



Photo by Chet Coffey

TRAILEROAMING

with Richard Hayes

Colonel Hayes, author of Travel Trailers and the Clubs, is probably America's leading authority on trailer activities

IN ITS DAY, the tepee was an epochal invention. It brought primitive men out of their caves and made possible the joining of their families for mutual protection and betterment.

Of equal importance was the invention of the travois. In case you don't have a travois handy, this was a stretcher-like conveyance, its two side-poles attached to a horse, much like the shafts of a wagon. Naturally, the opposite ends dragged on the ground, since knowledge of the wheel was yet to come, and this made for rough riding. But the device was practical, enabling the ancients to transport their tepees, provisions and other chattels, as well as their aged and infirm.

Thus were evolved the nomads—tribes of humans fully equipped to seek new hunting

grounds whenever necessity dictated, able to "follow the sun" for more comfortable living. Few records have come down to us, yet in the ashes of their campfires, in their lost or discarded ornaments, in the unearthed remnants of drums and other musical instruments, as well as in crude petroglyphs, we can read the story of a wonderfully happy people. And, who wouldn't be happy, living always where the fruits of nature are most abundant, in the warm sunlight of the South during winter months and in the cool retreats of the North in summer?

That question is just as appropriate today as it might have been many milleniums ago. Men of genius have wrought wonders in science, agriculture and industry over the years, but nothing has ever changed

man's fundamental urge to visit new places and challenge new adventures. Most of us are nomads at heart.

Today, a quarter of a million Americans have discovered a marvelous substitute for the travois. This is called a trailer—a vacation trailer if up to 16 feet in length, enjoyed primarily for week-end and holiday trips, or a travel trailer when longer, equipped with space and facilities for extended visits to faraway places. Our modern nomads are ever seeking new hunting grounds—not for sustenance, as did the ancients, but for happiness. They like their trailers because they can take their families with them.

MY WIFE, Helen, and I, just a couple of that quarter-million, made our discovery more than a dozen years ago. Since then, we have trailered many times across the country by different routes, up and down both coasts, into America's great recreation areas. We have wintered in Florida and in Palm Springs, summered in New England, in the Northwest and at other points along the Pacific Coast. This has meant a new life for us—an exciting and healthful life.

Many might ask how one first becomes interested in trailering. Among the thousands of enthusiasts I have met, none has ever considered his trailer a luxury. For most of us it fills a need. In our case, this was a need to escape the boredom of routine community life, and to do it inexpensively, for seldom does retired pay permit many luxuries.

Right here, I must confess that the idea was originally mine. Helen countered with skepticism. First, she asked a question: "What will the neighbors think?" You have all heard that one! Then she took a more positive stand: "I wouldn't be caught dead with one of those things behind me!" All of which might have discouraged a less stubborn soul.

Now, the neighbors, themselves, have answered Helen's question. Since we acquired our coach, many of them have bought travel trailers! As to the "caught dead" retort, Helen has come to learn that driving a car with a trailer attached is actually safer than driving the car alone. So, that remark has become pointless. Yet, her inference that there could be no trailer in the family once needed more doings to overcome.

I had the travel fever bad. From our Auto Club and the oil companies I gathered a pile of road maps. I purchased a copy of *The American Guide*, a book indispensable to all who travel since it describes in much detail the points of interest along our nation's highways. These maps and the book kept me burning the midnight oil. I wanted to find a nice place to take a trailer—a place that would intrigue Helen—then lay out a route, so that she would know just how far we would travel each day and where we would stay at night in order to put her mind at ease.



Richard Hayes has often "traileroamed" alone and with caravans such as this one; Mount Shasta, California is seen.

TRAILEROAMING

with Richard L. Hayes

"On my very first trip," Richard Hayes reminisces,

"I learned to pack a travel trailer—the hard way!"



