

rn is Alaska born, the daugh-te Coburn, a "bush rat," who with an unestablihed mining claim. rd ship, she is annoyed by Eric (the

"It was," I agreed. "It was all wather wonderful. But it made me feel like a deserter. And it was be good to last. Just when I was thing myself I had about everyag one could ask for, I got a let from Alaska, nearly seven nths old."

wonths old." "Telling you what?" prompted the sice at my side. "Telling me my father had been wund dead on the open trail," I newered, doing my best to be casu-l about it. "He'd been found there, weren to death between his Chakianswered, doing my best to be casu-al about it. "He'd been found there, frozen to death, between his Chaki-tana claim and Trail-End Camp. His grub bag was empty. Two of his dogs had died and the others must have left him in the night. I can't help thinking of that lonely grave between the hills when you talk about the uselessness of the sourdough." "I'm sorry," said my companion,

"I'm sorry," said my companion, with a quick note of contrition. He stood beside me, for a full minute of silence. "Where was your fa-ther's claim on the Chakitana?"

"That's what I've got to find out," "That's what I've got to find out," I told him. "But it seems to be somewhere along the Three-Finger Range between the Cranberry and Blackwater Pass. Father, you see, was just an old-fashioned sourdough. was just an old-fashioned sourdough. The was always brooding about some final strike that was going to make him a millionaire. And he always fielt there was a fortune in that mine of his, once it was opened up. It was his secret. And he hugged it tight, even from me." "But the important point is did

"But the important point is, did he establish his claim?" "I'm afraid not," I had to admit. "That's one of the things I've got to find out."

He leaned closer, as though trying

b decipher my face in the starlight. I found myself moving away a

**Ettle**. Lonely ladies, after midnight **on** starlit nights at sea, needed the **feel** of something solid under their "It was kind of you," I said as

**b** drew my polo coat closer about me, "to help me as you did." But he disregarded that valedic-

**Bory** note. "I don't even know your name,"

e reminded me. Names, on a night like that, didn't seem to mean much. We were up between the stars, I wanted to tell him, where time and titles didn't count

"Who are you?" I found myself asking, foolishly glad because of his nearness

He didn't answer me at once. And in that moment of silence I summoned up courage to reach for the forgotten flashlight. Then I pressed the button and framed his stooping bead in a sudden shaft of light.

I gulped as the light fell on his **sace**. That face was strong and **bron**zed and touched with a quiet **au**dacity that went well with his big **frame**. But I had seen it before, in an altogether different setting. For this was the mackintoshed man who had stood in the rain with a blonde and blue-eyed girl in his arms be-fore the Yukon pulled out from the Seattle wharf. He had been so absorbed in that last clasp that he al-most missed getting aboard.

The memory of that scene prompt-by chilled and steadied me. An ice wall as wide as the Columbia Glacier seemed to drift in between us

"I don't suppose it makes much difference," he said out of that si-Pence, "but my name is Lander, Sid-

The second secon serence," I heard myself saying in a oddly thinned voice. "Why?" he demanded, conscious

of that remoter note.

THE STORY SO FAR

on, an agitator. S They talk of the changes that had come to the north, and of course a good deal about themselves. It is a dark night on the deck of a ship and they chat quite freely.

INSTALLMENT II

"I was beginning to feel it was an oppressively big one," I said as I stared out over the lonely hills. "How long," he asked, "will you be at Toklutna?" "For at least a year," I told him. "But why do you ask?" "Because I think I'll be seeing you," he said, without the slightest trace of levity.

CHAPTER II

It wasn't until the crowding and confusion of our shore stop at Cor-dova that I saw Sidney Lander again. Then I caught sight of him again. Then I caught sight of him on the dock, stooping over a wire-covered crate. He let out a longhaired sheep dog which disdained the chop bone held out in front of it. The quivering animal merely flung itself on its master, whimpering and crazy with joy. "This is Sandy," he said as he

"This is Sandy, he said as he stroked the dog's nose. "There's just Sandy and me." "I'm flying in to the Chakitana," he said. "But Sandy doesn't like air travel." I could feel his eyes on



Instead of answering me he led me toward the gangplank.

my face. "You go on to Seward, of course?" "Then in to Toklutna," I said.

