Travel Trailer

After towing the Airstream Space Liner over 1500 miles of rugged road, author Behme reports: "This new, family-sized Airstream is, undoubtedly, one of the best trailers made!"

BY ROBERT LEE BEHME

Bob Behme, a longtime professional writer and editor in the mobile home field, is a contributing editor to MHJ who has long specialized in travel trailer evaluation reports. Look for Bob's text stories each month on the newest trailer models.

Quality-built Airstream Space Liner and rugged International Travelall station wagon make a hard team to beat. Trailer was given tough test on mountainous terrain of California's Mother Lode gold country, followed easily over any kind of road.
Test Report: AIRSTREAM

To a substantial chunk of the trailering public (both doers and dreamers) an Airstream trailer is the ultimate. In such eyes, an Airstream is to travel trailers as a Rolls Royce is to cars: supreme, with only a handful of peers.

This point of view is not inaccurate. Airstream is, without a doubt, one of the world's best trailers. Wally Byam, as early as 1928, pioneered many features now standard on other makes and Airstream trailers, in the ensuing 30 years, have covered more ground, been more places than any other United States built travel trailer. By virtue of the factory-sponsored Wally Byam Caravan Club alone, Airstream is unique.

Airstreams have been available in three price ranges: the Standard, the Land Yacht, and the International. The Standard is the least expensive, outfitted with conventional appliances, 110-volt electrical system and standard park hook-up. The Land Yacht is medium priced, completely self-contained including a pressure water system, 12-volt and 110-volt electrical systems, gas refrigeration, water heater and marine toilet. The International Land Yacht, top model of the series, combines every Airstream feature with a touch of real luxury. Fabrics are chosen for easy maintenance; self containment is refined to the highest possible degree; a water purifier, 12-volt stove and ceiling fans, police antenna and other auxiliary equipment is added.

The three series remain as Airstream continues into its 31st year of business, but a new series (close to the Land Yacht in luxury) has been added—the family-sized Space Liner.

In some ways, the new Space Liner is the best of all Airstreams. Moderately-priced and family-sized, it is a model Airstream buyers have wanted for a long time. Until now, the younger (Continued on page 52)

Roomy bath has shower, tub, plenty of storage, is fully self contained. Faucet brush is exclusive with Airstream.

Divans provide seating for eight, sleeping for two, dining for five. Big butane heater is mounted between divans.

Kitchen work space is well planned. Appliances include a Princess butane stove, Norcold refrigerator, double sink.
Airstream (Continued from page 47)

family man, in search of a travel trailer
with enough sleeping space for kids, dogs
and parents, has had a hard time finding
anything suitable in the Airstream line.

Airstream has remedied the situation
with its Space Liner. The brand-new
22-footer has all of the traditional Airstream
luxury, sleeps four or six as easily as it
picks its way over smooth highways and
back country roads. Each $8750, is fully
self-contained and ready to go.

I tested one of the first Space Liners pro-
duced on the West Coast on a 1500 mile test
run to California’s fabled Mother Lode gold
country. I towed the trailer with an Inter-
national Travelall station wagon and that
combination of car and trailer is a hard
one to beat.

The International is undoubtedly the
finest all-purpose tow vehicle on the road.
Priced from $2100 to $3700, it is available
in many combinations of performance and
power. With higher-horsepower and ade
quate, a new, powerful V-8 engine, and a
completely enclosed utility-station wagon
body, the International has all of the com-
fort and ruggedness needed to get a trailer
over any road—and back. The Space Liner,
in return, has all of the flexibility and
toughness to follow and all of the roominess
and luxury to let you live beautifully where
ever you are.

I towed the Space Liner on super high-
ways (along U.S. 99), on back country
roads (near Magalia and Sterling City)
and off the highway (in the mountaineous
Mother Lode). The International went any
place and the Airstream has the surefooted-
ness which means easy following at any
speeds over any road. The roundness of the
Airstream body reduces all tendency to
whip, bounce or oscillate and sudden, un-
expected gusts of wind seem to have little
or no effect.

When I returned I interviewed Harold
Godwin, of Claremont, a Convair Aviation
engineer and the first Californian to pur-
chase a Space Liner. “The Space Liner is a
real family trailer,” he told me, “with con-
struction and qualities hard to duplicate.”

I agree. Inside the 19-foot body are two
30-inch beds, a double bed, a 7-foot galley,
a dinette that seats five, a roomy rear-end
bath with shower and tub and full self
containment.

The exterior is classic Airstream with
eaero-dynamically rounded lines that mean
low-turbulence towing and unpainted air-
craft-stressed aluminum that is polished
until it gleams in the sun.

Airstream interiors are restful—and the
Space Liner is no exception. The interior is
surprisingly home-like, causal, smartly
designed and furnished in the best of taste.

The walls are painted a pleasing, easy-to-
clean light grey, flecked throughout with
enough small, high-key accents to avoid
monotony.

The floor plan is equally pleasing. Up
front two divans provide seating space for
eight, sleeping space for two. When used
with the folding table, they give dining
space for five. Amidships is the kitchen and
roomy corner couch which serves as a break-
fast nook, divan and double bed. For addi-
tional sleeping, a hammock can be mounted
in the front. In the rear, the bath is com-
plete with tub and shower.

The front is designed for easy living and
comfortable sleeping. Two 30-inch divans
run the side walls. The cushions are cov-
ered in colorful, long-wearing fabrics which
are available in a wide selection of dec-
cor colors. The divans on my test trailer
were covered in an orange-persimmon fab-
ric which brightly accented the walls and
natural wood couch bases. Between the divans,
against the forward bulkhead, Airstream
engineers have mounted a big butane
heater.

There is plenty of storage in the front.
There are drawers below the seats and two
36-inch cabinets overhead. Each seat has
two roomy drawers which can hold a lot of
clothing or supplies.

The area is light and airy. There is a
large window across the front and a window
behind each divan. All are adjustable for
ventilation and there is an overhead vent
to add to circulation when you want it.

Amidships is the kitchen, corner divan
and second double bed. The L-shaped divan
is between the door and the bathroom,
on both walls. Mrs. Godwin particularly
liked this feature.

“We are rock hounds,” she said, speak-
ing of her geological hobby, “and on our
trips we like to have coffee kettles. But in
standard trailers, once your guests are
seated they can’t get out. With this arrange-
ment, with the table in front of the corner
divan, anyone can move in or out at any
time.”

The divans open quickly and with the ad-
dition of a mattress stored beneath the
upper cushions, they become a double bed.

The kitchen, on the opposite wall, is big
—4-feet long—with all of the conveniences
and work space you’ll find at home. Every
inch of it is a woman’s kitchen. All, near
the bathroom, is a Princess three-horse
buttery stove with a large oven and broiler.

There’s a white, roomy double sink fac-
ward of the stove. Both hot and cold water
are available through the pressure system
or from outside sources. Between the sink
and the front kitchen wall is a long, wide,
handy work surface.

“it is excellent,” Mrs. Godwin pointed
out, “for either food preparation or dish
drying.”

