GOVERNOR TROY IS PLEASED WITH PROGRESS OF PROJECT

Governor John W. Troy, who was here Wednesday and made a tour of the valley, expressed himself as being well pleased with the progress made in the construction end of the project.

"This development is a much bigger proposition than most people realize," the governor said. "One has to see it to appreciate the tremendous amount of work that has been accomplished in the few short months you have been here."

The governor said he would like to have met every colonist individually. That being impossible due to the shortage of time, he extends to them his best wishes for success and happiness.

Harry Watson, secretary to Governor Troy, said that the long automobile ride over the project with Colonel Hunt and Don Irwin was a little tiring after a recent illness, but that his chief wouldn't have missed it for anything.

M. D. Williams, chief of the Bureau of Federal Roads, was one of the governor's party, and he praised highly the work done by the Alaska Road Commission in the valley this summer.

The party caught the afternoon Brill back to Anchorage, but just before he left the governor received, and had his picture taken with, six of our school teachers who formed a delegation to apologize for a rainy day and invite him back for another visit.

NEW UNITS STARTED NOW THAT HOME BUILDING PROGRAM LIKKED

With every house under construction and families moving daily into new homes, it is quite apparent no one is going to suffer from lack of proper shelter and the construction division has again turned its attention to scheduled buildings for the Community Center.

Excavation for the teachers' dormitory basement is well along and the foundation for the manager's house is going in.

Inside finishing is occupying the time of the carpenters left on the trading post, the hospital, the bakery and the cobbler's shop, while rough work mechanics are throwing up the big machinery and material shed.

The big Diesel generating unit is on the job steadily and lights are being supplied to the main office.

COL. WESTBROOK INSISTS UPON BUDGETS BEING ADHERED TO

The following telegram under the date of October 1st will be of interest to all colonists.

LT COL HUNT
PALMER, AIS

FAMILIES OF MATANUSKA PROJECT ARE REHABILITATION CLIENTS AND MUST ADHERE STRICTLY TO BUDGETS ORIGINALLY ESTABLISHED. POSITIVELY NO FURTHER PURCHASES WILL BE ALLOWED EXCEPT FOR ITEMS THAT ARE ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY. EACH CLIENT MUST PROMISE TO REPAY ALASKA RURAL REHABILITATION CORPORATION FOR ALL ADVANCES MADE TO HIM. THE MANAGEMENT OF THE PROJECT IS CHARGED WITH THE SERIOUS RESPONSIBILITY OF SEENDING TO IT THAT NO CLIENT IS PERMITTED TO CONTRACT OBLIGATIONS BEYOND HIS BUDGETARY LIMIT.

LAURENCE WESTBROOK

Mussolini Defiant -- Moves Over Border

According to Paris reports Mussolini has hurled his defiance into the faces of all League-member nations by throwing Italian troops over Ethiopia's borders.

From Addis Abbaba comes word that Emperor Haile Selassie would answer this move with an order for general mobilization of all troops and supporting organizations at his command.

Mussolini said: "We will be met with war. The solemn hour is about to break in history. We will not pretend. Not only our army marches toward its goal, but 44,000,000 Italians are marching with the army. The League instead of recognizing Italy's right talks sanctions."

"I refuse to believe genuine Britons will associate themselves with sanctions to protect barbarous people."

BULGARIA ALSO STEVING

The Bulgarian government has placed the country under martial law. A plot to overthrow the throne was discovered.
PLAY SAFE

There is no question but what a healthy body is the biggest asset any person can have. It is necessary to success in life, especially in exceptional cases, and it is upon a foundation of health that happiness is built.

Modern science makes it possible to play safe with certain contagious diseases and only a fool will gamble with anything so precious as his health.

The value of immunization against typhoid fever approaches vaccination against smallpox in its effectiveness. Evidence shows that immunization against typhoid in the U.S. Army and Navy practically eliminated this dread disease as a cause of death during the World War. The incidence of typhoid fever in the A.S.F. was less than 0.1% -- a truly remarkable record when compared with the annual admission rate during the Civil War of 70.69 per 1000 and of 91.22 per 1000 during the Spanish-American War.

Rather convincing, those figures.

For the purpose of having a permanent pictorial record of the establishment and building of this project for the school, it is asked that anyone with good representative pictures call at the PIONEER office.

The right to reproduce (from the films so that all pictures will be of uniform size) will be greatly appreciated, and the editor assumes the responsibility of seeing that all negatives so loaned are returned to their owners.

And now how about coming in and getting some books and magazines? With the last big box, brought out from Anchorage by Miss Rochel Hunt, we find that we are being crowded out of house and home. Come in and stock up on reading matter.

