

# Thunderhead

MARY O'HARA  
W.N.U. FEATURES

**THE STORY THUS FAR:** Flicka's colt, long overdue, is born on Goose Bar ranch, high in the Rockies. Ken McLaughlin, Flicka's 12-year-old owner, is startled to see that the colt is white, and evidently a throwback to the Albino, a wild horse that is Flicka's grandsire. Rob McLaughlin, Ken's father, rides out to bring in Banner, the stallion. With him go Colonel Harris and Charlie Sargent, millionaire horse breeder. Colonel Harris gets a wild ride. Later the party gets its first glimpse of the white colt. Nobody likes it but Ken. His mother, who names the horses, first calls it the Goblin, but later changes to Thunderhead for Ken's benefit. Ken tries to keep faith in his horse.

**CHAPTER VI**

They went down to dinner. "And now," said Rob genially, "Ken's got something to tell us. He's going to tell us who is really the sire of that white foal up in the corral."

Ken had thought he was prepared for it, but it was a shock all the same, and unpleasant feelings went through him. He couldn't find words. His mind was in a fog.

"The sire!" exclaimed Harris, astonished. "Why, what's this? I thought Banner was the sire of all your foals."

"Not that one," grinned Rob. "Your mare is perfectly safe, Mort. You'll have a fine little sorrel colt—dead ringer for Banner—when she foals next summer. I told you, Banner breeds true. Sorrels. Like as peas in a pod."

"Hah!" exclaimed Charley. "You're crawling. Just because you've got a throwback, you're going to disown it! Didn't think it of you, Rob!"

"Come on, Ken," said Rob, "who is the sire of that little goblin up there?"

Ken, without turning around, jerked his head and elbow in the direction of Charley Sargent. "That big black stud of his!"

"Whose?"

"Mr. Sargent's."

"Ouch!" shouted Sargent. Then, "Do you let him tell whoppers like that, Rob? Or is he given to pipe dreams?"

Rob was as astonished as anyone. "Appalachian, Ken?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, he doesn't even know Appalachian," shouted Sargent. "Ken—did you ever see him? He's never been off my ranch, and that's twenty miles away."

"Ken answered, 'He's that big black stallion with three white socks and a white star between his eyes. He hangs out in that little draw by the quakin'-asp and the box elder where the fence crosses your line. Twenty miles away by the highway, but about eight miles of straight riding across country. Only one gate to go through, and your buck fence to take down.'"

There was a shocked silence. Then, as Ken's words sank home, Charley Sargent jumped to his feet. His long brown face was serious for once, his big hat a little awry, a frown between his brows.

"I don't believe it! It couldn't be! Why—that little misbegotten pup up there—son of Appalachian!" In two strides he reached Ken, seized him by the shoulder and yanked him up. "Stand up here." He set the boy on the low wooden table facing them all.

Ken's face was a little pale, but his dark blue eyes looked at his father without flinching.

"Come on, Ken," said Rob, "let's have the story. I'll begin it for you. A year ago last spring we decided Flicka should be bred."

"No, sir, it was the fall before that. About Thanksgiving time. You and mother said we'd breed Flicka as soon as she was old enough and get a foal."

"That's right. I remember now. You and Howard were home from school for the Thanksgiving weekend."

"Yes. And when we went back to school, all winter long I was thinking about that. And when I came home for the spring vacation at Easter, you remember you let me start working with Flicka and riding her a little, because she was just exactly two years old and strong and well-grown. And you said I was light enough so it wouldn't hurt her back any. And I worked her out with the blanket and surcingle and began to ride her. And during that vacation do you remember the time you took me in to town with you and we met Mr. Sargent and had dinner with him at the Mountain Hotel? And he was talking about his stud, about Appalachian. And bra—well, praising all the colts he had had from him—"

Ken paused, looking interrogatively at his father, and Rob grinned. "Yes, I remember. He praised 'em. It's a habit he's got."

Harris laughed and Sargent's hand pinched Ken's shoulder a little harder and he said, "Get on with your story, young man."

"Well, so you see—when I went back to school after that Easter vacation I was thinking about Appalachian."

Rob groaned. "And when Ken begins to think about something, I don't mind telling you, it's a single track mind."

"So," said Ken doggedly, "when I got home in June that's what I was thinking about. I rode over several times on Cigarette to look at Appalachian."

"The hell you did!" said Charley. "Well—with some eagerness, 'what did you think of him?'"

