

Wins Tournament



Byron Nelson, winner of Chicago's Tam O'Shanter golf tournament, is pictured here with his trophy after winning this year's top money tourney. Proceeds went to the Army Emergency Relief fund and an army officer is on hand to congratulate Nelson.

FASHION for today BY PATRICIA DOW

Pattern No. 8163—Something new in dresses of that popular long-torso-dimidi skirt silhouette! A dress juniors will welcome because it offers an opportunity for smart contrast in this delightful jacket effect top—use a plain fabric with a print here or mix two plain colors, crayon blue with rosy red, for instance. A style worthy of a star role in a carefully planned vacation wardrobe or even in a trousseau; you'll find it effective for summertime cottons, linen or rayon materials.

Pattern No. 8163 is in sizes 11 to 19. Size 13, short sleeves, takes 3 yards 39-inch material, 1 1/4 yards contrast for top portion.



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ABOVE the HULLABALOO



Before this war is over there will doubtless be moments which will not only try the very souls of men and women, but which may stretch the bonds of the alliances which today holds together each of those two groups of nations called respectively "The United Nations" and the "Axis."

In every military contest which involves alliances of nations, one of the weapons constantly being used is propaganda to break up these alliances or to destroy their efficiency. This weapon is often wielded so cleverly that its use is not even suspected by those who are its victims. Old peace time quarrels and enmities are dragged up and "warmed over"; false reports of the activities of one's allies are spread cleverly about; rumors drift around to the effect that the "other fellow" is letting his allies do all the work. Cleverly planted little acorns grow quickly into great big oaks and create suspicions and ill-will. Dislikes and frictions—which are perfectly normal reactions in peacetime—are sometimes spread even to the leaders; and finally—as has occasionally happened—one ally will abandon another for reasons more emotional than realistic.

The winning of this war depends greatly upon close co-operation and a spirit of unity and understanding between ourselves and our allies, and rumors should never be repeated unless facts are definitely known. One frequently hears today for instance, that Britain is allowing us to do most of the providing and is letting her colonial troops do most of the fighting.

Now here are a few items taken from her war activities; Britain's production of planes used by the RAF are British made. Two out of every three persons in Britain between the ages of 14 and 65 are

in full-time war work of one kind or another. Seven million women have been registered and are being directed into war work. Five and a half million women are already working in industry. Even boys and girls are mobilized.

In 1941 Britain launched a million and a quarter tons of shipping. She is now producing five times as many tanks as she did in August 1940. Even underground quarries have been converted into factories. By November, 1941, the British empire's purchases in the United States were over five billion dollars.

On the fighting front the RAF destroyed 3,692 Axis planes in one three-month period alone. In one six-month period they dropped 20,000 tons of bombs on the enemy. The amount of damage done to Axis production cannot be estimated, but it is very great. The RAF has escorted over 8,000 convoys of Allied shipping.

While building up her resources for the ultimate offensive, Britain has been fighting all over the eastern hemisphere. She has liberated Abyssinia and has occupied strategic territory in East Africa, Syria, Iraq, Iran, Iceland and Madagascar. She has been sending 80 per cent of her military production to the battlefronts, and every soldier for whom there was shipping space.

The British navy has inflicted terrific damage upon the enemy naval forces and has sunk five and a quarter million tons of enemy merchant shipping. All British munitions of war sent to Russia are under lend-lease; and practically all aid promised that hard fighting ally has been sent—convoys by British ships and planes through a hell of icebergs, submarines and dive-bombers.

This doesn't sound as though Britain was "letting George do it."

