

Alaska Train Nears Coast

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star. She's going to try to tune in on Heinie and His Grenadiers when she and her husband get settled at Palmer.

Cameras, many bought brand new for this expedition, got a workout Wednesday. Many persons are keeping diaries and a boy undertook the monumental job of writing down the name of every single depot en route. He was well into South Dakota before a trainman discovered his undertaking and handed him a railroad timetable.

The Cowboy Country

Knowing that we'd be in Montana, two brothers awoke at daybreak and glued their noses to a window, "We're looking for a cowboy," they explained.

By the closest count possible, there are seven dogs on the train. They are aboard through the influence of David R. Williams, supervising architect for the rural rehabilitation division in Washington. When he was young he had to leave his dog behind on a long trip and he still feels badly about it. He insisted, therefore, that the colonists be permitted to take dogs with them.

Some Pocket Money

Palmer, Alaska—(P)—The first contingent of the Matanuska colonists got its first chance to make some pocket money Thursday when the men folks were hired to unload freight cars and erect tents for the Wisconsin-Minnesota party, which sails from Seattle Saturday night.

The Minnesotans already in the Matanuska valley have settled down to the routine of what still is "camping out," the men doing odd jobs about the camp while the wives caught up on the soiled laundry accumulated since arrival.

Colonists Nearing Coast and Seattle Celebration

Boy Describes Thrills of Rocky Mountains and Tunnels; Movies and Trips on Program

BY ARVILLE SCHALEBEN
OF THE JOURNAL STAFF

En Route Wisconsin-Michigan Alaskan Special—Happy and healthy, the Wisconsin and Michigan colonists Thursday are nearing completion of the first leg of their trip to the Matanuska valley in Alaska. Seattle awaits them, somewhere around 2 p. m.

Word comes to the train that Seattle already is theirs. They anticipate the conquest with vim. They are told that a civic reception awaits them, as do sightseeing tours, movies and other niceties as befit the twentieth century pioneers. Small wonder they yearn for the hour of arrival.

Boy Tells About It

As this is written we are in the Columbia valley and look toward the lovely Cascades. But these pioneers, being seasoned travelers now, are quite indifferent, for all Wednesday afternoon they looked out upon Montana's mighty mountains. Cer-

Measles Appear

BY JOURNAL STAFF CORRESPONDENT

En Route Wisconsin-Michigan Alaskan Special—Contagious disease appeared among the colonists Wednesday. Raymond Puhl, 7, Rice Lake, contracted a mild case of measles. He is completely segregated from other passengers. Officials are not alarmed. They expected measles to break out. Now that many children definitely have been exposed several cases are believed likely to develop as the settlers sail from Seattle to Seward, Alaska, on the transport St. Mihiel. The Puhl boy, son of Joseph Puhl, will be taken to the Seattle relief department's clinic upon arrival there. His sickness will not prevent his sailing Saturday unless complications develop.

tainly that was a momentous adventure and fortunately there was an able reporter aboard to record it. He is Joe Hynek, 12, of Faithorn, Mich. His report follows. He was at my shoulder to see that it was faithfully transcribed:

"We are climbing the mountains and boy is it ever fun. You should see the beautiful scenes along the railway through the Rockies, when you look down upon hills where trees are as green as the grass. There were hills of rocks which also makes beautiful scenery. They seemed like someone piled up the rocks, but no, they are built right in the ground.

"Do we ever have fun when we go through the tunnels. It gets dark all of a sudden and babies get so afraid they begin crying. There are some short tunnels and some long ones. We went through eight tunnels so far and intend to go through some more. Right now we are 6,000 feet above the sea level. Now we have gone through 11 tunnels. We went through a large town named Butte between the mountains. It was in a large valley which could be seen through two cemeteries, one on each side of the town. In about three hours we pass through the longest tunnel."

Some Were Bored

Well, so it went with Joe's tunnels and mountains. And so it went with the pioneers, too. The show started about noon Wednesday, when a lucky youngster claimed the honor of spotting the first snowy range. From then until the continental divide lay behind us one fresh scenic surprise followed another. Russell Pakonen, who used a telescope, declared it was more fun than his honeymoon. (On his honeymoon Pakonen went to Mercer, Wis., 25 miles from his home at Ironwood, Mich.)

But none had more fun than the children. One minute they poked their noses against the windows.

The next they fought each other to reach the opposite side of the train to examine a new discovery. "There's a higher one." That became the signal for the scramble. More than one lad nursed a barked shin or bruised head at nightfall.

Adults, too, exclaimed about the wonders. That is, all but a few who had crossed the Rockies before. They watched with a blasé air, like travel saturated cosmopolitans, and passed the time of day with stories of adventures in more glorious lands.

Heads Got Light

At 5 o'clock we crossed the continental divide, 6,322 feet above the sea. For an hour we had snaked upward around famed Horseshoe curve, where it seemed you could almost reach from the first coach and touch the last with your hand, and into Pipestone pass. That is the very trail that Lewis and Clark blazed. Those explorers had Uncle Sam's indorsement, the colonists recalled, as have these new day pioneers.

Only little Donnie Ellsworth of Ontonagon county, Michigan, suffered badly from the high altitude. He got a nose bleed. Mrs. Ellsworth rushed him off to cold water and presently they returned with Donnie chipper as a lark for the swift descent. Several passengers developed ringing heads.

"It feels like my ears are full of water," said Mrs. Arthur Nelson of Shell Lake, and a few of the children complained about stomach aches.

A Real Divide

Otherwise the crossing was uneventful to the colonists physically, but it wasn't uneventful to them in thought. Ray Griese of Starks put what I mean into words.

"The whole damn middle west is behind us now," he said. "It didn't give me much and I wouldn't go back if I could. But, well, I got a brother back there. He was 50 the day I left home." The colonists are going to Alaska for 30 years.

Now for some train notes:

When tiny Nona Fay Bailey from the upper peninsula broke her milk bottle, her mother couldn't find another anywhere. Passenger Agent Oliver R. Anderson solved the problem. Ahead to Miles City, Mont., he wired: "Have infant nursing bottle available for Alaska special." Into Miles City steamed the special. Out of the station popped the agent, waving a shiny bottle. Once again, the way had been made easier for a pioneer of 1935.

Edgar Deland of Winter bobs about the coaches boasting that he has more children for his age than any man aboard. He's right. He is 28, has five children.

An Eye for Business

Somewhere en route with the freight is a complete blacksmith set. Chris Anderson of Shell Lake, a blacksmith for 15 years, shipped an anvil weighing 200 pounds, a forge, tongs, chisels and other tools.

"They said they didn't know about any blacksmith going up there," he explained, "so I says to myself, 'Here's my chance, they're going to have horses and if they have horses I'll find some work.' I ain't expectin' anything for two, three years but when there is an opening I'll be ready for it."

Mrs. Harry Campbell, Abrams, is a niece of Heinie, the WTMJ radio

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