

Sahara Yields To Plucky Trio In Light Motor

Shifting Sand Conquered in 5 1/2-Day Trip Made in Narrow-Tired Lorry

CARGO JETTISONED TO LESSEN WEIGHT

Capt. Owen Tweedy, who has just crossed the Sahara in 5 1/2 days, with two companions, in a half-ton lorry, cables the "Christian Science Monitor" an exciting story from Algeria. The trio were welcomed by the Governor of Algeria, the Mayor of the British Consulate, and were cheered by crowds for their remarkably plucky and speedy trip across the desert.

By CAPT. OWEN TWEEDY. After crossing the Sahara Desert in 5 1/2 days in a small, half-ton, narrow-tired lorry over 850 miles of shifting sands, we did not see a single human being—apart from the few Bedouins and the few nomads who are to be seen at the edge of the desert.

Our drive under particular conditions, the motor, simplicity of equipment and smallness of party, may be regarded as a pioneer achievement. It was a struggle against sand, heat, terrific sand storms, repeated sinking of the wheels for considerable depths into miniature dunes and drifts.

Like Running on Thin Ice Our progress over the almost trackless waste depended upon maintaining a continuous advance over lightly-increased sand. It was like running on thin ice.

On March 12 our modest party left the coast of the upper reaches of the Nile. On April 20, after seven weeks, we arrived at Algiers, 5,500 miles accomplished, an average of 130 miles each running day.

The object of the expedition was to test the possibilities of a trans-Saharan route for the ordinary traveler, and to mark on the journey toward Europe without an elaborate or expensive organization of petrol and food supplies, without a professional mechanic, and with an ordinary, standard-sized motor.

The trip was undertaken with a commercial half-ton lorry belonging to a London tourist agency, and led by Capt. Richard Crofton, formerly of Cook's, with a team consisting of only myself and a single native servant.

The first few weeks of traveling were uncomplainingly unadventurous. The road was good and never impassable from the Nile basin through the Congo basin northward to the little-known abandoned French equatorial river system to Lake Chad, thence westward through British Nigeria to the River Niger. Throughout, we lived simply but adequately upon the country, relying on local commercial supplies of oil and petrol.

During 3,500 miles we ran through the widest variety of climate and vegetation from the scrub growths of southern Sudan through the tropics of the Nigerian Coast, through more scrub to Equatorial Nigeria, finally to the fringe of the desert of the Niger.

Great Possibilities for Trade At the Niger we faced the trans-Saharan route which, although still in the infancy of development, possesses undoubted potentialities for trade, mail and passenger cars which are being carefully studied on French initiative.

The problems of a primitive capacity with a limited carrying capacity such as ours were the necessity of transport over a waterless unpopulated semi-desert which is almost unique in the world for its quantity of water, petrol for the motor, and food and drink for ourselves.

The sole solution of our problem was concentration, but, due partly to our inexperience and partly to inaccurate advance information of desert conditions, we were obliged first to jettison many articles before our departure from the Niger, and our supplies were manifestly inadequate, owing to misplaced optimism in the ability of our narrow lorry to overcome sand.

The crossing took 5 1/2 days, all a prolonged struggle between ourselves and the motor against permanent sticking in the sand. There was a further complication due to water, because the terrible heat rendered daytime travel impossible, owing to the engine overheating, particularly between our efforts to extricate the lorry from the sand while at night time our constant and most anxious preoccupation was not to lose the truck, which, on account of three inches sand storms experienced during the crossing, was entirely blotted out between landmark places.

After we were stuck in the sand more than 10 times, each involving an average hours delay along with great fatigue before the journey could be resumed.

The prospect of success after the third day, when, owing to 1 1/2 sand-storms, the only progress at all was so unappreciable that we were forced to relinquish jettisoning of our cargo, leaving only water, petrol, food, overcoats and other clothes.

This slight denial was the turning point of our venture. Thenceforth the sandstorm became frequent, with less tax on our strength and progress greater. During the fourth and fifth nights of continuous driving from 4:30 in the afternoon to 2 the following morning we averaged, despite the storms and sandstorms, 210 miles daily.

