

HE'S GOING TO PADDLE A CANOE ALONE ALL THE WAY FROM N. Y. TO SAN FRANCISCO

Speaking of summer vacations and canoe trips and such, here's a city-weary man who is taking a summer vacation of twelve months, consisting of a canoe trip 'steen thousand miles long.

He has started to paddle from New



J. H. Sullivan, Jr., and His Canoe.

York City to San Francisco via the Great Lakes, the Mississippi, the Gulf of Mexico, the Panama Canal and the Pacific Ocean. And it will be one long summer outing, because he'll be so far south next winter that there won't be any winter.

That's going some, even for the huskiest of canoeists. But John H. Sullivan, Jr., 26, soldier of fortune, water color artist, short-story writer, self-admitted gunman of the Western variety, also expert stage mechanic and electrician and lover of all outdoors, is undismayed by all the millions of paddle strokes he'll have to take before his voyage ends.

He just tired of New York and civilization in general and had to get into the open for a while.

"New York," he said, "is a desert

of 3,000,000 souls.

"I have been in Death Valley and have enjoyed it. I have been on mountain tops and felt at home. I have paddled alone through interminable Canadian forests and ridden for days on the alkali plains of New Mexico. But never have I been so lonesome as in this town.

"I walked up and down Broadway for hours the other night and not a soul spoke to me. I'm going to beat it to a real country."

Next day he took his 16-foot canoe—the same canoe in which he navigated the streets of Peru, Ind., and saved lives in the spring flood—filled it with clothes, grub, guns, half-finished water color sketches, tobacco, shaving materials and other necessities of life, jumped in, blew a blast