

# BELOW ZERO

A Romance of the North Woods



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

"Good guess. . . . This week, remember. You've every chance in the world, to get away with it."

And so while John Belknap toiled at the hotpond in a fever of suspense and excitement, death stalked him, waiting, skulking in the shadows. But this morning he was on the far side of the pond; that evening he worked close to another man of the crew. This day one man alone could not handle the stake trips on the tilted, heavily laden cars; the next, the pond was full and no loads had been set in. . . . So on until Thursday.

Thursday afternoon, then, with the yard engine setting in more cars; pulling out, leaving the loads on the ranted track beside the pond to throw dark shadows beyond them. A prowler could come through the lumber yard then, and stand well screened to watch. He could stoop and look beneath the car and see the pond-men working. He could slip forward silently in the snow, squatting on the dark side of the trucks. . . . waiting, watching.

Across the pond was Ole, tooling a log slowly towards the slide where other workers were busy. And now around the end of the pond came John Belknap, walking swiftly, pike-pole over his shoulder. He was abreast the car now, and the prowler, hands on the trips, bent low to look beneath, saw his legs.

A hiss of breath, a jerk with great hands and logs were careening down upon that man beneath them!

On the first str, John looked sharply. He had a glimpse of a smooth beech log bursting from the chains that had held it, hurtling at him through the air, outrider of a score of others, rolling, bouncing, leaping towards him!

No place to go, there! Eight feet ahead would put him in the clear; eight feet backward, and he would be safe. But eight feet are . . . two strides. It takes a man time to get under way.

One other place, then; the pond! Before the pike-pole which had been on his shoulder hit the ground, he dived for a gap between two logs in the pond. To strike them, to have that rolling timber come on him, would crush life out. He had to make it!

Eyes open, hands extended, he cut the water. His hip brushed one log and as he went under swimming mightily, he felt the first of the down-rolling deck touch his leg. Touch it! That was all. He had found an opening. He had missed catastrophe by inches. . . . And he was under the logs, swimming, groping for a way out.

Ole had seen. With a cry he saw John disappear. With a shrill yelp he leaped to a maple, danced along a hemlock, skipped over a trio of small birches. Close together the logs lay in the pond; scarcely room for a man to slip between them anywhere there! He gauged the distance. He swung his pike-pole. He brought his weight to bear on a high-riding log, and shoved it with all his strength, crowding it away with the pole, shoving the one on which he stood in the opposite direction with his feet.

Above him a bright electric light glowed from its pole. The opening water was sable velvet, stippled with eddies. . . .

"Hi!" he yelled. "Hi, John!" A bulging, swirling. . . . An arm shot through; a face showed, and John Belknap, grasping a log, was choking and gagging for breath!

The excited Swede tried to drag him out.

"All right! Let me breathe!" he gasped, and Ole stood up as others came running.

What happened? Anybody hurt? Who was it? . . . Chattering then, as John, still panting, shaking with cold, dragged himself out.

"All right!" he gasped, and then, to Ole, "Much obliged. . . . Seemed to swim. . . . an hour looking for. . . . a hole!"

"Py goah, Yohn, you come by a fire



The Excited Swede Tried to Drag Him Out.

now!" said Ole as, water streaming from his woolen clothing, John made his way to shore across the logs.

He was shivering, but he shook his head.

"Not now, Ole. Not yet! Got something to do, first."

As he trotted around the pond, under the slide and made for the car from which four thousand feet of logs had rumbled down to menace him, Ole put down his pike-pole and followed.

As the Swede rounded the half-emptied car he saw John squatted low to the snow.

"Careful, Ole!" the boy cautioned, teeth chattering. "Don't step in his tracks. Got a match?"

Edging along so that his feet would not obliterate any of the traces there in the newly fallen snow, the older man drew matches from his pocket and lighted one.

"He came in from yonder," John said, pointing to lumber piles. "He stood there behind that truck, a while; squatted down, see? Here's where his weight rocked up on the balls of his feet. . . . Came over here and afterwards went out that way. See where he ran?"

"Who, Yohn?" Ole asked, puzzled. "Whoever tripped the stakes to let the load down on me!" John laughed harshly. "You didn't think they just let go, did you, Ole?"

(Continued Next Week)

Miss Marylyn Brown of Beaverton has gone to Hillsboro where she will spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Johnson.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County

In the matter of the Estate of Charles E. Hedge, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed executor of the estate of CHARLES E. HEDGE, deceased, and any and all persons having claims against the said estate are hereby required to present said claims, duly verified as by law required, at the office of my attorney, A. C. ALLEN, 712 Swetland Bldg., Portland, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated June 22, 1933.  
Date of first publication, June 23, 1933.

Date of last publication, July 21, 1933.

DOY GRAY, Executor of the estate of Charles E. Hedge, deceased.  
Doy Gray, address, Beaverton, Oregon.

A. C. Allen, Attorney for executor.

### How to Be Cool, Though Cooking

When the thermometer heads right straight upward like an autogyro in flight, and appetites descend downwards like a summer shower, what very homemaker wants—needs!—are dessert recipes that call for cold cooking.

The seasonal fruits are of help, of course, for berries and fresh fruits combined with simple cookies and sweet crackers make a welcome and festive dessert. But the family, if it runs true to form, will demand its "made dishes" just the same. Ice box dishes help this situation greatly, but there will be times when you cannot wait for the trusty household servant to get in its chilly work, and must make your dessert quickly.

When those times arrive—and even at other times, because they are real palate-ticklers—you will appreciate having at hand these six summer dessert recipes that keep you cool and comfortable though cooking. You'll be surprised at what wonders you can work with a little fruit, a few crackers and some whipped cream!

