# The Lamp in the Valley

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

W. N. U. Service

THE STORY SO FAR

Carol Coburn, Alaska born, is returning home to teach in an Indian school. Aboard ship she is annoyed by Eric (the Ericson, an agitator. She is rescued by a young engineer.

She is disappointed that he is Sidney Lander and he is surprised in turn to learn her name. He is working for the Trumbull company which is contesting her father's claim. He is engaged to Trumbull's daughter.

Carol had seen Lander and Barbara in fond farewell at the Seattle dock.

Miss Teetzel, head of the Indian school, resents Carol's youth. Carol gets a letter from Lander asking for her father's documents and declaring "The Trumbull outfit and I are parting company."

*INSTALLMENT III*

### CHAPTER III

I couldn't send documents which didn't possess on to Sidney Lander. And I couldn't get any response to my repeated letters to the high-and-mighty Record Office officials at Juneau. I had to wait, as women so often have to do in this world.

Summer, up here under the shadow of the pole, seemed a very short season. I'd been twice to Anchorage, to explore the wooden-fronted shops and buy things to cover my nakedness and bring home an armful of month-old magazines. And through it all, as the voice over our tinny radio announced, "Time marches on."

For the sun was swinging lower and lower and the birch leaves were turning and the wild fowl heading south. The fireweed was red on the hillsides and I once more faced the familiar old task of stoking a drum stove with spruce logs. There was a sheeting of ice on the trail pools in the morning and we breakfasted by lamplight. Doctor Ruddock brought Katie O'Connell seven wild ducks which he'd shot on the Inlet, explaining that the six mallards were for the staff, and the spoonbill for the principal. With the coming of the first untimely snowfall, in fact, I'd taken to whipcord riding breeches and invested in a pair of pacs, high boots made of rubber, with generous enough foot room to allow for at least two pairs of woolen socks. Katie, when she saw me thus attired, proclaimed that I once more looked like an old-timer. Then she went over her combination rifle and shotgun, which she called a "game-getter," and asked if I'd swing in with her on a moose hunt across the Inlet.

But instead of a moose hunt we went on a baby hunt. For Katie had been right about her vanished papoose. Word came that our poor little redskinned Oedipus had been found abandoned in a poplar grove east of Wasilla. Doctor Ruddock, who brought the news to Toklutna, said there was a passable trail through the hills and delegated Katie and me to motor over to Matanuska Valley and bring the outcast back.

Katie, who would have started out for Timbuctoo at a word from that doctor of hers, lost no time. It wasn't an entirely dignified departure, for it took place in the school's old wood-toting motor truck.

By noon the next day we won through to the Matanuska River, where we were told to push on eastward along the valley toward what was called the Butte. High up in the hills, as we went, I could see mountain sheep, looking like little clouds anchored to the rock ledges.

Then Katie snorted aloud. For at a turn in the road we came face to face with a bewhiskered old-timer with a holstered hunting knife and a six-gun swinging at his hip, to say nothing of a long-barreled rifle in the crook of his arm. He looked, for some reason, like a picture out of the past. The light in his saturnine old eye was none too kindly as he studied us and then inspected our mud-covered truck.

"Them contraptions," he mordantly announced, "weren't built for North Country mushin', no more'n women were."

Katie, after agreeing with him, made an effort to explain our mission there. The rugged and defiant old figure assailed the trail ruts with a barrage of tobacco-juice shrapnel.

"Injuns like that ought t' be shot. And in the good old days," he said as he slapped his six-gun, "I'd a done it on sight." He spat again. "That's what's the matter with this whole gol-darned country. She's gone soft on us. And 'stead o' spoon feedin' them copper-bellied sons o' she-dogs she should be puttin' a bounty on their scalps." And still again he spat. "That's what's spilin' this ol' territory. Too much gover'ment. I've trapped her and prospected her from Keewalki down t' Wrangel. And in the ol' days—"

"We're from the Toklutna Mission," interrupted Katie, "on an emergency case."

