

boats do not run until the middle of May down the rivers. The most interesting part of the trip was on the Kushkokwim river, most of the natives had a hard time understanding the English. I would speak and deal with the Buck and as soon as I would converse about a sentence or two with him, he would translate it to the Squaw, and they in turn would discuss the bargain. Their houses were of logs, with space within about ten by twelve feet, no table, chairs, nor beds, sleeping, eating and resting was done on the floor, covered with Spruce bowers and caribou, moose or reindeer skins.

"Farther down the river, towards the coast where it was bare tundra, no trees for miles the Eskimos live in igloos, which are generally built by excavating a hole about four feet deep and circle about 10 feet in diameter. The roof is made of driftwood or small trees hauled a great distance, and this frame is filled in with moss and soil, the whole house representing a dome. Entrance is gained through a small opening by crawling on all fours. It is by no means made for people with excessive weight. The atmosphere is such upon entering that you would rather sleep outside. The house is heated by a seal oil stove, which is made of clay in most cases, a ring around a bowl is sunk about an inch deep and about the same width, with a diameter averaging eight inches. This groove is packed with dry moss which is lubricated with seal oil contained in the middle of bowl. When the light burns low the bowl is tipped enough to feed the moss a little more moisture.

"The seal oil is used for fuel, food and water proofing. The Eskimo's meal consists of a piece of raw fish, or a piece of Reindeer meet or seal, dipped into the hot seal oil. The bowl of seal oil is placed in the middle of the floor, and everybody dips into the same pot. They make a form of biscuit, called bread, made from flour and water, each native takes a little in their hands, makes a pattie out of it and throws it into the hot oil, thereby frying like a doughnut. They eat the seal oil plain also, by running the two first fingers along the edge of the bowl where the oil is cooler and licking off the oil from the fingers. I was told about this before entering this area and swore up and down that I will starve before I would lower myself to that extent. When I was hungry, without food and tired it certainly tasted good, in fact, anything tastes good at the moment. The seal oil tastes thick like castor oil, with a flavor between Cod Liver oil and very old raw fish!

"The igloos are very warm, in fact the small children often run naked inside. The other folks remove almost everything they have on, a person is almost driven to remove more than in ordinary houses on account of the accumulated heat. The Eskimos are far from being sanitary and in one case I preferred to sleep on my sled with all clothes on, snugly inclosed in my windproof sleeping bag. This was done as I would call a necessity to prevent little crawling colonies from chewing me up. I never before imagined that they would find their way into the Arctic wastes.

"Oh, yes, the Natives make their own ice cream as well as we do in the states. The difference lies only in the different way of preparation: Boiled seal oil, mixed with Blue Berries or Salmon berries, or both, set out side igloo to harden. Tastes like tallow.

"Returning, I visited the new gold strike at Poor Man, near Ruby. To my deepest regrets I did not have a movie camera when the Caterpillar came in from Ruby, loaded with boilers, tents, prospector's supplies and food. They were all waiting for it and as soon as the motor had stopped there was a scuffle and hustling for the men to unload. It took but a short while to do it as everybody dug in to find their consignment, and as soon as each man had all of his shipment he loaded it on his sled and hurried off to the claim. The country was all staked as far as you could see, in fact, I wanted to stake a few claims myself, but the nearest I could get to the Discovery was a whole day's walk away. Wherever you looked there was snowshoe tracks, it looked as though some huge rabbits had been jumping all around the country-side. A new trail was cut through for dog teams and it took me right past the discovery. It was really interesting to see them thaw out the ground with steam and scoop out the hole, which would be about 30 inches in diameter and averaging 50 feet deep to reach the bed-rock. This being a new camp, about seven miles away from Poor Man there are no cabins and the men sleep in tents, there is quite a scarcity of accommodation. I met a man who came from Nome in an Airplane to look over the prospects of opening a place to sleep and eat. It took him three hours to fly from Nome to Ruby by air, while it takes 16 days of hardship with dog-team, with quite a few nights to sleep in the open.

