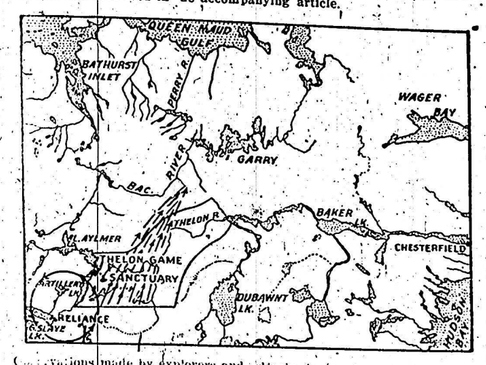
Caribou in Canadian North

Marked Increase in Numbers of These Animals in Area East of Great Slave Lake

Caribou in Canadian North—The above map of a portion of the Northwest Territories shows in the lower left hand corner the Thelon Game Sanctuary. The circle shows where the caribou "milled" around Artillery Lake while the arrows pointing upward indicate the direction and wedge-like shape of the caribou migration, both of which movements are described in the accompanying article.



Observations made by explorers and investigators of the Department of the Interior over a considerable period indicate that a decided improvement has taken place in recent years in the condition of the caribou herds of Canada's northland. To the west in Yukon Territory and eastward almost to Hudson Bay the caribou are reported in large numbers, in many cases having reappeared in their old migrational routes. The frequent changing of migrational routes is a characteristic of the caribou and a source of worry and uncertainty to natives and others depending on the caribou for food. However the return of the caribou in such large numbers to the old routes is looked upon as a favorable sign.

Mr. W. H. B. Hoare, investigator for the North West Territories and Yukon Branch, in the course of his patrol and investigation of the Thelon Game Sanctuary east of Grea Slave Lake in 1928 and 1929, had unusual opportunities for studying the caribou migrations in the eastern part of the Mackenzie District and secured much data on hitherto unobserved phases of this important subject.

During the winter of 1928-29 Mr. Hoare was engaged in transporting supplies for the sanctuary patrol for the season of 1929 from Reliance at the east end of Great Slave Lake eastward to the Thelon River, a distance by their route of about 200 miles. The western boundary of the Thelon preserve is formed by a chain of long, narrow lakes of which the most southerly is Artillery Lake, and the next Ptarmigan Lake. These lakes are roughly parallel with the course of the Thelon River and from 100 to 120 miles west of that stream.

Early in the winter numbers of caribou began to appear on both sides of Artillery Lake, and about the middle of December the herds joined in a great anti-clockwise milling movement in a circle, seventy-five to one hundred miles in diameter. They went north up the east side of Artillery Lake, turned westward and crossed Ptarmigan Lake on the ice, then swinging to the south crossed the east arm of Great Slave Lake to the mouth of the Snowdrift River, then eastward again to Artillery Lake. Mr. Hoare's duties kept him travelling from one point to another in this great circle, and the movement reminded him of the method of preparing for a parade by marching the units around a city hall square.

Early in the month of March a distinct migration began, proceeding from the south end of Artillery Lake to the northeast. The moving mass was wedge-shaped, with the thin edge to the front. It took six weeks for it to pass a given point and in that time it gradually expanded from a few hundred yards in width until the base of the wedge covered the whole space between Artillery Lake and Thelon River. The spear head consisted of a narrow column of old bulls. During the first two weeks nothing but bulls appeared in the widening phalanx; then occurred two weeks when bulls and cows were about evenly mixed through the moving herds; whereas during the last two weeks cows and yearlings made up practically all of the animals seen.

During this period of a month and a half Mr. Hoare and his assistant were moving back and forth between Artillery Lake and Thelon River, almost at right angles to the moving mass. In the earlier trips as they moved eastward they would pass beyond the line of march and on their return would find that it had broadened out in that direction, until finally the tracks spread across the whole expanse, so that for miles it would be impossible to take a step without crossing one or more caribou tracks. At no place was the snow trodden down into a path. This indicated that the caribou travelled in extended order and that they were grazing as they went.

Observations extening over a number of years show that on these fall and spring migrations the cows in each case travel a much greater distance than the bulls, continuing their southern movement well into the fringe of the timber and their northern journey farther to selected areas of safety for fawning. The mature bulls may be said to confine their seasonal movements to the central part of the caribou range. Thus in the spring migration the bulls are in the lead at the beginning but the cows soon overtake them and pass through their ranks. The cows continue on to the fawning grounds, while the northern limit of the bull migration is governed by the desire to secure good summer pasturage and to escape insect pests.