Your BRAIN BUDGET

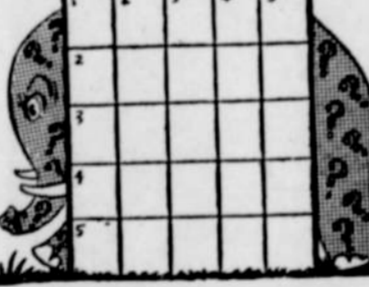
- 1—Rostov, now in the news, was taken by the Germans during World War I. True or false?
2—A lieutenant general's insignia is a (1) gold eagle, (2) silver oak leaf, (3) gold oak leaf, (4) silver star?
3—Do you remember whether it was (1) Mason, (2) Bulkeley, (3) Wermuth or (4) Chennault who said, "Sighted sub, sank same"?
4—The poem, "In Flanders Fields" ("the poppies blow, between the crosses, row on row") was written by (1) Joyce Kilmer, (2) John McCrae, (3) Robert Hall, (4) James Graham?
5—The correct pronunciation of Nazi destroyed Lidice is (1) Lee-dee-say, (2) Lee-dice, (3) Lee-dice-ee, (4) Lid-us?
ANSWERS: 1—True, 2—(2), 3—Donald F. Mason, 4—John McCrae, 5—Lee-dee-say.

THINK YOU'RE SMART? WILD LIFE LINES WORD SQUARE

by ED ANTHONY by PHIL HUMMERSTONE

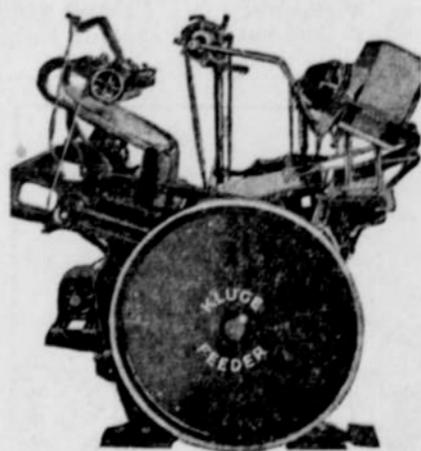


FATHEAD This is a fish from Mississippi With teeth that angiers say are nippy. His appetite you can appease With worms or meat or bread or cheese. How did he get that funny name? What follows will explain the same. His head is big and round and fat. And that, I think, takes care.



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. Imposing. 3. Sky blue. 2. (ft. 4. Girl's name. "usion.

The MINER For



Society Printing

BLACK DAWN by Victor Rousseau

CHAPTER V 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. When he succeeds, he discovers Curran expected the horse to kill him. A girl named Lois rides up. She is angry with Dave for breaking "her" horse and refuses to speak to him even after he has used his savings to help her foster father, Hooker, pay off the mortgage on their ranch. She leaves, and that night, while Hooker is trying to tell Dave a secret he has learned, Hooker is killed by a shot fired through an open window. As Dave starts to town to get the sheriff he meets Lois, who immediately believes him guilty. Now Sheriff Cogswell has just arrested Dave for murder.



Sims was at his side with a gun in his hand.

For an instant Dave sized up the situation. It hadn't occurred to him before that he could possibly be under suspicion of having killed the harmless old man whom he had befriended. For a moment the ignominy of his position maddened him with anger. But he hadn't a chance, with Sheriff Cogswell's gun covering his heart.

So, with a shrug of his shoulders, he held out his hands. While Sims covered him in turn, Cogswell extracted a pair of handcuffs from his saddle bag and snapped them over Dave's wrists.

"I guess you kin handle this bad hombre, Sims," said Cogswell to his deputy. "Me and Miss Lois will ride up to the mesa and investigate. Turn yore hawss, Bruce."

In another moment Dave was riding back toward Mescal. Sims was at his side with a gun in his hand, while the sheriff and Lois were galloping back across the valley.

Mescal, which had appeared empty the afternoon before, was now very much alive. Storekeepers were standing in their doorways, looking on. Little groups of inhabitants gathered at street corners and watched the two men ride by. A bobtail of Mexican urchins formed in procession, running behind the horses and hooting loudly. It was evident that Lois' story of Hooker's murder had immediately become public property.

It was with a feeling of relief that Dave walked up the stone steps of the jail. Passing through the ante-room, he was ushered into one of the two steel cages that comprised the cells. In one corner was a cot bed, and that was all. The deputy clanged the door.

