

### Cycling Bombers



American crews of U. S. Flying Fortresses are shown cycling to the spot where their giant bombing planes await their use—somewhere in Britain. These are the crews that have probably gone into action before this, laying "eggs" on strategic German towns.

FOR SALE—Red roan Durham bull, J. B. Jones, 7 Plaza. 31-32

## FASHION for today

BY PATRICIA DOW

### DAYTIME FROCK

Pattern No. 8174—Here is a frock which will become your daily standby for summer. Made up in printed pique or a printed cotton sheer it will be the model you slip into for afternoons at home, for shopping trips, for business or parties. Its simplicity makes it right for all occasions. Note the clever cut which makes this so good for larger figures—the pleat controlled fullness in the bodice and the piecing of the skirt which guarantees slimmness.

Pattern No. 8174 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 with short sleeves requires 4 1/4 yards 35-inch material.



8174

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## ABOVE the HULLABALOO

By LYTLE HULL

### FREE LABOR AND THE WAR

The most momentous Labor day in history will be observed by the American people on September 7. On this day millions of American workmen will signify their determination to out-produce the labor of Axis-dominated Europe and Asia in the manufacture of war weapons. This day will be a summons to rally around the slogan, "Free Labor Will Win."

Donald M. Nelson, chairman of the War Production board, recently issued a report covering the progress of the war effort in the first six months of 1942. He showed that American industry and labor are turning out munitions of all kinds at a rate almost three times as great as that before the treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor. Nelson's report was no Pollyanna document. He admitted that a long, hard road stretches ahead and warned that "too much boasting" about our achievements was "altogether premature."

The WPB report detailed the gains in production as follows: The output for all munitions for the first six months of 1942 was 1 1/2 times as great as that of the entire 12 months of last year.

Merchant ship tonnage delivered was 133 per cent greater than in 1941.

The number of anti-aircraft guns manufactured was about 3 1/2 times greater than that of the entire previous year.

The production of tanks showed a tremendous increase.

The production of machine tools in the six months was 77 per cent of that of the 12 previous months.

Contrast the American picture with that of Europe. Hitler is the cruelest slave master in history. Workers receive the minimum amount of pay. Millions of foreign workers are dragged into the Reich by force. Threats or empty promises. The Hitlerian labor battalions include children who, in America, would be receiving the benefits of a greater educational system.

Reports from Berlin admit the presence of 3,000,000 foreign workers brought in from occupied countries to take the place of Nazis serving in the armed forces. Other sources place this total as high as 5,000,000. The forced labor, including 1,500,000 French prisoners and thousands of Russians, is not classified as "foreign labor."

Children of 15 years and older have been registered in Norway for compulsory labor and service in Germany. Children from the Baltic states have been pressed into labor in German factories. Belgian girls are being shipped into the Reich to do hard labor at long hours.

Against that dark background, the observance of Labor day will have a special significance in the United States this year. More than ever it will belong—not to union labor nor to non-union labor, not to the AFL nor the CIO—but to the American people and the people of the United Nations. It will belong to all men everywhere who work with hand or brain or heart for the destruction of Axis tyranny and who have a deep conviction that "Free Labor Will Win."

### Yes, Some Bananas



A sufferer from celiac, rare disease that calls for a banana diet, little Helen Gottlieb, of Brooklyn, is shown in the arms of patrolman Andrew Radke after he had brought her a bunch of bananas. Owing to shipping conditions the fruit is now rare, and the child's mother was forced to appeal to the police when unable to get a supply.

### Aids Nazis—to Die



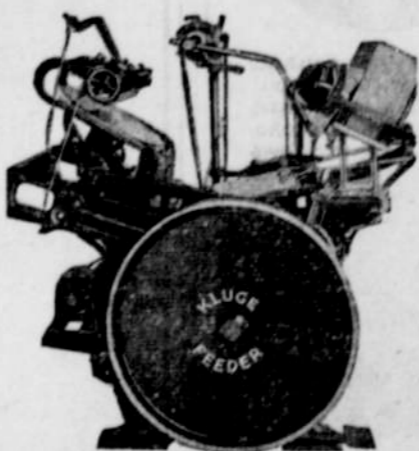
Max Stephan, 49, Detroit restaurant owner, former German subject but now a U. S. citizen, who was sentenced to die on November 13 for aiding Peter Krug, Nazi flier who escaped from Canada.

### Nurse From Corregidor Sees War Plant



Ensign Ann Bernatitus, who was the only navy nurse on the island of Corregidor and who made a dramatic escape to Australia in a submarine, is shown with Lieut. Thomas C. Griffin of Chicago, during a tour of a war plant there. They are standing beside a riveting machine. Griffin was one of the fliers of Gen. Jimmy Doolittle's party that bombed Tokyo last April.

