

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. Nell convinces her husband that the colt may be just what Ken needs, so in spite of the fact that he has not been promoted, Ken is to have a colt. But he is having a hard time choosing one.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER V

There were two miles of winding road with a fine hard-packed surface of reddish decomposed granite; then a sharp turn under the big sign that said GOOSE BAR RANCH, and out onto the Lincoln Highway.

"Dad," began Ken.

"Yes?"

"I hate the gelding."

"I do too, son, but it's got to be done."

Ken sat thinking about it. Especially about the race horses that were gelded and still were big and powerful, still ran races.

His spirits were rising. He felt that he was catching something of his father's attitude about it. He could even think back to what happened in the morning without sharp stinging feelings in the palms of his hands. All the same—"Dad, I've decided to take a filly instead of a horse colt."

the car and went to the store, in which a number of men were making purchases or sitting about.

Other cars were stopping for gas, and Mrs. Olsen came running in and out to make change.

Old Reuben Dale, their neighbor on the west, asked, "Any sign of mountain lions on your ranch this summer, McLaughlin? I've lost two calves out of the pasture on my place down near your Castle Rock Meadow, and I've got a notion it's a lion. Bert heard a cat scream the other night when he went out to bring the cows in."

"Cats," said McLaughlin slowly. "No, I haven't seen any. Haven't heard any either, but I think I'm short a colt."

"They love horse meat," said Reuben, grinning.

As Ken and his father left the store with the mail and the yeast and tobacco and three lollipops and a peppermint patty for Nell, Ken looked up at his father. "What colt, Dad?"

McLaughlin didn't answer, and they got into the car. Ken asked again, "What colt are we short?"

"Rockey's. I think she had a foal. She hasn't got it now. Before I drive her out of the Stable Pasture, I'm going down to Castle Rock Meadow to take a look around."

Ken felt excited. He thought of the aspen grove, of Castle Rock, as big as a hotel, with all the caverns and passages and tunnels under-

McLaughlin laughed. "O.K. But don't take it too seriously, Ken."

Ken sat thinking about his colt. He had a week to choose. He would ride up to the Saddle Back every day, look over the yearlings—"Something I want to say to you, Ken."

Ken looked up. The man-to-man way his father spoke to him made him feel they were almost friends.

"It's this, Ken. I'm giving you a colt. Any colt you want. And yet, I'm not satisfied with the performance you've given this spring. You know that. Maybe you think it's funny I give you the colt when what you deserve—for flunking all your exams and pulling that stunt yesterday—is a good hiding."

Ken's face sobered, and he looked straight ahead.

McLaughlin continued. "I don't want you to think I'm letting you off. I'm not. I haven't gone soft—don't get that into your head. I expect just as much of you as I ever did. And this isn't any reward, because you haven't won a reward."

"What is it?"

"It's a partnership. I'm going to need the help of both of you boys, and you have to be trained so you'll know how to give it. You're going to train the yearling. I'll give you a little help just with the first breaking, but you'll train her, and she'll train you. I want you to make a good pony out of her. I want her to make a man out of you. Get me?"

"Yes, sir," Ken looked up with a wide smile lighting his face.

"But that's not all," said his father. "You've got other duties. You can give some time to your colt—not all your time. You've got two of these foals to halter-break—"

"Yes, sir."

"You've got to help exercise four horses for the Rodeo; run the gelded colts every day for half an hour for this whole week; help with all the ranch work the way you always do. I don't want to find you welching on work because you're off playing with your colt—"

"No, sir."

"This giving you the colt is a kind of bargain between us. I give you the colt, you give me more obedience, more efficiency, than you ever have in your life before. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes, sir."

McLaughlin slapped his hand on Ken's knee, and a flush colored the boy's cheeks.

As they arrived at Tie Siding, there drew up from the opposite direction a sample of the type of conveyance which is to be seen on every mile of the western highways. It was a Ford sedan, bulging and sagging like an old washerwoman. The top of it was piled with mattresses, chairs, tables, bedding. The rear end was festooned with bundles of clothes line; an old rusty stove, half covered by a bed quilt, was roped to one fender. Humanity of all ages packed it from floor to roof, and poured out when the door opened.

Mrs. Olsen, wife of the man who ran the combination Post Office and store, came hurrying out in her neat white pants and jacket.

"Hello," she said cheerfully.

She had a trim, close-cropped black head, a great deal of rouge on her cheeks and lips, and a quiet, efficient way of going about things.

"I'll take two gallons," said the tall, oldish man who had climbed out of the sedan, and he stood over Mrs. Olsen as she put the hose into the tank and the gas began to pour.