Overhead storage cabinets are generous,
with sliding doors of Formica which match
the wood top below. There is a deep stor-
age area below the stove, and a full-height,
three-tiered compartment below the sink.
Beside this is a cutting board, two drawers
and a smaller storage compartment. The
top drawer is factory-fitted with wooden
dividers for silver. Beside this is a built-in
Norcold refrigerator that assures ice cubes
and cold food whether you are traveling or
parked. The refrigerator is color-keyed and
dressed in gleaming stainless steel.

“The full-width rear bath,” Mr. Godwin
said, “is excellent. It has everything a fam-
ily needs for cleanliness and convenience.”

It has been said that the difference be-
tween America and other countries is
plumbing. This is true of travel trailers also.
The Space Liner bathroom is as effi-
cient in the Gobi Desert as it is in a modern
park. The marine toilet, for example, can
empty into park outlets or the self-con-
tained septic holding tank with equal ease.

Exclusive with Airstream is a handy
“brush faucet” mounted on the wash basin
where a faucet would normally be. The
head is rimmed with gentle bristles. It lifts,
on a long, flexible hose, to mount where you
want it. It can hang over the tub to become
a shower, be used in the tub as a faucet and
wash cloth, or left in the basin.

“Bathroom storage is well planned,” Mr.
Godwin said. “There is room for bathroom
equipment, towels and linens in the medi-
cine chest above the basin and in the pull-
man closet below the basin.”

“Hanging storage is more than ade-
cuate,” Godwin added, “in the wardrobes
close to the bath.”

Self-contained Airstream has efficient rear bathroom, generous storage space.

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The wardrobes are side by side—one opening inside the bath, the other opening just aft of the kitchen. There seems to be plenty of storage for a family of four. The bathroom door, a folding accordion door, closes between the wardrobes to give complete privacy in the bath.

Both Godwin and I felt lighting was excellent. There are two 110-volt lights up front, two overhead 110-volt lights amidships, and a 110-volt light in the bath. There are two 12-volt lights in the kitchen and forward area and plenty of wall plugs.

The Space Liner has a host of self-contained features which, Godwin said, “is one of the big reasons I bought the Airstream.” The septic holding tank, mounted aft, will serve four people five to seven days and is easily drained from the inside by a release handle. The 24-gallon water storage tank can be pressurized by a bicycle pump, a service station air hose or, if you wish, an optional Grover air compressor. The trailer is wired so that the 12-volt system can draw from your car battery. An optional 12-volt battery, mounted in the front, can even eliminate the need for your car.

Airstream is famous for quality construction and the new Space Liner is no exception. “That is the big reason I bought an Airstream,” Harold Godwin said, “construction! Since I work in the aircraft industry, I feel that aerodynamic design and riveted construction are important. These features sold me on Airstream first.”

The chassis is made of tough steel with plenty of cross-members and outriggers. Each chassis is statically and dynamically balanced. Suspension components are tough, shackles, springs, axles and wheels are built to take a beating.

The heavy-duty plywood floor is insulated with a 2-inch thickness of fiberglass mat and the floor section fits directly over the chassis, bolted to the frame.

Space Liners, like all Airstreams, are built with a full-skin underbody. The underbody minimizes air turbulence between the road and the chassis. It helps to protect the chassis, insulation and floor from weather and dust. In a real sense, it keeps the trailer cool in summer, warm in winter.

The body shell is built of aluminum sheeting and aluminum rib supports, each panel stressed and riveted with aircraft techniques. The body shell is extremely light, but it attains an amazing strength-to-weight ratio. Heavy duty romex cable is fitted between the inner and outer skin to give a good electrical system. Where the wiring passes through structural members it is fitted with a rubber grommet in accordance with electrical regulations.

Twenty-inch fiberglass insulation is fitted between the outer shell and the inner wall. After the insulation is positioned, the inner skin is positioned and riveted, prestressed as is the outer skin, to increase rigidity.

“I just don’t think there is a better built trailer,” Godwin said after he watched Airstream construction at the Santa Fe factory.

Inside or out, there’s no doubt that the Airstream is tough. There is proof from Europe, Africa and Mexico that Airstreams seem to travel forever. One Airstream owner told me recently, “I’ve towed my Airstream 100,000 miles and she’s ready for another 100,000.”

Harold Godwin feels that way about his newly purchased Space Liner. I second the feeling.

The Hitch

This month’s test was made with an Eaz-Lift equalizing hitch, frame-mounted to the International Travelall. The hitch installation was made by the Howard Ward Company, Los Angeles, the West’s largest travel trailer and mobile home supply house and one of the busiest hitch installation centers in the United States.

The Eaz-Lift performed beautifully over all kinds of roads and once you’ve tried an Eaz-Lift you can readily understand why it is the world’s largest selling equalizing hitch. It can handle virtually any hitch weight, equalizing it along the length of your car without the use of overloads, although it is recommended that you do couple an equalizing hitch such as Eaz-Lift with overloads if your hitch weight is excessive.

The aluminumized equalizing bar on the Eaz-Lift are easy to install, equipped with a lock and are adjustable through several chain-link tensions to make them fully adjustable to a variety of hitch weights.
Like a little boy steering his toy auto over the make-believe roads in the carpet pattern, I daydreamed as we cruised along the smooth blacktop highway on our way to the Colorado River.

These were the first exciting hours in a long-awaited cruise to the Colorado River resort area where the rushing, muddy waters form the boundary line between California and Arizona.

But suddenly it wasn't the California desert. Instead we were skimming alongside the smooth sands of the Sahara. Moments later we were whisked away to the depths of the green Guatemalan jungle. Then imagination transported us high atop the cliffs of Dover with the choppy channel waters churning below.

We could have gone anywhere — for this was no ordinary trailer tagging along behind. It was an Airstream — a Land Yacht — a magic carpet and a passport which gave us the license to dream and to take our trailer wherever we wished to venture. For the next five days we would be a part of that elite group of trailerists who call themselves Airstreamers and look to Wally Byam as their leader.

Even his competitors credit Wally Byam with doing more for travel trailer ing than any other single person or organization. When, more than 30 years ago, Byam founded Airstream Trailers, Inc., he did more than just build and sell travel trailers. He pioneered the construction of all-aluminum, riveted aircraft-type trailers. He planned, developed and fought for the features which make self-containment possible. But more than any other achievement, Byam spread the gospel of trailerizing throughout the world. The Wally Byam Caravans, in their journeys through Mexico, Canada, Cuba, Africa, the Middle East and all the countries of Europe have made thousands aware of the unlimited freedom and adventure of travel trailering.

While the Airstream is reputed to be one of the finest trailers on the market, we strongly suspect the romance of the Wally Byam Caravans and the firm's superb job of advertising and public relations has convinced many that there really is something very special about an Airstream. If you don't think so, just ask any Caravanner — and read this excerpt from the firm's literature:

"The possession of an Airstream Land Yacht is the equivalent of owning a country estate, a western ranch, a hunting lodge, a beach house, a private railroad car, and a fashionable town house, all in one quietly elegant package with a sleek silhouette on the outside and walk-around spaciousness on the inside. No
matter where you go you always have the same pure filtered water to drink, the same good, home-cooked food, the same warm shower, and the same dreamy beds."

