

1944 A



Mary puts an end to "breakfast blues"!



TOM: "Bran may be good for me. But its flavor gives me the blues."

TOM: "Say... maybe you've got something here... It's good!"

MARY: "This kind won't. It's Nabisco 100% Bran, made by the folks who bake Ritz Crackers. They sure know how to make foods taste good."

MARY: "Of course! And notice how small the bran fibers are! They're double-milled... that makes them finer, less likely to be irritating."

MARY: "And you know Nabisco 100% Bran is such an easy way to help relieve constipation due to insufficient bulk."

TOM: "Give me this every morning and you'll end my breakfast blues."



SO MILD-ACTING BECAUSE IT'S DOUBLE-MILLED

Thank your lucky stars for double-milling, the special process that breaks down the fibers of Nabisco 100% Bran making them smaller, less likely to be irritating. You'll enjoy this bran in delicious muffins (the recipe is on the package) as a tasty breakfast cereal. Look for Nabisco 100% Bran in the yellow-and-red package.



If your constipation is not helped in this simple manner, see a competent physician.

BAKED BY NABISCO • NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



This seal means that the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association has accepted this product and its advertising.

"I reckon I know by now you gave her to me," Ben said.

The rancher squinted at him, his eyes alert and kind in his leathery face. "I don't guess I could have almost given her to anybody better," he said. "You come over to see the sale?"

"I came over to sell."

Eli said, "So?" in a soft, drawn-out voice, but he nodded without asking questions. One look at the boy's face and there was no need for questions. When he spoke again, his voice was casual. "We all have to do things, and then that we don't like. Ben can turn him in the corral while you're waiting, if you want."

Ben dismounted and unstrapped the blanket. Dust had caked in the folds around the edges of it, and he wiped the dirt off with a handful of grass. He turned Traveler into the corral.

Afterward, he kept to himself. He was shade under the lean-to where the tackle was kept, and a cool breeze was moving up from the creek. He lay out on the ground with his head against the saddle, staring upward at a shaft of light coming through a knothole in the roof, keeping his mind blank.

HE WAS still lying there when Eli Coombs called him. The sun had moved directly overhead. The intensity of the light burned Ben's eyes after the shade, and the heat came against him like a smothering wave. There was a raw pain on his heel from a wrinkled sock, and he limped slightly going toward the corral. He opened the gate and Traveler came out, to follow the boy's shoulder, out into the pasture where the colonel and a captain of the Army waited for him.

The colonel took his hat off and wiped his face with a red bandanna. He looked hot, but cheerful. "Your horse, son?"

"Yessir."

"What's his name?"

"Traveler."

The colonel smiled. "Good name, precedent," he said. "Is he gentle?"

"Yessir," Ben said, and then something inside him broke. "I had him four years ever since he was a colt, and I believe I gentled him and trained him. He's the best horse—" His voice went out of control. He broke off abruptly, with the mounting in his face, ashamed of his outburst. His feelings were his own private property, and he preferred keeping them to himself; but his voice had given him away. The colonel, understanding some part of it from the blank, set a hand on the boy's face and recalling his own youth, which was not too recent, and the few things that had been precious to him, thought, "It's a devil of a note if the Army can't function without having somebody's pet."

Liking horses—that was a sentiment the colonel could allow himself. He walked around the horse with a studied deliberation, and when he passed Ben he said softly so that no one else could hear, "If I tried hard, son, I could probably find something wrong with him."

Ben's heart jumped. For just a moment he felt a sudden upsurge of hope, and then it died. He couldn't do it, not honestly, because he knew the cavalry specifications and he knew his horse. He rubbed his nose on a dirty shirt sleeve. "I can't keep him anyway," he said. "The way he ought to be kept. There's a hell of a bill against him already."

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