

Bruised U. S. Trekkers Arrive in Ethiopia

ADDIS ABABA, Ethiopia (AP)—Smelling of the bush, covered with red dust and with sores on their hands, Wally Byam's "lost tribe" of 90 Americans groaned into Addis Ababa Thursday—20 days after leaving Nairobi, Kenya.

Emperor Haile Selassie put the imperial race track at their disposal as a parking lot for their

35 trucks and trailers. Hundreds of curious Ethiopians gathered to peep through the fence at the "American invasion."

Caravan chief Byam of Los Angeles is leading a safari 11,000 miles from Capetown to the Mediterranean through darkest Africa.

Most of the caravan's members—from 24 states—are edlerly peo-

ple with wanderlust. But 21 are from 6 to 19 years old, and there are more women than men.

JOKE ON DILEMMA

The sore hands, Wally explained, came from building their own roads in many parts of southern Ethiopia.

"We are thinking of presenting a bill to the Ethiopian government for improving the roads," quipped one sore-handed caravaner.

Broken axles and springs and burst tires slowed the caravan to as little as seven miles a day.

The caravan has now covered 10,000 miles from Capetown.

The youngest caravaner is Susan Frosch, 6, making the trip with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Frosch of Hurlock, Md.

"The youngsters are taking the stiff African safari wonderfully," Byam said.

EAGER TO PUSH ON

The adventurers are eager to push on to Cairo before Christmas.

By the time they reach the Mediterranean, expedition members will have filmed a wide range of big game, climbed Kili-manjaro and fished off the African coast.

From Suez, most will continue by sea to Lebanon, Turkey, the Balkans and Europe.

Byam has conducted many similar trips.

Africa Caravanners Get Royal Welcome In Ethiopia

One of the most interesting tales the Africa caravanners who are pioneering with Wally Byam from Capetown to Cairo in their Airstream Land Yachts are going to tell when they get back, will be about their official reception at the Imperial Palace of Ethiopia's Emperor, Haile Selassie. This was conducted with formal court etiquette that required each couple to bow or curtsy upon entering the throne room, to bow or curtsy again half way across as they approached the Emperor, and to bow or curtsy a final time when they were presented to this dignified personage who is the Elect of God, Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah, King of Zion, Negusa Nagast (King of Kings) and Emperor of Ethiopia.

After the presentation, champagne was served to the caravanners and His Imperial Majesty asked to talk to various couples. He was most interested to learn just who these people were, and why they had worked so hard to get over primitive camel trail "roads" to visit his country.

The caravanners explained that they had no connection with the U.S. Government except to pay their taxes, and that they had come entirely as tourists, just to meet the Ethiopian people and see their country. All of them encouraged Haile Selassie to start a tourist department because they thought Ethiopia was the most beautiful country in Africa and had many attractions for visitors.

There is no record of the Emperor's answer when he was asked by one of the teen-age girls what he thought of Rock 'n Roll, but the fact of the question indicates the freedom of conversation between the caravanners and the most absolute monarch they have ever met.

When the reception was over, the caravanners had to exit from the Imperial presence with the same three bows or curtsies, only this time they were performed while backing toward the door. Most of the caravanners are a little old to remember their dancing school days when they might have learned these formal gestures, and certainly in their lives as doctors and farmers, small businessmen and fruit growers, they have had no reason to practice such graces.

However lacking their performances, all of them managed without mishaps, and in any event, His Majesty was more impressed with their



Haile Selassie I, Emperor of Ethiopia, was given conducted tour through Land Yachts when he visited the Wally Byam Caravan encampment in Addis Ababa. Wally Byam (left), U.S. Ambassador Bliss were guides.

honest friendliness and interest in his country, than in the punctiliousness of their court department.

The Wally Byam Caravan made its way to Addis Ababa overland. They discounted the wire services reports of hardship since they all had adequate supplies of food, and their own comfortable travel trailers to live in. But they do have vivid memories of the hard work (cutting down trees, carrying buckets of rocks and earth to fill in gullies, pushing and pulling) it took to get the 1100 miles from Nairobi, Kenya, to the capital of Ethiopia.