"A Land Yacht is light, cat-footed, alert. Your car can tow it — at high speeds, up steep grades, over rough roads. It costs almost nothing to operate and maintain. Traveling expenses with a Land Yacht are a tiny fraction of the tariff for motel or hotel rooms, restaurant meals, tips and other incidentals."

If that don’t sell you, nothing will!

The Airstream Fleet is comprised of the Standard, Spaceliner, Land Yacht and International Land Yacht Series.

**TO TRAILERING ADVENTURE**

Ours was the Spaceliner — a new addition to the line — 22-feet, completely self-contained — and priced at $3,795, F.O.B. L.A. factory.

Probably the biggest single impression we got from our trip in the Spaceliner is that it’s truly a travel trailer. The emphasis on travel is deliberate.

Not that the Spaceliner isn’t designed for living. The interior is clean, uncluttered, smartly decorated — with the look and the flair of a small bachelor’s apartment — fitted with every conceivable appliance and convenience for complete self-containment. Absent, but not missed, is that heavy-handed “mobile home” interior found on some so-called travel trailers.

Whether you credit the lightweight, all-aluminum aircraft construction and

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**BATTERY CHARGING** line between car and trailer charged the trailer 12-volt storage battery at all times.

**BING CROSBY’S lush desert mobile home park, Blue Skins Village, where TL party spent last night as the guest of manager Rex Thompson.**
Self-contained Airstream has efficient rear bathroom, generous storage space.
A family of three will find the Bambi comfortable, and towable by anything from a motor scooter to a Cadillac, says Behme. It is fully self-contained, has high-quality 4-ply nylon cord tires, and is exactly suited to the needs of weekending owners.

**TRAVEL TRAILER TEST REPORT**

**Airstream Bambi**

"The Bambi can turn a corduroy road into one as smooth as glass," says Bob Behme. "This 16-footer is scaled down in everything except Airstream's top quality"

By ROBERT LEE BEHME

Bob Behme, a longtime professional writer and editor in the mobile home field, is a contributing editor to MHI who has long specialized in travel trailer evaluation reports. Look for Bob's test stories each month on the new travel trailer models on the market.

If you've been looking for a small-sized travel trailer that can follow your car like a shadow, that can be towed by anything motorized, from a scooter to a Cadillac, roomy enough to sleep a family of three, smart enough to be in style at the finest park, rugged enough to go where there are no roads—you've been looking for the Bambi, Airstream's newest, most diminutive travel trailer.

Bambi is a fully self-contained 16-footer, designed for the small car owner but a blessing for anyone who likes a small, easy handling trailer. It is a scaled-down replica of the world-famous Land Yacht with all of its big brother's quality: airplane-type, monocoque construction, all-steel chassis, structural aluminum alloy body framing, all metal underbody, the new Dura-Torque suspension, and tasteful Airstream interior decor. In addition, Bambi has features even Land Yachts don't have: 4-ply nylon cord tires (on 13-inch rims) and special hub caps that identify Bambi as an Airstream with a character of its own.

The unique Bambi character should suit a host of people who have yet to try travel trailering. Fishermen, hunters, rockhounds and weekenders long ago discovered the virtues of a small-sized travel trailer: I have proclaimed for some time that the same virtues hold for
skiers and other weekend sportsmen but skiers are only now discovering that a Bambi-sized trailer can be as handy as a paid-up Blue Cross policy.

To test both the Bambi and the reaction of skiers, I towed the trailer on a 400-mile trip to California's now extinct volcano, Mount Shasta—one of the few places in the U.S. where skiing continues long after the hot summer sun has taken over.

I picked up the trailer from Valley Trailer Sales in North Sacramento, and the Dodge Lancer used to tow the unit at Sierra Dodge in Chico. The Robot hitch was mounted on the car at the Robot factory in Colton.

Northbound U.S. 99 splits at Sacramento and you have two choices north to Red Bluff (100 miles below Shasta) where they join again. You can take 99 W, a fast, wide, two-lane highway that cuts through California's rice land, or 99 E which ambles through the low-land gold country (near Marysville) and almond country (near Chico). Both are easy driving and scenic but 99 W is slightly more direct.

From Red Bluff to Redding, 40 miles north, 99 is straight and level—an easy drive for any trailer and car. Beyond Redding you start uphill (past beautiful Lake Shasta) into the foothills of the Siskiyou section of the Sierra Nevadas, 50 miles south of Shasta City. There are no steep hills on this road; 12 miles north of Project City, above Redding, 99 widens into 4 lanes and the road is easy to drive.

The road to Mount Shasta cuts east in the center of Shasta City and winds 14 miles up hill to Panther Meadows and the ski lodge. The view is superb and, at the top, the panorama of the Sierra Nevadas to the south is worth the trip whether you ski or not.

The Bambi followed over the curving road with no sign of sway, no oscillation. Part of the reason is its near perfect balance. With the kitchen in the rear, the storage tanks up front and room in between for storage, the Bambi (with 180 pounds of hitch weight) clings like ivy. Part of the reason is the airfoil design; the rounded body contours and enclosed underbody keep wind from pressuring the trailer. An even more important reason is the new Dura-Torque axle now standard on all Airstream trailers.

Dura-Torque is Airstream's version of the torsion axle designed 50 years ago by Dr. Porzheimer, creator of the renowned Volkswagen and Porsche cars. Airstream engineers have adapted the torsion suspension to trailers, substituting rubber for the lateral steel bars in the Volk-swagen, and the results are amazing. Each trailer wheel is independently suspended. (Continued on page 56)
Airstream

(Continued from page 37)

ruts and dips are ironed out and vibration is virtually eliminated. The torsion bars need never be replaced or lubricated. Ground clearance is increased seven inches over trailers with leaf springs; you can take the Bambi over the roughest terrain.

The trailer was conceived and designed as a feather-weight but its use is certainly not restricted to the current compact cars. It will work with virtually any car.

But, no matter where you go, the Bambi will be behind. Because of its light weight (1856 pounds) and its rugged construction (2-layer, riveted aluminum sheeting with a two-inch fiberglass blanket between) it can follow you anywhere you can take your car. A compact such as the Dodge Lancer can get your Bambi into a lot of unbelievable places. The Lancer, with two engine options (101 and 145 hp) offers more power than either the Ford Falcon (80 and 101 hp), the Corvair (80 hp) or Lancer’s brother, the Valiant (101 hp). I found it an excellent tow vehicle for the Bambi.

Throughout the tests the Lancer gave top fuel economy (21.4 mpg without a trailer, 17.0 mpg with the Bambi) and the Chrysler Torsion-aire suspension couples nicely with Airstream’s torsion axle to make the combination easy riding, easy towing and easy handling.

My test car was equipped with a manual transmission and on the way up the 14-mile drive to the lodge I found it necessary to drop into second most of the way. Even in second (average speed was 37 mph) fuel consumption was normal and the engine maintained its 150 degree temperature.

Part of the towing credit belongs to the Curtso Robot Coupler, one of the very best towing devices in the world. This is the second time I have used the Robot on a Mobile Home Journal test and I recommend it highly. The Robot looks different than conventional load equalizing hitches (there are no equalizing bars) and its theory is different. It equalizes loads with the best of them and offers a towing control that few hitches can equal.

