

"Not Pulling Together"

Campbell stepped to the plain board desk, rapped for order with a pair of shiny scissors.

"The meeting will be in order," he said. "There are a few men who sleep in this place and they want to get this over as soon as possible."

He went on aggressively: "Some colonists are running around here like a bunch of lost sheep. Some want to go fishing, some want to cut logs. They're not pulling together. We don't want to be big shots but as delegates we ought to start directing the camps."

The council agreed. Then its members tangled on the garbage problem. The government health men have been raising Ned with some of the colonists about garbage. They have suggested digging trenches to burn and bury refuse to prevent disease. Irwin demanded this be done.

A Pig Incinerator

"But we have a problem in Camp Two," Ray Wilkes from Wahkon, Minn., objected. "Charlie Maren's land is right up against our tents and we can't dig up his field to bury garbage. We just got 30 feet from the tents to the road and that's our street, our playground and what have you. What are you going to do about a thing like that?"

"I think it would be fine if each camp would have a pig or two to eat that garbage up," William Dingman of Frankfort, Mich., advised.

"Where would you keep the pig in our case," Wilkes demanded sharply.

"I think we got a pretty good idea in Camp Six," Mrs. Roy Hopkins of Arcadia, Wis., declared. "We have a big box at one end of the camp and four of our husky men haul it over to that big muddy river—I guess it's the Matanuska. Or if we have a good hot stove fire we just open the lid and burn it. We don't have any garbage in front of our houses."

And What About Dogs?

The council then unanimously passed a motion that each camp have a garbage disposal committee and post bulletin board notices to that effect. That was the first law of the Alaska colony.

Swanda, from Pine City, Minn., with a determined glint in his eye, brought up the next subject.

"If the children don't stop goosing the horses tied out by the hay they'll be shaking hands with St. Peter," he started, then swung into "and another thing—we've got a fine bunch of hounds running around. The biggest part of them would just take a man about one day with a gun. I like dogs but I take care of them like my children, not the way some are taking care of them."

"I make a motion the dogs in these camps be tied up so they won't run wild," interposed Councilman

Law in Alaska Colony Is the Law of the Gun

Pioneers Who Don't Want to Tie Up Dogs Find Sentiment—and .32s Are Against Them

BY ARVILLE SCHALEBEN
OF THE JOURNAL STAFF

Palmer, Alaska—(By Radio)—You take in the old days of the golden west, when there arose trouble too minor for a gun to settle, the boys got together in a noisy caucus, cussed hell out of each other, maybe had a fist fight or two and then parted with handclaps given and the trouble ended.

They do that in the Matanuska valley, too.

It seems that there live those in the pioneer colony who thought that in the absence of any uniformed cop like back home they could damn well run things to suit themselves. Briefly, they decided that the new general council and its first law relative to hounds running wild at night—when it's tough enough trying to sleep anyway, what with the sun tanning your hide at midnight—could go plumb to the devil and lump it.

They've got a different slant on things now.

It Is Dogs or Hogs?

Pat Hemmer, grizzled, sinewy and fast lipped, called his headquarters camp colonists together Thursday night and together they laid down the law—and they're backing it up with guns.

"What about people not tying up these pooches as per the council's orders?" Hemmer demanded.

"Make 'em tie 'em up. Make 'em tie 'em up," several in the crowd yelled.

"No, sir," a recalcitrant dog owner protested. "I'm not tying up my dog. Snodgrass' hogs go through the camp tipping over garbage cans, and don't that make a sweet song, maybe even sweeter than dogs."

The Motion Is Made

M. D. Snodgrass is a resident settler living just across the railroad tracks from headquarters camp. Five or six of his little red pigs have been getting fat off the waste of some colonists, who have been living high, since all they have to do to get food is to sign for it at the commissary.

"We're talking about dogs, not

what to do with the garbage, the Snodgrass pigs being unable to consume all of it and the government health men beginning to get tough about sanitary conditions. Furthermore, Hemmer said he'd try to get Snodgrass to try to restrain his hogs, which, of course, would make the garbage disposal problem even more acute.

"Let each two streets dig a hole for dumping garbage," Charlie Ruddell recommended.

"Yeh, and then Butch won't dig and they'll come over and fill our hole with rubbish," Ted Giblin pouted.

"You've got a shotgun, ain't you," loudly interposed the man who had talked about the .32 before.

That seemed to settle that and the convention passed a motion that a garbage hole 12 by 12 by 10 feet deep be dug.

Two of the Boys Mix

"Good grief," protested Lloyd Bell, objecting to the size of the proposed garbage pit, "you could bury a dozen horses in a hole that size. Why don't everybody burn their garbage, cans and all, like we do? Then you wouldn't need holes."

Bell was outvoted and the garbage disposal hole agreed on.

Later Ruddell challenged Bell, claiming he couldn't possibly burn cans. One hot word led to a hotter one and finally—s m a c k—Ruddell clouted Bell on the kisser! Bell bounced up and made a pass at Ruddell just as the others separated them.

"Forget it, forget it," the cooler heads cautioned and so the combatants shook hands. But Bell still insisted he burned those cans and Ruddell insisted he didn't.