

Douglas Moser Carr, 1910-1994

Learn more about Doug's epic 1937 bicycle journey by reading his trip diary, available to borrow through Oxford County Library:

Thirty Moons Around the World



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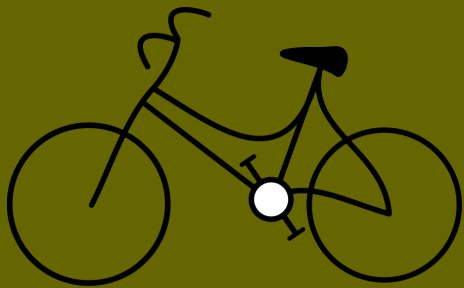
In 1938, Ingersoll native, Doug Carr, road his bicycle from The Netherlands to the horn of Africa.

THE YEAR OF
CYCLING
DANGEROUSLY 10

Douglas Moser Carr
1910-1994

Doug Carr

moved to Ingersoll in 1921, when his father Alfred opened Carr's Book and China Shop, which Doug went on to manage until 1986. Doug was named the Legion's Outstanding Citizen in 1986 and always maintained that Ingersoll was the best town in the country and worked tirelessly to promote the interests of Ingersoll.



In 1937, Douglas Carr (1910-1994) traveled from Ingersoll, Ontario to England to be there for the Coronation of George VI. Once over there, he decided to ride his bicycle further. That he did, traveling across Europe, Africa, Iran, India, south-east Asia, and China. He was in Germany as Hitler rose to power. He met Dale Carnegie in China, a meeting that Carnegie related in his syndicated column. He returned home after a journey of 30 months, in time to enlist for military service during World War II. Doug wrote a detailed travel journal, 'Thirty Moons Around the World' and created a travelogue of his slide imagery.



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A publication of
**ADVENTURE
CYCLING
ASSOCIATION**

THE YEAR OF
CYCLING
DANGEROUSLY ¹⁰

History Issue

\$6.95
JUNE 2018
Vol. 45 No. 5



PHOTOS COURTESY DOUGLAS M. CARR COLLECTION, INGERSOLL CHEESE & AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM, INGERSOLL, ONTARIO



THE YEAR OF CYCLING DANGEROUSLY

Africa from Top to Tip in 1938

In 1937, 27-year-old Canadian Douglas Carr was holed up in a dingy Salvation Army hostel in Rome, Italy, with Dietrich, a.k.a. “Dutchy.” The tall, bearded Dutchman had just extended a thrilling — and chilling — challenge: would Carr care to cycle with him to Johannesburg at the base of Africa, some 7,000 miles due south?

It was a daunting proposition given the evident danger they would have to face traversing scorching deserts and dense jungles on nonexistent roads. Wasn’t the continent fraught with wild animals, not to mention lethal ticks? And wouldn’t they be virtually cut off from civilization? Even with an equally foolhardy companion by his side, how could this prove anything but a suicide mission?

Story by David V. Herlihy



Carr had already tested his verve over the past seven months since leaving his parents' comfortable middle-class home in faraway Ingersoll, Ontario, a sleepy agricultural town known for its cheddar cheese. And wasn't he the one who had insisted, when he set sail for England, that "there must be something more rewarding than selling shoes in a depression?" So what hurry was there to get back home? Why not see a little more of the world before settling down somewhere?

After all, he was already an able cyclist. His original plan was simply to attend the coronation of King George VI, but weather-imposed delays on the high seas had kept him from making that ceremony at Westminster Abbey. So he decided to travel around the kingdom instead — the way George's subjects did. He purchased a sturdy bicycle with a three-speed hub at Selfridge's department store in London and registered with the Cycle Touring Club and the Youth Hostel Association. He proceeded on a delightful two-month, 2,000-mile tour of the British Isles.

To be sure, he was no superman. He didn't even look athletic with his thick glasses, receding hairline, and his meager 140-pound, 5-foot 10-inch frame. Truth be told, he was so stiff and sore after that first day of riding — 70 miles from London to Cambridge — that he lounged for an entire day in his hostel bed. But his body adjusted admirably, and he had since gained complete confidence in his vim and stamina.

Moreover, he was no stranger to adversity. That July he took his bicycle to France and, after visiting the World's Fair in Paris and touring the Loire Valley, he headed toward Germany. He wanted to see for himself what the fearful Nazi dictator Adolf Hitler was really up to. As if to steel himself for the shock, he purposely rode past the grim military cemeteries dotting the Belgian countryside and crossed the notorious battlefields where, only a generation earlier, millions of young men had perished.



Riding through the picturesque Netherlands, Carr at last reached Germany. He had no quarrel with the "eminently likable" locals, but he could not help but notice an alarming proliferation of soldiers and weaponry as well as a stunning new infrastructure designed to facilitate military maneuvers. "It's the same old story," Carr lamented. "The ordinary man is a good Joe. It's the darn governments that create problems."

After hunkering down for three straight nights of blackout rehearsals prompted by the visit of the Italian leader Benito Mussolini, Carr no longer doubted that Europe was indeed marching mindlessly toward another world war. And he knew full well that he would soon return to this beautiful but troubled land — as a soldier, not a tourist.

Carr had already weathered a few misadventures of his own. Following his forays into Denmark and Sweden and his exhilarating ride over the Alps, he sold his bicycle to the manager of the American Express office in Lucerne, Switzerland. Ambushed moments later by hostile Swiss officials, he faced an ultimatum — either pay the equivalent of 10 Canadian dollars for his failure to report the sale of his bicycle or spend the next 20 days in jail. After some consideration, the budget-minded Carr grudgingly paid up.

After reaching fascist Italy by train, Carr once again clashed with the local authorities. One morning in Florence, he tried to photograph King Vittorio Emanuele III entering the Duomo. Three irate policemen pounced on Carr, ordering him to stop taking photographs. They let him go only after they had examined his passport and rifled through his belongings.

Still, despite all the challenges that he had already tackled abroad, at no point had he ever felt that his life was in any

real danger. Was he really ready now to court death in Africa and perhaps even a tortuous one at that?

"Of course, I'll go with you," he assured Dutchy after a moment of reflection. Carr would later explain his reasoning: "Here was my chance to have a companion and to travel down Africa from north to south. He was a little older than I, spoke several languages, and had a tent. What was I waiting for?"

Carr promptly got himself a new set of wheels at a bicycle store in central Rome. After parting with the equivalent of 21 Canadian dollars, he exited with a fancy gold Venanzi equipped with sew-up tires and the latest Vittoria Margherita three-speed derail.

Carr and Dutchy cycled together down the coast to Pompeii, the ancient city destroyed by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in AD 79. From Naples they sailed to Palermo, Sicily, and then on to North Africa, where Carr's year of cycling dangerously was about to begin.

For the first time, Carr found himself in an entirely unfamiliar culture. Everything seemed white in Tunis — the domes of its mosques, its buildings, even the clothes of its inhabitants. Only the women's veils, it seemed, were dark. "I thought it strange," he would recollect, "that the husband alone had the privilege of looking at his wife's face."

Still, Carr adjusted quickly to his new environs. He and Dutchy explored the exotic city's narrow, twisting streets and alleys. At the bazaars, they jostled with the locals, haggled for their provisions, and admired the handmade brass trinkets and colorful carpets on display. All the while, they took in refreshing whiffs of coffee, flowers, and perfumes. In the evenings, they patronized smoky Arab eateries where they feasted on couscous.

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After a few days of loitering, it was time to finally start cycling in Africa. The two tourists planned to hug the Mediterranean coast all the way to Cairo via Italian-occupied Libya. Carr was well packed for the challenge. His gear included a camera, a rubber mat, blankets, and an inflatable mattress and pillow. All told, the loaded bicycle weighed 10 pounds more than he did.

Sharing a fine road with donkeys, camels, and carts, they passed olive orchards, vineyards, and flocks of goats and sheep. A battered signpost informed them that Tripoli was still a good 700 miles away. They were occasionally delayed by flat tires, which they became quite proficient at repairing.

Desiring to see the great mosque of Sidi Okba, the oldest in Algeria, they made a side trip to the west, across a desert. It was well worth the extra effort just to see the holy site's huge courtyard, stunning prayer hall, and array of shiny marble columns. From its graceful minaret, they took in a spectacular view of the old city, famous for its carpets and copperware.

Heading east once again, they came across the ruins of a Roman amphitheater. One starry night, soldiers of the French Foreign Legion, which held sway over that region, invited them to stay at their camp. "We sat around their campfire at night," Carr would recall, "eating their food and listening to their stories. I didn't know how tough they were supposed to be. They seemed like ordinary fellows to me." When the cyclists left the next morning, they were pleasantly surprised to find that their hosts had slipped provisions into their bags.

After several futile attempts to get past the Italian authorities at the Libyan border, the cyclists were at last

allowed to proceed after promising not to dawdle on their way to Egypt. They cruised along on the new, Italian-built "hard-topped" highway, which they had virtually to themselves. They admired a number of ongoing irrigation and construction projects. The new rulers were also busy "piecing together" the vestiges of the ancient Roman civilization that had once flourished there.

The cyclists pushed through storms of dust and rain — the first downfall in that arid locality in over a year. At last, they reached the capital city of Tripoli. For Carr, that Christmas would prove unique. He was far away from his family, it was raining, not snowing, and there was barely a trace of any decorations or festivities. At least he got to ride a camel for the first time.

The friendly Egyptian border police insisted that the cyclists sit down with them for tea. Carr, a nonsmoker, reluctantly puffed on the cigarette they passed around, knowing that "it would have been an insult not to accept their hospitality." Shortly thereafter, at the customs house, the tourists used traveler's checks to purchase local currency, paid duties on their bicycles, and chatted with the officials in English.

