

Bund Leader



Wilhelm Kunze, German-American bund leader, who was caught in Mexico after fleeing from an espionage indictment in Connecticut, is shown as he appeared in federal court to answer for draft law violation. He had been held on bail of \$50,000.—Soundphoto.

NO GAS WORRIES

Threats of gasoline rationing don't scare W. H. Dietzman of Kenasa City, Mo. He drove 600 miles last week without using a drop.

He collects antique automobiles and his latest find—complete with four good used tires—was a 1923 Stanley steamer.

"Water is plentiful and she gets 50 miles to the gallon of kerosene," he explained.

USS Shaw Ready to Go on Warpath



The USS Shaw, after being entirely reconditioned at a West coast navy yard, has had her first trial run. The Shaw, which was badly damaged in the Pearl Harbor attack of December 7, made the trip to the navy yard with a false bow. A new bow was awaiting her upon arrival. Photo shows the Shaw during the trial run.

Extend U. S.-Brazilian Agreement



The United States has extended its stabilization agreement with Brazil. This soundphoto, taken in Washington, shows, left to right: Dr. F. D. Santos, director of exchange, Bank of Brazil (seated); Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau Jr.; Minister Fernando Lobo, charge d'affaires of Brazil; (standing) Harry D. White, director of monetary research of the U. S. treasury, and Enrico Penteado, financial attache of the Brazilian embassy.

Nation's Farm Picture at Mid-Year

MIDYEAR ON THE FARM FRONT

- WAR LESSENS EXPERIENCED FARM LABOR SUPPLY
- WHEAT PILES HIGHER TO MAKE NEW SUPPLY PEAK 1.5 BILLION BUSHELS
- 1942 CATTLE CROP THE LARGEST ON RECORD—ABOUT 32 MILLION HEAD
- CASH INCOME FROM MEAT ANIMALS MAY EXCEED 4 BILLION DOLLARS THIS YEAR
- MEAT PRODUCTION—BEEF, PORK, LAMB, POULTRY—TO SATISFY ALL NEEDS
- 6000 OUTLOOK FOR LAMB PRICES IN COMING MONTHS
- WAR LESSENS EXPERIENCED FARM LABOR SUPPLY
- FLAX
- MILK FLOW CONTINUES TO YIELD BIG SUPPLY OF DAIRY PRODUCTS
- PIG CROPS A HIGH RECORD—WILL EXCEED 105 MILLION HEAD THIS YEAR
- BIG ACRES TO YIELD ABUNDANT FOOD AND FEED CROPS
- PEANUTS, SOYBEANS, FLAXSEED NEEDED IN BIG SUPPLY THIS YEAR
- PRICES AVERAGE CLOSE TO PARITY FOR 12TH SUCCESSIVE MONTH
- BIG SUPPLIES DRIED FRUITS NEEDED BY GOVERNMENT THIS YEAR
- BIGGER ACREAGE PLANTED TO HYBRID CORN THIS YEAR
- FRESH VEGETABLES IN LARGER SUPPLY THIS SUMMER

BUREAU OF AGRICULTURAL ECONOMICS

This is the way the agricultural situation looks to the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, bureau of agricultural economics, as the farmers of the country enter the second half of the all-important food production year of 1942.

The KNOTHOLE

Because of tire and gas rationing, plus the call to armed service, almost all traveling pro basketball teams will disband this year. Al Blozis, Georgetown's record-breaking shot putter and ace football tackle, has turned down all offers to play pro football next fall. He is working in a New Jersey chemical plant. Football and skiing are the most dangerous sports, according to Dr. William S. Perham of Yale's health department. Blackie Lammano's contract has been torn up by the Cincinnati Reds. The rookie was given a new contract—with a salary increase.