The route they followed was not a road in the formal sense of the word. Traffic consisted of camel caravans, burros, and foot travelers. The only construction ever done was started by the Italians for jeep-type vehicles.

Since the Ethiopians have very few motorized units of any kind, they have not bothered to keep up even this rudimentary road building done nearly 20 years ago. Only a group of tourists like the caravanners would have considered making this trip, and only their long experience in group travel and cooperative effort brought them and their Land Yachts through.

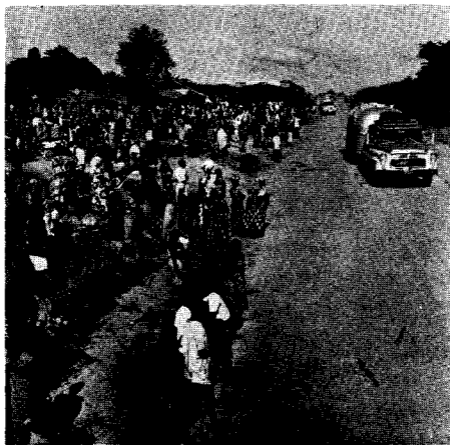
As a parting salute to Ethiopia, before they headed north to Khartoum, the caravanners entertained Haile Selassie at the caravan encampment. They decided to serve simple American refreshments at tables set up outside, in their own version of a "sidewalk cafe." The ladies of the caravan baked up batches of their favorite cookies, brewed pots of coffee, and iced up coke for the youngsters. His Majesty toured the whole camp and asked to visit in about twelve of the 36 Land Yachts parked at the Royal Race Track. His interest in the Airstreams was so evident that the caravanners are planning to send one to him as a "thank you" present for the really royal hospitality they enjoyed in Ethiopia.

Caravan Invades The Congo

In the Belgian Congo, the Africa caravanners have met native chiefs in their ceremonial robes, have watched a real witch doctor perform his strange rituals, have visited with pygmies, and have traveled through Tarzan-like jungle. They have negotiated mountain roads so curving and narrow that traffic is controlled by natives living alongside the road at regular intervals who beat on oil drums to stop vehicles coming in the opposite direction.

They have also had some experience with the tremendous rains, and report that our gully-washers are drizzles by comparison with the way rain can come down in this part of Africa. Now they know why their schedule was planned to avoid the two rainy seasons in the central part of this vast continent.

In contrast to the native villages, caravanners have been astonished at



Byam Caravan intrigues crowd of natives as it leave Beni in the Belgian Congo. Caravanners have met native chiefs in their ceremonial robes, have watched a real witch doctor perform his strange rituals, have visited the pigmies and traveled through the Tarzan-like jungle. Next stop Uganda, Kenya.

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Along the road, the natives will bargain at any hour. While they cannot understand each other, caravanners and natives can arrive at a price by writing figures in the dirt. If the amount offered is not enough the native draws a line through the figure and writes down his price. This continues until both agree. The dusty side of an Airstream makes a good place for this haggling, say the caravanners.

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Jan 1960

Caravanners Push Northward To Cairo



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The caravan began the tour in Cape Colony and will continue north to Cairo, Egypt.

African Caravan In Cairo

On February 6th, 1960, the Wally Byam Africa Caravan wagonwheeled in the shadow of the Great Pyramid at Gizeh, just outside Cairo, and two days later they were parked right in the city on the site of the old Shepard's Hotel. They had successfully accomplished the south to north crossing of the Dark Continent. It was not "a breeze" but their eight-month long adventure was an unforgettable trip.

