# The Lamp in the Valley

Carol Coburn, Alaska-born daughter of a "bush rat" who died with an unestab-lished mining claim, returns North to teach lindian school. Aboard ship, she is an-aoyed by Eric (the Red) Ericson and is rescued by Sidney Lander, young mining

But I refused to stay put. There was too much to be done. I didn't want to seem a slacker when every-body was so busy. And in looking after the others I could pretty well forget the pain of my own flame-blistered face.

Where the rambling old schools

Where the rambling old schoolhouse had been was a stretch of smoldering ashes with the skeletonlike iron bed frames and a stove or two standing there as melancholy as tombstones. And everything owned lay consumed in those ashes.

All I had left were the few scorched clothes that hung about my tired

But I hadn't time to feel sorry for myself. A special train, I was told was already on its way from Anchorage, to pick up our homeless school waifs and carry them on to the In-dian orphanage at Fairbanks. From the pile of emergency clothing Katie commandeered for me an oversized pair of corduroy trousers, a patched plaid Mackinaw, and a caribou par-ka that had seen better days. To these Doctor Ruddock (who'd given up his little wooden-fronted office as sleeping-quarters for Katie and me) added socks and pacs and an old bearskin cap that made me look like a lady-huzzar in a busby.

"What are we going to do?" I asked the ever-hurrying Doctor Ruddock when he dropped in, next day, to anoint my scorched epidermis with ambersine.
"Toklutna's off the map," he proclaimed. "Katie will stay on here, probably until the breakup, to look after the old folks."
"Then where do I fit in?" I ques-

"Then where do I fit in?" I questioned with a sudden feeling of

'You fit in very neatly," he said as he listened to my heart action.
"I'd the Commissioner on the wire
this morning and he agrees with me that this country owes you a berth. So you get the school job at Matanuska."

It took some time for this to sink

in.
"When?" I asked.

"When?" I asked.

"As soon as you get sense enough
to take care of yourself," he said
with a barricading sort of curtness.
"I told you to rest up, after your
fire shock, and you didn't do it. So
roll up in that bunk and stay there

until you get a release from me."

He stopped in the doorway, with his dog-eared old medicine case in his hand, as I none too willingly shook out the blankets of my floor "And there's a long-legged engi-

neer waiting outside to see you," he added as he watched me dutifully crawl into my bunk. "But ten minutes is his limit, remember."

I had my second shock to digest.

For the waiting visitor was Sidney

Lander.

He stood very tall in that small office-surgery. And my appearance must have startled him a little, since he stared down at me, for a full

half-minute, without speaking.
"Are you all right?" he finally asked. I had to laugh a little at his solemnity.
"Just a little scorched around the edges," I said with an effort at levi-

But my heart was beating a

ty. But my heart was beating a trifle faster than it should have been. "I flew over, as soon as I heard," he rather clumsily explained. He looked out the window and then back at me. "That was good work, saving those children."

"But I lost my eyebrows," I reminded him.

ninded him. Lander walked to the window and

tack.
"We've at least saved those citisnown them to John Trumbull," he splained, "and Trumbull claims trey're not backed up by the records. That led to an argument that ords. That led to an argument that ended in a split-up. The Chakitana Development Company has lost its field engineer."

"What are you going to do?" I

His laugh was curt.

"I was tying up with the Happy Day outfit," he explained. "But Trumbull's just trumped my ace by buying up the Happy Day."
"Does that mean you're going out-

side?" I asked, trying to make the question a casual one.
"Not on your life," was his prompt

'We've got to wait until the reply. records show who's right in this."
"But that's my problem," I ob-

"I happen to have made it mine," he retorted with an unexpected light of battle in his eyes.

### CHAPTER VII

I began to understand the meaning of what they call "the deep cold" before I set out for Matanuska. For the snows of midwinter soon buried the ruins of our lost school. The storms along Alaska's one stretch of railway also brought slides and broken snowsheds enough to block the line and keep trains

from moving for over a week.

