



SIX AMERICANS with a wanderlust have arrived in Cape Town with their own caravans and towing vehicles. With about 90 others they plan to caravan from Cape to Cairo. From left: Wagon Boss Louis B. Mousley and his wife, Mrs. Joe Bos, Mr. Bos and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hawks.

NAIROBI STOP FOR U.S. CAPE-TO-CAIRO CARAVAN PARTY

WALLY BYAM'S American Cape-to-Cairo caravan party of 45 trucks and 41 trailers arrived in Nairobi yesterday for a stay of ten days to a fortnight for repairs and restocking. The first arrivals reached City Park at 12.30 p.m., but others who had stopped at Lake Nakuru or the Escarpment to take photographs continued to arrive throughout the afternoon.

Mr. Byam, who is 63 and comes from Ohio, organised the trip and was one of the first to reach the park. He said the party's stay at Nairobi would be the first long stop it had made since leaving the Cape in June.

None of the vehicles had anything seriously the matter with them but members of the party wished to stock up with spares before starting the next stage.

It is planned to cross the desert to Addis Ababa if a permit is granted to go over the Northern Frontier District.

The party plans to use Nairobi as a base for trips to other parts of Kenya and East Africa.

Mr Byam's group is to join 100 more caravans at Trieste on the completion of the African journey and will then tour Europe, ending at Rotterdam in October, 1960, where a charter ship will be waiting to take them home.

Most of the 104 members of his party are people who have retired and have "an itchy foot".

Mr. Byam said the party had been well received everywhere. "So many Africans wave to us along the road that we need a waving machine," he added.

X U.S. campers in Johannesburg



When the caravan stops, it's time to catch up on household duties. Here are three members of the Wally Byam Caravan pictured soon after the American tourists encamped on a grassy square in Johannesburg.

Miss Anne Monroe, aged 21 (left), rinses while her aunt, 14-year-old Frances Monroe (centre), hangs out the clothes. Looking on from the steps of the caravan is 86-year-old Dr. D. D. Monroe, father of Frances and grandfather of Anne.

S.A. so friendly, say caravaners

SUNDAY TIMES REPORTER

WITH five doctors, four millionaires, an undertaker, a dentist, two spiritualists and several professors among their number, the Wally Byam caravan of American tourists at present encamped in Bezuidenhout Park, Johannesburg, would seem to be prepared for any emergency.

Not that these luxuriously equipped, amiable and affluent Americans are expecting any hitches.

They are even calmly confident of their ability to get 41 large luxury caravans across the Gulf of Akaba by a ferry they will construct themselves.

Impressed

When I spoke to many of them yesterday as they ambled cheerfully in and out of their silver, cocoon-like caravans, they told me that the things that had impressed them most about South Africa were:

- Our food — which is a good deal cheaper—and better — than food in most parts of the world.
- Our traffic force — which, though "kinda noisy," is more efficient and has "better-looking

young fellas" in it than any other force they have seen. And,

- Our hospitality and friendliness — which is "mighty rewarding."

As an illustration of this friendliness, "wagon boss" Wally Byam told me of an incident in Grahamstown.

"A guy comes out into the street to shake hands — and invites the whole bang lot of us in to tea. Where do we go for tea? Into the City Hall. This here chap is the Mayor. Can you beat it? Then he takes us for a tour of the town by bus. And who is the spieler on the trip? The Mayor himself. Can you beat it?"

Wally suggests that South Africa should get its critics into the country and use the personal approach. Local warmth and friendliness would do much to melt the coolness outside critics feel towards the nation.

he could not go in March, when invited, but he would go in April. He was, said Chou, grateful for Nehru's "friendly invitation," and hoped to "see the dark clouds hovering between our two countries dispersed through our joint efforts."

Though Chou conceded nothing, New Delhi optimists believe that Red China is at last concerned over its deteriorating popularity in Asia, and some thought they could guess the kind of bargain Chou hoped to strike. Red China recently settled its border dispute with Burma by abandoning its claims to Burmese territory south of the McMahon Line. Perhaps Red China would similarly confirm India's northeastern borders along the 700 miles of the watershed McMahon Line, if allowed in the northwest to keep the 9,000 square miles of Kashmir around Ladakh, where Red China has built a strategic military road running from its own Sinking province into Tibet.

