

Pioneers Land, 'Take' Seattle

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

a hug and kiss of farewell had been exchanged back home.

Through it all Gov. Martin patiently did himself proud. He pronounced that one-minute salutation about friends from the far east—

"We are your nearest neighbors and will buy your products. We admire you," etc.—and then undertook personal greetings to adults and infants, doing most everything but kissing the latter.

"Glad to see you," he would say, shaking hands. "Happy to see you. Pleased to see you."

"Ah, here's a baby. How old is this one? Hmm, that's fine. Well, you're just as tall as I am. You ought to make good in Alaska. You're equipped for it."

"Ah, here's another baby." (A split second later.) "Say, is this the same one I had my picture taken with before?" (It was.) "Huh, thought so, it's about the same size."

"Baby" Is a Dog

Parents carried many of the infants in baskets. Once the quick eyed governor spied a father with such a basket. "Oh, father has one too," he beamed, lifting the covering.

"Haw, haw, haw," laughed a strapping youth. The laugh was well done. What father had was a dog, blanketed deceptively in his market basket. But it was all in fun, and he hadn't really meant to fool a personage. The genial governor took the joke on himself and it helped to elevate the high regard the colonists quickly developed for him.

Even more popular than the governor was Ronald Spencer of Cadillac, Mich. He is 15 days old. Everybody wanted to see him and most everybody did. Meanwhile, he lay quietly in his basket crib. Believe it or not, he slept through all the excitement.

"This is old stuff to him now," his proud young mother, Mrs. Milan Spencer, remarked. "Everybody has been making a fuss over him, but he hasn't cried a minute all the way."

That baby must be famous today. What with five or six movie camera men and as many newspaper photographers filming him from every angle, hundreds of his pictures are around the land by now.

Dive Into Baths

Police cleared a lane for the travelers to the hotel. They walked through the fringe of Seattle's oriental district, up a sharp hill to the hostelry. Rooms had been assigned them by Chamber of Commerce men who met the train 40 miles out of town. There was but slight confusion and within two hours most of the new guests had dived into refreshing water.

Incidentally, they are quartered in no run down place. All the rooms have running water and many have baths. The latter were assigned to parents with large families.

After catching a little rest at the hotel the colonists rode street cars to a cafeteria and then attended a moving picture and two station radio programs, during which your correspondent interviewed six of them.

The colonists are supplied with ribbons labeled "Matanuska Pioneers," which give them free transportation on street cars. They used these to follow Friday's schedule, which called for sightseeing trips, a picnic, a free jaunt through the zoo, vaudeville entertainment and another radio program.

Klondikers Talk Freely

Seattle's welcomers have equipped each colonist with a program whose opening words are:

"Thirty-seven years ago eager, courageous men turned their faces northward.

"In the hills and streams of Alaska they found gold and marked a new era of prosperity for the whole nation. Today your faces also are turned to a new land, the beginning of a new life for yourselves and perhaps for the whole country."

It would appear that most of those

"eager, courageous men" have returned. Oldsters by the score who claimed to have been in the Klondike gold rush have dropped in at colonist headquarters to reminisce—and windjam.

"Matanuska Pioneer" ribbons are magic. When lost the pioneer goes to the nearest street car line, waits for a trolley and the attendant tells him where to go. Policemen give the badges the right of way everywhere.

Poll Religious Faiths

Seattle ministers boarded the two trains out of the city and polled the family heads on religious faiths. The Rev. John A. Houkom, a pastor in Blanchardville, Wis., until last year, said that on the Milwaukee road train they found 27 Lutherans, 22 Methodists and 15 Catholics, with other denominations sharing the remaining Christians.

Bernice Piaskowski of the upper peninsula left home with one terrier dog. Now she has six. Rambler bore five pups in a Great Northern baggage car.

Newspapers here are giving the expedition an immense "play." One used eight stories and a full page of pictures on showing the arrival of the colonists.

To the melody of "When It's Springtime in the Rockies," Mrs. Waldo Fox leads her Michigan friends in singing:

When its springtime in Alaska,
And it's 99 below
And Eskimos go barefooted
Through the white and drifted snow.

When polar bears get sunburned
At midnight or by day,
Then its springtime in Alaska,
Alaska far away.

