Thunderhead

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W.N.U. FEATURES

THE STORY THUS FAR: Thunderhead, or the Goblin as he is commonly known, is the only white horse ever born on the Goose Bar ranch in Wyoming. He grows from an ugly, misshapen colt to a powerful yearling, showing more and more characteristics of his great grandsire, a wild stallion called the Albino. One day the Goblin wanders southward into the mountains. An eagle attacks him, and he runs home in terror. Soon, however, he goes back, and finds a valley in which wild horses live. He encounters the Albino, and barely escapes with his life. Meanwhile his mother, Flicka, is bearing her next foal. The birth is premature, and the veterinarian is in attendance.

CHAPTER XI

"Sacrifice the foal," said McLaughlin, "the mare won't stand much more."

"May not have to," said Doc. "I'm not stumped yet."

They fastened a block and tackle to the wall and ran the rope through it. Then Doc fetched an instrument like a pair of ice tongs, and to Ken's horror, thrust the points into the foal's eye sockets. Then they all pulled together.

It moved a little. Flicka heaved and struggled convulsively. The men hauled until they were red in the face. And suddenly the whole little body slid out.

Instantly the men undid the ropes and Gus went to prepare a hot mash for Flicka.

The doctor kneeled over the foal, which was barely alive.

"Is it premature?" asked Nell.

"It might be a little. The teeth are just through. When was the mare bred?"

"We don't know exactly."

"Will it live?" asked Ken.

The doctor did not answer. He wiped the foal dry and clean, massaged it and gave it a hypodermic injection. It was a very small but neatly made filly. It had a short back, long spidery legs close together and a small fine head with a dish face. It was a pinkish yellow with blond tail and mane.

"Just like Flicka!" exclaimed Nell.

"Will it live?" insisted Ken.

"Can't say for sure, it's pretty weak. But sometimes these little fellows surprise you. It's just touch and go."

They were all astonished to see that the terrible hooks had not injured the foal's eyes at all.

Nell noticed Ken's face. It was white and drawn. When Flicka suffered he suffered. She wondered if, after all the suffering, there would ever be any good thing come from the Albino's blood. Would it be, perhaps, this tiny filly?

Soon Flicka was able to get to her feet and eat her mash. The filly showed signs of life and struggled to rise. Doc and McLaughlin lifted it and held it up underneath its dam to nurse. When the teat touched its lips it opened its mouth and began to suck, and everyone watching smiled and relaxed.

When it had had enough, it was put down on the hay again and the veterinarian prepared to leave.

At this moment, a shadow at the door blocked out the sunlight. They turned to look and saw the Goblin standing there.

If Ken had seen someone returned from the dead he could hardly have felt a more violent shock. Over his whole body there poured a wave of heat, followed by such bliss that he could not see clearly.

Then Gus's voice exclaimed, "Yiminy Crickets! Luk at him! He's tore to pieces!" And Ken's eyes cleared and he saw the wounds and scabs on Goblin's white coat and rushed to him.

Goblin was startled and fled around the corral. He did not, however, go out of the open gate, but circled and came hesitatingly back.

McLaughlin reprimanded Ken sharply, then, himself, went quietly toward the colt, his eye running over him. "Steady, old boy! Gosh! Look at that ear! That's a nice fellow—what a rip in the shoulder—"

"And there's a piece chewed out of his fanny!" said Howard.

"That colt's sure been in a fight," said the vet, eyeing the swollen shoulder wound. "That was done by a hoof, and a mighty big one. I'd better take a look at it while I'm here."

"Get a bucket of oats, Howard," said McLaughlin, "and Ken, bring the halter."

The Goblin was ravenous for the oats. They haltered him and McLaughlin and the vet examined his wounds.

"Look here," said Doc, "here are some other wounds that are nearly healed. He's been in two fights. Look at the mark of claws here on the other shoulder—might have been a wildcat—"

"And," said Howard excitedly, "look at the little scars all over the underside of his neck and belly—what did that?"

They were scattered snags, nearly healed. Doc was puzzled. He shook his head. "Might be wire snags," he said doubtfully.