That cloud had the silver lining of giving me a chance to make over y nondescript wardrobe, to which r-hearted Katie added a sweater Scotch wool and a pair of wolf-

INSTALLMENT VI

skin gauntlets, a trifle over-sized. She was, I think, genuinely sorry to see me go So when traffic moved again and

I mounted my day coach I found it crowded to the doors with leatherfaced old sourdoughs and cud-chewing trappers and Mackinaw-clad loggers, along with a homesteader's wife who carried an undersized pig

wife who carried an undersized pig in a slatted crate.

I wasn't sorry when the conductor, pushing his way through that overcrowded day coach, blinked down at my still heat-blistered face and said: "Next stop Matanuska, lady". and said: lady."

"Could you tell me," I asked one of the men at the station, "where I'd find Mr. Bryson, Mr. Sam Bry-

son?"
His face, when he peered up at me, impressed me as both sour and sardonic.

"The school superintendent for this district?" I persisted.

"I be," he retorted, plainly re-senting my incredulous stare. "And ain't it fit and proper, seein' I hap-pen to own that doggoned school-house over there?"

I meekly acknowledged that it was. And with equal meekness I



"Next stop Matanuska, lady."

told him that I was the new teacher sent on from Toklutna.

"But you wasn't to turn up here till Easter," he said testily. "We ain't got nothin' ready for you." I showed him the Territorial Com

missioner's letter, which he held close to his seamed old face, his lips moving as he labored through the undisputable message therein contained.

"Well, you should've got off at Wasilla," he complained, "where you could've found lodgin' until things was ready."

"But I'm here," I said with a smile that was entirely forced. And as he pushed back his wolfskin cap and stood scratching an attenuated forelock I quietly inquired: "Just where is my school?"

He studied me with a lack-luster eye.
"You ain't got no school," he pro-

"But I was sent here to teach," I contended, trying to keep my tem-

"Sure you was sent here to teach," acknowledged the old-timer. "But it ain't our fault we wasn't rigged out with a noo schoolhouse this winter. Gover'ment's so danged busy with a heap o' highfalutin' plans for this valley it ain't got time to look after our needs. Spends a half-million on that noo Injin school at Juneau and lets us hillbillies scramble for our book larning as hear the can't

for our book-larnin' as best we can!"
"Then what am I to do?" I asked,
feeling more interested in my own
immediate future than in the mis-

takes of governmental expenditure.
"I guess you'll just have to siwash
it," he said, "the same as us oldtimers did when we hit this valley.
"Just how will I siwash it?" demanded.

"By froggin' through as best you can, the same as our circuit-ridin sky-pilot does, without a meetin'-place. We was figgerin' on you cir-culatin' round the valley homesteads and ladlin' out the book-larnin' where comin' to you, you'll have to go to them." it was most needed. Instead o' then

"Why can't that old schoolhouse be used?"

be used?"
"She needs a noo roof and noo
floor sills," was the listless answer.
"And I'm danged if I'm goin' to dig

down for 'em."

"Are you trying to tell me," I quavered, "that I'll have to go from farm to farm, like a mail carrier, and give my lessons in a kitchen?"

"You've guessed it," he wearily acceded. "Only you'll be plumb lucky to be stretchin' your legs out in a warm kitchen I've got a girl over home right pow, rarin' to git

school when the children the School burns down. Carol proves the heroine, saving the children. The doctor orders her to bed. The fire left Carol without clothes and without definite plans.

polished up a spell on her readin' and writin'. And if you ain't willin' to do your teachin' on the wing thataway, until this valley gits a real schoolhouse rastled together, I guess, lady, you're mushin' up the wrong trail."

There was no mistaking the finali-

ty of that statement.
"But where am I to live?" I asked as I stared at the snow that stood so white between the gloomy green of the sprucelands.

the sprucelands.