#### Cookless Banana Cream Pie

What, banana pie that needs no heat? Yes, indeed—the filling is uncooked, and the crust is made with those chocolate wafers, famous for the purpose.

1 can condensed milk

## The Cook's Nook

1/2 cup lemon juice  
2 bananas, sliced  
Chocolate wafers  
Line a 9-inch pie plate with chocolate wafers, cutting in halves to stand up around inside of plate. Cover bottom with wafers crumbled to fit. Blend milk and lemon juice; fold in sliced bananas, and pour into wafer-lined pie plate. Garnish with whipped cream or meringue. Chill. Serves 6.

#### Peanut Butter Dainties

Only five minutes cooking is required for these little peanut drops, which will glorify your summer lemonade.

1/3 cup milk  
1 1/2 cups sugar  
1 tsp. vanilla  
4 tbsps. peanut butter  
8 zwieback, rolled fine

Boil milk and sugar 5 minutes or to soft ball stage (238° F.). Remove from fire, add peanut butter and vanilla. Beat hard for 3 minutes; add zwieback and drop by spoonful on waxed paper. Makes 30 small dainties.

#### Golden West Gelatine

Orange and lemon and your accompaniment is inside! Just prepare orange gelatine according to the directions on the package; when it begins to set beat with a rotary beater until foamy, then fold in a box of coarsely crumbled lemon

snap. Unmold and serve with whipped cream.

#### Chocolate Charlotte Russe

Serve this for children's parties if you want to hear loud cheers. Add fruit to it if you like

1 1/2 cups cream  
1 tbs. sugar  
1 tsp. vanilla  
1/4 cup coarsely grated bitter chocolate

30 chocolate sticks  
Put 5 chocolate sticks upright in each of six sherbet glasses. Whip cream, add sugar, flavor, and fold in the grated chocolate. Fill sherbet glasses with mixture. Garnish with cherry, nutmeat, or a date.

#### Walnut Torte

If it's torte your family craves, make it this easy way. Your oven won't really heat up your kitchen because it's in use for only 10 minutes—Combine 4 beaten egg yolks with 1/2 cup sugar and beat; then add 1/2 pkg. of rolled zwieback, and mix with a teaspoon baking powder, 4 stiffly beaten egg whites and 1 cup chopped walnut meats. Divide into 2 buttered layer cake tins and bake 10 minutes in moderate (375° F.) oven. Put together with marshmallow whip.

#### Neapolitan Coupe

Golden pineapple and red cherries combine beautifully, both in color and taste, be they fresh or canned, as you will discover in this recipe.

1 cup cut pineapple  
1 cup cream  
16 butter cookies, crumbled  
1/4 cup chopped cherries  
Divide the pineapple in 6 sher-

bet glasses—Whip cream and fold in cherries and cookies, then divide this mixture over pineapple, chill and serve 6.

#### A Cool Menu

Pineapple and Grape Cup, with Cheese Wafers  
Eggs and Tomatoes Saute  
Julienne Potatoes  
Buttered Lima Beans  
Watercress Salad  
French Dressing  
Chocolate Charlotte Russe

### Real Estate Transfers

Rachel F. Walker to Lauretta G. Olds, 6 acres Lemuel A. Sparks Cl. No. 50 TIS R1W.

Geo. B. Howe to state of Oregon Tract 3, Franklin Ave. Add, Beaverton.

State of Oregon to Geo. McNelly et ux, Lot 328 Johnson Estate Add, Beaverton-Reedville.

Lawrence H. Eiskmeyer et ux, Part of D. C. Graham, DLC, Sec. 35, TIS R1W.

J. W. Connell (Sheriff) to Dora L. Andrus, Part Lot 1, Johnson Est. Add, Beaverton-Reedville.

Bertram Sumpton Frewing et ux to State of Oregon, Part Lot 1, Frewing's Orchard Tracts.

R. E. Salisbury et ux to Roy A. Hill et ux, 1.22 acres Secs. 21 & 28, TIS R1W.

A. M. Howell et ux to Anna Howell, Part Sec. 36, TIS R1W.

William M. Martin et ux to Forest Hills Golf Course, 27.04 acres. Sec. 15, TIS R3W.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Chinn of Portland visited at the A. C. Chinn home Sunday.

Henry Ford  
Dearborn, Mich.

June 19, 1933

A COMPANY THIRTY YEARS OLD

Last Friday the Ford Motor Company completed 30 years of automobile making.

It is also my fortieth year at the same job. I made my first engine in 1893, and it still runs. This is the engine that won the Selden Patent Suit—which took the motor car out of the exclusive class, and opened the automobile industry to hundreds of manufacturers who started during the last 30 years.

Some of the men who began with me that June day in 1903, are working here yet. All of the principles we laid down then, are still operative; we find that they have great survival value for the future. To date they have produced and sold over 21,000,000 Ford cars.

Although we created the automobile market we have never thought it was good for anyone to monopolize it. We have always believed that before business could be good for one, it must be good for all. Our discoveries and improvements have always been open to other manufacturers without patent restrictions.

Of course, there is one thing we cannot share—everyone must get it for himself—and that is experience. Money could duplicate our buildings and machines, but it cannot duplicate 40 years of experience. And it is experience that makes a motor car.

But the past does not especially concern me; it has all been a preparation for the future. For myself, I feel that I have just been gathering the tools to do something worth while, and that my real task is still ahead.

Great changes are upon the world. False ideas of every kind are vanishing in the general upheaval. Those who built truly on principle will survive—their service will carry over. Business integrity and commodity honor will be fully justified. And newer and better ways of living will appear.

That is the outlook for this young thirty-year old Company of ours.

Henry Ford

### MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



### A Real Nightmare