

Strange Ruins on Labrador Coast

Morrissey Expedition Examines Relics that May Mark Norse Visits Nearly 500 Years Before Columbus

The Putnam expedition into our north country is creating some interest in the States. George Palmer Putnam is keeping the American Press supplied with many columns of interesting details of his discoveries and experiences. Recently he dealt with the old ruins on Sculpin Island as follows:

Newfoundland was the "Markland" of the Danish sagas, and Nova Scotia was possibly "Kjalarness." On the other hand, "Wineiland the Good" may have been Nova Scotia, perhaps reaching far to the south and west. Possibly the students of these problems never will be entirely agreed. But for the main premise there is agreement and sound evidence. Leif Ericson and Thorfinn Karlsefni came to America from Greenland 492 years before Columbus.

Up here midway along the coast of Labrador and not far from the settlement of Nain, are ancient ruins, possibly of Norse origin. For years they have been known and periodically investigated. Soon, it is understood, they are to be the subject of thoroughgoing study and archaeological research, which will settle their exact status and possibly fill an alluring gap in early American history.

In our brief visit we could obtain at best only a cursory glimpse of the country. We found the ruins on a smaller island to the east of Sculpin Island, accessible from it at low water. Sculpin Island lies some twenty miles from Nain, say two-thirds up the coast of Labrador.

The ruins themselves are on a small rocky peninsula a few hundred yards long with an average width of 150 feet. The group contains eleven major structures about fifty feet from the water. Close at hand is an excellent protected landing place for small craft, with some indication of an artificial breakwater.

Substantial Ruins.

The maximum height of the walls is about three feet and the dimensions of a typical large house are approximately twelve by eighteen feet. Most of them are oblong in shape. The main walls apparently averaged about eighteen inches in thickness and were constructed of flat natural stones. In at least one building a clearly defined doorway remains, with a rectangular passage beyond it. Several of these outside entrance approaches were evident. Except for their rectangular shape they closely resemble the old-protecting entrance tunnels of many modern Eskimo huts encountered in Greenland and elsewhere. In addition there were some round houses, while adjacent were remains of characteristic Eskimo dwelling and tent rings, where later residents evidently had camped.

F. Hottelich, the Moravian missionary at Nain, told us that the Eskimo name for these ruins signifies "the houses built by strange people." Apparently the natives know nothing about their origin and are willing enough to believe that they are the handiwork of visitors from across the sea.

For our records and information Donald Cadzow of the Museum of the American Indian made a detailed examination of the entire group and, with Professor Gould, the expedition's geographer, and his assistants, executed a survey and map of the ruins and adjacent terrain, with measurements of individual structures. All of this information is, of course, of potential importance for subsequent comparative study. Without disabating the walls some careful excavation work was undertaken in one building, but nothing was found. Indeed, the only discovery was the remains of an ancient nail.

Our own group approached Sculpin Island with keen interest, hoping, I am sure, to secure definite evidence of an authentic Norse visitation.

The impressions gained tended in an opposite direction. But our disappointment was tempered with the hope that subsequent discoveries will upset our pessimistic snap judgment.

Ruins Not Ancient.

The consensus of our opinion is that, as reported to The New York Times by radio, the general appearance of the ruins pronounces them to be of no very great antiquity and of no greater historical importance than would be due to the remains of an early Eskimo civilization.

Mr. Cadzow, a student of Eskimo anthropology, attributes the ruins to the Eskimos. Captain Bartlett, experienced for a generation in things relating to the Eskimo, pronounces them relics of an old-time Eskimo hunting community, built there because it was a good base for hunting and fishing. That natives of a later period also camped there, as pointed out above, corroborates this theory. But, of course, the Norsemen too, if they lived there, would select a good hunting site.

To some of us amateurs the walls seemed more suited to temporary hunting quarters than permanent homes, and considerably less massive than our understanding of the authentic remains of Norse habitations in Greenland.

"There is no trustworthy record of any Norse settlement in America existing continuously for more than one year, nor of any Norse voyages excepting those of Leif and Thorfinn, and one other much later," is the judgment of Babcock.

