Dance Night in Alaska
New Thrill for Colony

BY ARVILLE SCHAEFFER
BY THE DAILY SUNDIAL
Palmer, Alaska—It’s dance night in Matanuska, the next village down the tracks, and the sign on our camp bulletin board says:

“We welcome, Colonists! Bring Your Own Instrument If You Know How To Play.”

So at 8:30, when here it’s still light as afternoon in Wisconsin, we catch a ride to friendly Matanuska.

Matanuska’s dance hall is near the center of its 15 or 20 houses and half dozen frame business buildings. It is recently built, of lumber from railroad cars. Gray, black and green painted doors squeeze in among many unpainted ones. Tire paper abounds the roof.

Trios Play “Goofer”

The hall is decorated with American flags and red, white and blue bunting. The streamers stretch from a focal point in the center of the peaked ceilng.

In a corner sits an upright piano, scratched and scarred. The only light in the hall, a gas lamp, roves atop it. The woman who handles the music box has gray hair and is burning with tunes. Standing around her and looking happy are two girls sowing on violins, and a fat accordion man.

Now they’re doing “Goofer” (remember it, back in 1907?) and keep it up with feet, arms, heads and hips. By and by they get wilder and ease into “Down the River of Golden Dreams” and then do a little clogging with “When I Was a Boy from the Mountains, and You Were a Girl from the Hills.” Later on somebody comes with a drum. He knows “All the World Will Be Jolly

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 ARVILLE SCHAEFFER

Palmer, Alaska—(By Mail—Booth City, where things that can’t be done are done every day... Booth City, mushrooming out of a wilderness... Booth City, which never sleeps... Booth City, which, night and day, node and down, rock and forth—idea hopers, one-stoppers, two-stoppers, a couple of charlatanesses, and a gentelman in events who just walks forward and backward and varies that not a minute for a lack of a little trespassing in a stiff sort of way.

There’s a native Indian couple shuffling around. She’s got on ten

Most of the women wear boots and breeches, but a few bonnet fancy dresses. They are flowered or striped or solid colored. Some of the colorful, and the ressent wome

Toward 3 o’clock the music stops.

The sun starts coming out again, after only an hour or two of rest. The boys, in their bare arms and pantaloons, go home through wooded lanes; so ends dance night in Matanuska.