

TODAY and TOMORROW - by - DON ROBINSON

WASTERS . . . scrap

Our nation is attempting to disprove the old theory that people can't live off their own fat. Having been cut off from our source of supply for many of the materials vital to war production, we are trying to feed the hungry machines of war by picking up the scrap which spilled over from our lavish peace-time tables.

We can no longer obtain rubber from our former 10,000-mile-away source of supply, so we are gathering it up from our own backyards.

We can no longer get fats and oils from the Far East, so we are collecting them from the kitchens of American homes.

We are unable to dig iron out of the earth fast enough to quench war's thirst for steel, so we are amassing quantities of it from the scrap piles on top of the earth.

It seems to be proving fortunate that we have been the world's greatest nation of wasters. If it had been otherwise—if we had been too thrifty with materials in the past—many of our war production machines would now be on the verge of starvation.

BUNGLING . . responsibility

I'll be glad to agree with anybody who says there has been an enormous amount of bungling by government officials in getting the scrap in and in handling rationing.

But no matter how much of a mess the officials may make of it, that is no excuse whatsoever for us to relax in doing our part.

We know our country must have rubber. We know it can't get rubber from foreign sources or through synthetic processes in time to fill war needs, let alone civilian needs. The only possibility of coming close to filling our war needs is for us to turn in millions of tons of the rubber we have in our homes.

The plan for trying to get this scrap rubber in between June 15 and June 30 can compete with the gasoline rationing system and the sugar rationing fiasco for the government's prize bungler of the year. Asking people in the East to take their rubber to gasoline stations, when 90 per cent of the stations were closed because they didn't have any gas to sell, is only one of the outstanding qualifications this plan boasts for winning the prize.

But if the government pulls a boner like that we can't just sit back and laugh or swear about it and toss our rubber back into the cellar. If the government can't figure out how to get rubber from us, we must figure out how to get it to the government.

We know there is a rubber famine. Whether the officials help us or hold us back, we must figure out how to get our rubber where it is needed in the quickest possible time.

THRIFT . . . conservation

It is lucky that we have been wasters. But it will be the most tragic thing that ever happened to us if we continue. We must now change overnight and become as thrifty as the most joked about Scotchman.

A friend of mine who visited in Germany way back in 1924 told me of the great respect for materials which the Germans showed even then. When he started to throw a piece of string in a waste basket, a German told him, "We don't throw things like that away here."

It's going to be hard for us to learn to save things like a piece of string, a rusty can, old rubber heels, the dog's rubber bone, broken hammers and dull razor blades. But unless we all do this as if our life depended on it right now, we may find, when it is too late, that our lives actually did depend on it.

NEW YORK . . . Kansas

Rural America, all figures show, is doing a much better job in getting in the scrap than are the people of the cities.

One reason for that is that country people have more scrap—but the chief reason is that country people are better Americans than a lot of metropolitanites. In the cities the people do a lot of patriotic shouting, but in the country there is much more patriotic acting.

The states of New York and Pennsylvania were probably the most anxious to get into this war before it started. The states of Kansas and Montana were among the anti-war leaders. But now that we are in the war and the future of our country is at stake, it's those isolationist states which are really doing a job and the "big-talk" cities are merely talking louder.

As I write this column, the latest scrap figures show the people of Kansas have turned in 20 times as much rubber per person as the people of New York, and the people of Montana (isolationist Wheeler's state) have turned in 80 times as much per person as the people of Pennsylvania.

If the figures were broken down further, they would probably show rural New York and Pennsylvania doing their share. But so far a lot of the city people seem to be just standing on the sidelines cheering as the rest of the country goes to war.