"So I savvied," was the unhurried response. "But in the ol' days, as I was sayin', we could run our own camp. But now it's your Uncle Sam who steps in and runs us same as he runs the Injins. He makes a raft o' fool minin' laws, slaps a closed season on beaver, and gits a game warden after us if we shoot a lady-caribou t' keep body and soul together. He tells us t' settle down and grow turnips. But once we clear an acre or two he claims we ain't provin' her up right and puts her back in the public domain."

The old-timer, when he spat again, was able to convert the movement into a sweeping gesture of repudiation.

"And right now a thievin' lot o' politicians is set on turnin' this valley into a truck garden for a bunch o' broken-down corn-rustlers on relief. They've got their survey men over there, markin' out road lines and drivin' stakes and claimin' they're pavin' the way for the resurrection of Alaska. And next spring they're countin' on plantin' an army o' pie-eaters on the valley tundra and watchin' 'em git rich growin' spinach for themselves."

He shifted his cud and brushed aside the mittened hand with which Katie was semaphoring for silence.

"This ain't no place for college doods," he doggedly pursued. "I got one o' them know-it-all engineers over t' my shack right now. He kin talk big about g'ology and machine-minin', but he could no more take a tom-rocker back in the hills and wash out a poke o' dust than I could pilot one o' them airplanes that's stampedin' our good ol' brand o' husky-dogs off the trails of Alaska."

Katie, very plainly, could stand for no more.

"That's all very interesting," she bellowed. "But we're here to find an Indian baby. And if you can help us in our search I'd rather like to know it."

The challenge in Katie's voice brought a keener look of animosity from the bewhiskered old face.

"I was a-comin' to that, lady, if you'll only keep your shirt on." And still again he spat with deliberation. "Your Injin baby's over there in my wickyup."

**"I was a-comin' to that, lady, if you'll only keep your shirt on."**

"It's where?" cried Katie, reminding me of a coiled cobra.

The old stranger seemed to relish her bewilderment.

"It's over yonder in my wickyup, with that dood engineer tryin' to wet-nurse a little life into it. And I'll be doggoned if he ain't got it squallin' again like a two-year-old."

"Take me to it," commanded Katie. Her lips were grim as she motioned for the old-timer to climb up on the truck. She was, apparently, too exasperated to talk to him. So I did the conversing.

"Where," I asked as we rocked along the rough trail, "was the baby found?"

"Why, this long-legged quartz-cracker came mushin' down through the hills with a sheep dog at his heels, a right smart dog with a nose like a weasel's. Fact is, that hound smelt out something in a poplar grove jus' over the knoll beyont my clearin'. Kept whimperin' and whinin' and circlin' back there until his owner jus' had t' investigate. And there he finds an Injin baby wrapped up in a ragged blanket. And then comes stampedin' t' my shack door sayin' we've sure got t' save that little Injin's life. It looked plumb dead t' me. But I'll be gol-darned if that dood didn't get some signs o' life out o' the little varmint, after workin' over her half the night and warmin' her up with hot milk and my last bottle o' hootch.

"What's your name?" I asked, primarily to cover Katie's open groan of indignation.

"You can call me Sock-Eye," he answered, "Sock-Eye Schlupp. What's yourn?"

"It's Coburn," I told him. And the deep-set old eyes studied me with a livelier interest.

"You ain't Alaska born?" he ventured.

"I was born," I proudly explained, "on the Koyukuk."

The man who called himself Sock-Eye stared at me.

"A Coburn from the Koyukuk? You ain't meanin' to tell me you're ol' Klondike Coburn's girl?"

I announced that I was.

"Why, I mushed many a trail with that leather-necked ol' pan-swizzler," was his slightly retarded rejoinder. "And I seen you when you was a squallin' little brat no bigger 'n a minute, over back o' Pickle Crick Camp. Why, it was me helped tote you down t' the sky-pilot at Elk Crossin', when you was christened. And consoomed my share o' the moose-milk after that sky-pilot 'd mushed on t' his next mission post. They called you Carol in them days."

"Carol Koyukuk Coburn," I said, feeling a little closer to him.