The sagas tell us that the period of

American residence was in Wineiland. It seems illogical that these early mariners should have halted on these hard shores long enough to require stone houses, or to have completed and occupied a community of them, as indicated by the relics. But again one may rejoin that perhaps Winter overtook them, compelling them to camp where they were. Only then, perhaps, they would have gone just a bit further, to the mainland, where a few hours' sail would have brought them to timber and abundant water. All of this, of course, is purely conjectural.

There are authorities like Babcock who take a pessimistic view as to the likelihood of finding any authentic Norse relics. They even doubt the existence of any.

"It seems," says Babcock, "that so far as investigation has gone there is not a single known record or relic of Wineiland, Markland, Helluland or any Norse or Icelandic voyage of discovery extant at this time, which may be relied on with any confidence."

And on the other side of the picture there are those who place considerable reliance upon the "relics" and the evidence on record, and who pursue further possibilities, such as the ruins on the Labrador coast, with hopeful enthusiasm. But it would be presumptuous for one who is not a student of the problem to enter into the discussion. All that can be said is that the details have been sifted and battled over for some decades.

The Norsemen's Landing.

By and large, it may be well to give the "relics" the benefit of a historic doubt. If not themselves of Norse origin, there is small doubt that Norsemen made their first landfalls hereabout. And what an extraordinary story lies in these voyages—a story that may never be adequately recorded.

It begins in Ireland, for Iceland was originally largely peopled by the Irish. And in Iceland, before the year 1000, Eric Raand, or Eric the Red, appears to have led a strenuous life. Not himself a trouble maker, he seems frequently to have been in trouble. As a result of his difficulties he was for a time practically an outlaw. Later, helped by friends, he fitted out a ship and disappeared to the westward.

Three years later he returned. He had found Greenland. A considerable fleet of adventurous pioneers followed him back to the new country about the year 985, eleven vessels being lost in storms on the way. And after that to have led a strenuous life. Not himself a trouble maker, he seems frequently to have been in trouble. As a result of his difficulties he was for a time practically an outlaw. Later, helped by friends, he fitted out a ship and disappeared to the westward.

Then came Leif. Tradition sets his

exploit in finding Wineiland in the year 1000. From his home in Greenland he sailed for Norway, and was driven south to the Hebrides. After a romance there he proceeded to the Court of King Olaf Tryggvason, was converted to Christianity and reverently assumed the mission of carrying his new-found religion back to Greenland. On the return voyage he encountered continental America.

An Indian Rock Carving Found

What is said to be the largest petroglyph, or Indian rock carving, in Canada has just been reported to the archaeological office of the National Museum at Ottawa. This petroglyph is said to be over 50 feet long and to be carved on a vertical face of reddish rock rising from Fraser River valley.

The piece is only about twelve miles from Yale, B.C., on the railway line, and as it is the most available petroglyph to two transcontinental railways, an effort will be made to have it set aside as a national monument. Previously to this discovery the largest known petroglyph in Canada was on the west side of a seventy-foot canyon near Bella Coola, about one mile south of Mackenzie Highway.

Girls' Choice is Love or Learning

London—Love or learning seems to be the choice confronting the modern girl.

Statistics covering seven years show that only five per cent. of the girls passing through Oxford University have obtained husbands—though they do not show how many wanted them.

Women educators say that men feel abashed in the presence of the female intellectual giants turned out by British colleges, and are picking the girls whose thoughts run to the intricacies of the latest dance.



Gentleman of the World—"A salesman has a sweetheart in every town—a sailor a girl in every port."—Collegian—"But only a college man has a cad on every campus!"

Though both training and circumstances make it practically impossible for members of the royal family to earn their living, it will be different, presumably, with their children.—Hermine, wife of the ex-Kaiser.



Senator Raul Dandurand, Canada's representative to the League of Nations.

Books of Witchery For Your Child

Every child loves to hear stories of magic and witchery. Here is a list of the best books of this type, compiled by the book editor of "Child Life." The Children's Own Magazine: Black Cats and the Tinker's Wife, by Margaret Baker; Boy who Knew What the Birds Said, by Padraic Colum; Donegal Wonder Book, by Seamus MacManus; Down-A-Down-Derry, by Walter de la Mare; Elfin Pedlar and Tales Told by Pixy Pool, by Helen Douglas Adam; Moonshine and Clover, by Laurence Housman; Mystery Tales for Boys and Girls, by Elva S. Smith; North Cornwall Fairies and Legends, by Enys Tregarthen; Shen of the Sea by Arthur B. Chairman; Tale of the Good Cat Juple, by Neely McCoy.