After having spent the past month sailing along Mussolini's highway for over 1,000 miles, the cyclists now found themselves rumbling over narrow, stony roads. Passing through villages with flat-roofed buildings made of sun-dried mud bricks, they encountered fawning inhabitants who offered them food and water. The locals were in a festive mood, dancing and playing music all night, as they celebrated the marriage of the young King Farouk.

In the great port city of Alexandria, Carr happily collected his first batch of letters, newspapers, and parcels

His heart, he soon realized, was still set on seeing the "real" Africa — that is, the wild heartland that he had imagined but had yet to truly experience.

since leaving Rome. He also feasted on sumptuous Egyptian delicacies served up by the locals who were celebrating the end of Ramadan, the holy month of fasting. All was not rosy, however. He and Dutchy had had a falling out, and they decided to go separate ways.

After reaching the ancient Egyptian capital, Carr became a typical tourist. He checked into a hotel and took in the sights. He explored the tombs of the pharaohs, gawked at the mysterious Sphinx, and climbed the Great Pyramid. All the while, he marveled at how the ancients could possibly have produced such massive and sophisticated wonders.

Soon, however, Carr would get an insider's view of the modern city he deemed "a kaleidoscope of East and West, Old and New." A friendly Egyptian storekeeper named Yusef persuaded Carr to move in with him and his wife Zakia. Carr would linger in that comfortable and hospitable home for a full two weeks. At a local bicycle shop, he had his bike completely overhauled, adding new tires and fenders. Meanwhile, he purchased a small tent and commissioned an artisan to make a pair of panniers made of cotton and wool, similar to the traditional donkey saddlebags.

But where would he go next? If he kept going east toward Palestine, he could perhaps reach India and continue across Asia, making this an "around the world" trip. Or should he just stick to the original plan and turn south toward Johannesburg, even though he would now have to travel alone?

His heart, he soon realized, was still set on seeing the "real" Africa — that is, the wild heartland that he had imagined but had yet to truly experience. In particular, he longed to



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see Victoria Falls, so often compared to Niagara Falls, and Kruger National Park, the great game reserve.

Sensing his resolve to complete his African journey, his hosts helped him prepare an itinerary. Just before his departure, Zakia, perhaps feeling a tinge of responsibility for Carr's fate, wrote to his mother back in Ingersoll:

"It was our great pleasure to meet your son Douglas. He is happy and looks cheerful all the time and can make friends very easily wherever he goes. I, being a mother, thought of writing to you this note so that you will not worry about him being so far away! He is enjoying everything and is taking notes of everything he sees, and he certainly will have a lot to tell you and shall be greatly benefited by this tour."

On March 2, Carr finally left Cairo. Heading south along the densely populated banks of the Nile, he visited Luxor with its magnificent temples and tombs, and Aswan with its spectacular dam. At the ancient village of Shellal, having been advised that it would be impossible to cycle

He spent one unforgettable night cowering in a treetop, clutching a rock, in fear that the muffled sounds he was hearing were those of a hungry lion, tiger, or leopard.

any farther south, Carr took an overnight train to Kosti in Sudan. He then boarded a paddle-wheeled barge to head up the Nile to Juba.

During the 11-day journey, Carr got his first taste of African wildlife. At nights he could hear the echoes of elephants and lions. One day he spotted three locals crouching by the riverbank, their spears poised for action. They were awaiting the arrival of a small deer that was making its way across the

river toward them. But to the hunters' great dismay, the deer suddenly sank — claimed preemptively by a crocodile.

Meanwhile, on the boat, Carr was also becoming familiar with the native people. At Malakal, the packed barge took on a group of Dinka tribe members. He was shocked to see that they wore "practically no clothing, except for the string of beads around their necks and waists, or copper wire around their wrists."

At Juba, the present capital of South Sudan, Carr finally penetrated the African heartland. Much to his pleasant surprise, the first stretch of cycling seemed rather tame. True, the path was a bit bumpy, the tsetse flies were pesky, and the weather was hot. But he was bowling along in perfect solitude, enjoying tantalizing glimpses of exotic birds and game. Perhaps cycling in Africa wasn't so bad, after all.

But soon conditions worsened. The flies increased in number and ferocity, pricking him like needles. And the animals, which now included snakes, deer, wild pigs, hyenas, and wildebeests,

seemed uncomfortably close. The grass on the plains was often taller than he was, obscuring his view of whatever danger might lay ahead. He spent one unforgettable night cowering in a treetop, clutching a rock, in fear that the muffled sounds he was hearing were those of a hungry lion, tiger, or leopard. In the morning, he saw two mischievous baboons and was convinced that they "were laughing at the scare they had caused this amateur of the African wilds."

Carr wisely opted to forgo his tent and spend his nights in a rest house where available or within the safely walled confines of a village or mission. The first morning he awoke in a native hut, he was introduced to an Austrian baron who was working as an elephant control officer. "He was a fine fellow," Carr recalled, "and I spent the rest of Easter Sunday with him in his rustic home. Never will I be able to thank that gentleman for the knowledge I gained from him about Africa, which probably saved my life."

Although Carr had often been warned by westerners that it was not safe to eat the native food, he did not hesitate to do exactly that as he cycled south. "It was cheap and perfectly alright," he would recall. "I would sit around a native's fire in the evening and eat his mealy-meal porridge with my fingers just as he did." His only precaution was to drink quinine or boiled rainwater.

In Uganda, Carr endured more flies during the day and more animal scares at night. He spent a day at a leper colony, comprised of some 700 afflicted adults and children, and headed by one European missionary. "Although it was one of the most depressing days in my journey," Carr would recall, "it was a revelation to me how she kept such a smile and cheerful outlook in the midst of so much misery and sorrow."

Carr continued on through Kenya and spent a night at Timboroa, the site of the highest railroad station in the British Empire, before crossing the equatorial line and reaching the bustling capital city of Nairobi. From there, he cycled through giraffe country to the Namanga River Camp. A signpost informed him that Johannesburg was now less than 3,000 miles away.

In Tanganyika (now Tanzania), Carr passed by Mount Kilimanjaro,



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the inactive volcano with Africa's highest peak. He was soon hobbled by a snapped brake cable but was elated to find a bicycle repair shop. The kind owner not only fixed the cable, he also handed Carr a box full of spokes and tire solvent, telling him with a sly smile, "You might need these."

In Rhodesia (today Zambia and Zimbabwe), Carr was occasionally obliged to cycle along the railroad tracks, so sandy were the roads. He carried a bag of coarse salt rather than coins. "At night I could barter a tablespoon of salt for a couple of eggs," Carr recalled, "or occasionally milk or even fowl." He no longer had any qualms about ripping apart a chicken with his bare hands.

At last, the Canadian reached the majestic Victoria Falls, famously "discovered" by the Scottish missionary Dr. David Livingstone in 1855. There Carr saw a rare nocturnal rainbow lit up by the full moon. He went on to the beautiful but barren Matobo Hills to see the grave of Cecil Rhodes, the then-vaunted British imperialist after whom

westerners had named the region.

Crossing into "the Union," Carr found the roads generally tolerable until he reached the arid Karoo region where they were simply "terrible." He was surprised to learn that South Africans already knew of the "Mad Canadian," for they had been following his progress in the newspapers. As Carr would reminisce, "People recognized me on the street from newspaper pictures and often stopped to talk. All were surprised that I would tackle a trip down through Africa without carrying some kind of firearm."

In the town of Louis Trichardt, a young westerner named Ken gave Carr a tour of the region in his automobile. Seeking a shortcut, Ken veered off the main road. The car sank into the sand, its rear wheels spinning in vain. The two walked to a nearby village and, using sign language, recruited a team of young men and donkeys to extricate the vehicle. After the successful operation, Ken handed one of the boys a coin, and to the westerner's great surprise, he blurted in plain English,

"Jesus Christ, two shillings!"

At last, Carr reached Johannesburg, a modern city that in six short decades had sprung from a small settlement. He tracked down a young South African journalist whom he had met at the youth hostel in London. After touring a local gold mine, Carr found another driver willing to take him to — and through — Kruger Park, a day's distance away. They spent almost a week combing the immense reserve and interacting with the protected wildlife.

From Jo'burg, Carr vowed to push on to the extreme southwest corner of the continent, reasoning that a solo ride from "Cairo to Cape Town" had a nice ring to it, and the latter was "only" another 600 miles distant. Along the way, in Kimberley, he toured the famous De Beers diamond mines.

Carr arrived at his destination on October 2, seven months to the day after he had left Cairo. He basked in his newfound fame, granting interviews to a slew of journalists

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and radio broadcasters. The mayor hosted a banquet in his honor. And he met two famous fellow adventurers: Lincoln Ellsworth, the American polar explorer, and the Australian pilot D.C.T. Bennett. The latter had just flown a seaplane from Scotland in a near-record time of only two days. "I prefer my method of transportation to yours," the beaming airman cracked upon meeting the Mad Canadian.

The woefully beat-up Venanzi was at its end. Unwilling to scrap it, Carr packed it up and sent it home as a souvenir (years later, he would donate it to Ingersoll's Cheese & Agricultural Museum, where it remains today).

All told, Carr had cycled some 15,000 miles in Europe and Africa. He would go on to spend another year on the road, mostly in Asia and North America, to complete his global circuit. But he would use other means of transportation — for all its charms and advantages, he had found touring by bicycle "hard work."

When his wandering finally came to an end, Carr would indeed settle

in Ingersoll. Until his retirement in 1986, the lifelong bachelor and his brother Bertran would run Carr's Book and China Shop. An affable character beloved by everyone in town, he loved to talk about his epic journey, especially the cycling part. Yet he always made the short trek between his childhood home to the store downtown on foot, never by bicycle. And though he would live until 1994, he seldom strayed far, or for long, from Ingersoll.

