

Thunderhead

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W.N.A. FEATURES

THE STORY THUS FAR: Thunderhead is the only white horse ever foaled of the Goose Bar ranch in Wyoming. He is a throwback to his great grand sire, the Albino, a wild stallion. His 16-year-old owner, Ken McLaughlin, hopes he will become a famous racer. He is entered at a meet in Idaho. Rob McLaughlin, Ken's father, sells off most of his horses and turns to sheep raising. Ken and his brother Howard mount Thunderhead and Flicka and ride into the mountains. Thunderhead breaks loose and joins a herd of wild horses led by the Albino. In a furious battle Thunderhead kills the Albino. Ken rides him while he snatches up the mares. At last Thunderhead slays Ken off and disappears.

CHAPTER XXIII

Rob's slight sardonic smile showed a line of white teeth beside his pipe-stem. "There's still nature, my boy—don't forget that! God made horses, you know, Ken. Not domestic horses, to labor and toil for men. Not race horses—prima donnas in stable-boudoirs, with valets and ladies' maids and trainers—But wild horses!"

Ken sighed deeply and wearily, nodding his head. Well he knew about Nature now.

"And between you and me, Ken," continued his father, "every horse-lover in the world has to take off his hat to the wild horse—a horse that acts like a horse—as God made him—not according to some cooked-up plans of men."

Ken gave perfunctory attention to what his father was saying but his mind was on one thing only. Where exactly was Thunderhead now? How exactly could he be got back?

"We hunted up there at the far end of the valley as long as we could," he said. "If Howard hadn't had to get home, we would have had more time. I wanted Howard to take Flicka and leave me up there for a while. But he wouldn't. He said we had to stick together."

"Quite right. It would have been dangerous. Besides, you had no horse. How would you have got home?"

Ken averted his eyes, ashamed to say that his father or Gus would have had to come for him. "I might have got hold of Thunderhead again."

"Ah! A pretty long chance!" There was a silence while Rob sat in thought. Then he said, "Have you any idea where he took the mares?"

"Well, we went far enough up the valley to see that it went out into other valleys, and then other valleys branched off of those. There wasn't any real rampart—that volcanic wall I told you about—that at the other end—just a lot of mountains going up one behind the other, higher and higher. That left a lot of places where the horses could have gone. It just looked like a—a labyrinth of mountains and draws and gorges and valleys—" Ken turned his head away again oppressed by the memory of the scene—the clouds of snow, the blazing glaciers, pockets of emerald grass, the soaring grandeur of the peaks. He couldn't even try to put it into words.

"It was just hopeless. There wasn't a sign of the mares or Thunderhead. We had trailed them all the way up the valley—of course it was easy to see their tracks, especially Thunderhead's. But for the last two hours it snowed. I think it snows every day up there. And it was getting dark."

"What time was it when Howard found you after you fell off Thunderhead?"

Ken thought a moment. He wasn't going to tell his father that he had lain there sobbing his heart out for an hour. "Well—I don't know exactly—I was asleep—"

"After you fell off?" Rob glinted a little, looking at his son.

Ken flushed. "Yes, I was so dead tired. And—and—I just lay there. When I felt Howard shaking me and looked up and saw him and Flicka there, I didn't know where I was or what had happened for a moment. But I think it was about noon."

Knocked cold and didn't know it, thought Rob. Aloud he said meditatively, "You sure can get yourself in the damndest predicaments! You must have as many lives as a cat! Anyone else would be dead if they'd been caught in half the jams you've been in! First with Flicka. And then the eagle got your gizzard. And now this."

Ken's head swayed in complete agreement. Rob smoked for a few moments. In his mind the scene lived again. The hidden valley, the fight of the two stallions—

"I'd like to have seen that fight!" he exclaimed. The mere thought of it made Rob get to his feet and walk around the room. "It's the damndest thing that ever was! Why, Ken! Didn't it occur to you that all he had to do was throw out one paw the way he did to the Albino and it would have gone through your head like butter!"

"But he wasn't mad at me. He didn't pay any attention to me at all."

Rob dropped in his chair again. He was bursting with pride. He leaned forward and squeezed Ken's knee and in spite of himself the boy winced.

"I suppose you know that it doesn't often happen that a man rides a stallion in the act of rounding up a band of mares and lives to tell the tale."

Ken nodded his head in bewilderment. "He was awful queer. He didn't mind having me around or on his back, but just didn't seem to notice me, or hear anything I said. And he wouldn't obey me at all any more." This last was in an aggrieved tone.

Rob shouted with laughter. "Obey you! I should say-ay-ay not! Who are you to interfere in a moment like that!"