"We was figgerin'," he explained,
"on settin' you up in the old Jansen
shack. That's just over the hill
there behind that tangle o' spruce.
But you'd sure have some tidyin' up
to do afore you got set there." He
looked with a frown of disapproval
at my sprawl of luggage. "Bout
the best thing for you to do, lady, is
to leg it over to the Eckstrom farm
and see if they'd take you in for a
day or two." day or two."

I had, however, no desire to go wandering about that snowy world asking strangers to take me in. I wanted my own roof over my head. And I so informed the morose Mr.

Just then I became conscious of a strange figure making its way down the opposing hillside.

It was a man carrying the carcass of a deer, a ragged and shambling man with a rifle and a tined head above his stooping shoulders. It was

Sock-Eye Schlupp.

"I'll be hornswizzled if it ain't Klondike Coburn's gal," he said.
"What're you doin' back in these parts?"

I told him why I was there. "Where you goin' to bunk?" he demanded.

demanded.

"They tell me I'm to live in the Jansen shack," I explained.

"They're plumb locoed," said Sock-Eye. "You sure can't den up in that pigsty."

"I'm north born," I reminded him. "Mebbe you are," he retorted.
"But this is a plumb lonesome valley for a chalk-wrangler t' take root

I reckon you'd better come along t' my wickyup until things is ready That, I told him, would be out of

That, I told him, would be out or the question. "Is'pose you knowyoung Lander's swingin' in with me?" he said with the air of an angler adjusting a

gaudier fly. That, I knew, made it more than ever impossible. "And if that Jansen shack's not ready, I'll have to make it ready."

make it ready."
"Quite a fighter, ain't you?" he observed.

After a moment's silence, he added: "I'll give you a hand over t' that lordly abode o' yours."

He left me standing there, to re-turn, a few minutes later, with a hand sleigh borrowed from the station agent. On this, with altogether unexpected dispatch, he piled my belongings. Over them he draped the deer carcass, thonging the load together with a strand of buckskin. "Let's mush," he said.

I took a hand at the towing line, It took a hand at the towing line, and, side by side, we made our way along the trodden snow, as crisp as charcoal under our feet. The valley seemed strangely silent. But I felt less alone in the world with that morose old figure beside me.

"Why is Lander swinging in with ou?" I asked. you?" I asked.
"Seein' this valley ain't bristlin'
with hotels," answered Sock-Eye,
"he deemed my wickyup good
enough for a college dood until they
could build him up-to-date livin'
quarters at the Happy Day."

"But I thought outsiders bought up the Happy Day," I ventured.

Sock-Eye stopped to gnaw a cor-ner from his chewing plug.
"They sure did," he admitted,
"And left young Lander out on the limb. But, as far as I kin make out, that hombre ain't no squealer.
And I reckon Big John Trumbull'll
find him as full o' fight as a bunch o'
matin' copperheads."

We went on until we came to a solitary small figure standing kneedeep in the roadside snow. It proved to be a Swede boy in an incredibly ragged Mackinaw, with a blue ragged Mackhaw, with a blue woolen scarf wrapped around his waist as high as his armpits. His eyes, I noticed as Sock-Eye asked him about a short cut to the Jan-

about a short cut to the Jansen shack, were even bluer than his encircling sash.
"But ol Yansen ban dead," he announced. "He ban dead of the flu over three months ago."

"Which same makes room for you, little cheeckako," snorted m; grimeyed trail breaker.

But I stopped to ask the sashwrapped youth his name. I liked the feeling of warmth he carried under that cocoon of wool and

rags.
"Ah ban Olie Eckstrom," he said with the friendliest of smiles.

It wasn't until we came to the edge of a clearing that Sock-Eye stopped for breath.

stopped for breath.

"There be your wickyup," said
Sock-Eye, with a wave of his mittened hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Washington Digest

## **Government to Encourage Greater Food Production**

Prepare for Increased Aid to Democracies; Newspaper Men From Small Town 'Make Good' in Washington.

