

# MY FRIEND FLICKA

by MARY OHARA

THE STORY SO FAR: Ten-year-old Ken McLaughlin can ride any horse on his family's Wyoming ranch, but he wants a colt of his own. His father, a retired army officer, refuses to give him one until his school grades improve and he learns to take responsibility. Ken's mother tries to protect him from the stern discipline of his father and the youthful bullying of his older brother, Howard, who always manages to do things right. When Captain McLaughlin learns that Ken has not been promoted he orders him to study instead of joining the roundup. But when Ken is through he dashes out to watch the horses come in and accidentally stampedes them.

Now continue with the story.

## CHAPTER III

Even before he opened his eyes next morning Ken knew that something was wrong, and he pushed away the moment of complete awakening. He lay facing the window and saw that the pines on the hill were quiet. No wind today.

Then he remembered. He had stamped the mares.

He had a feeling that it was late. For some time he had been half hearing all the early morning noises.

He slipped out of bed and went to the window, hitching up his pajamas. Howard was on the terrace right underneath, and Ken could see the top of his head, black and smooth, with the part exactly in the center. He had on blue jeans, and a clean chambray shirt and a red bandana.

Howard looked up. "Hi."

Ken faded back into the room and hastily began to dress.

The smell of coffee filled the house.

Howard watched his sprinkler, moving it, little by little, down the terrace, and planned his day. Ken would be all right now, he thought, he was never hard to manage—they might have fun in the swimming pool—or go shooting—

"Breakfast!" sang out Nell's voice. She ran out onto the terrace. She had on a green dress with a zipper all the way down the front and a sash across the back. She clapped her hands and yelled for them to come, and Rob dropped his shovel and ran at her, and Ken stopped tying his necktie to watch.

They'd gone in. Ken hurried to finish but he hated to go down, he felt so out of things. On the way downstairs he stopped before the picture of the duck. It was a big black duck with white breast and legs and white bars on his wings. He was fierce and handsome standing on his rock.

At the breakfast table his father was waiting to hear Ken clatter the rest of the way downstairs.

"I bet he's looking at the duck," said Howard.

"What duck?"

"On the landing. He looks at it for an hour sometimes."

"Howard," reproved Nell, "he never looks at it for an hour."

"Well, a long time—seems like an hour."

McLaughlin's voice was rising.

"What duck on the landing?"

"My Audubon print," explained Nell quickly. "The one that hangs under the clock. Ken likes to look at it."

"Ken!" roared his father; and hastily Ken's sturdy shoes clattered the rest of the way down the stairs, and he came into the kitchen, his hair meticulously parted and slicked down, and his face sullen.

"What did you stop on the landing for?"

Ken opened his napkin and looked down, embarrassed. "I was looking at the duck."

"The duck! Out the window?"

"The duck in the picture there."

There was a little amused glint in Nell's eyes as she helped Ken to oatmeal.

"Didn't you know we were at breakfast?"

"I—I—"

"Didn't think," finished his father for him.

Ken didn't look up or make any reply. He had known it would be like this. He poured cream on his oatmeal and reached for the brown sugar.

"Ken," said his father, "I'm going to take back an order I gave you yesterday. I'm going to remit your hour of study."

Ken looked at his father in astonishment—his mouth opening in relief and pleasure.

"I've got other plans for you this summer," McLaughlin continued pompously, and Nell tucked her face down to hide her smile.

"And," continued Rob blandly, "I'm going to give you a colt."

Ken shot out of his chair. Spoon and dishes went clattering.

"A—a spring colt, Dad? Or a yearling?"

McLaughlin was taken aback, but Nell dropped her eyes again. If Ken got a yearling colt, he'd be even up with Howard.

"A yearling colt, your father means, Ken," she said smoothly.

Ken gathered up the china and silver he had scattered, replaced them and sat down again. Color had rushed to his face.

"I'll give it to you a week from today," said his father. "Between now and then you can look them over and make your choice."

"I can have any yearling colt on the ranch that I want?" asked Ken.

His father nodded calmly, pushed his chair back and took out his pipe.

Speechless, Ken turned to look at Howard and the two boys eyed each other.