Richard L. Hayes

RESearch, today, is quite the thing. Ever since Sputnik I spun us into the meshes of its frightening cocoon, research has burst previously staid bonds and exploded into fantastic fields. Now we are researching everything, from the ions in the ionosphere to the dye in diapers.

Recently a group of learned scientists at a famous university researched the pineapple. They have announced the astounding discovery that every pineapple has exactly the same number of "eyes," regardless of its size. (Information we furnish without cost to our readers.)

No doubt, this is important. But if, just a few years ago, those scientists had only researched the quantity of pineapples needed on a trailer trip, their conclusions might have been far more practical and could have saved my wife and me some awful headaches. Pineapples—in cans, of course—almost took over our coach! As every old-timer knows, beginning trailerists tend to overload their rigs, and we were then beginners. It takes time to learn a primary lesson about "the conservation of space." And this requires research into nooks and crannies.

The ingenious craftsmen who designed our trailer were masters of conservation. They utilized every inch of space, except a bare minimum obligingly allowed for the air we had to breathe. Their genius ran to

cupboards, wardrobe closets and storage nooks, and full exercise of their imagination was hampered only by the unavoidable necessity of placing certain essentials, such as a sink, gas range, refrigerator and beds. Even so, one of the beds doubled as a dining nook at the front of the trailer and the indispensable room heater, vented through the ceiling, was sequestered in a small alcove which could serve no other purpose.

When my wife, Helen, saw all the storage space in our first coach she was beside herself. Out the window went our carefully composed lists of bare essentials for travel. Substituted, was her new philosophy of trailer packing which required getting everything from a six-room house into a coach, 21-feet long and eight-feet wide.

Col. Richard L. Hayes, author, columnist and, now, contributing editor of MHJ, has introduced the joys of trailer travel to many thousands of happy Americans.

FINALLY I hit upon a likely spot. "How would you like to go to Stinkingwater Mountain?" I asked. After all, the manufacturers' brochures had said that you could take a trailer to the most exotic places.

"Stinkingwater Mountain!" she exclaimed. "Where's that?"

"Up in Oregon," I replied. "It's a little north of Wagonire Summit, east of Sage Hen Hill and not far from Poison Creek. It's near Skull Spring, too."

The look she gave me would have dried that spring up pronto. "There's enough about this whole business that stinks, without going looking for it," was her only response.

It wasn't enough. I tried again, and this time I thought I had it made. "How about going to Hannibal, Missouri?" I asked.

"Never heard of it," she fibbed. "What's there?"

"That's just the point," I argued. "With a trailer you can visit places you have never even heard about. Hannibal happens to be the boyhood home of Mark Twain. It was the scene of many adventures of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. It was where Tom's sweetheart, Becky Thatcher, lived, and nearby is a cave where Tom and Becky were lost. Just the place to absorb a little Americana."

It didn't work. "You must be going into your second childhood," she retorted. "As for me, I want no part of Tom Sawyer or Huck Finn. And if Becky Thatcher got herself lost in a cave it serves her right for spelunking with a boy!"

Then she spied a map of Florida. Her eyes gleamed as she recalled a surrey ride in St. Augustine, the glass-bottom boat at Silver Springs, the rainbow waters in which float the Keys, Sanibel Island off Fort Myers, with its extraordinary sea shells, Hialeah Park at Miami, the Bok Tower, Tamiami Trail and Cypress Gardens.

