Pioneers in Alaska; Off for New Homes

Men Draw Lots for Land; to Pitch Camp While Women Wait in Seward

BY ARVILLE SCHAELEN

Seward, Alaska—The men of the Wisconsin and Michigan pioneers of 1915 turned their faces Thursday toward the interior of Alaska, where they are to set up new homes in the wilderness.

The flag waving, the cheering, the feasting and rounds of entertainment that have been daily routine for the pioneers since they left their homes in the middle west is about over. Reality is at hand. Ahead there is mostly hard work and they know it.

The women and the children of the party were left behind at Seward and will stay there until the men have set up camp at Palmer and have some kind of accommodations ready for them.

They Pack Tearfully

Many of the women were so tearful at parting from their menfolk that one would think the separation was going to be permanent or at least for months, but remember that these women are in a strange country, more than 4,000 miles from home and can hardly be blamed for being upset.

The women and children will sleep and eat aboard the St. Mihiel until they land for camp. The men were to draw lots Thursday for their 36-acre lots in the Matanuska valley.

All the colonists were at the rail Wednesday when the St. Mihiel steamed up to Seward's timbered dock. As the boat moved in the audience basked in martial music and bellowing海平面. There was no band to welcome their new compatriots. Cheers were few, but the crowd on the dock left no doubt of Seward's curiosity about the strange people from the States.

Little Girl First Aboard

Of all the newcomers little Virginia Latozski of Philadelphia, Wis., was first to disembark. She stepped shyly to the shore looking cute as the doll she handed to her. Her deep dimples showed as ready camera men snapped her and what she said was "Alisha is not here," but "Oh, daddy, they took my picture and it's going to be in the newspapers."

After Virginia came pioneers. They murmured excitedly about the mountain scenery which excludes Seward, about stevedores who were already wrestling with their freight and about the new frontier at whose doorstep they then stood.

Words you heard most frequently were: "This looks great to me. It looks like rough country right through here, but I reckon we can cut her down."

The ship's crew had its hands full ushering passengers. Everybody wanted to get off at once and came stampeding out like pirates about to sack the city.

"Don't let go now," officers at the gangplank cautioned. "Don't fret your dogs. Get all your children!

Their advice was appreciated by these people demanding action. They got it.

"Come on, ma, hurry up, Grab Kelly and get going," "Where's Walt? Where's Walt? "Oh, goody!"

Pioneers Reach Alaskan Goal

(SHOWN FROM PAGE 1)

We forgot our canary. Who's got our canary? Mister, did you see our canary?"

It seemed that nobody had seen that canary, bagged all the way from the upper piers, but it turned up later looking rather and forgetting on the plaza runway between the pier and land.

Will Howells of Rohni's, mighty man of a large family, almost came to blows with one gangplank custodian. As usual, he couldn't find one of his 11 youngsters.

He Was Going Back

"Let me through here," he commanded, shoving a husky sailor.

"I'm going back on that boat."

"Never mind where you're going," the harried sailor barked gruffly.

"I'm getting these kids off without any broken legs, isn't it? I can see care of them better than you can."

"No you can't," Bill grumpily insisted. "I've taken care of them 25 years and I'm not quitting now."

But finally he calmed down and presently his story came tumbling out of the shuffle, right side up and laughing.

All the excitement, of course, was immediately became rugged men of the north country. They knew there was work to be done, but there was time enough tomorrow for doing it.

"We're drinking to look in Alaska," said Braung Al Covert of Cable. But they couldn't drink much for some of them had landed with hardly a dollar in their pockets. Beer sells here at two glasses for a quarter.

Seattle, Wash. — A bannered symphony of discard sailed Thursday for the federal colony in the Matanuska valley of Alaska — 20 cows and 70 horses, allellowing in protest.

One more, Fancy by name, sat down on the dock and defiantly refused to go aboard the federal ship North Star, which had been outfitted as a stable.

"Come on, Fancy, get aboard and be your age," said "Hollie Rearing" Jones, boss of the cattle shipping project. Fancy bit sat and they had to carry her to a crate that was holstered aboard the North Star by a hired winch.

Bedlins for Suhows

In fact, men who had not talked for years since they left Bantina had broken for the saloons. They hoisted their hats over brass rails, and cocked hats on ears and ins-