hunderhead

THE STORY THUS FAR: In a cold makesterm, Filcika's cult, long overdue, it bern. Ken McLaughlin, Filcka's Layear-old owner, finds her at last in a guilty, of which there are many on his abher's hig horse ranch in the Rockies. Ken is autonished to see that the cult is white, and evidently a throwback to the Abheso, a wild stallion that is Filcka's grandsire. He realizes that the mare and her cult should be in the warm shahles. When he attempts to lead Filcka the halks. Ken then tries to lift and drag the foal, but the little animal blicks and bites. Knowing then that he meust get help, Ken runs to the ranch-house. There he finds only his brother moward at home.

CHAPTER II.

"Flicka's colt's born! You've gotta help me get it in! It's down in the stable pasture. Down at the foot of that red cliff-the one you and I

Ken paused for breath and How-ard stared at him.

Howard always took his time. He glanced down again at the page opened on the table before him and finished reading "I'll alter your life—success depends on your bodily development—"

"Gee, Howard! Come along!"
Howard closed the pamphlet and
got up from his chair. "Won't it
follow Flicka up the path?"

"It can't. It's too steep. It tried but it can't make it.!!

"Jiminy Christmast" said How-ard, "what'll we do? It might die it stays out in this storm all "We'll carry it!" cried Ken im-

patiently. "Come on! That's what I came to get you for. We gotta—" The two boys ran up the gorge.

sing the stables Ken hesitated. He's a regular little kicking devil," he said doubtfully, "may-be we'll have to tie him—" He headed into the stables.

"Bring a lantern!" shouted How-ard, and Ken emerged with two latter-ropes, a halter and lead-rope Flicka and the stable lantern.

The temperature was falling rapidly. Ken's face flamed and burned on the heat within him and the stinging cold without but he didn't notice. All he could think of was the white foal—white—!

They slithered down the steep path, not much more than a gully by the rain in the cliff, and saw the mare and foal just as Ken had left them.

"White!" exclaimed Howard, halting just as Ken had done,

Ken slipped her halter on and cropped the rope. Then the two boys together tried to grip the foal but he squealed and bit and seemed to ave a dozen thrashing legs.

Suddenly Howard slipped and sat down. The colt, too, lost his footing and fell and Flicka whirled nervousand stood over him. Ken threw self on the foal.

"Here, Howard!" he said, keeping his voice calm, "while I'm lying on him—tie his hind feet together, can

Howard accomplished this, then Ken rolled over and the two boys tied the front feet and stood up, nting, while Flicka grunted anxusly over the prone body of her ating foal.

"We can't ever carry him up that path," said Howard, lighting the lantern. "He weighs a ton—never saw such a husky colt. And is he

"He sure is," said Ken proudly, "ought to be-he's been in there two months more than a year-just growin' and eatin'-look Howard, we'll have to get him up on Flicka. She'll carry him."
"He'd fall off," objected Howard

doubtfully

"I'll ride her too and hold him on -you can lead her."
"How'll we get him up?"
"Lift him."

Howard hung the lantern on the bough of a tree and the two boys lifted the struggling foal in their arms and hoisted him onto the back

of his dam. Flicka stood with her head turned, watching them, but she seemed to

know the moment her own foal was cross her withers, and though she kept her head turned to see what the boys would do next, she became

"Gimme a leg up," gasped Ken, leaning against her side, holding the loal in position. And Howard placed and hand and Ker scrambled up behind the colt.

"Can you hold him?" asked "Yep. I think so-" Ken leaned the colt, grasping Flicka's

Howard took the lantern, picked p Flicka's lead rope, and went

Flicka knew now just what she had to do. And the little procession wound its way up the cliff, pausing occasionally for a breath, or for Howard to lift the lantern high and pick out the way in the smother of snow which was beating against

The foal lay like a sack of meal Flicka's withers.

The first part of the journey was the worst. When that was accomplished they were on level ground, going rapidly toward the stables. Plicks whinnied with joy as the amiliar smell reached her nostrils. familiar smell reached her nostrils.