"It would be funny, wouldn't it, if we found ourselves on the same trail there?" he said.

"What does that mean?" I asked, when the Yukon's warning whistle gave me a chance to speak again. Instead of answering me he led me toward the gangplank over which the last of the passengers were crowding aboard. The smile faded from his face as he stood there, with my hand in his. He neither spoke por said good-by. But his eyes, as he looked down at me, did things to my heart action. For my wom-an's instinct told me that some-thing me crimit down in that to be the thing was stirring deep in that bear cave of silence. Those eyes, I felt, were saying something that his lips

seemed afraid to put into words. All the way to Resurrection Bay, in fact, I felt oddly alone in the world. It seemed less and less like going home.

Yet I knew, once we reached Seward, that I was back on the

But when I found myself face to But when I found myself face to face with that solemn big school-house surrounded by a straggle of cabins that made it look like a moth-er hen surrounded by her chicks, no sense of high adventure reposed in

enraptures the pair. Carol tells of working her way through a university and of a trip to Europe as companion of a rich man's daughter. "That was a break," he says.

I liked in that new valley of loneli-ness. She had Irish gray eyes, a sense of humor, and a frame like a man's. She was, I discovered, real-ly a graduate nurse and should have worn a uniform. But she bowed to the law of the frontier and dressed that muscular body of hers in man-nish-looking flannel shirts and khaki breeches and high-laced hunting boots.

breeches and high-laced hunting boots. At Toklutna she plainly found plenty to do. For of the thirty-seven children in our school three had tu-bercular neck glands, two had con-genital hip disease, and another doz-en either ear trouble or ominous chest coughs. They were the off-spring of the once stalwart Eskimo and the noble red man of the North, proving how merciless the hand of mercy could sometimes be. Our civ-ilization, plainly, hadn't done much for those misfits. We thought we'd been helping them, but all we did was take away their stamina and pauperize them. We left them so improvident they came to regard it as foolish to go out and fish and hunt and trap.

as foolish to go out and nsn and hunt and trap. So they let the white man bask in the glory of the white man's bur-den. They gave up and wallowed in shiftlessness and loafed about in rags and mated and reproduced and passed their ill-begotten offspring over to Toklutna to feed and clothe and make into good little Ameri-cans. cans

Miss Teetzel, I soon discovered, did her best to keep the native girls in the school from talking with the old women of the outside settlement a lot of tribal superstitions the youngsters. Ac-cording to Miss O'Connell, they made a practice of not letting their firstborn children live, especially the Copper River Indians who believed that if their first little papoose lasted only until he was eight or nine months old his father went straight to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Katie O'Connell, in fact, was on the warpath because of an Indian couple who sneaked over into the Matanuska Valley with their seven-months-old baby, ostensibly on a hunting trip. But if they came back without that papoose, our grim-eyed nurse proclaimed, she was going to have them locked up for life.

Miss Teetzel took the savor out of my mission. She also quietly con-trived to make me as uncomfortable as possible. She seemed to feel that the acrub bruch bruch bruch bruch bruch the scrub brush was a major factor

But Sidney Lander was a major ractor in pedagogics. But Sidney Lander was right. I hadn't much to work on at Toklutna. The little slant-eyed Eskimos, I found, were both brighter and mer-rice minded then the Simoth shift rier-minded than the Siwash chil-dren. They all seemed fond of mu-sic, though, especially the march music Katie and I pounded out on music Katie and I pounded out on the old school organ. So the two of us concluded that a little dancing might brighten up the emptiness of their evenings. We tried putting them through an old-fashioned square dance or two. And just when the fun was at its highest Miss Teetzel appeared and looked me over with that sardonic eye of hers. "I'm afraid," she observed, "that you're a trifle too modern for us." I had to swallow it, of course. But

I had to swallow it, of course. But after that we were restricted to group-singing and saluting the flag and a handful of dolorous old hymns which my Siwash charges translat-ed into a pagan chant of woe.