Hon. Charles Stewart, Minister of the Interior, has always taken a keen personal interest in wild life matters in the Northwest Territories and through the investigations and surveys of his officers has been kept closely in touch with the changing conditions. Game regulations and other laws governing the protection of wild life have been revised from time to time to provide for the altering situation and this constant and close supervision is considered to have been one of the factors in the present gratifying changes as regards caribou.

Southern Cross Conquers Again

That staunch conqueror of oceans, the airplane Southern Cross, has done it again.

This time it was the North Atlantic over which she fought her way through head-winds and fog in the long jump from Ireland to North America.

Cheated of complete victory in one leap, for her objective was New York City, the Southern Cross has, nevertheless, added a brilliant chapter to aviation history. She is the second plane to fly the Atlantic from east to west, we read, ten persons having already perished in attempting the crossing. The first to hop the Atlantic from Europe, the German plane Bremen, was forced down on an island off the coast of Labrador.

Contrasting with that flight, the Southern Cross landed safely at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, with her crew of four happy, after their long flight. The men were Capt. Charles Kingsford-Smith, Evert van Dyk, assistant pilot; John W. Stannage, radio operator, and Capt. J. P. Saul, navigator.

Details of the flight, obtained from the news dispatches, show that the Southern Cross took off at Port Marnock, Irish Free State, at 10.27 p.m., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, on Monday, June 23, and touched ground again at Harbor Grace at 6.57 a.m., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, on Wednesday.

It was the fog that spoiled the flyers' hopes of "hitting New York on the nose," a dense curtain through which they floundered for three hours, while their compass played tricks, and they strove to get their bearings by radio, as the precious fuel supply went lower. But, as C. C. Nicelot writes in the New York Telegram:

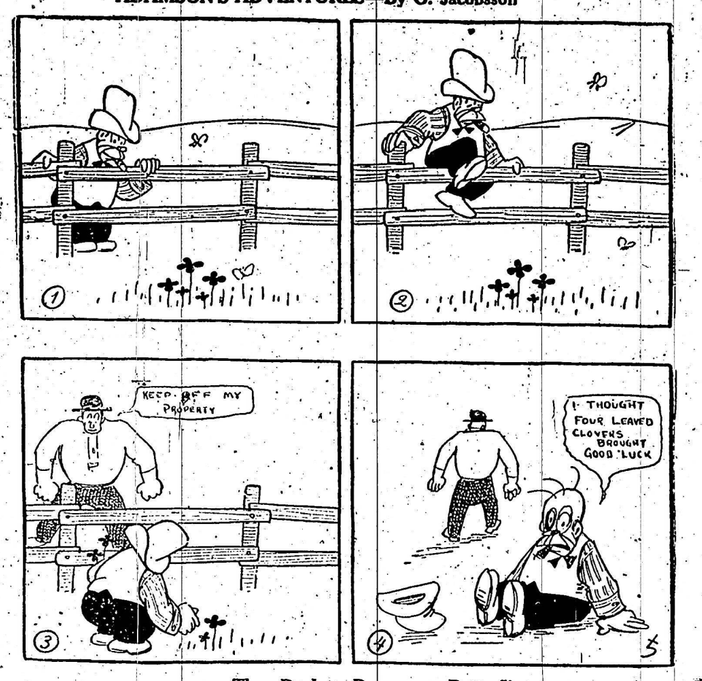
"The fog that cloaks the northern coast from Nova Scotia to Labrador, and makes the Grand Banks a graveyard for fishing-boats and transatlantic airplanes, could not entirely overcome the invincible combination of an airplane that had flown three-quarters of the way around the world, a pilot whose experience in transoceanic flying outdid and other's, and a crew whose ability was proved in the long night battle to reach land.

"Kingsford-Smith and his three companions, by landing safely after circling the Harbor Brace flying-field for nearly an hour, pleading for an airplane familiar with the region to guide them down through the heavy mist, managed to establish themselves as the first to fly from Europe to the Western Hemisphere and land in civilization."

While strap-hanging in a crowded tramcar a lady accidentally trod on the toes of a man sitting down. "Do you know that you are standing on my feet?" he said. "If you were polite, you would be standing on them yourself!" remarked the lady.

Sausages made of whale meat and roasted grass-hoppers, sprinkled with crickets, were served at a dinner given in Paris. The menu also included chicken, turkey, iguana, fruits, jellies and coffee.