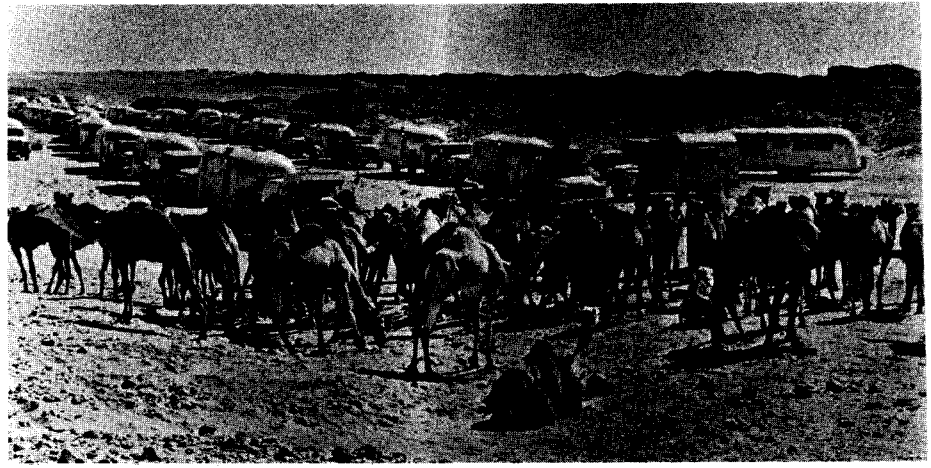
Most of the Caravanners were agreed that the high spot was their reception by Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia, but even after leaving Addis Ababa, their days were packed with new experiences. One day they boarded the little Egyptian sailboats used as ferries across the Nile, and went to visit the Begum de Aga Khan. They found her a charming and gracious hostess, and were all delighted with the opportunity to see her lovely home.

After the Nubian desert crossing, accomplished by eight Airstreams, while the rest went north to Wadi Halfa by train, all of the Caravanners voted to ship north on the Nile by barge. They felt, and rightly so, that they had proved they could go through any kind of terrain, but that it took too much pushing and pulling, especially since they were on a pleasure trip.

Caravan type activities went on as each barge with its load of four or five units proceeded down the Nile. Usually two or three barges traveled together, anchoring near the shore at night. Caravanners would gather in the evening to talk and plan, and there was even a typical Caravan potluck — served in the middle of the Nile somewhere between Wadi Halfa and Shellal, Egypt.

A real treat for the Caravan was the sight of paved roads to take them the rest of the way north after they debarked. They hurried on to Luxor where they spent several days exploring the magnificent temples there and at nearby Karnak. In fact, most of them wished they had more time to spend in this area. But the Caravan was long overdue in Cairo.

From Cairo they drove to Alexandria and shipped to Beirut, Lebanon, to begin a new caravan episode. After exploring the sights of the Holy Land they will circle around the Mediterranean through Syria, Turkey, Greece and Yugoslavia before meeting the European Caravan in Trieste, Italy.

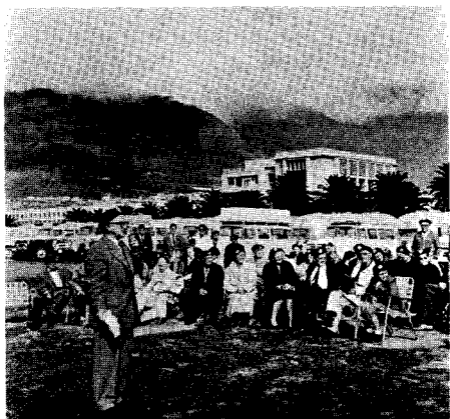


**EVERYONE READS THE
CLASSIFIED ADS!**

Capetown Welcomes Byam Caravanners

Caravanners with Wally Byam in Africa report the most hospitable welcome they have ever received. Their campsite in Capetown was equipped with every Caravan luxury—plenty of water, a big area for meeting time, fence and watchman, lights and even telephone.

A new caravan custom was started here. As members arrived to join the tour, those already settled-in



Wally Byam conducts "Meeting Time" at Capetown, South Africa, encampment. Caravanners enjoy Winter sunshine as clouds lift from slopes of Table Mountain, famous landmark.

greeted them with a potluck supper. This custom solved two problems: getting new caravanners introduced all around, and giving them more time to get their Land Yachts unpacked after shipping.

Weather in Capetown was rainy one minute—sunshine the next. It is winter there with temperatures about 55°. Caravanners wore coats most of the time and always slept under blankets.

