

FIRE BRINGS DEATH AND SERIOUS
INJURY TO EMBERG FAMILY ON #21

From a happy, laughing group to a charred and shock-numbered quartet driven into zero weather and a high wind while their home was devoured by flames, is the trick Fate played on the Emberg 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 kerosene into the firebox. It was aviation gasoline. The half filled five gallon can 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 pass through the furnace-like room to reach the door.

For a moment they huddled together there in the whistling wind, then Mrs. Emberg, her clothing most burned from her body, ran to the Wilding 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 quarts a day they deliver to people of the camp. They, too, made their way to the neighboring house with Dixie. Mr. Wilding jumped on his horse and raced the mile into town for an ambulance, while Mrs. Wilding 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 fifteen feet. Silver money that was later recovered was found partly melted into a glob.

At the hospital Dr. Albrecht, with his assistants, Miss Powers and Miss Kelly, quickly gave them what relief they could and upon examination it was shown that Mrs. Emberg was the most critically burned. Little Dixie, too, had felt those hot flames lick 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 painful and dangerous body burns.

Fortunately, Dr. Albrecht had at hand everything he needed in the way of modern equipment and he made the patients as comfortable as possible. Mrs. Emberg, 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 Mr. Ross Shealy was chosen and 500 cc's, or over a pint of his blood was injected into Mrs. Emberg'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. Emberg came from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. They are an industrious and thrifty family and the loss of the wife and mother shatters the dream of a happy home in a new land.

Mrs. Emberg will be interred at the Palmer Cemetery on Tuesday afternoon at 1:30, Reverend Frieling of the Lutheran church conducting the service.

Phillip O'Neill of the commissary received word this week that his younger brother had frozen to death on the trail near Valdez.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Neill left to join the mother on her way out from Fairbanks where she has been visiting.

Wesley, nine year old son of Oscar and Mrs. Engbretson of Tract #7, had what may develop into a serious injury when he fell upon a pitchfork and ran one tine into his right eye, penetrating the ball dangerously close to the pupil.

Dr. Albrecht has the lad under treatment, but it may be a few days before the extent of the injury is known.

Correction

Due to a misunderstanding, it was erroneously stated in Sally's ad of last week, that board would be furnished for \$35 per month.

This is wholly in error and the

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10¢ by mail.
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Here it is Sunday evening, and the Thursday paper not yet out. Reminds us of the Wednesday Morning Breakfast Club of New York that meets on Saturday afternoons.

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? Well, it did. Tents were ripped from their frames. A two story building of bare studs and rafters collapsed on the lot in back of Berts. Tar paper was torn from shacks. And by the way, if you've missed anything...such as garbage can 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 we not been frozen down to 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.

Well, you can't convince a man that he has 'missed too many boats' until he has proven it to himself.

So...we will continue to have a newspaper in the Matanuska Valley, in the Bread-basket of Alaska.

Don't forget the kiddies Xmas. Contribution boxes are handily lo-

HOSPITAL NOTES

Aside 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 Kindgren of Tract 170 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 on was the ten pound baby boy born to Mrs. C. E. Rudell the week before. Our apologies, C. E., but wasn't it a girl that we ran the ad for?

Walter Sandberg 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 Matanuska 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 new ice rink and will be under the auspices of the Anchorage Hockey team. Mukluks 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. M. Frieling, Lutheran, wishes to announce that services are now being held at the regular hours in the new log parsonage on the But Road north of town.

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

And Pearl Williams, 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 throwing dishwater and the like out into the streets there will be some broken legs before spring. "Cheechako Glaciers," he calls those domes 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. 8th, at the old ARRC General Office, for the purpose of organizing the Palmer Democratic Club.

All Palmer Precinct Democrats are urged to attend, and a general invitation is extended to all Colonists 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 Valley Conservation Association may do so by dropping in at the PIONEER office. Even if you don't care to join, drop in and sign the petition to the game commission, by which it is hoped we can get them to stock the valley with deer.

Shades of Chick Sales! 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 Bouwens and Jack Lund made a trip into Seward to escort the new herd of cows north by train.

We understand that Jack now insists 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 NOW OUT TO GET PROSPECTORS

Jack Favian of Wasilla heard J. P.'s nightly announcement over KFCD to the effect that Norman Dawn, movie director with a company at Anchorage, would pay \$250 for a live wolverine to be used in the picture he is making.

Now Jack knew where a wolverine hung out, so he starts out to get himself a few Xmas dollars by setting a trap right in front of the old deserted Fishhook Inn on the Lucky Shot road. Then he hiked back home, planning to return in two days.

In the meantime a prospector coming down out of the hills came by, saw the wolverine in the trap, and thinking to spike any chance of the hell-dog getting away, clubbed him to death.

What Jack said when the prospector 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 real freight and passenger transportation outfit.

His new GMC truck has been busy ever since he unloaded it from the flat car, and his shiney latest model Terraplane sedan fills a rush time taxi want that the camp has felt keenly during the cold snap.

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

FOR SALE: A 'Hotpoint' electric iron. Or trade for 'What have you?' Ken Corliss...Feed mill.

FOR SALE: Pr. #9 Union Hockey skates on shoes. Frantz Hildonen, bunk car #12.

FOUND: Gasoline cap. PIONEER off.

Don't pass up the Xmas contribution boxes just because there's no snow whiskered Santa there ringing a bell. Drop a few dimes anyway.

HOTEL ALLEN

BOB'S INN

MATANUSKA

ALASKA

TRIP IN HEATED COMFORT

BEST FOOD IN THE VALLEY

ANY TIME

ANY PLACE

EATS AND SLEEPS FOR MEN AND BEASTS

office
KOSIOSKI'S RECREATION HALL