

# Thunderhead

MARY O'HARA  
W.V.N.U. FEATURES

THE STORY THUS FAR: Thunderhead, commonly known as the Goblin, is the only white horse ever foaled on the Goose Bar ranch in Wyoming. He resembles his great grand sire, a wild stallion known as the Albino. One day Goblin wanders into a mountain valley and barely escapes death from his grand sire's snorting hoofs. When his wounds heal, his 12-year-old owner, Ken McLaughlin, begins to train him. Although difficult to handle, Goblin can run with astonishing speed and endurance. In a trial he covers a half mile in 47 seconds. He escapes gelding by an accident. Charley Barget, millionaire horse breeder, is enthusiastic about Goblin's possibilities.

## CHAPTER XV

Rob conceded that Thunderhead had been promoted. Since the head he had shown that afternoon, he would be guarded, cherished, watched over like the crown prince.

Ken could hardly believe it. "Do you mean you'll keep him in this winter, dad? And—and—feed him oats—and hay?"

"With my own fair hands! What's more I'll ride him and continue his training whenever I have time. That's the least I can do if he's going to put wooden fences on the ranch and buy a furnace for us! What do you think, Nell?"

He had seen her sitting there, silent and white, after the hard look he had given her.

She looked up as he spoke to her. His face was genial and smiling. First the blow—then the smile—

But she didn't answer for a moment and Ken was impatient. "Mother!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she said. "By all means! Keep him in."

When Nell asked Rob, she made it very casual. She was brushing her hair for the night. "By the way, Rob—did you see Bellamy?"

"Yes."

"What about the sheep?"

"It's O.K."

"Thank Heaven! Will he be able to pay us the first half before Howard leaves?"

"No, he can't do that. He has to wait until he sells his lambs."

"What'll we do? We have to have that eight hundred by September tenth."

Rob had his back to her, standing before his chiffonier. There was something very rigid about his body—the legs braced apart a little, head back.

"I'll take some horses down to the Denver auction this next week."

Nell made no comment. She calculated rapidly. Every summer he had half a dozen or so "scrubs" to sell at any price he could get—horses who were too small, or poorly developed, or with some defect. Sometimes he sold them to Williams, a horse buyer who went around to ranches with his own truck; or at one of the near-by auctions. Wherever he sold them, he would be lucky to get fifty dollars apiece for them. There were also the two old brood mares to be sold. Altogether, that would make, perhaps, four hundred dollars. What else would he sell to make up the difference?

There had been many arguments between herself and Rob on the subject of providing for their current needs by sales of horses—no matter at what sacrifice. He always refused to do it. "What? Sell a horse that's worth fifteen hundred dollars for fifty? Not if I was starving!"

"But Rob—how many sales of that sort do you get?"

"I've had some—We've lived, haven't we?"

"Yes—four horses four years ago at seven hundred dollars a piece. Then, none the next year. Then one for two thousand—I admit that was a good sale—but you must have thirty or forty horses just waiting for one of those sales—and they only come once in a blue moon—When we need the money, you might as well sell half a dozen for anything—you would still have enough fine horses for any sort of deal that came along."

"I'd rather sell one for two thousand than twenty horses at a hundred dollars a head, or forty horses at fifty."

Such remarks as these were unanswerable.

But he wasn't talking like that now. Nell glanced at him. Did he mean that he would take some of his fine stuff down to the Denver auction and let it go cheap?

As he turned she saw his face, weary and harassed. He went into the small adjoining bedroom where he kept his boots and clothes.

They talked back and forth through the open door while she washed her face in oil and carefully dried it.

"Wasn't it exciting about Thunderhead?" she asked.

"Yep."

"You didn't see the best of it," she said. "I wish you had."

She could hear him polishing his shoes before he put them away.

"Oh, he can run!" he said. "He's fast, if he ever gets the kinks ironed out of him—Don't wait for me—I'm going to smoke a pipe before I turn in."

"You don't seem to take much stock in him, Rob."

"No, I don't."

After a short silence, Nell said, "Neither do I. It just seems unlikely, somehow, that he'll pan out."

"Should we take Skippy to the auction with us?" yelled Howard, busily brushing and grooming Sultan, the big blood-bay who, his father said, was worth a good five hundred dollars to anyone that wanted a well-trained heavy hunter.

"I should say not!" yelled Rob from the other corral where he was giving Injun the work-out he had promised Nell the horse should have every day. "Do you want to disgrace me? What sort of horse-breeder would raise an animal like that?"

There was the sound of galloping. Three beautiful sorrel mares, Taffy, A-Honey, and Russet came cantering down the pasture toward the corral with Ken, mounted on Thunderhead, behind them.