Control is important on any trailer. you will need less with the Bambi than with many other makes. One reason is its design; outside it is typically Airstream, somewhat Zeppelin-like, a shape that cuts through wind easily.

The Bambi comes with two five-gallon butane tanks and these are mounted in the front along with a fully-enclosed 12-volt battery, a body plug that lets you re-charge the battery as you drive and the filler neck for the water tank. There is an outside storage door on the left, windows on three sides, and a sturdy wrap-around bumper in the rear. In between is 12" 10" of Airstream that will amaze even old timers.

The front area has a 34-inch lounge gaucho which can sleep one in full-legged comfort and a pull-out gaucho opposite the door makes into a 74x42-inch double bed in less than one minute. Both gauchoes have deep foam rubber cushions that are really soft.

An 18-gallon water tank is mounted under the front lounge; the rest of the under area is devoted to storage. There are two deep pull-out drawers in the front and three in the side bed. There is so much storage that it was impossible for me to fill all of it.

Overhead is a 74-inch locker with two plastic-covered sliding doors and across the front is a 6-foot by 5-inch shelf that can handle knickknacks, books or items you simply can’t leave at home.

The folding dining table, which will serve three but no more, fits into the open space in front of the two gauchoes. No extra chairs are needed. When you

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<td>Outlets</td>
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<td>LIVABILITY</td>
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<td>Dining area</td>
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<td>Kitchen</td>
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<td>Ventilation</td>
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<td>Resale value</td>
<td>Too new to know, should be high</td>
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are through eating the table folds and stores in the wardrobe.

A wide, full-height (6' 4") wardrobe is built into the trailer between the door and the kitchen. The wheel well, at the bottom, takes up little space and the wardrobe has full hanging height for pants, coats and jackets. Above is a shelf for boxes and linens.

There is a three-shelf linen closet beside the wardrobe (and storage behind it for luggage). The wardrobe has an accordion door with a magnetic closure beside the linen closet. A space heater is mounted into the wardrobe below the closet.

Two wall mirrors are included in the living room: a full length mirror on the wardrobe wall beside the door and a smaller mirror above the bed.

The kitchen, compact as you would expect it to be in a 16-footer, is almost as complete as the one in your house. There is a good-sized plastic-covered work area that rounds the corner between the wardrobe and the bath. In the center of the counter is a single-unit sink with a double (hot and cold) faucet—almost a rarity in a 16-foot trailer. A three-burner, built-in Holiday butane range is mounted beside the bath. The stove has no oven (the space is neatly occupied by a 2-cubic foot Domestic refrigerator). I long ago found that the stove-top "Tater Baker" ovens can do almost anything a regular oven can do so I did not miss the oven.

Kitchen storage is complete, convenient and amazing. There are drawers, shelves and overhead racks. A cutting board and three utility drawers are built into the counter beside the wardrobe. Two storage shelves are fitted below the sink with room for soap, pans and cleaning equipment. There is even a wide, thin pot lid or linen drawer below the refrigerator.

The bathroom, beside the kitchen, shows off Airstream's ability to utilize every inch of space. It contains the toilet with a 21x27-inch shower without interfering with either. The entire room is made of molded scratch-proof plastic.

Hot water for kitchen or bath comes from an eight-gallon water heater mounted below the sink. It takes less than 20 minutes to heat enough water for a shower; just enough time in the evening to wash up, set up the awning and have a cold drink.

You can drain bath and kitchen water through the conventional park outlet or directly to the septic tank: a handle gives you a choice. The holding tank can be emptied by a lever at the rear of the trailer; there is no mess, no fuss. The holding tank release is mounted in the rear bumper. It is a good idea but it also involves my one complaint of the trailer. As the Moble Homes released handle is now designed it mounts through the rear bumper. The handle is outside, connected to the valve by a long shaft. The shaft is not anchored to the bumper. A jolt against the unprotected handle could be transmitted directly to the septic tank. The handle, I feel, should have a lock nut or a stop to eliminate this danger. (Manufacturer's comment: Behme engineering should be used. This problem has since been corrected.)

From the door side, the Bambi seems to have few windows (there is one window on this side, that in the door) but nothing is farther from the truth. The interior is almost as light as a greenhouse. There is a good sized window in the front, two on the left, and one in the rear, all with removable screens. The rear vent doubles as an ingenious skylight that bathes the interior in a soft, luminous light that is both pleasing and flattering.

At night you have your choice of 110 and 12-volt lighting. The kitchen and the living room are equipped with both types. There is one double outlet in the kitchen and two in the living room.

With its array of self-contained and conventional features the Bambi is at home in any trailer park or national park. It is a rugged, well-built travel trailer. While its price ($2895) is substantially higher than some 16-footers on the market, so is its quality. The Bambi is guaranteed for the lifetime of the original purchaser.

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Sportsmen will take to this rugged and compact trailer, which comes completely self-contained. All conveniences of home are found in this unit.

Don't Let Them Pinch Your Pennies

When you buy a mobile home or travel trailer equipped with a Bowen Water Heater, either gas or electric, you know the builder is not pinching pennies. He knows Bowens cost more—because they are worth more.

BOWEN WATER HEATER DIVISION
HANDLAND ENGINEERING MANUFACTURING CORP.
VICTOR, MICHIGAN

JULY, 1961

57
Sportsmen will take to this rugged and compact trailer, which comes completely self-contained. All conveniences of home are found in this unit.
Six years ago, when my wife Hannah and I moved to Michigan, a travel trailer was as far from our thoughts as was a spaceship or bathysphere. Oh, we had seen trailers during the seven years we lived in the great vacation land of the Smoky Mountains. We had even visited friends living in one of the immobilized mobile homes on the University of Tennessee campus. The thought of owning, traveling and vacationing in one, however, was a completely foreign thought.

Hannah had always felt like a pioneer—really roughing it—if the air conditioner in a motel failed to work properly. It came as no little surprise therefore when she agreed to a vacation in the summer of 1959 in a trailer belonging to a friend. His was a 14-foot “four-sleeper” with stove, ice box and sink, a water connection for a hose, but no storage tank. A bunk in the back, a dinette in front with the galley sandwiched between, made this well-tracking traveler a real pleasure to use.

The day in mid-August finally came. We had given our friend our car and 16-foot boat in exchange for his car, trailer, 12-foot car-top aluminum boat and 3-hp outboard motor. We had been properly briefed and checked out on all equipment. “Lead the electric trailer brakes down hill—simultaneously with the foot brake on the flat—expect the brake squeal—it’s just the way it’s built. No, there is no spare tire. I don’t know what you would do—never gave it any thought. You had better take some extra fuses as the left turn signal shorts out sometimes.”

So, bright and early on a beautiful Michigan morning, with a box of 32 extra fuses, a trailer full of food sufficient to last two weeks (it proved to be enough to last two people two months!) and a 175-pound Great Dane dog named Mr. Boh, we loaded into the car, only to be confronted with our first problem. Our driveway, like most driveways, ends at the garage.

