

'Tiger' at Home



Dick Rossi, 26-year-old "Flying Tiger," came home from Burma to "find a nice quiet spot for a week." In six months he had shot down six "confirmed" Japs and another six "probables." He has received two medals from the Chinese government. Rossi is pictured here with his niece, Judy Murray.

HOUSE and HOME

by Mary E. Daque

Author of Sister Mary's Kitchen

Fancy breads and rolls always are greeted with cheers wherever they appear, so the homemaker who keeps her bread box well filled may rest in the assurance of being prepared for impromptu snacks.

Quick breads and refrigerator rolls come in the category of short cuts because they are definitely labor-saving foods, easy to make and giving a large return for the time and effort spent in making them.

Whenever breadstuffs are to take an important part in meals it's essential to keep in mind their food value. All breads are energy foods because their chief ingredient—flour—is of high caloric value. Modern "enriched" flours furnish added vitamins and minerals, while the quick breads made with eggs, molasses and dried fruits contain many valuable food elements.

A raisin or nut bread made with molasses takes care of the sweet problem too, so these breads are worth serving on many counts.

Raisin Bread

Three-fourths cup of raisins, 1 cup hot water, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons granulated sugar, 1/2 cup molasses, 1 1/2 teaspoon soda, 2 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon.

Seed and chop raisins and simmer in water until tender. Beat egg with sugar and molasses. Dissolve soda in two tablespoons water from raisins. Mix and sift flour, salt and cinnamon. Combine all ingredients and turn into an oiled and floured loaf pan. Bake 50 minutes in moderately slow oven (350 degrees F.)

Seamed Boston brown bread always is popular and harks back to the hardy fare of our pioneer days.

Steamed Boston Brown Bread

Two cups sour milk, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup corn meal, 1 cup rye flour, 1 cup graham flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda.

Dissolve soda in sour milk. Add with molasses to dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Turn into well oiled molds, cover and steam 3 hours. Pound baking powder cans make good molds. Fill molds not more than two-thirds full.

California Health Bread One cup whole wheat flour, 2 cups bran, 1 cup buttermilk or sour milk, 1/2 cup nut meats, 1/2 cup molasses, 1/2 cup seeded and chopped raisins, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 1/2 teaspoon salt.

Add soda to milk and stir into dry ingredients. Mix well and turn into a well oiled loaf pan. Bake one hour in a slow oven (325 degrees F.)

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

CHEAP printing is expensive. Have your work done RIGHT at THE MINER PRESS.

JOE GISH



© SCRODGE Mc GOOGE SAYS HE ALLUS GIVES T' CHARITY 'TILL IT HURTS... ACCORDIN' T' THAT HE MUST BRUIZE EASILY

BLACK DAWN by Victor Roussec

CHAPTER VIII 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. But when the local people, encouraged by Curran, attempt to lynch him, Lois and Black Dawn save him, but Lois is wounded. They are now back at Hooker's ranch house.



He gathered the girl into his arms and staggered into it.

"You think I'm goin' off to leave you like this?" Dave asked. "I didn't think you would. But I'm going with you. And we've got to start right now. They may be on their way here."

"Where to?" "There's a place I know where they won't find us. It's a cave in the mountains I found once, long ago. You'll be safe there till they get tired of looking for you, or think you've got clean away."

"You ain't strong enough to ride, Lois."

"I reckon I'm all right. Give me your hand." She struggled up into a sitting posture. "I'll be all right," she said, slipping to her feet. "See!" She swayed for a moment, and Dave put out his hand anxiously, then stood firm on her feet. "First of all, you want a gun. Mr. Hooker had a forty-five and a box of cartridges under his bunk. See if you can find them."

Dave went into the adjoining room and found the gun which he thrust into his holster. He went back and found Lois trying to lift a slab of bacon from a hook beside the door.

He lifted it down, got some flour and coffee and carried them outside. Lois came to the door.

"Black Dawn will come when I call him," she said, "and Mr. Hooker's horse. We'll be all right. The saddles and reins are in there." She pointed toward the shed behind the cabin, its outlines just visible in the dense darkness. Then she whistled twice.

A moment or two later Dave heard the sound of a horse's hoofs scrambling up to the edge of the mesa. In the light that came from the cabin he could see the big stallion coming at a slow lope toward the girl. Behind him was the vague outline of another horse—Hooker's.

Feeling his way into the shack, Dave found two saddles and bridles. He brought them out and saddled Hooker's horse, while Lois did the same to the black. Then Dave wrapped the package of food in his slicker roll and placed it behind the cantle.

"Listen!" Lois whispered. Straining his ears, Dave could hear the sound of horse hoofs somewhere below. There must have been at least half a dozen animals, to judge from the showery of shaft that were being dislodged. The posse was upon their trail.