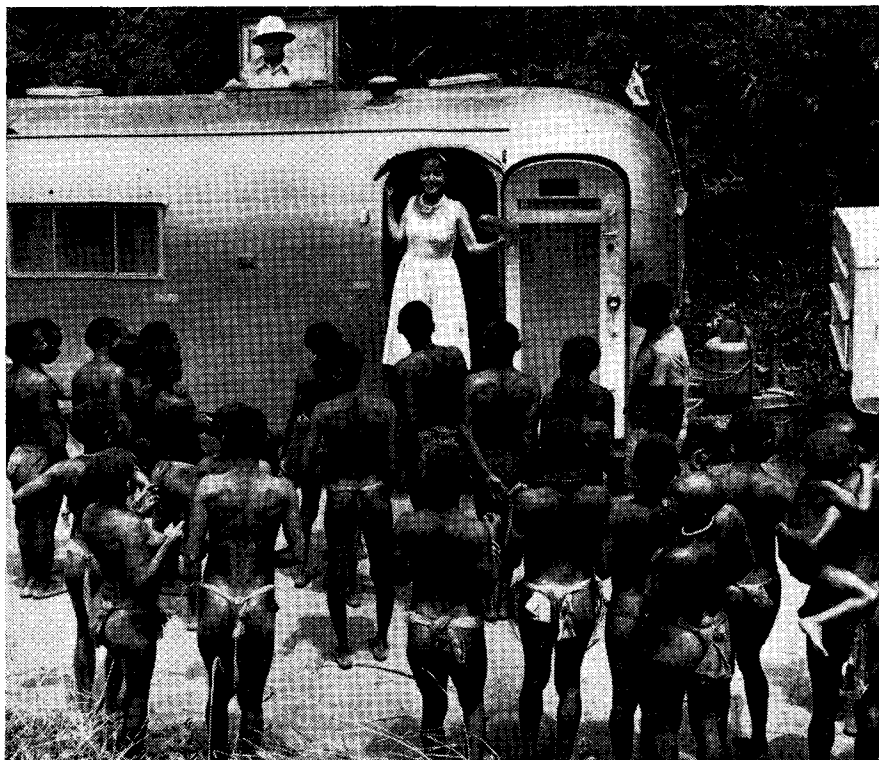
Nehru has insisted that the boundaries between China and India are a matter of historical record, which may be discussed but not renegotiated, and that there is no point in any meeting until the Chinese first vacate their posts on Indian territory. Had he changed? Answered Nehru: "I have ventured to say that I have not changed my mind. You do not seem to realize that my mind is not so thick as to see in only one direction; it can see in two or three directions. Discussions may not be fruitful, and yet they may be advisable. Do you understand that?"

AFRICA

The Adventurers

A strange caravan stopped in Beirut last week to refresh itself after eight long months on the road. On July 11, a party of 101 Americans had moved out of Cape Town in a wagon train of 41 aluminum trailers and 41 pastel-colored trucks. They had zigzagged over desert, through jungle and swamp, and it was obvious that wherever they went, the natives—the black miners of the South, the willowy Watutis, the squat Pygmies, the haughty Moslems of the North—had never seen anything quite like them. The adults among the travelers were all retired, and their ages, even after 22 children were figured in, averaged 62. By last week, when it stopped, the caravan had covered 14,800 miles and gone the length of a continent.

The man who led it is a crusty, 64-year-old trailer manufacturer from Los Angeles named Wally Byam. Wally has organized 27 such "Wally Byam's Caravans" before, and his customers have almost all been elderly men and women who would rather risk as much as \$25,000 on an adventure than sit out their retirement on a back porch. For the trailer business, it has proved good publicity, but Wally likes to think that his caravans have a kind of mission. These, says he of his companions, are no ordinary big-talking, big-spending tourists. They are "a group of upper-middle-class Americans who can enjoy their leisure and be good-will ambassadors at the same time."



WALLY & MRS. BYAM GREETING PYGMIES
In black and white.

F.P.G.

Organization Man. There are times when Ambassador Wally tries to show a bit too much good will to varied hosts. In segregated South Africa, the *Natal Daily News* gleefully quoted his observation that "Americans are not critical of your color policies." And last week, when informed that the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan would issue visas to the caravan only if no Jews were along, Wally airily replied: "We have it in black and white that there is not a single one in the whole group."

Wally's talent is not so much for diplomacy as organization. He demands discipline: a brush trailer owner who disputed him got left behind in Ethiopia. He also delegates the work. The head of the crucial Gas and Fuel Committee is a vigorous former banker from Texas named George Ezell, 62. Louis Mousely, who once grew apples in upstate New York, is the wagon boss who herds the trailers into frontier circle formation at night, and carries a special piece of string about as a measure to see that each is the proper distance from the other. Retired Contractor Guy Hawks, 56, of Louisville, is morale officer, who must find a missionary to hold church services each Sunday. The "postmaster" is Gene Ritchie, 61, once Kaiser Aluminum's chief engineer. "I wanted to meet people," says Ritchie, whose wife died before the trip, "and within 48 hours I knew everyone by his first name."

Drive One, Work Two. The trailers, fitted with kitchen, shower, radio, window screens, flush toilet, are as comfortable as Miami bungalows. But the life is not. On the very first day out of Cape Town, one trailer landed in a ditch, and seven dropped out later. Along one rugged

wasteland in southern Ethiopia the caravan lost 22 truck axles, and the passengers had to clear the trails themselves. ("Drive a mile," said one lady's diary, "work two hours on the road . . . Everyone very tired.")

