

LITTLE DIXIE JOINS MOTHER AFTER MOST VALIANT FIGHT

A merciful Providence has taken little three-year-old Dixie Emberg to join her mother.

From Saturday morning when the accident occurred, through Sunday which saw the death of Mrs. Emberg, and all day Monday and Tuesday till four o'clock Wednesday morning, Dixie's brave little heart fought to retain life in her charred body. It was a losing battle.

What Dixie suffered during those long days no one will know. But she didn't whimper. Obedient by nature, she did everything she could to cooperate with those trying to help her. Told to take water for her parched throat she would open her mouth though the effort brought pain and her little pink tongue was in startling contrast to her flame blackened cheeks.

Incapable of facial expression, it was the mute plea of her lashless eyes and an understanding of the pain she was enduring so bravely that kept Doctor Albrecht and his staff of nurses expending every effort to ease the little patient's suffering and give her what comfort they could.

Interest extended beyond the walls of the hospital. Interest, not of the morbid variety, but the clean concern of humane beings was felt on every hand, for admiration of grit is close to the surface in all mankind.

Seldom has a whole community been so gripped in the talons of agonizing suspense as were the people of the valley during Dixie's fight.

Sourdough carpenters and laborers who have long since forgotten that they ever had families stopped anyone coming from the hospital and inquired of her condition. Groups of colonists and members of the staff made plans for sending her to a plastic surgeon when she got well so that she wouldn't be left with scars, and they discussed her chances in lowered tones.

When word came that Dixie had lost there were men who nodded understanding and turned away, saddened as though she were of their own blood.

Dixie's mother was buried Tuesday afternoon in the Palmer Cemetery on the flat beyond the school.

Now all that was mortal of Dixie sleeps beside her in a tiny coffin, borne there to her last resting place by little children of the camp who knew her and loved her.

BOTH EMBERG BOYS DOING WELL

Though badly burned about their heads, both Emberg boys are getting along in fine shape, reports Doctor Albrecht.

A feature of the accident that didn't come out until after we had reported the fire explains why Truman was so badly burned on the face and hands. He was making a sled in a room adjoining the kitchen. When he heard the explosion he rushed through the burning room and stumbled out into billows of wind-whipped smoke. Mr. and Mrs. Emberg and the baby were already out, but Truman didn't know that. He dashed back in and crawled along the floor on his hands and knees hunting for the others. It wasn't until he came out the second time and George grabbed him that he knew they were safe.

George, Truman and Dixie's little brother and sister, Ronald and Phyllis, all wish to express their sincere thanks to all the colonists and corporation employees who so willingly offered their help both at the fire and during the ensuing bereavement.

Did you hear about Ted Giblin sounding off? Well, here's a part of what he told a Duluth reporter.

"Only one of the 15 St. Louis County families who were to be 'pioneers' in Alaska will remain in the Matanuska Valley after the next boat leaves, due Dec. 8 in Seattle."

He also says that the experiment cost him \$1,100 in cash and labor, that there is ice underneath the top soil the year around and that he wore a sheepskin coat all summer.

The schoolhouse, he says, is not completed. He's right there, but he's all wet when he says the children receive lessons only once every two or three weeks.

Wonder where that 1,100 bucks comes in. The day before he left he told the boys in the commissary.

"Believe me, I took the corporation for ride."

When he left here the corporation gave him \$166.01 according to his own statement.

We can't figure what the one cent was for. Maybe it was so he can buy a post card later and write back to tell us all he is sorry for pulling out. C. D. LaFlam has spent considerably more in asking for a tract to come back to. He is now in Seattle, and dying to return