

Thunderhead

MARY O'HARA
W.N.U. FEATURES

THE STORY THUS FAR: Thunderhead, the only white horse ever foaled on Goose Bar ranch in Wyoming, is a showback to a wild stallion, the Albino. Because of his speed, Thunderhead is trained as a racer and entered in a meet in Idaho. A month before the race, Thunderhead wanders into a mountain valley, meets the Albino, kills him and takes over the herd of wild horses, Ken MacLaughlin, Thunderhead's 16-year-old owner, recovers his horse a day before the race. During the big race Thunderhead sets up, shows amazing speed, then shows his jockey and leaps the fence. In another race, Touch and Go, another MacLaughlin horse, wins. Greenway, a rich horse fancier, buys her.

CHAPTER XXVII

"I'm a collector of fine horses, my boy. That's the second one I've acquired this afternoon. Hop up on her now, son, and ride her over to my stables."

Mr. Greenway limped over to the stall. Rob caught Ken's arm and showed him the check. It was made out to Kenneth MacLaughlin, and the amount was five thousand dollars.

Ken looked up at his father. Rob MacLaughlin's big white teeth were flashing in a wide and joyful grin. "That does it, Ken!" he exclaimed. But Ken could only stare at his father's face, then at the check, and feel dazed.

Greenway called to Ken, "Take a last ride on her, son."

Ken thought over all that had happened and all that was going to happen. He and his father and Thunderhead were starting back to the ranch this day. Then Thunderhead would be ded—plenty of money now to have Doc Hicks come to the ranch and do it—and then he would be sold to the army for a band horse. They brought the most money of all, his father had said, more than the army paid for ordinary horses. He might bring as much as three hundred dollars. White horses for cavalry bands were not easy to find.

Ken thought suddenly of getting on Thunderhead and running away with him. Turning him loose somewhere. Giving him away—

When they were getting ready to load the stallion, Ken asked, "Dad, is the reason you've got to geld him because you can't get rid of him unless you do?"

"Bright boy!" said Rob sarcastically. Then he put his hand on Ken's shoulder. "It's not the money, Ken—not any more, although three hundred dollars isn't to be sneezed at. But it's really because there's another way to save Banner and to save myself, incidentally, from having to adopt about thirty wild mares."

Before eight o'clock they had the stallion in the trailer and had started the long drive back to the ranch.

The eagle headed into the strong westerly wind and hung on motionless wings higher over the valley.

The "easterner" had blown itself out and no sign of it remained except for patches of snow under the trees and in the depressions of the hills. Here was summer again. Indian summer, with the quakin'-asp a riot of crimson and ochre and the cottonwoods shedding golden leaves on the surface of the river.

Ken MacLaughlin was leading his stallion through the keyhole. As they emerged on the threshold of the valley they halted. The horse was saddled with the small horsehair saddle Ken had made himself. Underneath the bridle was a heavy chain halter and lead, and over his eyes a blindfold, but in spite of this he knew where he was and his body was tense, and fierce snorting breaths came from his nostrils.

He pawed the earth. With one hand Ken uncinched the girth, lifted the saddle off and dropped it on the ground. The glint of the sun on steel stirrups struck the eagle's eyes, and a sudden lift of his body registered the reaction. Again he spread his wings wide, circled and centered over the pass.

Ken undid the latch of the throat strap, talking softly to his horse. "You don't know it, Thunderhead . . . but this is good-by . . . you've got to go to your mares and take care of them and live a stallion's life . . . you're a true throwback, Thunderhead . . . you're not a race horse though you can go like the wind when you want to . . . and you're not an army horse prancing around carrying a kettledrum . . . you've got to go back . . . and I've got to go to school and do a lot of other things . . . so . . . we can't be together any more . . ."

Thunderhead's hoof dug impatiently at the earth. Ken slid his arm up underneath the stallion's neck and laid his own head against it. His voice went on while his fingers drew off the bridle, the chain halter, and at last the blindfold. "Don't forget me, Thunderhead . . . I won't forget you . . . never, Thunderhead."

Ken stepped back, the stallion was free, and he knew it. He took a step forward, switching his tail. His head was high, his ears alert, his eyes roved over the valley. It was as if he counted every mare and colt grazing there a quarter mile or so away. But he seemed in no hurry to join them. They were all his, and now there was no one to dispute him.

He turned toward Ken again, poked out his head and gave the boy an affectionate shove. Ken slipped his arm around the stallion's nose. "But you've got to go, Thunderhead . . . those are your mares . . . I think you do know it's good-by . . ."