In the excitement of anticipation we had failed to consider that a car and trailer pulled into a driveway has to be backed out. Backing a rig joined with a socket over a ball seemed to be impossible. Impossible or not it had to be done. With little talent and considerable apprehension we backed the car and trailer to the street, to the right, and ran into a ditch—on the left. This was our first lesson in trailer handling—a backing trailer will turn in the direction of the movement of the bottom of the steering wheel.

Some words and a replaced rural mail box later we were all heading north to Bay City, then to the spectacular Macki-
"Why I Chose—"
(Continued from page 16)
nac Bridge which now makes the Michigan Upper Peninsula seem more like Michigan and a little less like an extension of Wisconsin. A right turn at the bridge, then on to the gigantic Soo Locks. Backtracking southwest to Tahquamenon Falls, a long, long westward drive to the far side of the Upper Peninsula, another right turn north to the Keweenaw Peninsula, Copper Harbor and Lake Superior. Then southeast—back across “Big Mack,” another right turn to the western shore of the Lower Peninsula, a little way south and a long way east. Back in Ypsilanti the trailer was backed into the driveway with all the skill of a two-week veteran—and we still had all 32 fuses.

Since this is the story of acquiring a trailer, there is the opportunity to do justice to the beauty of the trip, the magnificent Michigan state parks, the friendliness of traveling people and the comfort and luxury of a trailer vacation.

Christmas of 1959 found under the tree a para-wing tent, a camping stove, lantern, sleeping bags and a folding table and chairs. We were still torn between two loves—a boat that must be trailered because of its size and a trailer for all of its pleasures. The summer of 1960 found us loading the camping equipment into the boat and heading back to the Upper Peninsula. If this was to be a fair test it should be under similar conditions, even to the presence of the Great Dane. Beautiful Indian Lake at Manistique was our campsite, with excellent fishing and boating and the same generous and friendly traveling people.

Although it was August, two nights of below 40° temperature made us envious of the trailer campers. Just in case the thought never occurred to you, when it is 40° outside a tent, it is also 40° inside. Sleeping bags can correct this situation upon retiring, but we were still creatures of the bed habit. By the third night the back pains were just about gone. That is, provided we hit upon the elusive bal-

Travel trailer our family of the month finally decided upon is a 24' Airstream Land Yacht which is completely self-contained; it has all they've dreamed of.

Toward the end of the vacation we fortunately met a most wonderful recently retired couple. They had just acquired a 24-foot Airstream Land Yacht. A visit to their trailer stirred up longings. Two more days of conversation convinced us. It would be absolutely necessary to secure a travel trailer, keep the tent and camping equipment and use either as desire dictated.

Ever since that first trailer vacation we had spent many pleasant hours visiting trailer dealers, shows and exhibits at fairs. This pleasant experience of window shopping can become frightening once the decision is made to acquire one. You are suddenly faced with the awesome decision of how much, what size and what appointments.

How much? In all likelihood you won't have to pay that first asking price. Shop around. Don't be too proud to negotiate a better price. Set your price limit, then select quality within it. Compromise, if you must, on size, number of items, etc., but not on quality. Don't forget the cost of the hitch, wiring for brakes and lights, helper springs if necessary, insurance, etc. These are all part of the cost.

What size you buy should be influenced by three considerations:

1. What price can you afford?
2. How many people must be accommodated?
3. What do you want to do with it?

The biggest trailer in town may inflate the ego, but it can ruffle the nerves when you must put it between two birch trees at two o'clock in the morning along good old Lake Petitchot. The little 12-foot bubble may be a gem tracking at 60 miles per hour and may slip silently into place while others are jockeying, but this travel gem can become a nightmare on rainy days with four to six people inside.

Plan ahead on what you want the trailer for; if you want to travel, really travel many thousands of miles over all kinds of roads, up hill and down, select a quality travel trailer especially designed for this purpose.

What equipment or appointments you buy will again be influenced by available funds and the intended use.
THE Mexican Caravan assembled at Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, just across the Rio Grande Jan. 18 and subsequently — some caravanners who attended the San Marcos rally found it hard to tear themselves away. But by the 23rd nearly everybody had arrived. The early arrivals enjoyed the “Hands Across the Border” reception. Mariachi bands played all the time the caravan rolled past, and a police escort was on hand to escort the Airstreams to the Exposition Grounds.

My husband and I missed the ceremonial reception on the bridge, but landed, on the Mexican side, in what seemed to be a maze of traffic. Smiling customs officials waved us on, a tour guide placed a card in our hands, and gave us directions. The welcoming banners, the smiling waving children, and the general air of gaiety, gave us the impression that we were in a happy land.

Thursday, the day of our departure, was cloudy and cool, but with no heavy rain. By 8:00 a.m. the movement began, from sparkling little Bambis with their jaunty air, to gleaming Sovereigns in all their dignity, pulled by every kind of vehicle, carrying their passengers from eight to eighty, more or less, and their dogs, cats and birds. All along the way the people watched and waved, and after a drive along the straight road to Savinas Hidalgo, and a little taste of mountain driving, further south, a police escort met us in Monterrey and guided us to the camp ground...

In Monterrey we were afflicted with bad weather, but we gathered around a bonfire in the rain to hear our welcome from the Tourist Bureau, and to be told that busses would arrive the next morning at nine to take us on a tour of the glass works and the brewery. There would be a bull fight that afternoon. Some caravanners went off in their own cars to see the city, the old Bishops palace, now a museum, the churches — one, Las Purisma, having won the International Award for modern architecture — the residential district, the market.

Early that morning a group of children from a nearby school visited the caravan, and took our children back to see their school. They were received in our trailers, and our children enjoyed their visit to the school.

At our next stop, Linares, our scheduled camp ground was under water so we parked in a goat field in most beautiful setting, but only for one day — as the depariking committee prepared to depart, the goats were already coming back to their accustomed haunts. On the evening of our arrival the town of Linares entertained us at their Auditorium to a sample of Mexican dancing, numbers played by the usual Mariachi band, and a lecture on the area given by a professor who had toured the United States.

Then, on to Ciudad Victoria. This delightful city has such a big heart that we had very little time to go into town and spend any money. As we arrived a day early, we were settled in the night before the reception was planned, in the State Fair Grounds.

The following morning at dawn we were awakened to the strains of Mexican music from a band, and that evening were entertained at a typical Tamalulipas dinner — all six hundred of us — at the Casino de Tamatan, a most elaborate State building across the road. Next day busses arrived to take us on a tour of the highlights of the city.

That afternoon was supposed to be free, but many stayed to watch the Charro Club activities but on in our honor, and that evening we who had been overwhelmed by all his hospitality put on a Charity Ball in one of their buildings on the Fair Grounds. The people of Ciudad Victoria made the arrangements for the music, the refreshments and the entertainment, and all we did was to contribute our dollar apiece. During the evening a Mexican stote was presented to be drawn for, numbers were distributed, but when we asked, “How many pesos?” the reply was “None.” It is free! The proceeds went to the medical center we had seen during our visit.

