

## 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.

He 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

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We have heard many colonists say that they were dissatisfied with the manner in which all the various elections were held, insisting that because of the inability to get in to the meetings only the few living close to town had any voice in the nomination and election of officers.

Obviously, it is quite impossible for every colonist to attend a meeting at one time, so to correct that situation ballots were mimeographed and mailed to each member of the colony group for the purpose of nominating those to run for representatives from the various districts.

All that was necessary was to choose three names from the list of colonist residents in each district and return it to the election committee. But how many were interested enough to cast their votes?

Well, we don't know what the total was, but in District number One, containing 60 eligible voters, there were just fourteen ballots cast.

Not a very large percentage considering the importance of the issue and the amount of work expended in arranging the election so that all would have a voice.

If, in a half dream during the night, you should awaken with the thought that someone had just fired an eight inch cannon off under your floor, don't be too alarmed. It is simply the ground protesting the sudden frost capping that is being formed.

An inch and a half crack, for all in the world like an earthquake fissure, opened up right through the center of the camp the other night with a boom that might have been the powder house blowing up.

Many signs of nearing Christmas are apparent. The postoffice ran out of stamps. People are more interested in when the next boat is leaving, rather than when the mail will be in. And many mothers are having less trouble getting Sonny to pack in the wood.

How about those dimes and nickels you are getting from merchants in your change?

Why not drop them into one of the handy Xmas Fund boxes and help the children enjoy a big time?

Remember how even the most inexperienced present thrilled you when

Sourdough Sam was in from his cabin out in the woods yesterday and it was here at the office he first heard of the tragedy that befell the Emberg family.

Saddened, as was everyone else in the valley, he shook his old white head, and knowing him we were prepared for some of his old backwoods philosophy on the accident.

Sam likes to think out causes and effects for himself, and after a few moments of thoughtfulness he started along a line that hadn't entered our head before.

"Impatience," said Sam, "Is the cause of a lot of trouble in this world. Why do we all insist upon immediate results the minute we git it, intuh our heads to do some-thin'? We all do.

"F'rinstance," he continued, "Not long ago I got a reg'lar sash tuh take the place of that there candlegreased floursack I bin usin' fer a winder. That there colonist neighbor of mine driv clean out'n his way to pick it up at Art Shonbecks and deliver it tuh me.

"Course, like anybody else, I wanted to get it in right away and it was already gittin' dark. I cut the logs and slapped in a kinda frame, then found it was a little tight. Well, I tried to force it and busted two of the panes. Wan't nothin' in the world but impatience

"Same with this here business of startin' a fire. See by the papers every once in a while where someone gits blowed up. Some more of this here impatience business. Kerysene to start a fire! Jest another way of sayin' yer in a hurry!

"Now there ain't no country in world where you want a good quick fire oftener'n yuh do right here in Alaska and we never used coal oil."

Sam grinned and closed one keen blue eye.

"One reason," he chuckled, "'as 'cause we didn't have it. But we got along jest the same, and a bit of experience with nipped fingers and the like showed us how. You know that unwrote law we have in the interior about not movin' away from a trail cabin 'thout leavin' shavin's and dry kindlin' in case the next feller might be frizz up a bit. Well, that's the result, and ain't nobody can say but what yuh can git a fire goin' in a hurry. Birch bark's good, too. Better'n shavin's, I think, and I always got some around handy in case I want a fire right quick. Cheaper, too, sayin' nothin' 'bout it bein' safe."

Sam's right, folks. Get a few scrolls of birch bark and see if he isn't. You won't miss the big newspapers as a fire starter, nor curse the PIONEER for being so small after you once get the habit of having bark or shavings on hand.

TELEPHONE SYSTEM NOW  
LOADED TO CAPACITY

Many colonist requests have come in lately for telephone connections but owing to the lack of additional instruments and the overload on the temporary lines they have had to be deferred.

Arton Anderson, Locating Engineer for the ARRC and in charge of our communication system, says that the present phone lay-out was first put into operation to facilitate construction. Now there are 60 miles of duplex copper wire connecting not only the various camps, but outlying settlers as well, tying them together and with the Community Center at Palmer.

Altogether there 22 'phones on this single line bearing an equal number of separate rings. And this in spite of the fact that the Western Electric Telephone people who make these instruments set the working capacity of such a party line at sixteen.

With our present hook-up six 'phones over working capacity, any additional telephones would tend to impair the safe working of the present circuit.

It may be suggested that several circuits be made, but such installation would entail the establishing of a central switchboard with three shifts of operators to give constant through connections. Such a system, though desirable, could only be maintained at a prohibitive operating cost; however, the present congestion will soon be relieved by the installation of an inter-office circuit, the equipment for which is due at Palmer this week.

It will then be necessary for anyone wishing to get in touch with other offices to call the General Office and ask the stenographer to connect them with their party. This will release office 'phones now on the settlers' circuit and make them available for installation at some strategic outlying point.

At present it is sometimes quite difficult to get a ring through due to the fact that there is considerable "listening in." This "listening in" habit wouldn't be so bad if people would only wait till the entire ring is completed. The lifting of the receiver off the hook cuts down the ringing capacity and distorts the rings, sometimes making it impossible to get the rings through, even to the party listening in.

An order from Mr. Sheely reads: "All keys belonging to vacated colonist homes; tents, or buildings containing stored corporation property are to be turned over to Mr. LaValters at the stores department office in warehouse No. 1.