Others of the family scattered around both sides of the store to the rest rooms. Several of the children crossed the road to stand watching a pair of brown bears that were in a big cage of woven steel wire. Ken and his father got out of



Humanity of all ages packed it from floor to roof, and poured out when the door opened—

neath it, and the skeletons and bones that lay in them. Wildcats—

McLaughlin was driving a little faster. Ken glanced at him and saw that he had something of his hard angry look. His father was worried.

"What gun will you take, Dad?"

McLaughlin didn't answer for quite a long time, then said, "I'll take the Winchester. But I won't use it, Ken. The time you come on a wildcat is the time you haven't got your gun with you."

The week that followed during which Ken was to choose his yearling was a busy one for everybody.

It rained every day out of one big purple cloud which drifted away at night, so that the mornings came in hot and clear, but by noon it was over the ranch again, and would start to rumble, then shiver and crack with lightning; then the down-pour of rain, while the horizons all around were calm and blue, with fleecy white clouds motionless upon the hills.

Nell called it the Goose Bar sprinkling system. It brought out the strong, fresh colors of the flowers; dark salmon geraniums in the ultramarine blue window boxes, and red, pink, purple and white petunias in the flower border. The roofs of the buildings were red and clean, with no dust on them, and the grass as green as a billiard table.

The boys were riding Lady and Calico and Buck and Baldy, the horses that were being trained to rent for the Rodeo.

"When you're hunting for Rocket and looking over the yearlings and chasing the geldings you might as well be training these plugs," said McLaughlin.

"Which shall we ride?" asked Howard.

McLaughlin, stretched out in a chair on the terrace with his pipe just before supper, gave this careful thought. "Now, let's see. Lady's nervous and she runs away. Went over backwards with Tim last week. Baldy, stubborn brute, argues with you but he's always right. More sense than a man. Calico, a running fool. Never knows when to stop. Wears himself out. Howard, you take Calico, and don't forget for a moment that he hasn't got sense. He'll be in a lather over nothing. Too willing. His mouth's hard. Don't encourage him to lean

on the bit. Hold him in but don't carry his head. Talk to him a lot. He'll quiet down for the voice better than anything else. Ken, you take Lady. I'm giving her to you because most of the time you don't know where you are. You sit like a sack of meal, almost forget to hold the reins—she'll not know you're on her back. I've noticed when you're on her, she's never gathered. Goes about as if she was grazing. It's a good thing. Good for that mare, anyway. Eases her down. But watch out for her running away. Just don't let her get going too fast. When she does, it suddenly comes to her that she'll take the bit and run away; kind of goes to her head. I want to break her of that habit this summer. She's a fine horse."

"I'll help with Lady too," said Nell. "She always behaves well with me. I love to ride her. We understand each other."

"O.K. As a matter of fact, you could ride any of them, and it would be a good thing to change about. It you could ride Buck and Baldy. No use telling you what to do with Baldy, he'll do what he pleases, but it'll usually be the right thing. He won't object to orders unless they're unreasonable. And Buck needs a lot of suppling and he's not as bridle-wise as he should be. Take them down into the practice field and do figure eights on them for an hour every other day. Just get them a bit quicker at answering the aids; more up and coming. Practice starts on the trot and the canter. Use saddles. Groom them before and after. Now remember, boys, this will be a daily duty for you, don't forget it, or neglect it, and I don't want to have to watch you or bother about it. You can keep the four of them in the Calf Pasture, they'll be handy to get at and won't get mixed with the other horses. Give them all the riding you can."

A Colorado buyer, Joe Williams, came to see if McLaughlin had any horses to sell. He came once or twice every year, collecting horses that he afterwards sold at the local auctions; but the prices he offered were so low that his appearance at the ranch was always the signal for Rob McLaughlin to lose his temper.

Williams offered thirty-five or forty dollars for an old brood mare with her spring colt; twenty or thirty for an old gelding broke for saddle and work providing his teeth were good enough to keep him in flesh; but as he paid cash down, and the only other way of getting anything at all for horses that were not fit for good markets was to ship them to the glue factory in a carload of old plugs and wild broncs dragged in off the range, McLaughlin, after hours of argument, loud words and insults, usually made a deal with him. Nell always urged him to. "After all," she said, "they're only getting older, and it's hard to keep them in condition, and he can get eight or ten of them into his truck, and even at his prices, that means a couple of hundred dollars."

On this occasion McLaughlin said that he'd get in some horses that were useless to him from his outlying pastures, and they'd make a deal; and Williams drove away, promising to be back inside of a week with his truck.