It seems a shame, but it is never-the-less true, that the thoughtless action of one of the rehabilitated families will reflect upon the earnestness and integrity of the entire colony.

The eyes of the world are on us, and the future of many families may be influenced by the degree of success the project attains.

HOSPITAL NOTES

Mrs. Harold Zook who was recently operated upon at Anchorage is rapidly improving and will be home within a few days.

Mrs. H. Smith is convalescing at the hospital at Palmer and expects to be back with her family this coming week.

It seems that we were misinformed about Miss Rita Revell's condition last week. Her injury is worse, rather than better, than at first supposed. She will be confined to a fracture bed for at least sixty days.

Governor Troy visited her at the Anchorage Hospital on Wednesday.

We regret that we didn't have the news last week of the arrival of an 8½ pound daughter to Mr. William Bennett on the 25th of September. Both are doing splendidly, and Mrs. Bennett has already given her daughter the euphonic name of Patricia Ann.
TIPS FOR THE LADIES

Nurse Madeleine de Foez says she has seen a number of cracked floor coverings in her house to house travels and suggests that the linoleum be well warned before it is unrolled. This will soften it so that it will lay flat without cracking. Papers, any old kind as long as they don't overlap in ridges, will add to the wearing quality and act as insulation if placed under the linoleum.

And here's another thing, ladies, that might be very important sometime. Have your husband put up a sign with your name and tract number where the road turns off into your house. The other evening Dr. Abramc went out on an emergency call and lost valuable time trying to locate his tract.

If your house paint is on the job use it; if not use a blue pencil until the paint comes, but be sure and get some kind of a sign up at once.

BOOM FOR KITULIES ALIVE

Again we thank Miss Eleanor F. Cohen for reading matter; this time a big bundle of Animal Alphabet, Cut-out and picture books for the little ones. Drop in at the office of the PIONEER and get one.

Miss Cohen also sent as a gift to the last born baby a knitted outfit with a knitted blanket to match. Mrs. William Bennett was the lucky mother.

Among the picture books was a small silk flag of Alaska, together with the following poem which some of you children may want to memorize:

- Alaska's Flag -

Eight stars of gold on a field of blue—
Alaska's flag—May it mean to you
The blue of the sea, the evening sky,
The mountain lakes and the flow'rs nearby;
The gold of the early sourdough’s dreams;
The brilliant stars in the northern sky,
The "Bear"—the "Piper"—and shining high
The great North Star with its steady light,
Over land and sea a beacon bright,
Alaska's flag—to Alaskans near and far.
The simple flag of a last frontier.

-- Marie Drake --

ALASKA: One fifth the size of the United States with 590,000 square miles, and a population of sixty thousand almost equally divided between whites and natives.

RETURNED COLONIST WRITES IRWIN

Mr. Don Irwin has just received a letter from Mrs. Roy Hopkins who with her husband drew tract 111 while here, but later returned to the States because Mr. Hopkins couldn't find the type of employment he wanted.

They are still interested in the project, however, and Mrs. Hopkins writes from Arcadia, Michigan, that things do not look so well out there. Apples, she says, are too cheap to even bother picking, and that late potatoes will be very scarce.

She reports having received a letter from the Zooks and is grateful for any news from the colony.

The Porterfields, who were also here but returned, have purchased twenty acres of land, says Mrs. Hopkins, and Mrs. Porterfield gets her log cabin anyway for they are building one on their newly acquired property.

PIKE NOTICE

No brush burning without notifying your Deputy Warden in advance. Deputy Wardens will issue Indian Back Pumps, and if used please return them filled. Violations of this burning order will receive our immediate and effective attention.

And now, with colder weather coming on, watch the hot fires you are building in your stoves. Any of you haven't yet received the hoops for your pipe safflons and others have made changes in outlet positions that are dangerous. This will be corrected by the time inspections are completed, but in the meantime be careful. We have had no serious house fires yet -- let's not press our luck.

(signed) Fr. Sulzmann
Pike Warden

CAMPBELL PREPARES TO RECEIVE ROYALTY

"Steam" Campbell increased the fourteen rolls on the cuffs of his overalls to six-horse dimensions and proudly displayed the letter. Royalty was coming to Palmer, and by crackey, he was to be the reception committee.

When the train pulls in Steer will be there -- new Stetson and all - for three grand-daughters of an Imperial grand-mother will be aboard...three grand-daughters of Molly of Ayersdale, and if that isn't bovine royalty what is? Molly is the highest Officially tested Guernsey in Montana.
MEET " SOURDOUGH" SAM

Sooner or later, folks, you are sure to meet Sourdough Sam. Great fellow, Sam. You may have seen him around since he returned to the valley about two weeks ago. Sam is all of 45 years, but he looks about straight as a canoe birch and tough as a piece of Wigaluk whalebone. His hair is snow white and curls a little over his collar.