"Ain't you goin' to take these wrist-bands off?" demanded Dave. "Nope, not till the sheriff gits back," answered the deputy. "You're a despr-ate killer, Bruce, and I ain't takin' no chances with yuh."

It must have been midday before Sheriff Cogswell appeared, with Sims beside him. Each man had a gun in his hand, and the look on the sheriff's face destroyed all Dave's hopes of immediate liberation.

"I'm takin' you before Judge Lonergan," said the sheriff. "Unlock the cage, Sims."

"So you think I killed old Hooker?" Dave demanded. "You kin argue that with the judge. He's waitin'," was all that Cogswell vouchsafed.

Cogswell led the way, and Dave followed, with the deputy's revolver pressing into the small of his back. They went up a flight of stairs to a small courtroom overhead. The two dozen or so of seats were all filled and other spectators lined the walls. Lonergan, seated on the bench, grinned viciously as Dave was brought in front of him.

"You haven't lost any time since you hit Mescal," he observed. "Have you been through your list of wanted men yet, sheriff?"

"No, I ain't had the chance," Cogswell responded, "but the facts is as clear as daylight. Yore honor heard him cheat Hooker out of a half-share in that valuable property when the said Hooker was in a state of intoxication. Likewise they was seen to ride away together and by the prisoner's own admission him and Hooker spent the night together in the cabin."

"And Miss Hooker?" asked Lonergan. "She spent the night out on the mesa with her hawsses. Didn't like the looks of this hombre's face and reckernized him for the feller who beat up Curran at the Cross-Bar yestidday. Well, yore honor, we brung Hooker's body into town. He was killed instantly with a 45 slug through the brain, which the doc extracted. Likewise there's one shell fired from the prisoner's forty-five."

"Looks like you killed that poor, harmless old man," rasped Lonergan, "hoping to find some money or something. What have you got to say?"

"All I got to say is," answered Dave, "Mr. Hooker woke up before daylight and started talkin' to me, and all of a sudden a masked man stuck a gun through the window and shot him dead. Did my best to ketch him, but he was too slick for me. He was away in the dark before I could get near

enough to shoot." "Anything to corroborate that story, sheriff?" asked Lonergan. "Nary thing," responded Cogswell. "No trail nor nothing. Looks to me this is an open and shut case."

"Well, what did this masked man look like?" Lonergan demanded. "You say you saw him. How tall was he? What sort of build did he have?" Could you identify him if he were to see him again?"

"Nacherally not, him being masked and it being dark as pitch," Dave returned. "But he was about yore build, judge, and he stood about as high as you do, and he had a look like a mangy yellor coyote, and—"

"Silence!" roared Lonergan, banging his gavel down on the desk. "You'll get nothing by those tactics, Bruce. I'm holding you without bail for the coroner's jury. Keep him in close confinement, sheriff, and see that no one is allowed to visit him."

Dave was hustled back to the cell and the door slammed upon him. The two men went out. An hour passed, during which Dave amused himself by looking out the window. Mescal certainly seemed to be wrought up over the killing, for there were little groups of people in the streets, arguing, and all looking toward the jail.

After an hour Sheriff Cogswell came back with a pitcher of water and a plate of food. He opened the door cautiously, set the pitcher down inside, then the plate, and slammed the door again.

"You seem to think I'm a sort of despr-ate man-killer, sheriff," Dave suggested. "Well, I'll say yuh done yore bit to keep up that impression since yuh struck Mescal," answered Cogswell. "And yore talkin' that way to Mr. Lonergan was just plain crazy. He's the coroner."

"Seems to me he holds a good many offices in this town," said Dave. "You said something there, feller. What you said to him in the courtroom, coupled with yore buttin' in and payin' that money to Hooker, means a sure verdict against you."

"Listen, sheriff," said Dave, "suppose I was to convince yuh I didn't kill Hooker?" "Yuh couldn't do it, but it wouldn't make a mite of difference anyway. I got my duty to perform without fear or favor."

Sheriff Cogswell had impressed Dave that way from the start. The sheriff wasn't gifted with a brilliant brain, but he seemed an honest man.