Lieut. Comm. Jimmy Crowley, former Fordham coach, is stationed at the University of North Carolina Naval pre-flight training school. The New York Yankees have had no official captain since Lou Gehrig left the team. During Bill Terry's 10 years as manager of the New York Giants, the Giants won 114 and lost 105 against the Dodgers. Nobody ever has hit a ball out of Yankee Stadium. Jimmy Foxx drove one into the corner of the top deck of the left field stand. Ken Silvestri, former catcher for the White Sox and Yankees, now is a buck private at Fort Custer, Mich. When her husband took a defense job, Mrs. Earl Eckert of Santa Cruz, Calif., assumed his duties as golf professional at the Pasa Tiempo Country club.

FASHION for today BY PATRICIA DOW



Slacks and Jacket Pattern No. 8179—A first requirement for a successful vacation wardrobe is a smart pair of slacks—and a matching jacket! Here they are—simplified for sewing at home, yet retaining every smart feature of the most expensive ready-mades. Jacket is cardigan style, one button, in the new length ordered by the WPB. Slacks are cuffed, made on a band top closing at the side. Pattern No. 8179 is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 40, 42 and 44. Size 14 jacket requires 2 3/4 yards 35 or 39-inch material, slacks 2 3/4 yards.

Form for ordering patterns: Name, Address, Name of paper, Pattern No., Size, Send 15 cents in coin, Patricia Dow Patterns, 206 W. 17th St., New York, N. Y.

The Miner for Quality Printing.

Advertisement for 'SING A SONG OF KITCHEN THRIFT' and 'SINK YOUR DIMES IN WAR SAVINGS STAMPS'.

BLACK DAWN by Victor Rousseau

CHAPTER II SYNOPSIS Dave Bruce, out of a job, arrives at Wilbur Ferris' Cross-Bar ranch. Curran, the foreman, promises him a job if he can break a horse called Black Dawn, a notorious killer. He succeeds, but realizes that Curran expected the horse to kill him. He tells Curran he can keep his job. Curran, in turn, strikes out at Dave, but misses.



But that blow didn't land. It passed harmlessly by Dave's head, and next instant Dave had let Curran have one that caught the big foreman on the mouth and sent him rocking backward. Roars of delight broke from the throats of the onlookers. Dave turned from the yelling Mexicans to Wilbur Ferris. "Yeah, you got a swell way with strangers," he said. He stooped, retrieved his belt and buckled it on. He glanced at Curran, who was just beginning to come back to consciousness. "I ain't askin' you how or why, but you knew that horse was a killer and you wanted sport. Well, I reckon you've had it. I'm ridin'."

Ignoring Ferris' apologetic mumble, he moved toward his bay. He had reached its side when a renewed outburst of excitement among the Mexicans caused him to turn. A rider was galloping toward the corral, the horse traveling at racing speed. The horse came on like a whirlwind, and a slim young rider drew rein outside the corral, leaped to the ground, and left the reins trailing. "Lois! Lois!" shouted the Mexicans. Curran was rising to his feet, looking about him in a dazed way. The newcomer ignored him. She looked like a boy with her short crop of fair hair, her stained denim overalls, and the worn chaps with shoes that were mere strips of leather partly covering the feet. Dave wasn't sure until she spoke, and her voice was vibrant with indignation: "Black Dawn! What have you done to Black Dawn?"

She was looking at the horse, which stood with down-hanging head and made no move toward her. The rest of the remuda, as if recognizing her, came moving toward her in a body, nickering, and attempting to nuzzle her through the fence. She turned indignantly to Wilbur Ferris. "What have you done with Black Dawn?" she asked. "Why, you see, Lois, this here feller has broke Black Dawn," answered the ranchman, indicating Dave.

"Broke him? Nobody could break Black Dawn!" cried the girl. "He's mine! You asked me to come down and ride him for you and help with the other horses." "That horse is a killer," Dave spoke up. "That feller Curran told me I'd get a job here if I broke him. I reckon I've broke him. But I ain't workin' here." "You beast! You coward! He's my horse!" cried the girl. In an instant she had scrambled over the fence and was standing beside the black, fondling his head and rubbing the sweat-stained nose. And Dave noticed a strange thing. For the other horses had gathered about the girl, and were stretching out their heads to be stroked and nipping gently at her. But she took not the least notice of them, only of Black Dawn.