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES—By O. Jacobsson



They Do Less Damage as Butterflies.

New Apartments Meet All Needs

Groups Like "Child-Rich" Families Join to Build Homes

(By Earl D. Myers, Asst. Professor of Social Economy, University of Chicago.)

Hamburg, Ger.—The city of Hamburg has a very limited land area. Therefore its rapid rate of growth, beginning in 1923-1924, soon convinced the housing authorities that the "garden city" plan of development at first tried must be abandoned in favor of the apartment house type of building. The dream of a garden for each worker's family became an impossibility.

MORE THAN SELF-SERVICE

A few of the new buildings has been erected as private enterprises, under the usual public supervision. But by far the majority have been constructed by associations and organizations of every conceivable sort. One unusually fine block was planned and erected by the officials of the Treasury Department of Hamburg; another by the postal officials; another by an association of directing officials in various government departments; others by trade union groups; others by political groups. All of them are so constructed that every apartment receives abundant light and air. Great open courts, with huge sand boxes and play space for the children, with benches set among attractive shrubbery where the adults may sit, and flower gardens for the enjoyment of everybody are the universal rule.

One great new building covering, with its courts, a huge city block, and containing 230 apartments, has been built by an association of families with four or more children—a branch of the German Union of "Child-rich" Families. Because most of these families are relatively poor, the city paid a great share of the building cost. Furthermore, because the mothers must work in order to help feed and clothe so many, the building has been equipped with a thoroughly modern and amazingly attractive kindergarten and day-home (Hort); the former for the day care of small children and the latter for the care in the afternoon, of those of school age.

SCAR-PROOF WALLS

The children are separated into small groups, each in charge of a trained Kindergartnerin or Hortnerin. Each room is painted in a different color, but all in colors so pleasing that no room is less attractive than the others. The lower part of the walls are of special composition, and painted with a special paint which makes it possible for the children to write and draw on them with chalk without scarring or damage. They need only to be washed to remove all evidence of their use as blackboards. The visitor who sees only the empty rooms has to be told that they are thus used. They appear only as unusually well-done, flat-tone walls. This part of the building serves also as a centre for the meeting of small or large groups in the neighborhood, in the evening.

One large room decorated in distinctively "modern" German fashion, with equally "modern" lighting fixtures, serves in the day as a place for the afternoon nap, and at night for lectures or for meetings of the parents.

Another unique housing project in Hamburg has been carried out by the Association of Trade Unions. They have built, near the centre of the city, a large 10-storey building. One-half is devoted to a comfortable and attractive hotel for transient men, and is operated at a profit. The rates are reasonable, a room with private bath costing five marks, $1.25 per day.

HOMELESS YOUTH SHELTERED

The two upper floors of the hotel have been rented by the public bureau for the care of children and youth, and are used for giving shelter to young men between the ages of 16 and 21 who have come to Hamburg and have no place to live. They are of two types. One is the young journeymen, who in many trades still spend three years traveling from place to place, working a few weeks or a few months at each place, just as did the journeyman of the eighteenth century.

The other type is the young man who has left home without due notice, and is waiting for the decision concerning his return to the city or town from which he has come. The airy, light rooms, each with two new beds, writing table and wardrobe are quite in contrast to the barrel dormitory rooms which one usually finds in German cities for the accommodation of this latter group. On the first floor is a restaurant where the youth, the hotel guests, or the general public may go for good meals at reasonable prices.

APARTMENTS FOR MOTHERS

The other half of the building—the part which is most unique—contains some 200 two-room kitchenette apartments for working women with small children. These are the very people who are likely to live most miserably when houses are scarce and wages low. It was largely for these that the house was built. The surplus earnings of the hotel are applied to the costs of this part of the institution, making possible a rate of rent which the low wages of the woman worker can meet.

The apartments themselves have been planned with great care so that space is conserved and a maximum of comfort achieved. The women who live here are justly proud of their new home, and are eloquent in their expressions of appreciation for the service which the trade union group is performing for them and their children. Adequately equipped kindergarten and Hort are of course, a part of the equipment of the place.

NO PROFITS SOUHT

This house, then, is for some 200 women of Hamburg a sort of equivalent for the widespread American practice of granting a mother's pension to the mother with small children so that she need not be separated from them.

Fame

Some cities are founded upon fame, some have fame thrust upon them, while others achieve fame by absorbing all their neighboring communities.