When he graduated and then resigned from the Army in order to go in for horse-breeding, there were howered him to the floor, she stood

over him and smelled and licked gether and settled down on the him and gave the deep, soft, grunting whinny by which a mare re-assures her little one. The foal struggled to its feet, staggered about uncertainly, shook itself, then hunted for the teat. Finding the bone of the thigh, instead, it gave a sav-age bite at it and kicked out in

anger.
"Gosh! Look at it!" exclaimed
Howard. "What a mean little

Ken said nothing but watched anxlously. The foal found the teat at

last.
"You stay here, Howard, will you?" asked Ken. "Till go down and make her some mash. You might give her some clean straw."

"I'll rub her down," offered Howard generously, and as Ken left the stable he got a dry sack and rubbed her streaming back and flanks and

A half hour later the mare and foal stood content and dry and comfortable with a deep bed of dry straw under them and a pail of mash for Flicka in the feed box.
"She's all right now," said Howard, at the door of the barn. "Come

Ken pretended to be casual and "I want to wait till she's finished her mash. You go on down.

won't be long.' Howard still hesitated, eyeing his younger brother where the boy stood leaning on the rail of the manger, almost under the mare's head. "Well—I'll go ahead. I'm goin' to make some hot cocoa—want some?"



The foal lay like a sack of meal across Flicka's withers.

Howard was handy at making chocolate and flipping eggs and giv-ing his mother a hand with the cook-

"Sure!" said Ken. "You bet!" But he sat still on the manger rail, watching his mare, and Howard went out, closing the door behind

Ken stood listening to Howard's retreating steps. He heard the rasp of the corral gate being opened and closed again. Now they were alone, the mare, foal and himself. In the stable was a sweet quietness and

Ken sat on the manger rail close to the feed box in which he had placed the bucket of mash, and the mare dipped her muzzle into it, ate hungrily, then lifted her head and chewed, looking at Ken, her long ears pointed forward. She had gentle golden-brown eyes with a seeing expression in them. Looking at Ken, her intelligent face was not a foot from his. He straightened the flaxen forelock that hung between her eyes, murmuring her name now and then. She swung her head around to look at the sleeping foal. The lantern, hung on the corner

post, only half lit the stall. Ken too looked at the foal. Now that he had it safely in the stable, the surprise and worry that he had felt when he first saw it took possession of him again. What a to-do this was going to make! A white foal out of Flicka! A white foal on the Goose Bar ranch where every-one knew Banner, the big golden sorrel stud that sired the yearly crop of colts.

Ken's uneasiness was linked to a series of nearly disastrous events of past years in which he and a cer-tain line of horses had been involved. This train of events led directly to the small white foal lying there so innocently on the clean hay, and it had begun long before, when a wild stallion of the plains, called the Albino because of his white color, had stolen a mare from the Goose Bar ranch. She was the Thoroughbred, Gypsy, one of Rob Mc-Laughlin's foundation mares. He had bought her when he was a cadet at West Point and used her for polo.

Nell, his young New England wife, and the black mare, Gypsy. Rob bought more mares and built up his foundation stock. Then, one spring, Gypsy disappeared.

The McLaughlin ranch was not the only one in that section of Wyoming from which a fine mare disappeared. There began to be talk of a white stallion, "a big ugly devil but a lotta horse," who had formerly ranged the open land of Montana, had come across the border during a december and extense. during a drought, and had gathered a band of mares in the open land of Wyoming, stealing from ranchers, tearing down fences, fighting and even killing other stallions.

He reigned for six years. Then a number of ranchers banded to-gether, held a round-up, and caught the Albino and his mares, finding brands from all over the state on the hides of the stolen mares.

Gypsy of the Goose Bar ranch was there with four beautiful colts. Rob McLaughlin was delighted with their looks and speed and outstanding personalities, and took them home with him, feeling that Gypsy's philandering might contribute valuable qualities to his polo stock.