He did, however, have one more unforgettable experience abroad after his homecoming. That was in mid-1945, when he returned to Berlin as a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force. Exploring Hitler's abandoned bunker, he came across what had been the Nazi leader's personal bathroom. Carr could not resist expressing his contempt for the monstrous murderer who had killed himself only a few weeks earlier in the nearby den. Using a finger, the proud Canadian scrawled on the tub's grimy surface "Carr from Canada." And then he urinated in the tub.

Carr still carried no grudge against

the German people. On the contrary, as he walked through the ruined city, he fondly recalled the happy times he had spent at its now defunct youth hostel. How enlightening it had been to sit down with dozens of fellow youths from so many countries and cultures.

Carr marveled that Germany itself had launched the hosteling movement prior to the last war. If only it had gotten an earlier start and multiple generations had grown up experiencing its spirit of international fellowship, Carr reasoned, perhaps the world would never have sunk to such appalling depths of depravity and destruction.

For his part, he was grateful to have had the opportunity in his youth to roam the world and experience humanity at its best. He felt certain that his great adventure had enriched him for life, just as Zakia had predicted it would. And he always found solace in her parting words: "It is better to be rich in friends than to be rich in wealth." **AC**

David V. Herlihy is the author of The Lost Cyclist, and Bicycle: The History.

act. Sinyard put him in charge of prototype parts.

"He felt sorry for me or something, I don't know," Merz said. "Mike realized now I had an important part to play in the company."

After leaving Specialized for the second time, this time retiring instead of getting fired, Merz has lived for the past 10 years "nice and peaceful" in Big Sur, pretty much off the grid. He and his second wife lost their house to a fire in 2008 but have since rebuilt. Merz lost a lifetime of tools in the fire but is tinkering with putting a machine shop back together.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

In 2016, Merz's son Jesse stayed with him at the house in Big Sur on his way south for an epic bike ride of his own, together with a friend. Jesse left Portland in December 2015 — not the best time to travel the Northwest, he admitted.

"We made our way over to the coast and found out the hard way the usual

north wind is a south wind," Jesse said.

Along with the headwinds, there was rain and cold.

But Jesse made it all the way to Ushuaia, Argentina, at the southernmost tip of the continent that had turned his father away. He did it mostly alone, as his friend, not really a cyclist, blew out his knees before Mexico City.

Along the way, Jesse, a powerful rider at 6 feet 4 inches tall and about 200 pounds, broke a pair of Specialized frames on the rough dirt roads of South America.

"I would not hesitate to say I probably would have broken any bike," Jesse said. "The roads were really rough. I was bombing down dirt hills with big rocks."

Jesse got a "full support deal" with Specialized thanks to his dad.

"It was great, definitely he pulled some strings for me," Jesse said.

He had strapped the first bike, an AWOL, to the side of a sailboat for the trip from Panama to Colombia.

"I'm sure the salt water didn't help," he said. "When it cracked, I really lucked out. I was in the middle of nowhere."

Jesse "gently" rode the bike for 10 miles until he hit a little village in Peru where there happened to be a welder.

"He was a pretty good welder," Jesse said. "It took him half an hour and cost five or six bucks. That got me all the way to Lima, another 400 miles."

The second frame broke in Patagonia. Jesse managed to get that frame welded as well.

"In Latin America they're really resourceful," Jesse said. "They fix all their items instead of throwing them away and buying new ones like we do."

Back in Portland, Jesse started a career as a field engineer for an Intel contractor, maintaining the machines that make microprocessors. He enjoys his work, but said he would "jump on another big ride" if he had the opportunity.

"It's actually easier than normal life," Jesse said of bicycle touring. "Much simpler. Get up in the morning and you have one job — ride down the road." **AC**

Dan D'Ambrosio is a contributing writer for Adventure Cyclist.

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The Ingersoll Daily Sentinel-Review

HOME AFTER 70,000-MILE GLOBE JOURNEY



The S. R. camera was taken along yesterday when an interview was arranged with Douglas Carr, just returned to his home here after a world journey which carried him into 45 countries. He travelled 70,000 miles. At left he is shown "all dressed up" for the first time in two and one-half years, tracing his journey about the globe. At right he is shown with the 65-pound kit bag which carried his personal belongings on the trip.

Page (1 of 3)

Endless Series of Thrills Through 45 Countries In 70,000-Miles World Tour

Douglas Carr Traversed Africa on Bicycle, Served as Purser on Voyage Across Indian Ocean, Visited Persia, Palestine, Greece and Japan, and Saw Three World's Fairs — Returns with Conviction Canada is Best

After two and one-half years spent in freelancing the showplaces of the world, after totalling up a travel distance of some 70,000 miles, and after having visited no fewer than 45 countries, some of them a number of times, Douglas Carr, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Carr, King street west, is back at his home with a new and better appreciation of his native Canada.

Interviewed yesterday by the Sentinel-Review, the world traveler was found glad to have gone his way as he did, glad to have seen the things that he did, glad to have met the mighty and the ordinary in many lands, but glad withal to be back home with his parents, his brothers and his sisters. The last few miles out of 70,000—those on the way home—were eagerly ones. The big experiment was over. Home was the great expectancy. Leaving Ingersoll just as the

spring flood was on in April of 1937, Doug was understood by many of his friends to be taking a trip to England as a health measure. It was from England that he really struck out to go places and do things, although he was not asking his original intention was really to "do the world" when he left here.

MANY EXPERIENCES

His trip was characterized by experiences in all lands peculiar to those places and heightened by comparison with the experiences already behind him. For instance he told of the great chance he was said to have taken in Northern Rhodesia where a party of 14 in his bicycle and equipment on a stretch of 98 miles of territory in which at least 15 people had been killed by lions. Others listed as missing were also said to have been prey for these beasts. Natives and officials in the district looked upon his venture into that area as akin to suicide. Once completed, they looked upon it as little short of unbelievable that a lone cyclist had made his way through this territory unscathed. His only scare came from two large baboons. He saw no lions in this particular area, but saw one in another section.

The baboons may or may not have been in this exact area, but they provided one of his African nerve episodes that was not pleasant until he finally could see what they were.

Then there was his visit with Mussolini's troops in Libya, and his

visit also with the French Foreign Legion at Tunis in North Africa. Too there is listed in Doug's memory his arrest for having sold his bicycle in contravention of customs regulations in Italy. It all worked out well. Trips into mines 1700 feet below the earth's surface in Africa, co-incidental meetings with people who knew his brother or who had passed through Ingersoll or as in the case of a Mr. Buckborough, formerly of Tillsonburg, whom he met in Japan. Mr. Buckborough was a C.P.R. line official in Yokohama. It was to his office that Doug went to book passage to America, only to have the Tillsonburg-Ingersoll co-incidence creep in unexpectedly.

TOOK MANY PICTURES

These are but a few of the highlights of an almost endless chain of interesting experiences encountered on the long trip. Mr. Carr brought back with him what appeared like a limitless amount of photographic prints which he took in varying lands, and which he had developed and printed as he passed along. In addition, however, he has many rolls of films which he brought back for processing here. He could not give a definite number, but he felt that he must have taken at least 2,500 pictures. He purchased an expensive movie camera while on his trip, but fears that he lost some color films he exposed. Climatic conditions and the long ocean and land trip back to the United States for processing proved too much for this film. His still pictures are beautifully done.

A LUNAR RAINBOW

Outstanding in Mr. Carr's memory is the lunar rainbow he saw over the Victoria Falls in the border line between Northern and Southern Rhodesia. He said it was an unforgettable sight.

"It is only at the full of the moon that this phenomenon may be seen," said Doug. "The Victoria Falls are most impressive and most beautiful within themselves. They are on the border line between Northern and Southern Rhodesia, which border line is marked by the Zambesi river. I travelled out of my way to get there, and the trip was well worth while. The lunar rainbow, which is white, may be seen five nights at each full of the moon, two nights prior, the actual night itself, and on the two following nights. The great white rainbow rises up out of the valley and loses itself behind the crest of the falls. It is a wonderful sight."

YEAR IN AFRICA

Mr. Carr spent a year in Africa, and was informed that he pioneered in that he was the first to cycle across that country. He explained that in places the going was very difficult because of bad roads and other causes in some districts. Volcanic ash in one district made cycling almost if not impossible. In another district of Africa he ran into hordes of the ill-famed tsetse fly, carrier of the sleeping sickness germ.

"I had to have special permission to go through this district. There are numerous districts where these flies abound, and they are all closed areas. Only by special permission may one venture into them. I have never had quite such discomfort as these flies gave me. It was terrible."

"And what about the sleeping sickness?" he was asked. "Any ill effects?"

"None whatever. You see it is only the odd tsetse fly that carries the germ. They do not all carry it. The carriers are in extremely low proportion. I just forget what the percentage is, but it is very small. No, I suffered no ill effects."

The traveller traversed Africa down to its southernmost tip of the continent. He travelled some 15,000 miles in this country, and found it rich in interest and thrills and contrasts. At Cape Town he gave a radio lecture. He was also interviewed over the air. Newspapers carried his picture and story. Here too he met Lincoln Ellsworth and Sir Hubert Wilkins, and was photographed with them. He also met Captain Bennet there, the famed Scot who came into prominence because of his pickaback airplane flight on the "Mercury."

A treasured diary carries these names, with kindly sentiments written in by these famous men. Other famed names from many parts of the world are in that diary.

CONTINUED WITH OTHER INGERSOLL NEWS ON PAGE 4

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ENDLESS

(Continued from page 3)

too, some in native tongue, such as Arabic. In Calro Doug. met a number of friends of Herbert Handley, late instructor at the local "Y" and now in Sarnia. One official there regarded Mr. Handley as the best friend he ever had. At Durban, South Africa, Doug. visited with Mr. and Mrs. Otto Lubke, Mrs. Lubke, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hughes of Ingersoll, has been a visitor to Ingersoll on at least two occasions since leaving to make her home in Africa.