"Oh," Ken's voice rose in enthusiasm, "just what you did! I agreed with all the proud things you said about him!"

"Thank you for that, son!"

"And what then, Ken?" asked Rob.

"Well, that was about the time to breed Flicka. And you told me to see to it."

Rob's eyes narrowed and glanced away as he tried to remember. Nell nodded. "I remember that, Rob. You had moved Banner and the brood mares up onto the Saddle Back. There were just the saddle mares in—Flicka and Taggart. And you told Ken it was his responsibility, and that when she came around he was to take her to the stallion."

Rob nodded. "I remember. Well, Ken?"

Ken's words came with a struggle. "Well you see, I had been thinking and thinking about Appalachian, because we wanted Flicka's foal to be a racer, and Banner was never a racer. And when I remembered all Mr. Sargent had said about him, and every colt he had got by him, why then—why then—"

"Well?" prompted Charley.

"Well, when she came in heat, I just rode her over there one day—it took me most of the day—and put her in the pasture with Appalachian—and when she was bred I rode her home again. That's all."

There was silence for a moment as Ken finished his recital. Suddenly Harris burst out laughing. Howard stared in open-mouthed awe at his younger brother. The stunt itself was nothing to the secrecy with which it had been concealed for more than a year. It was a faculty

Charley gulped down the drink Rob poured for him and as Rob filled the other glasses, held his out again.

"Hope this won't make you take to drink, Charley," said Harris dryly. "Brace up! Lots of people have family secrets to hide!"

"We won't give it away, Charley," chuckled Rob.

Charley didn't even hear them. He threw off his hat and ran one hand distractedly through his hair. "Maybe it didn't take," he exclaimed suddenly. "Maybe, later on in the summer she was bred by some other stallion. That's it!" he said excitedly. "You said the colt came months later than you expected!"

But Ken shook his head. "She was never out on the range again. You see, that was the first summer I had been able to do much with her or ride her at all. She was a two-year-old. And I had her down here in the stable or the home pasture all summer so that she would be well schooled by the time I had to leave the ranch in the fall. And there weren't any other stallions around."

Nell nodded. "That's true. She was underfoot all summer. Ken did everything but have her in the kitchen."

"I did have her in the kitchen, Mother! Remember the time you put the oat bucket in the kitchen sink, and I called her in, and she walked right in and went all around the kitchen, looking at everything and smelling it, and then ate her oats at the sink?"

"Look here, Ken," said Rob, "do you realize that you stole that service? You heard what Mr. Sargent said at dinner—that the stud fee for Appalachian is \$250.00."

"I've always told you, Ken," his father rubbed it in, "that you cost me money every time you turn around."

"Cost you money!"

"Well—you owe that money to Charley here and you can't pay it."

"No, sir."

"Someone's got to pay it."

"I should say—ay-ay not!" exclaimed Charley. "If that's the Appalachian's foal, you owe me for nothing. On the contrary, I owe Ken an apology. And the nice little mare too."

Ken began to breathe again and glanced at his father to see if there were to be any penalties for that quarter.

"If Mr. Sargent forgives you the debt, Ken, I've got nothing to say."

"Here comes the Goblin now!" exclaimed Howard.

Gus had led the horses out of the corral to pasture and Flicka and her foal and Taggart and the geldings were coming to water at the round stone fountain in the middle of the Green.

The men and boys went down to look at them more closely.

"That's a beautiful mare," said Charley, looking at Flicka's glossy golden coat, her full, flaxen tail and mane, and the gentleness and intelligence in the golden eyes she turned to them. She mouthed the cool water, letting streams of it run from her muzzle, then turned her head to her foal again.

"Dad," said Ken miserably, "is he—really—so awful?"

Rob hesitated. "Well, Ken, no body could say he has good conformation. He is shaped like a full-grown horse, a bronc at that. He'll have to change a good deal."

"But he will, dad! He'll grow!"

"He'll have to grow in some spots and shrink in others. That jug-head!"

Ken looked at the head. It was certainly too large. It had a terribly stubborn look.

"Hi, fellah!" said Charley to the foal, then turned to Ken. "Well, you win, Ken. I believe your story. Your Goblin is by my Appalachian, and if you want papers, you can have them."

"I can only have half papers, sir, because Flicka only has half papers."

"You oughtn't to have any papers at all with a stolen service, Ken," said his father.