Here are a few sidelights on the train trip:

Neil Miller, one of the pioneers, resigned as principal of schools at Blair, Wis., to make the trip. "I wasn't broke but I was going to break," he said. "A chance like this comes so seldom so I resigned."

There's a chance for Ely Culbertson and P. Hal Sims to do a little pioneering of their own. Our pioneers prefer 500 to bridge.

Shake Hands With Waiters

Mothers en route appreciated what the dining car stewards did for them. Any hour of the day or night they could bounce into the diners and get milk or hot water for their infants. Some shook hands heartily with the negro waiters after their last meal.

Wisconsin and Michigan can be proud of their colonists. Certainly they presented a fine appearance when they detrained. Hours out of Seattle the mothers on both trains began getting ready for that moment. They scrubbed their children and shined them up so they looked like dolls, dressed in their bright gingham, neat sweaters and jackets and brushed shoes. They felt that the very finest their limited means could command was none too fine for Seattle's welcome. A few, of course, had to be content with their only clothes, such as overalls or breeches and leather boots.

At Cle Elum, Wash., the Milwaukee road train stopped for water. Mothers and children hopped off and hastily gathered wild flowers. Back on the train they made these into bouquets for themselves and hair garlands for the little girls.

"We'll show them that we know how to make the most of what we have," said Mrs. Oscar Beylund of Rice Lake.

Beards Chopped Off

The men were a bit vain, too. Many of them had not shaved since leaving home but with Seattle nearing they dug out the old shaving kits and went at it, train jerking and cold water to the contrary notwithstanding.

Those who had changed into rough clothes after leaving St. Paul three days ago climbed back into the Sunday go to meeting clothes they wore for their send-offs back home. Why, some even apologized for suit wrinkles.

Pride? These folks have it. Seattle knows that now.

Phone Your Want Ads to Marquette 6000.

Officials Beam, Crowds Cheer State Pioneers

Friday May 17
Alaska Colonists Find
Seattle a Perfect but
Strenuous Host as Rail
Journey Ends

BY ARVILLE SCHALEBEN
OF THE JOURNAL STAFF

Seattle, Wash.—Are these pioneers or conquering heroes? Were their fathers and their fathers' fathers welcomed into Wisconsin and Michigan—or any other land calling them pioneers—by a state governor? Were any other pioneers ever overwhelmed by greeters, feted, cheered, shown moving pictures and introduced over the radio?

These questions are pertinent. These things have happened to the streamlined pioneers of 1935, the 600 Wisconsin and Michigan persons now in Seattle while en route to new homes in a government sponsored colony in Alaska.

Governor Begins It

Probably there never was such a pilgrimage as this before in the history of this country. Never such a celebration as they lived through

Mumps Join Measles

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE JOURNAL

Seattle, Wash.—Three cases of measles and two of mumps were added Friday to one old case of measles among Michigan-Wisconsin colonists. Two children of Arthur Nelson, Shell Lake; Ray Puhl, 7, Rice Lake, and Aloha Hoeft, 4, Morrison, Mich., have measles. Mrs. Emil Larsh, 20, and a daughter have mumps. Relief nurses said that quarantine probably would prevent their sailing Saturday. The victims are isolated in another hotel.

—by the grace of sturdy constitutions hardened on the sterile land left far behind—in sentimental Seattle Thursday afternoon.

"Friends from the far east," said slim, nervous Gov. Clarence D. Martin. That started the hoop-de-do. The end seems at the moment as distant as Alaska's Matanuska valley, where pleasure must give way to toil.

First into Seattle came the colonist contingent out of St. Paul, looking spiffy as a Sunday congregation despite four days on a day coach train. Two hours later came the contingent out of Superior. There's was the reception that made 1,000 or more onlookers green as the Puget sound waters with jealousy.

To begin with, there was this state's governor, tall, willing and punctual, and this city's mayor, plump, solicitous and bewildered, as weren't we all?

Then jammed into every depot corner, like Alaska's salmon in a tin can, was the envious multitude.

Find Old Friends

They crushed around the "pioneers" and stumbled along behind while the heroes lugged baggage and offspring to the Frye hotel, leaved by the Washington state emergency relief administration for their two-day stay here.

Among the crowd, friends and relatives of the pioneers sought for familiar faces. Many a hug and kiss of greeting was exchanged, as many

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 3, COLUMN 2)