What was it all about? Dave couldn't understand. But he saw two of the Mexicans move forward and begin to let down the bars of the corral gate, while neither Ferris nor Curran uttered another word. The bars were down now. But not one of the unbroken herd made a move for freedom. Instead, they remained, clustered about the girl as she stood with her arm about Black Dawn's neck. The girl leaped upon Black Dawn's back. Without bridle or even halter, she guided him toward the entrance by the pressure of her knees. As the horse passed through, the rest of the remuda followed, one by one, the Mexicans scattering before them.

Only Curran made a movement to intercept the herd. And the girl, Lois, leaned forward and whispered in Black Dawn's ear. Instantly the horse was once a demon of fury. He wheeled, neck outstretched, teeth gleaming. Curran staggered backward and collapsed in a heap beside the corral, and next moment the last of the herd was through. With the girl leading on Black Dawn, the whole herd started at a quick lope across the valley, leaving Dave standing, astounded, beside his bay. He saw that the Mexicans were crossing themselves as they looked after the horses. Ferris came up to him. "Ride? Yeah, you'd best ride!" snarled the ranchman. "You ride hard and fast and keep a'goin'. It won't be healthy for you to show

"Broke him?" Nobody could break Black Dawn! your face in these parts again." "Don't worry, Ferris. I'm leavin' you. Where I'm goin' is my business," Dave answered.

He placed foot in stirrup, threw his leg across the back of the bay, and started along the valley in the direction that the herd had taken. He quickened his bay to a gallop. The herd was about a quarter of a mile ahead. Dave could see the girl on the black, leading it, and noticed that every movement of the animals was perfectly co-ordinated. It was as if the mind of the girl controlled and directed the mass mind of the horses.

He rode the bay harder. He was overtaking the herd now, keeping well outside the clustered mass of horses. Now he was abreast of it, and now he was almost level with Black Dawn in the lead.

If the girl saw him, she seemed unaware of his presence. She was loping steadily on, and the horses kept their unbroken formation behind her. The neck of the valley was in plain sight, with the roofs of Mescal not far away. A wagon trail came into view, with a branching trail running across the valley and winding up toward the heights above.

At the branch, Lois suddenly pulled in, though she had no reins in her hands. The herd came to a stop without a word of command. Lois sat the black, waiting for Dave to ride up.

He reined beside her and raised his hat. He looked into her face. The hard-set eyes of gray like his own, flashed like stormy pools as they met his. "I wanted you to understand how it came about," said Dave. "I'd just rode up to Ferris' ranch, hopin' to strike a job. Curran told me I could have one if I could break Black Dawn. I didn't know the horse was yours. I thought they was all Ferris' brones."

"After I got on his back I saw he was a killer. It was his life against mine. I broke him, and he prey't near broke me. That's all I got to say except I hope you understand."

"That's all you've got to say?" asked the girl. "I'm askin' you to accept my apologies for what I done. Don't come to me there ought to be hard feelings between us."

"Your feelings don't interest me one mite, stranger," the girl answered. "There's Mescal, over there." She pointed. "I reckon that's your way. My way lies over yonder." She pointed up the branching trail. "You ride on and don't cross my path again. Good morning."

Dave couldn't see the touch of her knees upon the flanks of the black, but instantly it had wheeled and was loping along the trail that ran up toward the mountains. And instantly the whole remuda had wheeled and followed in its tracks. Before Dave quite realized it, he was sitting on his bay alone, watching the rapidly disappearing herd thudding across the grass.

He sat there with his eyes on it until it vanished from sight behind a long hogback. He saw it appear again, toy horses running in the wake of the black, and rapidly approaching the sage patches and the scrub that clothed the base of the foothills.

It was barely two hours since he had ridden up to Ferris' ranch. The sun was still high in the sky. The things that had happened in those two hours seemed now incomprehensible and almost like a dream. He was aware that he was aching from head to foot after his tussle with the black. And his knuckles were bleeding from their contact with Curran's teeth.