> By BAUKHAGE National Farm and Home Hour Co

WASHINGTON.—Before long the government will take steps to give the American farmer an incentive for raising more animals and increasing the egg and milk output for this arsenal of democracy, it can be safely predicted at this time. Furthermore with the incentive will unbe safely predicted at this time. Furthermore, with the incentive will undoubtedly go some type of guarantee, as in the case of the manufacturer, that the farmer will be protected at least from possible loss in such undertakings. At most, he might even be guaranteed a profit. Here is the background of the situation, details of which government officials are not ready as yet to make public:

make public:
Food is as much a munition of war as guns. The United States in pledging its aid to democracies is starting to send food supplies to

them. Important Food-Weapons.

One of these food-weapons is wheat. We have plenty of that grain. The department of agriculture estimates that at present there are more than 525,000,000 bushels in ex-

more than 525,000,000 busies in excess of domestic needs.

Another food weapon, and a vital one for fighting men, is the proteins —meat, milk, milk products, poultry and eggs. Rationing of these products. ucts is becoming severe in England.
American agriculture does not have surpluses of these things. But farms are the factories where they can be produced, and we do have surpluses of one of the chief raw materials

of one of the chief raw materials for the process, namely, corn. Present estimates indicate that the corn surplus will reach 700,000,000 bushels by October 1.

How many more cows, pigs and chickens do we need in order to be able to feed ourselves as well as the fighting democracies? That is a hard question to answer. The department of agriculture calls it an "imponderable." It also admits that if everyor agriculture calls it all imponen-able." It also admits that if every-body in this country right now were getting a square meal we would not have enough of the protein foods to

go around. Hence, the plans-in-the-making to encourage American farms to "manufacture" proteins in the in-terest of national defense.

#### Rural Newspaper Men 'Make Good' in Washington

Two small town boys, both trained on weekly newspapers, have made good in the radio world in Washington and neither of them can get the country out of his blood and is proud of it.

One is a lanky, red-haired Hoosier, One is a lanky, red-haired Hoosier, Robert M. Menaugh, and the other, scholarly looking D. Harold McGrath, who grew up in the Cripple Creek mining district in Colorado. They are the superintendents, respectively, of the new house and senate radio galleries.

"My favorite newspaper," says Bob, "is the oldest in Indiana and the one I used to work on. It's the

the one I used to work on. It's the Salem Democrat."

McGrath, who has owned two McGrath, who has owned two weekly newspapers, says: "I have made seven auto trips from coast to coast in the last seven years and I noticed that the weekly newspaper is on a much more solid basis than it was when I was a publisher 25 years ago. I still think the weekly is the best read news publication in America."

Bob is the veteran of the two in radio because it was the house of representatives which first recognized that radio men needed the same facilities that the members of the long-established press gallery have if they are properly to cover the doings of congress. So in May of 1939 the lower chamber appropri-ated money for a superintendent and an assistant and amended its rules an assistant and amended its rules so that radio newsmen had their own little corner—a pew railed off from the visitors' gallery right next to the newspaper men's seats above to the newspaper men's the speaker's rostrum.

#### Senate Follows Suit.

The senate, being a more ponder-ous body, followed suit some months later.

When the question came up to the speaker of the house as to who would be his choice for the superintendent on his side of the Capitol, there wasn't any question about Bob Menaugh's qualifications. He has been a well-known figure around the been a well-known figure around the says they must continue to police Capitol ever since he came to Wash-

WNU Service, 1343 'H' Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.
WASHINGTON.—Before long the
government will take steps to give back to the beginning of Salem, Ind., history, there is an ancient tale which makes him a little uncertain as to who he really is. It seems that four generations ago two little boys were stolen from two different families, the Menaughs and Hinsleys, by the Indians. One was four and one was five. Later, a trapper reported that he had heard that one of the boys, he didn't know which, had died. Still later, the other boy returned to the village. But which returned to the village. But which boy? Six years has passed. The little fellow had an Indian name and he had forgotten his own. Both families claimed him and finally a public trial was held and he was awarded to the Menaughs. Bob is a great-grandson of that boy.

