

## 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 Consular General, 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 800 miles of shifting sands, we were able to make a single human being—efforts, sufficient to and hardship for the average adventurous motorist, but we proved it can be done.

Our drive under particular conditions, they motor, simplicity of equipment and smallness of party, may be regarded as a pioneer achievement. It was a struggle against total 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 camp of the upper reaches of the Nile. On April 20, after seven weeks, we arrived at Algiers, 5,500 miles accomplished, an average of 120 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 make 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 groves of southern Sudan through the tropics of the Belgian Congo, 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 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 insufficient, owing to misplaced optimism in the ability of our narrow tires to overcome sand.

#### Stack in Sand 40 Times

After we were stuck in the sand more than 40 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 13 "sand-stacks" 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 denial was the turning point of our venture. Thenceforth the sandstacks became less 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 sandstacks, 210 miles daily.

Finally, on April 21, weary, ragged, bearded and unwashed owing to the water stringency, we arrived at Alger, the southernmost oasis of Algeria, but otherwise happily "unlucky," having still ten gallons of petrol, ten of water and ten days of emergency "ration" rations. Our untoward experiences were due entirely to our failure to appreciate the power

ful 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 oversize 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 fence which Captain Crofton, who drove practically throughout, did gallantly.

The retrospect of memories of hardships and long hours piled 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 "Tamesraout."

The depth of the silence was appalling, with no trace within a radius of 300 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 necessary 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.

## Styles by ANNETTE Paris—New York



SILK GINGHAM BLOUSE

To be really in the "know" of fashion this season it is of utmost importance to include a blouse of gingham check in silk crepe in your spring wardrobe, for it is ultra-new. You can wear it with ensemble of with pleated silk crepe skirt for sports. Style No. 473 can be had in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 22, 24, and 42 inches bust and only takes 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch material in the 3 1/2 inch size. It is collarless, a comfortable fashion, and buttons at front at end of V-neckline, with flattering jabot frill which cuts in one with right front of blouse. The fitted peplum crossed at front, repeats button-trim. The sleeves are half-fitted, and are perforated for use of smart, shimmering beaming in pointed outline. Flowered chiffon, georgette, handkerchief linen, printed dimity, printed rayon voile, printed crepe de chine, plain silk crepe, crepe satin and rajah silk are also appropriate. Pattern price 20c in stamps of coin (coin is preferred). Wrap carefully.

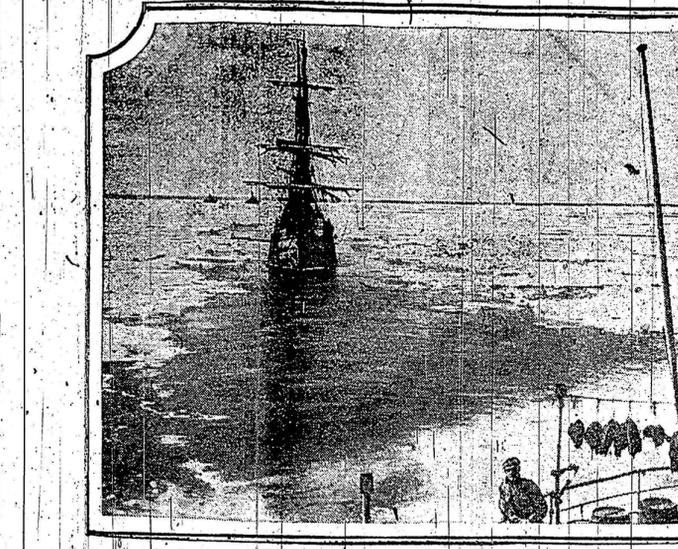
#### HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you wish. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin is preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by air mail.

"Darling, you are the most beautiful woman in the world." "Oh, Harold, how quick you are!"

A past without to and metaphysical impossibility. — Thomas Carlyle.

## A Drear Seascape in Which to Spend a Year



COMMANDER BYRD GETS A LIFT IN ANTARCTIC  
Scene from water-lashed 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

If an old-fashioned person happens 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.

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. Grandma had no better hand to guide her.

"Use good taste in selecting your clothes and do not let actions belie that taste," read the second commandment.

"Always be a good sport. Do what the majority want, but not to the detriment of your own convictions and ideals," the third advises.

"Play bridge, tennis, golf, swim, and dance. If not all then do these two certainly—play bridge and dance."

No mamma training her daughter for the cut-throat make or mer her social debut could give a clearer course of "winning" acquaintances than interest in a diversity of pursuits. And herein lies a sermon for young women of all walks.

Negative Personality is Out.

A male correspondent recently stressed it in an attack on the girl who expects to attract men with little more than her physical attributes as a woman to interest him. With the words full of girls who are girls and nothing more, the negative personality goes begging. It is not enough to be able to elucate the stars of Hollywood nor to be conversant with the pictures that have made them famous.

For does it promise an evening of hearty digestion to be aware of all the crumbly details of the day's headline news?

Conversation of itself, requires a broader interest—an interest in sports, games and the amusements of our current world. Unless two people are desperately in love and prefer to keep the world outside for the time being, it were well to be proficient enough in several of the prizes recommended—to be able to take a hand at bridge, tennis or golf in the interest of more enjoyable companionship.

The popular girl at the summer resort is not the one who idles about the beach, but the girl who is ready at a moment's notice to help make up a party on the beach, on the court, links or at the bridge table. It is assumed that every girl wants to dance. Not every young woman, however, is content with nothing less than to be an unusually good dancer, which explains why neglected rows along the side walls. The dance floor always has been recognized as the meeting place where acquaintances making is done most easily. In order to develop popularity, however, one must be a good dancer.