Ken tilted his head assenting. The joke was on him all right.

He had a look Rob had seen on him many times before—always caused by one of these soul-struggles over horses. He was white and hollow-eyed and looked as if he'd lost ten pounds.

"You look like a picked chicken," said Rob dryly. "You always manage to get yourself all run down just when it's time to go to school."

"School!" "Yes. But I suppose we ought to be thankful that you came home all in one piece."

Something was choking in Ken's throat. School again! Just school! After all the year's hopes and the work and the planning! After having been a racing man! Owner of the wonder horse! Practically over with such childish things as school! And already possessed of his father's permission to stay out of school and

go to Saginaw Falls with Charley Sargent!

Rob's eyes were running over him critically. "You look pretty sick. Aside from dirt and scratches and getting tucked out, nothing happened to you this time, did it? No claws in your belly? No broken bones?"

Ken raised his right arm carefully and moved it about in an experimental manner. "What happened to that arm?"

"When I slid off Thunderhead and saw I was going to land on my face I threw this arm up—gave it a crack."

Rob examined the arm and shoulder. Ken winced several times. "Nothing broken. Anything else?"

"Well, coming home on Flicka—I couldn't straddle her, my legs ached so—I had to sit side-saddle."

Rob laughed. "I've had that feeling myself. That came from riding the stallion when he was snaking. It wrenched every muscle in your body."

Rob's eyes went over Ken minutely, noting the ragged, filthy clothes, the hands with dirt ground into the hastily washed scratches and abrasions, a dark bruise down one side of his face, stains of blood inside one leg of his bluejeans.

"I did think I was a goner once," said Ken.

"When was that?"

"When I fell off Thunderhead and the mares were coming right behind."

"No horse will step on a living thing if it can be avoided. And I suppose they were pretty well scattered."

"Well—they weren't spread much—"

"If they have time to see, they'll jump."

"That's what they did. It was as if the light went on and off. It would be light over me, and then dark, and I'd get a squirt of hoofs and belly—then light again. But they sure spattered me all over with dirt and gravel."

"I'll say they did. What's that blood on the inside of your pants leg?"

"That's from Thunderhead," said Ken.

"Was he much cut up?"

"A lot of bites and rips. A deep one on his side and shoulder that I

got all this blood from. It was the very first wound of the battle. Then he got that bad one in his throat I told you about, but nothing seemed to bother him. He didn't act as if he even knew he was wounded."

"Probably didn't. And probably the Albino didn't know he was killed. I often think pain and death don't enter into the consciousness of horses at all. What about your friends, the one-legged eagle? No sign of him on this trip?"

"He came down. Six of them came down to eat up the Albino."

"Ah! They'll pick his bones! A true burial of the plains!" Rob's face lit up. "A great old boy! I've always had a corner in my heart for him, even if he did nearly brain me!"

Ken had forgotten this. His father showed him again the scar over his temple where the Albino's hoof had left its mark and it seemed to draw them all into a close little knot.

"What a great horse!" said Rob leaning back again. "Ken, there are outstanding individuals in the animal world as well as the human. The Albino was like Napoleon! Or like Caesar! To be close to one of those is like being close to a charge of T.N.T."

"Yes, sir," said Ken wearily. He knew.

Rob made a little gesture with his hand. "Well! The king is dead! Long live the king!"

"You mean Thunderhead?"

"Thunderhead. The Throwback." And that took them both back to the day three years ago when the ungainly little white foal had been born and everyone had thrown at him the epithet, Throwback!

"Dad—" "Well?"

Ken hardly dared to say it. "Do you suppose if you took a lot of men—maybe ten or twenty—with horses and lariats up to the valley—I could show you the way—you could get him back? Because you see there's only a little more than a month before the race—"

Rob answered gravely. "It would take a regiment of cavalry—and then they wouldn't get him."

Ken was silent. He was not surprised. Moreover, deep within him, something revolted against the idea of taking such an expedition into his valley. The band of mares broken up, some of them killed during the roping, coils stolen, separated from their dams, coarse shouts and curses and brutal acts desecrating that remote, inviolate animal sanctuary—he'd almost rather lose his horse.

Ken lifted his white face with a look of straight-seeing courage and resignation in his eyes. "Dad," he said again, and paused. For the hundredth time in his tortured mental processes he had come to the same conclusion—that there was only one slim hope. "Won't he come back, dad?"

"Of his own accord?"

"He always has before. This is his home and he's oriented. You always said he would, and he always did."

There was a little sadness in Rob's sardonic smile this time. "Ken! You know horses! He's got a band of mares now, hasn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will he abandon them?"