As I quartered back across the schoolyard, after stopping a fight be-tween two of my little redskin warriors (based on a can of tinned cow stolen from the kitchen), I bumped into Doctor Ruddock, who looked us over once a week. He stopped, with his black bag in his hand, and rather solemnly looked me over.



**By BAUKHAGE** 

WNU Service, 1395 National Press Bidg., Washington, D. C. WASHINGTON.—In the past few weeks the tall figure of a Hoosier weeks the tail ingure of a Hooster farmer has been seen frequently en-tering and leaving the White House. This was not so strange to us who watch the busy portals because the man was Secretary of Agriculture Wickard. Like other members of the cabinet, he is called in for fre-quent conferences with the Presiune conferences with the Presi-dent these days. Cabinet afficers and other government officials have been helping the President plan the con-crete steps to be taken to aid Brit-ain under the lend-lease bill. But what a lot of us did not guess man with what Scoretary Wichard

was just what Secretary Wickard was up to. The purpose of those visits has not been officially an visits has not been omcially an-nounced, as I write these lines. But it can be safely predicted that he was working out plans with the Pres-ident to include farm products among the first supplies to be loaned or loaged to England or leased to England.

or leased to England. Secretary Wickard was able to achieve his purpose partly as a re-sult of his own persuasiveness, and partly for other reasons that I will

explain later. Here is the tip-off on the plan the secretary discussed with the Presi-dent, in Mr. Wickard's own words. It is pretty cagily expressed but if you know how, you can read be-tween the lines. This is what Secre-tary Wickard said in a public speech during the congressional battle on the lend-lease bill:

Overproduction Held Unikely. "Frankly speaking, there is little likelihood that we will produce too much meat, butter, cheese, milk and other dairy products in the months to come. I have an idea that all we produce in the South and else-where will be needed ere will be needed. "The reports about the British food

"The reports about the British food situation are not too encouraging. The British have lost their sources of food supply on the continent. They are handicapped still further by their shipping losses. The Eng-lish may want some of our food and want it pretty soon. If they call on us, I think we will answer the call." Almost all of the products to be sent to Britain under the lend-lease

sent to Britain under the lend-lease plan will be proteins (meat, milk and milk products and eggs). There will be, however, some cotton, wheat and tobacco, but these commodities will constitute a minor part of the shipments. The practical arguments sending proteins are obvious: The extra physical demands on for

fighting men require a greater protein diet.

2. These products up to now have been shipped to England all the way from Australia, New Zealand and the way from Australia, New Zealand and the Argentine. Two trips can be made from New York to Britain while one is being made from these distant points.

distant points. Unfortunately the protein commod ties which are needed by England are not the ones we most want to sell. They do not constitute our great surpluses, disposition of which has caused the biggest headaches in the department of agriculture since the farm problem was tossed in the government's lan

in the government's lap.

In the government's lap. Surplus Produce Unaffected. Furthermore, they are the prod-ucts which, later on, when the de-fense industries expand, we will need at home because if all our un-employed were working full time and acting these meals a day use used employed were working full time and eating three meals a day, we would not have enough proteins at the pres-ent rate of production to satisfy them. The things we do want to get rid of—the things of which we

will last no one can say. is impossible to predict how long the emergency will last or what the fortunes of war will be. But the ef-fort of the New Deal planners is to build up an increasing demand at home for the things the farmer raises. As Secretary Wickard says on every occasion when he gets the

chance: "Whether they lose or keep the foreign markets, farmers must try to increase consumption in their best market—the domestic market."