In a few days I shall leave for Nenana to drive 36 miles to see a prospective buyer of my dogs.

So long,
M. Victor."

New Assistant Genl. Manager for N. Shore Line Assumes Duties

Samuel A. Morrison has assumed his duties as assistant general manager of the North Shore line, with offices at Highwood. At the time of his appointment to this new post, Mr. Morrison was serving as assistant general superintendent of the South Shore line.

Mr. Morrison brings to the "Road of Service" a wealth of railroad experience, having devoted his entire life to the transportation industry. He started his career as an operator on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad in 1899, working his way up through various stages of promotion until he was made a division superintendent in 1918. During the eight years he served in this capacity he worked on seven different divisions of this railroad.

Joining the South Shore line in October, 1927, Mr. Morrison served as superintendent of Freight Service for one year, his ability winning him promotion to the post which he was holding at the time of his joining the North Shore line. Mr. Morrison is

married and has two children, Willard, age 27, and Muriel, age 18. The Morrisons are residing at 7035 Sheridan road, Chicago.

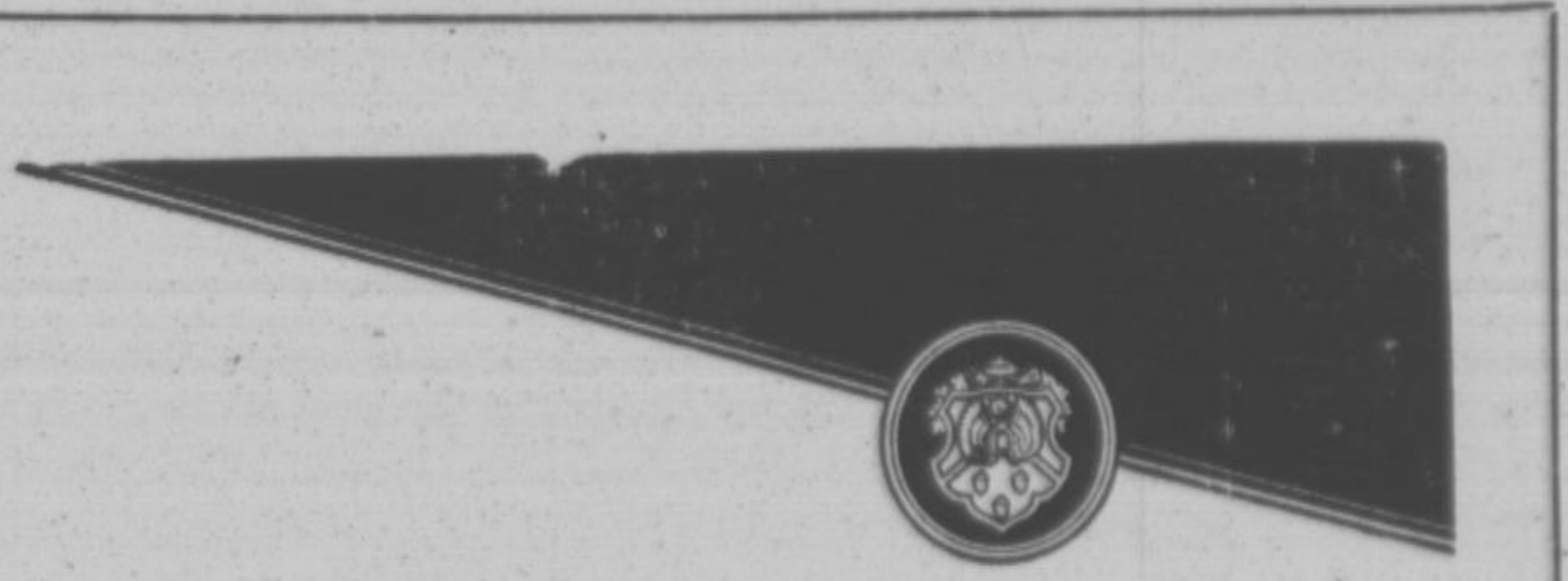
Waukegan Y. W. C. A. Buys Headquarters Property

Members of the board of directors and advisory board of the Waukegan Young Women's Christian association have completed negotiations for the purchase of the property now occupied by Dr. J. F. Roemer, 122-124 N. County street in that city in which

the association will open its new headquarters at an early date, Mrs. Perry L. Persons, president of the Y. W. C. A. announced last week.