Even up, at last.

"Does it have to be a yearling colt, Dad?" asked Howard. "Could it be a spring colt if he'd rather have a spring colt?"

"It could be anything foaled on the ranch since a year ago," said McLaughlin. "There are eighteen yearlings. So far, thirteen or fourteen new colts; a few to come yet."

"Will you take a yearling or a spring colt, Ken?" asked Howard.

In answer, Ken turned upon Howard an exaggerated pitying sneer, copied from the movies, and mastered only after much practice.

But his father asked the same thing. "Yearling or spring colt, Ken?"

Ken answered, "A yearling."

"Horse or filly?"

This stopped him. His eyes lost focus as mental images crowded. Rocket was a mare. But there was Banner. And the Albino, mustang hero. There emerged from the confusion a definite sense of the superiority of the male.

"I'll take a horse colt." His voice was final and authoritative. An imperceptible glance passed between Nell and her husband.

McLaughlin said, "That narrows it down. Let's see—how many horse colts were foaled last year?"

"Ten fillies and eight horse colts," said Howard. "You've got eight horse colts to choose from, Ken."

Things were moving very fast for Ken, horses crowding him—

"Which were they?" said Nell.

"I've got them all down in the Stud Book. I left it up at the stables the other day, in the tack room. Ken, run up and get it, and we'll look over the list."

"I'll go too," said Howard, sliding out of his chair; and both boys rushed out the door.

Ken tore ahead. A colt—a colt! His own!

His mind was full of images. A little foal just born, almost knocked down by its mother's tongue licking it . . . Banner rearing, his great forefeet beating the air, his big light belly, his fierce face and arching neck—a little yearling running . . . a black . . . a chestnut . . . his colt was all of them . . .

He dropped his head back and yelled; he pranced and galloped.

Howard caught up with him and said, "You crazy!"

"My colt, my colt," sang Ken. He ran in a circle, pacing, racking. He stuck his elbows out, said, "Whoa, there! Hi!" He tossed his head and shook his mane.

"You goofy!" exclaimed Howard, watching him.

Ken rushed at him with fists up. Howard fell into position and they sparred. Ken didn't care what happened to him. His arms went like flails. Howard blocked his blows easily.

Ken broke out of it and went flying up to the stable. He had a sharp consciousness of change and new importance. Things had begun at last. Things could be real now.

They found the Stud Book and ran back with it.

As Nell read out the list of yearlings and the names of their dams Ken began to feel queer. These were definite flesh and blood animals; named, described, tagged, in a book; not the colts that had kicked their heels and played and tossed their manes in his dreams. He felt the sense of loss which every dreamer feels when the dream moves up, comes close, and at last is concrete.

"I haven't named them all," Nell was saying. "There were some I never saw. They had run off somewhere when I went up on Twenty

to look them over and put them in the book.

"The brone bunch," grunted McLaughlin, referring to the progeny of the Albino. "They're always missing when they're wanted."

"Ken and I trained four of these yearlings ourselves," said Howard.

Every summer the two boys had the job of handling and halter-breaking four of the spring colts.

"The colts the boys trained last summer were Doughboy and College Boy and Lassie and Firefly," said Nell, studying the book. "Two horse colts and two fillies."

"Say, Ken," said Howard eagerly, "why don't you take Doughboy? He was one of yours. And when he grows up he'll be sort of twins with mine, in his name anyway. Doughboy, Highboy, see?"

But Ken looked scornful. Doughboy would never have half Highboy's speed. Last summer McLaughlin, looking over the colts, had said, "He's a chunk. We'll name him Doughboy. He might turn out a heavy hunter. Look at the big legs on him!"

"Lassie then," suggested Howard again. "If you want speed. She's fast as anything, and she's black as ink. Like Highboy."

"I said I was going to take a horse," said Ken. "Besides, Dad said Lassie'll never go over fifteen hands."

"Remember one thing, Ken," said McLaughlin. "You can't tell much about a colt when it's new-born, and not always much more when it's a yearling. Blood's the thing. The prepotency of blood—"

They had heard this term often, for whenever McLaughlin got talking about horses he used it.