PURSER ON BOAT

As a purser on a boat crossing the Indian Ocean from Africa to the Phillipine Islands and from there back to another point on the mainland, Doug. did not lay much away for a rainy day in the matter of salary. He was paid exactly 25 cents per month for his services. On top of that, he had to pay 60 cents each for his meals.

"It was a great arrangement," said he "and in reality, that very arrangement did save me a lot of money."

He then explained that the passage was prohibitive in cost. He sought to get on boats not carrying passengers. He was refused a number of times because of marine laws and other incidentals. He finally found one English captain who considered the matter, but who made it plain that he was forbidden to carry passengers as his was not a passenger ship. He then explained to Doug. that he could make him a member of the crew, in name, and to bind the bargain and make it legal, he would pay him the sum of 25 cents per month. The 60 cent price for meals was also stipulated, after Doug. had signed papers absolving the ship's crew and owners from all liability in case of mishap. The trip in all occupied seven weeks and covered 7,500 miles. He left this boat when it got him to Indo-China.

CUSTOMS MATTERS

The passport brought back to Ingersoll by the traveller is epic in its seals and official stamps. It covered in brief form important entries to the varied countries, but did not show the difficulties entailed in some cases. Doug. was arrested on the border between Switzerland and Italy.

"There is a heavy customs duty on bicycle entering Italy. There was none in Switzerland. I sold my bicycle at the border, and it was on this account that I was detained."

On to India, Doug. visited and traversed the famed Khyber Pass without incident. This is in the north at the Afghanistan border. This was one of the historic jaunts in India, although there are pictures to show peculiar customs of this country. One is the tree where a mother ties little stones taken from the Ganges river as she prays for a baby. The stones are tied with hair to the tree. Once the prayer has been answered, the stones are carefully taken back to

the Ganges. Such a tree is pictured in Doug's collection, as are the burial ghats.

In Persia he visited Meshed, some 600 miles inland from the border at Zahedan, the point of entry. Meshed was described as a great Mohammedan centre, and of interest because of its mosques. The next jump was 600 miles to Tehran, the capital of Iran, where Reza Shah Pahlevi is creating a modern city in the desert, and where that dignitary, in his modernistic trend, has already banned the veil for women. Reza was said to have even entered the great mosque with his shoes on, which within itself was looked upon as the utmost in departure from custom. Another 800 miles carried Doug. on to Baghdad. From there he went by bus to Damascus. He spent three weeks in the Holy Land.

OF BIBLICAL INTEREST

During his stay in the Holy Land Doug. spent one night on the sea of Galilee with four Arab fishermen. The fishing is done largely at night and in primitive boats that were described as having the appearance of having endured from biblical times. He visited Paul's house and the synagogue or temple whence Jesus drove the money changers. He visited, too, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives and the garden tomb where Jesus was said to have been laid. These and other points of Christian Biblical interest were pictured beautifully.

The traveller was given police protection and even rode in armored cars in the Holy Land because of the trouble between the Jews and the Arabs.

Standing near a wall upon one occasion he heard a shot on the other side. Someone was later found to have been killed in the feud. In Jerusalem where the post office was bombed on a Saturday night, Doug. said he heard the explosion clearly in the home where he was a guest less than a half-mile away. In this country he had to forego his shorts and don long trousers upon official advice. He was told his apparel was similar to that worn by many of the feudists. He told of bombs being planted in baskets of fruit and all other places where they might be innocently covered up. He explained that there was nothing but tension and constant watchfulness here, and he felt a great relief when he left the country despite its other interests. From there he went back to Calro and also re-visited Alexandria again. He of course called at Luxor and visited the tombs.

His way then lay toward Greece. From there to Belgrade in Yugo-Slovia, Budapest, Vienna, back to Germany and Berlin. Later he passed through Warsaw and on to Moscow. He crossed Siberia through Manchoukuo and on to Peking where he spent three weeks. It was here that he met Dale Carnegie, celebrated American writer and lecturer. He was interviewed by Carnegie, who is releasing on November 7 a story of the Ingersoll man's courage and pluck in undertaking the seemingly impossible journeys by bicycle and hitchhiking which he had accomplished up to that time. Doug. yesterday showed the writer a proof of the Carnegie story sent on to him.

RECORD MOUNTAIN CLIMB

In Japan, Doug. climbed famed Mount Fugl Yama, 12,305 feet high.

"I was told by my guide and others that we had made a record in climbing Fugl. We did it in five and one-half hours. The usual time, I was told, is seven to eight hours even in real good climbing. Others of course take longer. The last three hours of that climb was moonlight. It was a wonderful sight and experience," he said.

He left Japan September 7th and arrived at Vancouver September 18th. He visited Banff and Lake Louise. At the former place he climbed Mt. Rundle, which is 9,335 feet as he recalled it. He went back to Vancouver, hitch-hiked to San Francisco, incidentally doing almost the entire distance by that method. Once in California he could not forego a visit to Mexico.

His next jump was to New York to see his third fair, leaving there Monday night on his last leg for home.

"One never can fully appreciate Canada until they have had a trip like that and then come back. That strip between Hamilton and Ingersoll looked lovely to me. I heard of Canada's beauty from travellers in all parts of the world. When I left the bus in Ingersoll, I came home by a back route. I did not want to be seen. I wanted also to steal in on the folks at home. Well, it was Hallowe'en night. In addition to having my 65-pound kit bag which had gone 70,000 miles with me, I pulled some papers over my head and knocked at the door. My brother Mike (Howard) opened the door and refused to let me in. I got a great kick out of that."

Doug. estimated that his travelling costs per month averaged \$41, and feels that is good. He said his 15,000-mile jaunt through Africa cost only \$55 or less.

"I arrived home wearing a 15 cent shirt, 10 cent socks, shoes that cost less than \$3.00, and did not have one cent in my pocket. I met and made many friends throughout the world. I met many delightful people who did much to make my trip all that it was. I cannot forget them. I saw three great fairs—The Paris exhibition, the San Francisco fair and the New York fair. I feel well. Now that it is over, I am glad to be home with my people and am anxious to meet all my old friends."

The countries visited were: England, Scotland, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Germany, Heligoland, Switzerland, Principality of Monaco in Southern France, Italy, North Africa, Libya, Egypt, Soudan, Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyaka, Nyasaland, Northern Rhodesia, Southern Rhodesia, India, Greece, Persia, China, Japan, Palestine, Mexico, Ceylon, Slam, Yugo-Slovia, Poland and others to bring the total to 45.

Asked as to his future plans, he said he had none as yet. He first wishes to get settled, bring a concluded type of order out of his summing up, and then shape his future plans as circumstances may

suggest. Mr. Carr managed the local Agnew-Surpass shoe store before leaving on his trip.

CARR

Doug.

P. 3 of 3

Doug Carr's trip around the world revived again for new audiences

She heard two people talking about the Carr classic, that 35-year old travelogue, that when revived last year brought an overflow crowd to Victory Memorial auditorium and made \$623 for the Ingersoll branch of the Canadian Cancer society, of which Doug Carr is finance campaign chairman.

The grey-haired woman paid for her purchase in Carr's Book and China Shop and said: "And I want a ticket for that, too, Doug."

Then she tells how she had seen the first travelogue (in 1940 it was shown at three local churches) and how much she had enjoyed it then.

"We were talking about it last Sunday. But I hear this one is even much nicer than the first one."

That's the way it's been ever since Doug Carr put out those first window posters last month announcing a repeat performance of "Thirty Moons Around the World", the story of his 70,000-mile trip (15,000 miles on bicycle) through 45 countries.

Today, kids with knapsacks on their backs are a familiar sight in every country around the world. But not so in 1939, when the young man from Ingersoll bicycled into Africa, where he stayed for a year. Natives and officials there told him he was the first person ever to cycle across that continent.

ROUGH GOING

He admits the going was rough. Roads were bad. In one district, volcanic ash made

cycling almost impossible. In another, he ran into hordes of the tsetse fly, carrier of the sleeping sickness disease virus. He scrambled up a tree in the African jungle to avoid an encounter with wild beasts. He made a meal of white ants. He rode a barge down the Nile, and slept in native huts. He bicycled 98 miles through a stretch of Northern Rhodesia, where 15 people had been killed by lions.

So unusual were his feats he was asked to give a radio lecture at Cape Town. He was interviewed over the air. His picture, along with stories of his adventures, made newspaper headlines in Africa.

He left Africa as a purser on a boat. An English captain who was forbidden to carry passengers created the position, and to make it legal, paid him 25 cents per month. He paid 60 cents for his meals.

He signed off the ship at Saigon, after being aboard almost two months, mostly as a passenger, and the trip had cost him only \$35.

His travels then took him through more than 40 countries around the world. He made a 13-day trip by Trans-Siberian Railway to Peking. The day after he arrived in Tokyo, the Second World War began.

He sailed for home from Japan. On the way back to Ingersoll, he visited Los Angeles and took in the New York World's Fair. His 30 months of travel and adventure around the world had cost him \$1,300.

In New York, he bought a bus ticket to Ingersoll which left him with 16 cents. He found a dime, bought a 25 cent breakfast in Niagara Falls which left him with one cent. He said he couldn't see returning home "with one cent, so I put it in a slot machine in Hamilton for gum."

Mr. Carr's original travelogue, consisting of large four by four inch hand-tinted glass lantern slides lay on the shelf "collecting dust" until two years ago, when he bought a new camera.

"It occurred to me that maybe I could get those slides on to 35 mm film," he said. "And be able to show them on a regular projector."

