The Impossible Is Taking Place

It All Seems Confusion, but Slowly, Surely a Colonial Empire Is Being Created

By ARVILE SCHALLENBERG

Palmer, Alaska—(By Mail-BooPom City, where things that can't be done are done every day... Booom City, mushrooming out of a wilderness... Booom City, which never sleeps... which throws grime in your eyes and makes you like it... which gives you hell and makes you take it. Booom City, that's Palmer.

Incredible, fantastic, confused, blundering, flustered, mushrooming, every man for himself and yet every man for his neighbor, too, and obedient tomorrow America, that's your Palmer. This is Sam in doing this. It's his gold that's gilding the city. It's his men that are ruling the streets. It's his people that are populating the valley. It's his farmers that are leveling the woods.

Are You New? 1,000

They said in the Colorado and Yukon and Nevada gold rush days that they just did it—again—the mushroom city business. Maybe they were right. And now the same thing is going on here again. This is just another page in an incredible story.

On May 11 Palmer's population was five, all members of the Famil family. On May 6 it jumped to 1,000. That was when Uncle Sam's transient laborers from California hit town. Now the population exceeds 1,000. The town is growing at an incredible rate. People have scrambled in with their families; additional transients are on hand; the administrative force has doubled, tripled and grown to tenfold, and the inevitable boom town drifters came along with their vagabond ways. Why, we even have a pastor or two.

This year, 1915, has been the year in which Palmer's population has been growing. The town has doubled, tripled, and grown to tenfold, and the inevitable boom town drifters came along with their vagabond ways. Why, we even have a pastor or two.

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Airplanes Drop In

Special excursion trains run out from Anchorage. The fare is only a mile—one way. Wealthy excursionists seem in out of the lobby. From Alaska is alrmbred and enterprise getting gists from Anchorage quickly established connections. The mile trip costs $7.

Before Booom City boomed, the Alaska railroad ran one train a week line. By the calendar, the trains come in every day. Like a cable car, with the noise of wood, fuel, coal, lumber, gravel, stone, tools, tractors, pencils and what have you.

Much of this stuff is dropped off along the roads. The only station platform can't begin to accommodate it. Mattresses, bed springs, auto parts, and all such things are removed. The railroad grades. By golly you do dispose, when the engineers get time to wander among them and find their own. Only to be replaced in eight or nine years.

There were no roads to worker along the days—always either dusty or muddy. Workers operated them in shifts, for transportation is a real problem in Palmer. Workers toil and stand idle. Equipment must stand beside them and be ready for use. Loaded until their sides bend with weight and men, the trucks cut roads to ribbon. Booms must be repaired continually. A mechanic develops. Gravel raffles off the railroad cars into dump trucks. The trucks cut three loads into the road. Now a dozen men spend the same time it would take the plowman to lay down a road in every great development cap -

A City Booms as of Yore in Alaska Wilds

You Walk Down a Street in Palmer. When You Come Back There Is Something New

By ARVILE SCHALLENBERG

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