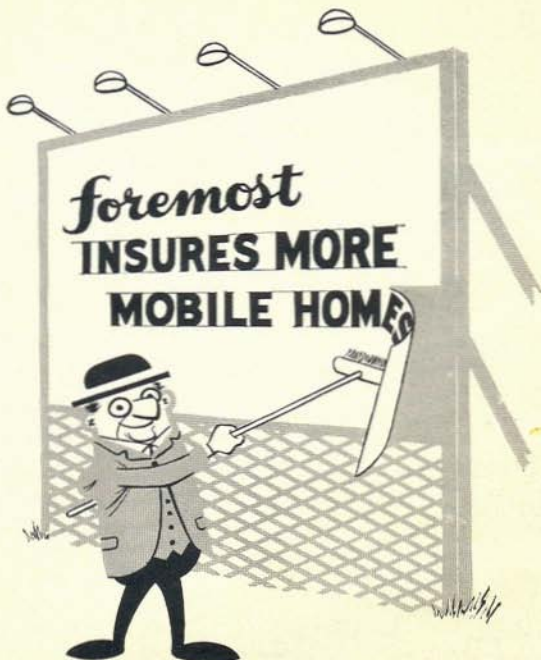
But I noticed that the gleam had a hard edge, and I knew from her glance that she was anticipating the opportunity to collect more ammunition for the defense of her beloved California. Like, when it sprinkles in Palm Springs, she can say: "Oh, but you should see it *rain* in Florida!"

Anyway, I caught her glance and made my pitch.

"Shall we spend the winter in Florida?" She nodded. After that, it was easy.

PERHAPS I have made this conversion of Helen sound too devious. Actually it wasn't, once I had probed the right bait. But the skirmish was not quite yet won, and, paradoxically, it was the inherent friendliness of trailerists, a common characteristic of which we are all very proud, which almost proved my undoing.

This near-catastrophe happened in our first few miles of trailering. We had left our home in the San Fernando Valley early one morning, headed east through the Los



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Angeles suburbs, our little coach following dutifully behind. We had scarcely gone ten miles when we met a chap coming toward us, also towing a trailer. As he passed, he waved. I was so surprised that I'm afraid I returned his salute a little late.

Helen's curiosity was aroused. "Who was that?" she asked. "I don't know," I replied. "He must know you. Where did you meet him?" Such an attitude comes easily to Helen who was born and brought up in New England.

"Listen," I said. "It looks to me as though we have joined a great fraternity. These folks don't need a formal introduction to wave to you on the highway." Which might have ended the matter, except that the next car we met towing a trailer was driven by a girl. She waved, and as yet, I haven't an explanation for it.

But it was a small thing that really converted Helen to trailer life. She loves coffee. As a matter of fact, we have close friends of long standing who would not recognize her without a cup of coffee in her hand. On our auto tours, she had always complained about the quality of the brew you find along the highway.

After our unknown lady friend had waved her affectionate greeting, we continued east, passed through Redlands and climbed our first hill with ease. Near the top, I noticed that we had been two hours without coffee, so I pulled into the first turnout and stopped.

She brewed a pot of her favorite brand. As she drained her second cup, she gazed wistfully out the window.

"This is lovely," she murmured. "How far is our next coffee stop?" •

Quite a challenge! But nothing daunts a determined woman, they do say.

When the time came to load, our pots, pans and cooking utensils were quickly stacked on the shelves of the closets provided under the sink and its adjoining work bench. China and glassware went into the cupboards above the sink and range. Sheets, pillowcases and extra blankets went into the drawers under the double bed at the rear of the coach. Various other small closets and drawers, here and there, were filled with miscellaneous items such as silverware, underwear, nylons, socks, handkerchiefs and, of course, unmentionables. Another pile of miscellany disappeared in the confusion and I could only hope that Helen would remember where she put them when a need arose.

There remained, in virgin state, two floor-to-ceiling wardrobe closets flanking the refrigerator. Under California's community property laws, one of those closets belonged to Helen and one to me. But I hope no reader is so naive as to think that is the way it worked out. Clothes have always been a problem to women, and Helen is no exception. Feminine raiment has been a month-end problem to men, too, and many a beleaguered male, trying to reconcile his checkbook, has silently prayed that some day the fashion of women appearing in public without any clothes at all, would return. That used to be the style, you know.

Right now it's not the style—it is even unfashionable for a woman to appear twice in succession in the same dress; so, by the time Helen had hung her necessary changes, together with garments appropriate for winter, spring, summer and fall, there remained just room enough in the second closet for me to squeeze one suit. Since I owned only two, anyway, the choice was decided by tossing a coin. A black worsted, for funerals, won. And that is why, to this day, people meeting me for the first time will tell you that I am extraordinarily serious, even somber.