The really big event of the week was that McLaughlin engaged a bronco-buster to break the three-year-olds.

Ken saw the man first when they were coming down from the stables just before supper one evening, and the bronco-buster was standing on the Green talking to Nell.

He was very small and neat. His legs were thin and bowed in tight blue jeans that were rubbed to light blue inside the thighs and on the seat. His waist was not much larger than Ken's and was belted snug. His small face was bright red and blank-looking. His blue eyes were so direct they made other eyes seem shifty.

Nell introduced him, just saying that this was Ross Buckley who was going to ride in the Rodeo and had a couple of weeks of free time right now, waiting for the Rodeo, and thought he would put it in breaking some horses.

"I heard you-all had some hot-bloods up here," said Ross in a pleasant, drawing voice. "Thought I'd like to have a try at 'em, if you've got any that need breaking."

Nell said, "Come on, Howard and Ken—time to clean up for supper," and walked away with the boys, leaving McLaughlin there talking to Ross.

Ross had arrived in a Ford sedan piled to the roof with saddles and bridles and blankets and lariats, and when Nell had talked to him and found out what he wanted, she kept him there until McLaughlin came down from the stables.

McLaughlin engaged him, and took him up to the bunk house and introduced him to Gus and Tim, and every day since he had been working in the corral at the broncs.

And in addition to all this, hours had been spent every day, looking for Rocket; but no one had seen hide nor hair of her.

Ken had not yet been able to decide on his colt.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



FIRST-AID to the AILING HOUSE

by Roger B. Whitman

Roger B. Whitman—WNU Features.

Colored Concrete Floor

You may not be able to replace worn or broken household equipment. This is war. Government priorities come first. So take care of what you have . . . as well as you possibly can. This column by the homeowner's friend tells you how.

Question: In coloring a concrete floor for a sun parlor, is it best to mix powdered coloring with the concrete when the floor is made, or to wait until the floor is finished and then paint it?

Answer: If the right kind of coloring is used, powdered color mixed with the concrete when the floor is made is permanent and will not wear off. However, the color should be of a special kind that is proof against the effects of lime in the cement. Lime-proof colors are on sale and should be insisted on. They should not be used in a greater proportion than 10 per cent of the weight of the cement. For a floor that is not in contact with the earth and therefore permanently dry, color can be had with ordinary top-quality floor enamel. The manufacturers' instructions should be carefully followed. A penetrating dye made for the purpose can also be had.

Damp Walls

Question: My house is stucco on hollow tiles. The wallpaper in many places shows wet spots the shape of the tiles. What can I do about it?

Answer: The inside plaster is evidently applied directly to the tile, instead of being applied on lath on furring strips. The plaster therefore, becomes as cold as the tile, and the wet spots are due to condensation. The only real way to cure the trouble is to replaster the house, using lath on furring strips, or a form of insulating board, to be had at a lumber yard, to be applied over your present walls. No form of paint or any outside treatment will do, for neither one will provide the insulation that is necessary.

Broken Birdbath

Question: What will mend a broken birdbath? The bowl cracked in the frost. What will stick it together so that it will hold water?

Answer: Bring the bowl into the house so that it will dry out. Then coat both sides of the break with white lead paste and bind the parts tightly together. After hardening, which will take three months or so, the joint will be watertight. If you do not want to wait as long as that, and a yellowish tinge of the cement makes no difference, make a cement powdered litharge and ordinary glycerine. This acts quickly and is thoroughly waterproof when dry.

Removing Wallpaper

Question: Can wallpaper be removed from plasterboard?

Answer: That could be done by soaking with water, but using no more water than will be needed. If you use too much, you may soak off the paper finish of the plasterboard. At best, the plasterboard surface will be left rough. To smooth it, put on a coat of shellac, which in drying, will stiffen the paper surface of the board, which can then be rubbed smooth with sandpaper. It is then ready for papering.

Sagging Floor

Question: In an old house that is to be remodeled, the floors are sinking and buckling, apparently from crumbling foundations. How can they be strengthened? Is the situation hopeless?

Answer: The trouble may start with poor foundations, which can be renewed by a good mason. Trouble may also be from the rotting of sills, beams, and other wood parts, or from termite attack. The case is by no means hopeless. Consult any good contractor.

Porch Floor Supports

Question: In a stucco house the frame and stucco porches are supported on piers even with the surface of the ground. Wood under the stucco touches the ground and has begun to rot. If the wood is replaced by concrete, must the foundation be deep? The piers now extend below the frost line.

Answer: Evidently the piers are made of concrete or masonry, and could be used as supports for beams of concrete. Foundation walls would not be needed.