The question needed no answer. Ken had reached that same conclusion in his own thoughts every time. His head sank on his chest and Rob saw that the boy was trembling all over. He hadn't yet had a bath or change or a night's sleep or a solid meal.

"You go clean up now, son, and get ready for supper, or you'll be keeling over. You've had a great adventure. It didn't end the way you wanted it, and I'm as disappointed as you are about losing Thunderhead."

"Oh, are you, dad?" Ken raised his head and his eyes went to his father's face. Somehow it eased the pain to have his father disappointed too.

"Yes, I am. I've worked with him. And I had come to have confidence in him and his future. He's a great horse. Besides, you know, I needed the money."

"I know!" Ken's face was almost happy.

"But we're both out of luck and we'll just have to take it."

"With fortitude," suggested Ken with a gleam in his eye.

"Exactly. No use crying over split milk. I can tell you this, if it'll make you feel any better—" They both got to their feet. "I'm damned proud of you!"

"Of me!"

"Of you. My gosh, Ken! You rode a stallion at work! No one but a fool even goes near a stallion when he's rounding up his mares—let alone tries to mount him—or could stick it if he did!"

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D., OF THE STUDY Bible Institute of Chicago. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for October 28

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TEMPERANCE BEGINS AT HOME

LESSON TEXT—II Timothy 1:1-6; 3:14-15; Titus 2:1-11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT—As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.—Joshua 24:15.

The influence of the home on the character of a child is the strongest factor in the development of high and holy standards in the life of the man and woman. "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it" (Prov. 22:6).

Emphasis is placed on temperance in our lesson, and it is clear that in the home real temperance principles may be built into the thinking of boys and girls. It is not easy for a young person who has been brought up right on this matter to go astray, no matter how severe the temptation.

I. Our Family Is God's Gift (II Tim. 1:1-5).

Paul, the apostle of Christ, addressed his son in the faith, Timothy, with affection and appreciation. He knew the good which was in this fine young man and saw the possibilities for service for God.

He knew that as the background of that faith, there was a godly line of ancestors, those with an "unfeigned faith." This young man, so precious to Paul and so successful in the ministry, owed a deep and abiding debt of gratitude to these godly women who had directed his steps aright, who had instructed and encouraged him in the right way.

Let those who are young recognize parents and grandparents who admonish and instruct them as God's gift. Let them not regard them as those who would restrict or restrain them unduly, but who for their own good and the glory of the Lord teach them the way to God.

II. Our Faith in God's Guidance (II Tim. 1:6; 3:14, 15).

The gift of God for preaching which Timothy had been recognized by the church, and he was sent forth to proclaim the gospel. But alas! the burdens of life and the pressure of service cause a man to forget or neglect his calling so there comes often the need of stirring up the gift of the Lord.

God gave it. He will bless us as we use it to its fullest possible extent. He wants us too, to stir it up—this blessed, divine gift and calling.

The admonition (v. 14) is to "continue" in that which was learned, to remain true to the Word of God. We show our faith in His guiding hand, as we resist by His grace, the ever-present temptation to get away from the only true foundation of a life of usefulness and joy.

What we have learned as children we should hold fast in spite of all the devices of Satan and every weakness of the flesh. Stand fast in the faith!

III. Our Fellowship in God's Gospel (Titus 2:1-4).

Old and young are to be united in a great communion of believers proclaiming the gospel of God's grace by a living testimony, by a life devoted to the things of God.

Sound doctrine is the only source of sound living. To be "sound" means to be healthy, vigorous, free from defects, suited to a purpose. That means that everyday Christian living must express the vigorous soundness of the gospel.

Men and women are to be "temperate," not given to excess, and particularly in mind here is the use of intoxicants. To be temperate in such a day and land as ours can mean only one thing, and that is to abstain altogether. Christians ought to keep entirely away from intoxicants, and that includes beer and wine.

There is a positive side to the admonition, for soundness of life and faith shows itself in holy living, love, patience, the teaching of God's Word, and in fine fellowship among the people of God. We need to stress that side of the teaching of this passage.



Drainage Practices Increase on Farms

Crop Yields Improved By Control of Moisture

Improved drainage is considered one of the better means of increasing crop yields on flat farmland without furthering the danger of erosion. Good ditches have been found to increase crop returns ma-



Typical New York state drainage ditch.

terially while actually cutting the cost of planting and cultivating. On some farms, drainage is necessary before such practices as terracing and strip-cropping can be satisfactorily employed, and good drainage is helpful to the best results from any soil-improvement or soil-building practice.