Just as we had every storage space crammed, we faced a new problem. Early in our planning, Helen had objected that there was no place to keep her household money and her few valuable trinkets, whenever we were off for a day exploring the countryside. She reasoned that we would have to carry considerable cash, that this would encourage frequent visitations from burglars, and she has an unholly dread of burglars.

To ease her mind, I proposed buying a small safe, and when she agreed I searched the mail order catalogues. Finally I hit upon a small one which had a combination dial and a guarantee that it was fireproof. It arrived while I was crushing my one suit into the second wardrobe closet.

Wondering where a safe could possibly be hidden, I uncrated it and tore off the wrappings. It was a beautiful safe, worthy of a prominent place among our furnish-

ings; but it was locked, and nowhere could I find the combination. In desperation, I telephoned the factory. After a long delay, apparently for an earnest conference between several assistants and the various vice presidents, I was told with elated assurance that I would find the combination *inside the safe!*

I was all for throwing the thing away, then and there; but Helen, as if to prove the perversity of women, came up with a startling suggestion. Heedless of her phobia about burglars, she proposed: "Let's leave it on the floor against the wall opposite the front door. Perhaps some obliging burglar will open it for us!"

There it sits, unopened to this day. Burglars just don't oblige trailerists. It's still an inviting challenge, but all we can promise the burglar is complete frustration and, so far, they seem to have considered that an avoidable occupational hazard.

Having disposed of the safe, we still faced another crisis. A huge pile of cartons, packages and shopping bags outside the trailer still had to be stored. We had found space for everything except food! And one of my selling points to Helen had been that we could always have food with us when trailering, and need never worry about going hungry. Then, too, I had stressed this fact to our friends and neighbors, to prove to them how self-sufficient we would be on our travels.

That's how we nearly cornered the pineapple market. I'd gone shopping at the grocery where the manager convinced me that the best people bought by the case. About to miss our patronage for a few months, he was obviously making the most of this opportunity. I made mine pineapple. Helen, on her own, retraced my steps and arrived home with another case. Then, our daughter, Barbara, a nurse at a local hospital destined to pursue her career independently in our absence, had sensed that we should have calories and vitamins and had included a case of pineapple in her contribution.

Unwittingly complicating the situation, our friends and neighbors gave us a "bon voyage" party. They came loaded—with packages, that is—of which several, colorfully decorated with ribbons and bows, were marked: "Open on the Road." We were assured that these contained a variety of gourmet delights. But when the party ended, we discovered among the donations four more cases of pineapple!

Now all of this had to be packed into the coach. I researched the situation. Every closet, drawer and cupboard was jammed. Just when I had concluded that here was a problem even a schoolboy couldn't solve, I spied the refrigerator. "Ah!" I said, loudly.

Helen panicked. "No, you don't," she admonished. "It's filled."

It sure was—every shelf. There wasn't even room for ice. A quick inventory re-

vealed cold cream, shampoo, nail polish, hair rinse, beauty lotion, skin balm, eye shadow and much more—all in triplicate and quadruplicate from her sales battles. The only practical item in that refrigerator was a six-pack of a famous beverage, which, for us who go frequently to Palm Springs, is considered a necessity. You have to keep something on hand to slake the thirst of friends and acquaintances who painfully crawl in off the desert, desiccated and fatigued. If you don't, they stop crawling in and you get lonesome.

With the refrigerator out as additional storage space, all that remained was the medicine cabinet—small, but still holding some hope. That hope was quickly dashed. The cabinet, too, was loaded with hairpins, hair nets, silk handannas, slippers, curlers, and a dog-eared pamphlet titled: "How to Look Young." Oh, yes, there was a small bottle of iodine.