This farewell had attracted the attention of the mares. There came trotting out from the band the black mare with the white colt, her ears pricked inquiringly at Thunderhead. She neighed. He answered. He left Ken and went to meet her, lowering his head, curving and wagging it from side to side. His tail lifted, flared wide, and streamed behind him. And now all the mares were staring. They recognized him and rushed to meet him. They milled around him, kicking and nipping each other in the excited jealousy of having him back. Finally they settled down to the real business of life, which was grazing.

Ken watched it all with a smile on his face. At last he picked up the equipment he had dropped on the ground and went back through the keyhole to finish the business. He had spent hours with drill and sledge hammer working on the rock around and underneath that monster boulder which formed the roof of the keyhole. He had studied where each stick of dynamite should go. He did not intend that there should be a single one of those small slips or miscalculations which brought so many of his good intentions to naught. The dynamite was tamped into the holes, the fuses attached. Now he lit the fuses, turned and ran. He didn't stop running until he reached the place where he had picketed Flicka. He slipped his arm up underneath her head and held it against him so she would not be startled, and standing so, waited for the explosion.

It came. The pile of boulders around and above the keyhole rose with a dull boom. The earth under Ken's feet seemed to heave. There was a frightened chattering of birds, and small animals scurried out of the rocks. A cloud of dust floated up from the passage. And as earth and rocks settled back again, the valley was filled with detonations caroming back from the hills. Last of all came a deep rumble from the Thunderer.

After some minutes Ken entered the passage to see exactly what had happened to the keyhole. It no longer existed. Just as he had planned, the support for the boulder had been blasted away, and with its fall, all the other boulders had found a new position. There were some crannies a cat or a small dog could have crawled through, but for Thunderhead the passage was closed for all time.

Ken retraced his steps, ran along the rampart until he came to the place Thunderhead had made the trail to the summit, and climbed up. There was excitement amongst the mares over the blasting. Thunderhead was nowhere to be seen. Ken lay down, hanging his head over the edge, certain that the horse was below there, pawing at those stones, investigating every cranny, discovering that there would be no more going in and out of the valley. At least, thought Ken, not from this end. You might be able to find a way out the other end, old fellow, through those valleys and mountain passes and glaciers, but it would be a hundred miles around for you to get home, and all of it strange going—no—I think you'll stay in—

And then it was as if his father's fiery, commanding eyes were suddenly looking into his, and he spoke to them, "I've done it, dad. He won't"

come back to bother you any more. Or to kill Banner. . . ."

His father! It was a warm and happy thing to remember how his father had looked at him and spoken to him and squeezed his shoulder even at that moment of disturbance getting ready to take his mother to the hospital. And the friendly words, "If you think you can do it, son, I'll leave it to you. I don't want to shoo your horse or geld him." And his mother had slipped her arm around his neck and kissed him and said, "Keep your fingers crossed, darling, we want a little flicka, don't we? And Ken—thanks to you and Touch And Go, I'm going away without the slightest worry about expenses—and I shall send out from the hospital and order a new negligee! Velvet! With feathers!"

Thunderhead came out from under the rampart at a gallop and rushed back to his mares. Ken leaped to his feet. What would he do now? What did he think about the blocked passage?

Thunderhead was heading away from this end of the valley as if that gunpowder were behind him. He began to round up his mares.

Ken watched it for the last time . . . the weaving in and out, the snaking head, the plunges of the mares as they felt the stallion's teeth in their haunches. . . .

The daylight was fading. Ken had to strain his eyes to see how every mare and colt was gathered up and swept into that rushing charge of pounding bodies and sweeping hair and flying limbs.

Wild exultation filled the boy. He had done it, after all! He had given back the mares to his horse! And this round-up! And a thousand others like it—and the valley and the snow-peaks and the river—

That other life he had tried to give Thunderhead—the life of a race horse—how desperately he had prayed for it! He felt almost bewildered. For all his prayers had been denied and all his efforts frustrated, and yet this—this—was the answer.

The boy's head lifted and his eyes flashed from crest to crest.

All the world was beginning to glow with the sunset. Three cream-colored antelopes were drinking at the edge of the river. The river was emerald green and turquoise blue and rose pink and there was a big golden star in it. Yellow light swept eastward from the sunset in long, level shafts. A half moon, lying on its back, began to glow like a lamp.

All this for Thunderhead! Thunderhead floated past the band of mares that now, in the gathering darkness, seemed like a swift-moving blot of shadow, and took the lead.

Ken strained his eyes to see the last of that rushing white form. Here it was, now, the parting. He put up his hand and brushed warm tears from his cheeks, surprised to find them there, because, in spite of the loneliness and the sense of bitter loss, it was as if the beauty of the valley and the gloriousness of Thunderhead's freedom were inside him too.

