romance and adventure in the words. Yes, and what hard work. No one can ever have more fun than the young Martin Sayk. They know first hand what it is.

After their marriage they bought a little plot of land and dug into the stony soil and drow a living from it. Sayk, a natural-born carpenter, painted a cottage of logs and he bound it together amid the young foxes which grew in their front yard. Mrs. Sayk bore a son, whom they called Jimmie. Life was hard but this young couple seemed equal to it. But then Mrs. Sayk grew seriously sick. ("The babies were rather close together," she explained,) and Sonny, too, became sick and he died.

Fire Took Their All

That terrible blow was followed shortly by another. While away one day the Sayks saw smoke in the direction of their place and thought a haystack was afire. It proved to be their home and all their furnishings. "All we had lost," said Mrs. Sayk, "was the clothes on our backs. This place here is just a shack. Martin threw it together so we'd have something. We've wanted another place but it hasn't been very hopeful this last year.

"Well, then, what do you think about this Alaskan adventure?" "We've gone through with it all the way. We're enthusiastic about it. I think we'll have a better opportunity to make a living. Here our place isn't big enough. I think we'll have a place large enough so we won't have to work on what work Martin can get as a carpenter.

"It's going to be hard work and the mosquitoes are a nuisance but we're getting to like the country and the other children. Some of our neighbors envy us because they have a chance and wouldn't go. I can't imagine how any millions of people on relief can turn down a chance like this.

Three-Month Baby to Go

Westley Worden has five children, the oldest, Patrice, 8 months, probably will be the youngest emigrant in all the party of 67 Wisconsin and Michigan families sailing from Seattle to Bellingham, on May 15. Worden, a single fellow who's done a bit of roaming in his 17 years, knows emphatically why he's getting out of northern Wisconsin.

"Aw, hell, there's nothing here," he says. "I've been in the army and I've been to the west coast and I've been to half-and-done in Canada and I've never seen a spot where a man had less of a chance to make a go of farming. Yeah, there's a little hunting here, then what? "I know there's real hunting up in Alaska. I've hunted all over the country and I'll take the back seat through here 44 years ago. Now I'm going to do it a lot hunting here on my own. I'm going to a new country.

Worden is an emotional, dramatic type. He threw back his corny cap, looked straight into the moonlight and, with clenched fist raised on high, defied rats, bears and the devil to keep him out of the fertile Matanuska.

Unlike his friend Worden, Henry Rughan is neither expressive nor explosive. But he is determined. He has five daughters, the oldest 13, and a wife who, in answer to some of the discouraging reports about the Matanuska, says:

"We don't care. We want to take a chance at it. There's nothing here.

Dreamed It for Years

Roughan built his own place of pine logs three miles from Monico. It is on a cleared fast and you approach it through a discouraging maze of protruding boulders and unlighted stumps. You observe to Roughan that you can't understand how even weeds can grow on such land and he explains how he happens to be there.

"When things go haywire and you can't get a job—well, you'll hole in anywhere, won't you?" he says.

To Mr. and Mrs. Victor Johnson, a home in Alaska will be a dream on fulfilled. Both longed for years for the fat country and by their marriage only a year ago and the grace of the governor, they will experience cherished ambitions together.

Mrs. Johnson, a former school teacher, once tried to get a job teaching in Alaska. Johnson made the trip to Seattle with plenty of northern Wisconsin farming experience, young and intelligent, he seems exception-endowed to triumph over the hardships of a pioneering venture.

The Johnsons have a lively terrier dog named Nutee. He's first on the list of the possessions they are taking along.

She'll Take Her Dolls

Carl Erickson, a carpenter now living in Rhinelander, the former was a farmer, has three children, Lavan, 11, Cameron, 17, and Ethel, 22. Livelier than all is Lavan. She has the map of the Grand Canyon in her room, where her parents were born, written all over her pretty face. She is hopeful that to Alaska will be good.

Mr. Erickson said I could take all my dolls, but I can't have a playhouse. There's no place for that in Alaska," she says. "And my dad says may be I'll get me a gun. My