#### High School Start.

Bob started newspaper work in high school, buying an old press and setting the type himself. Later he worked on the Salem Democrat, the worked on the Salem Democrat, the oldest newspaper in Indiana. He says that his greatest thrill came in speaking on the first national broadcast celebrating the opening of the radio gallery on June 26, 1939, an honor shared by your correspondent. McGrath, head of the senate side started work in 1910 at the age of 16 as a reporter, succeeding Lowell

Thomas on the Victor (Colo.) Record. The Record was a four-sheet daily and McGrath was to have other reportorial training in Boise and Wallace, Idaho, before he got the urge to own a weekly.

He paid a hundred dollars down

and fifty dollars a month for the Kellogg (Idaho) Record. Equipment, one job press, one Cotrell flatbed newspaper press and lots of band type. hand type.
"Mrs. McGrath and I," he says,

"learned to peg type and with the help of one printer got out the paper until I joined the army in 1918." After the war he secured the Jerome County (Idaho) Times which he ran until he sold out in 1922. He came to Washington with Senator Schwellenbach of Washington and was with him until he took over the gallery job gallery job.

#### Minority Party in U.S. Is Still Important

I walked along the corridor of the Capitol building, turned down a nar-row hall, got into a still narrower elevator and went up to the second floor. Opposite the elevator door is

the office of a small town editor.

The office was not a newspaper office and the editor was not editing at the moment-he has to do that by remote control most of the time nowadays for his newspaper is lo cated in North Attleboro, Mass. He is Joe Martin, minority leader of the house of representatives and beginning his second term as chair-man of the Republican national com-

The subject of our conversation had to do with what a minority party does when a national emergency exists and partisan politics is supposed to be forgotten. Chairman Martin told me the Republican party has

plenty to do.

"The Republican party has two big jobs ahead of it today," this Scotch-Irish Yankee said. "The first job is to keep congress from getting ahead of the people." I asked him just what he meant.

"I've been out in the country," he answered, "and I know the people don't want us here in Washington to do anything that will get the na-tion into war. If it weren't for continual unspectacular work on the part of the minority, especially in committees, the country would be in far worse shape then it is today."

But a still bigger task lies ahead,
Joe Martin told me.
"Our second job," he said, "is to
prepare for the situation when the
chaos of the World war which has
produced the present emergency is
over. Then it will be the responsibility of the Benyblican party to get bility of the Republican party to get back the democratic processes which are being sacrificed today by the emergency grants of power to the executive."

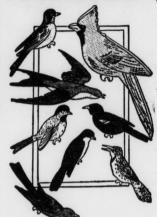
Of course, Chairman Martin believes the country will turn to the Republicans then, as what he calls a stabilizing force. Meanwhile, he

#### Farm and Homilies . . . By Baukhage

The cotton and steel shortage in Britain is threatening morale. A

Probably before this reaches the public the entire administration of shortage of corsets—made of cotton and steel—is expected. A woman doctor has come out with the suggestion that a roller towel can be used as "ersatz." But a male doctor protests. He says the battle lines are not the only ones that must be securely held if the nation's morale is to be preserved.

public the entire administration of the defense program will be changed. The Office of Production Management whose official birth was celebrated with so much fanfare as the organization which was to run the whole defense program, is one was to become just one of half a dozen departments of the new set-up.



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#### Music Around the Clock

In the state of Bikaner, India, all music is grouped into morning, afternoon and night pieces and it is against the law to play a composition outside of its "hours." Thus, for instance, a person wishing to play or hear a night piece at one in the morning has to wait until the next night, which begins at four the following afternoon.



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LAXATIVE POWDER

Contagious Example
Nothing is so contagious as example; and we never do any great good or great evil which does not produce its like. We imitate good actions from emulation, and bad ones from the depravity of our nature, which shame would keep prisoner, and example sets at liberty.—La Rochefoucauld.

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3

adequately prepared.

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