His first attempt wasn't successful. The slides came out in sepia tones. But after getting professional advice from a London photographer, he managed to convert the glass slides into 35 mm slides that he used in the revival travelogue he showed last year.

The idea of using it to raise funds for the Cancer society originated during a conversation as Don McLagan, president of the Ingersoll Cancer Society, Lois Bradfield, chairman of the Ladies bicycle ride, an Mr. Carr were driving to a society meeting in Woodstock to discuss means of raising money.

"Don turned to me and asked why we couldn't revive the old travelogue that I had converted," Mr. Carr said.

The trio tossed the idea around, and later at the meeting when asked for their ideas, they all grinned, and said:

"We're going to show Doug's 35-year old travelogue."

Doug Carr never dreamed he could make \$1,000 from it, but there is little doubt now he will. Last year, it was shown during the March school break, when many persons were on holidays. Even so, they came from Tillsonburg, Woodstock and London, as well as Ingersoll, to see it.

"The first dozen tickets I sold this year were to people who had seen it last year," Mr. Carr said. **FILMED CLASSIC**

It looks as though Ingersoll now has its own perennial filmed classic in the Carr travelogue that shows how to travel on a budget. Those tourists you see all over Europe toting the Arthur Frommer best seller Europe on \$5 a Day would do better to dig into the old files of the Sentinel-Review.

The issue dated Nov. 2, 1939, based on an interview with Doug Carr, states:

"Doug estimated that his travelling costs per month averaged \$41, and feels that is good. He said his 15,000-mile jaunt through Africa cost only \$55 or less.

He arrived home wearing a 15 cent shirt, 10-cent socks, shoes that cost less than three dollars, without a cent in his pocket, the article explains.

The interviewer asked Mr. Carr about his future plans and

learned that he had none.

"He first wishes to get settled, bring a concluded type of order out of his summing up, and then shape his future plans as circumstances may suggest," the article stated.

Before leaving on his trip in April 1937, Doug Carr had managed the local Agnew Surpass shoe store.

Today, with his brother Bertram, he operates Carr's Book and China Shop at 132 Thames St. S. Ingersoll, founded by his father in 1921.

In his spare time he dreams up ideas for raising money in the campaign against cancer. He expects to raise more than the remaining \$400 he needs to realize his objective of \$1,000 from the repeat performance of the travelogue this Sunday, March 16 at VMS auditorium.

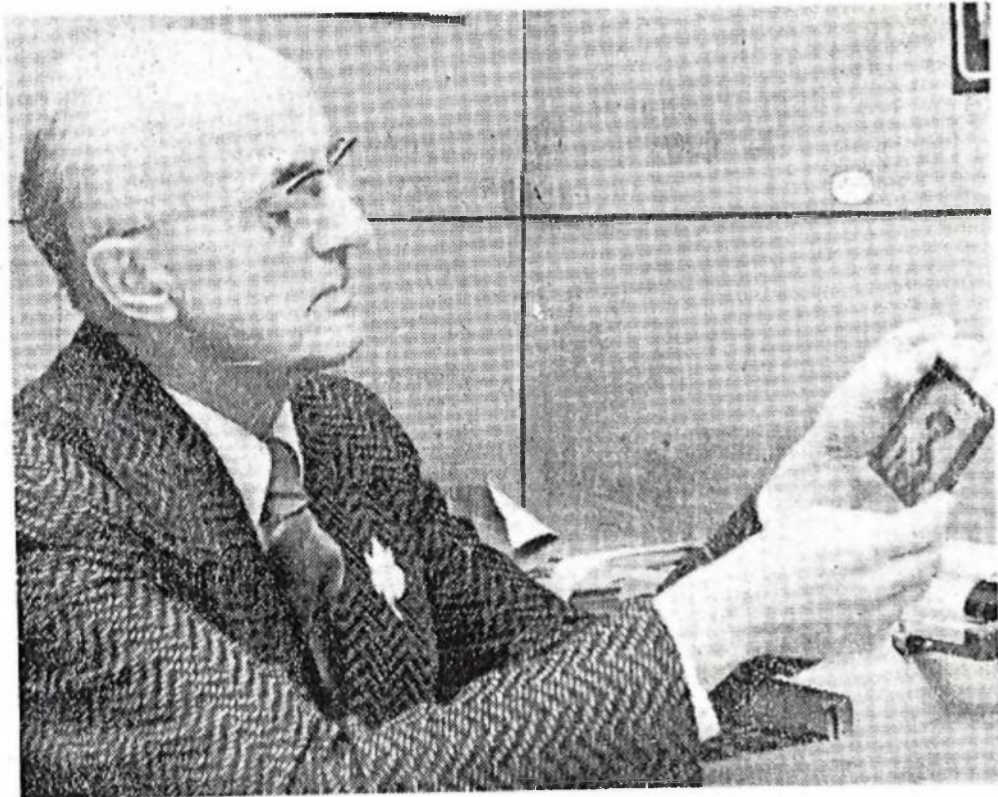
CARR, Doug

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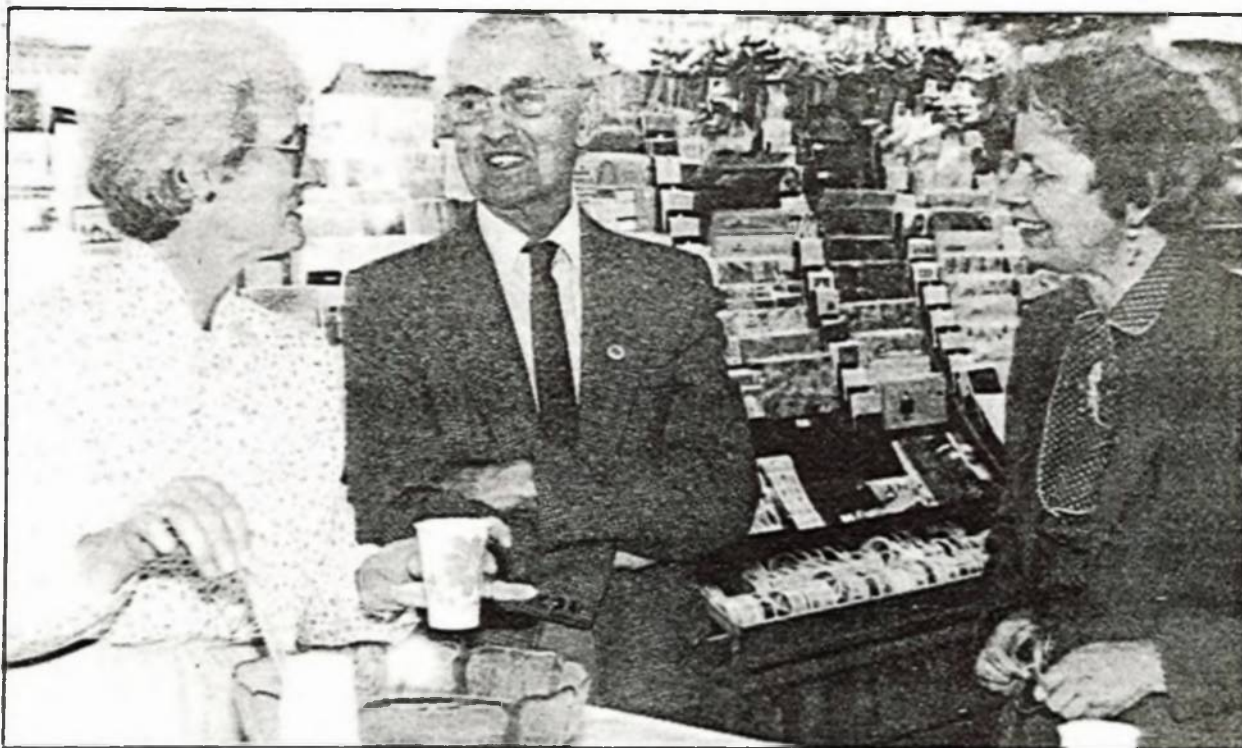
SENTINEL REVIEW
March 12, 1975

CARR, Doug

SENTINEL REVIEW 7-3
"Doug Carr's trip around the world"



Doug Carr studies slides of his trip around the world (Staff photo)



CONGRATULATIONS DOUG

Carr's Book and China Shop has been a fixture on Ingersoll's main shopping block since the 1920s. The man behind the counter at the store for the last 40 has been Doug Carr. Carr recently retired, and Friday, an informal goodbye party for him was held in the store. Many peo-

ple came by to wish Carr well. Talking with Carr here is Kitty Heenen, right, while store employee Jean McKinley hands out some punch.

(Staff photo by Rick Hughes)

*Seaside Review
June 9, 1986*

Carr Doug

Doug Carr: An Ingersoll man with a heart of gold

By CHRIS POWELL

Ingersoll has more than its share of people willing to help with their community, but there are few who have been as involved with the town as much as Doug Carr.

Carr is passionate in his feelings for his community. "You couldn't live in a better town than Ingersoll," he said. "It's the best town in the country."

An Ingersoll resident since 1921, he has many favorable impressions of the community which has been his home for the past 67 years. "There are a lot of things this town has that other towns don't," said Carr. "The town caters to both young and old."

Carr has the authority to speak on these activities, as he has been a key figure behind the majority of them in past years. He was a member of the Recreation Committee during the 1950's, an experience which he said always brought a "certain amount of satisfaction." He was also a member of the Horticultural Society as well as the Parks Board.

Carr was also the organizer of the Ingersoll Coin Club 26 years ago, and although nowadays his activities have been curtailed somewhat, he is still active with a variety of functions.

Some of these include being a volunteer with the fund raising cam-



Doug Carr has been involved in a variety of activities over the years, one of the reasons he was recently nominated for the Air Canada Heart of Gold Award. The award recognizes volunteers who contribute to the betterment of their communities.

paign for the Alexandra Hospital, and treasurer for the Ingersoll and district chapter of the Canadian Cancer Society.

