The good news hinted at last week about plans to have the permanent school building this fall and plans for the erection of temporary buildings have been cancelled.

Washington's commission to go ahead with the six community center unit will meet with the hearty approval of everyone. Colonists have expressed themselves quite freely on the subject and officials here have backed them.

The school unit includes the community hall which will be of the utmost importance to the colony this winter. Without it the fine moving picture equipment we have would be useless. There would be no place to hold public meetings or have any kind of entertainment.

Lt. Col. Hunt has estimated sixty days as the length of time it will take to fit it for occupancy.

In his weekly report to Washington, Col. Hunt gives only fourteen houses left to be started, against 51 the week before. Sixty wells have been completed and six more are either being drilled or dug by hand. The barn construction program is well under way and the inside finishing of occupied homes is receiving its share of attention. The major construction phase is well over the top.

Eugene Crowe, as head of the procurement division, has charge of all employment, states that he will not be hiring any more men at present. In fact he intimated that the next move would be the cutting of existing crops.

SIX TEACHERS ARRIVE TO TAKE OVER TUTORING TASKS

The Matanuska Valley school staff is now complete with the arrival this week of six additional teachers who are already at their task of travelling from home to home, holding classes for those children who are too far from either Matanuska or Wasilla to attend either school.

Five of the teachers came north on the last trip of the Yukon. They were Miss Mildred Forsman, from Minneapolis; Miss Marjorie Potter, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Miss Peggy Pimperton, whose home is in Great Falls, Montana; Miss Janet Forges, of Anchorage; and Miss Zelma King, from Martinez, Washington.

Miss Lorraine Ward, who had hauled North two weeks previously, is another who hails from Anchorage. Miss King taught school at Seward last term after three years as teacher at Matanuska. Miss Ward taught a term at Hope.

Miss Forges is not a stranger to the valley, either, having taught right here in Palmer last year. Miss Pimperton's Alaska experience includes teaching at Douglas.

They are all comfortably quartered with the Victor Johnsons or Tract 97, about a mile and a half west on Finger Lake Road, and they get around to the various homes by car.

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NEWS-REEL MAN GETS REAL NEWS

Fred Fordham, veteran knight of the tripod and crew, who is nationally known for discovering new camera shots through a technique all his own, is here on the project to get a true pictorial record of the development.

"Yes," said Mr. Fordham, "is the one medium that can tell a story more concisely and more lucidly than any other. No written words can possibly capture the bustling activity I have caught with the lens."

Mr. Fordham is covering every angle of the project and has "snapped" some exceptional scenes.

A cow in a stand of out hay tall enough to hide her will probably make a farmer curse, but to a camera man it is a shot at which no skeptic can shout trukey when projected on a screen.
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--
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A DELIBERATE LIAR OR
JUST Plain DUMNESS?

Read the following and answer
the above question yourself. Your
guess is as good as ours.

It seems incredible that any
Alaskan would tell such a deliberate
and bare-faced lie about his home
Territory as those we have before
us. On the other hand, it seems
equally incredible that any man
could live in a country five years
without learning something about it;
at least as much as the average
ten-year-old school boy would
know.

Yes, the answer is in one of the
two premises submitted above. Take
your choice.

Mr. Erick W. Voss, of St. Joseph,
Michigan, has written Dr. Charles
e. Bunnell, president of the Uni-
versity of Alaska, asking if there
is any truth in a feature article
which appeared in a St. Joseph
paper. Evidently Mr. Voss is a
thinking man, for he suggests that
it sounds just like so much polit-10
cal bunk to him.

President Bunnell has sent the
inquiry on to Ross Shelly here as
there are some questions regarding
the soil that Mr. Shelly, in his
capacity as Director of Agricul-
tural Extension for the U., can
answer with authority.

We have been asked to answer
some of the other gross misstate-
ments which were set down by a man
named Fudge Brown, who claims to
have been a newspaper man during
his five years of residence in
Ketchikan.

Perhaps he was, but we can't help
feeling that he should have left
printer's ink alone and stuck more
closely to the tin shop he ran in
that coastal city.

Copies of this paper will be sent
to Mr. Voss, the Ketchikan Chron-
icle here. We believe Mr. Brown claims to
have worked, and to the St. Joseph
Herald-Press. If the papers publish
it, we can discount the suggestion
of Mr. Voss and score against the
second half of the question expres-
sed in our heading. A man seldom
sets out deliberate lies without a
reason for them.

The statements in quotation marks
are Mr. Brown's, the others our
answers.