## HOSPITAL NOTES

Last week S. F. Kraff of Camp E of the Alaska Road Commission got in the way of a peavy that was flipped by a rolling log, and is now in the hospital with a couple of fractured ribs and a cracked breast bone.

Montie Morris is in the hospital with a jimmed-up knee. Dr. Albrecht reports that he will soon have him out and on the job again.

Walter Sandberg, who smashed up a few bones by falling into the cement basement of the doctor's residence, is getting along in fine style and will soon be out and around again.

Women of the camp will be pleased to know that they can get their holiday hair dressing done without a trip to Anchorage. Mrs. Dillon, prominent beautician of Anchorage, will give permanents and other treatments at the Community Center Barber Shop on the 19th, 20th and 21st.

Mrs. Dillon, by the way, is not the only lady we will see around the popular shop, and we are not talking about customers, either. If our Walter Winchelling is up to snuff there is a long distance romance about to break into full bloom.

SHIP AHOY! Listen for the big landing whistle, kids, the Christmas ship is on her way with Palmer on the schedule for the 21st.

What a time you'll all have when she docks! A regular show...and eat handed out by Old Saint Nick himself.

Tell the folks not to forget the day...the busses will be around so that you will be in town by two o'clock. Both Mr. Sheely and Hank Colisch, the construction boss, have promised to have the big community hall closed in for the doings.

FOUND: A tubular brass key near the bunk cars. Locks like a switch key. Being held at the PIONEER.

PUPS FOR SALE: John Pfeiff of Tract #76 has some dandy half fox hound-half pointer pups for sale. Ready for immediate delivery, and a nice family Christmas present. Five dollars for the females; ten for the males.

## LUTE-FISK FOR XMAS

FRESH 20¢ lb.

DRIED 40¢ lb

LEAVE ORDERS AT KOSLOSKY'S

GEORGE MACEK'S ANCHORAGE MARKET

MAIL ORDER FIRM IS TO BE  
SANTA CLAUS TO YOUNGSTERS

Mr. Irwin has received word from Sears and Roebuck that presents for the five hundred and ninety-two children of the valley under eight years of age are on their way, a gift of the firm in appreciation for the business received from here this summer.

The presents are coming in boxes marked as to age groups -- one to five, and five to eight. They also carry the letters (G) and (B) to designate whether for boys or girls.

Distribution will be by Mr. Irwin and he promises every child of the valley within the age limit a gift of some kind, the nature of them, though, is as much a mystery to him as it is to children who will be the happier because of Sears and Roebucks bounty.

The importance of our scheduled Christmas party for the little ones was demonstrated last week when Mrs. Lee Harrison munched in 28 miles from Chickaloon to report the number of children at that end of the valley.

Seven of the twelve little ones belong to the Harrisons and the long hike meant nothing to the mother who heard of the corporation's child census. She was willing to walk in and report so that the dozen kiddies of the distant camp would be assured of a good time at the Christmas party.

There were a few minutes of worry piled on Lawrence Rorrison the other day when the Bucyrus-Erie drill on his well caught fire. The rig was only forty feet from the house with a high wind carrying the flames in its direction.

The glass filter jar above the engine broke and sprayed gas all over the place while the wind whipped the flames such a distance that a tree between the rig and the house was burned.

With three Indian back pumps and a Pyrene, Rorrison and others drove the flames back so that Dick Baker could climb up and shut off the feed line valve at the tank.

The rig sustained considerable damage, but the handy fire equipment saved the house.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to check up on your pump or extinguisher and see that they are in working order? Ten of the big chemical extinguishers have been frozen and split through neglect and Mr. Sheely's announcement to corporation employees is that carelessness in the care of fire equipment will be considered grounds for dismissal.

Another order that Mr. Sheely will enforce is that gasoline in small quantities around camp shall be carried only in red cans. The blue are for kerosene only.

CAMP QUIET WITH TWO SPECIAL  
DEPUTY MARSHALS ON DUTY

The announcement that drunkenness on corporation property was not to be tolerated, coupled with the presence of two officers, has had the effect of quieting down the late hours of the night.

Walter Culver, formerly police officer with the Alaska Railroad was sent up here by Col. Olsen to curb the excess drunkenness, and John Hermon, colonist from Tract #43, was sworn in as a deputy to work with him so that there would be a twenty-four hour police patrol of the camp.

Walter E. Huntley of Tract '80 is to be our new Commissioner, but it is doubtful if his duties will interfere much with work on his tract. The Matanuska Valley appears to be a fairly law abiding community, and let's hope it remains that way.

Matt Johansen, old timer and owner of the farm just south of Adam Werner's place, left this week for his first visit to the States in 24 years.

Matt says he's going out to get his teeth fixed up, but we've a hunch that he's heard so much about the outside this summer that he's curious to see what it is really like out there. Matt has no family nor people to visit, but will travel around a little, see old Alaskan friends of earlier day and return to his valley homestead some time in March or April.

If you need a car and feel lucky look up either Tom Nelson or "Oklahoma" John Stahler. Both are raffing off their automobiles and expect to have the drawings some time around the first of the year.

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BOB'S TAXI

GETS YOU THERE AND GETS YOU BACK

ANY TIME ANY PLACE

BY TRIP HEATED CAR BY HOUR

OFFICE  
KOSLOSKY'S RECREATION PARLOR