Waxed Floors Get Dull

Question: What is the best way to care for my waxed floors? They lose their shine so quickly after being waxed and polished with an electric polisher.

Answer: Perhaps you have used too much wax. Remove it, then apply two thin, even coats, polishing each one well after hard-drying. Frequent waxing should be necessary only at doorways. For the rest of the floor, twice a year is enough. Frequent use of the electric polisher will keep the floors looking well.

TO YOUR Good Health

by DR. JAMES W. BARTON

WHY TEETH DECAY

At the beginning of the last war the regulations regarding teeth were so strict that I had a sergeant examine the mouths of the recruits before they were inspected by the medical officer. The simplest requirement was that the man must have one upper molar (grinding) tooth immediately above one lower grinding tooth, on one side of his mouth, yet about 7 in every 20 could not meet this requirement.

In this war medical officers are finding just as many men with infected or missing teeth as in the last war, but with an adequate dental corps men are taken into the army and the defects corrected.

What causes decay of teeth? Has the cause ever been discovered?

In the Journal of the American Dental Association, Robert G. Kesel, D.D.S., M.S., Chicago, states that 237 investigators report that dental decay begins with the destruction of the enamel by acid. This is not a new idea as a writer in A.D. 1530 stated that decay of teeth was due to decomposed food and acid moisture.

There appear to be two factors in tooth decay, the exciting or immediate cause, and the predisposing or underlying cause.

The immediate or exciting factors are organisms on the tooth surface capable of destroying tooth substances, and material (food particles clinging to the teeth) which are converted into substances harmful to the tooth. Without the organisms and tooth particles there likely would be no decay.

Yet, Dr. Kesel points out "that all living individuals have organisms on the tooth surfaces and most of them, at times, have upon their teeth materials that could form acid." Why then do not all teeth decay?

Teeth do not decay in some individuals despite the presence of organisms and acid-forming material on the teeth, because these individuals do not have the predisposing or underlying conditions that enable the organisms and acid-forming materials to start the process of decay.

Six Pointers on Neurosis Prevention

While the curing of mental ailments has reached the highest point in history, nevertheless it must be remembered that many mental cases are not cured by our present methods including the shock treatment.

Why should there not be some method of preventing the development of mental ailments or preventing those with a tendency toward mental ailments becoming mental patients?

Today we see smallpox, diphtheria, scarlet fever, pernicious anemia, typhoid fever, diabetes prevented or controlled. Why cannot mental ailments be prevented, particularly in the young, just as diphtheria and scarlet fever are prevented?

In an article in Boston Number of the Medical Clinics of North America, Dr. Merrill Moore, in pointing out what psychiatry can do to prevent neurosis—patients whose odd behavior symptoms are not due to any organic cause, no change in brain structure—says:

1. Parents should not overexcite their children.
2. Children should be taught to relax and to concentrate (put their minds intently on a subject) when necessary.
3. Parents should remember that children are not their playthings to be poked and tossed about.
4. Children are assets; raising them is a serious business.
5. Parents should give their children a sense of security in the child's own small world.
6. All along the production line the parent should guide the child and try not to let him go off the track of normal development. For example, it is important for a boy (or girl) to keep abreast of his group and be able to do what his friends can do—in school, playground, or elsewhere—even if a little extra coaching is necessary. This prevents an inferiority complex. If a child does not hold his own in his own world, he may sink off to the sidelines and become critical or destructive. He may then more easily become a neurotic or an alcoholic.

HEALTH BRIEFS

Q.—Can you suggest a treatment for a painful buzzing in the ears?

A.—From your description it looks as if the eustachian tubes get blocked. Ask your physician about blowing them open. Special diet might help, but "you're in the army now" and must eat what is served.

Q.—What is nux vomica?

A.—Nux vomica is the parent drug of strychnine. It is a stomach tonic, increasing breathing power and stimulating nerves.

For you to make



CROCHETED accessories gaily team up with your tailored clothes this season.

This jiffy crocheted beret and purse set is colorful, becoming and so economical to make up in straw yarn. Both pieces are done in just one long strip of crochet.

ASK ME ANOTHER?