"Sure it was, girlie," said my new-found friend. "Your pappy 'd been pannin' pay dirt along the Koyukuk and held he was handin' luck on t' you with that name." Sock-Eye spat luxuriously, indicated the right trail fork for Katie to take, and turned back to me. "But his own luck didn't hold out. It sure didn't." Still again Sock-Eye spat. "That was a dirty deal they gave him over on the Chakitana."

"He died there," I said, with reproving quietness in my tone.

"And died fightin' for his rights, tryin' to push through t' the Record Office to git his patent from bein' canceled on him. But he was buckin' something too big for him. Seems like you got t' be a college g'ologist and a law sharp before you can stake a claim in this country nowadays."

"Then somebody else should be keeping up the fight," I said with a sort of she-wolf fierceness that brought the deep-set old eyes back to a study of my face.

" 'Tain't a fight where a pinfeather cluck like you'd have a look-in," observed Sock-Eye Schlupp. He spat wide into the fringing spruce. "And nothin' much is gained by bellyachin' over water that's gone down the flume, girlie. You should be satisfied Klondike sent you outside t' git eddicated proper."

"Perhaps I'm not," I said, embittered by a sense of relapse in the face of some old loyalty.

"Then what're you set on doin' with yourself?" my companion coolly inquired.

I told him, briefly, about my work at Toklutna. But it didn't impress him much.

"You're sure wastin' your time on them no-account Nitchies," he averred. His morose eye ranged along the far-off mountain peaks. "Same as I'm wastin' my time in this valley, batchin' it in a ten-by-twelve wickyup and bakin' my own sourdough. I've got me a minin' claim up between the Little Squaw and the Goldstream where the mother lode runs as thick as your leg and once I get back there and open her up she's sure goin' t' be a second El Dorado."

I could feel Katie's elbow prod my ribs.

"They all say that," she muttered.

I remembered that she was right. I'd seen them broken and wasted from bad diet, and arthritic from bad teeth and burnt out with bad whisky, but still nursing their dream of some lucky strike that was going to make them millionaires overnight. And in it, I felt, lay both the curse and the glory of all Alaska.

"Here we be," cried Sock-Eye as we rounded a trail bend and rolled up in front of a log shack with a pair of weather-bleached moose horns over the door.

The light wasn't strong in the shadowy warm room. But I could make out a dog, lying beside the stove, and a man in his shirt-sleeves, stooping over a blanket-lined basket without a handle.

I stared at that man, rather stupidly. Then I looked back at the dog, in an effort to verify the incredible. The man stooping over the blanket-lined basket was Sidney Lander.

I could feel my heart beating a little faster as I stood staring at him. I could see Katie O'Connell's eyes widen as she inspected the nursing flask he'd made out of what looked suspiciously like a beer bottle with a glove finger tied over its end. It wasn't working right, apparently, from the thin wails of protest that came from the basket.

"Leave this to me," said the nurse as she reached for her hand-bag.

Sidney Lander, thus elbowed aside, stood watching the expeditious hands that betrayed none of the hesitations marking his own clumsy movements. When the dog lifted his pointed nose and rubbed it in a friendly way against my knee his owner raised his eyes and stared straight into my face.

He saw, for the first time, just who it was under that worn old parka. But he didn't speak and he didn't smile. He merely stood there, with wonder in his eyes.

"I didn't expect this," he said as Sock-Eye Schlupp busied himself stoking the stove. "I was on my way down to Toklutna to find out why you hadn't much faith in me."

"In what did I fail you?" I questioned, a little resentful of his power to dampen or quicken my spirits.

"I asked for the data and documents to back up your Chakitana claim," he reminded me.

"I don't happen to have any documents, as yet," I told him. "But even if I had, why should they go to you?"

"I wanted to lay them before John Trumbull," replied Lander, puzzling me by the grimness of his jaw-line. "He's the big smoke in the Chakitana Development Company."

"But also your boss," I said.

"I'm afraid he won't be for long," was Lander's unexpectedly, embittered reply.

"Why not?" I inquired.