"That's the trouble with this stuff I've got from the Albino. He had prepotency. That devil passed on his traits. They don't wear out. Must have had some magnificent blood strains somewhere in his ancestry. Arab probably. Put enough Arab blood into a line and it gives prepotency—to the traits you don't want as well as to those you do. Lots of Arab blood in these western mustangs. Comes from the Arab and Barb horses the Spaniards brought over—" McLaughlin got up, went to the shelf beside the spice closet, and took down one of his favorite books on the genealogy of the American horse. He turned the pages, looking for a passage.

Howard suddenly jerked his head back, listening. "Car coming." They all became motionless and heard the car rattle over the cattle guard at the Home Pasture Fence, come up the low hill behind the house in second gear, then whizz past. The boys darted to the window at the back of the house and saw the rear of the car as it vanished over the crest of the hill on its way to the stables.

"A dusty black car," announced Howard, returning.

McLaughlin closed his book. "Might be Doc," he said.

"To geld the two-year-olds?" asked Nell.

"Yes. Howard, run up to the stables and see if that was Dr. Hicks."

As Howard left the room, Ken asked, "Can I watch, Dad?"

Nell caught her husband's eye and he did not answer.

"Run up to my room and get me a handkerchief, will you Ken?" she said. "Right hand corner, top bureau drawer—"

When Ken had gone she said, "Rob, don't let them see the gelding."

"They might as well," said Rob. "They have to know, sooner or later."

"They know already. But, so far, they've never actually seen it. You've always had it done before they got home from school."

"Won't hurt 'em."

Ken returned and handed his mother the handkerchief. Howard arrived almost at the same moment at the back door.

"It's Doc Hicks, Dad, and his assistant."

"I thought so. Run and tell Gus to light a fire up there, and get some water boiling."

"He's already up there. He's got the fire lit."

He was about to dash away again, but Nell called him back.

"Sit down and finish your breakfast," said she. "You too, Ken. You've hardly eaten a thing."

The boys finished hastily.

Gus appeared at the door. "If we cude have an old sheet for clean rags, Missus."

Nell brought an old sheet, clean and folded, from the linen closet.

Ken finished eating, wiped his mouth, said "Excuse me, please," and darted after Gus as he left the room.

"Dad's given me a colt, Gus—any colt on the ranch up to a year old—"

Howard finished and ran after them.

Nell sighed as she rose to clear the table. "A bloody day. I hope they get through all right."

Rob did not answer. He wasn't looking at her. Suddenly he laughed. "I'll take a horse colt. Did you hear the voice on him when he said that? He's never talked or looked like that in his life before." He pushed his chair back and got up. "Now, if he just picks a good one—" He went to the door and hurried out.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## TO YOUR Good Health

by DR. JAMES W. BARTON

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

### RHEUMATIC FEVER

For many years what are called the salicylates have been the regular or routine treatment for rheumatism. The salicylate most used is acetylsalicylic acid, which gets different names from various drug manufacturers in the United States and Great Britain. What has been known by some physicians but has not been put into use to any extent, is that acetylsalicylic acid used when attacks of sore throat occur, may actually prevent attacks of rheumatism. The "preventive" treatment of rheumatism used by some physicians is to have the patient move to a dry warm climate, or by use of large and continued doses of sulfanilamide.

Now, every patient cannot move to a dry warm climate and maintaining a high level of sulfanilamide is not advisable in some cases. In discussing the natural drawbacks of these two methods of preventing attacks of rheumatism, Drs. A. F. Coburn and L. V. Moore, in the Journal of Pediatrics (children's diseases) state that the acetylsalicylic is safe and effective and should be given a trial at the beginning of any infection of nose and throat. A study of a group of rheumatic children exposed to the common nose and throat and chest infections is reported.

A daily dose of 60 to 90 grains of acetylsalicylic acid, depending on size of the patient, was given at first sign of sore throat (pharyngitis) where examination of organisms in the throat were the kind that cause rheumatism. This treatment was continued for one month.