To ponder the situation, I sat down on one of the upholstered cushions which comprise the dining-bedroom arrangement at the front of the coach. I felt completely bashed. I bowed my head in despair—and made a welcome discovery. The cushion opposite me rested on a box-like structure. Lifting this seat revealed a hitherto overlooked storage space. My seat concealed another.

Four cases of the pineapple filled one of those spaces. Our miscellaneous canned goods filled the other. That left only three cases of pineapple and six or eight neighbor-donated mystery packs. These I piled on the double bed at the rear of the trailer.

Helen surveyed this arrangement with dismay. "How will we ever get into that bed?" she wanted to know. I didn't know.

"We'll have to get rid of this stuff," I admitted. "But we can't do it right here in front of the neighbors. Tell you what—after we get rolling we might toss it out piece by piece, just as ships unload ballast at sea. Or, . . ." and here inspiration struck. I looked again at the map of our proposed trip from Los Angeles to Florida. "This map shows that we pass through an Indian reservation. Everyone knows that Indians are impoverished. It would be mighty friendly to give this to them." With that, Helen seemed satisfied.

So, next morning, we hitched up, waved adieu to the admiring throng out to see us off, and lumbered away on our grand adventure. We were glad we had been able to load all the food, even the pineapple. But many surprises awaited us. And many questions, of course, still remain unanswered.

Where are the impoverished Indians? Do they like pineapple? How could simple folks, like ourselves, nearly revolutionize the eating habits of glamorous Palm Springs?

Alas! space has run out. So traileroam along with us again next month, won't you? We'll look forward to it. •

Airstream Appoints

Art Costello, President of Airstream, Inc., Santa Fe Springs, Calif. announced the appointment of I. E. "Gil" Gilbert as Sales Manager for the western Airstream Company. Gil has been with Airstream for the last five years starting as a foreman in the cabinet and mill shop, then as manager of the service and repair department, and most recently he has been handling customer relations.

The Gilberts and their three sons take their own sales messages to heart and get away at every opportunity for vacations in the 26 foot Airstream they have adapted for their family. Airstream dealers in the western division will be seeing a lot of Gil Gilbert. For most of them it will be the continuation of previous contacts at the Airstream factory and at various rallies.



Sophie (right) shows Virginia, the author's wife, some of the Sevadas' trophies. Introduced to trailering less than a year ago, the Sevadas are completely sold on this mode of travel. Hailing from Arizona, they are now visiting Florida for 3 months

A Navaho Discovers Trailerling

By WALLACE GORE

I FIRST MET Morris and Sophie Sevada at a square dance in Sarasota, Florida, where Morris was busy calling for an enthusiastic group of square dancers known as "The Freelancers." He made such a big hit that he was back again with the same group just two weeks later, and it was at this time I learned that both Morris and Sophie are also enthusiastic trailerists.

Between dance numbers we had a chance to exchange a few words on trailering, and I was invited to pay them a visit at the park they consider their winter base while Morris is "calling" throughout Florida, the Crescent Lake Mobile Estates, at Riverview, which is only 10 miles southeast of Tampa.

I was really amazed at the natural beauty of their park. Live oaks, festooned with Spanish moss, grow just everywhere, and none had been removed to make way for a "square" trailer park. Roads meander back and forth, and mobile homes with their concrete patios are spotted every which way to take advantage of the natural contour of the land and to avoid the large trees.

While it was late in the morning when Virginia and I arrived, Morris and Sophie were just recovering from a big dance held the night before. Their 26-footer had been placed beside a patio without shade, one of the few such spots in the park, and I assume it was to make the Sevadas

feel more at home, since they are used to the "wide-open spaces."

Morris and some of his neighbors had planned a game of golf on a nearby course, but he was very patient in answering my probing questions regarding his background and the experiences that led to his becoming one of America's outstanding square dance callers, demanding and getting a fee of one hundred dollars a night plus his expenses.

