

Alaska Train ^{5/13} Reaches Coast

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

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

Alaska Bound Colonists Welcomed at Seattle

Station Crowds Increase as Train Nears Coast, Curious to Meet New Neighbors on North

By ARVILLE SCHALEBEN
OF THE JOURNAL STAFF

Seattle, Wash.—Into the welcoming arms of Seattle, their new friend, 600 Wisconsin and Michigan pioneers marched Thursday afternoon. They piled off their two special trains from Superior, Wis., and St. Paul and there at the station stood a battery of dignitaries, headed by the governor of Washington himself.

This was a reception that cheered the weary travelers to the bottom of their beating hearts.

Before the first train on the Milwaukee road steamed into the depot, the pioneers knew already that two pleasant days here awaited them before they sail for Alaska Saturday. A half dozen Washington emergency relief administration men had boarded the train 40 miles out of the city to make advance preparations for the arrival. They went through the train, checking baggage and telling the colonists what room they were to occupy at the Frye hotel, where every room was reserved for them.

Governor Welcomes Group

Once off the train, they trailed in family groups to the hotel. Mothers and fathers carried infants. Older youngsters tagged along behind and split the bright atmosphere with "oh's" and "ah's." Another crowd of onlookers stood circled around the hotel entrance. And the pioneers marched in through a line opened by the police.

Besppectacled Gov. Clarence D. Martin's speech of welcome was reserved for the arrival of the second contingent, which came in over the Great Northern. Most of the earlier arrivals walked back to the station to hear him praise their pluck for undertaking this adventure.

As the train neared the coast, crowds of curious gathered at the railroad stations increased.

"They're more interested than through the Dakotas and eastern Montana because if we make a go of things in Alaska we'll mean more to them," reasoned Otis Brown of Pelican Lake. "They'll be our nearest neighbors in the states. We'll have to work with them. We'll be selling them stuff and we'll be buying from them."

Coast Crowds Interested

The curious stood about station platforms or sat on fences and waved as the train rolled on. At every stop they were eager to gossip with colonists. Small town newspaper men turned out, too, getting interviews and inquiring about their health.

At Avery, Idaho, William Putnam stayed up until midnight to meet the train. He left Alaska two years ago. "Not so good as Matanuska," he said discouragingly. "Too hard to market stuff. You should be going to Homer."

Said a man who had railroaded through Alaska: "I don't agree. You people are going to paradise."

The conflicting stories on Matanuska's desirability has the prospective settlers baffled. Most of them now have decided to quit listening to them until they can find out for themselves.

Seasoned travelers now, the pioneer passengers looked out upon Montana's mighty mountains. Certainly 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

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 2, COLUMN 6)