### Time To Stock Up On Your Printing, Don't Delay



The MINER Job Department

## BLACK DAWN

by Victor Rousseau

### CHAPTER VII 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, angry with Dave for breaking "her" horse. She refuses to speak to Dave even when he uses his savings to pay off the mortgage on the small ranch she shares with her foster father, a man named Hooker. When Hooker is killed by a shot fired through the window, Lois has Dave arrested for murder. Encouraged by Curran, the local people have broken into the jail and dragged Dave to a tree where they are going to hang him. Among the crowd Dave sees Lois.

Disheveled, the clothes almost torn from the upper part of his body, Dave was thrust forward.

"Here y'are, Miss Lois," shouted Curran exultantly. "Here's the measly skunk who killed yore dad, and yore goin' to have the honor of touchin' him off, accordin' to custom."

Dave straightened himself and looked straight into the girl's face. He didn't want to die, but he had faced death too many times to flinch from it now that his time seemed to have come. But through his mind old Hooker's words were running:

"You promised me you'll look out for Lois if anything happens to me."

Those words, cut off by the roar of the explosion from the assassin's revolver. And, "She never had a chance, poor kid."

Somehow it seemed to Dave that he could go more easily if Lois believed he was not old Hooker's murderer.

The girl was looking straight back at him. In the darkness Dave could see the dark gray pools of her eyes, as if lit by an inner fire.

Someone produced a rope and flung it over the bough. Rough hands laid hold of Dave and fastened the other end about his neck, fashioning a hangman's knot. He would go to his death at least with dignity.

"Git one of them broncs!" shouted Curran.

A man leaped from a horse's back and led it forward. Dave knew the procedure. The horse would be driven from beneath him, and he would be left swinging—the most painful form of hanging, since it took a man a full half-minute before he became unconscious.

But Lois drove her horse forward. "Let him ride Black Dawn," she cried. "He broke him, didn't he?"

Curran burst into a roar of laughter. "That's sure smart of yuh, Miss Lois," he cried. "Yeah, he broke Black Dawn, and Black Dawn's goin' to break him—by the neck!"

Lois bent forward and whispered in the stallion's ear, then slipped to the ground. "Git him up, fellers," chortled Curran. "Bruce yore race is run, and yore goin' to do some real fancy high-steppin' tangos. Say, ain't yuh got no halter on that hawss, Miss Lois?" he continued.

"He doesn't need a halter. He'll stand till I give him the word to go."

Curran roared with glee. "That's sure some hawss," he shouted. "Keep outer his way when he does git to movin', fellers, because he'll move fast and quick. Fork this hombre across him!"

A little cautiously, for the reputation of the black stallion was known to all, the group that held Dave dragged him to Black Dawn's side and raised him, forcing one leg across and thrusting the toe of the boot into the stirrup. But Black Dawn stood like a graven image, utterly motionless, save for a trembling of his flanks.

Dave wondered, incongruously enough, why they hadn't bound his arms. Then he remembered. A strangling man claws instinctively at the rope by which he is suspended, prolonging the agonies of death and increasing the amusement that his hanging offers.

Dave sat the black stallion disdainfully, making no attempt at resistance. But again he sought Lois' eyes, and again he saw the girl's eyes fixed on his. And all of a sudden it seemed to him as if a triple understanding had been effected—between himself and the girl and the big horse. He felt that Black Dawn recognized his mastery of him.

"We're just about ready, Miss Lois," shouted Curran. "Just a moment, though. Bruce, yuh might as well confess as how yuh murdered Mr. Hooker, unless yuh want to go to hell with a lie on yore soul. Got anything to say? Mebbe a last message for yore loved and dear ones? Speak loud, feller, we're listenin'."

Dave, looking contemptuously upon the grinning throng, returned no answer.

"Yuh ain't got nothing to say?" sneered Curran. "Mebbe you'd like to lead us in psalm? Well, yuh'll talk plenty when yuh feel the rope tightenin'. Which bein' so, we're ready for yuh, Miss Lois."

Lois moved slowly forward. With her eyes still fixed intently upon Dave's, she had the appearance of a sleep-walker. She step-



"Yuh ain't got nothing to say?" sneered Curran.

ped to Black Dawn's side and laid her hand upon his neck.

The shouts and curses had died away into complete silence as the last scene of the tragedy came on the stage. This was the climax of the afternoon's entertainment. In another moment Dave Bruce would be dancing at the end of the long rope, gurgling, and clawing helplessly with his hands in his effort to free himself.

Then suddenly Lois leaped—and what happened next was something entirely unforeseen by any man in that crowd.

For, with a swift bound, the girl was astride Black Dawn behind Dave, and quick as a flash her arm shot up. A blade was seen to glint in the light that came from the front of the Wayside Rest. The rope, severed with two quick strokes, dropped in a coil about Dave's shoulders.

A low whistle from Lois' lips. And instantaneously Black Dawn went into action. With a mighty leap the great stallion broke through the crowd, knocking men right and left. He plunged through the rearing horses, which were squealing with terror, while their riders frantically pulled leather in order to retain their balance.

