

Pioneers Get Touch of Sea

Monday May 29
Big Swells Upset Colonists, but Not Children, on Alaskan Trip

BY ARVILLE SCHALEBEN
OF THE JOURNAL STAFF

Aboard U. S. A. T. St. Mihiel, Alaska Bound—(By Radio)—Climbing the ladder of latitudes to Uncle Sam's attic is a dizzy business to many of the Wisconsin and Michigan pioneers. We are taking the outer passage to Seward and as this is written we are plowing along at 15 knots through swells 12 feet high. A smoother sea, however, is forecast by the captain.

Many are severely seasick, but were cheered Sunday night by a clear, brilliant sunset after a day of cold, rain and fog. The favorite diet among the ailing is crackers and fruit, although some don't want that much.

Children Not Affected

"I never want food again. Two looks at a pineapple, and wow!" moaned Betty Herman of Plymouth. "It will be all right if the ship sinks," said some of the men.

The adults are the ones most affected. The children are sailors. They run and wrestle and examine everything. On Sunday they attended Sunday school classes while their parents lay in deck chairs or hung over the rails. Luckily the pioneers' orchestra—piano, guitar and violin—was in playing shape and entertained. Director Harold Carleton helped out by devising games to take minds off the sea. Some colonists watched for ships; they were disappointed.

A Chain Letter

The travelers are being well cared for. There are no serious diseases—one case of possible measles and several colds. A doctor, three nurses and orderlies are treating the colds in the well equipped hospital. The meals are served cafeteria style, with the sexes separated. The Filipino servers interest the colonists greatly. Mothers with small children sleep in staterooms; the others between decks.

While we have left the States behind, we have not escaped the present major fad. A chain letter aboard ship is being planned!

Land Sighted by Colonists

Wednesday May 22 1935
Alaska Port Plans Big Welcome, Men to Hasten to Land Drawing

BY ARVILLE SCHALEBEN
OF THE JOURNAL STAFF

Aboard U. S. A. T. St. Mihiel—(By Radio)—Land was sighted at daylight Wednesday. Land! It means all that and more to the Wisconsin and Michigan pioneers aboard this army transport nearing Alaska. It means new homes, new adventures, a new chance. So you can imagine the feelings stirred up as the first shadows appeared over the horizon.

Seward, the landing port, is preparing a welcome. The men of the expedition will go on at once to Palmer, in the Matanuska valley, to join the Minnesota men in a drawing for 40-acre farms. The women and children will stay at Seward for several days to rest up. Many are still suffering from seasickness and the chance will be welcomed.

Tuesday night there was a two-hour improvised entertainment aboard. There was trick dancing, songs, group singing, laughs galore. Earlier in the day there was a baseball game on deck, but it ended when Director Carleton batted the ball into the ocean. Michigan was leading Wisconsin, 8 to 2, when that happened; perhaps the game will have to be resumed on land to settle the arguments on how it would have turned out.

One new case of measles has developed—the daughter of Chris Anderson of Shell Lake is hospitalized. There is a report that all children

Pioneers Steaming North to New Destiny in Alaska

St. Mihiel Leaves Seattle With Wisconsin and Michigan Families; No Turning Back Now

BY ARVILLE SCHALEBEN
OF THE JOURNAL STAFF

Aboard St. Mihiel, Alaska Bound—Now this glistening white army transport noses into the north.

We are pushing out between Puget Sound's green wooded shores. On the decks and in the staterooms are America's modern pioneers.

Pacific waters lie now between them and desolate homes left behind. There can be no turning back. It must be upward and onward, into the "last frontier."

Aboard are almost 600 men, women and children from Wisconsin and Michigan. They go to claim 40-acre tracts prepared for them in the Matanuska valley of Alaska by the federal emergency relief administration. Back in Seattle, whose musical send-off still rings in the ears of the fortunates aboard, are the remainder of the two contingents which left their homes Monday and Tuesday. They are the six families which measles and mumps attacked either en route to Seattle or during the two-day stay in the city.

Will Follow Soon

H. A. R. Carleton, the FERA man in charge of the merged contingents, on ship Saturday speeded arrangements to transport the six families to Alaska. Instead of sailing June 5 as originally planned, they will sail early next week, on the government leased freight boat North Star.

The Red Cross nurses will travel with them and they will have fresh milk every wave of the way from the very cows the colonists will milk in the valley, for the North Star will carry Jerseys and horses and more supplies to the new outpost at Palmer.

Palmer! It's on every set of lips.

"Palmer" and "Alaska" are words the tiniest toddling tots mutter expectantly. Palmer, why, that's the dot on the map destined for history—if the toil of these colonists comes to fruition.

Seattle Still Helps

Seattle, nearest port to Alaska in the United States, hopes it does. It showed it by its farewell Saturday afternoon. Its junior Red Cross brought a 35-piece band, bedecked in splendor, to the Bell st. pier, where we sailed from. It brought flowers for the mothers and apples and oranges for the children. It sang and it cheered and it eased the last frenzied farewells.

Up to the very moment of departure, as from the very moment of arrival, willing workers paved "the trail of '35" with conveniences.

Promptly at 10 a. m. cars driven by former Wisconsin and Michigan residents began swinging up to colonist headquarters. They took family groups on drives through the city, past lovely flowering gardens, to the well stocked zoo and along Seattle's hustling waterfront.

Big Crowd at Pier

Meanwhile, army men and Washington state relief workers went

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 3, COLUMN 1)

New Pioneers on the Waves

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

from floor to floor in the Frye hotel and checked and transported all luggage—suitcases, dolls, guns, baby baskets, newly bought kitchen ware, fishing tackle, surplus coats and shoes, dogs, ducks, canaries and, yes, even Walter Ferguson's snowshoes—to the St. Mihiel.

Directly after sightseeing, our pampered pioneers had dinner. And they rode, like the triumphant personages America has made them, to the waiting transport.

At 2 p. m. came the first cry, "Board."

A crowd of well wishers grew quickly as sailing time neared. They stood on the dock crushed against a taut rope manned by two husky policemen. A few of them cried, but mostly they smiled and laughed and shouted encouragement to the colonists.

A Bedlam on Board

All was action aboard the boat. Filipino boys jostled with luggage. Officers and crew men directed new arrivals to quarters. From a store room came a constant barking. Bewildered dogs thought of nothing better to do.

Mothers clasped babes to breasts, or tried at once to hold three or four by arms. Occasionally a child strayed. Then—"Where's Donie, where's Donie?" "He will be all right," replies the tall ship officer. "He can't get away. We got everybody in line."

"Then where is he? Oh, I can't see him. He is lost—he is lost."

And so on and on until Donie looks up from his hiding place behind his father's pants leg.

The Parting Scene

By 4 p. m. everything and everyone was aboard. The gangplank was pulled in. The crowd on shore waved and our pioneers waved back. The St. Mihiel edged away from the dock and nosed into the north. It was just 4:07.

Easy, wasn't it? Yes, it seemed so. But remember this: That while the colonists' spirits may lie in the new land, their hearts still lie back in those humble huts they once called home, sweet home.