*(TO BE CONTINUED)*

# Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

"TOBACCO ROAD," that painfully realistic drama of life among the poor whites that has been running for years and years on Broadway, has reached the screen at last. There's been considerable speculation about what would be left of it when it became a picture, since practically all of it was highly censorable. Well, just about nothing got by.

Most of the sizzling dialogue of the original version was omitted, of course. The characters have been changed. The result is a rather innocuous movie with a few beautiful camera shots.

—*—

Dennis Morgan says that the only time he was ever broke, hungry and desperate was the day he became a full-fledged movie star. Morgan, who is co-starring with Merle Oberon in Warner Bros.' "Affectionately Yours," was discovered by Mary Garden when he sang "Don Juan" to her "Carmen." She called the attention of movie scouts to the handsome and popular young singer.

**Dennis Morgan**

**"I signed at a good salary and thought I was sitting on top of the world," he said. "Instead, I found myself, broke and hungry, sitting out in the desert in a broken-down jaloppy." He didn't understand that a yearly movie contract provides for a 12-week layoff without pay. He bought an ancient auto and headed West. But his layoff period came first.**

—*—

The days of the glorified bathtub are back. In "Ziegfeld Girl" Lana Turner, as one of the glorified showgirls, steps into a marble tub wearing her jewelry, including earrings and a tiara, and apparently nothing else.

**Lana Turner**

Though the much-publicized episode of the Anna Held milk bath will not be used, the scene with Lana is based on an actual occurrence, when a slightly tipsy Follies Girl stepped out of her bathrobe and into the tub wearing her hat and jewels. But when Miss Turner slips out of the bathrobe there's a flesh colored bathing suit on her, as well as the jewels.

—*—

What kind of noise does a planet make when it explodes? That's what a group of serious-minded men in Miami, Fla., want to know. They're bringing "Superman" to the screen at the Fleischer Studios, and in one of the opening scenes a planet explodes—only "Superman" in a rocket ship, escapes. Max Fleischer thinks it ought to be very, very loud; Dave Fleischer thinks it ought to be a combination of heavy gunfire, earthquake—and an apple breaking in two, much multiplied. Unless somebody thinks up something more satisfactory, the apple wins.

—*—

**Lurene Tuttle has played, to date, 2,000 different radio roles; she's so much in demand that she dashes from one rehearsal directly to another. Here's her formula for success—Master your own art; keep your mind open to suggestions—never think you're too good to learn from others. That may be responsible for the fact that she's gone on and on, when so many radio stars rise to the top quickly, and then sink out of sight even faster than they rose. Lurene puts over a role with her voice alone; doesn't rely on gestures, make-up or costumes.**

—*—

Paul Schubert is naval expert for the Mutual chain because he plays the accordion. Mrs. Schubert has a nice voice, and when she auditioned for the chain some time ago he went along and played the accordion for her as an accompaniment. That interested him in radio. A couple of months later he phoned the man who'd handled the audition.

"Do you remember me—the man who played the accordion?" he asked and made an appointment for an interview. The appointment revealed his extensive study and writing experience in connection with naval affairs—and presto! he was signed up immediately.

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*ODDS AND ENDS—Richard Arlen and Roger Pryor flew their own planes the other day for Paramount's "Power Dive"; Arlen operates his own 14-plane flying school, and Pryor recently became the first Hollywood leading man to get a commercial rating . . . Marie Blake, Jeanette MacDonald's sister, has a supporting role in "Caught in the Draft," which stars Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour . . . Jean Gabin, the famous French screen star, has signed a contract with 20th Century-Fox . . . "Ready for Romance" is being speeded up so that it will be completed before the star, Deanna Durbin, marries Vaughn Paul in June.*

## Golden Heart

By RALPH EMERSON

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

"SAY! Take your heavy weight off my glass case, will you, Butch?" laughed Wayne Taylor. "That's my new case and . . ."

"Sure, sure, anything to oblige," returned Butch, shifting his weight to the other foot and grinning at his friend. "Why we ever took up with each other is more than I can make out, Wayne. You with your millionaire father and his acres of greenhouses. And my dad a hard worker all his life—"

"Oh, well, you and I are both working hard enough now, certainly, even if we did take it easy in college," returned Wayne, cutting off a tiny cluster of golden-hearted roses.

