

...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, blank-

eted 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.

Even more popular than the governor was Ronald 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.

As the train neared the coast, crowds of curious gathered at the railroad stations increased.

"They're more interested in Montana because if we make a go of things in Alaska we'll mean more to them," reasoned Otis Brown of Pelican Lake. "They'll be our nearest neighbors in the states. We'll have to work with them. We'll be selling them stuff and we'll be buying from them."

The curious stood about station platforms or sat on fences and waved as the train rolled on. At every stop they were eager to gossip with colonists. Small town newspaper men turned out, too, getting interviews and inquiring about their health.

At Avery, Idaho, William Putnam stayed up until midnight to meet the train. He left Alaska two years ago. "Not so good at Matanuska," he said discouragingly. "Too hard to market stuff. You should be going to Homer."

Said a man who had railroaded through Alaska: "I don't agree. You people are going to paradise."

The conflicting stories on Matanuska's desirability have the prospective settlers baffled. Most of them now have decided to quit listening to them until they can find out for themselves.

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 pio-

neering of their own. Our pioneers prefer 590 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 stepped aboard. With their hands 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.