Every time the Goblin lifted his nose out of the bucket he turned his head toward Nell. She smoothed his face, wondering if this ended all their future hopes. That shoulder wound looked deep. If it had reached the bones or tendons—

Rob voiced her thought. "This shoulder wound, Doc—will it hurt his speed?"

"I don't think so," said Doc. "It was a glancing blow."

"What gets me," said McLaughlin, "is how did he get in here? There's a four-strand barbed-wire fence between this pasture and the county road."

Doc laughed as he pulled on his shirt. "My guess is, you've got a jumper."

"I've seen plenty of wooden fences in the east jumped." Rob shook his head. "But horses don't jump these wire fences. No—there must be some gates open somewhere up the line."

"Train him for a hunter," said Doc, "and send him east to a hunt club. You'd get a big price for him. He's a husky—how old is he? A long yearling?"

"A short yearling," said Ken proudly. "He was foaled last September."

"By Jinks!" said the vet. "He's a baby elephant."

"He's made a good beginning as a stallion," said McLaughlin dryly. "He'll carry these scars all his life."

"Gee! It must have been some fight!" exclaimed Howard excitedly. "Do you think he mixed it up with Banner, Dad? Banner's the only stallion around here."

"It might have been one of the other yearlings," said Nell. "They might have been fighting—"

"Not a hoof of that size," said Rob, indicating the shoulder wound. "It could only be Banner. If Goblin has started fighting Banner—but I can't understand Banner's giving him such punishment—the colt must have done something to deserve it."

They exchanged a flurry of blows.

But Ken didn't have the colt for long. He had been put into the home pasture, to be close at hand in case his wounds needed tending. Flicka and her filly were put there too as soon as the little foal could run at her mother's side. There sprang up between Goblin and his little sister one of those strange attachments that exist between horses. When he was near, she must leave her dam's side and wander to him. He would stand, his high head curved and bent to her. She would reach up her little muzzle to touch his face and neck.

The boys carried oats to them morning and evening. One morning the Goblin was not there. Rob examined all the fences. "I'm beginning to think Doc must have been right, and that he can jump these fences," he said frowning. "Unless he rolled under that place on the south side where there's a little hollow."

The boys saddled up and rode out to hunt for him. He was not with the yearlings, nor brood mares, nor the two-year-olds. He was nowhere to be seen.

This time Ken was not so unhappy. The colt had come back once—he probably would again. The new fortitude was sufficient for this strain upon it, although when he was ready to say his prayers that night, it did cross his mind to ask the Almighty if He thought it was quite fair to be an Indian giver? He suppressed this impulse as being not entirely respectful and, possibly, prejudicial to future favors.

The little filly grew and thrived. Her hoofs and bones hardened. She came to know the family, the dogs, the cats, and to be interested in all their comings and goings.

Nell named her Touch And Go.

Rob McLaughlin was crazy about her. She meant something to him—the justification of his theory of linebreeding. His eyes were very keen and blue and narrow as he looked at her.

"Now there's a litle filly that's got points!" he said. "Look at those perfect legs!"

He began to feed her oats almost from the start. He would let her mouth a few grains at a time. With plentiful feeding she would overcome the handicap of her premature birth—she had it in her. What she had in her would come out. They halter-broke and handled her early without any trouble at all.

"I always had a hunch that if Flicka was bred back to Banner I'd get something out of the ordinary."

They were sitting on the terrace after supper, Flicka and the filly near the fountain in the center of the Green. Suddenly they heard the thunder of hoofs from below in the calf pasture and saw, rounding the shoulder of the hill, the Goblin coming at a canter. Rob rose to his feet, astonished—how could the colt have got into the calf pasture?

In a moment they all knew. There was a four-strand barbed wire fence between the Green and the calf pasture. Goblin cantered easily up to it—swerved to aim at the gate post, and cleared it easily. He came cantering to Flicka and the filly, neighing a greeting.

"Well I'm damned," said Rob, then put his pipe back slowly into his mouth. "If he's started fighting Banner and jumping all the fences, there's going to be hell to pay from now on. This means he can come and go as he pleases."

The boys rushed down to the Green chattering excitedly.

Nell followed them with Rob.

Goblin and his little sister were in an ecstasy of reunion.

"He's kissing her!" shouted Ken. "Look Mother! Look at Goblin!"