Carr believes that Ingersoll residents are very generous with respect to donating money to worthwhile causes. "If there's a worthy cause, the town comes through," he said.

Born on Boxing Day 77 years ago, Carr and his family came to Ingersoll from Blyth, a small community located about 12 miles from Goderich, when he was 10 years old.

Carr instantly fell in love with the town and its people and has been devoted to the town ever since.

Because of the dedication Carr has shown towards the town, he has been nominated for Air Canada's Heart of Gold award, which serves to recognize those people who go the extra mile to make their community a better place to live.

He said that the nomination came as a "real surprise" to him, as he was in the process of nominating a friend of his for the award.

Carr "never dreamed of anything like that (the nomination). In fact I never thought of it myself."

During his time here in Ingersoll, Carr has had the opportunity to make many friends, many of whom he met while working at Carr's Rock and China Shop, his father's store.

Of all the things in his life, he said that friends are the most important commodity. "I sure cherish all the friends I have," he said. But added that he misses all the people who used to come into the store when he worked there.

Carr said he would never even give thought to moving away from the town which he knows and loves so much. "All my friends are here," he said.

Residents of Canada who are 19 years of age and older are eligible to receive the Heart of Gold award. Candidates include people who are resourceful, courageous community leaders, or who give selfless service to others, or are exemplary community volunteers or have overcome some form of disability to become useful and inspirational community members, or qualify as community heroes or are generally or in a particular significant instance, improving the quality of life in the com-

munity, or who are outstanding citizens who set a fine example for others.

Every nominee will receive a Heart of Gold Award certificate and pin. The provincial awards will be chosen by a panel of judges across Canada.

The program is being run in conjunction with community newspapers across the country. It is expected that in Ontario alone, an average of 33 persons will be nominated per community.

From the Ingersoll area, so far 15 persons have been nominated.

Nominations should be forwarded to The Ingersoll Times, 19 King St. W., Ingersoll, N5C 2J2.

INGERSOLL TIMES
MAY 18, 1988

CARR, DOUG

Cyclist recalls famous round-the-world trek

INGERSOLL — Going into the Ingersoll Sports Hall of Fame, you can't miss it.

Looking to the left, over the photos of town sports greats, you spot it. It's beat up, rusted and reeks of nostalgia.

This is the bike that carried Doug Carr for part of the way on his round-the-world trek, which started in the spring of 1937 and wound up with his return to Ingersoll on Halloween 1939.

Carr's journey took him to such places as London, Cairo and Moscow. "There were so many beautiful places to see," the Ingersoll resident reminisces.

But he says he would not try to do the same international jaunt today. Many of the places he went to, which were British colonies at the

time, would prove to be much tougher going now.

TRAVEL TIDBITS

□ While in Egypt, Carr got the opportunity to ride a camel — "I was amazed how fast they could run."

Drinking tea in the desert provided him with a lesson in Arab etiquette. After going through two rounds of an elaborate tea-pouring ceremony, he was prepared to leave and bid his hosts farewell. He soon found that "you always have three glasses of tea. It's impolite to have two or four."

While in Egypt, he also saw King Tutankhamen's tomb, the Sphinx and the Great Pyramids, the

greatest of which is 451 feet high.

□ In Uganda, he made the acquaintance of Margaret Laing. She ran a leper colony of 400 adults and

330 children.

"She was a terrific woman," says Carr

Carr treated himself to an unusual delicacy in Uganda — flying white ants. He compared the first such ants after the rain season there to the first ice cream cone of the summer here.

People would stand around anthills with torches to attract the flying morsels, he recalled.

□ The roads in South Africa "were simply terrible." To get along his way, he sewed his old spare tires into the worn-out tires he was driving on.

His first radio broadcast was made in Cape Town and he got got a job as a purser on a British ship.

□ At a train station in Udaipur,

India he spotted a group of monkeys well-equipped to handle

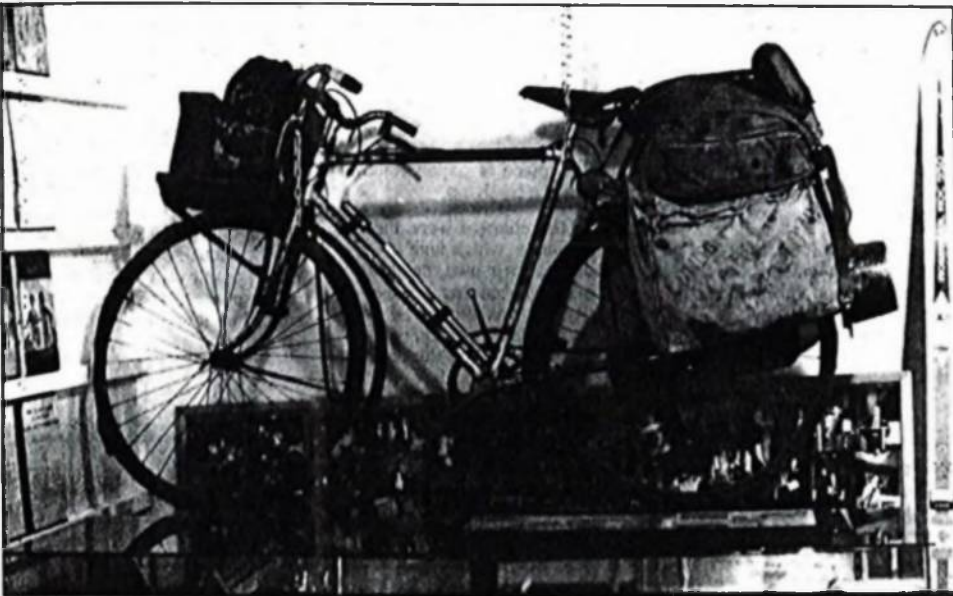
themselves. They were begging at the station and were more successful at it than their human counterparts.

India had vast treasure-laden buildings, which contrasted with the impoverishment in other segments of the society.

"You can't believe the wealth... and then the terrible poverty."

□ Carr got a chance to walk along the Great Wall of China. He also saw an extravagant funeral procession for a wealthy man while in that ancient nation. The man's worldly possessions had been duplicated in paper mache and were carried along in the procession, only to be burned later. The idea was to have the articles accompany the man's spirit into the beyond.

There is an old saying in China, Carr commented: "the most important thing in life is to have a first-class funeral."



IN THE INGERSOLL Sports Hall of Fame hangs the bike that carried Doug Carr on part of his round the world journey. The Ingersoll resident made the trek in the late 1930's.

Outstanding Citizens

Citizen of the Year
Award 1986
Carr, Doug

Honored for town interest

Doug Carr and Grant Swackhammer were named the Legion's Outstanding Citizens of the Year last week.

A panel of adjudicators consisting of Anne McMillan, Mayor Doug Harris, Canon Tom Griffin, Jack Warden, Ralph Parker, and Leo Kirwin, selected the two men in a secret ballot vote.

Both men will be presented with their awards at a banquet planned for May 17 at 7 p.m.

BY MICKEY LEBLANC

When Doug Carr left on his tour of Europe in 1937, just two years before the start of World War II, he really didn't plan to be gone for too long.

But after two years of roaming Europe, Africa and the Orient, the weary traveller finally found his way home. He returned to Ingersoll with the thoughts of his first home cooked meal in a long time.

"My mother was a fantastic cook," Mr. Carr recalled, and thoughts of a fine home cooked meal were inviting.

Arriving home on Hallowe'en, the young Carr disguised himself before going to the front door. When he knocked, a brother answered carrying a bowl of apples, obviously prepared for trick or treaters. Inside the home, instead of the meal he longed for, he found his mother ill, his father at the local church and a bowl of soup and sandwiches.

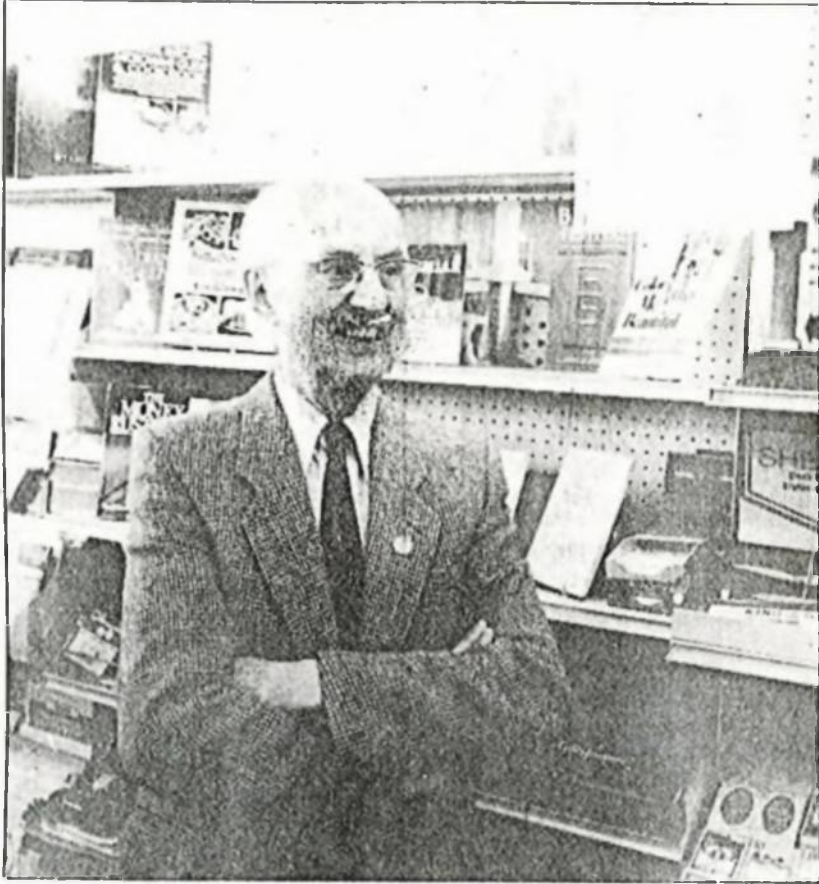
Talking to Mr. Carr is like listening to a travelogue. From his trips through Europe to his stay in Cairo, to travels down the Nile and a visit to Hitler's Berlin bunker, Carr has led an active life.