And now they were gone. In the deep breath that Ken drew, there was the wideness and the emptiness of the world.

It was time, and more than time, for Ken to go. Flicka was waiting. Once again it was just himself and Flicka, as it had been before Thunderhead, before Touch And Go. He ran down the trail, packed up, mounted, and was off.

(THE END)

Romance Adventure Story

SELECTED FICTION BY GIFTED AUTHORS

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 November 25

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CHRISTIANS WORKING TOGETHER IN THE COMMUNITY

LESSON TEXT: John 17:20-23; Acts 15:25-28. GOLDEN TEXT: We are laborers together with God.—1 Corinthians 3:3.

Unity within the Church is God's plan and purpose, but that does not mean that some man-made plans for unity are either scriptural or desirable. There is much pressure being exerted now to unite the Church on the basis of a vast ecclesiastical organization, quite apart from any doctrinal or spiritual unity.

Such unity was not in our Lord's mind. He wants spiritual unity, and in such fellowship the Church will find its only real bond of united life and action.

I. Unity in Spirit (John 17:20-23). Here we enter the veritable holy of holies of Scripture. Facing the time of His departure and death, the Lord prayed for those who believed, or would believe (v. 20) on Him.

What was His prayer? That they should be one with the Father, with Him, and with one another. This had to be accomplished while they remained in this wicked world (see John 17:13-16). How? By the cleansing and sanctifying work of the truth.

The Word of God—the Bible—is the instrument used by the Holy Spirit in this work of sanctification. Small wonder that there is little holiness and spiritual unity when the Word has so little opportunity to touch and to cleanse. Reader, do you study God's Word?

Such separation to God will result in real spiritual unity between those of all denominations and creeds. It is not some artificial thing to be put on from the outside. It comes from the heart of man and reaches out into his life and into the lives of others.

II. Unity in Action (Acts 15:22-27). Satan tried to thwart the missionary efforts of the Church at the very outset by starting a doctrinal controversy.

Although the first council at Jerusalem (Acts 15) had decided that "to the Gentiles also hath God granted repentance unto life," the question did not stay settled, for there were persistent Judaizing teachers who now contended that even though the Gentiles could be saved, they had to come into the church by way of Judaism and first fulfill the Jewish rite of circumcision.

The story of how this vital and fundamental question came up is found in the early verses of Acts 15. The entire future of the gospel ministry was in a sense dependent on the solution of this problem. Christianity is the only religious faith in the world that presents justification by grace as the way of redemption; all others follow (more or less) the path of salvation by works.

The question now was: Shall works of the law be mingled with grace? Can Jesus Christ alone save men, or is salvation through Jesus Christ plus something else?

How was such a serious question to be settled? Should argument and strife be permitted to go on until the stronger party prevailed? Better judgment indicated the desirability of a Christian method of settlement.

The final decision of the council is sent not only by Paul and Barnabas, but also by a committee from Jerusalem, a gracious gesture of fellowship.

As a matter of record (a wise procedure in such a case), a letter was sent which, after addressing the Gentiles as "brethren," reviewed the history of the matter and then, without mentioning circumcision at all, put upon the Gentiles "no greater burden than the necessary things." And what were those? Those things which relate to purity of life as those who were enjoying Christian liberty. The law of Moses need not be kept as a ground of salvation. They were saved by grace. But grace can never be the cloak of careless living, nor can liberty in Christ be interpreted as license to live in sin. We are set free in Christ, not that we may sin, but that we may "go and sin no more."

III. Unity in Doctrine (Acts 15: 28, 29). In non-essentials we should exercise toward other believers the greatest love and consideration. Men have a right to differences of opinion, and must follow the dictates of their own consciences. Let us not be betrayed into controversy on such matters.

There are certain foundation doctrines which must be held if a church is to be Christian; concerning these we stand together. There is a faith for which we are earnestly "contending" (Jude 3). We are never, even on the grounds of supposed courtesy, to give aid and comfort to false teachers (II John 9-11). Kindly, tactfully, but definitely the Christian Church must stand true to its doctrinal convictions, standing united against an unbelieving world, and if need be, an unbelieving religious world.

The Home Town Reporter

in WASHINGTON
By Walter Shead
WNU Correspondent

Unions More Powerful Than in 1919

HISTORY is repeating itself in the labor field. Following World War I there was a wave of strikes which involved, in 1919, approximately four million workers, or almost 21 per cent of the entire industrial working force.

Today, while less than 200,000 men are now on strike, it is estimated that before the end of the year or shortly thereafter there may be about three million strikers or about 11 per cent of the total workers. The difference is that in 1919 unions were not as tightly organized, they did not have as many rights, there was no collective bargaining. Unions were financially unable to carry the load of a long strike in those days.