Conference of Irish Leaders is Planned

Cork, Irish Free State.—President Cosgrave, whose government came out victorious by a small margin in the recent general elections, and Eamon de Valera, Republican leader, who heads the Opposition, have been invited to attend a conference here to consider the economic position of the country and the question of conciliation and unity.

The invitation emanates from J. F. Daly, chairman of the Cork Harbor Board, who at a meeting appealed for unity by the political parties in the national interest.

PRINTING DEVICES OUTRIVAL WORK OF SKILLFUL FINGERS

Mechanical Task of Feeding Sheets of Paper to The Press Has Been Perfected

Great ingenuity has been shown by the printing industry in devising methods for feeding single sheets of paper into the presses mechanically. The system of feeding from rolls, such as is used in the large newspaper presses, is common knowledge to-day, but in the job-printing industry even that remarkable invention has been surpassed. Nothing is left for the human hand or to beyond putting a stack of paper within reach and keeping the parts in working order.

The distance the industry has come can be seen when one recalls how in the fifteenth century the old German printer, Gutenberg, the first man in the Western world to use movable type, had to lay his parchment sheets on the type by hand and press a block on them laboriously to obtain the impression. The work of feeding the presses for ordinary job work, in fact, seemed to have arrived at a high state of perfection a generation ago. Presses in use then opened and closed automatically, like the jaws of a frog, carrying the paper up to the type and then away again, so that the printer could take out the printed sheet with one hand and slide a fresh page in with the other. By means of rubber grippers on the thumbs and forefingers, and after a good deal of practice, the sheets could be shifted in and out with something approaching mechanical regularity.

To-day the new devices do that work far more rapidly and with greater accuracy. One automatic feeder, for example, which was shown at the recent exhibition of the graphic arts at the Grand Central Palace, actually lifts single sheets up off a pile

and passes—one could almost say hands—them into the rollers that guide them down an incline into the revolving press.

Complicated devices do all the work. At the two far ends of the pile away from the rollers are wheel-like arms. These revolve slowly and as the pile of paper is lifted up, they bite in at the corners and keep a small number of sheets raised slightly in the air. Above these are other wheels that come down on the top of the pile at intervals and revolve, butting their lumpy surfaces onto the paper to jiggle it and help separate the sheets.

Near these is the first pair of magic hands, composed of rubber cups, like the ones on the toy arrows that used to stick on walls. Operated by compressed air, they snap down on the pile of paper when their turn comes and in another moment snap back, holding the sheet aloft.

Just at the crucial moment in that process, blasts of compressed air, blown through cracks in the flattened ends of pipes, are shot under the sheet from several angles, setting it to fluttering freely. Suddenly another pair of rubber-suction hands closes to the rollers, snaps down and seizes the sheet; the other "hands" let go, and while the air keeps the sheet fluttering, the second "hands" carry it forward to the rollers and release it.

Another automatic feeder uses the older method of taking the sheets off the pile by a series of wheels. The wheels to-day are so finely adjusted along the way down the incline that if an extra sheet has got started, it is mechanically held back to await its turn.

Airplane Crashes Pilot Escapes

Gramplan, Pa.—The airplane City of Olympia No. 31, an entry in the air races at Spokane, Washington, crashed to earth in the Pennsylvania hills near here. Lieut. Valentine Giphart, of the Marine corp reserve, the pilot, jumped with a parachute when the motor went dead 2,000 feet in the air. He made a good landing and was uninjured.