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The Mayor of Capetown and the U.S. Consul General were honored guests.

All caravanners report that everyone in town has been out to see the 'amazing Airstreams'. Local businessmen just can't believe the details about the Land Yachts—so everyone has to come and see for himself.

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Land Yachting



WITH
**Wally
Byam**

BULAWAYO, SOUTHERN RHODESIA

We've left the big cities of Africa behind and are getting into the countryside. So far, none of us can rave about the scenery. Up to now it has been a sort of combination of North Dakota and western Texas. According to the maps and guide-books we'll be getting into more interesting territory soon.

For days now we've been traveling over what they call "strip roads" out here. The distances are so enormous that they can't afford to put down a solid highway, so they run a truck with what looks like two big toothpaste tubes on the back, over the route, and this truck lays down two ribbons of asphalt. Unfortunately for us, the strips are calculated for the narrower tread of European cars so we have our choice of riding one wheel on and one wheel off, or both sort of on the edge. Either way, we get a few more bumps than the regular travelers.

But there are no complaints out of this group of Caravanners. The old timers among us agree with me that never, anywhere else in the world we've Caravanned, have we ever been so overwhelmed with hospitality. I really mean overwhelmed. We had to get out here in the wide open spaces of Africa, where you can travel all day and not even see a native village, so we could sort of rest up from all the entertaining and being entertained. Why, for a couple of weeks, we didn't do any more cooking than to fix the first pot of coffee in the morning. Every place we hit had planned some kind of meal for us. Some days we must have had four "teas" in one day, and this is in addition to our regular meals. We had many braai bleis (barbeques), some where the steaks, or sausages, or whatever was all cooked for us, and others where you could select your own food and cook it yourself however you liked it.

We've seen native dances of all kinds. Some big formal festivals where the "Europeans" (all whites in Africa are called "Europeans") have sponsored the dances to keep the native cultures alive, and other sort of impromptu affairs. In fact, there is so much rhythm in the kids out here that when they see us coming down the road they break into a jig. Naturally, all kinds of special events have been staged for the Caravan — and the coming of the Caravan to any place is a real special event for the people. They turn out in droves to see us. Maybe "droves" isn't a big enough word — we've had as many as 4,000 visitors in one day in our camp. This is a new experience for those who are Caravanning for the first time. When we told them, months ago, that they would be representing America and the American way of life, I'm sure they didn't know how many pairs of curious eyes would be peering at every aspect of the American way of peeling a potato or washing a dish. Every one of our Caravanners is doing a fine job of making friends here in Africa and for that reason we are all having a wonderful time.

Land Yachting



WITH
**Wally
Byam**

KIMBERLY, UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA—By now we've been traveling in Africa for a month and we're storing up lots of impressions. The reception of the Caravan has been terrific. Everywhere we go there is some kind of an official greeting plus all kinds of social invitations. We do our share of entertaining too, mostly informal because what everyone wants to see is the inside of an Air-stream, and invariably each one is amazed at the completeness of our Land Yachts.

So far the countryside reminds us most of southern California, though we left Capetown we had to climb up over two steep passes with 18% grades. The local police offered to close the road until we had made the climb, but we declined and everyone made it fine. The view from the top was tremendous. Then we came back down to the shores of the Indian Ocean for our camp at Mossel Bay where the lighthouse swept its beam over us all night long.

At Oudtshoorn we went to see the Ostrich Farm and learned how to pluck ostrich feathers—there's quite a trick to it but I wonder when we'll have a chance to practice. Anyhow we had ostrich omelet that we all thought was delicious, and some of the Caravanners went riding. You have to be careful around ostriches, they can kill a steer with one kick.

So far we've discovered no supermarkets. In the big cities we buy our food supplies in department stores, the hardware stores are more like our drug stores with a variety of items, drug stores are called chemists and sell only drugs and films. In the little villages we shop in the Indian markets which are very much like the Mexican markets.