Now unions are highly organized, have more members, their treasuries are bulging, and they are able to hire the best economists, publicity men and research organizations on a par with Big Business. In addition, they have favorable laws as bulwarks and a basis for their stands. They are conducting a highly organized propaganda or publicity campaign, smart and effective. Among these campaigns is one designed to woo the farmers.

The "Economic Outlook," a monthly publication of the department of research and education of the CIO in Washington, in its current issue, is entirely devoted to propaganda seeking to bridge the gap between the farmer and the city worker.

"Six out of seven Americans who work for a living are in overalls," the article says, "and five of the seven work for wages; one of the seven works at farming. These men and women and their families form most of the 'public.' These are the people who make up the bulk of the consuming class. The dollars they earn and spend make America's economic machine tick."

Issue Must Be Settled

"Now that the war is over, men in overalls have a fight on their hands to make America a full production country in peace as well as in war. Not all Americans agree. The time is here when that issue must be settled. Wage earners are the first to join the issue, for unemployment is growing. It's a struggle for life, for the right to work, for the right to raise a family by decent living standards. And unless these men in overalls win the battle for full production, full employment and full wages now, it won't be long before farmers in overalls are engaged in a life and death struggle for good markets at parity prices. For all men in overalls are in the same boat, they ride the waves of prosperity together, they sink to depression together. If wage earners are making money, so are farmers. If men walk the streets looking for work, men on farms burn wheat, dump milk, leave cotton unpicked. That's depression, and Main street suffers while Wall street trembles."

"Studies by the U. S. federal trade commission indicate that factory labor cost of farm machinery is only a small part of the total price charged to farmers. For example, a three-bottom tractor plow for which farmers paid \$153.50 had a manufacturing labor cost of only \$11.17. For a cream separator, which had about the highest manufacturing cost of any agricultural implement, the cost was \$100.84 and only \$14.66 went to the wage earners who produced it. On that cream separator, the manufacturer's profits ran to 19 per cent and the retailer's margin to 28 per cent of the selling price."

Unions Are Like Co-Ops

"Just as farmers have the right to organize co-ops to get fair prices, so city workers have the right to organize unions to get fair wages and working conditions. Nearly half of all farmers, 2,730,000 in 1942-43, are organized in 7,522 selling co-ops. There are also 10,300 buying co-ops with 1,520,000 farmer members. More than one-third of wage and salaried workers, over 14 million, are organized in labor unions. Labor, like agriculture, deals with organized business. Labor, like agriculture, has organized to get a fair deal.

"When AAA crop control programs were in effect, co-operating farmers didn't like to have non-co-operators ride free. Those who didn't co-operate got lower loans, and with marketing quotas paid penalties on sales. It was the closed shop in agriculture. Unions don't like free riders either.

"Business got government privilege long ago. It secured the right to organize corporations. It also got subsidies from the government, including high tariffs, franchises and many other forms of privilege.

"Agriculture first won the right to bargain collectively for fair prices through tax-exempt co-ops. Then in the 1930s labor won the right to bargain collectively through unions. In the 1930s also, agriculture won the right to parity prices, corresponding to minimum wages, and to control production, corresponding to maximum hours.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

A Pretty and Practical Apron Little Girls Just Love Baby Dolls



1416 34-48

Coverall Apron

DOES your apron wardrobe need replenishing? You'll find this practical and very pretty cover-up style a most welcome addition. It protects your pretty frocks and makes you feel more efficient in coping with household chores.

Pattern No. 1416 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 takes 2 1/2 yards of 35-inch material.

Doll and Set of Clothes

WHAT little girl wouldn't love this adorable baby doll with a complete set of clothes? She can dress and undress it to her heart's content.

The baby doll, coat and bonnet, dress and panties are included in the pattern. Comes in one size, 15 inches. See pattern for individual yardages.



Look! Muffins made with Peanut Butter!

(No shortening and only 1/4 cup sugar)

If you'd like to try something brand new in muffins that's truly delicious and saves on shortening, too—try Kellogg's new Peanut Butter Muffins. You'll love their flavor. You'll love, too, the tender, melt-in-your-mouth texture of bran muffins made with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. For ALL-BRAN is milled extra-fine for golden softness.

- 1/2 cup peanut butter
- 1/2 cup Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 tablespoon baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

Blend peanut butter and sugar thoroughly; stir in egg, milk and Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with baking powder and salt; add to first mixture and stir only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 25 minutes. Makes 10 tender, tasty 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!

MUSCLES that Build rely on SLOAN'S

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What you NEED is SLOAN'S LINIMENT