Finally, on April 24, weary, ragged, bearded and unwashed owing to the water stringency, we arrived at Rogeria, the southernmost oasis of Algeria, but otherwise happily "unlucky," having still ten gallons of petrol, ten of water and ten days of emergency "rationing" rations. Our untoward experiences were due entirely to our failure to appreciate the power

of obstruction of sand upon narrow tires and misleading information from the south regarding details of track conditions.

The route, though always predominantly "sporting" for small cars, is entirely feasible with over-size tires and twin wheels. But, above all, the standard of driving must be of the highest.

Constant Movement Essential

The sand surface mainly experienced by us resembled the thinnest ice over which constant movement is essential if disaster is to be avoided. The only solution was to keep moving at any price, nurse the engine and risk a fencer which Captain Crofton, who drove practically throughout, did gallantly.

The retrospect of memories of hardships and long hours paid beside the satisfaction of the goal reached, the difficulties somehow lapidarily overcome, while the impression of the desert's emptiness is ineffaceable. For 700 miles we did not see a human being above the great central plateau "Tamesseout."

The depth of the silence was appalling, with no trace within a radius of 200 miles of either water, wood, shade or life, only limitless sand rock on which at night one might perish of the cold. The days particularly were marked by sand storms, hotter than those of the Arabian and Abyssinian deserts. Our achievement was greeted here as a pioneer effort in the interest of unpretentious, unheavily financed, organized trans-Saharan travel.

Our experiences, it is hoped will be valuable to future travelers from Africa, desiring to try an interesting route to Europe, provided all normal precautions are taken. As pioneers in this effort we have received the warmest French welcome. We are proceeding from Paris to London with car.

About a year ago Mrs. Diana Strickland, of Wolverhampton, England, explorer and author, crossed the African continent for the first time alone in a motor car from Dakar in French Senegal on the west coast of Africa, through virtually uncharted Wadal territory, part of the hinterland of French Congo, a distance of 5,000 miles. Although the actual running time was 65 days the journey, owing to impassable roads, took nearly a year.

Commandments of Popularity

By EDITH BLAKE

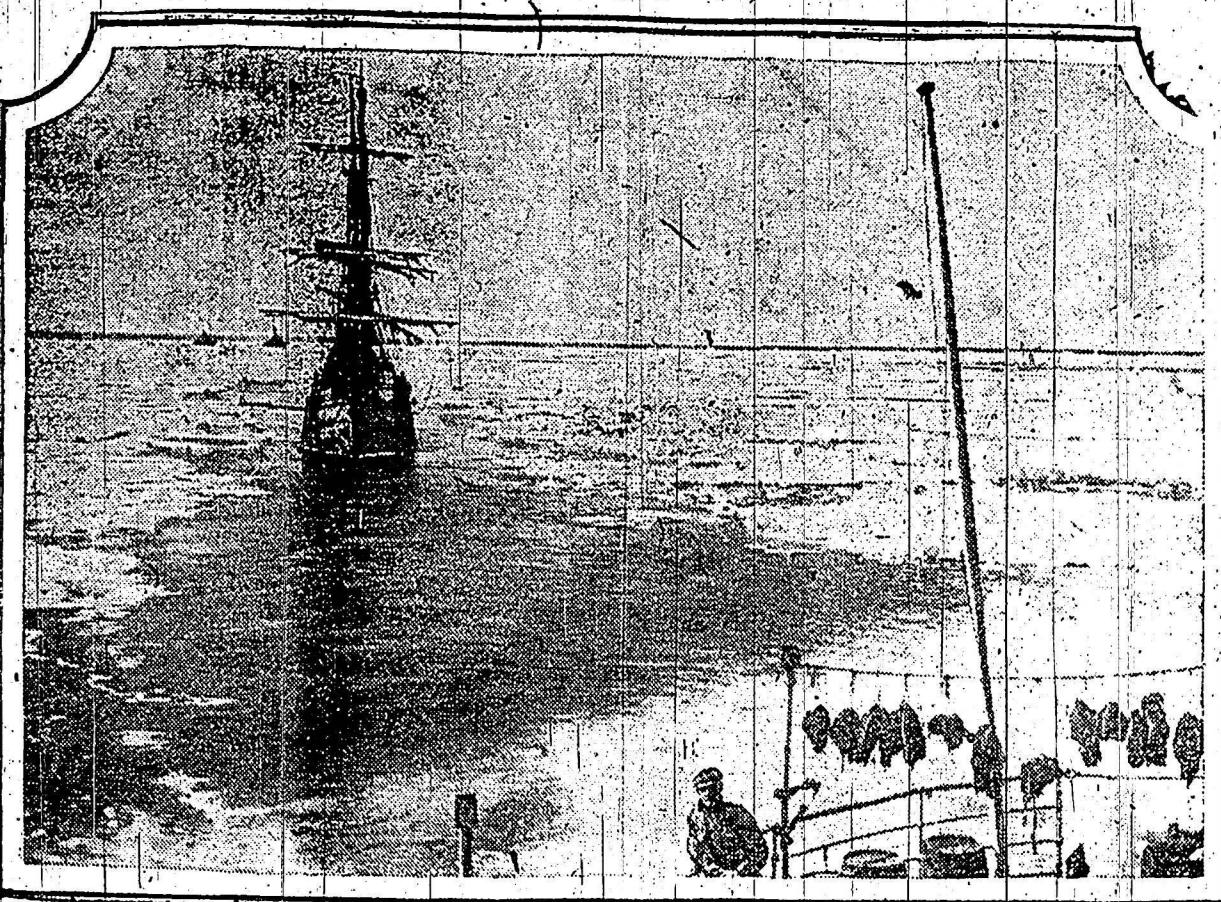
The first commandment alone, with its revival of a word thought obsolete in their vocabulary, is enough to make a protesting older sit up and take notice. "Always be a lady," it reads. Grandmother had no better hand to guide her.