But he found it impossible to break and train the colts. Even though the fillies were bred by Banner, the Goose Bar stud, than whom no horse could be more intelligent or better mannered, yet the offspring showed the outlaw strain.

He explained it to his boys. "Colts learn from their mothers. They copy them. That's why it's practically impossible to raise a good-tempered colt from a bad-tempered dam. The colts are corrupted from birth. That is the rule. There are; of course, exis the rule. There are, or course, exceptions—we have some very strikling exceptions among our own
horses. Here is Gypsy, the best-mannered mare in the world—with a
bunch of wild hoodlum colts—absolutely unbreakable."

"Is it because they were born and brought up with that gang of wild horses?" asked Howard.

"It's because of the prepotency of the stallion," said Rob grimly, "His wildness outweighs all her gentle-ness and that of her long line of aristocratic forbears. Some stal-

But all of this was an old story to Howard and Ken. They had grown up on the Goose Bar ranch, familiar with talk and speculation about the near-mythical personage, the Al-bino, and witnessing their father's struggles with the outlaw strain which, through Gypsy, had been introduced into the breeding stock. Ken's actual involvement in this

tangle was of more recent date. On a day a little more than three years ago he and Gus had been working in the meadow, and came upon a new-born foal and its dam.

"Luk at de little flicka!" ex-claimed the Swedish ranch hand. "What does flicka mean, Gus?"

asked Ken. edish fur leetle gurl," explained Gus.

And when a year after that, Rob McLaughlin told Ken he could have for his own any colt on the ranch up to one year of age, Ken chose that same little golden filly and named her Flicka.
Flicka was out of Rocket by Ban-

ner. And Rocket was, by common consent, the wildest of the offspring brought home by Gypsy from her sojourn with the Albino.

Rob McLaughlin was exasperated. "I was hoping you'd make a wise choice, son," he said. "You know what I think of Rocket, of that whole line of horses—it's the worst I've got. There has never been one amongst them with real sense. The mares are hellions and the stallions outlaws. I'd have got rid of this whole line of stock if they weren't so damned fast that I've had the fool idea that some day there might turn out one gentle one in the lot and I'd have a race horse. But

it's not going to be Flicka."

But Ken had fallen in love with

her and could not give her up. That summer one nightmare disaster followed the other, Flicks, as wild as her wicked black mother, fought beyond all reason when she was roped and brought in. When she could escape no other way, she made a suicidal leap into the high barbed-wire fence, and there ensued her long illness from the infected wire-cuts, terminating in McLaughcommand that, next day, she would be shot and put out of her misery. Ken spent that night with her, sitting in the stream where she had fallen, holding her head in his arms. Gus came looking for them in the morning, and carried Ken, helpless with cold and exhaus-

tion, up to the house This caused Ken's long and severe attack of pneumonia, during which,

miraculously, the filly recovered.

At the end of the summer, there was one triumph which made up for everything. The filly loved Ken as dearly as he loved her, and he was able to say to his father, "She did get gentled, didn't she, dad?" And Rob McLaughlin answered,

with a softer note than usual in his voice, "Gentle as a kitten, son." And now here she stood in the stall, a husky three-year-old, docile, gentle, beautifully trained, resting her liquid, trusting eyes on the face of her young master.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

CUNDAY JCHOOL Lesson

Lesson for June 10

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THE MINISTRY OF JESUS

LESSON SEXT—Mark 1:14, 15; Luke 4: 16-21; Mark 5:27a, 29, 31.
GOLDEN TEXT—I are come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.—John 10:10.

The dawn of a new day had come! The long-promised and expected Messiah came to break the 400 years

of silence by His personal presence.
We learn of His coming, His life and ministry, His death and resurrection, and find the promise of His coming again in the four Gospels. They are our complete lesson for this Sunday, but we obviously cannot review them in their entirety in our limited space.

Our Scripture references speak of His ministry in presenting the good news of the gospel to needy man-I. The Good News Preached

(Mark 1:14, 15). Jesus always honored preaching as the primary and the effective means of spreading the good news of the gospel.

of the gospel.

