

# Pioneers Find Way to Sleep in Day Coach

Alaska Colonists Make  
Friends on Train Amid  
Festoons of Diapers and  
Running Children

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**En Route Wisconsin-Michigan Alaskan Special**—Behind our chugging iron horse we have cut through the rolling hills of Minnesota and split the melancholy plains of the Dakotas. We have pierced Montana's mighty expanse and now, this Wednesday afternoon, are winding through the Rocky mountains.

In a day our Wisconsin and Michigan pioneers heading for new homes in a vast Alaska have covered as many miles as an earlier pioneer heading for a then unpeopled land traveled behind plodding oxen or tiring horse in 90 dreary days.

## Bob Has an Idea

The 353 Wisconsin and Michigan colonists have traveled in comfort far finer than many supposed possible in day coaches, and all because a fellow named Higginbotham from Stamboul, Mich., practised what he had learned years ago. Now Bob Higginbotham is a man who has been around, but never traveled

## 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

## Pioneers Find Way to Sleep

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gled against one another in an attractive demonstration of matrimonial bliss and parental devotion, and there was Bob Higginbotham himself snoring loudly, content in his slumbers with himself and the wonder he had wrought.

### The Eternal Triangle

But even before Higginbotham's contribution a measure of comfort had come to the colonists. They got themselves arranged not many hours out of St. Paul and passed a restful day traversing Minnesota and South Dakota. Bundled blankets found space unneeded by anything else. Suitcases and paper and wooden boxes disappeared under seats. Children learned how best to relax on a cushion without falling off on their heads. The parents found time to visit, play cards and read. Mothers no longer felt embarrassed by laundry displayed openly.

Yes, you're right—diapers dropped from overhead racks. What else would one expect? Aboard are 79 children under 5 years, three babies less than 4 months old. The youngest belongs to Mrs. William Schultz of Tomahawk, for Roland Lee Schultz is exactly 31 days old. He does very well, thank you, in his market basket crib. It's the best baby bed this pilgrimage to the Matanuska valley in Alaska boasts.

"I thought of putting him in a basket to make it easier for him and for me, too," Mrs. Schultz said. "He feels so fine he just wakes up to eat."

"I don't think she's held him in her arms 10 minutes since we left Lincoln county," chimes in Mrs. Vic-

tor Yohn. "She's the only one who thought of a basket and she won't have no spoiled baby when we get to Alaska."

### Jackrabbits Give Show

As a matter of fact the 80 mothers aboard agree that the youngest of their broods cause the least trouble. About the only time they cry is when the "rockaby baby" of the rolling train ceases.

At station stops the older ones get into a peck of trouble trying to see more than two young eyes were meant to see. Tuesday it was jackrabbits. South Dakota jackrabbits put on a swell show for these folks. They danced around the fields, kicked up their heels at the train and all in all acted most entertainingly. Some of the men were itching to get a shot at them.

"These fellows will weigh 12 pounds with a little meat on them," Joe Lentz of Merrill estimated.

A lonely hound waited in St. Paul for the colonists. He belonged to

Clyde Cook of Minnesota and was left behind accidentally when the Minnesotans pulled out. He's Alaska bound now with these folks.

Mrs. Mary Nan Gamble, in charge of the train for the FERA, is red headed, jolly and southern. She's made a big hit with the colonists, what with her smooth and soft pronunciation and boundless good cheer.

"I like the way she says, 'I'll be with you directly,'" one fellow said. "I never heard that 'directly' before."

"I traded an old cook stove for a good gun," Carl Erickson of Rhineland boasted. "If there's all that big game up there I'm going to get some."

When Wesley Worden of Three Lakes was first selected to make the pilgrimage, he told this reporter how no one in any direction you can point was a better man in the woods than he. "Except, dammit," he added, "I'm stuck for a gun."

Well, Wes has a gun now, a Ger-

man make using an odd sized shell.

"And now, dammit," he wails, "I'm stuck for shells!"

The Wisconsin people wear red badges saying, "Wisconsin to Alaska." You can sense a little jealousy from some Michigan quarters. None of those families have any such flashy adornments.

Many of the men are wondering

what would happen just in case they did strike gold. Unquestionably the lure of the magic metal is strong with them. They wonder if they'd be permitted to stake out a claim and how far from new homes they'll have to go to prospect. They listen with mouths agape when the reporter says Seward has reported eight strikes in recent weeks.

"Gosh, if a fellow was just a little lucky," they say.

### That Question of Tips

The train's only book on the Klondike gold rush, "The Trail of '98," is contested for stoutly.

About the only discordant note Tuesday was struck by the 19 colored boys who ran the two dining cars. One or two of them said out of earshot of the boss that they felt like quitting. They don't know that these pioneers have been on relief and even their mighty collective minds can't figure out why they are not getting any tips.