In the Belgian Congo, natives greeted the Americans effusively, mistaking them for the vanguard of an army that they thought had been sent to liberate them. The Emperor of Ethiopia turned his imperial race track into a parking lot for the caravan, assigned a special guard to see it through parts of his realm that are so remote that he holds only token sovereignty. At Aswan there were drinks at the winter residence of the Begum Aga Khan. And there, too, the caravan was stoned—apparently for the benefit of the Soviet Union, which is financing the Aswan High Dam. But last week, chirpy as ever, Wally Byam was convinced that one thing had been proved: "The old folks can achieve just as much as young ones on a trip like this—only it takes them longer."

GHANA

The Climber

To Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah, 50, there seems to be one thing wrong with little (pop. 4,900,000) Ghana: it makes him feel hemmed in. Months ago he began railing at the new states of West Africa to join him in a Union of African States to foil a "colonialist plot" that aimed at "Balkanizing" the continent. His neighbors, fearing that Nkrumah had in mind a little colonizing of his own, brushed aside the scheme. Undaunted, Nkrumah has even written his Pan-African hopes into a new constitution that

U.S. caravanners having 'whale of a time'

NDOLA, Thursday.

HE paused pensively before replying, broke off to chase his three-legged dog, scratched his beard and drawled: "Well, all I can say is, it's been a whale of an experience so far."

Mr. Lee Lincoln—"no relation to Abraham Lincoln"—is one of 100 Americans travelling in the "Cape to Cairo" caravan.

They arrived here today in 40 caravans, and parked for the night at the N.R. Industrial and Commercial showground.

The caravan took nearly two months to get here from Cape

Town. It will take another month to reach Cairo, travelling through the Belgian Congo, Uganda, Sudan and Egypt.

"Tomorrow we cross the Congo border," said Mr. Lincoln, tucking his gay shirt into his brief, blue shorts. He glanced down at his feet, stockingless in heavy voo-trekker shoes, and said, in an

explanatory tone: "My, it's been hot!"

But his caravan was cool. Like the other 39, from the outside it looked like a large aluminium cigar tube. But inside, protected from the heat by walls of fibre-glass encased in aluminium, it was comfortable.

In a corner stood a 5ft.-tall

refrigerator. "Have a glass of lemonade," invited my host, and poured it from a huge bottle.

Mr. Lincoln looked a seasoned traveller. He was. "When we reach Cairo, I'm going on to four Europe.

Why not Russia? "Been there—I had my passport taken away for five years when I returned."

Of his adventures so far he said: "I did turn the trailer over on my way to Washington, when I was still in the States. And I missed my boat to Cape Town and had to wait two weeks for a cargo boat."

X American tourists don't seem to know

catch this!

That caravan trek may be heading for big trouble

By the Motor Editor

THE 105 AMERICANS who intend travelling up Africa in luxurious caravans may well find that their light-hearted dream holiday trip will turn into a nightmare. Four Johannesburg people with wide experience of travel in Africa say the party will face greater difficulties than its members seem to realize.

The people to whom I spoke were the touring expert of the Automobile Association, Mr. L. L. Leppan, Miss. Eugene Seeuwen, Mr. A. Freudenberg and Mr. John Everard.

Their opinion is that the Americans have chosen the most dif-

ficult route. Instead of planning to travel through Ethiopia and the Sudan — where Americans are not particularly welcome — they should have decided on the route through the Sahara.

Their projected route will tax their courage — and their pockets

— to the limit in spite of the fact that they are magnificently equipped.

Many of the people in the party are no longer young, while others are far too young to face a journey of this type.

Unless the drivers are extremely skilful they face a distinct possibility of getting themselves stuck, or of seeing their expensive caravans wrecked.

In some places where there are hairpin bends the caravans will have to be manhandled round the corners; in other places they will become stuck in dips in the road or on tall "middelmannetjies."

FERRY TROUBLE

If the Americans follow their original route to Nairobi, which will take them through Albertville on the western side of Lake Tanganyika, they will have difficulties at the ferry at Kiambi.

They can expect to spend at least three days here getting their vehicles across the river and may even be forced to wait twice as long.

DESERT HEAT

After Nairobi their difficulties will increase rapidly. They hope to go through Kenya into Ethiopia, but it seems doubtful that permits will be given to them for this.

In Ethiopia and the Sudan they will find bad roads and the weather may be against them.

They then face the Nubian Desert, where the heat may be unbearable for the older people.

The fact that some of the Americans have no idea of what lies ahead seems to be expressed in the remark of one driver who said that the road between Kokstad and Port Edward was appalling. He hoped that there was nothing else in Africa like it.