Howard hastened to open the gates, the mares trotted in, and Ken slid off his horse.

"That's all, dad," he yelled. "They're all here. Thirteen of 'em."

"All right. Unsaddle your horse. You can wipe him off, but don't take all day. I want you to help Howard groom those others."

The gate of the corral where Rob was exercising Injun was carefully opened. Nell entered and stood watching. She was dressed in a summer suit of light blue linen and a tan straw hat with a round brim that curved off her face. It was nearly the color of the tawny bang that gleamed on her forehead. With her hands thrust into the pockets of her jacket and her small feet in their sturdy flat shoes planted in

the loose soil, she had her little girl look.

"You're taking Sultan?" she asked.

"And Smoky and Blue." She noticed them in the string that Howard and Ken were grooming. They were blue roans—a pair of beauties, with sweeping tails and gentle eyes, just too small for Army or polo, but well broken and beautifully matched. Nell had always thought of them as belonging to two little girls, sisters, who would love them and saddle and groom them themselves.

"And Taffy, and A-Honey and Russet," said Rob, turning Injun and riding him down along the fence again.

Nell's question was answered. Rob was going to do the thing he had always vowed he would never do—throw away some of his best stuff to meet an urgent need of the moment.

Injun turned and came back. Rob's face was hard as nails. Nell hated to look at it. She could see the real suffering underneath.

"I'd have saved Sultan for the army sale—he'd have been certain for a hundred and eighty-five dollars—except for that scar on his chest. Damn the barbed wire!"

As if Injun felt the passion and violence of his master he began to crouch and lunge. Rob turned him sharply away from Nell and forced him to resume his measured pacing up and down the corral fence. When he reached Nell again he paused and said more calmly, "You don't often see such horses as these in this country."

"I know you don't," said Nell sadly.

"There won't be anything at the auction to touch them!"

"I don't doubt it."

"Mother!" yelled Howard from the other corral. "Don't you think we ought to take Skippy to the auction and sell her?"

"Sell her!" scoffed Rob, "sell Skippy! The boy must be out of his mind!"

Nell laughed. "Someone might buy her. A child could ride her."

The thirteen horses were ready for loading, crowded into the small corral which opened into the chute. It was always a difficult business,

Nell stood near by, watching. It depressed her. She didn't mind the ancient brood mares and the scrubs, but Sultan! And the three sorrel mares! And the two blues!

"Skippy might help," said Nell, "and you could squeeze her in—she's so small they wouldn't know she was there."

"Ken, come here!" yelled his father.

He put Ken on Skippy, placed her in advance of all the others and told the boy to ride her through the chute and up the ramp. As Ken did so, Rob and Howard forced the others horses after them.

Skippy led the procession triumphantly but laid her ears back when she found herself penned into a corner of the truck with no room to kick and no oats.

"Just promise not to bring Skippy back, even if you have to give her away," called Nell as they closed the truck.

She walked up onto the hill to see the last of them. Kim and Chaps sat down beside her and watched too. She thought she saw a hand waving just before the truck went around the curve. Then it was gone and she hurried indoors.

The old brood mares sold immediately for forty dollars apiece after it was ascertained that each one carried a foal.

"Better than the coyotes," muttered Rob.

There was more bidding for the scrubs. They were ridden around and around the ring by the ring boys, while whips cracked and the raucous voice of the auctioneer rattled as fast as the tobacco sellers on the radio.

The scrubs were auctioned off for an average of forty-five dollars each.

Sultan was led in.

"My Gosh! Look at that horse!" exclaimed the auctioneer. The hammer crashed. "Who'll bid a hundred for him? A hundred! A hundred! Who'll bid a hundred?"

As he poured out his line, the ring boy made a leap for Sultan's back. Sultan reared and plunged away, tore loose from the rope, and went galloping around the ring. Three boys pursued him, cornered him, got his rope; he still fought them, the whips cracked, he lashed with his heels, and the auctioneer, not looking at him, was crying, "Who'll bid a hundred? Am I bid a hundred?"

"Seventy-five," bid a heavy-set farmer.

"Seventy-six!" bid the man in the bowler hat.

The farmer bid "Eighty." The man in the bowler hat bid "Eighty-one."

Sultan was sold to the farmer for ninety dollars.

The farmer was at Sultan's side as Ken slid off him. He was pleased with his buy.

"That's what I call a real horse. He'll do me as well as a Farmall would, and without gasoline too." He chuckled and ran his hand over the horse's withers.

"Are you going to use him to plow?"

The farmer looked at him in astonishment. "I sure am. What do you s'pose I'm payin' ninety dollars for?"

"He's a hunter," exclaimed Ken desperately. "A heavy hunter."