The forerunner, John the Baptist, had borne his witness. Jesus had come, had been baptized, and as John was cast into prison, He began to preach, "Repent ye and believe the gospel." The key verse of Mark is 10:45: "For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." The characteristic words are "straightway," "forth-with," and "immediately." The Greek word thus translated appears about forty times in the book The Servant of God went quickly about the Father's business. Christians, can we say the same for ourselves?

II. The Good News Practiced (Luke 4:16-21).

The daily ministry of Jesus as He ine daily ministry of Jesus as He lived here on earth is summarized in the prophecy of His coming which was given by Isaiah the prophet. As we read these words, we realize that we who profess to follow Him need to learn more of His spirit of tender and loving serve. His spirit of tender and loving serv-

ice to others.

It is significant and appropriate that Jesus' declaration of Himself as the fulfillment of Isaiah 61:1, 2 was made in the synagogue on the Sabbath day. He met with the people in the house and at the time set apart for God's worship. He opposed spiritual deadness, the misinterpre-tation of the truth, the distortion of religious principles; but He was not. as some would have us believe, a religious free lance who despised the established worship of His peo-

Having been prepared by the thirty years of privacy, and more particu-larly by the baptism and the temptation in the wilderness, He appeared at the synagogue in Naza-reth to declare Himself as the fulfillment of prophecy.

Those who teach that Jesus was only a young Jewish teacher with a new philosophy of life have evidently not read the Scriptures. He knew Himself to be God's Son come into the world to bring the good news of salvation by His own blood to poor, sin-captive, blinded and bruised hu manity. He is the Saviour

Look at Isaiah 61:1, 2 and note that Jesus stopped reading before the end of the sentence. "The day of vengeance of our God" will come when Christ returns. This is the day nners are urged cept God's love now, and thus to escape the terrible day of judgment which is to come.

III. The Good News Prepared (Mark 8:27a, 29, 31)

Jesus preached the gospel of the kingdom. He went about doing good, but always He knew Himself to be the Christ, the One who was to die for the sins of the world and to arise again for the justification of

those who put their trust in Him. Even those who deny to our Christ the recognition of His deity, and the devotion of life which is His just due, must, if they are at all intelligent, admit that no man ever lived who has made such an impact on human history. Even now, un believing men speak of Him as the founder of Christianity, a mighty leader, a wonderful example, or an unequalled teacher.

It is not enough that we stand with the mass of humanity who may thus admire Him, but who do not count Him as Saviour and Lord. The question comes to us as it did to the disciples, "Whom say ye that I am?" "Thou art the Christ"—this alone suffices as the foundation for Christian testimony and conduct.

Although Jesus was not yet ready to have His Messiahship pro-claimed to the public. He was prepared to teach His disciples concerning not only that important truth, but of His rejection and death.

Note the divine "must" (v. 31) While it is true that wicked men showed their hostility toward our God and His Christ by hanging Him on Calvary's cross, yet it was to die for our sins that He came into the world. The cross has rightly come to represent God's love to the world rather than man's hostility to God.



GLOBAL CLASSIFIED ADS

NOTICE: Change of management. Elegant in overlooking Alps will reopen soon under new manage-ment. Jewish cuisine. Write Berchtesgaden Catering company for de-

WILL SWAP: Mein Kampf in all sizes and colors for headache pow-ders, spirits of ammonia, ham sand-wich or what have you. Fritz, General Delivery, German Empire

Prostrated by your sudden coolness. We seemed so happy together until now. Please phone or wire. Winnie & Harry. FOR SALE-Emily Post Book of

cuts. General Stack and Dahlquist, AEF. WOMAN, victim of sad mistake, wishes to make friendly contacts most anywhere with most anybody.

Race and creed of no consequence

Germania.