Dave darted into the cabin and put out the light. He had no doubt it had been seen. A yell from the lower mesa indicated that fact, and there sounded the thud of horses galloping over the stretch.

"We're just in time," Lois whispered.

Dave swung her into her saddle and mounted Hooker's horse. Curran and his men were close at hand now, but they still had to surmount the slope that ran up to the topmost mesa. And the next instant the black was moving silently away into the scrub, and Dave's horse was following.

The horses knew the trail in the darkness, for they picked their way through what seemed an almost impenetrable growth of stunted jackpine and aspen. The fugitives had been just in time. They could not have been more than 150 yards from the cabin when there came an outburst of savage yells, and the rattle of a fusillade of gunfire.

"We got yuh, Bruce!" Dave heard Curran shouting. "We saw that light. We know you two is thar. Come out and take it, or we'll burn the shack over yore heads. We got yuh surrounded."

But the black and Hooker's brown horse had already penetrated the tangle of undergrowth and were ascending a trail running steeply up toward the mountains. The utter silence of the mountains now, Dave and Lois riding side by side over the uplands. A sense of joy in Dave's heart; such as he had never known. He leaned toward Lois.

"Yuh feelin' better?" he asked. "It ain't far to that cave yuh spoke of, is it?"

"Not far now," she answered, and he noticed with apprehension how weary her voice sounded.

Lois, in the lead, turned Black Dawn aside, and Dave perceived, in the faint starlight, a narrow trail that ran away from a ravine through a spindling growth of aspen. The horses were going down a deep slope now, bracing their shoulders firmly, half walking and half sliding. It was evident that

they had been along this trail before.

They were almost at the bottom of the ravine, for beyond it the cliffs towered up to meet the coal-black sky. There was green grass underfoot, and the sound of a rivulet falling from the rocks above.

Lois reined in Black Dawn. "This is the place, Dave," she said, and slid from her saddle, to fall in a crumpled heap upon the grass.

Dave flung himself upon his knees beside her. The upper part of the overalls, already stiffened with blood, was wet with a new flow from the wound. Lois was breathing gently, but she had dropped unconscious.

In the face of the rocks immediately to the right of him Dave saw the entrance to a cave. He gathered the girl into his arms and staggered into it. Then he laid the girl down on the pebbly floor.

Dave tore off his scarf and made a pad of it, compressing the wound and holding it there for minutes. When he gently removed it, there came another spurt of blood. Again, this time for half an hour, Dave held the compress in position, and when he ventured to remove it the flow had dwindled to a small trickle.

He readjusted the bandages and went outside, unsaddled the horses and left them to graze. He took a tin cup from his roll and felt his way foot by foot toward the sound of running water. He found a little pool that splashed down into the ravine, filled the cup, carried it back to Lois and forced the contents down her throat.

Spreading his blanket in the cave, he picked the girl up and placed her upon it. After that there was nothing to do but wait for dawn.

It came after an immeasurable time, stealing down the ravine and glowing rosy upon the mountain tops. Now it began to grow light inside the cave and Dave could see that this extended backward for a considerable distance. They seemed secure enough, so long as their food lasted.

As he bent over the girl, her lips moved; he could just catch the fragmentary muttering: "He—didn't do it. He's not the murdering kind." Then she slipped back into unconsciousness.

A sudden feeling of tenderness swept over him. Why, this was his girl—he'd known it from the first moment he had seen her.

Mescal was seething with excitement the following morning when Wilbur Ferris rode in. Curran had aroused the ranchman at dawn and informed him of the events of the night, and the futile attempt to follow the trail of the fugitives.

Judge Lonergan's house was the substantial one. Lonergan's Mexican servant admitted Ferris into a comfortably furnished living room, where Lonergan was seated at his breakfast table.

"Morning, Ferris," Lonergan greeted his visitor. "Sit down and have a bite, won't you? I've got a quarter of an hour before holding the inquest over old Hooker."

He wiped his mouth with a napkin, leaned back and surveyed Ferris with a sardonic look that was not lost on the ranchman, Wilbur Ferris sank heavily into a chair.

"What the devil's all this mess about?" he demanded fiercely.

"Damn you, Lonergan, I believe you brought that murdering cove into this district for some infernal reasons of your own."

"Now that doesn't do credit to your intelligence, Ferris," responded Lonergan, after draining his cup of coffee. "Fact is, I never set eyes on him till he came into the Wayside Rest, day before yesterday, and paid off old Hooker's mortgage interest."

"I want to know what that girl, Lois Hooker, is to you," said Ferris. "What did you bring the Hookers here for, and why have you kept them here these 12 years past? And why did you decide that the time had come to get rid of them?"

