PROJECT CONSTRUCTION PROGRAM NOW WELL ADVANCED

If labor is available and the weather continues to be as kind to us as he has been, the construction phase of the project will be completed without much further delay. Only fifteen barns remain to be completed. The estimated number to be built has been added to time and again which accounts for the extension of the completion date as set by Mr. F. L. Biggs last fall.

At the Community Center the big school is sheeted in and the roof shingled. The community hall frame is up and the heavy roof trusses are about ready to be hoisted into place.

The hospital is sixty per cent finished inside, the south wing being already occupied by a number of patients.

The dormitory and staff houses are well along and the Trading Post, Women's shop, Barber shop and Cobbler's shop were occupied last week. The radio building has been erected and is ready for clearing.

At the power house the new steam generator is on its base and will soon be furnishing additional electric energy for lights and power.

The space under the big warehouse is being utilized as a shop for turning out concrete chimney tile. The woodcraft and feed storage building has the first floor and walls roughed in and will soon be completed as it does not require the time consuming work of interior finish.

ITALY AND GREAT BRITAIN NOW ON BETTER TERMS

London and Rome have quit snarling at each other over the fleet situation in the Mediterranean Sea.

France perhaps brought about the better understanding by declaring her intention of standing by Great Britain in the event that Mussolini took it into his head to try and run the British warships away from the vicinity of the Suez Canal.

Indications are that Italy intends to push her advances into Ethiopian territory in an effort to bring about a swift conclusion of the war.

The Italian Cabinet has approved plans for strengthening her defense council, enlarging its membership to include many new officers.

Baghah, an important Ethiopian city on the southern front, was the recent target for a raid.

BISHOP ROYE CELEBRATES FORTIETH YEAR AS ALASKAN MISSIONARY

On November the thirtieth, Bishop Peter Trumble Rowe will celebrate communion at St. George's church in New York City where just forty years ago he was consecrated to his post as missionary. Just a week ago he celebrated his 75th birthday.

In 1886 Bishop Rowe made his first visit to the then little known Territory of Alaska. He cut his own trails into the far districts and chased his missions out of the woods.

Frontier life was not new to him even then as he was the son of an Episcopal missionary to the Indians of eastern Canada. He had learned to use of rifle and canoe paddle as a lad and his knowledge of trail travel across great uninhabited districts was as valuable to him as his understanding of the natives to whom he brought the message of his church.

It is a question if anyone knows the trails and rivers of Alaska better than he does. He has been on them all. He has rafted down the streams, and poled and paddled up against their currents. He has mushed the winter trails with dogs and measured them afoot in summer with a heavy pack on his back.

Teaching the word of God was not his only duty. He has nursed whole Native tribes through epidemics and he has saved a scurry-ridden camp of whites by his timely arrival with a sack of fresh potatoes.

He has shared his tent with a madman whose greatest need was human companionship, and he has been a ball mate to a badly brainwashed Indian who bore the weight of murder guilt on his conscience.

Bishop Rowe's camp was open to any man on the trail, and he was welcome in any tent or cabin he ran into on his travels; and he was always traveling. During the early day gold stampedes he was often sought out for information about routes. This he gladly gave, but the reports of rich stream gravels never interested him. If he took in a stampede it was because he knew the men there needed spiritual guidance, needed someone to remind them that there was a right and a wrong way to live. Being in on the ground floor he had many opportunities to stake rich claims, but he wasn't interested in gold. He considered a man's soul of more value.
Alaskans grow vegetables are to be served at a dinner scheduled for the Arctic Club in Seattle.

In answer to a request for 500 pounds of mixed vegetables, Harry Sorens shopped by the last boat a supply taken from the community gardens this fall.

The Arctic Club is made up mostly of Northerners and Seattle business men interested in Alaskan trade. It is hardly necessary to prove our territory's agricultural potentialities to them, but it is hoped that they will have as guests at their dinner some of the skeptics who need only see some of our produce to be converted into boosters.

The Turkey Shoot went off with a bang. Many bring, in fact. For some time the fusillade out there in John Burke's field sounded like a battle.

Ministers, old settlers and men from the construction corps competed with everything from .45 revolvers to heavy shot rifles.

Bruno Jack, an old timer with a homestead out between Cottonwood and Fishera Lakes, made the best shot of the day. It was during the match with big rifles offhand, a hundred yards.