Forty-seven young rheumatic patients received this "preventive" treatment and only one developed rheumatic fever. Of 139 rheumatic patients who were not given this treatment, 57 developed rheumatic fever and 82 did not. These figures tell their own story; only one of the 47 who took the treatment developed rheumatic fever, that is about 2 per cent, and of the 139 who did not take this treatment, 57 developed rheumatic fever, that is more than 40 per cent.

They learned their ABC's of the hard way, those 27 Hollywood youngsters, aged from four to seven, who appear in "Russia" with Robert Taylor. They have to recite the alphabet, not in English, but in Russian! As some of them don't know it in English yet, that makes things a bit difficult, especially as there are six more letters in the Russian one than in the English.

When Gerard Darrow appears for the "Quiz Kids" broadcasts there's suspense till the cast learns what livestock he's brought with him. Recently he showed up with a hamster, sent him by a Philadelphia fan. A hamster is of the mouse family, but lives like a gopher. "I should have called him Hitler, I guess," said Gerard, "as long as he's a European rodent."

A dream will come true for Dinah Shore this summer when she sings in the famous Hollywood Bowl during its summer concert series. She has been successful in other fields of musical endeavor, but she won't be happy until she sings in the Bowl.

Barry Wood, radio's singing star, lives on a Connecticut farm where 1,500 chickens are being raised. But not content with that, he recently bought an old distillery in the neighborhood, and is converting it into a home for 5,000 Barred Rocks and Plymouth Rocks. With this promising start, Wood expects before long to be one of the major chicken raisers of southern New England.

Amazonian Hope Emerson got a lucky break when Jimmy Durante gave her a nickname the first time they appeared together on the program he does with Garry Moore Thursdays on NBC. He nicknamed her "Miss Bongshook"—and the next day the phone calls began pouring in, offering her engagements on other shows. She says she used to be a blacksmith, but she doesn't look it.

ODDS AND ENDS—Eddie—"Rochester"—Anderson has a business interest outside of movies and radio; the company he heads makes parachutes . . . They handcuffed George Sanders the other day for a scene in "Appointment in Berlin"—and then spent two hours trying to get the handcuffs off . . . It's the wardrobe woman who watches Ann Miller dance most anxiously in "What's Buzzin' Cousin?" . . . Ann's wearing precious opera-length nylons . . . Robert Sterling's been elected Cadet Major of his flying class at Thunderbird Field, Phoenix, Ariz. . . Shirley Booth of radio's "Duffy's" will appear in the movie version of the show.

Q.—Should I give up wrestling because of a heart murmur?  
A.—You don't need to worry about your heart, as a murmur is not important unless you get out of breath easily and your heart is enlarged. If you will go to a heart specialist and get an electrocardiogram and X-ray (fluoroscope), you'll find out exactly the condition of your heart. If it is O. K. take the specialist's certificate to army examining officer.

HEALTH BRIEFS

Q.—Should I give up wrestling because of a heart murmur?  
A.—You don't need to worry about your heart, as a murmur is not important unless you get out of breath easily and your heart is enlarged. If you will go to a heart specialist and get an electrocardiogram and X-ray (fluoroscope), you'll find out exactly the condition of your heart. If it is O. K. take the specialist's certificate to army examining officer.

HEALTH BRIEFS

Q.—Should I give up wrestling because of a heart murmur?  
A.—You don't need to worry about your heart, as a murmur is not important unless you get out of breath easily and your heart is enlarged. If you will go to a heart specialist and get an electrocardiogram and X-ray (fluoroscope), you'll find out exactly the condition of your heart. If it is O. K. take the specialist's certificate to army examining officer.

HEALTH BRIEFS

Q.—Should I give up wrestling because of a heart murmur?  
A.—You don't need to worry about your heart, as a murmur is not important unless you get out of breath easily and your heart is enlarged. If you will go to a heart specialist and get an electrocardiogram and X-ray (fluoroscope), you'll find out exactly the condition of your heart. If it is O. K. take the specialist's certificate to army examining officer.

HEALTH BRIEFS

Q.—Should I give up wrestling because of a heart murmur?  
A.—You don't need to worry about your heart, as a murmur is not important unless you get out of breath easily and your heart is enlarged. If you will go to a heart specialist and get an electrocardiogram and X-ray (fluoroscope), you'll find out exactly the condition of your heart. If it is O. K. take the specialist's certificate to army examining officer.