"It's simply ridiculous to call him Goblin," said Nell. "That's not a Goblin. That's Thunderhead."

There was a moment's silence. Ken felt his mother's words go right through him. It had come at last—The white foal seemed inches taller. He had grown in all his parts so that he had still that appearance of maturity and strange precocity—like a boy carrying a man's responsibility.

Nell looked up at her husband. "Don't you see, Rob? He's completely changed. He's been changed ever since he was lost the first time, when he got those awful cuts."

"How do you mean—changed?" demanded Howard.

"Well—sort of grown-up. More dignified. Something has come into him that was never there before, and it's ironed out a lot of his awkwardness and meanness. We must call him by his right name from now on—he deserves it."

"The Goblin is dead—long live Thunderhead," shouted Howard.

Ken got a bucket of oats and fed the wanderer. Then Flicka. Then offered the bucket to the tiny filly. She jabbed her inquisitive little nose into it, took it out with a few grains sticking to it and jumped away, mouthing them, tossing her head up and down.

"Dad," said Ken, "where does he go when he goes off—Thunderhead, I mean?" Ken almost blushed with embarrassment when he gave his colt the great title.

"I wish I knew," said Rob slowly. "And that jumping of wire fences—he's had no training—he's inherited that—straight from the Albino. He's an absolute throwback. That fellow was a great jumper. No fence could hold him."

When it grew darker they put the three horses down into the calf pasture.

"Not that it will do much good," said Rob dryly. "That bronc'll come and go as he pleases."

They sat on the terrace again for a while in the dark. Across the Green two hoot owls were calling to each other.

Rob said at last thoughtfully, "Well — Thunderhead can jump. Thunderhead can buck. Thunderhead can fight. But none of these accomplishments are important to a racer. It remains to be seen if Thunderhead can run."

Thunderhead could run, but another year passed before they knew it for certain. The boys had come home from school for their summer vacation again, and the colt, being now a two-year-old, was started on a course of intensive training.

He had had his freedom all winter. There had been times when, Rob and Nell knew, he was nowhere on the Goose Bar ranch. He went south—that much had been discovered. He stayed away awhile. He came back. But now that Ken was home and had begun training him in earnest, he was to be kept in all summer. No more gallivanting.

Ken worked with the colt for a fortnight. He went through the drill with halter, grooming, blanketing all over again. He rode him bareback, then with saddle. He rode him in the corral, neck-reining him, doing figure eights, making him back and advance, stand. Seldom was a day that he was not bucked off. He finally took him out of the corral and struggled with him in the open. The colt wheeled, lunged, balked—galloped a little, then fought and backed and refused—refused—then bucked. Ken remounted him and the fight began again.

Thunderhead didn't like his master. Often he seemed animated by a definite spirit of hatred. He galloped at a big tree and tried to scrape the boy off. Ken yanked his head around just in time. Then Thunderhead learned how to take the bit in his teeth and run away. It was a rough, fighting gallop, with the weight of the horse's head so heavy in Ken's hands that he was racked to pieces.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
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Lesson for August 5

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ISAAC'S HERITAGE

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 24:10, 15-20, 34-36, 61-67.

GOLDEN TEXT—I have a goodly heritage. —Psalm 16:6.

The ordinary things of life become extraordinary when we recognize in them the outworking of the plan of God. Our lesson presents one of history's sweetest love stories. It would be worth reading just for that reason, but it is also the account of God's hand in the carrying forward of His promised blessing on the seed of Abraham.

For a long time it seemed that there could be no fulfillment at all, for Sarah and Abraham had no child. Then by a miracle, God gave them a beloved son.

Isaac's remarkable deliverance in the hour when it looked as though he might be taken from his father (Gen. 22:10-12) was like bringing back one who was dead (Heb. 11:18, 19).

He grew into manhood, and Abraham, good father and faithful servant of the Lord, determined that his son must have a godly wife. So in accordance with Oriental custom he sent a most trusted servant back to their homeland to choose a bride from their own kindred.

The altogether charming story unfolds in our lesson as we see

I. A Faithful Servant (v. 10).

Full instructions from Abraham and an oath that he would not take a bride for Isaac from among the Canaanites, prepared the servant for his journey. Taking with him a goodly caravan and rich presents from his master, he set out on his journey.