Two hundred eighty-five gleaming Airstreams appeared to be as great an attraction to Tampicans as if we were a zoo. We, the inmates in our aluminum cages, watched the city folk come in droves, in Cadillacs, in old jalopies, on foot, and in sports cars, smiling and bowing. All were invited into the trailers, and many a friendship was formed with a Tampican family. After a delightful hour in a Mexican home, and some piano renderings by the senora and

This Caravan which began in Nuevo Laredo, visited eleven major points of interest south of the border before ending at the resort city of Acapulco —

Official Reporter for the

MEXICAN CARAVAN

was EDITH GIROUARD, caravaner from Canada.

Beginning on this page is a shortened compilation of her reports.
At Valles we found ourselves in the rifle range of Hotel Covadonga, a resort with sulphur pools, a golf course, bowling, and good meals. Across the road was El Banito Trailer Park, beloved by some caravaners as the nicest in Mexico, with hot sulphur pools, and a good restaurant.

Leaving Valles, one soon enters rolling hills, with desert vegetation similar to that in the southwestern states. The Huastacan Indians, makers of leather shoes, belts and baskets, had set up stands along the road, their curious children coming to see us and accept anything we had to offer.

In the town of Tamazunchale a number of bright looking school boys, speaking a little English, stopped to speak to us as we waited and gazed covetously at my ball point pencil. When it had changed hands, the gratitude was overwhelming, and I was determined to lay in a supply next I came.

We left Tamazunchale and the desert vegetation and changed into a lush tropical farming land.

Zimapán is a very small Indian town, with surrounding scenery which had changed from the lush tropical verdure of the Sierra Madres to a volcanic type of ground, with little growth besides cactus. We were now on the high plateau, and the market place had less fresh vegetables to offer than in other towns, but more of the peeled cactus so intriquing to some caravaners, who have been taught to cook them like green beans.

Guazumate: the unique village where most of the silver which made Spain great was wrested from the mountain by the slave labor of thousands of conquered Indians, where the air is so dry that some dead bodies become mummified—and, if their families do not continue paying the crypt fees, the crypts, mounted in tiers like safety deposit boxes, are emptied. Then the preserved bodies are carefully removed and placed in rows on platforms along the sides of underground passages, to be shown to tourists who descend into the vaults to look.

Out next stop, Patzcuaro with its butterfly fishermen and its island of Janitzio, its beautiful lake, and its native dances... One treat was the performance of the "Dance of the Old Men" for the caravaners. Another visit, exciting to educationists, was a tour of the UNESCO university which teaches selected instructors from all over Latin America "Fundamental living." That is, it teaches each teacher what he needs to know to go back to his home and help his people. This university is housed in the old estate of President Cardenas, who gave it for the purpose.

Other caravaners went off on an all day junket to see the world's youngest volcano, Paricutin, near Uruapan, which is still warm on one side, and from the top of which, reached by horse or burro or on foot, one can see the buried church, its steeple, and altar. At Patzcuaro a heart warming meeting took place.

It was the end of the journey for a dozen cartons of clothing, collected by one of last year's caravaners, Ann Corning, for an orphanage run by Miss Poislon, a New Zealand missionary who came to Mexico some 32 years ago.

Then on to Morelia, where a dinner was given at the campsite by the Tourist Bureau, and where bus tours showed us the many beauties of the city.

Tohua, the basket center, has a family of artists who put on a beautiful display of native dancing. The small boy of that family, we predict, will one day be one of Mexico's leading entertainers. Pyramids were visited here.

Then on to Mexico City, where there was something for everybody. Pancho Lona came to greet us. He is the man who has helped organize Wally Byam caravaners since the beginning of caravans, and he had a staff of helpers, kept an office going, to aid us in any way he could, and offered a series of tours. One, a comprehensive tour of the city, another to the pyramids and the shrine of Guadalupe, another to Xochimilco floating gardens, two night club tours, and three evenings of native dances.

The contrast between Mexico City and the smaller cities does not need
explanation; it would take volumes to describe the wonders of this metropolis, more European than North American, yet with a unique Mexican flavor. One is never allowed to forget that this country is Mexican. It is not Spanish, it is not Indian — true, one could doubtless find groups which are still Spanish, just as one sees villages that are pure Indian, but the general flavor of life is neither. It is Mexican.

Acapulco, the end of the 1961 Wally Byam Mexican Caravan. Only a few short weeks ago we assembled at Nuevo Laredo, many of us green newcomers to Mexico, novice caravanners, wondering what the future would bring, now seasoned travelers.

As we swept down the hill and caught our first glimpses of the Pacific we saw a totally new side of Mexico, a resort city, reminiscent of Cannes, the Bahamas, Majorca, any tropical resort one cares to name, yet completely unique, with the same Mexican flavor as the rest of the country, but totally different in its carefree habits. Ladies in Mexico never wear slacks or shorts, except in Acapulco, where “anything goes.” Men in Acapulco wear as little as possible, and caravan wives have been heard expostulating with their husbands about whether they will drive to the big hotels in their bathing trunks.

The evening after our arrival we had a picnic supper on the white sand beach in front of Hotel Balboa, and it was announced that, while the official Wally Byam dinner would be at the Hotel Los Americas on the Saturday, there would be a camp dinner the following night.

Boat trips took us around the magnificent harbors, showed us the points of interest of Acapulco from the water and kept our thirst quenched all the time by a variety of drink all included in the price of the tour. Other trips, taken at will by the individuals themselves, were innumerable, deep sea fishing, water skiing, driving out to Puerto Marquez Beach, to lie in hammocks under thatched shelters and order a meal cooked by the natives on their braziers, where vendors of native crafts moved from hammock to hammock.

And now we go our separate ways, to meet again on other caravans, at rallies, and along the wayside all over the continent. Many inveterate caravanners can hardly wait for the next one. Some find the pace of a caravan too fast, and own their trailer for relaxation. They say they won’t go on another, but experience shows that many of these “never again” people will turn up at the next one. Nearly all, in whatever category they are, say, “I wouldn’t have missed it for anything.” A caravan is a kind of school for trailerites, if you are new at it. The quickest way to learn everything possible about your trailer and its care and operation is to go on a caravan.

(The End)
With an ever increasing number of new enthusiasts joining the fun of trailering today, the rate of mishaps involving trailers on our highways is on the uptrend. Does this mean that trailering is becoming unsafe? Does it mean that trailers are a hazard to the motoring public?

No, of course not! Breakdowns and accidents are directly proportionate to the number of trailers on the road. Actually, due to better design of trailers and towing equipment, the incident rate per miles traveled is quite normal.

Even more reassuring is the fact that travel trailer owners can cut the rate even lower. In fact, by using the correct equipment, seeing to it that it is installed right, and using it properly trailering can be as safe as a backyard cookout. Come to think of it, that's where safety begins—in your own backyard.

If you care you'll stay off the highways until your rig is in top shape and you have learned to handle it. This is part of trailering. If you get into the right spirit of the thing you'll not only have fun, you'll be playing it safe. Many trips have been spoiled by rushing to the nearest highway the minute the down payment is plunked down.

A fellow trailerite told me of such a trip. He put his trailer on the road after a hurry-up wiring job. For 1500 miles he traveled with the wires running from the car to the trailer so short that he couldn't make sharp turns without pulling them out by the roots. "Going through the towns," he said, "my wife ran alongside and kept me posted. She yelled at me if I took the corners too sharply. We didn't mind it at all." he concluded. "Well, that is, I didn't."