The valley narrowed, the track ascended. Once over the neck Dave saw the little cowtown huddled on either bank of a muddy stream, with the arid, sage-covered lands on either side of it, stretching away endlessly toward the mountains. Mescal was not much different from the other cowtowns Dave had

ridden through on his journey southward. Rather smaller, uglier, dirtier, but the same half-dozen stores with their false fronts, a saloon masquerading as a hotel, and a few frame or adobe houses set down on lots of all sorts of angles to one another.

A swinging sign that creaked dismally in the wind, proclaimed the hotel to be the WAYSIDE REST. Four horses were tethered to the rack in front of it. They were the only living things visible in the short, dusty street.

Dave rode round and found the inevitable rusty, galvanized iron tank, fed with a trickle of water from a pipe. He gave his bay a drink, placed him alongside the others at the rack. Then pushing open the swinging doors of the saloon, he went inside. Two men were seated at a table.

One was an individual of middle age, wearing striped trousers and a faded cutaway coat, with a ring on his little finger and a pearl pin in his tie. The other was an elderly man with a shock of gray hair under his dilapidated hat, an unkempt beard, and clothes that might have been exchanged with any average scarecrow without either getting the better of the bargain.

Upon a wail was a notice, apparently struck off from a hand-press, the ink smeared all over the paper. It announced the sale, at an early date, of a valuable ranch property of two thousand acres, under foreclosure.

Dave poured himself a small drink from the bottle that the barkeep handed him and filled up with ginger ale. The barkeep and the Mexicans watched him drink in silence. Dave had just set down his glass when there came an explosive outburst from the old man at the table. "You can't do that to me, Lonergan!" he shouted. "It's twelve years since you brought me here, and you can't put me out this way, with the girl you—"

"One word more, you old fool, and you'll be sorry you opened your mouth," snapped the other. "Twelve years? Yes, it's twelve years, and the ranch has gone to rack and ruin. You haven't begun to pay off the principal, and now you're a year behind with the interest. I'm tired of you, Hooker. You're just a drunken pet, giving a bad name to the district. Hooker, you're through."

Both men had risen to their feet. Old Hooker, blind with rage, swayed across the table. "So that's what you think, Lonergan, is it?" he sneered. "Well, it may be that you're wrong." Dave noticed that in spite of the old man's condition his accents were those of a man of education. "I haven't lived in Mescal twelve years for nothing, Lonergan. It may be you'll change your mind when you look into it."

"You doddering old fool!" shouted the other, drawing his hand smartly across Hooker's face. The blow was not a severe one, but old Hooker, reeling back, lost his footing and fell, bringing down his chair in the crash. Next moment Dave was at Lonergan's side, hand gripping his shoulder. He swung him around.

"You ain't partic'lar about pickin' somebody your own age for fightin', are you, Lonergan?" he asked. Lonergan whitened, backed. "Who are you, and what are you butting into this business for?" he shouted.

"No business of mine at all," admitted Dave. "I thought you was lookin' for a fight. But I guess you're the kind that likes to play sure and safe."

"He owes me two hundred dollars back interest on his mortgage and he hasn't got a cent to his name," shouted Lonergan. "Drinks up every cent he makes in this saloon. I'm tired of him—if it's any business of yours. And we don't like strangers interfering with our affairs in Mescal." (TO BE CONTINUED)

ANSWERS section with a list of 10 questions and their answers, including 'The Frankish kingdom', '\$10,000,000', 'Canada', etc.

7. Sir Isaac Newton. 8. The Bible. 9. In England in the 17th century. 10. "Variety Theatre." Postponing duties until tomorrow postpones promotion much longer. "No" is seldom an answer but often a challenge.

Many men who boast that they say just what they think, never really think; if they did, they wouldn't boast of what they say. He: "Now that we are married perhaps I might venture to point out a few of your little defects." She: "Don't bother dear. I am quite aware of them. It was those little defects that prevented me from marrying a much better man than you are."

The Miner for Quality Printing. Subscribe for The Miner today.