Morris was born near Gallup, New Mexico. His father was of Spanish descent, and his mother was a Navaho. He graduated from the Fort Wingate, N. M. Indian School, and later studied voice under Clarence Taptoka, the noted Hopi Indian tenor. Morris has been called "The Golden Voice of the Colorado River Indians."

It was twelve years ago that Morris and Sophie learned to square dance and, gradually, Morris started calling at local dances. Five years ago he decided to turn professional, and his well-trained voice as well as his repertoire of both patter and singing calls have made him a real success in this field.

Morris and Sophie own a 160-acre ranch near the town of Poston, Arizona. This is about 10 miles southwest of Parker, on the Colorado Indian Reservation. Their principal crops are cotton and alfalfa, and in addition they have raised two handsome children. Their



Sophie and Morris Sevada. An outstanding square dance caller, Morris has been called "The Golden Voice of the Colorado River Indians"

daughter recently graduated from one of our eastern colleges, and the son is connected with the Indian agency in Parker.

The Sevadas were introduced to trailering less than a year ago, and they are both very enthusiastic. When you mention trailering, they both start talking at once, their eyes gleaming.

Sophie pointed out that prior to owning their trailer they had to spend nights in motels and eat in unknown restaurants when they were on a calling tour. Since square dances rarely break up until 11 p.m., and a "bull session" usually follows, they like to loll around the following morning. In motels this wasn't possible,

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Navaho . . .

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since maids are always anxious to get into the room to get it cleaned up. They also had to dress and go out for breakfast. Now these two problems have been overcome, as all of us trailerists know.

A further benefit, as Sophie pointed out, is the improvement in their health. Some of you may not realize it, but calling for a square dance is very strenuous work! Physically it isn't too bad (the dancers get the worst of it here), but there is a great nervous strain, particularly when calling for different groups each night. Nervous tension and greasy meals, caught in a nearby restaurant, oftentimes played havoc with Morris' stomach before they took to trailering, but that is now a thing of the past. Sophie prepares their favorite meals wherever they may be.

Morris talks about his ranch with such enthusiasm you can tell that, while square dance calling is an enjoyable and profitable pastime, he is truly a "man of the soil." While on the stage at a square dance he will sometimes mention his ranch, and is delighted when folks approach him later and say that they also own a ranch or farm. "I like to exchange thoughts with them," he said. "Perhaps I can take some ideas back to my people."

It was not until they acquired their trailer that the Sevadas felt they could take an extended trip away from their home. They are now spending three months in Florida, visiting all parts of the state, and while they are not ready to admit that it is prettier than Arizona, they seem to be having a wonderful time. They were both quite interested in our Seminoles, several of whom they met along the Tamiami Trail when Morris recently called for a Miami group of dancers.

The Sevadas will be returning to their home sometime in February. While the ranch is well superintended during their absence, they don't like to spend too much time away. Besides their crops, a number of youngsters are awaiting their return, since Morris is in charge of youth activities in Parker, which includes a large and growing teen-age square dance group.

Between their trailering (just for the fun of it!), successfully operating a productive ranch, and calling for square dance groups throughout the country, Morris still finds time now and then to turn out a record for both the Old-Timers and Western Jubilee recording companies. Western square dance records, naturally!

WALLACE GORE

Trail-R-News Tow



Warner gives special care and attention to the "work horse" under the Travelall's hood. He planned the extra motor equipment to provide reliable operation under any climatic condition.

Keep a lookout for the Warners! They're on their way across the country, perhaps to visit your park. You'll know them by the rig they pull

The Warners, shown above, enjoy trailering, and they like comfort wherever they are. Their Travelall is equipped with every driving ease, and their Airstream trailer is really custom deluxe.



What is a complete rig?

Every month Trail-R-News receives a number of letters asking this question. Well, if there should happen to come rolling into your park a 30-foot Airstream, towed by a black and cream International Travelall bearing a Connecticut license, number 209-904, driven by the jolly-looking guy and happy gal in the above picture, you will then have seen a complete rig.