One day we all went to the Stinkwood Furniture Factory, you wouldn't think they'd come right out and call it that, but out here stinkwood is very rare. a beautiful hard wood that takes a high polish, so if you have stinkwood furniture it's something to be proud of. And in a Port Elizabeth tea room we got real big, juicy hot dogs smothered in onions for a shilling—about 14c.

At Umtata, the Pondos (called the Red Blanket Tribe) put on some masked fertility dances with the maidens parading their charms in front of the young men who were all tired out from some earlier rites. The poor girls didn't get much response from their act. And when we went to see the elephant herd they lured the elephants into a clearing with straw and then threw down oranges and grapefruit for them to eat, but the elephants wouldn't touch the grapefruit until all the oranges were gone.

We've covered over 2000 miles and we've hardly begun the tour.

Land Yachting



WITH
**Wally
Byam**

Nairobi, Kenya, Africa—The big jump is now ahead of us. We've just about run out of roads in Africa and from here we'll be going north by guess and by gosh. What roads we've had lately have been pretty poor, very washboardy, sometimes the best we could average was 15 mph. But we have all made it to Nairobi, only a couple of days behind our schedule.

We were stopped on the road by a tribe of Pygmies in the Belgian Congo and visited in one of their "villages." If we thought the mud-walled grass shacks of other natives were primitive, the way the Pygmies build their shelters is really something. They make a kind of igloo out of big leaves, piling one on top of the other until they have enough to keep off the rain. They do all their cooking—such as it is—out of doors. About the only thing they do well at all, is shoot their bows and arrows. They put on an "archery match" for us, and a lot of the Caravanners bartered for the bows as souvenirs to take home.

This business of souvenirs is quite a thing with Caravanners. Even in a Land Yacht you can fill all the closets and drawers if you buy enough baskets, beadwork, carved wooden animals, spears, shields and bows and arrows. We've already had one "white elephant" sale where everyone sorted out his collection and decided that he'd have to get rid of some items so he'd have room to buy something more tomorrow, or maybe so he'd be able to get into his bed tonight. It takes so long to go through all the red tape to send a package home that some of the Aunt Minnies are just going to have to do without the real native whatsis their Caravanner wanted to send back.

As we leave Nairobi we are going to need complete supplies of food, water and gasoline. We don't know what we are going to find along the way. While the Caravan cleaned up and stocked up in this modern city, I flew up to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia to tell them the Caravan was coming. The big thing the officials up there couldn't understand was why we were coming. We must have more of a reason than just to see their country and meet their people. "Tourist" is a word they just don't know. Guess none of *them* can afford to be tourists, and no one comes to Ethiopia without some motive. I hope the Caravan can teach a few Ethiopians that knowing about a country and its way is enough of a reason for one people to visit another. Maybe we can show them the value of making friends for friendship sake. Evidently the government is so worried about outside groups coming in to "educate the masses" that they can't believe we have no axes to grind or literature to hand out. Anyhow, they finally stamped all our papers and we have been cleared to enter the country. I'm sure they are going to be amazed by the Caravan.

As I said Nairobi is really modern. Some of the architecture is very much like the buildings of the University of Mexico, but there is no free mail service here, so no one bothers to put his address in the phone book—just a number for a box where he goes and picks up the mail. So if you want to go to a particular shop, you have to call up and ask where it is located—they never heard of the "yellow pages" either. And if you are out where there is no phone, you hail a "boy" in the street, give him the name, and ask him to guide you to the place.

One thing about Nairobi that was a real "first" for me. They warned me not to ride my motor scooter outside the city limits or the lions might get me. That's the truth. The lions roam the roads outside and they're no longer frightened by the scooters.

(advertisement)

Land Yachting

WITH
**Wally
Byam**



ADDIS ABABA, ETHIOPIA—Like the camel trains we have crossed the mountains of Ethiopia over trails that only a camel can negotiate with any degree of comfort. At night when we stopped the camel caravans would be parked all around us. The people leading the camel caravans seem to be mostly women. There are some men, but the men just walk along carrying spears and the women do the guiding. These Ethiopians are quite good-looking, but very serious, not laughing and smiling like the people of the Congo. They dress in lengths of material that they wrap around them or throw over their shoulders.