Experts point out that the drainage of wet spots in cultivated fields is generally the most profitable type of drainage a farmer can use. Surface drainage is usually accomplished with shallow ditches that quickly remove water from the top of the ground. Tile drains are employed when under drainage is needed to remove excess water from the root zone of the soil.

Emphasis in the AAA conservation program is laid on the importance of keeping ditches and drains clean and free from weeds, trash and sediment.

New Ideal Salt Box



Keep salt clean in the barnyard or pasture by erection of box as shown in illustration. The post should be set solid and the box spiked to the post. A hole in each corner will let out rain water.

DDT Proves Valuable In Dairy Fly Control



A 5 per cent suspension of "water dispersible" DDT powder is used to spray cows that are kept in open air stalls.

Walls and ceilings covered with DDT spray remain deadly to flies for three months. Dairy cattle made nervous by flies have been quieted by sprays of the compound, an important item when it is realized that a cow's productivity is lowered by a pestilence of flies, apart from sanitary considerations.

Future of Soybeans

Soybeans have some advantages in the competition for peacetime acreage which will continue to make them a profitable farm crop. Some of the advantages are: more pounds of quality protein and oil produced per acre than by any other crop; value of soybean oil meal as stock feed; rapid strides made in the food and industrial use of soy beans; present research indicating further industrial uses; and their replacement of unprofitable grains.

Cotton Damage
Most of the ginning damage to cotton occurs during the first three to four weeks of the ginning season. The cotton is "green" and damp because of the high moisture content of the seed.

Cotton Pickers
The leaves of the cotton must be removed by chemicals in order for picking machines to do the best jobs. Cotton is easily stained by green leaves and this makes dyeing of the cotton difficult.

Garden Superstition
As late as 1740, people in New England thought potatoes would shorten men's lives and make them unhealthy.

Towel Laundering
Increased use of towels means more frequent laundering. Hang towels straight on the line rather than by a corner. After using bath towels, spread them out on racks to dry instead of folding or bunching them. Never pile wet towels on the floor or in a laundry bag. Soggy towels can mildew overnight in hot weather.

Palm Wine
Fermented palm wine is often used as a yeast substitute for bread making in Liberia.

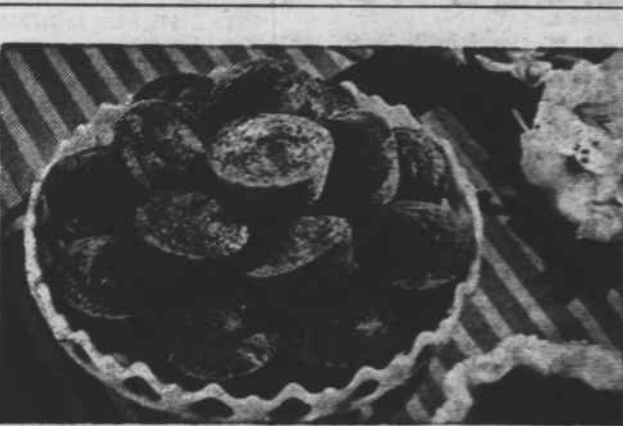
Canned Carp
A Minnesota manufacturer is about to can carp and market it, graded, tuna-style, under the name of "Lakefish."



CHEST COLD? WITH PETER PAIN SPIKING YOU?

Yes, rub in Ben-Gay quick... and quickly get relief from chest-cold symptoms. Soothing, gently warming... Ben-Gay acts fast. Ask your doctor about the famous pain-relieving agents, methyl salicylate and menthol. Ben-Gay contains up to 2 1/2 times more of these ingredients than five other widely offered rub-ins. Get genuine Ben-Gay!

Also For PAIN: RHEUMATISM, MUSCLE PAIN, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, MILD BEN-GAY FOR CHILDREN



Date-Bran Muffins, good as cake!

(Take no sugar, no shortening!)

These delicious, new ALL-BRAN muffins made with chopped dates will have a big appeal for the "sweet toothers" in your family! They're so moist. And they're so tender—so good. That's because KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN is milled extra-fine for golden softness.

2 cups Kellogg's ALL-BRAN 1 cup sifted flour
ALL-BRAN 1 teaspoon soda
1/2 cup molasses 1/2 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups milk 1/2 cup chopped dates
1 egg

Add KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN to molasses and milk and allow to soak for 15 minutes. Beat egg and add to first mixture. Add sifted dry ingredients and fruit. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderate hot oven (400° F.) about 20 minutes. Makes 15 light, luscious muffins.

Good Nutrition, too!
ALL-BRAN is made from the VITAL OUTER LAYERS of finest wheat—contains a concentration of the protective food elements found in the whole grain. One-half cup provides over 1/2 your daily minimum need for iron. Serve Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily!

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