"I'll waive that," said Charley. "Do you realize, Rob, that this little Goblin is Appalachian for a sire, Banner for a grandsire, and the Albino for a great grandsire? That ought to be enough T.N.T. to bust him wide open."

Winter again. Blizzards. Wild storms. Days of terrible loneliness and fear with Rob out in weather when a man should be safe beside his own fire—perhaps on the highways hauling feed in the truck, and the day passing—hours crawling past with no sign of him returning. Then night coming on. She'd be standing by the north window at the far end of the house looking out into the darkness, watching. For what? What could you see in the inky blackness? Or even if it was daylight what could you see but snow falling and falling, white as a winding sheet? You could see the lights. The two big headlights of Rob's truck coming, way off on the ranch road. You could catch them soon after the truck left the Lincoln Highway, lose them when they curved in near the woods, then catch them again before they came down the hill. Lights boring through the darkness coming slowly down the hill with a load of oats or baled hay.



"Flicka to Appalachian, 12:30 p. m. June 28."

Howard was envious of—to do unusual things—and then keep them entirely to yourself.

Rob said, "You took that long, sixteen-mile ride on your mare?"

"Yes, sir. I got off and rested her now and then. You were letting me ride her because you said she had grown so well and I hadn't."

It was true. Ken was still no larger than he had been at ten.

Rob thought again. "You must have been away most of the day. I don't remember it."

Ken said, "It was a day when you and mother had been in town. And you stayed there for lunch and you didn't get home until late in the afternoon." Ken was keeping his biggest punch to the end. "Anyway, I can prove it to you, dad," he added.

"How?"

Ken stepped down from the witness stand and vanished into the house. They heard his steps going upstairs. He returned holding out a paper, folded and wrinkled and soiled. He handed it to Rob who opened it with a mystified air and read it silently, then passed it to Charley.

Sargent stared at it a long time, then read aloud slowly, "FLICKA TO APPALACHIAN, 12:30 P. M. JUNE 28th."

Sargent fung down the paper, sprang to his feet and shouted, "I don't believe it! Then, with one long leap over the flower border, turned his back and went striding up to the corral."

"This beats me," said Rob. "I didn't dream it was Appalachian. I knew it wasn't Banner. What I thought was that the Albino was somewhere in the neighborhood again and that he had got to the mare—or perhaps that Ken's mind had been working overtime and cooked up some crazy scheme and that he had taken her out to him."

Charlie came striding back. "Gimme a drink, Rob—if this is true, it's a terrible blow."

"It's true all right," said Colonel Harris. "I watched Ken's face when he told it. His face was straight and the story's straight."

**IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON**

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D., of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

**Lesson for July 1**

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**GOD'S JOY IN CREATION**

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 1:1-5, 10-18, 26, 27, 31.  
GOLDEN TEXT—God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good.—Genesis 1:31.

The destiny of this world seems to be in the balances in our day with wicked men ruthlessly trying to destroy that which is good and upright. We are deeply concerned in our hearts that the right should triumph and that a just and righteous peace should come.

In such a day it is good to remind ourselves, as we will in our three-month series of studies in Genesis, that man did not make this world, nor is it the product of natural forces. God made it.

God, who is eternal, infinite, and knows all from the beginning, is not moved by the impulses of the moment nor staggered by the catastrophes of a day.

He made the world. He made man. He had a plan for them, and still has a plan which He will in due season work out for His own glory.

**I. God Made Heaven and Earth (vv. 1-5, 10-12, 16-18).**

The biblical account of creation—"In the beginning God"—stands as a dignified, satisfactory, intelligent explanation of the origin of things, and in bold contrast to the confusing and almost unbelievable theories of men.

The best of scientists admit that they know nothing of the origin of things, and some say that they never will know. The answer to this query, with which every human philosophy opens, is the affirmation with which the divine account in Genesis opens—"In the beginning God."

Space forbids full discussion of the account of creation, but a study of it will reveal its beautiful order, symmetry, and completeness.

Compare that orderly account with the absurdities of the ancient human cosmogonies, and you have a new regard for Scripture.

**II. God Made Man in His Own Image (vv. 26, 27).**

Although man has often so debased himself by sin and disobedience to God that it seems almost unbelievable, it is nevertheless true that he was made in the likeness and image of God. Because that is true, we never give up hope for him. Because of that image, no matter how deeply defaced by sin, man still may be touched by redeeming grace and restored to fellowship with God.