Another instant and the horse, bearing his double burden, was galloping along the street, gathering his mighty muscles into an amazing composite of speed and momentum.

The horse was through the crowd before any man there had recovered his presence of mind. Curran was the first to do so.

"Stop them!" he howled. "Shoot the hawss. Shoot quick!"

He loosed his six-gun, and a rattling volley followed close upon the discharge. But by this time Black Dawn and his two riders were half-way the length of the short street. The punchers on their rearing horses were struggling madly to get them under control. There came a wild dash in pursuit.

They might as well have chased the wind. Black Dawn was already past the last light of the town and outside revolver range. Lois, seated upon his haunches behind Dave, guided the stallion with her knees.

Dave was awakening from a daze. The events of the last thirty seconds had been so monstrously different from what he had expected. Now he understood. He turned round, shifted a little toward the horse's withers, extended his arm to hold Lois in her place.

"Leave me alone! Leave me alone!" she whispered fiercely.

But Dave still held her and the black stallion rushed on through the night across the range, and toward the uplands, while the yells of their pursuers died away behind them.

On and on through the night, black as pitch, the great stallion sped like the wind over the range. Minutes went by and Black Dawn's pace did not slacken. But suddenly Dave was aware that Lois was slumping toward him. He grasped her more firmly.

"Leave me—alone!" she muttered.

Something wet was dripping upon Dave's fingers. He extended them and found a wet patch upon the girl's overalls, near the shoulder.

"Lois—you're hit!" he cried.

"Leave me alone, I tell you. It's nothing. I'm taking—you—"

But her voice failed her. And it was with the utmost difficulty that Dave, seated in front of her, could contrive to keep his seat and also hold her on the back of the horse, who showed no signs of slackening his speed. Dave was powerless to control him, while to attempt to bandage Lois' wound was out of the question.

In the dim starlight Dave tried to locate his surroundings. It seemed to him that the horse was taking them straight toward Hooker's cabin.

It was not until then that he realized that the severed hangman's noose was still about his neck. Dave uncoiled it with one hand and was about to throw it away. Then he realized that its discovery would give the clue to their flight. He fastened it instead, about his saddle-horn, where his lariat was coiled.

The horse was straining upward

toward the higher mesa. The scrub brushed his flanks, now and again he kicked away a shower of stones. At last the upper mesa was reached and before Dave realized it Black Dawn had come to a standstill in front of the cabin, looming darkly up out of the scrub.

Dave slipped from the saddle and caught Lois in his arms. He carried her inside the cabin and laid her on the bunk. He heard a horse nicker somewhere, and Black Dawn's trumpeting answer. Then sounded the thud of hoofs and the stallion was gone.

Dave found the lamp and lit it. He was surprised how his fingers were shaking. He looked at Lois and saw that the blood was still oozing from the wound in her shoulder.

He pulled down the stained overalls and the soaked garment beneath, exposing the white flesh of the upper arm. He dabbed at it with the corner of the garment, and, to his relief, saw that the wound was a slight one. A bullet had struck just below the collar bone and seared its way across the flesh of the shoulder, but it had apparently severed a small artery in its course. The bleeding, however, had almost ceased.

Dave lit the kerosene stove and set water on to boil. He went back to the side of the bunk and pressed his fingers upon the flesh about the artery. Suddenly he was aware that Lois' eyes were open and that she was looking at him.

"You're all right, Miss Lois," he said. "Just nicked you. You don't mind my takin' care of yore wound? I wish there was some disinfectant. You ain't got none?"

Lois shook her head. Her eyes were pools of unfathomable gray, searching Dave's for the answer to her unspoken question. Dave answered it.

"You saved my life when it wasn't worth biddin' a cent in a thousand dollars on," he said huskily. "No, I didn't kill Mr. Hooker. Some skunk shot him through the window while we was talkin'. I can't say more than that. You can believe me or not just as you please. No, you got to believe me, Lois."

"I guess I do," Lois answered. "I'd never have saved you—me and Black Dawn—if I hadn't believed you. He didn't often make mistakes in judging men, Mr. Hooker didn't. It was only because you broke Black Dawn, I reckon. I couldn't stand for that not knowin' who you were." Her voice trailed away weakly. "How long have we been here?" she asked.

"Not more than fifteen minutes. I'm heathin' some water to clean your wound. I—I had to—"

"That was kind of you," she answered, with the simplicity of a child. There was not the least embarrassment in her face or voice, and she let Dave sponge the wound with a piece of clean cotton material in a small tin trunk that she showed him under the bunk. He bandaged it with strips, passing them around the neck to hold them.

"How you feelin'?" Dave asked anxiously.

"I'm better now."

"Think yuh could eat something? Or maybe a cup of coffee? I could make that quick for you?"

There was a faint smile on her face. "You're not thinking about yourself, are you?" she asked.

"Suppose that crowd comes here on the chance of finding you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