## Old Pybus

Lance went out into the hall. His grandfather was absent. Well, and ask him about the castle. The way to the castle ruins lay 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 coal house, came suddenly upon his grandfather, the centre of a cloud of birds.

Old Pybus was feeding his pigeons. Lance saw one bird perched like a titling crest on the old man's white head. The birds were on his hands and shoulders and around his feet, and old Pybus' face wore an absorbed and meditative smile.

Lance had paused, and "which he walked slowly on, it was with a feeling of exaltation. Here was a chance—chance—and what a chance! He thought to someone who sprang from a friend, an old man whose hands were stretched out to these fluttering birds. How unexpected and how suggestive! But would the bird be shy of a stranger?

Again he paused, standing a little way off.

"Shall I frighten them?"

Old Pybus looked up and around.

"You, sir? They are only shy of children."

Lance drew nearer.

"Wouldn't they fly if I came to me?"

"Oh, not your hands, sir."

"But they're looking in 'them' wouldn't that be awfully?"

Old Pybus gave him a quick attention.

"There's a piece of bread in my coat pocket. Right hand side. You can have it."

"That's very good of you," said Lance with eyes that saw John Pybus as his own had never seen him before.

"He felt for the bread in his grandfather's pocket and, standing beside him and crumpling it, became a part of the cloud of birds. His expression was quick and vivid. The birds had no fear of him, they settled upon his wrists and shoulders even as they seemed to Lance that he and his grandfather were sharing some very trustful life.

"You have made them very trustful," he said.

"I have fed them like this for seven every day."

Winter and summer—but in winter he fed the before-lambing.

"Where do they come from?"

"Our pigeon loft and the castle. The castle's full of the blue birds."

"I was going to look at the castle. I got to it down this yard."

"Yes, sir, past my cottage and over the field."

"Is that your cottage?"

"Yes, sir."

"Looks out on the castle."

"It does. The barben used to be there in the old days. They have filled up the ditch."

"Very peaceful. A place to read or write in."

"That's so," said his grandfather. "I read a lot. Books stay with you from 'Old Pybus,' by Warwick Depping.

#### Be as Pretty as Possible

The ninth suggestion goes to dress again, it naturally being a feature stressed largely in 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."

The sophisticated older woman voiced an opinion that "half of woman's dress expense is wasted, why far by the greatest number of males are slippy—not observant enough about women's clothes to notice changes which less appreciate them."

"Critical" has and always—be feminine," hints to a class the Washington co-eds' shrewd plans for the sake of popularity. Upon the theme "be feminine," let each girl write her own thesis. She has eyes to see and wit to grasp the folly of emulating men in dress, in language and conduct.

An attractive girl must spend time upon the care of her person. Raising the standard of her appearance to its highest level, indeed, should be incorporated into every body of popularity plans as one of the first essentials.

"Overproduction encourages people to make little use of what they have. This is especially true of laws."

"Table scraps can be converted into many useful things," advises a writer. For instance, if the scrap ends in tears, the Little Woman can convert it into a Spring Hat.—Border Cities Star.

## Worth Knowing

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

Wash rubber hot-water bottles every two months in water to which a little soda has been added. This prevents them from getting hard or peeling.

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When stacking plates into the rack to drain, first dip them in cold water. This makes them dry with a clear gloss.

Sausages will not burst in frying if they are first rolled in flour.

After cleaning brasses, apply a little furniture polish with a clean rag and polish again. This saves them from tarnishing.

When wet weather dulls the furniture it should be cleaned by washing with a teaspoonful of vinegar to a pint of hot water. When dry polish with furniture cream.

The addition of a little hot milk when making potatoes makes them light and creamy. Cold milk makes them heavy and pasty.

## 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 more than a hundred years been bound up with it, the Verangoda always beckons irresistibly wherever we may wander.

Often and often again, on my frequent visits to England, the sight of the pleasant farmhouses and country seats with some scenery that I call home. For although the riot of verdure, the wealth of drooping coco palms, and the sweet green of the area and cinnamons, have no counterpart in England, both countries appear to me alike in the potential greenness of the countryside, its homesteads set in fields, the blue smoke curling upwards in the still and windless evenings. And if in place of placid sheep and the sleek, homing cattle we can but show the slow-moving buffalo, quiescent in their wallows or standing, fly-necked and a coat of shining steel-gray, and a few gates blowing in the plain, the contrast only serves to bring home to us two similar aspects of our country.—Maha Mudaly, Sir Solomon Dias Bandaranatille, K.C.M.G., in "Remembered Yesterday."

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## Black Corner

Do you have a letter in verse McNeil which is self. Any copy our other gifted poets?

Northwood, Ont., May 2, 1933.

We'd gladly know intentions are numbers still must you strictly bar.

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## Flicker

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## MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher



Called on Miss Schultz at ten o'clock this morning and I parked my car in front of her house. At ten o'clock tonight when I started to go home, I found a note pinned to my door. There was a cop waiting to arrest me for parking my car over thirty minutes in front of her house. I sneaked out the back way and here I am.

Sergeant, this is a joke. I'm speaking from Hoboken. My car was stolen over here. They're making the license number is double O Four.

Jeff, I have good news for you. Your car was found standing in front of Miss Schultz's house. It's outside the station now.

I guess that ain't using the old bean to get out of a pickle. I almost got me this time.

Isn't that using the old bean? We've got to get out of this stolen car. Thanks, sergeant, and officer here's five bucks for the policeman's pension fund. Hello, mutt, tee hee!



## DO YOU STA

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## We Watch With

All Canada Knows the News

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