Another way to spot this outfit is by the big, twin 10-gallon butane tanks that Mr. and Mrs. John Warner, Trail-R-News Park Representatives, consider necessary for a complete rig. Mr. and Mrs. Warner call on parks, making inspections for Trail-R-News' recommended list and placing magazine racks in the parks for the convenience of the tenants. This means that the Warners are on the road constantly, seldom remaining in one place for more than a few days. For this kind of trailering you really need a complete rig.

Here's how the Warners are outfitted:

Their three-quarter-ton Travelall is the model 110, with a spare wheel mounted on the outside. On top are chrome luggage racks. The Travelall is equipped with progressive rear springs, power

Representatives Complete Rigs



Inside, everything is secured. Radio and knickknacks are bracketed, ashtrays weighted, and everything moveable cushioned for smooth traveling



Built-in staple containers are neat, handy and secure. Ogden Water Purifier provides safe drinking water under any conditions, at any stop

brakes, power steering, heavy-duty generator, 11-inch clutch, spare gas tank built under the body plus a one-gallon tank under the hood, extra large heater and defrosters, heavy-duty reduced ratio rear end. The radiator and fan are extra large to keep the engine running cool. Another cooling aid is a water spray which runs off a 12-volt water pump mounted under the hood. Since it is operated from inside the cab, the Warners can direct a cooling spray against the radiator at any time. The 12-volt water pump also fills the trailer water tanks.

The Warners always know where they are and where they are going. A compass and altimeter are mounted on the dashboard. In the back is a complete file on every state in the Union, maps, brochures, pictures and many articles clipped from the pages of Trail-R-News. When in the South, an air-conditioning unit keeps them cool. A first-aid kit and fire extinguisher are in the Travelall at all times.

Two more fire extinguishers are located inside the Airstream. Now that we are inside the trailer, listen to this. These Trail-R-News Park Representatives have a 12-volt water pressure system, and an extra 40-gallon water tank. They are kept warm by a heating system that

operates off either electricity or butane. They watch television that operates on either 12 or 110-volts.

Not only is their Travelall air-conditioned, but so is the trailer. A 110-volt Bendix generator, developing 1000 watts, assures adequate power to keep all their appliances functioning.

There's a built-in compass, barometer, indoor and outdoor thermometer. All compartments, where are kept their tape recorder used for interviews, cameras and other fragile equipment, are lined with sponge rubber. Clothes closets are also lined with sponge rubber. John says this prevents wear on clothing when they swing back and forth in the closet while in transit.

Mr. Warner has raised the beds to make room for storing his hunting and fishing equipment, tackle, rifles, hip boots, insulated boots and rubber suits underneath.

Naturally a rig this complete has a septic tank, which can be by-passed if they do not wish to use it.

The cupboards are always loaded with food, so that when they are ready to roll, all they have to do is hitch up and go. Mrs. Warner is an expert at selecting non-perishable foods, especially canned meats that do not require refrigeration.

The Warners are never concerned about safe water, a problem which often confronts roving trailerists. Connected at the specially installed twin sinks is a shining Ogden Water Purifier, an item considered essential by Trail-R-News for all its traveling representatives. It is manufactured by Western Ogden Purifier Corp., 7906 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 46, Calif. Any trailerists would be smart to drop them a line for information.

Emergency equipment carried by the Warners includes: an extra fan belt, distributor cap, spark plugs, points, light bulbs, batteries, road flares, tire patching material for their tubeless tires, a complete set of tools and two different types of jacks. There are twin lights built into the rear of the Travelall for checking the hitch and butane tanks at night.

And the whole business is tied together with a Reese Bar Level Hitch, and its safety on the road insured by the use of both electric and hydraulic brakes.

And this isn't all, but the Warners will be happy to show you the rest of it in person. So when they show up at your park have a look at a really complete rig and meet a couple of the nicest dyed-in-the-wool trailerists you will ever have the pleasure to know.