The Bridge Question

The farther you go, the deeper you see,
The more you will know you never can be
A master of all the problems you find,
But much can be learned if you open your mind.
The player who thinks he's conquered it all
Will cease to improve and ride for a fall.
The fool will defend each error he makes,
The wise one will gain from all his mistakes.
Your bridge education hasn't begun
Unless you can say: "What should I have done?"

Ask These

Q. When is a horse not worth a dollar? A. When he is worthless.

Q. If a biscuit is a soda cracker, what is an ice pick? A. A water cracker.

Q. What sort of men are always above board? A. Chessmen.

Q. What is the most valuable piece of furniture in the world? A. The multiplication table.

"Whether you collect your late husband's insurance is just a matter of policy."

Moscow's Newest Worry

The Soviet Government has closed the tomb of Lenine to the public.

Away went the church and the steeple,
Away went the ikons and all.
Religion was out of the scene,
But now the exuberant people,
Set free from theistical thrall,
Are making a god of Lenin!

"Why does the dentist call his office a 'dental parlor'?" "I suppose he thinks it would make his patients feel bad if he called it a 'drawing room'!"

Spinsters, as well as bachelors, will pay a higher rate of income tax if the German Government have their way. The rate for unmarried taxpayers will be 15 per cent., which is 1 per cent. higher than married people will pay.

Garden of Eden Set In Africa Hot Plain

One of Wonder Orchards of World Was Discovered by Boers in Early Days

North of Capetown, writes Major A. W. Howlett in "The London Daily Telegraph," there is a varying coastal plain of great beauty, thunderously hot in the hot weather, but diversified and cooled, to the eye at least, with multitudinous groves of oak trees and wayside channels of running water.

Everywhere the horizon is bounded by great challenging mountains. They have no softness of rounded outline like the English Downs, but in peak and pinnacle and crag, in frowning escarpments and deep-hollowed kloofs they bid defiance to all the dwellers in the plains, naked and unashamed.

Boers Discover Eden

The old Boers were not slow to accept the gage—they seemed akin to Nature only to struggle with it—and they began early to find ways and means up and through those appaling defiles which were the uninvaded homes of the leopard and baboon.

One of the first of the small Edens which they discovered beyond the mountain wall was this plain wherein now is one of the wonder orchards of the world.

Perhaps it is an irregular twenty miles across either way and completely ringed by gray granitic silver bergs, of great beauty in cloud or shine, but truly transfigured in the red glow of sunset. And within this circle the uneven plain lies like the bed of a small inland sea, green and gray-green, with smiling farms, where the long rows of fruit trees give it all the look of corduroy, as you see it distantly from the hill slopes, and snow-white houses like the resting bodies of gulls far out at sea.

Iron Horse Climbs Valley

The little plain lies 1,500 feet above sea level, and has one small break in its circuit where its small river spills over and froths down a long rocky valley to the levels below. Up this valley comes the road and also the single narrow-gauge rail which once a day brings up the iron horse.

A thousand whites live in the town and as many colored folk. They have made it a small Elysium to the eye, with broad, red-graveled streets and bungalows smothered in riotous gardens of color. Down each side of the main street, and many of the smaller ones, little rivulets led in concrete channels babble night and day, and when all the dorp lies asleep under the sentinel peaks and the cresset stars above them, in the dead night silence of a mountain land, you may hear the soft liquid chatter of the tiny rill under your window like a thirsty man's dream. Only one other sound startles the stillness—it is that of the ripe acorns dropping off the oaks and rattling down the tin roofs.

Fruit Markets Noisy

When, toward the middle of the year, winter is about to set in and the snows will soon lie around in a glittering coronet, the little town is noisy all day, from dawn to dusk, with the fruit traffic. Every kind of vehicle, from big motor lories to long, high-wheeled wagons drawn by teams of donkeys, come through the long red street, a toppling pile of fruit boxes on top, hurrying to the sidings of the station at the top of the pass to discharge its load and dash back for more. You may see them as they go, far over the plain, by the clouds of red dust that go with them.

Everyone lives by fruit, but not on it, for you cannot buy it in the shops (as you cannot buy Yarmouth bloaters in Yarmouth) from the fruit farmers themselves to the lawyers, bankers, notaries, bookkeepers and travelers in machinery to the tailor and the Predikant! and you meet them all at 11 o'clock tea in the lounges of the little hotels, Dutchmen all, or nearly all.