HEALTH BRIEFS

Q.—Should I give up wrestling because of a heart murmur?  
A.—You don't need to worry about your heart, as a murmur is not important unless you get out of breath easily and your heart is enlarged. If you will go to a heart specialist and get an electrocardiogram and X-ray (fluoroscope), you'll find out exactly the condition of your heart. If it is O. K. take the specialist's certificate to army examining officer.

HEALTH BRIEFS

Q.—Should I give up wrestling because of a heart murmur?  
A.—You don't need to worry about your heart, as a murmur is not important unless you get out of breath easily and your heart is enlarged. If you will go to a heart specialist and get an electrocardiogram and X-ray (fluoroscope), you'll find out exactly the condition of your heart. If it is O. K. take the specialist's certificate to army examining officer.

HEALTH BRIEFS

Q.—Should I give up wrestling because of a heart murmur?  
A.—You don't need to worry about your heart, as a murmur is not important unless you get out of breath easily and your heart is enlarged. If you will go to a heart specialist and get an electrocardiogram and X-ray (fluoroscope), you'll find out exactly the condition of your heart. If it is O. K. take the specialist's certificate to army examining officer.

HEALTH BRIEFS

Q.—Should I give up wrestling because of a heart murmur?  
A.—You don't need to worry about your heart, as a murmur is not important unless you get out of breath easily and your heart is enlarged. If you will go to a heart specialist and get an electrocardiogram and X-ray (fluoroscope), you'll find out exactly the condition of your heart. If it is O. K. take the specialist's certificate to army examining officer.

HEALTH BRIEFS

Q.—Should I give up wrestling because of a heart murmur?  
A.—You don't need to worry about your heart, as a murmur is not important unless you get out of breath easily and your heart is enlarged. If you will go to a heart specialist and get an electrocardiogram and X-ray (fluoroscope), you'll find out exactly the condition of your heart. If it is O. K. take the specialist's certificate to army examining officer.

HEALTH BRIEFS

Q.—Should I give up wrestling because of a heart murmur?  
A.—You don't need to worry about your heart, as a murmur is not important unless you get out of breath easily and your heart is enlarged. If you will go to a heart specialist and get an electrocardiogram and X-ray (fluoroscope), you'll find out exactly the condition of your heart. If it is O. K. take the specialist's certificate to army examining officer.

HEALTH BRIEFS

Q.—Should I give up wrestling because of a heart murmur?  
A.—You don't need to worry about your heart, as a murmur is not important unless you get out of breath easily and your heart is enlarged. If you will go to a heart specialist and get an electrocardiogram and X-ray (fluoroscope), you'll find out exactly the condition of your heart. If it is O. K. take the specialist's certificate to army examining officer.

HEALTH BRIEFS

Q.—Should I give up wrestling because of a heart murmur?  
A.—You don't need to worry about your heart, as a murmur is not important unless you get out of breath easily and your heart is enlarged. If you will go to a heart specialist and get an electrocardiogram and X-ray (fluoroscope), you'll find out exactly the condition of your heart. If it is O. K. take the specialist's certificate to army examining officer.

HEALTH BRIEFS

Q.—Should I give up wrestling because of a heart murmur?  
A.—You don't need to worry about your heart, as a murmur is not important unless you get out of breath easily and your heart is enlarged. If you will go to a heart specialist and get an electrocardiogram and X-ray (fluoroscope), you'll find out exactly the condition of your heart. If it is O. K. take the specialist's certificate to army examining officer.

HEALTH BRIEFS

Q.—Should I give up wrestling because of a heart murmur?  
A.—You don't need to worry about your heart, as a murmur is not important unless you get out of breath easily and your heart is enlarged. If you will go to a heart specialist and get an electrocardiogram and X-ray (fluoroscope), you'll find out exactly the condition of your heart. If it is O. K. take the specialist's certificate to army examining officer.