There is much to learn here about the need of parental concern, and their interested action in helping young people to find the right mate. We see the importance of avoiding "mixed" marriages, especially those between a believer and an unbeliever.

We see the need of constant dependence on God, for only He has the wisdom and the knowledge of human hearts which can properly join two lives together. In our day when marriage is so carelessly and casually contracted, these matters need special emphasis.

II. A Fair Damsel (vv. 15-20).

To be good to look upon is certainly a desirable thing in a woman, but it has been far too much exploited in our day. Notice that while Rebekah was very fair, she also had those qualities of character and of experience which prepared her to be a good wife for Isaac.

She was kind and willing to serve; not only did she offer water to the servant of Abraham, but promptly watered his camels. Such an attitude of heart and mind is a great asset to a woman in marriage.

She was instructed in the domestic arts. The fact that she had come to draw water indicated that, and her ability to draw the water showed that she had experienced the duties of woman in the household.

Here is wise counsel for the young man who is interested in marriage, and for his parents as they guide him. Let him look for the girl with the fair countenance if he will, but let him be sure that there is something really worthwhile behind the pretty face.

No woman, no matter how extensive her culture or how rich her family, is ready for marriage until she knows something of the responsibilities of family life and has a will to do what she can for the care and comfort of others.

III. An Honorable Proposal (vv. 34-36).

Abraham's trusted man, perceiving that God had led him to the one of His choice, at once stated his errand. There was no trickery, no smooth double-talk. This was a straight-out proposal that Rebekah come with him to be the bride of Isaac.

Notice that he made known his master's financial position, and made clear the place Rebekah would occupy as the wife of Isaac. That is as it should be. There is a contractual basis for marriage which calls for complete candor and honest dealing.

But there was more here, for Rebekah ultimately responded to the dictates of her own heart when she said, "I will go" (see v. 58). It was

IV. A Love Marriage (vv. 61-67).

Isaac, meditating in the twilight, presents a fine picture of a man spiritually ready to be a good husband. He had more to offer than riches. Let other young men follow his example.

The tender scene of their meeting, and of the love which welled up in their hearts at first sight of one another, needs no comment.

We do need to say that unless America gets back to real love marriages, our nation is destined for disaster. Matrimony based on physical attraction, improper emphasis on sex, or on convenience, will never be able to meet the stress of modern life. Love can and will do it, especially where those who thus love one another first love God.

What About Americanism'?

WNU Washington Bureau
621 Union Trust Building.

HOW wide and how deep is your Americanism? Will it embrace our new concept of national life, including the good neighbor policy and tolerance here at home, as fixed by our foreign policy?

Does your Americanism contemplate protection of your religious beliefs by recognizing the right of others to their religious beliefs? Does it tolerate and respect the rights and opinions of others? Does it follow the basic chart we have set down for world peace and international life . . . that world peace and the good neighbor policy cannot succeed unless the peoples of the world WILL that we have peace and live together as good neighbors?

These questions have been raised by the senate hearings and debate on the ratification of the charter of the United Nations. They were raised also on the first pronouncement of James F. Byrnes, new secretary of state, after he took his oath of office. He said:

"The making of an enduring peace will depend on something more than skilled diplomacy, something more than paper treaties, something more even than the best charter the wisest statesmen can draft. Important as is diplomacy, important as are the peace settlements and the basic charter of world peace, these cannot succeed unless backed by the will of the peoples of different lands, not only to have peace, but to live together as good neighbors." And that means that we must start here at home at being good neighbors, one to another.

We were an intolerant, bigoted nation 28 years ago. We kicked the Versailles treaty and the Covenant of the League of Nations overboard. Our Americanism then was in the narrow sense . . . we thought we could live within ourselves, self-sufficient . . . apart from the rest of the world. As a result of this attitude of intolerance, all sorts of "isms" and movements grew up in our national life . . . neighbor was arrayed against neighbor . . . social distrust and unrest festered.

"Today," concluded the new secretary of state, "there can be no doubt that the peoples of this war-ravaged earth want to live in a free and peaceful world. But the supreme task of statesmanship the world over is to help them to understand that they can have peace and freedom only if they tolerate and respect the rights of others to opinions, feelings and ways of life which they do not and cannot share."