The Smoke Nuisance

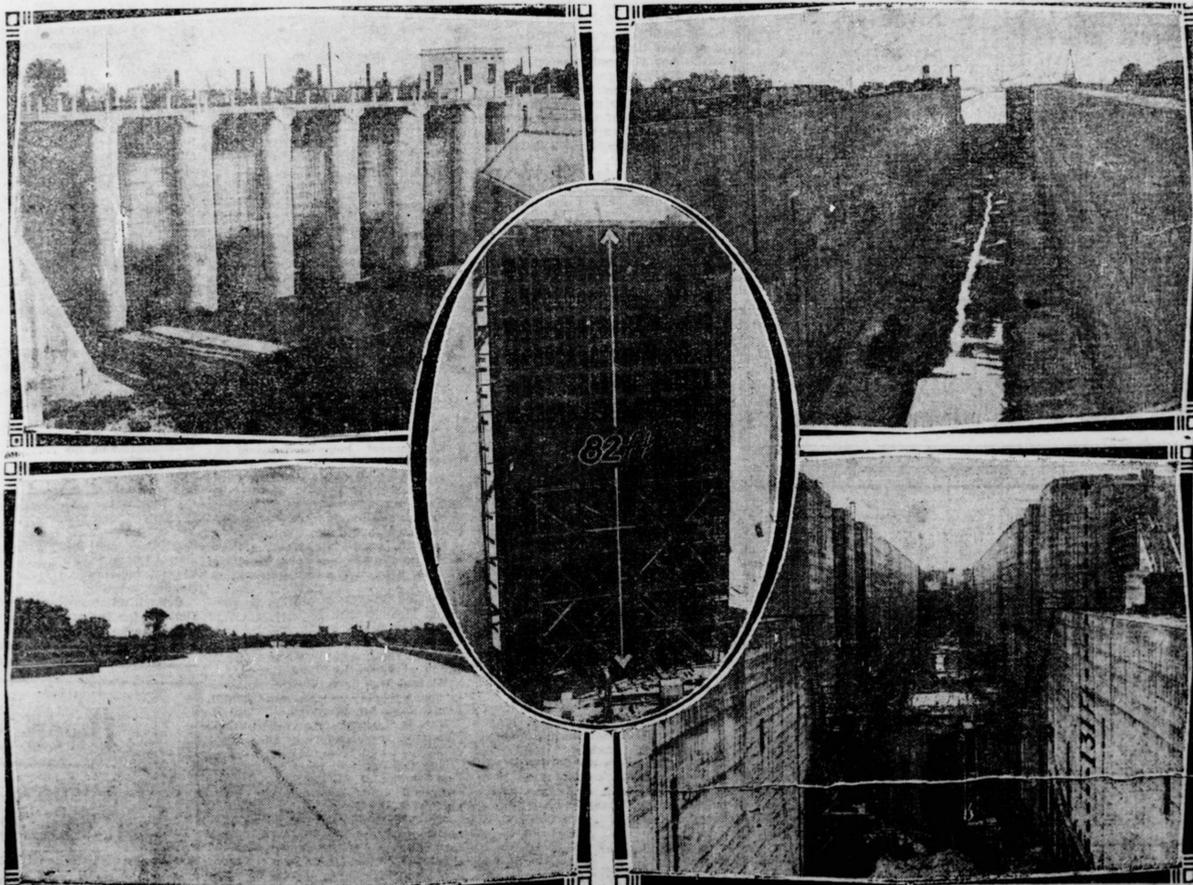
Le Devoir (Ind.): Do people take seriously this smoke which pervades the atmosphere, covers everything with dirt and shuts out the sky? Do we stop to think how poisonous it is? Since its suppression restores health, is not this an additional reason for ignoring it? Because myopia is seen from the scornful treatment accorded those who have the direction of the Health Services, is just shelved.



Thomas Hitchcock, the man responsible for the American polo team defeating the British Army in India team.

A stop in time saves a fine.

The New Welland Nears Completion



LOCK DEPTH NEARLY SAME AS THAT OF HORSESHOE FALLS

The fall of 1930 is the latest estimate for the opening of the new Welland canal. At the present time the job is 75 per cent. completed. These illustrations set out progress of the

work. UPPER LEFT shows the giant control sluice gates leading to waste weir alongside lock No. 1, at Port Weller, the latter lock being illustrated at the RIGHT. The last leaf of

the lower steel mitre gates is in the background as is the harbor. LOWER LEFT is another view of the harbor, the land around which has been built up. The oval depicts the leaves of

the lower gates at Port Weller, similar sets of gates being used on each lock. Each of the gates weighs 454 tons and is 82 feet high. It is impossible here to adequately represent the gigantic size of these gates. LOWER

RIGHT shows an extended view of locks 5 and 6 with 7 in the background. In the foreground the height is 121 feet, almost the same as those of parts of the Horseshoe Falls on the Niagara River.