In recognition of the work done by the women of this community during the war, the former war recreation board has tendered to the Waukegan Y. W. C. A., \$20,000 which is to be a gift upon the payment of the balance of the purchase price of the property, \$40,000.

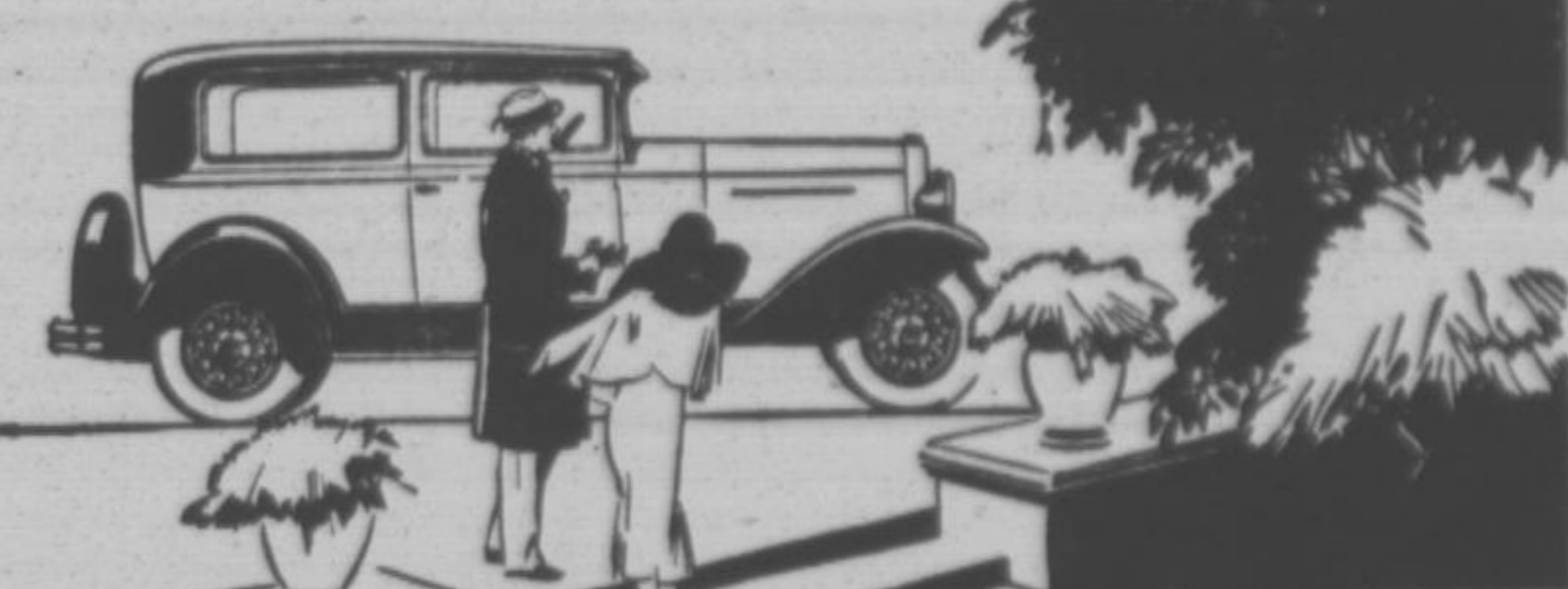
What we have often wondered is what the politicians do when they take a day off.



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