Word Puzzle

Use the letters in the word "curtain" and find:

1. To move swiftly.
2. A light brown color.
3. Something good to eat.
4. Part of a circle.
5. A small animal.
6. To cause destruction.
7. To discipline.
8. A thick black liquid.
9. Helps flowers grow.
10. To rotate.

Honk-Honk!

"The honking of geese used to announce spring; to-day it announces a traffic jam," says the Pathfinder. Why be a goose?

Stock-market suckers appear to prove that instead of dreading the fire, the burned child just can't believe that he was burned.

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Oil Well Splashes Business District

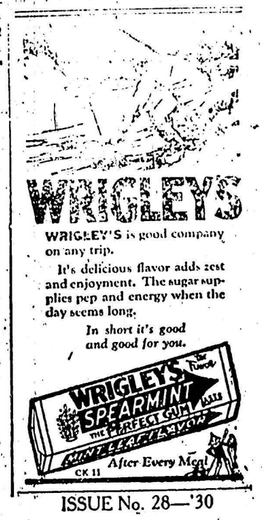
Oklahoma Civic Leaders Threaten Well-drillers

Oklahoma City, Okla.—When the first oil well "came in" not so long ago in a city-owned park and a new source of revenue poured into the municipal treasury, citizens rejoiced over a dream of making Oklahoma City a taxless community. When, however, another park gave way to the pounding "mud hogs" and wind-blown spray from a well that went into the air spotted white bathtubs and nicely polished motorcars—well, something had to be done about it.

The press, civic leaders and the city government took steps to head off further encroachment of the drillers within the city limits, by pleading, by law and by appeal to civic pride. The sight of an oil well less than half a mile from the center of the business district, with another imminent in the very shadow of the beautiful state Capitol, close to an exclusive residential district, has spurred them on to save the city by regulating the drillers or by mechanically controlling the flow from the wells.

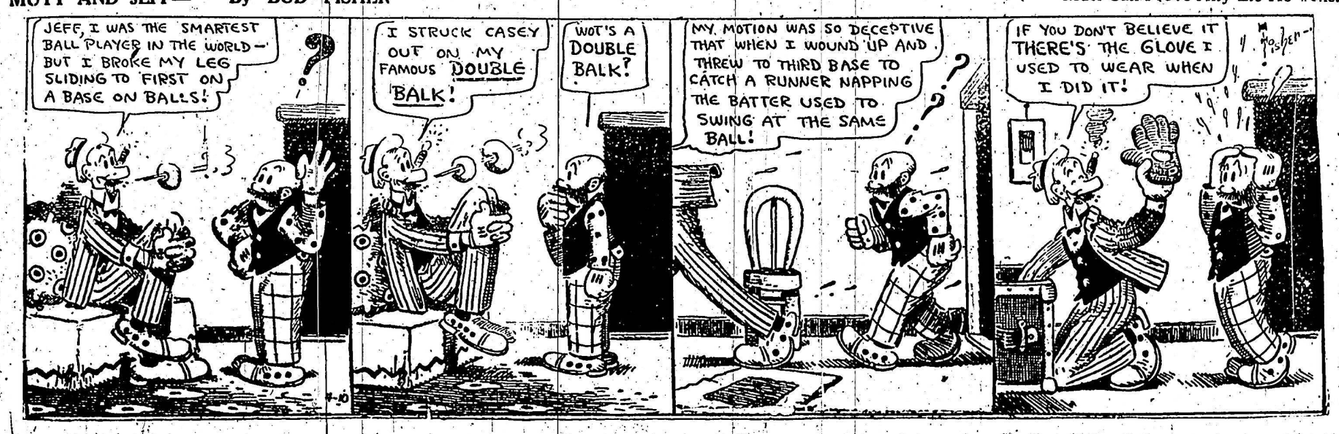
Early after the discovery well came in, it was found that the field was moving toward the city. The City Planning Commission threw open certain parts of the area in the city limits to drilling, subject to rigid regulations. This "U-7 zone" has caused litigation that is swamping the city legal department and making it imperative that more than make-shift ordinances be prepared and enforced.

Most Oklahoma City property owners are convinced that the city is built on an oil pool, but most of them appear at this time to be more interested in their homes than in possible oil riches. They have visions of the noisy rotary drills, or "mud hogs," busy day and night near the south edge of the city and another with "gushy Sudik" peter spraying the city for weeks, and of blazing [illegible]



MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER

Mutt Can Prove Any Lie He Tells.



ISSUE No. 28—'30