"Hunter," repeated the farmer. "Hunt what?"

"Foxes."

"Foxes! You mean coyotes? I hunt plenty of coyotes—but I hunt them with a Ford and a couple of greyhounds. I won't need a plug for that. What do you call him?"

"Sultan."

The ring boy led the horse away and the farmer followed. Ken stood, looking after them miserably.

"That's a good horse, Sonny."

Ken looked up. The tall man with the bowler hat stood beside him. He had a red face and a sharp nose.

"Any more where he came from?" he asked.

"Yes," said Ken sullenly. "A lot more."

"Whose horses are they?"

"My father's. Captain McLaughlin." Ken walked back to Howard.

When the auction was over the man in the bowler hat had bought Smoky, Blue, Taffy, A-Honey and Russet for prices ranging from sixty-five to ninety-five dollars.

Rob stood with his boys out in the road, while the jam of cars, trailers and trucks edged out of the parking places and started on their way home. The man in the bowler hat was with him.

## 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 September 2

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#### JOSEPH'S PLACE IN GOD'S PLAN

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 39:20-23; 41:14-16, 28, 41-43.  
GOLDEN TEXT—Blest thou a man diligent in his business he shall stand before kings.—Proverbs 22:29.

Does it pay to trust God? Does He know about the sorrows and the troubles of His people? Does He have anything to do with the affairs of the world? Men are asking such questions in our day, and we have the answer in God's dealings with men in the past.

The story of Joseph is fascinating from almost any angle, but it holds no more important truth than that the man who honors God in his life will be honored by God (I Sam. 2:30), even in the hardest place, yes, and in the highest position.

#### I. A Prisoner Prospered by God (39:20-28)

It is surprising how often one finds God's men in the Scriptures in prison. Their determination to live upright and honorable lives ran so counter to the plans of the world that in the inevitable clash there came persecution.

The story of how Joseph became the object of his brother's jealousy and was sold as a slave into Egypt; how he prospered there only to be disgraced and imprisoned because of the lying accusation of an angry woman—all these are in the background of our lesson.

Now that he was in prison, presumably his influence was gone and his usefulness at an end. Not so, for God can be with a man in the prison as well as in the palace.

He soon became the head man of the jail. Imagine a prisoner taking over the keeper's work! Then, too, he there met the king's chief butler who, though forgetting for a time, did eventually say the word which brought Joseph back into power (see Gen. 40:14-23; 41:9-13).

The obvious lesson and blessed truth here is that when one of God's people finds himself in a difficult place, he can rest assured that God is there working out His own blessed purpose. Why not trust Him and look for His deliverance?

#### II. A Prophet Prepared by God (41:14-15, 25)

The hour had come when a man was needed who had a word from God. In preparation for the awful years of famine the Lord wanted to use the land of Egypt as His great granary. He wanted thus to preserve the chosen nation of Israel, as well as to meet the needs of others.

The vision of the king, plain as it seemed when interpreted, was unintelligible without the key from God, and He had his man prepared. Joseph was ready to be called from prison to speak the right word at the right time.

How important it is that the Lord's messengers be prepared and ready to respond in the hour of His blessing and opportunity! Many eager Christians look forward to the months and years just ahead of us as the greatest opportunity the Church has had to spread the gospel.

Notice that Joseph gave God the glory (vv. 16-25). The one who really knows what is going on in the world is quick to recognize that only the wisdom and the grace of God are sufficient for man's need. Let the voice of boasting mankind be silenced and let the voice of God speak!

Joseph's prophetic word marked him as God's man to carry out God's plan, so we see him now as

#### III. A Premier Promoted by God (41:41-43)

"I have set thee over all the land," said Pharaoh, and so he had, but in reality it was God who had planned the whole matter. He wanted Joseph there at this time, and there he was.

It may be well to stress the fact that God is interested in government and in the men who hold public office. In fact, the only true foundation for government is found in God. We are told to "be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God" (Rom. 13:1).

The Bible clearly teaches that every governmental agency and every public servant, from the policeman on the corner to the President in the White House, is permitted to exercise authority over his fellow-men only because God has ordained that there should be such government.

Clear it is that every right-thinking official of state and nation should be humble, teachable, discreet, and wise in the exercise of his power, and God-fearing in the discharge of his responsibility.

He who reads may apply the truth of God's Word to himself and find personal blessing. It is a rich and powerful and stimulating Word. Let us use it for God's glory!