Only a few years ago he was aboard a flight to the North Pole.

In Ingersoll, Carr has played a major role in the Ladies Great Bike Ride for Cancer as co-chairman with Lois Bradfield and has been involved with the local parks and recreation committees as well as the coin and stamp club.

Mr. Carr said Monday, Ingersoll has always been good at promoting the arts through recreation.

"I've always felt that recreation should cover more than hockey, baseball and swimming. It should take in the other side of recreation, like the Creative Arts Centre, for instance."



Doug Carr is one of this year's Legion's Outstanding Citizens.

While he had little to do with the start of the CAC, Carr said such a group is important in promoting the cultural side of recreation. The CAC provides a balance in recreation and "those are all the things which help put Ingersoll on the map."

An Ingersoll booster, Carr said he tries to give the town a good plug whenever he gets the chance. On the airplane flight to the North Pole a few years ago, for example, Carr met a broadcaster and while stopped over in Frobisher Bay, he was taped for a CBC news show.

The first chance he got he mentioned the town's name.

The Carrs came to Ingersoll in 1921 after living in Kitchener and Toronto. Carr's Book and China, on Thames Street South, is one of the oldest businesses in town and is still run by family members.

He worked in the book store, then went on to be manager of a local shoe store before he left on his European tour in 1937. When he

returned from the tour in 1939, he enlisted in the air force and served as ground crew in England during the war.

He came back to Ingersoll after the war and has remained here ever since.

"I've always been interested in boosting the town," Carr commented, adding, "I'm a firm believer in Ingersoll. It's the best little town in the country."

One of the attractions has been the reactions of the citizens to the various groups in the community which each year solicit funds to help keep their programs operating.

"If it's a worthy cause, Ingersoll has always come through," Carr said.

Coincidental to his receiving the Legion Citizens of the Year Award, Carr will be retiring from his downtown store this week.

At 75, he plans to take up his hobbies with a little more interest and, "I've lots of hobbies and won't have any problems in retirement."

Citizen of the Year Award
(R.C.C.)
Carr, Doug

Doug Carr and Grant Swackhammer

Legion picks two citizens of the year

By RICK HUGHES
of The Sentinel Review

INGERSOLL — Grant Swackhammer and Doug Carr have been named

winners of the Ingersoll Legion Branch 115 Citizen of the Year award for 1986.

They will be honored at a dinner May 17.

Normally one winner is selected, but Legion publicity officer Jack Warden said Swackhammer and Carr were so close in points that the selection committee decided to honor both of them.

Warden said there were five nominees. The six-member selection committee used a point system to choose among them.

The judges were Ann MacMillan, head of the Legion women's auxiliary, Canon Tom Griffin, Mayor Doug Harris, Ralph Barker, head of Branch 115, and Legion publicity officers Warden and Leo Kirwin.

Carr has been active for many years in the Cancer Society. He has been treasurer, a fundraising canvasser for the society and he has always helped organize the Ladies Great Ride for Cancer.

He is also active in the Ingersoll and District Horticultural Society.

20 YEAR HISTORY

Besides current volunteer work,

Carr, 75, has a long history of community work. It goes back 30 years to when he served on the old Ingersoll recreation commission, organizing and promoting arts and crafts.

But there's an irony. He will receive the award just as he's trying to phase himself out of his many activities. And, that includes retiring this weekend from Carr's Book and China Shop. The family owned business was started by his father in 1921. Carr has worked there since 1945.

"I never expected it. Never dreamed of it. I never even gave it a thought," said Carr, adding that Ingersoll is a good place to be a community worker.

"I've always been a booster of this town. I don't think there's a better town in the country. I've always said that if there is a worthwhile cause, then this town always comes through," Carr said.

Swackhammer's community involvement also goes back many years. He has been a member of the Legion since 1945. He has been on the Branch 115 executive for the past decade.

ASSISTS VETERANS

His key role at the Legion is as

veteran's service officer. It is his responsibility to assist veterans needing medical attention and their families. He helps veterans get admitted to London's Westminster Hospital. He also visits patients in the veteran's hospital regularly.

Swackhammer, 71, was also a founder of the Seniors for Health program at Alexandra Hospital eight years ago.

"I feel real good about it," said Swackhammer about the award. "A little pol on the head never hurt anybody."

Swackhammer, who was runner-up for the award in 1975, said he has enjoyed doing the community work.

"I'm glad I could do it. I like to do community work, especially for the Legion. I lost a lot of good buddies and I'm carrying the torch for them."

Swackhammer and his wife, Mary, live on Earl Street.

He held a number of jobs in Ingersoll and London before settling in for 16 years as bartender and waiter at the Ingersoll Inn in 1960. He retired in 1977.

Carr and Swackhammer will each receive a plaque at the banquet.



DOUG CARR, a long-time volunteer for the Canadian Cancer Society.

(Staff photo by Rick Hughes)

SENTINEL
REVIEW
May 12, 1986



Grant Swackhammer and Doug Carr were presented with their plaques for being selected the Legion's

outstanding citizens. Jack Warden was on hand for the presentation.

Historic building to play important role in the future of downtown

Carr's spanned three generations

By YVONNE HOLMES MOTT

Plans for the Carr building on Thames Street, released by economic development officer Greg Borduas last week, show the structure will play an important role in the future of the downtown.

Last month, the town purchased the property which has been a part of Ingersoll's history for nearly three-quarters of a century.

Three generations of the Carr family operated that business. It was started by A. F. Carr, known locally as simply "A. F."

Douglas Carr, one of his sons, has often told the story of his father, then a travelling salesman, coming to Ingersoll regularly with his stationery and business supplies. He would be met at the railroad station by a horse and dray and the driver would take him to the Ingersoll Inn. Once there, he would rent a room set aside for that purpose and display his wares. There would be several other sales people doing the same thing.

When the Carr family decided to move to this area and open their open business they narrowed the possible sites down to St. Marys and Ingersoll. Tradition has it that Mrs. Carr vetoed St. Marys because it was too hilly for her to enjoy walking.

A. F. Carr purchased the 1878 Thames St. S. building in 1920.

Carr's China and Gift Shop quickly became known for its quality merchandise and its service. A. F. was a familiar figure in town.

One of the busiest times of the year, besides the obvious ones of Christmas, etc., was in early September, just before classes resumed. In those days parents had to purchase all school books. Teachers would leave the list of required text and note books at the store and students and their parents would go down to make their purchases.

The store would be arranged with certain aisles for certain grades and the line-ups would not only go right through the store, but would extend a block down the street. The annual event was a social occasion for some people and an endurance test for others.

During the tourist season, A. F. Carr's son, Bertram W. Carr, who worked in the store with his dad, would operate a china outlet at the Log Cabin on Bell Street. Many Ingersoll residents remember "B. W." biking back and forth to the cabin on his blue bicycle.

Later, the log cabin china was incorporated into the regular store

and it became known as Carr's Book and China Shop.

B. W. Carr took over the business from his father and worked at it 52 weeks of the year.

In addition to running a successful and respected business, he became very involved with the promotion of the town. With friends and colleagues, such as Mike MacMillan, Bernie Zurbrig, Herm Lindsay, George Clifton and Gordon B. Henry, he organized many special promotions and events to promote the downtown.

Bert Carr was also president of the Chamber of Commerce for six years.

ORGANIZED BUS TRIPS

One of his favorite projects in later years was the organization of bus trips to Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Several times a year he would conduct tours there, providing his clients with interesting information and reviews of the plays they would see. Dozens of Ingersoll families still go there for theatre every year and, invariably, when they meet they discuss how it was B. W. Carr and his bus trips that started them doing this.

When Bertram's health started to deteriorate in 1982, his son James, a successful solicitor, went into the store to assist his father and later to manage the store for his dad.

After the death of B. W. Carr in 1985, his daughter Nancy Carr Hynes took over the business and operated it until 1985 when she closed it. Hynes declined to give a reason for the closing of the store.

Douglas M. Carr, who after returning from his historical trip around the world on a bicycle, immediately enlisted in the armed services and went overseas again, this time to serve his country, was a recognized and highly-respected personality in Carr's Book and China Shop. He worked in the store with his brother, Bertram, from the time he returned from overseas until his retirement in 1986.

Doug Carr is well-known for his work in, and support of many

(Continued on Page 2)

Historic building

(Continued from Page 1)

charitable organizations. He is particularly well-known for spear-heading the movement to collect used eye glasses for use in Third World countries, and probably most of all, for his work with the local branch of the Canadian Cancer Society.

For years, with Lois Bradfield and Dr. John Lawson (now deceased), he headed up the Great Bike Ride for Cancer. Carr's, for years, was the place where people registered for the ride.

Currently, Doug is a patient in Alexandra Hospital.

PLANS FOR BUILDING

Plans for the future of the Carr building show that it will be a focal point of the revitalized downtown.

Borduas outlined the highlights of the construction drawing by architects Kershaw, Travers and Gillespie, of London.

Borduas explained that the only changes made to the building will be the front and rear entrances.

"We want to maintain the architectural quality of the building," he stressed. The brick facade will be chemically cleaned and the plaster on the inside wall that separates Carr's from the office to the south will be stripped down to the original London yellow brick and also cleaned.