Canned Berries In Late Season Have Best Flavor

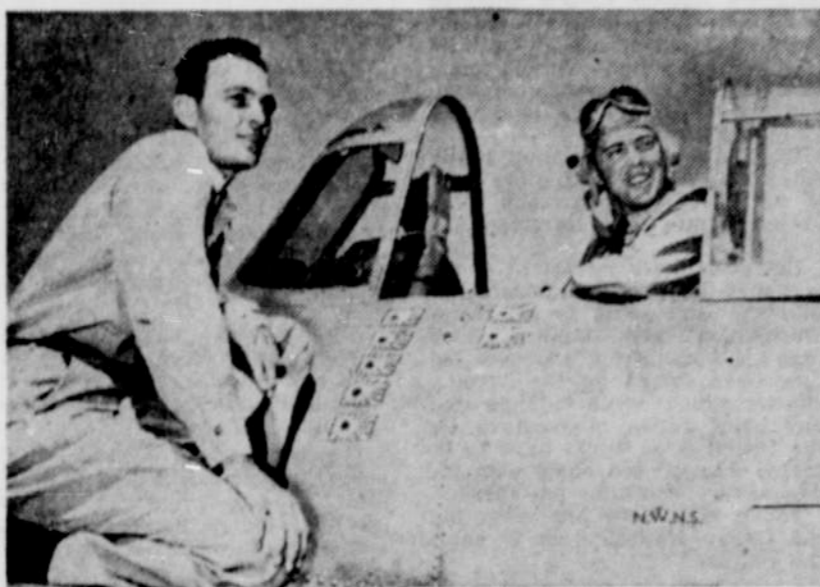
With fruit conservation a patriotic duty this year, gleaming the strawberry fields for the smaller late berries is one way to help. While these berries take longer to pick and prepare, they are really sweeter and have more of the true strawberry flavor and aroma than the larger, earlier berries, points out Miss Lucy A. Case, extension specialist in nutrition at Oregon State college. Incidentally, strawberries are

an excellent source of vitamin C, as well as being a universal favorite for their taste.

Miss Case also suggests a method for canning these berries in a manner economical of sugar and which will minimize or eliminate the separation of the berries from the juice by floating on top of the jar. To eliminate this floating she suggests handling the fresh berries as soon after they are hulled as possible, after which they are boiled briefly—not more than two or three minutes—in hot syrup and let stand over night in a covered pan.

The syrup suggested under present sugar restrictions is 25 per cent strength, made by adding one-half cup sugar to 1 1/2 cups water. It takes about one to 1 1/2

Keep Tab as They Nip the Nips



The seven tiny flags of the Rising Sun of Japan represent the total Jap planes sent plummeting earthward by Lieut. E. Scott McCuskey (in plane). Ensign George Henry Gay is the official score keeper for Lieut. McCuskey, and is shown at the left. With pilots like McCuskey the U. S. is showing the Japs who controls the air, and in recent battles with the Nipponese, American airmen were far superior.

Contrast in Ancient Cairo



Quite a contrast is furnished by these two vehicles proceeding down a Cairo street—an American jeep car, being driven by Master Sgt. Kindle Walsion of Louisville, Ky., overtakes an Egyptian donkey cart. Since then this jeep car has undoubtedly seen much sterner action, as Field Marshal Erwin Rommel's mechanized forces have swept towards the Suez.

See Record Farm Output



Total farm output for 1942 is likely to be far above average and may break all records. Prices are higher than in 1941, although some products have declined during recent months. Cash farm income during the first half of the year was the largest on record. If conditions remain favorable, farmers will receive approximately \$300 more per farm for the 6,000,000 farms of the country.

THINK YOU'RE SMART? WILD LIFE LINES WORD SQUARE



INCONNU This is a kind of salmon that makes Canada its habitat. I'd like to tell you more about this cousin of the common trout. But facts about the fish are few. So I repeat lines One and Two: This is a kind of salmon that makes Canada its habitat.



Here is the world's smallest crossword puzzle. Fill in words according to definitions. The square will then read the same down as across. After you have solved it, see if you can make up any good 5-letter word squares. 1. To slip, to end 2. Name of large artery 3. Previous 4. Backless seat 5. Betimes

BLACK DAWN by Victor Rousseau

CHAPTER I

It was about midday when Dave Bruce reined in his bay gelding and looked down into the valley below. For miles it seemed to extend, gradually rising up to the continuation of the mountain chain that walled it off from the badlands and the desert.

Immediately beneath him Dave saw one of the most prosperous-looking ranches that he had ever set eyes upon. There was the ranch-house, the cluster of trim buildings on either side of it, the long bunkhouse, the corrals with straight fence-posts and neat wire gleaming in the noon sunlight.

Sitting his horse upon the top of the rise, Dave could see a cluster of punchers gathered about the remuda corral, which must have been at least three acres in extent. Inside it several horses were milling, rearing, or dashing wildly around the interior. Everything stood out hard and clear in the crystal light.

"Well, fella, this looks like business," Dave remarked to his gelding, which flicked an ear and went on grazing on the tufts of green grass. "They told us how Wilbur Ferris had the main spread in Mescal, but I never looked for anything like this. How'll it feel to be roundin' up steers again after our three months' holiday, fella?"

The bay raised his head as Dave tautened the reins, and began picking his way down the precipitous descent that led into the valley. Three or four miles away Dave could see the roofs and house fronts of Mescal, huddled beside what looked like a neck of the valley.

