

# Wives of Alaskan Pioneers Kept Busy Sewing, Making Tent Homes Neat and Clean



MRS. BUD HOLLER of Pine City, Minn., is the picture of domesticity as she sews in her tent home in the Alaskan colony at Palmer. The sewing machine beside her is used nearly every day because the rough work in the colony is hard on the pioneers' clothing. The other picture shows a row of neat tents in camp No. 8. [Photos by Arville Schaleben of The Journal Staff]

*Mar. June 1935*

## Tent Becomes Home, if There's a Housewife

The Journal's staff writer with the Matanuska colony in Alaska is sending by mail a series of articles on everyday and family life in the camps. This is the first of that series.

BY ARVILLE SCHALEBEN  
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Palmer, Alaska.—Some say circumstances make the man. Alaska's boom town, Palmer, where Uncle Sam is spending a million and more

The tents here, the largest of the colonists' scattered camps, occupy about 10 acres. Streets are lettered alphabetically and homes are numbered. Thus we find E. V. Yohn's address is E-1, Perle Archer's is D-10.

In the center of the encampment is the town pump, painted red. Midway of each street a chemical fire extinguisher hangs on a pole trimmed from the scrubby woods which form a backdrop for the colony.

In such places, things lie around in confusion just where they happened to be dropped. On the floors amid the dirt—and there is plenty of that in the tents here for the soil is so fine textured any breeze gives it a ride—are rags and paper and half eaten slices of bread.

The family dog lies on his belly, chewing a bone; the family baby toddles around, sticky faced, half dressed and covered with grime. In one corner stands a swill pail, unemptied, and in another a bucket of overflowing stove ashes. Near a table loaded with unwashed dishes the broom leans at its ease. It's had a soft life in canvas city, the paper hasn't even been torn from its bristles.

No blanket partition divides the tent, no oilcloth covers the table