Be as Pretty as Possible The ninth suggestion goes to dress again, it naturally being a feature stressed largely in the minds of girls intent on attracting the opposite sex. But here we find the wisdom delivered but recently by a woman of ripe years and larger experience. "Dress attractively, but not necessarily expensively," the co-ed commandment says. "A boy notices the general effect you produce, so be as pretty as you can."

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher



A Drear Seascape in Which to Spend a Year



Scene from water-laden Larsen as she towed Commander Byrd's ship City of New York through ice pack in Ross Sea. The Larsen recently arrived in New York with a \$4,000,000 cargo of whole oil, the largest to reach the port.

Commandments of Popularity

Co-eds at University of Washington Tell Girls How to Enhance Their Charm, and the Rules Rank Back to Grandma's Day

By EDITH BLAKE

It is an old-fashioned person happily still to be nursing a post-war grudge against the younger generation, let him or her glance over the ten commandments of popularity recently adopted by the co-eds at the University of Washington. Then, ask what's wrong with our young people.

Be as Pretty as Possible The ninth suggestion goes to dress again, it naturally being a feature stressed largely in the minds of girls intent on attracting the opposite sex. But here we find the wisdom delivered but recently by a woman of ripe years and larger experience. "Dress attractively, but not necessarily expensively," the co-ed commandment says. "A boy notices the general effect you produce, so be as pretty as you can."

