FIRE BRINGS DEATH AND SERIOUS INJURY TO EMBER FAMILY ON "41"

From a happy, laughing group to a charred and shock-numbed one, driven into zero weather and a high wind while their home was devour'd by flames, is the quick tale played on the Ember family in the space of two minutes Saturday morning.

George, his wife, Evelyn, and their little three-year-old daughter, Dixie, were in the kitchen when the accident happened. Truman, brother of George, who came up here on his own about five weeks ago, was in another room.

The boys had just returned from thawing out the pump and found that the fire in the range had burned itself out. George, in somewhat of a rush to get to town with his milk deliveries, poured what he thought was water into the firebox. It was, in vain, all the milk that filled five gallon cans exploded in his hands and the three found themselves enveloped in flames.

With his wife by his side and little Dixie under his arm, George tugged at the door, but the pressure within the room was too great. He dropped Dixie, yanked the door open with both hands and bolted outside with his wife and baby.

Truman had to press through the furnace-like room to reach the door.

For a moment they huddled together there in the whistling wind, then Mrs. Ember, her clothing most burned from her body, ran to the neighboring home about a hundred yards away. After four attempts to control the flames, the two boys had to give up. They were even foiled by the heat in their attempt to save a trunk in which they had about four hundred dollars, milk receipts for the thirty quarters a day they deliver to people of the camp. They, too, made their way to the neighboring house with Dixie. Mrs. Ember jumped from traintracks where she has been on her horse and rode the mile into visiting town for an ambulance, while Mrs. Ember administered first aid to the stricken family.

Fire extinguishers were rushed to the scene, but to save the home was hopeless. It burned to the ground in less than an hour. The heat was intense and exploding food cans shot into the air a fifteen feet. Silver money that was later recovered was found burnt melted into a gob.

At the hospital Dr. Albracht, with his assistants, Miss Powers and Miss Kelly, quickly gave them what relief they could and upon examination it was shown that Mrs. Ember was the most critically burned. Little Dixie, too, had felt those hot flames link through the skin and into the flesh of her

All four were badly scorched about the head and hands, but the boys, probably due to the nature of their clothing, escaped the deadly effects of the intense heat.

Fortunately, Dr. Albracht had at hand everything he needed in the way of modern equipment and he made the patients as comfortable as possible. Mrs. Ember, however, had considerable area of third degree burn on her back and her condition was considered real serious.

On Sunday morning a call came from the hospital for volunteer blood donors. After a number of tests were made by Dr. Ross Shortly was chosen and 500 cc's, or over a pint of his blood was injected into Mrs. Ember's veins.

The effort to give her sufficient strength to survive the combination of shock and injuries failed and she sank slowly, passing away at 6:45 Sunday evening.

Dixie is a brave, cooperative little patient, and though she is badly burned she has an even break to recover.

George and Truman are from Proctor, Minnesota, while Mrs. Ember came from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. They are an industrious and thrifty family and the loss of the wife and mother shatters the dreams of a happy home in a new land.

Mrs. Ember will be interred at the Palmer Cemetery on Tuesday afternoon at 1:30, preceded by friends of the Lutheran church conducting the service.

Phillip O'Connell of the commission received word this week that his younger brother had frozen to death on the trail near Veldaz.

"Mr. and Mrs. O'Connell left to join the mother on her way out to Fitness, where she has been on her horse and rode the mile into visiting town for an ambulance, while Mrs. Ember administered first aid to the stricken family.

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Here it is Sunday evening, and the Thursday paper not yet out. Remind us of the Wednesday Morning Breakfast Club of New York that meets on Saturday afternoon.

There really is no reason for the club doing that, but there is an answer to the paper being late.

First, we had a mild touch of the grippe, then the wind blew.

Did you notice that the wind blew? All, it did. Tents were ripped from the trees. A two-story building of bare studs and rafters collapsed on the lot in back of Bert’s. Tar paper was torn from shacks. And by the way, if you’ve missed anything...such as garbage cans lids, sheets of celotex, coal buckets or washing machine crates...just come down and look in the front yard of the PIONEER. A lot of stuff piled up here.

But back to the paper. It was impossible to do anything. The old tent shook and strained, and the roof popped like a cannon. On the first morning we awakened to find a snowdrift in the middle of the floor. Had not been frozen down, and the ground, we would, without doubt, been rolled out into the Snodgrass hay field.

We are coming out under the regular date line in spite of our tardiness, but after the fifteenth we can guarantee to come out on time.

After that date we will be located in our new quarters next to the old General Office, and will have no regular duties other than to see that the paper gets out on time. Our resignation is in, effective the fifteenth, and from then on the paper will be conducted as a private enterprise.

Our plans are to get a press and put out a real sheet. That entails the spending of no small amount of money and if the thing is a success we will be considered smart. On the other hand, if we lose our undershirt on the deal there will be many to tell you that they knew we were crazy from the start.

‘All, you can’t convince a man that he has ‘missed too many bets’ until he has proven it to himself.

We will continue to have a newspaper in the Katunuska Valley, in the Bread-basket of Alaska.

Don’t forget the kiddies Xmas. Contribution boxes are handyly located.

HOSPITAL NOTES

...side from the sad emergency of taking care of the Emberg family. The new hospital has been a busy place, since the day Dr. Albrecht moved his equipment in.

Mrs. Oscar Kindron of Tootle started the ball rolling by presenting her husband with an 8½ lb. baby girl last Saturday morning.