To keep his car from heating up, one not overly informed fellow wrapped 75 feet of garden hose around his trailer. He hooked it into his car's cooling system and took off for the high hills. He had to stop after a while. It seems the steam coming up from the radiator made it hard to see the road.

Another silly stunt was pulled by a man who should have known better. While towing his 16-foot job at night it was hit by a car. The driver of the car was blinded by the headlights of the tow vehicle. Mr. Accident Prone didn't bother to compensate for the extra load of the trailer on the back end of the car which beamed the headlights in other people's faces. He gave it lots of thought, but only after he paid a $350.00 repair bill.

Another rugged individualist was seen towing a 22-foot travel trailer with the jack wheel in place. He tried to sneak through town but the clanging and banging gave him away. It's anybody's guess how long that little metal caster lasted. Probably just long enough to get the man a ticket for disturbing the peace—among other things.

In thousands of miles of trailer travel I have collected a glove compartment full of such fun-ruining events. There's not enough space
here for them, but I can tell you about the safety sense I picked up. Who knows, maybe some of the old stuff will rub off on you. If you’re a veteran trailerite I’m sure you’ll go along with me. Beginners take notes!

It’s obvious that the most important item in towing is the tires—both on the car and the trailer. They should be properly inflated and in good condition at all times. No matter what kind of hitch is used, there’ll be a load pushing down on the car tires. This calls for more air. I use 40 pounds all around on the car and 60 on the tandem.

“Wiring,” according to Bob Frank of Ionia, Michigan, well known trailer service man, “gives the most headaches. I solder all my connections,” he said, “and I use color-coded wires. It makes it easier to trace them in case of trouble. A wiring diagram is a good thing to carry along, too. It saves time in explaining to a mechanic just which wire is which.”

Many trailers have six-volt brakes while most cars have a 12-volt system. With this silly set up a resistor is needed, but not just any resistor, mind you. Some brake makers won’t guarantee their equipment unless their own resistor is used. Oh, well, a matched set is better, anyway.

The law and common sense call for a safety chain strong enough to hold the trailer to the car in case the hitch ball breaks. If the chain didn’t hold and someone should get hurt, you could be charged with criminal negligence. I have a double chain on my trailer. I can’t afford to have anything like that pinned on me. Can you?

Another safety item, which is required in many states now, is a break-away switch. This is a cheap device that automatically puts on the trailer brakes if the trailer becomes separated from the tow vehicle. Even if it’s not required in your state you should have it. Accident investigation officers would respect you for having a break-away switch.

An equalizer hitch, one that spreads out the trailer tongue weight over all four wheels of the car, is a must. It keeps the tow vehicle on an even keel which makes for better control. Without this leveling off, the rear end of the car will sag forcing the front end up. This causes an unsafe floating steering condition and beams the headlights too high. Load equalization will cure other pains, too. Such as jack-knifing and swaying, for instance.

Many good equalizers are on the market today. Advertisements in this magazine tell all about them. No matter what hitch you finally get, it will pay you to have a specialist mount it. Just any welder, blacksmith or Handy Andy across the street won’t do. If an equalizer hitch is not put on right it can’t do the job it’s supposed to do. Don’t try to save a buck here. You can’t do it.

Overload springs are not needed with a light travel trailer unless the car springs are soft. If the tongue weight is heavy the car will be forced down giving a low clearance, especially right under the hitch. This could cause trouble getting in and out of service stations with sharp dips. It wouldn’t help matters any if you hit a bump at high speed, either. I’ve slipped a couple of extra leaves on my car springs to give it that needed lift.

A bolt through the locking device will keep the hitch from bouncing loose. A better idea is to use a padlock. Then when you unhitch and leave the trailer someplace, you know it’ll be there when you get back. A news item which reported a stolen bridge just the other day makes running off with a mere trailer seem like a job for an amateur.

When a friend of mine had a flat he found out the hard way that he couldn’t get the jack under the jack-point. “I don’t understand it,” he said, “It worked all right when I (Continued from page 46)

The hitch area is the heart of towing. Proper and well maintained equipment is a must in safe towing. Note the fully inflated tire, the double safety chain, the equalizing hitch and snap-proof suspension of the wire cords. These are some of the points to consider if you want to do your part in keeping trailering safe.
Is Towing Safe?
(Concluded from previous page)

tryed it at home." It sure did, but there was air in the tire then, stupid!
No self-respecting trailerite would
get caught without wheel blocks.
There are times when he has to park
his trailer on a hill and blocks are
mighty handy to have around to keep
it from rolling. In addition to blocks
I hooked up an electric parking
switch. It holds the trailer until I
can get the blocks under the wheels,
while I take that pause that re-
freshes.

When the rig is road-ready, take
it to a place where there is plenty
of elbow room. A shopping center
parking area when the stores are
closed is just the place. Here at your
leisure you can learn about all you
need to know about trailering, well
almost. You can get the hang of
backing up, making turns and using
the brakes. Here is the place to learn
to gauge the width and length of
your trailer.

The normal good sense you use
driving a car when you're not pull-
ing a trailer should be applied when
you tow—plus a few other items.
Check the light and brakes before
you leave and try the brakes again
as soon as you can after you get on
the highway. After running a few
miles, stop and give the outfit a good
looking over. Get in the habit of
walking completely around the car
and trailer to make sure that every-
thing is in cruising shape—and still
there.

A good rule of the thumb in towing is
to follow the truck routes through
cities. In general be governed by the
traffic control signs which pertain
to trucks. If the traffic piles up be-
hind you, don't wait until some im-
patient soul tries a desperation pass
and winds up in a ravine. It's better
to get a wave of thanks than to get
a fist shaken at you. Safer, too.

Whenever the gas gauge drops to
the halfway mark, that's the time to
start looking for a service station.
By stopping you can not only
stretch a leg but check on things.
You get a free windshield wash, free
local road information and you can
use the clean rest rooms whether you
need a rest or not. Service station
people go all out to help. It's part of
their job and they get a kick out of
it. Swell bunch of fellows.

It's very easy to get tangled up in
city traffic, especially when making
a sharp turn. When I make right
turns, I maneuver my rig like a
truck driver does his. I work it out
away from the curb before I get to
the turn, but not far enough to let
a car sneak in between me and the
curb. However, I get far enough out
so that when I turn, the trailer won't
goto the sidewalk with the pe-
destrians.

If you take to the hills with your
trailer, you'll enjoy a special thrill.
However, mountain driving calls-for
some special safety sense. The most
important, I think, is the center line.
If you go so fast that you have to
cheat across the center line to make
the curves, especially the blind ones,
brother, you're going too fast. Stay
where you belong—on your own side
of the street! Line cutters only have
to get caught once, by another idiot
coming the other way, to learn their
lessons.

Most of the hot brake trouble can be
eliminated if the driver shifts down
and lets the engine do some
of the braking. Tapping the pedal,
instead of riding it, gives the drums
a chance to cool off. If the trailer
and car brakes are not synchronized,
it is better to apply them alternately
whenever possible. Stop once in a
while to give the brakes a rest. Too
much heat can warp brake drums,
as the garage man will gladly ex-
plain when he hands over the repair
bill.