If he should stop suddenly while talking to you, and look out over the valley with an avid light in his clear blue eyes, pay no attention to it. He is still a little bewitched by all this activity. And no wonder.

Sam left here last March to prospect for back in the hills. His sole companion was his dog, Bum, and they didn't see a soul all summer. Then Sam came hiking back from the old Indian trail he knew, Out near Cottonwood Lake he stumbled suddenly upon a gravelled road that shouldn't have been there. He scratched his head.

"This wa'n't here when we went out," he said to Bum. "Maybe I got turned round or somethin'. Maybe this ain't the Matanuska Valley." Just then a big staff onna bore down on them with horn wide open. Sam jumped about twenty feet.

"Wa'n't nothin' like that here, neither," Bum apparently agreed and kept close to Sam's heels as he left the road for the trail he was sure of. And in less than a half mile he ran into a big Diesel cat clearing land.

Sam shook his head and skirted the growing machine on a branch trail that led him smack into a big frame house all freshly painted. Old Sam can take a shock, but he staggered under that one. Then, for mile after mile, he wound down past came four and two; no more ambling through big frame and log house building crews, while every five minutes one of the transient cowboys tore past with a truck-load of lumber.

And it was almost too much when he ran into Harry Sears and his gang following a caterpillar-drawn potato digger through those long rows. "And I didn't had a drink in months," he reminded Bum.

At last he came into Matanuska, and the town was the first thing in the valley he could recognize. When he dropped into Phil Allen's place he kept his mouth shut. He knew that the marshal usually takes charge of people who imagine they see things that don't exist, and there was Joe Hoffman with his gold badge all a-shine.

It wasn't until after he had studied the problem through a whole pint of scagrum that he decided to take the bull by the horns. He'd find out whether he'd missed too many bets to the States or not.

"Say," he demanded of Phil, "what in the devil's been going on around here anyway?" Phil, realizing that Sam had left before there was any talk of a colonization project, and guessing what was in his mind, decided to have some fun.

"Going on?" he said. "Oh, not much right now. Valley has grown a lot though in the ten years you been gone, Sam."

"Ten Years!" You could have heard Sam clear across the Knik flats. He ordered another bottle and, avoiding Joe, strode rapidly off toward his cabin.

"Ten years," he repeated. "It don't seem possible, does it, Bum? Yet I hear 'n 'bout a feller oncet what slept longer'n that. Yep, feller named Wie van Rinkle." It was a week before Sam got it all straightened out, and now he's more interested in the project and the colonists themselves than any man I know. He dropped into the tent here the other evening.

"Now look, Jack," he said. "You take me for here colonists, they's some reg'lar farmers 'mong 'em, an' they're going to make a big go of this here thing, but they's new to the country an' there's lots of little tricks they don't know.

"Now for instance, t'other night I see one of the women folks tryin' to git 'long a muddy road with a box of matches, said the battery in her flashlight was dead. So I picks up an empty tomato can, gets a piece of wire off'a Shonbeck's fence fer a handle, then cuts a hole, you know, just a cross then bend the corners in, and after I stuck a stub of candles in it that I just happened to have in my pocket, she had as good a lantern as any man'd want. You know, them bugs is good, 'Jack, an' you can even put glass in 'em if they's much wind."

Sam bit off a big hunk of bread and then sat against the red spot on the stove. It's a habit of his. "Yep," he continued, "They's a lot of them little wrinkles that make life in this here country a bit easier, and them's the things you don't find in school books."

After Sam left I began to wonder if perhaps you might not like to know something about these 'kinks' of life. The 'bug' has been very popular here in Alaska where candles are plentiful and batteries and kerosene sometimes hard to get.

Below is a sketch of Sam's bug, and let's hope he draws in again with suggestions on something else.

You can cut a slit along the dotted line and drop in a piece of glass.
MRS. Fohn-Hansen Returns from Homer

Mrs. Lydia Fohn-Hansen returned Thursday from Homer where she had gone in connection with her work for the Extension Division of the University of Alaska.

Homer is located on the coast in the south-west portion of Kenai Peninsula, and boasts a population of about thirty families. There are two schools and only 12 miles of road in the whole district.

Farms in the vicinity are worked by families, especially the children, to further their education. The town is a good place to visit for its beauty and for the many activities available.

Metals and minerals are also found in the area, including gold and copper. The town has a strong economic base, with fishing and mining industries being key contributors to its economy.

The town is also home to a community college and several vocational schools, providing education and training opportunities for its residents.

The population of Homer is estimated to be around 2,500 people, with a diverse mix of backgrounds and cultures.

For more information on Homer, check out the town's visitor center and website.