of them since have had or now have in and to the above described real

property, to satisfy said execution, judgment, decree and order of sale, interest and costs, and all accruing costs. Said sale will be made subject to redemption as per statute of the State of Oregon.

M. B. Bump of Hillsboro, Attorney for the plaintiffs.

Dated this 10th day of May, 1933.  
J. W. CONNELL,  
Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon. By H. C. Johnson, Deputy.  
Date of first publication May, 12, 1933.  
Date of last publication June 9, 1933.

## TWO STORES In Washington County

### MEANS

Greater Purchasing Power For Us  
Greater Savings For You

Our Sherwood Store Is Now Open  
Call In And See Another Modern  
SEED AND FEED STORE

Wasco Seed & Feed Co.

GET OUR PRICES FIRST  
Beaverton Phone 2505 Sherwood phone 40

### ROSARIA TAILOR & CLEANER

Special Monday  
SUITS, Cleaned and Pressed 40¢  
DRESSES, Plain, Cleaned and Pressed 50¢  
LADIES COATS, cleaned and pressed 50¢  
SUITS MADE TO ORDER  
SPECIAL THIS MONTH  
Beaverton, Oregon

Henry Ford  
Dearborn, Mich.

May 15, 1933

Time and again I am told—by my own organization and by others—that I penalize myself by quality.

Friendly critics protest our putting into the Ford V-8 what they call "twenty-year steel." They say such quality is not necessary; the public does not expect it; and that the public does not know the difference anyway.

But I know the difference. I know that the car a man sees is not the car he drives—he drives the car which the engineer sees. The car which is seen, comprises beauty of design, color and attractive accessories,—all desirable, of course. The best evidence that we think so is that they are all found on the Ford V-8.

But these are not the car. The car proper, which is the basis of all the rest, is the type of engine and its reliability; the structure of chassis and body, ruggedly durable; the long thought and experiment given to safety factors; the steady development of comfort, convenience and economy. These make the car.

A car can be built that will last two or three years. But we have never built one. We want the basic material of our car to be as dependable the day it is discarded as the day it is bought. Ford cars built 15 years ago are still on the road. It costs more to build a durable car—but two items we do not skimp are cost and conscience. A great many things could "get by"—the public would never know the difference. But we would know.

The new Ford V-8 is a car that I endorse without any hesitancy. I know what is in it. I trust our whole thirty years' reputation with it. It is even better than our previous V-8. It is larger, more rugged and mechanically a better job all round.

I readily say this in an advertisement because I know the car will back it up.

Henry Ford

### MICKY, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



### Those Innocent Childish Questions