LITTLE DIXIE JOINS MOTHER
AFTER MOST VALIANT FIGHT

A merciful Providence has taken
little three-year-old Dixie Emberg
so 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 its charred body. It
was a desperate 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
co-operate with those trying to help
her. Told to take water for her
carched throat she would open her
mouth though the effort brought pain
and her little pink tongue was in
terrible contrast to her flame
blackened cheeks.

Incense 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 Allbrecht and his
staff of nurses extending every ef-
tort 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 the location of spirit is
close to the surface in all mankind.

Belden has a whole community been
captured 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 any-
thing coming from the hospital and in-
quired of her condition. Groups of
defendants and members of the staff
made plans for sending her to a
plastic surgeon when she got well
to that she wouldn't be left with
scars, and they discussed her chances
in lowered tones.

Then word came that Dixie had lost
there were men who nodded understand-
ingly and turned away, saddened as
they saw her fate, there was her 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 clay coffin,
borne there to her last resting place by little children of the camp
who knew her and loved her.

The coldest registered here this
week was eighteen below zero.

BOTH EMBERG BOYS DOING WELL

Though badly burned about their
heads, both Eemberg boys are getting
calong in fine shape, reports Doctor
Allbrecht.

A feature of the accident that
didn't come out until after we had
reported the fire explains why Tru-
man 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 Tru-
man 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
crashed him that he knew they were
safe.

George, Truman and Dixie's lit-
ter brother and sister, Ronald and
Phyllis, all wish to express their
sincerely 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 "pi-
oneers" in Alaska will remain in
the Matanuska Valley after the
next frost leaves, due Dec. 8 in
Seattle."

He also says that the exper-
iment cost him $1,100 in cash and
labor, that there is ice under-
neath the top soil the year a-
round and that he will
skin boat, not canoe.

The story, he says, is
not completed. He's right there,
but he says we can't say the
children receive lesson's only once
every few or three books.

Wander where that 1,100
bucks comes from. The day before the left
he told the boys in the community,
"Believe me, I told the corpo-
ration words."" By the time he left here the corpor-
ations gave him $110 according to
his own statement.

We can't figure out that the one
cent was for. It's all well he can buy a nest and feed and write
back to tell us all he is sorry for pullin' out. C. D. LeClair has
spent considerable more in writing
and treating to come back to. He is
now in Seattle, nd 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 the 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 window, don't be too alarmed. It is simply the sound of the sudden frost settling 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 room the other night with a boom that might have been the bowler house blowing up.

Many signs of nearing Christmas are apparent. The postoffice ran out of stamps. People are more interested in when the next bus is leaving, rather than when the mail will be in. It is surprising how many people are having less trouble getting money to spend in the town.

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 them enjoy a big time this Christmas? After how many of the most industrious among us have not reason to be really thankful for the little things we have?

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 fooled us all. It is a sad story.

Soured by envy of 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. They do we all insist upon immediate results the minute we hit it into our heads to do something we've all done."

"Vermin," he continued, "not long ago I got a regular flash through the place of that there candle-rasied floursack I bin usin' for a windo'. That thar colonist neighbor of mine drive clean out'n his way to pick it up at Art Shonebecks and deliver it to me.

"Course, like anybody else, I went after it in my right away and it was already gittin' dark. I cut the lars and slapped in a kinda frame, then found it was a little tight. Well, I tried to force it and busted two of the panels. Wanta nothin' in the world but impatience.

"Come with this here business of startin' a fire. See by them there vermin workin' along while someone else brings it up. Some more of this here impatience business. Erysome to start a fire. Jest another way of sayin' yer in a hurry."

"Now there ain't no country in the world where you want a good quiet fire on yer own but you look right here in Alaska and we never used coal oil.

"Sam grinned and closed one keen blue eye.

"One reason," he chuckled, "'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 fellar might be frizz up a bit. Well, that's the result, and ain't nobody can say but what we ain't got a fire goin' in a hurry. Birch bark's good, too. Better'n shavin's, but you know and I don't see nothin' around handy in case I want a fire right quick."

"No, too, sayin' nothin' 'bout it bein' safe."

Sam's right, folks. Get a few scorns of birch bark and see if he's right. You won't miss the big money. As a fire starter, nor curs the photov for being so small after you once get the habit of saving bark or shaving on hand.
TELEPHONE SYSTEM NOW LOADED TO CAPACITY

Many colonist requests have come of the Alaska Road Commission to get in lately for telephone connections, but owing to the lack of additional instruments and the overload on the now in the hospital with a couple temporary lines they have had to be of fractured ribs and a cracked breast bone.

Montie Morris is in the hospital 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 62 '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 section and 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.

The telephone is not only essential 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.

It is sometimes quite difficult to get a ring through due to the fact that there is considerable "listening in." This "listening key" 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 sometimes makes 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. La'felters at the stores department office in warehouse No. 1."

HOSPITAL NOTES

Last week C. F. Krafft of Camp E

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 15th, 20th and 21st.

SHIP A'HOY! 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 buses will be around so that you will be in town by two o'clock. Both Mr. Sheely and Hank Colleish, 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. Looks like a switch.
MAIL ORDER FIRM IS TO BE CATA CLIPS 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 kindness received from here this summer.

The presents are coming in boxes marked to age groups — one to five, and five to eight. They also carry the letters (C) 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 happler because of Sears and Roebuck's bounty.

The importance of our scheduled Christmas party for the little ones was demonstrated last week when Mrs. Lee Harrison rushed 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 her numbers.

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 Harrison the other day when the Buoyus-Arie 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 pump plugs and a Pyrene, Roxrison and others drove the flames back so that Dick Baker could clumb 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 rig 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 Gulliver, 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 743, 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 Stiebler. Both are raffling off their automobiles and expect to have the drawings some time around the first of the year.

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