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher

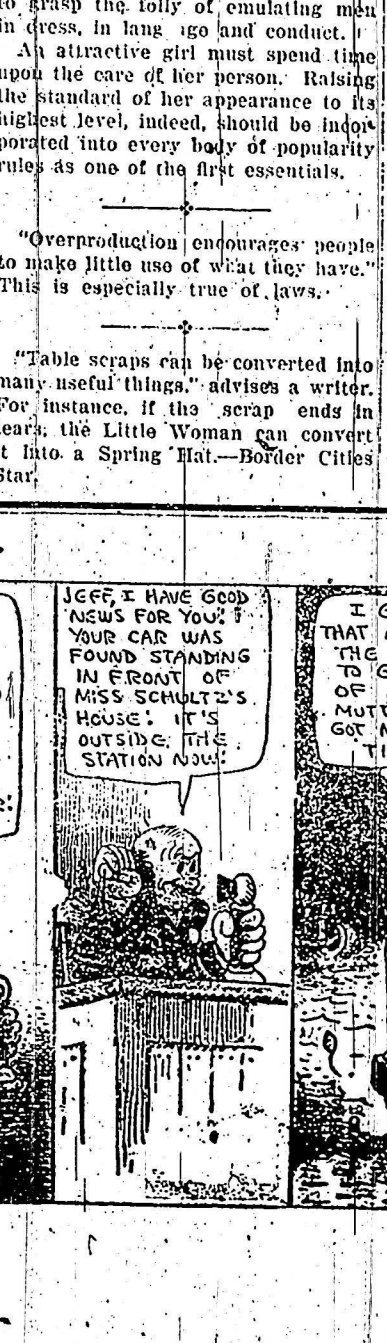


Old Pybus

Lance went out into the hall. His grandfather was absent. Well, and ask him about the castle. The way to the castle runs by through the Saracen yard. Lance followed the inspiration, but it faded at first to show him that little old figure in the space chair. He stropped to the end of the yard. He both saw an heard a fluttering of wings and, rounding the red angle of an old brick coalhouse, came suddenly upon his grandfather, the center of a cloud of birds.

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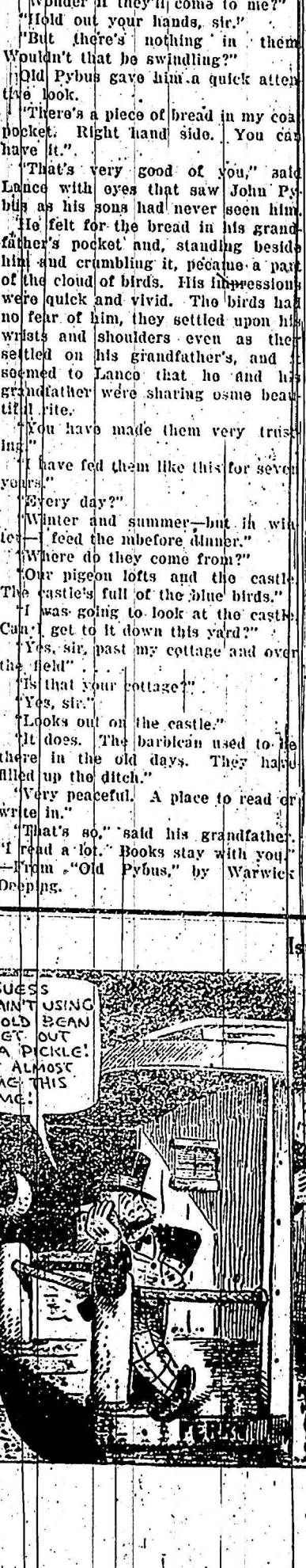
MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher



Worth Knowing

When making toast, slightly heat one side of the bread and then the other, leaving all browned to the last. This allows the moisture to evaporate.

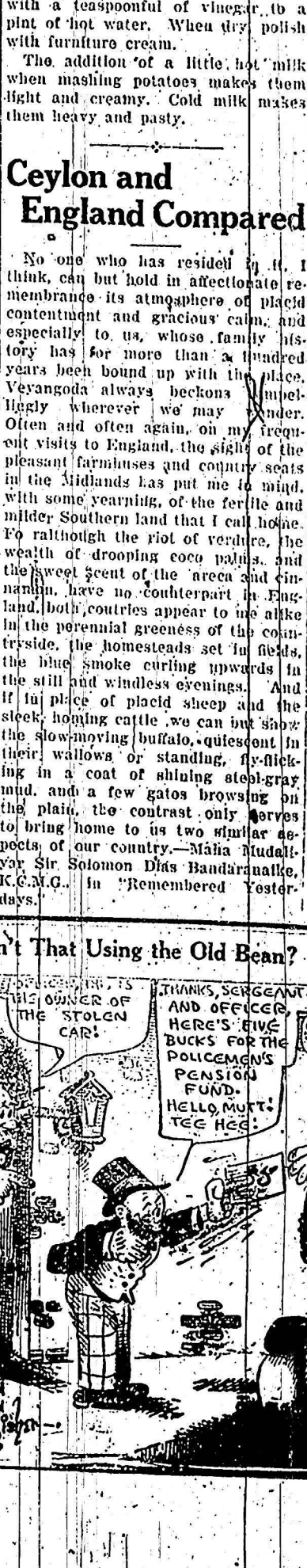
MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher



Ceylon and England Compared

No one who has resided in it, I think, can but hold in affectionate remembrance its atmosphere of placid contentment and gracious calm, and especially for those whose family history has for more than a hundred years been bound up with that of Ceylon.

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher



Rock Corner

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Northwood, Ont., May 2, 1933. We'd gladly know intentions are, numbers still must you strictly bar.

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