Postwar Changes

These postwar years will see many changes in the national life of our nation. Returning veterans, seared by war and broadened in their contact with other peoples, will have a strong influence on the affairs of the country . . . decentralization of population . . . and the mass movement of population as a result of war dislocations are already felt . . . the political pattern of the nation in changing . . . old political lines, such as once divided the North and the South, are being wiped out and recent events point to a new lineup which will see the great centers of population and the small towns and rural areas divided by widely divergent viewpoints.

A generation ago the most outspoken voices of liberalism came from the rural sections of the West and Midwest . . . Beveridge, Norris, LaFollette Sr., Bryan, Walsh of Montana, Kenyon of Iowa, Olson of Minnesota and others . . . while the reactionaries and so-called conservatives represented the East and the populous centers of the North. Today the pendulum swings the other way with representatives, generally, from the West and Midwest the pillars of conservative thought, while such men as Aiken of Vermont, White and Brewster of Maine, Saltonstall of Massachusetts, Tobey of New Hampshire, and others from the larger cities become the supporters of liberal thought.

In the cities, the influence of labor unions, no doubt, has caused a swing from conservative to liberal and given impetus for reform from the industrial East and North. And so the picture presented indicates the future will see the mass thinking of the large areas of population pitted against the individual thought of the small towns and the rural areas.

The purest form of Americanism today is found in the rural sections of the nation, and if the present tendency toward decentralization of population and industry is carried through, as it will be, the influence of the small town and rural community will be felt more and more on the national life of the nation. The experiences following the last war should be a warning that there is no place today in this pure Americanism for the forms of intolerance and bigotry which polluted the body of our social and political life during that period.

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Care of Dogs Aid U. S. Soldiers in Convalescing

The army air forces convalescent hospital at Pawling, N. Y., is the only American establishment of its kind today in which the patients are encouraged to acquire and care for a dog of their own to hasten their recovery, says Collier's. In August, 1944, one of them had become so apathetic he was given a puppy in the hope that it might revive his interest in life. As a result, the man was discharged in four months, instead of the 10 months which had been estimated by the physicians.

Consequently, the staff and patients realized the convalescent value of such companionship, and requests were made for some 325 dogs. The first 175 to arrive were gifts, the majority from the ASPCA.

The World, the Peace and Andy Gribbin

An important thing about Andy Gribbin's education is that his whole early life is spent in learning the essential business of *co-operation*, of *getting along* with fellow-beings.

First, he has to learn how to fit into his immediate family, learn the give-and-take necessary to get along with brothers, sisters, elders.

Then, after a few years, his world enlarges, he is sent to school. Pretty soon he learns how to spell C-A-T. *But about this same time he learns something much more valuable, which is that he mustn't pull the cat's tail because a cat is a being, and therefore entitled to certain inalienable rights.*

He also learns that 1 plus 1 equals 2. *But much more useful is learning that 48 equals 1, that 48 states make 1 nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.*

As Andy grows up his world will continually expand. At church, at school, in business. And through it all will run the theme of cooperation, of getting along with people of different religious, political and economic beliefs; with people some of whom he doesn't even like.

But—the tragedy of world history is that the Andy Gribbins have not learned that in a constantly shrinking world, cooperation must extend beyond the borders of the country; that just as it is necessary to get along with neighbors and neighbor states, so is it necessary to get along with *neighbor nations.*

And today, with no spot on earth more than sixty hours away by plane, with oceans shrunk to the width of rivers, with the age of rocket-travel upon us, *all* nations are *neighbor* nations.

There are hopeful signs that finally we are awake to this.

Even so, a lack of determination, of responsibility, of effort could again ruin the peace and set the stage for World War 3.

What can you do to help make sure that war will never come? You can . . .

First, get and keep yourself informed about the *specific* proposals for peace and international cooperation which are now before us.

Second, interest your friends in these questions. Get them discussed in groups to which you belong.

Third, write what you think to your Congressman and Senators, to your newspaper. Declare yourself.

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(PREPARED BY THE WAR ADVERTISING COUNCIL)