"Go easy, Ferris," Lonergan advised him. "You don't want to worry about my business. I've stood by you a good while now, when you'd have been down and out, and—"

"Yep, you've about drove me to my limit, Lonergan," answered

Ferris. "You put that man Curran in charge of the Cross-Bar, and you sent away my good cowhands and brought in a gang of Mexicans."

"And now this Bruce feller comes along and plays hell generally, and after his murdering old Hooker, that girl, Lois, stages a rescue from the lynching party. I want to know what's behind it."

Lonergan bit off the end of a cigar and lighted it. He emitted a puff or two of smoke before replying.

"So you think I've ridden you too hard, Ferris?" he asked. "Well maybe I have seen my advantage and taken it when it came along. Lemme see, Ferris," he continued in an irrelevant manner, "you must be close on sixty, if I'm not mistaken."

"What's that got to do with it?" demanded the ranchman.

"Quite a lot," said Lonergan. "Why go on worrying and muddling your head with things that bother you? Ever think of a little place in California to end your days in peacefully? A place where you won't ever have to think of—well, of me? I'd never trouble you, if you should decide to sell out to me."

"Of course, prices having dropped so low, I couldn't make you a very advantageous offer, but if you liked to consider eight or nine thousand dollars—why, you could go a long ways with that in California."

"You devil!" shouted Ferris, springing to his feet. "So that's what you've had in mind, getting me out of the district! I guessed it!"

"You guessed right, Ferris," answered Lonergan. There was a steely glitter in the judge's eyes now, in place of the sardonic look.

"After all, Ferris, you owe me everything you've been, don't you? No, I'm not going back over old times. But that's my offer."

"The Cross-Bar's worth forty thousand if it's worth a penny!" Ferris shouted.

"I'd say it will be nearer fifty, when prices lift," responded the other. "I'll make it nine thousand clear, if you accept my offer and quit within the next two weeks."

Ferris was standing like a statue, but slowly his head and shoulders bowed. A look of utter misery came over his face.

"Listen, Lonergan," he pleaded. "You know how I came into this district years ago—"

"With Blane Rowland, your partner, who ran off with that check for the cattle," interposed Lonergan.

"I've made my home here. It's hard to have to pull up stakes and start afresh. If you'd make it twenty thousand I'd feel it might be done. But can't this business be settled somehow else?"

"Nope," answered Lonergan decisively. "My offer's nine thousand and it's got to be accepted or rejected within the next couple of days. And two weeks to vacate. You'll have to excuse me now, Ferris, because they'll be waiting for me to impaneel the jury."

He walked past the ranchman, took down his hat from a stag's antler in the hall, and clapped it on his head. Wilbur Ferris, who had been watching him in dumb despair, moved slowly toward the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

INSURE YOUR HOME AGAINST HITLER!



BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS & STAMPS

U. S. Treasury Department

The KNOTHOLE

Larry McPhail of the Dodgers says he expects to be in some branch of the service next year. The Green Bay packers have lost 18 players to the armed forces; the Detroit Lions have lost 18. An engineer has designed an automatic pitching machine that hurls the ball at a speed of 204 miles an hour. Seven players with the Buffalo Bisons—Tiger farm club—have been out of the lineup with broken bones this year.

When Hunk Anderson, Bears' line coach, played in the Notre Dame line he was called "Rockers" by his team-mates because of his flat feet. Ted McGraw, Dodger scout, says that two Class C and two Class D farm teams have folded with their respective leagues due to the war. Gottfried Von Cramm, German tennis ace, imprisoned by the Nazis, has been returned to Berlin from the eastern military front. Al Simmons will start working at the Willow Run bomber plant as soon as the current baseball season ends. Pacific coast football coaches are agreed that California's Golden Bears will win the conference championship this year.

Sez Who?



Players in the major leagues ought to know by now that an umpire is never wrong. As you might guess, Livingston of the Phils, whose back is to the camera, and who is arguing with Umpire Barkley during a game with the Giants, lost this one to his nibs.

Southern Oregon Credit Bureau

Reporting Office Ashland Phone 3751 240 East Main, Ashland General Office Medford Medford Center Building Phone 2261

YOUR CREDIT RECORD —You make it, We Record it!



FREE

WITH MODERN EQUIPMENT

Permanent PRICES! SUITS PLAIN DRESSES PLAIN COATS

50c

25c U. S. SAVINGS STAMP WITH EVERY \$1.50 Cleaning Order. Plain garments—50 cents cash and carry.

PICKUP AND DELIVERY 65c

COLLEGE CLEANERS

823 Siskiyou Blvd

Phone 6336

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



Eyes Overworked? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away it starts to cleanse and soothe. You get—

Quick Relief! All 7 Murine ingredients wash away irritation. Your eyes feel refreshed. Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES SOOTHES • CLEANSSES • REFRESHES