It was three months since Dave's outfit, with which he had been for two years, had been pushed to the wall by the depression prices. Dave had now reached the point where it had become essential to settle down to work.

The trail down which he was riding was certainly not in habitual use. At times it grew so steep that the bay put his forefeet together and slid down in a shower of shale. Near the bottom came a fringe of aspen, with a layer of soft dead leaves, soggy with seepings from one of the innumerable streams that tumbled down into the valley on this side of the heights.

Then Dave was through the aspens and in the valley itself, and the bay was moving at an easy lope toward the horse corral.

Seven or eight men were gathered about it, but none of them was sitting on the rails, and Dave saw why. The bunch of horses inside was unbroken, and every now and again one of them would make a furious lunge against the posts, or start on a wild career around the interior, ears laid back and teeth gleaming viciously.

As he rode up, Dave saw that the outfit consisted of Mexicans or breeds. Sullen and suspicious looks were directed toward him as he eased the bay to a standstill and sat surveying the group.

Twenty-five, tall, straight in his saddle, fair-haired and grey-eyed, Dave watched the swarthy puncher, sizing up the group as his left-hand fingers rolled a cigarette.

"Howdy!" he addressed the crowd. "I'm lookin' for Mr. Ferris."

Nobody answered him, but the scowls deepened. Wilbur Ferris' Cross-Bar certainly didn't seem a hospitable outfit.

But a man came striding out of a nearby bunkhouse, a tall and stocky man of about thirty-five, with a mass of matted hair and black mustache. Bunches of muscles on the chest and arms. Dark, but unmistakably an American. The Mexicans were looking at him significantly, then glancing at Dave.

"Well?" demanded the newcomer. "You're foreman of this outfit?"

asked Dave. "If that's so, you want another hand."

"Yeah! What makes you think so?" inquired the other in a sneering voice.

"Look at the outfit you got."

The two measured each other. Dave had lit his cigarette and was puffing it easily. The Mexicans were watching the pair attentively. There was a growing tension.

"Looks like you've rode far," said the foreman, eyeing Dave's horse, which was plastered with sweat and alkali dust.

"Yeah, rode down from Utah." "That's a long ways from here."

"I was two years with the Biddle Brothers, till their outfit crashed. Thought I'd see a bit of the country before settlin' down again. A feller in some town along the road told me there might be a place on Mr. Ferris' ranch at Mescal. My name's Dave Bruce."

"I'm Curran. I got about all the hands I need. Might use a good one, but I've got to be shown." The sneer in the foreman's voice had given way to a sort of purring note that Dave distrusted. "Fact is," Curran went on, "punchin' in these parts is different from up in Utah. I had one amachoor after another, and I got to be shown."



... then all hell was loosened.

"I'm willin' to show you," answered Dave, drawing in a last puff and throwing away the butt of his cigarette.

"You are, huh? How about hawswrangling? Think you could break one of them broncs in there?" Curran jerked his thumb toward the corral.

"I'm willin' to try." "Fine!" grinned Curran. "Nothin' black in there, and I'll see about the job. Ready to start in now?"

"I'm ready," answered Dave, clambering out of his saddle.

At that moment a man emerged from the ranchhouse, an elderly man with a short grizzled beard, wearing a gray coat and tie, whipcord breeches, and high riding-boots. He came toward the group, and Curran waited for him with some impatience.

"Who's this?" demanded the newcomer, darting a suspicious glance at Dave.

"Another of them travelin' punchers," Curran grinned. "Claims he's a hawswrangler. I told him if he can break Black Dawn, I'll see about a job for him, Mr. Ferris."

"But—" began Wilbur Ferris irresolutely. He darted another look at Dave. And now Dave read something almost like fear in the seamed, lined face and shifty eyes that met his own for a moment only, and then were averted.

"That's what I told him." "Oh, very well, just as you say, Curran," returned the ranchman quickly. "I reckon you know your business."

"I sure do. That's what I'm here for," Curran answered. "Git yore rope, Bruce. We're waitin' for you."

Dave unfastened his rope from the saddlehorn and approached the corral. The grins upon the faces of the Mexicans had changed to a tense expectancy.

The black was standing a little apart from the rest of the remuda, which had huddled together into a farther corner. His legs were planted squarely on the ground, neck outthrust, ears flat with the head. It was evident he was perfectly aware of what was in prospect.

Dave looped his rope and flung it. He was sure that the black anticipated every movement; he expected a swift side-leap and half anticipated failure. To his surprise, the black let the rope settle about his neck and moved forward as Dave snubbed the end around a fence-post and began hauling in.