### President Discusses News **Control With Reporters**

Imagine the head of a European state sitting for half an hour while he was questioned by a group of newsmen on any subject they chose, including the government's confi-dential transactions!

And, yet, that happens twice a week in Washington at the White House press conferences. There the President sits at his desk covered with papers; members of the White House staff sitting about him, two secret service men standing incon-spicuously behind him, between the stars and stripes and the presiden-tial floar.

stars and stripes and the presiden-tial flag. To us in Washington, the White House press conference is routine. But a recent meeting was so demo-cratic, so unlike anything that could possibly happen abroad, that it stands out clearly in my memory.

Mr. Roosevelt started it. The ques-tion which the American public ought to think about, as he put it, had to do with the ethics, morals and patriotism of making public, matters which might be injurious to national defense. First, should a member of congress divulge testi mony before a secret committee ses-sion; second, should a newspaper publish or a radio station broadcast such information.

The issue was raised by the publication of testimony given by the chief of staff, General Marshall, before an executive session of the sen-ate military affairs committee in connection with a shipment of army bombers to Hawaii.

## Censorship Not Desired.

The President said he had neither the desire nor the power to censor the news, but he wished us to con-sider whether it was ethical, moral or patriotic to publish any informa-tion which the heads of the armut tion which the heads of the army and navy believed should, in the in-terests of national defense, be kept confidential.

The newsmen did not question the advisability of withholding from the public important military secrets, but they showed plainly that they resented any suggestion that the free dom of the press be interfered with

One correspondent said frankly that the chief of staff ought not to tell things to congressmen which he did not want to get out because such information always leaked. The President replied, quietly, that nat-urally, one did not like to withhold any information asked for by conany information asked for by con-gress. Another reporter asked how the

Another reporter asked now the press was to know what information, once they had received it, ought to be withheld, and what could be printed. The President answered this could be determined by what the heads of the army and navy felt would be injurious to national dewould be injurious to national de-fense. The President admitted he had no specific proposal to suggest. No definite conclusion to the dis-

cussion was reached at the interview The i



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Things are not always what they seem; the first appearance de-ceives many; the intelligence of few perceives what has been care-fully hidden in the recesses of the mind.-Phaedrus.

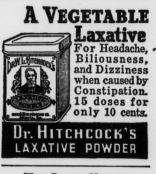
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#### Seeking Truth

If you seek truth, you will not seek to gain a victory by every possible means; and when you have found truth, you need not fear being defeated.—Epictetus.



Vices Become Manners What once were vices, are now the manners of the day.—Seneca.

Overproduction Held Unlikely.

We'll probably never see each • ther again," I said with a limping enough effort at indifference. "But I think we will," he cor-

rected with unexpected solemnity. My hand, resting on the rail, could seel his bigger hand close over it.

"Hasn't Eric the Red done enough that?" I asked in an adequately of that? frosted voice. The man who called himself Sid-

mey Lander promptly lifted his hand

"But I still want to know your mame," he quietly reminded me. "I think you owe me that much." I laughed and stood silent a mo-

ment. "My name's Carol Coburn," I finally admitted, "free, white, and twenty-one, and heading back to the incebound hills of her birth."

"Coburn?" he repeated. And his sice impressed me as almost a startled one.

"Carol Koyukuk Coburn," I an-mounced, "with the Koyukuk usual-ly suppressed."

What was your father's name?' be asked

"His real name," I said, "was Kenneth Coburn. But back on the reeks he was known as Klondike

That brought silence between us again. And when the man beside me spoke, it was in an oddly altered

"It's a small world, isn't it?" t, at the moment, see much point to that observation.

my arrival.