"Alaska's new 'pioneers,' words of
a generous government, will be
shouting to return home after they

MAPLE SUGAR! MAYBE?

How about Matanuska Maple Sugar?
Is it not possible that this may
have been overlooked? When one
can harvest as much as 77 bushels
of Leader or Victory oats to the
acre he is liable to forget such
things as why products from his un-
cleared land, or from areas that
do not lend themselves to plowing.

There is not a great deal of dif-
ference between the climate of the
sugar raising section of New Eng-
land and that of the valley but
what it would be worth the exper-
iment.

Sugar runs freely up here. You
can soak an axe into a tree here
in the Spring and have the sap split
right out at you, and old timers
have made a fair grade of sugar
from birch.

If any of the old settlers of the
valley have tried out the Eastern Sugar, the others we would be glad to
hear what success attended the
experiment. If it has never been
tried we can write the chambers of
commerce back in some of the cities
of Vermont and New Hampshire and
have them send in grafts for plant-
ing next Spring.

LEGION DANCE CALLED OFF--
TOO MANY HOUSE WARMINGS

With so many Colonist families
moving into their completed homes,
and so many house warmings sched-
uled for Saturday eve, the Legion
has decided to postpone its pro-
posed dance until the following
Saturday night.

Mr. Cook, of the experimental
farm, who has the hall at Matan-
uska has kindly accepted the can-
cellation, and announces that he
will hold the regular week-end
dance there for those who will not
be out christening new homes.

Next Saturday evening at eight
o'clock transportation for the Col-
onists will be at each of the sev-
eral camps.

The members of the American Leg-
ion post now being formed ask that
everyone in the Colonist group who
can play any instrument please be
there. It is proposed to select a
permanent orchestra which will
play at all social functions where
music is desired. Compensation
for their services will be arranged
by the musicians chosen, so get
out the old "stretch organ," mouth
harp, fiddle, guitar or what have
you. Polish her up and be there
for a big time. Don't forget the
date; September 28th, at the hall
in Matanuska.

Legion meeting at the Library
tent on 10th Street at 8 o'clock
Friday evening. Secretary Akwood
asks you all to bring your cre-
}
COMINGS AND GOINGS

Father Sulzman left Tuesday for Seward and expects to return on the 28th. Captain Jim Halloween will be Mr. Warden during Fr. Sulzman's absence.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Snyder, of Anchorage's famous restaurant, The Log Cabin, were visitors to the project Wednesday.

"Oklahoma" Jack Stahler is back with his wife and family, and that ought to change the batting. When Oklahoma, who was here to greet the first of the colonists, left to get his family there was plenty of even money that he wouldn't return. He fooled them, and now he says he's here to stay.

Porter Herrickhill, Chief Engineer of the Alaska Railroad, and Donald Metzdorf were Valley visitors on Wednesday.

NEWSPAPER NOTICE

Unless unexpectedly called away, M. de Fornas, Red Cross Nurse, will have an office day and Wednesday he goes tenting. Miss de Fornas asks that those who left eye glasses, clothes such as dresses, boys' caps and a coat on the St. Miheil please call for them at her tent.

HUGE TROPHY BAILED ACROSS RIVER

Last Saturday evening four mighty hunters left here for the Nulik River bridge site, where they were carried over and entertained by Mr. Littlejohn of the Road Commission at his camp.

Next and early Sunday morning they were off up the mountain, grim faced and determined, hoping for any of the game they might see. But it was not so. The Indians were ahead of them frightening all game from their path.

High up the canyon, just when their legs were beginning to get springy at the knees, they spotted game. Ross Sheely threaded his unwieldy eye through the sights... and there was the game. Not just as simple as that. It was getting into the afternoon and they had to hurry. It being Sheely's game, he threw the three hundred pound gout over his shoulder and they started down the mountain. Then they saw four brown bears in a blueberry patch. They took some shots at seventeen hundred yards (of course it really was getting late) and succeeded in getting the bears to do a bewildered merry-go-round.

When they started off again Don Irwin insisted upon doing his share of the packing. He carried the five hundred pound back for some distance. Then Spenos, old Hurry-up Hurry himself, spilled Irwin, but going down the hill was harder than climbing and the seven hundred pound gout soon became a load. Colonel Lesoy hunt, trained to pack in the Marine corps -- in cases, binculars and the like -- got his military hardened shoulders under the big twelv hundred pound beast and staggered into camp with it.

The trophy can be viewed at Irwin's home cache. It's the whitest one... the one that looks like a rabbit only it has horns instead of big ears.