Chiang Will Wed Mme. Sun's Sister

He Divorces Wife Now in U.S. and Will Marry Wellesley Graduate, Miss Meling Soong

Shanghai—The present whereabouts of General Chiang Kai-shek, who resigned recently as Commander-in-Chief of the Nanking Nationalist armies, is a question that is puzzling Shanghai these days far more than the political manoeuvres at Nanking as reports of his approaching marriage are confirmed.

Some say that the young General has already gone to Japan, others that he is still in his native village. But one thing is certain: he will wed Miss Meling Soong, a fact which has just leaked out here despite fervid denials on the part of his friends.

Miss Soong has several claims to fame. She is the sister of Mme. Sun Yat-sen, widow of the founder of the Nationalist movement, and of T. V. Soong, Finance Minister in the original Nationalist Government. She is a graduate of Wellesley College, and she is probably one of the most beautiful young Chinese women in Shanghai society.

Rumors of this marriage which have been thick for the past week or ten days, were confirmed recently by persons very close to the Soong family. But Chiang Kai-shek's whereabouts remains a mystery. That he is in Shanghai seems fairly certain, his tailor, an Englishman, admitting to me that Chiang had ordered several suits and had fittings a few days ago. Then he disappeared, ordering the suits delivered to the house in the French Concession in which T. V. Soong lives. Mr. Soong has gone to Japan to meet his wife, his mother and other members of the famous family at Nagasaki, and it is expected that Chiang Kai-shek will meet them there within the next few days. The date of the wedding is uncertain.

It is explained that Chiang divorced his first wife several months ago by the old Chinese custom of merely proclaiming that she was no longer his wife. Chiang has denied that the Mme. Chiang Kai-shek who is now in America is his wife at all, and it seems that he has sent away two other "wives," as well as his original wife, and is now ready to marry Miss Soong.

Their romance began at Canton two years ago. Miss Soong's famous sister, Mme. Sun Yat-sen, who is now in Moscow, is also an American college graduate, while their brother, T. V. Soong, was a member of the Harvard class of 1915. The latter incidentally, bitterly opposes the marriage, but despite family objections Miss Soong is resolutely breaking the age-old precedent and choosing her own mate.

This affair explains Chiang's frequent visits to the Soong home in recent months, which saves averted concerned important political alignments, where as actually the young revolutionist was engaged in business of a far different character.

A dispatch from Colombo, Ceylon, recently said that it was reported that Chiang Kai-shek had sailed for America recently.

Free Speech Not Desirable

It is commonly assumed that Free Speech is a generally desired and much desirable thing. It is nothing of the sort and never has been. It is sought by a vastly smaller group than they who firmly oppose it, and the great mass doesn't care a darn about it one way or another. Perhaps it is just as well; the country is better run without Free Speech. The workingman is more comfortable; there is less dissension. Mouths are filled, ears pleased, feet warmed and the engines work busily in the stomach, while attention can be saved for the pleasures of the day rather than squandered in anger from a soap box. Let anyone arise and tell me that it is better to be free to express one's opinions than it is to eat, love and play and I will arise and point him out as an invincible and colossal ass. Liberty or death, indeed! Life is short enough. Give those of us who have capacity for happiness, enjoyment, contentment these blessings, and Liberty may be consigned to the devil forevermore. Liberty doesn't mean either happiness or enjoyment and this fact is obvious from the fact that most exponents of Liberty have either had hard deaths or hard living.—Plain Talk.

Will Rogers Studies Effect of a Man Losing a Million

Beverly Hills, Cal.—Just been over visiting Charlie Chaplin at his studio, and watching him work. I wanted to see how a man acted that had just been separated from a million. That would be the supreme test of a comedian. He is funnier than ever. He showed me the new picture. If the next wife settles for a cent less than two an da half million, that is a chump. Yours, WILL ROGERS.

Aviation in Canada

No country provides a better field for air communication than Canada. The distances between the cities are great and the climate is favorable for flying. Experience shows that with suitable equipment, winter presents no insuperable obstacle to the continuous operation of air routes.