Then Mrs. Bernard Gulberg of 110 brought another little girl into the world two hours later. It was a close race to see which of the two girls was to have the honor of being first born in the fine new building.

A birth that your reporter missed was the ten pound baby boy born to Mrs. C. E. Rudell the week before our apologies, C. 3., but wasn’t it a girl that we ran the ad for?

Van Buren Morberg rather liked the looks of those nice white rooms in the hospital, so he slipped on a frost covered timber while working on the doctor’s house close by and busted a couple of ribs and a shoulder blade on the cement floor of the basement.

...A meeting of the Katunuska Conservation Association is called for 2:00 P.M. on Saturday, December 14th at the new PIONEER office.

Anchorage announces that all visitors to the big Mukluk Dance will be guaranteed a good time. The dance will be held at the nest ice rink and will be under the auspices of the Anchorage Tooley Team. Mukluk will not be compulsory, anything will go, but unless you have danced on ice in a pair of Eskimo boots you have missed something.

Borrow a pair...be there...and have a big time. The date: Dec. 14.

Reverend R. H. Frieling, Luther, wishes to announce that services will now be held at the regular hours in the new log parsonage on the Butte north of town.

Miss Ruth Kelly, surgical nurse, arrived last week to augment the staff of Dr. Albrecht at the new hospital.

And Sheriff Willims, the Red Cross nurse who is to relieve Mrs. Madeleine Sedille, is expected to arrive in camp tomorrow.

Sourdough Sam says that if some of the people in camp don’t quit drinking dishwater and the like out into the streets there will be some broken legs before spring. "Cheeko Glocers," he calls those dems of ice, and claims that they have caused plenty of dangerous
MEETING OF PALMER PRECINCT
DEMOCRATS IS CALLED

A meeting will be held Sunday, 3:00 P.M., Dec. 6th, at the old
ARWC General Office, for the purpose of organizing the Palmer Demo-
cratic Club.
All Palmer Precinct Democrats are urged to attend, and a general
invitation is extended to all Col-
onists who vote the Democratic
ticket.
Howard Lyng, Democratic member of the Alaska Legislature will act
as temporary chairman.

Valley residents wishing to sign
up as members of the Matanuska Val-
ley Conservation Association may do
so by dropping in at the PIONEER of-
cice. Even if you don’t care to
join, drop in and sign the petition
to the same commission, by which it
is hoped we can get them to stock
the valley with deer.

Shades of Chick Seale! The old
Specialist should see the heated
fourteen holer just completed by
Almer Peterson. Big enough to be
Hallowe’en proof, too.

Allen Fredericks, Bill Bouvens
and Jack Lund made a trip into Sew-
ard to escort the new herd of cows
north by train.
I’m understand that Jack now in-
ists upon being called Doctor Lund. Seems that Jack and the
stork that brings bovine babies
met while the train was at Moose
Pass and immediately promoted a
confinement case.
The 72 cows, one yearling, two
calves and two rams all arrived in
fine shape. The cows, all except
the few for the Experiment Farm,
were drawn for by the colonists
immediately upon arrival and are
now housed in their new barns on
the tracts of the lucky ones.

All farm equipment is to be
brought in and reconditioned. Ken
Corliss announces that trucks will
shortly make the rounds, so if you
have a mower, plow or anything
frozen down, please break it loose
and be ready to have it hauled in.
Also, if you have one of the old
camp ranges or a heater, please
get it under cover of some kind.

WOLVERINE TRAPPER NO’T OUT
TO GET PROSPECTORS

Jack Favel of tilsville heard
J. P. Mc. nightly announcement over
XPD to the effect that Norman
Down, mine district with a com-
pany at Indianola, would pay $800
for a live wolverine to be used
in the picture he is making.
Now Jack knew where a wolver-
ine hung out, so he starts out to
get himself a few Xmas dollars by
setting a trap right in front of
the old deserted Fishook Inn on
the Luck Knob road. Then he hiked
back home, planning to return in
two days.

In the meantime a prospector
comes down out of the hills come
by, saw the wolverine in the trap,
and thinking to strike any chance
of the bell-dog getting away, club-
bbed him to death.

That Jack said when the prospec-
tor told him about it can’t be set
down here.

Confidence in the future of
Palmer is best expressed by cash
investment. Ernie Kling, general
manager of newly formed Palmer
Motor Service, feels that there is
enough business here already to
support a local freight and pas-
enger transportation outfit.
His new GMC truck has been busy
ever since he unloaded it from the
first car, and his shiny latest
model Terraplane sedan fills a rush-
time taxi want that the c hoy has
felt keenly during the cold snap.

WANTED: To buy, rent or lease; a
tent house or two room cabin. In-
quire at the PIONEER office.

FOR S.L.E.: A ‘Hotpoint’ electric
iron. Or trade for ‘What have
you?’ Ken Corliss...Feed milk.

FOR S.L.E.: Pr. #9 Union Hockey
skates on shoes. Frantz Hildenen,
bunk car 12.

FOOD: Gasoline corp. PIONEER off.

Don’t pass up the V.M.S. contribution
boxes just because there’s no snow
whiskered Santa there ringing a
dell. Drop a few dimes anyway.

HOTEL ALLEN

ALASKA

BEST FOOD IN THE VALLEY

EATS AND SLEEPS FOR MEN AND BEASTS

BOB’S T-H

RIDE IN V.M.S COFFORT

ANY TIME AN’ ANY PLACE

KOSLOWSKY’S PIONEER HALL