FINNISH BATHS POPULAR

Madeleine de Fornas, our popular Red Cross nurse, had her initiation into the revitalizing mysteries of a Finnish bath at the Begumans treat last Monday. She reported it a wonderful institution.

David Okka of treat #1 near camp #2 also has a Finnish bath and 35 of his friends enjoyed it last Saturday.

He explained it as a low log building 6x16 feet, with a fire in a steel drum and hot rocks on top of it. Four women over the hot rocks and the place fills with steam. That's all there is to it; except finding your way out through the fog after you are thoroughly soaked.

wanted a girl to work in colonist home at Palmer for ten days, four children to take care of but all over five years. Inquire of Mrs. William Bennett, 8 Street, Palmer.
A DELIBERATE LIAR OR --
(Continued from page 1)

have harvested their first crop." Part of the first crop has al-
ready been harvested and all re-
mainig Colonists eager to stay
and make good. Eighteen hundred
people here being fed peas, car-
rots, lettuce, cauliflower, rut-
agagas, turnips, potatoes, cab-
bage, rhubarb, low- and high-bush cranberries and raspberries out of orchard, country gardens planted by themselves, and from wild fruit
bushes growing around their homes.

"The sending of farmers from
Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota to Alaska to farm is one of the
most foolish moves this adminis-
tration has done to date," says
Mr. Brown, and continues, first of all, there is no top soil any-
where in Alaska."

"I'll pass over whatever "fool-
is moves the administration has
done," and ask Mr. Brown to talk
with any man who has seen the base-
ment excavations around here. The
top soil is from four to seven foot
thick.

"There is an annual rainfall in
southeastern Alaska of 104 inches,
thereby making the soil unfit for
farming and the melting of winter
snows in Matanuska valley, where
the "pioneers" are now located,
with no drainage makes the country
 unfit for crop raising," Mr. Brown
tells us.

"Granted they have rain at Ketch-
ican, but we are over a thousand
miles from there, and the Matanuska
Valley can boast of only a 14½
inch average annual precipitation over
a continuous U. S. Weather Bureau
observation for twelve years. The
potatoes and strawberries are perhaps the largest grown in
the world," admits our informant,
but adds: "When the potatoes are
cut open they are soggy and unfit
for human consumption and the straw-
brries are tasteless and stringy. Heat, barley and oats are mouldy
by harvest time."

"We have sheep here that mills
into the finest kind of flour, and
mouldy barley doesn't thresh and
prove by test to be 97½ as fattening
as corn. Oats fully mature
and have been a staple crop in the
valley for years. The potatoes we
are eating here are splendidly
firm, smooth and shallow "peered. They are not "hearty" and Colonists have heard said they were better
than what they raised back home.

Brown says that the crops are
bum "...because of too rich a low-
er soil."

Our lower soil here happens to
be gravel, which, by the way is
fine for drainage, and that answers
the question of our spring snow
melting -- 42 inches average annual
fall.

He almost gets onto the right
track when he says: "During the
short summer in the Matanuska Val-
ley, nine weeks at the most, two
and three crops can be grown."
Two crops of clover and alfalfa
can be grown. Hay of the latter
variety was cut twice this summer
from a ten-year-old stand and each
cutting was 3½ feet tall.

"Isthmian government observers re-
corded an average of 150 consecu-
tive frost-free days over a period
of years it looks like Mr.
Brown had just about cut our sum-
mer in half. We have as many hours
of growing sunlight here as there
are along the northern boundary of
the United States."

CUT OF STAFF AGAIN

Brown gets worse as he goes
along. Mr. Shaeley's report will
more thoroughly cover the crop,
soil and climatic angle, but like
all other Alaskans he can only
laugh at the rest of our thin-skinned
historian's earrational ravings.

"One of the complaints of the
"pioneers" is the lack of medical
services. They have one doctor
and a trained nurse to the 1600 odd
soils in the valley. The Matanus-
ka Valley, 127½ miles northeast of
Seward and on the government rail-
road. If one is seriously ill, he
must be removed to the hospital by
either train or plane."

"We might inform Mr. Brown, that
we have a corps of two doctors and
six nurses running the temporary
hospitals, with a big and perma-
nent building nearing completion.
And the inference is that we have
to go to Seward for treatment in
cases involving the use of modern
appliances. That's the matter with
anchorage, only forty-four miles
away, and equipped with the best
hospital along the line."

