

What do you do, in 1958, when you hear that Wally Byam is going to run one of his famous Caravans to Africa? The Caravan will leave Cape Town, Union of South Africa in early July 1959 and arrive in Bethlehem, Jordan for Christmas.

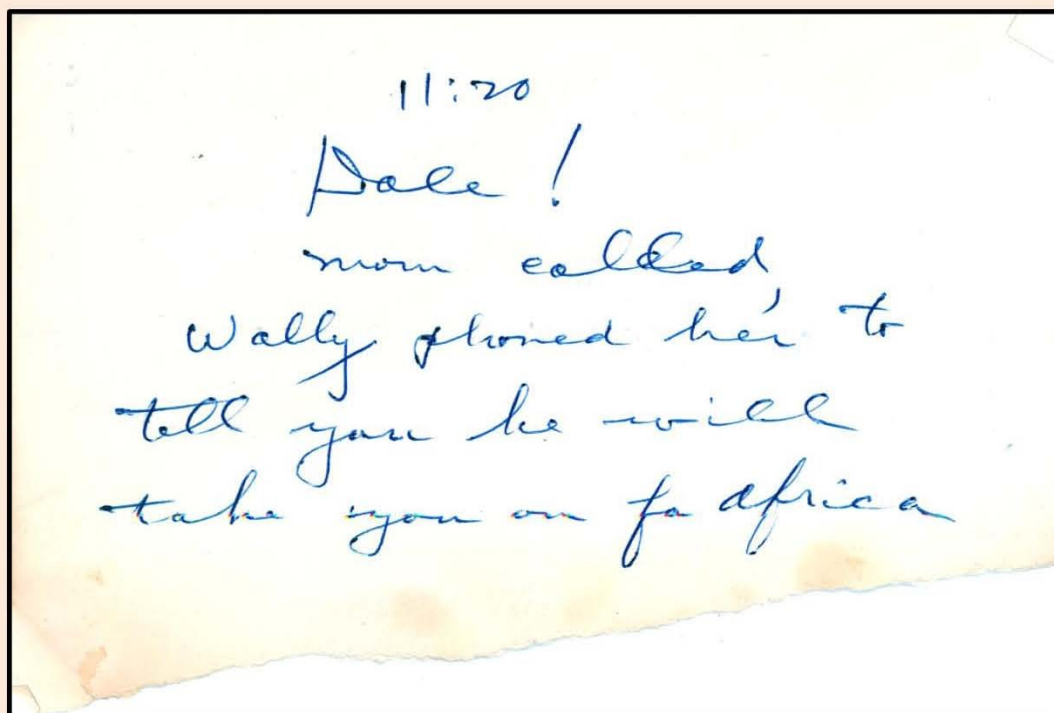
I know what I did. I called Wally and asked if I could join the Caravan. Of course, it will be a working position.

Wally said yes. The exact job will be in discussion for several months. The next time Wally and I talked, we discussed the position of Advance Scout. I told Wally its sounds good. He outlined the position. Talking to officials at all levels of government, finding and approving campsites, taking an inventory of markets, service stations, post offices and any services required by the Caravanners; and of course making sure that the roads were good, bad, worse, or non-existent.

One major stipulation. Wally said, "Pee Wee, we need 35 Airstream rigs." January passed, February passed, March passed and then a call to my Mother, Helen Byam Schwamborn, and a second call to my Dad, Henry Schwamborn.

That day I had classes at Bakersfield College. When I came home for lunch, there on the counter is a slip of paper. It had the news I had been waiting for. **"He will take you to Africa."** (We actually started with 41 Airstreams, and 3 auxiliary vehicles.)

Here is the note after fifty-one years.



11:20
Dale!
mom called
Wally phoned her to
tell you he will
take you on fa africa