Bruno doesn't do in for f ne runs. He uses an old Winchester 30-06 with a battered stock and a bling wire wrap around the forearm. It sure shows a lot of hard service, but he has used it continuously since buying it second hand in Michigan Christmas year. For he swears by it.

Then it came his time to shoot he smacked the front sight over the fire, pulled his home made bumper cap down and squared off with the old blunderbuss against his port shoulder. He threaded a keen blue eye, through the sights and squirmed a curled finger on the trigger. Then Arnold Newman brought the target up there was a hole drilled through the very center of the 3 inch bull's eye.

There was no need of Mr. Ross Shoely and Mr. Don Irwin, who acted as judges, to go into a huddle to decide who won the particular turkey.

Harry Sorens did a good job of providing many with Christmas turkeys, and many more with an afternoon's fun. He contributed the few dollars profit from the match to the Christmas fund.

Donations which to purchase Christmas toys for all children in the valley will be accepted by Mr. Shoely, Mr. Irwin, Mr. Jack and Mr. Cronin.
COUNCIL PRIMARY ELECTION RETURNS

Returns in the form of marked ballots which were mailed to every colonist in the valley have been received and the names of those who will run for representatives in the council for the four voting districts of the valley have been determined.

In district #1 the nominees are: Roy Wilkins, Henry Johnson and Clinton Bonsall. In #2: Jack Lund and Morgan Miller with Harry Campbell and George Connors tied. In #3: Walter Huntley, "Illie" Bennett and Robert Higgenbotham. In #4: Lawrence Dreshold, Mrs. I. M. Sandvik and Loren McKechnie.

In District #4 Mr. Don Irwin polled a majority, but owing to his connections with the corporation he has refused to accept the nomination.

The old settlers of the valley will soon have their representatives chosen and the organization will go afield with the view of formulating plans for the Co-op to be established here.

An odd feature of this primary is that every member of the election board was nominated, necessitating the formation of a new body to carry on with the election.

Walter Sandberg, a carpenter at the Community Center, slipped and fell into the concrete boxment of the doctor's residence upon which he was working and broke a shoulder blade besides cutting a couple of ribs. No serious complications are expected and he is now resting quietly without much pain.

A cow moose with blood in her nostrils was found dead near his tryst by Lester Ellsworth at Camp 40. Realizing that she had died from gunshot wounds, Mr. Ellsworth notified Jack O'Connor, game warden at Anchor-ge, who came out and made an investigation. The cow bore one bally wound and had had a shoulder badly smashed. Jack says she may have wandered a couple of miles before dying down to die.

A couple of weeks ago we picked up a news item from a middle western paper simply because it bore a Wisconsin date line. It was about 74 year old Eurr Tordon who boldly stated that he was looking for a wife and ran on ad to that effect.

It is with surprise that we now learn that he is the step-thor of Colonist Frank Wesley Ordor of Tract 10.

Eurr, by the way, got his wife, picked her from among the 441 users to his advertisement. She is Mrs. Maggie Cornwall of Onida County.

TWO LOSE MONEY

Harry Sora reports that he lost some loose bills from his pocket at the turkey shoot, and Jack Stone of the bunk car No. 12, reports the finding of a purse containing money and a slip of paper. There is no name in it, but the loser would have no difficulty in describing what he lost.

You all know the song story of the old "Strawberry Roon," and many of you will remember the one that come in with the colony stock, especially so if you happened to get near her heels or had anything to do with her.

You should see her now. Paul Joch has a row with horses. That roon more will gently lift any foot you touch, and last summer it was necessary to swing her in a frame to show her. It's a word from Paul she will kiss his cheek with the gentleness of a baby.

Her mate is a dandy, too. Paul can throw the lines on the ground and simply by talking to them can get them to lay right down and pull with every ounce that's in them.

Just try it and see that there is no change from him.

Elmer Schickel had what some said was a birthday party at Solly's last week. 'O somehow had the idea that Solly wasn't admitting birthdays this year, but there was a party at any rate. Someone said that there was one guest and six other people present. Or maybe they were all guests.

Our informant may be misjudged but he did say that practically all Schickel's attention was directed to the party on his loft, and that he thought perhaps the others were strangers.

FOR SLE

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