The likeness and image of God in man refers to a moral and spiritual likeness. Man is a living soul with intelligence, feeling and will. He is a moral being, knowing the difference between right and wrong. He is a self-conscious, personal being.

To man God gave dominion over the earth and all its potential powers. Sometimes one has been hopeful that man was making good progress in the development of the earth's resources for his own good and the glory of God. But one is sad to see how he has used this great God-given opportunity for destruction and death. Only a revival of real Christianity can bring him back to his senses. Let us pray and work for it.

Observe that the family was established as the center of man's life on earth, as God gave him a "help meet unto him." Woman was taken "not out of man's head that she should rule over him; nor out of his feet to be trampled upon; but out of his side to be equal with him, under his arm to be protected by him, and near his heart to be loved by him" (Matthew Henry).

The decay of family life and the modern substitution of social and civic units as the basis of life have led to disastrous results, one of which is juvenile delinquency. Not only do we need a revival of religion, we also need a revival of the home life of the nation.

**III. God Made All Things Well (v. 31).**

When men do recognize the hand of God in creation, they often seem to feel that what He made was rather limited and defective. It would almost seem that God should be clever about perfecting His work, developing it and making it useful.

As a matter of fact, God, who had all knowledge and whose standards are higher than man's standards could possibly be, looked over His creation and "behold, it was very good" (v. 31). It was a "finished" job (2:1).

Man has destroyed much of creation's beauty. Sin came in and marred it. What man's inventive cleverness has developed of the possibilities of this world is only a minute fraction of what is yet available. Instead of boasting, man might well be distressed at the pathetic slowness with which he has "thought God's thoughts after Him."

Instead of fighting and destroying, he ought to give his energies to building, developing, and above all, to loving God with all his heart and his neighbor as himself (Matt. 22:37-40).

## The HOME TOWN REPORTER in Washington

WALTER A. SHEAD, WNU Correspondent

### This Concerns Every Citizen

WASHINGTON today is a vast stage upon which events of national and international moment crowd themselves with lightning rapidity and with kaleidoscopic clarity. They are events and proposals which have ramifications affecting the lives and destinies, one way or another, not only of our own people in the cities and homelands in America, but of people everywhere.

And we criticize our congressmen . . . gripe at our governmental agencies freely and often, but, as a matter of fact, it is amazing that with the quickening and increasing tempo of affairs here, the men and women in government keep abreast of the times and the responsibilities with which they are faced as well as they do.

Just within the last few days . . . Victory for the Reciprocal Trade extension in the house and its defeat by a senate committee . . . the overwhelming vote of confidence in world cooperation by the house action of Bretton Woods . . . the streamlining plans for the Veterans administration by General Bradley . . . the President's victory in the Russian empassé at San Francisco . . . the Truman proposal for temporary unemployment compensation during the reconversion era . . . the modernization of the governmental set-up as planned . . . the Murray-Wagner-O'Mahoney full-time example bill . . . all these are a few examples. And now the Wagner - Murray - Dingle bill which will affect the lives of every man, woman and child in every hometown and rural community in America.

It completely overhauls, enlarges and federalizes the present social security law, bringing under its provisions an additional 15,000,000 farmers, farm laborers, domestic employees, small merchants, professional men and women, seamen and employees of non-profit organizations.

**BILLIONS INVOLVED.**

The new measure, a bulky, 185-page document, carries with it appropriations which will run into billions of dollars. The section on hospitals and health centers alone calls for \$950,000,000 over a 10-year period. That it will meet with determined opposition is a foregone conclusion, for it attempts to nationalize all provisions of the present act, except medical and public assistance, taking over old age and survivors insurance and unemployment compensation from the states and placing those features exclusively in the hands of the federal government.

Rates to employers are increased from the average of 3 1/4 per cent they are now paying to 4 per cent to finance all the insurance features, and employees would pay approximately 3 per cent more than they are paying under the present law but are given greatly expanded protection.

The farmer is entitled to all the provisions of the bill except unemployment compensation and temporary disability insurance. He would get medical aid, old age and survivors insurance and disability insurance for which he would pay 5 per cent on his net income up to \$3,600. He would make his payments quarterly or semi-annually. If the farmer has a hired hand, he would deduct 5 per cent of his net income for transmittal to the government, and records would be kept through the use of stamps to be issued for the purpose, eliminating any bookkeeping.