We have passed towns that look for all the world like a fortress of the French Foreign Legion—white houses, white fortress-type buildings and white minarets. The water in many places is very brackish—almost too salty to drink.

On the trip from Nairobi to Neghelli we learned quite a bit about getting a Caravan over roads that aren't roads. For instance we have found out that 16 men, 20 women and 9 children on the end of a rope have much more power than an extra truck with supposedly 160 HP. We've been traveling with 10 Ethiopian guards and you have never seen such flabbergasted people in all your lives as these guards watching these Americans work. When we come to a place in the road that we just can't negotiate, we all pitch in with picks and shovels, the women carry buckets of dirt and in pretty fast order we repair the road. The going was slow, slogging and tiresome.

Yet these Caravanners have what it takes. Give them a little rest and all their fight comes back. After a day in which we might make only 7 or 8 miles, they would still throw a potluck supper. One night we bought a whole steer for \$8 and cut it up and everybody got out his pressure cooker and fixed up a big pot of Hunters' stew. Then we had a bonfire and singing and a typical Caravan evening.

Here in Ethiopia we have passed through the most primitive country we've found anywhere in Africa. About 100 miles south of Addis Ababa there is a district where the people go around dressed in skins, actually, honestly and truthfully. Just some skins hanging on the front and back of them and the little kids, boys and girls, don't wear any clothes at all. They live from the herds—cattle, camels and burros. They don't seem to raise very much. Very primitive people, but quite intelligent and good looking. This is a beautiful country, one of the most beautiful parts of Africa.

Addis Ababa is at 8,000 feet altitude, and the days are warm and the nights are as cold as the dickens.

We are parked in the Racetrack here and everybody is beginning to catch his breath and get cleaned up. We've sent out the laundry, replenished our grocery supplies, and are ready to entertain visitors again. All of Haile Selasse's grandchildren came to see us—each one with his pet lion. And we have been invited to the palace and His Majesty is going to come and see the Caravan. You should see our midwestern ladies doing Queen Elizabeth curtsies when we meet the royalty. Imagine the stories they are going to tell their grandchildren about how they were entertained by The Conquering Lion of Judah, 225th in line of descent from Solomon and Sheba. I'm sure this could only happen to those on a Caravan.

Land Yachting

WITH
**Wally
Byam**



CAIRO, EGYPT—The Wally Byam Caravan from Capetown to Cairo is now history. We made it. It wasn't the easiest Caravan, but I know that these Africa Caravanners will do more talking about the rough spots in the route than about all the rest of it. It's the difficulties you surmount to achieve your objective that point up our Caravans. These days, when so many things are made so easy, most of us are looking for a challenge. Getting from here to there where everyone says you shouldn't go—is a challenge the Caravanners are ready to accept, and now they are all enjoying the satisfaction of reaching a goal.

We've had a lot of experiences on the way. I'm sure no group of travelers has ever enjoyed such a variety of hospitality. We have spent the night near the fires of a camel caravan, we have filled our water tanks from the well in a desert oasis, we have been house-guests of a tribal chieftain who greeted us in a formal English garden to the strains of weird native chants—the royal music that must be played for the ears of the chief 24 hours a day. When we moved indoors for refreshments, the musicians stationed themselves outside an open window. They seem to work on shifts with a new man replacing one who gets tired or blown out.

We have sampled "mealie meal" in the rondavels of the Zulus, and very fancy hors d'oeuvres and petit fours in the home of the Begum of the late Aga Khan, when we visited her near Aswan on the Nile. We've also cooked up a lot of new things in our own Airstreams, our ladies have developed their favorite recipes for kudu and antelope, and for getting more variety out of the native fruits and vegetables. I wouldn't be telling the truth, if I didn't admit that it was a wonderful change of pace for us to have American food, entertainment, and friends when we stopped at the Army base in Asmara, but after that breath of home, we were ready to continue our pioneering.