"Got an order for those?" asked Butch carelessly.

"N-not exactly. But a girl comes in here every night and spends a quarter for flowers. Curious thing, too, she doesn't dress like a girl who can afford to spend 25 cents a day for flowers—"

"Getting kind of soft over her?" asked Butch hastily.

"No women in mine, Butch. Now or ever! Just a selfish of bunch of grabbers, every one of them."

Thoughtfully, Butch picked up one of the tiny roses and cracked the stem in four places before his friend took it out of his hand.

"Boob!" laughed Wayne, "first you try to lean your great hulking weight on my best case of flowers and then you snap off the stems of flowers I'm going to sell. On with you, boy, and continue counting the nickels in folks' telephone boxes. Some day, with good luck, you'll be manager of the telephone company."

"Betcha," Butch said cheerily.

He found that his bus had left three minutes before. Eighteen minutes remained until the next one and Butch decided to collect two near-by telephone boxes. Springing up the stairs of an old-fashioned flat building, he knocked at the door. Ordinarily it was unlocked and the thin, pleasant voice of an elderly woman in a wheelchair answered his knock. Tonight, however, a slender girl in pink opened the door.

"Telephone man," he said briskly, showing his identification card.

Butch put his black carrying case on the floor beside the funny little writing desk that held books on one side. Deftly Butch inserted his passkey and let the nickels slide forth into his hands. The girl had returned to the tiny kitchenette and was peeling boiled potatoes.

"Nice day, wasn't it?" he said to the little old lady in her wheelchair.

"Yes, indeed," she answered cheerfully. "Emma, dear, you forgot to bring in the water for my flowers."

"Just a second, grandmother. Thought I'd get the potatoes started first—you must be starving. I was a little late tonight—"

But Butch heard nothing more. He was looking at the golden roses in the old lady's lap—golden roses in a tiny cluster, one stem cracked in four places.

Emma had gone to the sink and was filling the vase and the old lady looked after her with affectionate eyes. "D'you know what I just found out that dear child has been doing?" she said.

Butch shook his head, his eyes still on the golden roses.

"Why, the girl that works in the same office with my Emma stopped in tonight and told me that Emma has been going without her luncheon every day to buy me flowers on the way home. You see, I've always lived in a small town and I always had a nice big garden full of flowers. But when grandpa died and I had my stroke—a person who likes flowers never, I reckon, gets over liking them."

Butch counted his coins rapidly, then hurried back to see Wayne.

". . . and some way or other, I b'lieve I h've fallen for that girl," Wayne told Butch a half hour later when Butch dropped in at the florist shop. "You know, I've never even thought of her in that way until you put it into words tonight and when she came in for the flowers—say, she'd just take your breath, Butch—great, big eyes—she just looks big-hearted but—" here Wayne sighed. "I suppose she is a gold-digger along with all the rest of them."

"And suppose I told you that like those roses with hearts of gold this girl of yours had a golden heart, too," said Butch slowly. "Suppose I told you that she had gone without her noonday meal every day so that her grandmother, who loves flowers, might have a little cluster fresh every night, eh?"

"I'd say it sounded like a fairy tale," grinned Wayne, "and you couldn't tell me anything like that for you don't know her name any more than I do. But I'm going to find out—"

"Her name is Emma Martinson," said Butch, "and—say, where are you going, eh?"

"You stay right here and watch the shop for me," said Wayne, "And give me her address, pronto, see? If you sell a lot while I'm gone—well, when I've popped the question and all maybe I'll let you be best man. Who can tell, eh?"

Silently Butch took his place behind the counter.


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## TIPS to Gardeners

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In stepping up yield from vegetable gardens of limited size, two major devices should be relied on, first, companion cropping — the planting of fast-growing crops like radishes, spinach, and lettuce between rows of slower-growing vegetables like tomatoes, and cabbage. The fast growers will be pulled and used before the other crops need the space.

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**Memory Clings**

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