HEALTH BRIEFS

Q.—Should I give up wrestling because of a heart murmur?  
A.—You don't need to worry about your heart, as a murmur is not important unless you get out of breath easily and your heart is enlarged. If you will go to a heart specialist and get an electrocardiogram and X-ray (fluoroscope), you'll find out exactly the condition of your heart. If it is O. K. take the specialist's certificate to army examining officer.

HEALTH BRIEFS

Q.—Should I give up wrestling because of a heart murmur?  
A.—You don't need to worry about your heart, as a murmur is not important unless you get out of breath easily and your heart is enlarged. If you will go to a heart specialist and get an electrocardiogram and X-ray (fluoroscope), you'll find out exactly the condition of your heart. If it is O. K. take the specialist's certificate to army examining officer.

## Star Dust

By VIRGINIA VALE

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

SEVEN years ago the Gummus sisters broke up their vaudeville act to follow separate paths. Now they're back together again, working for Metro. The eldest, Sue, joined the fan mail department when her army husband was sent far away. The second, Jimmie, became a script girl. The youngest shot right to the top as an actress. She's Judy Garland, and her latest picture, "Presenting Lily Mars," gives her a chance to use all the talents that have made her so popular.

Harriet Hilliard has stood for the goings-on of Red Skelton's "Junior" on the air's "Red Skelton and Company"—but just let her own young sons try to cut such capers!

Tommy Dix, who makes his screen debut in Metro's "Best Foot Forward," has been signed to a long-term contract. He's the lad who wrote the March of Dimes song for President Roosevelt's birthday party.

You'll see the most famous night spots of the past and present in Columbia's "Cover Girl," which stars Rita Hayworth and features the 15 outstanding magazine cover girls of the country. For the Gay Nineties scenes, Director Lionel Banks has completed models of Rector's, Tony Pastor's Music Hall and the old Madison Square Roof Garden. For present-day sequences, an exact replica of New York's Stork Club is being built. The cover girls are all successful New York models.

They're learning their ABC's of the hard way, those 27 Hollywood youngsters, aged from four to seven, who appear in "Russia" with Robert Taylor. They have to recite the alphabet, not in English, but in Russian! As some of them don't know it in English yet, that makes things a bit difficult, especially as there are six more letters in the Russian one than in the English.

When Gerard Darrow appears for the "Quiz Kids" broadcasts there's suspense till the cast learns what livestock he's brought with him. Recently he showed up with a hamster, sent him by a Philadelphia fan. A hamster is of the mouse family, but lives like a gopher. "I should have called him Hitler, I guess," said Gerard, "as long as he's a European rodent."

A dream will come true for Dinah Shore this summer when she sings in the famous Hollywood Bowl during its summer concert series. She has been successful in other fields of musical endeavor, but she won't be happy until she sings in the Bowl.

Barry Wood, radio's singing star, lives on a Connecticut farm where 1,500 chickens are being raised. But not content with that, he recently bought an old distillery in the neighborhood, and is converting it into a home for 5,000 Barred Rocks and Plymouth Rocks. With this promising start, Wood expects before long to be one of the major chicken raisers of southern New England.

Amazonian Hope Emerson got a lucky break when Jimmy Durante gave her a nickname the first time they appeared together on the program he does with Garry Moore Thursdays on NBC. He nicknamed her "Miss Bongshook"—and the next day the phone calls began pouring in, offering her engagements on other shows. She says she used to be a blacksmith, but she doesn't look it.

ODDS AND ENDS—Eddie—"Rochester"—Anderson has a business interest outside of movies and radio; the company he heads makes parachutes . . . They handcuffed George Sanders the other day for a scene in "Appointment in Berlin"—and then spent two hours trying to get the handcuffs off . . . It's the wardrobe woman who watches Ann Miller dance most anxiously in "What's Buzzin' Cousin?" . . . Ann's wearing precious opera-length nylons . . . Robert Sterling's been elected Cadet Major of his flying class at Thunderbird Field, Phoenix, Ariz. . . Shirley Booth of radio's "Duffy's" will appear in the movie version of the show.

HEALTH BRIEFS

Q.—Should I give up wrestling because of a heart murmur?  
A.—You don't need to worry about your heart, as a murmur is not important unless you get out of breath easily and your heart is enlarged. If you will go