"Not only will the "pioneers" be
disappointed in their crops, they
will have to face life in the raw.
They will have no modern facility
or any kind such as even the poor-
est of farms "down below" have.
They will have oil lamps and wood
and coke stoves."

"Warm houses, plenty of fuel
last minute gasoline lights and
radios; living within ten miles of
a well-stocked library and a sound
projection motion picture show; having a full service for their children to
attend school -- if that is any life in the raw, then surely the
Colonists will experience it this
winter."

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD WOLF?

Trappers attention! Mr. Brown
is about to let you in on somethir
"During the long winter months
the new 'pioneers' will have to
combat the huge wolf-packs that invade even the larger cities and towns in search of food. It is not safe to venture to the edge of any town after nightfall during the winter, unarmed."

Now there's a break for the Colonists. A real break. He throes some bait, say the carcass of a snowshoe rabbit, out into the back yard, then he goes into the house and sits by the radio with his favorite pipe and a good book. At the first blood curdling howl -- foraging wolf packs are always supposed to let out blood curdling howls, aren't they? -- well, he throws up the window, only a few inches mind you, just enough to stick his rifle barrel out, but not enough so that the savage, hunger-crazed brutes can squeeze in, and then he lets 'em have it. Even if it is at night he cant miss. The moonlight hobo is bright as day.

When the first one falls the rest of the pack will jump on him and eat him up. They invariably do that in stories, you know, and what in the world is this masterpiece of misrepresentation by Mr. Judge Brown but a fiction yarn of the first water?

When the wolves pounce upon the unfortunate one our Colonist has a minute or two in which to relight his pipe, then he can polish the rest off at leisure while they are at their cannibalistic feast. Now he brings them in and skins them. Let's say he gets ten, there should be at least ten in a tangle pack. At twenty dollars apiece bounty which the Territory pays and sale of the pelts bringing another twenty on an average, our Colonist has made himself $360.00 -- one out for the feast. We can then turn of the radio and go to bed.

The only thing wrong with that picture is that there is not enough wolves to go around. A good Matanuska Valley trapper like Emil La Walters would consider a winter's catch of three a big year. It's the mink, fox, lynx and ermine that he would look upon to buy his outfit.

As for its being safe to travel around, well, this valley has had settlers in it for over twenty years and no one has ever been attacked by wolves.

And now Mr. Brown tells us about the mosquitoes that "...have been known to stranggle a man to death in several minutes."

We've seen them pretty bad, but never that bad. A veil and gloves were always protection enough, but this thing of strangling...maybe he's thinking of those big Kodiak bears. And here's something else we don't know. Brown says: "Alaska is a rough, tough and wild today as it was in the stirring days of the Klondike...Men still kill for the passing of a dirty name, and get thirty days suspended sentence in the government jail."

Wow! Are we tough up here! The only place in the world, too, where suspended sentences are served in jail. We're just different that's all.

The honor of a fishing boat, halibut or salmon, averages from $15,000 to $20,000 net, in the five months of the fishing season or he has had a bad year."

Some of the boys will be glad to know about that. They've been getting by the burned fisheries Bureau bulletins which give seven weeks as the longest salmon fishing season. And want they be sore when they find that the canny left a cipher off their pay check?

Also, gambling and liquor are legalized and the saloons are filled to capacity every night of the year. In fact every night is New Year's Eve. Individual prospectors blow into town from some "unknown" point far up in the frozen north, tilt their pokes of dust on the bar, and call on drinks for the house, the same as a was going on in Alaska since gold was first discovered."

Shades of Don Smugrow:

Right here is where we speak our little piece. It's too much to wade through any more of such audacious slavering. Away goes the editorial ball while I get this off my chest.

I came to Alaska as a very small boy, I've traveled over a lot of it, have polohed my boat up nameless rivers and mished my dogs over trails of my own making. I've lived in established cities and in towns that have boomed and died, but I don't know the Alaska of which this fellow Brown writes. I was one of the first from Fairbanks to reach the chisana at the time of the big stampede, and it was the last camp I know of where dust couldn't be changed into choochoo money...1913.

I think I know about most of the mining camps during the past thirty years, but I don't know of any where a man got 30 days. He either was acquitted or paid the penalty.

I burned up my head not once while lighting my pipe, and I was in real mosquito country, not a cold mountain valley like this. I suffered from the bloodthinnings, yes, but they never got to first base on this strangling business, nor did they ever close my eyes.

There is only one conclusion I can reach about Mr. Judge Brown and his articles. It is written out on a piece of asbestos and will be attached to a copy of this paper. I'd like to hand it to him...personally.