"It ain't occurred to you, I s'pose, that other folks might have something to gain by Hooker's death?" asked Dave. "It don't seem queer to you, Lonergan bringin' him in here and orderin' him out after 12 years because he was threatenin' to talk?"

"What yuh mean by that?" demanded Cogswell. "Well, Hooker talked to me—before he died," said Dave. "And maybe that slimy murderer outside the window heard what he said and figured to kill him and put the blame on me. I guess you ain't lived here too short a time to know some of the things I know—about Miss Lois, for instance."

"Now listen here, Bruce," answered the sheriff. "I got my job to do, and I'm doin' it to the best of my powers. There ain't nobody kin buy me, and I act on evidence."

Lois had always known by instinct that James Hooker wasn't her father, nor the old woman who had tended her since babyhood her mother. Her earliest remembrances were of the westward trek in the big wagon in which they had moved from—somewhere—to the heights above the valley.

Growing up alone, save for the two old people, she had somehow acquired the art of taming wild horses that frequented the waste lands above the valley, and sometimes, came down to the mesa. Most of them were scrubs, but a few of them were worth breaking in for cow-ponies, and gradually Lois had begun to eke out a few

dollars by selling them to Farris. It was after she had tamed Black Dawn that she had gained complete control over the herd, which followed her like sheep at her signal.

To sell Black Dawn to Ferris had almost broken her heart, but she knew that Lonergan had been pressing Hooker for his money. Once the judge had made advances to her and she had struck him in the face. That was just before he began pressing Hooker for the mortgage money.

Then Dave Bruce had come along and broken Black Dawn, a noted killer, who had taken the lives of four men. Worse than that, he had come to the cabin to be the partner of her foster-father.

When Sheriff Cogswell announced that Dave had murdered Hooker in his sleep, probably in the hope of finding a hoard of money Lois had never doubted him. She knew that nearly all men were like that. Sheriff Cogswell was the one man whom she trusted.

He had performed many little kindnesses for her in the past. When her foster-mother lay dying, he had ridden all the way into Hampton to bring back a doctor.

The sheriff had roped Hooker's body across his horse to carry it down to Mescal for burial. "What you aimin' to do now, Miss Lois?" he asked the girl.

"Stay on here, just as I've always done, I suppose," she answered. "You can't stay on here alone, runnin' wild with that herd of broncs, Miss Lois," the sheriff answered. "What yuh want is to go out into the world and see something of life. Now I been thinkin' for some time, ever since that sale was announced, I could git you a place with my sister-in-law over to Hampton."

"I'm staying on here," answered Lois. "But I'll be in town when Dave Bruce hangs for shooting Mr. Hooker."

It was the simple code that Lois had always known. There were plenty of shootings in Mescal and self-defense was generally accepted as excusing the incident. But the few cold-blooded murders that had occurred in recent years had invariably been followed by a lynching party. Lois' feeling against Dave was almost an impersonal one.

And, just as if her foster father were still alive, she busied herself with cleaning up the little cabin. She set the blood-stained blankets in the sun to dry, to be washed later, knowing in her heart all the while that she would never return.

She was going far away into the mountains, beyond which, in her imagination, there lay a sort of fairyland. She felt that all the old life had come to an end. And she worked like a person in a dream, sweeping out the dust; then milked the cow and threw the milk away and let the animal amble out to find what pasturage she could.

In the early part of the afternoon she heard the sound of an approaching rider. At first she thought it was the sheriff returning. Then she recognized the gait. It was one of the Cross-Bar horses. Going to the edge of the mesa and looking down, she saw Curran, the Cross-Bar foreman.

It was more than a month since Curran had been to the cabin and Lois' attitude toward him on the last occasion had been far from friendly. Her instinct had told her that it was not pure benevolence of heart that brought Curran there.

She watched him ride his horse over to the steep edge on to the mesa. She stood in the doorway of the cabin and watched him raise his hat, then climb out of his saddle and come forward.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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