In addition, we have camped at night in the wild animal country where we were lulled to sleep by a chorus of coughs, grunts and howls. Traffic hazards here were mostly elephants, who have an undisputed right of way. There isn't a Caravanner who hasn't seen every animal he came to see—lions, elephants and monkeys by the score, and thousands upon thousands of giraffe, zebra, and antelope.

We've met the many people of Africa. The Zulus, the Johannesburg "Mine Boys" who can be from any tribe or area, the Bantus, the Watutsi and the Pygmies, the Ethiopians and the Egyptians. We've exchanged ideas with chiefs with Oxford accents who are heads of areas as large as any of our States, and we've done our best with simple words and phrases to communicate with village elders who have little contact with anything further than five miles away. We've compared notes with British colonials in cities and remote outposts, noticed the differences between the policy of one foreign government and another, and found out the rewards and difficulties of conducting a business in this tremendous area. We have learned for ourselves some of the facts about the continent of Africa. We are proud to be the first group ever to make this overland trek, to have proved once more that an Airstream makes this kind of travel possible. We know that others will follow behind us—that has been the history of Caravanning. We feel a great sense of accomplishment in opening up new roads of adventure for other Land Yachtsmen. For all of us on the Africa Caravan, Capetown to Cairo has been the biggest thrill of our lives.

Land Yachting

WITH
**Wally
Byam**



BEIRUT, LEBANON—Our African adventures are over, and adventures we certainly did have. In many ways we are glad to have reached the goal we set for ourselves, and it's still too soon to say that we'd like to go back, but I'm sure that as our memories mellow, we will find ourselves reminiscing about certain places that appealed to us most—and beginning to consider a return visit. It happens after every Caravan and I know this one will be no exception.

While we Africa veterans are establishing a base camp from which to tour the Holy Land, we know just what the Caravanners who are going to meet us in Europe are doing. This is the time for the last minute packing, the farewell parties, and the day of departure when everything is finally done and you hitch up your outfit, turn the key in the front door and head for the highway to the rendezvous.

Behind the scenes a great deal of activity has already gone on to prepare for this 1960 Caravan to Europe. Ben Kemperman, the Tour Director, has just made a second trip to visit all the cities where the Caravan will park. He has checked all the campsites and alerted the local suppliers of the things we will need. He has informed officials of the date the Caravan will arrive and has arranged for police escort where we must go through crowded or confusing cities. Ben's many languages are invaluable here and because he knows his way around Europe so well, we are sure all our hosts know all about us and are waiting to welcome the Caravan.

From Beirut I flew over to Paris to confer with Ben about any last minute problems, and was very happy to find that nothing that can be done is left undone. We're all set to have a wonderful summer in Europe. We think each new tour of an area is better than the one before. Probably the group who went to Europe in 1956 will say that nothing could beat their trip, but there are some new features for 1960 that the Caravanners are going to enjoy. For one thing, they are all going to sail on the same ship and will have a chance to get acquainted and organized even before they land in Rotterdam. And this year we will see the famous Passion Play in Oberammergau that is presented only every ten years. We'll be in Rome when the Olympics get underway, too.

Of course, every summer there is an extra added attraction in Europe. Last year it was the Brussels Fair. This year it is the Passion Play and the Olympics. We don't know yet what will make 1962 a special year, but so many Caravanners have already asked when the next Caravan will go to Europe, that we are seriously considering making this one of our regular tours in the even numbered years.

For us at Airstream and at Caravan Headquarters, it's not too soon to start planning. We know that when this 1960 group gets back home in the fall and spreads the word about the fact that they didn't have to worry about reservations, that they didn't have to pass up any of the places they wanted to see because there were no rooms available, and that they were never sick a minute because they could fix their own food—then there are going to be a lot more people who will want to travel the Land Yacht way. So we'll all be working ahead getting ready to roll more Caravans to the same places and to new places. As soon as we find out what Caravanning in the Holy Land is like we may add that to our schedule. The Indian Tourist Department is sending us all their most enticing literature. If you are going to be along, now is the time to get started.