## GRASSROOTS

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON  
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

### POSTWAR INFLATION CAN PROVE NATIONALLY RUINOUS

RUINOUS, UNCONTROLLED inflation can hit this country, as in the comparatively recent past it has hit other countries, when we have too much money to spend and not sufficient commodities with which to meet buyer demand. The danger of inflation will not have passed with the firing of the last shot on the battle fronts. It will not have passed until reconverted American industry is able to meet the tremendous peacetime demand created by four years of doing without and the purchasing power produced by excessive wartime earnings. That hoarded up purchasing power represents many billions of dollars.

To do such a job industry must have tools and materials. American industry cannot have these requisites if our first job is to be that of providing for the rehabilitation of Europe, as European nations are insisting we must do, and as we are attempting to do.

Lawrence Sullivan, in a detailed article in Nation's Business, points out that there remains of unexpended lend-lease appropriations a total of 2 1/2 billions of dollars. The law provides that lend-lease is applicable only to countries engaged in war against the Axis powers. Most nations that were at war with Germany and Italy were, theoretically, at war with Japan. Because of this token warfare, they are drawing on lend-lease. To France, for example, we are supplying vast quantities of, largely, non-military items with which she is rejuvenating her peacetime production in industry, transportation, mining and agriculture. These are items needed in our own country if we are to meet peacetime buyer demand. What is true of France is also true of Belgium, Holland and other European countries. Russia is asking for non-military materials to a value of three-quarters of a billion dollars. To England we are supplying, as one item only, prefabricated houses to a value of 60 million dollars, the prices based on 1941 costs.

As Mr. Sullivan points out in Nation's Business, lend-lease is but one source of funds through which to deplete American supplies. Through UNRRA we are pouring hundreds of millions of dollars worth of American peacetime products into Europe. Other appropriations bring the total available funds for supplying war and peacetime needs up to 33 billion dollars. To that vast sum can be added the cash and earmarked gold, belonging to foreign nations, now held in this country, and other foreign holdings, all available for the purchase of peacetime commodities. Altogether it represents a total of approximately 58 billion dollars with which to purchase American commodities, the products of American farms, factories, mines and forests.

We cannot meet any sizable portion of such a foreign demand, and, at the same time meet an unlimited and uncontrolled home demand. We are faced with the problem of:

- 1.—Temporarily restricting the export of those commodities for which there is a home demand, until that home demand has been satisfied.
- 2.—Continue to control expenditures through rationing; control of wages; no reduction in individual income taxes, that demand may be prevented, or
- 3.—Face disastrous, uncontrolled inflation.

The solution is a job that is up to congress, NOW.

### ENGLAND FACES GRAVE POSTWAR POLITICAL CRISIS

THE CLOSE of the world conflict finds England economically "between the devil and the deep blue sea." The English people need homes and home furnishings, clothing, shoes and many other things. To produce these they must have tools and raw materials, which must be secured abroad. To get money for tools and materials, and to rebuild her factories, England must sell her manufactured products in foreign markets. She cannot do that and also meet the demand of the home market. Not to meet the home demand means political danger. Peace, to England, brings problems as grave as those of war. Long term credits for tools and materials is her greatest need.

TOO GREAT A VARIETY of ills has much the same effect as the too often repeated cry of woe.

WHAT A HOME FRONT tragedy is the passing of the faithful old jalousy. For days and weeks and months it has wheezed and jerked and sputtered in its efforts to keep going that it might take us from here to there and back again.

It has been fed the best nourishment war times afforded, but with a final gasp it passed out. Now it has been trundled away to that jalousy cemetery, the junk pile. Its passing means we will walk for as long as it will take the automobile plants to provide for replacing.

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### Household Hints

Don't throw away lemon and orange skins. Bake them in a moderate oven until very crisp. When cold grate or grind them and store in a well corked bottle. A pinch in a pudding or cake makes a great improvement.

When threading a sewing machine needle, hold something white under the needle and it will thread more easily.

Put a few pieces of charcoal into glass in which a hyacinth bulb is planted to keep the water sweet.

Keep cooked meat covered. Chopped and sliced cooked meats spoil more quickly than meat in the piece. Cut or chop just before using. Keep meat sandwiches and salads cold right up to time of serving.

Moderate heat should be used to preserve the life of your porcelain enameled utensils. When the contents have reached the boiling point, the flame may be lowered even more. This is a fuel saving tip also.

Wipe off the fruit you have bought with a clean, slightly damp cloth before putting it away. This will clean it and check any rot that may have gotten on it from other fruits.

To keep a hem even, in a dress or other garment, after you have sewn an inch or two, insert a piece of cardboard the width of the hem and about six inches long and slip it along as you sew.

Wash burners on gas stove once a week in a solution made of one gallon water, two tablespoons washing soda and soap flakes. Rinse and dry well.

To exterminate white flies on house plants, cover with a newspaper canopy and have someone blow smoke under it.

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