It was not until he had the creature secured firmly against the fence, from which the Mexicans had departed precipitately, that Dave realized what he was in for.

This horse was a killer, one of those occasional animals that kill, not in rage or panic, but out of sheer joy and hatred of man. The black must have been roped many times before, for he understood each movement of the game. He wanted to be caught and ridden, so that he could execute his vengeance.

Dave had heard of such beasts, but he had never encountered one of them before, not one quite so vicious and intelligent. He realized that he was up against a mighty tough proposition.

He saw Curran's leering face near him, and he understood that, he was to be thrown, butchered, trampled into a shapeless thing in the dust of the corral, to make sport for the foreman and his gang from below the border.

"Here's yore blanket, saddle, and bridle," said Curran. "Once you're up, you kin ride him hell-bent to the finish. He ain't never been beat yet. You beat him, and the job's yours."

Even then Dave prepared for a determined resistance on the part of Black Dawn to being saddled and bitted. But the horse offered not the least resistance, and Dave quickly had the saddle on and the cinch tightened. Nor was there any resistance when he put the Spanish

bit into the still animal's mouth. Slowly Dave unsnubbed the rope and released it. The horse stood motionless. Holding the reins short, Dave climbed the fence and vaulted into the saddle.

Dave thrust his feet into the stirrups and pressed the horse's flanks with his knees. Black Dawn ambled slowly along the fence for a dozen yards. And then all hell was loosened.

Rearing, bucking, sunfishing, the black devil set in motion every muscle of his mighty body in the effort to shake himself free of his human burden. Dave, with feet jammed into stirrups, gave the horse his head, quirting him mercilessly as he went through all the maneuvers of his tricks.

Once, in the middle of a sun-fishing contortion, Black Dawn suddenly stood still. Reaching back his head, he snapped at Dave's leg with teeth that missed crunching the shin-bone by the merest fraction of an inch.

Dave let the beast have the quirt across the face then. And the horse, screaming with fury, jammed itself sideways against the fence-rail with a thud that sent two posts rocking crazily. Dave was ready for that. He had slipped sideways like a circus rider. Then, as the horse stood still, his feet were back in the stirrups again, and still the quirt came down on flank and shoulders, and the spurs dug blood from the heaving sides.

Suddenly Black Dawn knew that he was done, and brought his last trick into play. He screamed, he reared, he toppled backward. As he did so, Dave flung himself sideways from the saddle. He landed on his feet, slipped in a mass of churned up mud, was down for an instant, then up once more as the mighty bulk of horseflesh came crashing down beside him with kicking legs and gnashing teeth. Up, quirt in hand, and hands upon the bridle, forcing Black Dawn to rise.

Black Dawn stood with lowered head, quivering with defeat. For the first time in his life the mankiller, with four lives to his credit, realized that he had found his master.

Dave leaned forward and patted the creature's neck. Slowly, and staggering, Black Dawn moved round the corral until Dave halted him opposite the group of gaping punchers.

"How about that job, Curran?" asked Dave.

"Reckon you won it," Curran answered surlily.

"Yeah? Well, you can keep your damn job. You knew that horse was a killer. You meant me to be killed, so's you could have something to laugh about. I'm goin' to make you laugh. Drop your belt and put your hands up!"

For a moment Curran's face grew whiter. "Why, you—you—" he began to bluster.

"You heard me, Curran. If you're a man and not a skulkin' coyote, drop your belt!"

Dave suited the action to the word, unloosed his own belt and let it fall to the ground. Curran still hesitated. Wilbur Ferris came hurrying up.

"What's the trouble? What's the trouble?" he babbled. "You broke that horse, didn't you, Bruce? And Curran promised you a job if you could do it. All right what's the trouble, then?"

"I wouldn't take a job with your outfit, Ferris—not for any sum you was willin' to pay," Dave answered. "I'm ridin', but before I go I'm aimin' to mark up Curran's yellow hide for him."

Curran sized up the situation quickly enough. He knew that he would have to fight if he wanted to retain his supremacy over that crowd. Suddenly he unbuckled his belt and let it fall. A roar broke from his lips, and he came rushing forward, his huge fists flailing, forearms like hams. He shot a blow that would have stretched Dave senseless upon the ground, if it had landed where Curran intended.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mrs. M. Anderson has gone to Fort Klamath to spend some time at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ted Anderson. She will visit in Ellensburg, Wash. before returning to Ashland.

Mr and Mrs. Jack Forsythe were week-end visitors at Crescent City. Jack left early Wednesday morning by plane for Portland to be inducted into the air corps.

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