TO RENT.—One of the most fa-mous villas in Austrian Alps; for-merly had southern exposure, but is now exposed on all sides and from above; ventilation perfect; all rooms now on same floor; this also goes for the formishing. Ideal place for for the furnishings. Ideal place for a man with a shovel and broom, Phone Berchtesgaden and ask for

WANTED: Rat and skunk trappers. We give you photograph of Himmler and others; you do the rest. Allied Armies, European Zone.

NOBLE ANCESTORS .- You hoo! Have I overestimated your influence in the tough spots. Answer at once collect. Nippon.

NOTICE.—Will person or persons who saw me shoved into an impos-sible position between outgoing and incoming express by an emotional paperhanger in a terrific hurry to get out from under get in touch with me or my attorneys. Karl Doenitz.

of peace; closing out fine line of struts and swaggers; also used batons, monocles, chest ornaments, etc. Kraut General Staff.

SUMMER OFFERING: Doghouses, all shapes and sizes, especially de-signed for former dictators, fuehrers, reichsmarshals, rulers of the earth, creators of new social systems, etc. Truman, Churchill & Stalin Corpora-

VANISHING AMERICANISMS

"There can be no tax cuts until Japan is licked."—President Tru-

As soon as that, eh?

Momentous is the question that Today afflicts one's reason Oh, will last summertime's straw Hold out another season?

been such good chums in war why can't we settle down and become

Diners."-Headline.

been observing restaurant crowds lately and it is our conviction no fire could disturb them even mildly in their determination to get fed. The hoseman could walk up to a foursome that has just managed to get a table and cry, "The place is afire! Beat 4!!" and just get the answer, "Okay, bud. Just play the hose on us while we eat."

OPA announces-hold your breath that it has set ceiling prices on what auto repair stations may charge for jobs on your rapidly de-teriorating bus. Copies will be post-ed in all service stations and the public is asked to insist that the scale be adhered to. Okay, Mr. Bowles! We are going to buy an iron helmet, a bazooka, an asbestos



JOSEF. - What has happened?

Etiquette; also "How to Win Friends and Influence Marshals." Might consider exchange for blunderbus, hot-foot and instructions for serving cold

ANNOUNCEMENT. - Numerous high military gentlemen who spent all their lives in murder and de-struction now wish to retire to ways

"Prompt Service Inside."
"Clothes Pressed While You Wait."
"We Aim to Please."
"Phone and Get Immediate Attention!"
"Come In in a Week for a Try-On!"

TOP PROBLEM

As we get it, the attitude of the Big Three is "Now that we have

"Fire in Restaurant Routs 1,000

We just don't believe it. We have

Ford and General Motors promise a low-cost car "to suit the average purse." Observing the present orgy of spending we would say that this means a new car will be priced at around \$8,500.

AWAH-H-H!

vest and, walking right up to our service station, demand that the boss stick to OPA rates.



SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

Smart and Cool Daytime Frock An Easy-to-Wear Button Front



this charming daytime frock. The popular cap sleeves are cool and comfortable-the gored skirt is very flattering. Novelty buttons

Smart Housefrock

A SMART button - front house frock with a crisp clean-cut air. Easy to wear—easy to take care of. Slip it on in a jiffy without disturbing a single hair! It will be pretty in gay checked fabrics, stripes or dots.

Pattern No. 8780 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20; 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 16, short sleeves, requires 3% yards of 39-incl



Fingers from discarded rubber ploves make excellent guards for injured fingers. Bandage injury as usual, cut one of the fingers from the glove, and slip it over the bandage. Protects it from the dirt.

ing powder can with adhesive tape. Then when can stands in your white enameled sink, it will leave no rust stains. Rustic furniture with the bark still on is mighty hard on stock-

ings. They are much less apt to catch on the wood if the chair is given a coat of clear varnish. Fancy household linens, put away to save time and effort, should be washed and aired occasionally to keep them fresh and white. Ironing is not necessary.

Cut a flower or two from the new wallpaper you've put on your walls, then paste it to a white lamp shade or two. Gives unity of de sign to your room. Carry out the same idea on a scrapbook cover that's kept permanently at hand.

When sewing, fasten a small pin

in place. Keep pins handy, too.











