Parents carried many of the infants in baskets. Once the quick-tempered 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, chronicled deceptively in his market basket. But it was all in fun, and hadn't really meant to feel a personal agent. The genial governor took the joke on himself and it helped to elevate the height the colonists quickly developed.

"Even now, Governor was Ronald," said Cдобов. Donald. He is 15 days old. Everybody wanted to see him and most everybody did. Meanwhile, he lay quietly in his bassinet. Believe it or not, he slept through all the excitement.

"This is a stuff to him now," his proud young mother, Mrs. Milan Spence, remarked. "Everybody has been making a fuss over him, but he hasn't paid an iota of the way." That baby must be famous today. What with five or six movie cameramen and as many newspaper photographers trilling from every angle, hundreds of his pictures are around the land by now.

Blew Into Sands

Police cleared a lane for the travelers to the hotel. They walked through the fringes of the federal district, up a sharp hill to the hotel. Rooma had been assigned them by Chamber of Commerce men who met the train. The miles of town, there was but slight confusion and within two hours most of the new guests had driven 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.

I was never more at ease at the hotel the colonists rode street cars to view the proposed building program, during which you corresponded interviewed six of them.

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

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

"They're more EG-10C engines," said one. "Because if we make a go of things, we'll mean more to them," reasoned Ota Brown of Pelican Lake. "They're our nearest neighbors in the interior. We'll have to work with them. We'll be selling them stuff and we'll be buying from them."

The curious stood about on platform 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 side lights on the train trip:

Neil Miller, one of the pioneers, reigned 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 as I resisted."

There's a chance for Ely Culbertson and P. Hal Hines to do a little pioneering of their own. Our pioneers prefer 1000 to bridge.

Shake Hands With Walters

Mothers en route appreciated the dining car stewards did for them. Any hour of the day or night they could bounce into the diner and get milk or hot water for their infant. 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.

Beads Chopped Off

The men of Seattle claimed the honor.

Many of them had not shaved since leaving home but with Seattle near by the mustache and beard grew 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 were for their send-offs back home. Why, some even appeared in their best klines.

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