A General Quiz

The Questions

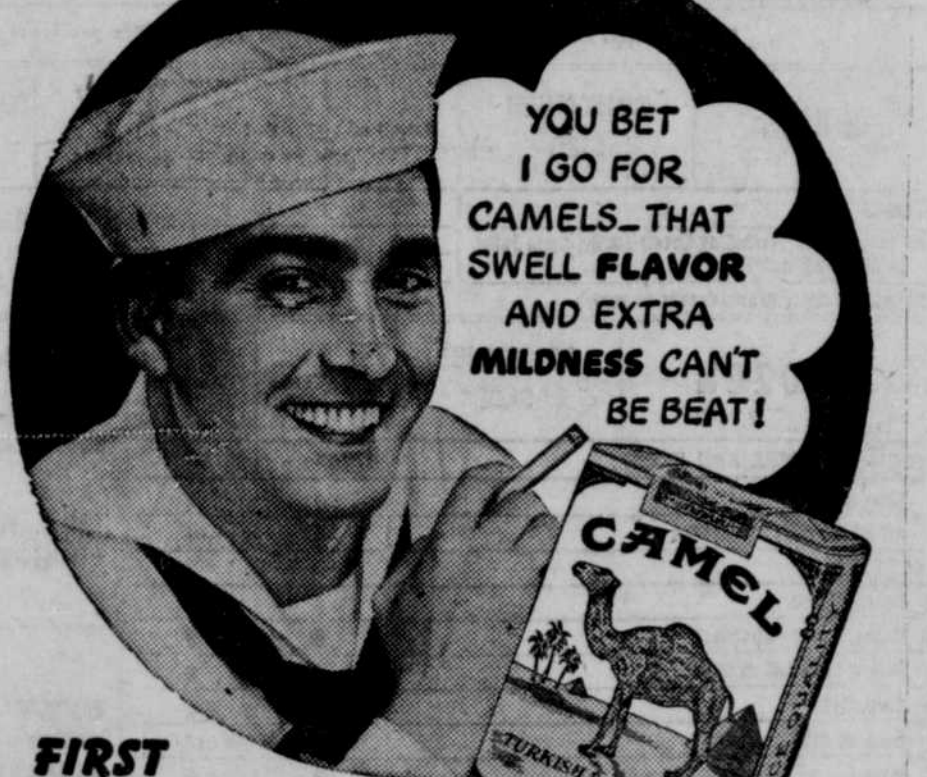
1. What is a funicular railway?
2. The tragic Children's Crusade to the Holy Land took place in what year?
3. What proportion of all radio entertainment consists of music?
4. What is the percentage of illiteracy in India?
5. Where is the largest U. S. navy mess hall?
6. Which is the most northern town in the United States?
7. What is meant by quid pro quo?
8. What distinguished English poet died while fighting with the Greeks against the Turks?

The Answers

1. A railway operated by cable.
2. In 1212.
3. Two-thirds.
4. Eighty-five per cent.
5. Treasure Island (San Francisco) where an average of 6,000 men can be fed in 40 minutes.
6. Penasse, Minn.
7. Something of equivalent value in return.
8. Byron.

★ IN THE NAVY ★

they say:
"BELAY" for stop
"CHOP-CHOP" for hurry up
"STEW" for commissary officer
"CAMEL" for the Navy man's favorite cigarette



FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Navy, the Army, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.

(Based on actual sales records in Canteens and Post Exchanges.)

Camel
 COSTLIER TOBACCO

Pattern 560 contains directions for beret and purse; illustrations of stitches; list of materials required.

Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers.

Send your order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
 82 Eighth Ave. New York
 Enclose 15 cents (plus one cent to cover cost of mailing) for Pattern No.
 Name
 Address

Largest Bible Weights Over Half Ton; of Wood

I wonder if it is mere coincidence that the largest Bible in the world was made by a carpenter? Aided by his wife, he constructed it at Los Angeles, and the job took them two years exactly.

This gigantic volume measures 43½ inches by 34 inches and is 34 inches thick.

Weighing 1,094 pounds—approximately half a ton—when open it spans 8 feet 2 inches, has 32 separate sections, and contains 8,048 pages.

And it was all done on a hand stamping machine!

Enclosed Tips

In Japan, small envelopes are made expressly for the purpose of enclosing tips for waiters, barbers, porters and other public servants. When such persons are given a gratuity without this covering, they are insulted because it shows that the donor has no consideration for their feelings.

St. Joseph ASPIRIN
 NONE SURER WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10¢

Languages in India
 More than 200 languages are spoken in India.

I SAID GOOD-BYE TO CONSTIPATION

Harsh, medicinal laxatives only griped me—and never really stopped my constipation. It always came back.

Then I found out why. I just wasn't taking enough "bulk"-forming foods. So—I started eating KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN regularly and drinking plenty of water. And—I "Joined the Regulars!"

That's because KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN gets at the cause of constipation like mine and corrects it—by helping to form a soft, bulky mass in the intestines.

If your trouble is what mine was, why not try KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN? It's made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek and tastes swell.