The main floor will feature an eight-foot-wide walkway from one end of the building to the other, providing easy access from the parking lot to Thames Street.

The double set of doors, with a canopy over them, at each end of the store will "provide access through the building for a longer period, but also mean that the building can be secured," Borduas said.

In the middle of the main floor will be the long-awaited public washroom facilities. On either side of the washrooms will be two small retail units.

Borduas said these units are designed for small businesses and will be comprised of 500 square feet. The retail units will have slidable, pocket doors rather than

permanent store fronts. This, says Borduas, will leave a free flowing atmosphere and, with plenty of light coming in from the new windows, will make a very pleasant atmosphere from a design perspective.

Borduas said what he did was take a list of all his dreams and wishes for the building to the architects and say "Here, see how much of this you can fit into the parameters of the building."

Other plans include four community bulletin boards on the main floor, two to be enclosed and two open to the public. A pay phone will also be located in that area.

The delivery shed at the rear of the building will come off and the wooden steps will be replaced with steel ones.

A janitor's room, meter room and a private washroom for retailers will be installed in the basement.

The second floor will be gutted to the walls. Previously used as an apartment and for storage, at one time it housed the offices of Pat Silcox, Oxford County's public school inspector.

Borduas said the plumbing will be replaced and aluminum studs will affix the new walls to the existing ones. One or two offices, depending on the owner's wishes, will be constructed there.

An enthusiastic Borduas described the whole project as "an interesting one and a neat one to work on."

Increased number ride, hike against cancer

The numbers were up as almost 140 people showed up Sunday to ride or hike in the 25th annual Great Ride Against Cancer in Ingersoll.

Under sunny skies, with Westwood's complimentary sunscreen aiding in the cause, 69 hikers headed off at 1 p.m. and 69 bikers left at 1:30 p.m., led by the Ingersoll Pipe Band under the direction of Bob Collins.

Pledges for the day were down slightly, totalling \$8,200, said organizer Doris Hayward. Ingersoll Memorials and Young's Pharmacy pledged \$1 for each of the 36 CSA-approved helmets worn by the bikers.

A safe ride was ensured by Ingersoll Police, auxiliary police, React and St. John Ambulance.

The parched participants enjoyed the half-way drinks provided by Judy Funnell of The Co-operators. The final checkpoint was at Trinity United Church and the Rebekah Lodge had its usual superb cookies and coffee on hand. Zehrs provided the eagerly-anticipated cold pop, while Tim Hortons provided umbrellas which disappeared quickly.

Broken down bikes along the route were picked up by Lloyd Butterworth who ended up with a

full truck load - and plenty of appreciation from the riders.

Prizes were again supplied by Macnabs, Elm Hurst Inn, McNiven Insurance, Samuel's Restaurant and the Clog and Thistle. Pledge money must be turned in by May 15 to Dorothees in order to qualify for a prize. Hayward said:

Group participation was very evident this year, she said, noting that I.D.C.I. Macnabs, Ingersoll Family Doctors, and the Optimists got involved. Brown's Excavating Ladies' Slo-pitch team joined in to get in shape prior to its league play - what a great work-out for a great cause.

The committee appreciates everyone who assisted again this year, with a special note to Roberts' Ladies Wear for handing out the registration forms and to Dorothees for accepting the pledge money.

This year was truly a family event, Hayward said, as children in strollers and wagons joined their parents in the ride or hike.

"Let's bring family and friends out again next year and make our 26th Hike or Bike bigger and better," she said.

"With your help cancer can be beaten!"



Doug Carr, shown here in 1992 encouraging the hikers and bikers before the Great Hike/Bike Against Cancer in Ingersoll, has been honored for his volunteer work in the local chapter of the cancer society. (File photo)



Jurrien Sissing of Ingersoll was busy checking out his wheels before heading out on the town's Great Ride Against Cancer Sunday. The weekend trek marked Sissing's first cancer-fighting ride. (Eric Schmiel photo)

Doug Carr honored for volunteer work with local chapter of cancer society

By YVONNE HOLMES MOTT

Douglas M. Carr, long-time volunteer with the cancer society was recently presented with a special recognition award by the Ingersoll Branch of the Canadian Cancer Society.

Carr was honored for his more than 25 years of service to the local chapter.

Anne Lyddiatt, president of the Ingersoll chapter, described Carr as "the driving force behind

getting the bike ride started here."

Lyddiatt said Carr not only inspired people to participate, but kept all the records for the Great Ride for Cancer. She also spoke of the hours he dedicated to the project while he was working in Carr's Book Store and used it as a headquarters for registration for the ride, as well as a place where people could leave in memorium donations or get information.

Dick Hensen, who took over from Carr as treasurer in 1991, said, "Doug Carr is a remarkable man." He noted that the Great

Bike Ride for Cancer was started in Thamesford in 1969 and brought to Ingersoll in 1970.

"During those 21 years, Doug Carr was instrumental in raising \$179,936 for (the fight against) cancer through the rides."

Hensen also had high praise for Carr's "meticulous record keeping."

"He has always been a very generous man," Hensen said. "Throughout his life he has given generously of both his time and his material assets. It is proper that he be recognized."

The Ingersoll Times

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11/11/11

Wednesday, June 22, 1994

Vol. 25 Issue 25

61¢ Plus GST 65¢ GST Incl.

Man who loved Ingersoll has died

By Yvonne Holmes Mott

A man who truly loved Ingersoll was buried last Thursday.

Douglas M. Carr, known as "Doug" to everyone, died Tuesday, June 14, at Alexandra Hospital. He was in his 84th year.

He had battled a lengthy illness and had been hospitalized for some time.

Doug moved here, with his family, from Blyth, near the turn of the century.

He often told the story of how his father, the late A. F. Carr, a travelling salesman, used to come to Ingersoll by train with his wares. He would be met at the station by a horse and dray and taken to the Ingersoll Inn where he and other salesmen would have rooms rented to display their stock.

The family moved to Ingersoll in 1920 and opened what became Carr's Book and China Shop.

Doug left his job as manager of the Agnew Surpass Shoe Store in Ingersoll to travel around the world on a bicycle. His detailed notes and pictures, taken on the trip during the late 1930s, were turned into a book called, *Thirty Moons Around the World*.

He is generally thought to have been the last person to be able to travel freely through many of the European and Asian countries before the outbreak of World War II. The bicycle on which he made the trip has been donated to the Ingersoll Cheese Museum.

Returning home from his historical trip, he immediately enlisted in the air force and went back overseas, this time to serve his country.

When he returned, he went to work for his brother, Bertram W. Carr (now deceased), who was then owner of the store. Doug remained with the store until his retirement in 1986.

Over the years, he built up a reputation for being so knowledgeable about the town and the events that were taking place that the store became an unofficial information centre.

Doug would always oblige people. If he did not have the required information, he would quickly find it. He has been known to do everything from making phone calls to hopping into cars with total strangers to take them out to show where Aimee Semple McPherson was born.

His interests were many over the years. He travelled extensively, right up to a few years ago.

He collected stamps, autographs - and friends.

Although Doug was known for his philanthropy, always supporting local projects, he did much more than most people were aware of.

In addition to his legendary work with the Ingersoll branch of the Canadian Cancer Society, he contributed actively to many other worthwhile causes.

Intensely interested in anything that would help peoples' vision, he instigated the local collection of used eye glasses to be sent to Third World countries.

He also actively supported an organization that helps to pay for eye surgery in under-developed countries. Relatives often received a Christmas card saying, "A donation has been made in your name that will enable a person to regain his/her sight."

Doug was keenly interested in local history and took an active part in providing historical data for Ingersoll's Bicentennial a year ago. Even though he was suffering then, he managed to organize a "hot stove league" evening to get friends together to discuss the town's past for *The Ingersoll Times*.

Last fall, in severe pain, he attended another session so that some of his memories could be televised by Shaw



Doug Carr

Cable. He will be seen in a program yet to be released.

Throughout his life, Doug kept people well aware of what was happening in Ingersoll by writing to, or phoning, his favorite CBC, "Morningside" program. He promoted his home town whenever the opportunity arose.

Mayor Brian Rodenhurst described him as "a fine gentleman and very friendly.

"We will all miss both his contributions to community life and his cheerfulness," said the mayor.

A former mayor and close family friend, Gordon B. Henry said, "There was only one Doug Carr. He did work for the cancer society and other institutions that no one knows about. He did it his way and never expected any reward. I have the greatest of admiration for him."

CARR - At Alexandra Hospital, Ingersoll, on Tuesday, June 14, 1994, after a lengthy illness endured with great dignity, Douglas M. Carr, of Ingersoll, in his 84th year. Loved son of the late A. Franklin and Emma Carr. Beloved brother of Edward Carr of Weston, Edith Bonesteel of Newmarket, Howard (Mike) Carr of Port Credit and the late Bertram Carr (1985). Dear brother-in-law of Evelyn Carr. Also survived by many nieces and nephews. Highly respected for his outstanding devotion to numerous community activities, especially the Canadian Cancer Society. Doug's full and extraordinary life will be remembered by the many friends he made during his travels throughout the world. Friends were received at the McBeath Funeral Home, 246 Thames Street, South, Ingersoll on Thursday 2-4:30 and 7-9 p.m. where service was held on Friday, June 17th at 2 p.m. Rev. Roger McCombe and Rev. Austin Snyder officiated. Interment Harris Street Cemetery. Donations to the Canadian Cancer Society would be greatly appreciated. Honorary pallbearers were Lois Bradfield, Jack Herbert, Howard Horton, Les Judd, Anne Thurtell, John Lockhart and Muriel Lockhart. Pallbearers were John Gruszka, James Carr, Graham Bonesteel, Lyn Tye. 6

"A tree will be planted in an Ingersoll Park in memory of Douglas Carr."