It was Miss Teetzel who spoiled everything. For Miss Teetzel, the school head, proved to be a some-what dehydrated spinster with an eye like a bald-headed eagle's and joint like a bald-headed eagle's and a jaw like a lemon squeezer. I could see her disapproving glance go over my person, from my gray tweed cap with its rather cocky Ty-Ty rolean feather to my frivolous suede pumps. I plainly didn't fit in with her idea of what a teacher should be. I didn't much mind being con-signed to the smallest and meanest room in the big old building. But I couldn't overlook the spirit of hostil-ity with which I was ushered into my far-north mission. For that spir-it expressed itself, once I'd un-packed, in the first task with which Miss Teetzel confronted me. It was to take charge of the washing from the children's ward. And it was rather a sentic mess to get clean rather a septic mess to get clean, even with the power machine which Miss O'Connell showed me how to

Miss O'Connell showed me how to operate. But I knew the lemon-squeezer lady was playing an op-eratic air or two on the keyboard of my endurance. So I put on my rubber gloves, and shut my teeth, and went through with my job. It wasn't until my third day at Toklutna that I had a chance to hu-manize the cell-like baldness of my room. room.

Miss O'Connell helped me do the decorating. And this same Katie O'Connell proved herself the one girl

"You're not very happy here," he said. "How'd you like a whack at a school over at Wasilla?"

My first impulse was to tell him that I didn't believe in running away from things. But I said, instead, that I was waiting for rather an im-portant report from the Record Of-fice at luncau fice at Juneau. He glanced at the shabby old bar-

He glanced at the shabby old bar-racks that overshadowed us. "Well, if they crowd you too hard here, let me know. I can pull a string or two, when you're ready. And that Matanuska Valley, if I don't miss my guess, is going to be very much on the map." The memory of that message didn't stay with me as long as it might have. For on my way to my room Katie O'Connell handed me a letter from Sidney Landred. It had come out from Chakitana by air-plane and had been mailed at Fair-banks. The writer of that letter said that I had been very much in his thoughts. But the comforting little glow a message like that could bring just under one's floating ribs little glow a message like that could bring just under one's floating ribs was cut short by the further mes-sage that the sooner I could marshal all data and documents in connec-tion with my father's Chakitana claim the more definite it would make Lander's course of action in the immediate future. "The Trum-bull outfit and I are parting compa-ny." it concluded. ny," it concluded.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

have enough and to spare-are no as greatly affected by increased em-ployment. Department of agricul-ture experts here will tell you any day that in prosperous times there is not an important increase in the use of cotton, tobacco and wheat.

But as far as the British go, they have to consider first things first, and they have all the cotton, wheat and tobacco they need, or they can get these products as conveniently from their own dominions as from the United States.

the United States. So this new "lend-lease" market won't solve the problem of farm sur-pluses. Nevertheless, it will absorb some of them, for the government is insisting that along with the proteins, some of the surplus products will be included in the commodities we dispose of under the lend-lease

How long this new market over-

### BRIEFS ... by Baukhage

On the same day that President Roosevelt declared that he approved Roseveit declared that he approved of wire-tapping by department of justice operatives where sabotage was suspected, the guards in the Capitol building were replaced by policemen and no one is now permit-ted to carry packages of any kind into the building. Even cameras have to be checked at special stands at the entrances.

ly after the meeting, a writer who is usually excellently informed, stat-ed that the President had turned down flatly a plan to place all in-formation concerning defense under formation concerning defense under what amounted to a censorship board. It had been long known that such a plan was placed on the President's desk at the time war broke out abroad. The President turned it down then. When it came it down. Later, Lowell Mellett, ad-ministrative advisor to the President, said no plan of censorship was being considered.

If war comes, some method of regulating the publication of military information will probably be put into effect. But until that moment, the press and radio will fight for freedom of speech, the spoken word,

The average American soldier eats about 40 per cent more than he does in civilian life, according to the national defense advisory commis-sion. He gets much more than 40

per cent more meat. In some lo-calities as many as one-third of the draftees who are otherwise eligible

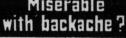
for army service have to be turned

down because of physical condition due entirely to deficiency in diet.

or the written.

# Worth of Mirth An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow.-Baxter.





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