The same method would be used by the small business man. He would pay on his net income up to \$3,600 at the same rate, and if he has one or more employees not now receiving benefits of the social security law, he would deduct their percentages and issue stamps to the employees to eliminate bookkeeping. In some states from one to eight employees are not now covered by the social security law.

**DOMESTIC HELP AIDED.**

Domestic help would come under the same provisions. If you have a maid, a cook, a washwoman, you would deduct the proper percentage from her pay on pay-day and present her with stamps for her book issued for the purpose. Professional men such as doctors, lawyers, dentists, veterinarians etc., also become eligible for the benefits under the law with a cost of 5 per cent on net income up to \$3,600.

Briefly, the provisions of the new bill provide:

1. A program of federal grants and loans for construction of hospitals and health centers especially in rural areas.
2. It broadens the present federal grants - in - aid for public health service up to 75 per cent of amounts expended by the states.
3. Expands the community-wide maternal and child-health and welfare service, the federal government paying up to 75 per cent of amount expended by the states.

## WORLD-WIDE audience and hence a world-wide influence is claimed for the product of the Hollywood studios.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

### Covering the Globe

Today they are serving the flag on all the far-flung fronts where duty has called them. They are flying airplanes, burrowing into foxholes, helping to man carriers, battle-ships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines. They're accomplishing dangerous missions with cameras, waging the deadly war of propaganda in which our American ideas and ideals are the high explosives.

Where are their children going to be 25 years from today? Our statesmanship of today is America's legacy to its young men and women of tomorrow. Where is it going to lead us?

You might be surprised to realize how many toddlers cooing and gurgling in Hollywood nurseries today have a life and death stake in the answer to those questions.

**Bumper Crop**

Surprised? When I compiled a list of Hollywood babies born in 1944 and 1945 I was astonished.

I'm not drawing any distinction where babies are concerned, but one can't name them all. This war has taught us that we are really and genuinely a democracy; that our army, navy, and marine corps represent the people and are in very truth the people.

So, from the ranks of our professional artists, here goes:

Alice Faye Harris and her husband, Phil, have two baby girls. Same for Betty Grable and Harry James. Orchestra leaders both, the fathers, and famous, too. Glamour boys. So's Dick Haymes a glamour boy. He and Joanne Marshall Haymes greeted a new baby last summer.

**Girls and More Girls**

My! Look at the baby girls in my list! Here's Ann Southern with another; the father, Lt. Robert Sterling. Ken Murray comes along with a boy. Good for you, Ken. Martha Raye and Nick Condos had a girl. So did Jean Rogers and Danny Winkler.

And what's this? Nancy Coleman delighted Whitney Bolton's masculine pride by presenting him with twin girls.

Velox and Yolanda produced a son. Benita Hume and Ronald Colman countered with a daughter.

Here's Ruth Hussey and Lt. Bob Longnecker adding to the female population; also the Eddie Brackens, Donna King and Lt. James Conklin, the Bob Crosbys and the Gregory Peeks relieved the monotony—their babies are boys.

And so we come into 1945. Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles were the first big time Hollywood mamma and papa of the year, and theirs is a girl. Eleanor Powell and Glenn Ford countered with a boy. Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow promptly announced a feminine addition to their growing family, but Susan Hayward hit the jackpot with twin boys. Jess Barker's the father. The Jack Carsons added a baby daughter.

**Looking Into the Future**

What a responsibility rests upon these young Hollywood fathers and mothers of little ones brought into this disturbed world!

We hear on all sides that what the world needs and is crying aloud for is leaders. Leadership. That, I think, no one will deny.

Fathers and mothers of this day, if you don't want to go through a repetition of broken hearts, sorrow, maimed bodies, wrecked minds and nerves a generation from now, better be looking alive right now!

**And 'Twas Ever Thus**

I asked Gene Fowler how he was coming along with "Goodnight, Sweet Prince." He said, "We're at a complete standstill. I may have to sell the thing after all. Isn't it funny? It's like a man standing on a street corner selling \$5 good pieces for a buck and nobody will buy. I've had fabulous offers for it, but nobody is willing to take it free." He wants all the profits to go to the motion picture relief home. . . . Lana Turner now refuses to do bathing pictures for magazines.

## Hedda Hopper: Looking at HOLLYWOOD

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## Gay and Practical Sun Suit for a Tot



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