If the buggy gets hot under the
bonnet head it into the wind if possi-
ble, and let the engine run at fast
idle. Then turn on the heater full
blast and open the hood. Don't mess
with the radiator cap or the water
will boil out. About the only thing
you can do besides bite your nails
is to pour water over the upper radia-
tor tank to condense the steam
inside. This'll speed things up a bit.

About the worst thing you can do
when the water temperature gauge
reaches the danger zone is to shut
off the engine. As soon as you do
that the fan and the water circula-
tion are cut off. With nothing left
to take away the heat, there'll be an
afterboil. The heat around the blow
torch-hot exhaust valves will rush to
the cool area around the intake
valves and crack the head. A cracked
head will give you a headache but
for sure.

Now, there's only one thing that
can keep the accident rate down be-
sides barring everybody off the high-
ways except you and me. That is if
all trailerites learn, practice, and
preach safety. This can make trail-
ering as safe as a backyard picnic.
That's for me! How 'bout you?
(The End)
Eight Americans in four travel trailers spent 16 days touring more than 2000 miles of Soviet territory in a recent trip that made trailering history. They served as excellent “ambassadors” for the U.S., and at the same time succeeded in having a “whale of a time”

Trailering Behind

Top
American trailerists found Leningrad to be huge with many historic buildings. Here they view the massive Pushkin Theater while curious Russians eye the travel trailers.

Right
Described by Etta Payne as “huge, clean and beautiful,” Red Square contains Lenin-Stalin Mausoleum where Paynes joined seemingly unending line to view the bodies.

Left
Among sights that interested Americans was industrial and agricultural exhibit in Moscow. Exhibit was held in large building, approached through big statue-topped arch.
My husband, Oscar Payne, and I joined a Wally Byam Caravan for a trip through Europe in our travel trailer. At Copenhagen, Denmark, eight of us broke away from the rest of the group and went for a jaunt to the North Cap, which is the most northern point on the European continent. When we arrived in Helsinki, Finland, our group splintered in halves and four splinters went off deep into the U.S.S.R. Toots and Joe Bee, Horace and Alice Dickey, Roy and Lorraine Wass, Oscar and I applied for Russian visas. We told the authorities that we were world travelers and desired to add the U.S.S.R. to our list of countries visited. The tourist department phoned officials in Moscow and they replied that they would be delighted to have us as their guests.

After the customary waiting period of eight days we were granted our visas with all the documents we would need.

It was a real thrill when we drove up to the Finnish border and were greeted by two very snappy but courteous police

(Continued on page 62)
Iron Curtain

(Continued from page 43) officers who spoke excellent English. They were interested in our equipment and our tour of Africa. Moments later two officers drove up in a little green car, examined our passports and instructed us to follow them. We drove along a tree-lined highway to the customs building. There we were officially greeted by officers and a representative from the Intourist office.

After the greetings, we had our papers processed and then came the inspection. The officials searched the trucks and trailers thoroughly; however, when an officer opened the first cupboard door in our trailer a cup came tumbling out and he apologized over and over. Then he asked me to open the drawers and doors. A civilian official went through all my books very thoroughly, then bowed and said everything was in order.

The officials told us that we were free to start on our journey. We drove over a highway with lovely green birch and pine trees lining the way. The birds sang just as sweet, flowers bloomed just as profusely, wild roses were just as fragrant, children waved, just as friendly as any we had seen elsewhere in our travels.

At Vyborg, we parked near the city hall while the men went to get gasoline and camping coupons. Citizens stared at us in wonder, for never before had they seen a trailer like ours. To see Americans was the exception rather than the rule. However, while we were waiting, a voice called "Hello, Wisconsin." It was Dr. Clegg's wife from Salt Lake City, Utah. They were entering the U.S.S.R. on a tour much the same as the one we were taking, only they were staying at hotels.

As we sped along the highway, we became more relaxed and we began to really enjoy the beauty of the landscape, which was much like northern Minnesota, with lakes, forests and green patches of meadow.

By evening we felt quite at home in this new land. When we drove through the gateway into our camping "platz" we were welcomed to a circle of international campers, folks from many lands.

Early the following morning, we drove 18 miles into Leningrad and reported to the Intourist office, where they furnished us with a guide to take us on a tour.

Leningrad is a city of 3,000,000 inhabitants, located on 100 islands in the Baltic Sea. It was founded by Peter the Great in 1703. It has many beautiful gardens and parks where the inhabitants play and rest. We were impressed by the huge size and architecture of the many buildings throughout the city. Nevsky Prospekt is the main broad avenue running through the city. There are 500 bridges in Leningrad.

The Palace Square is a noted historical area. Along one side of the square is a large horseshoe-shaped building with a pointed arch in the center called Triumphant Arch. It was through this arch that the troopers and workers passed as they gathered to storm the Winter Palace that stands on the opposite side of the Square.

The Winter Palace is now a part of "The Hermitage" in which is one of the most distinguished art galleries in the world. It houses famous collections of paintings by Rembrandt, Rubens and others. Several of its 100 rooms are filled with masterpieces.

We enjoyed lunch at an open air restaurant in the Summer Garden. The iron grillwork along the river side of the garden is very lovely with its gold leaf trim.

As we gazed up at the many apartment houses, we noticed masses of TV antennas on the roofs. The guide told us that every third family had TV. Our greatest surprise came as we entered the Metro (underground railway) and stepped onto an escalator which carried us deep into the bowels of the earth. Magnificent crystal chandeliers gave light while we enjoyed the ride to the lower level.

"How deep?" I asked the guide.

She answered, "It is a secret."

Modern, streamlined electric trains swiftly and efficiently carry hundreds of passengers hourly to their destinations. The underground stations are lined with marble and tile, lighted by majestic electric lighting fixtures. Statutory and paintings add to their beauty. In one station we saw a portrait of Stalin done in a mosaic of semi-precious stones that was striking.

A beautiful, pastel blue electric train came to a stop, passengers graciously stepped off or on, and then the train silently left the station and in a few minutes another would appear. The air in the complete subway system is changed every eight minutes, so it is always fresh.

As I was waiting in the truck for Oscar to return, a man in his sixties strode up and asked if I was from America. He told me that he was born in Russia but had spent several years in America and had returned to Russia in 1928. He spoke freely and was really pleased to talk to an American. We soon had a large audience. They were curious and asked many questions, which he translated. They wanted to know about our adventure in Africa—about America and about us.

He said that conditions were getting better and better in Russia. He was getting a government pension which enabled him to live comfortably. In Russia, men retire at 60 years—women at 52 years of age.

Thus, our first day in Russia came to an end. On the way to the camp, Joe Bos stopped to get some potatoes. He emptied onion skins from his basket on the ground. Shortly thereafter, a police officer tapped him on the shoulder and asked him to pick them up—and Joe obeyed.

On the following day we returned to Leningrad to see the interiors of some of the great buildings and to visit the stores. The way of life is so different in the U.S.S.R. that it is hard to explain to those who have never seen it. We, in America are so used to beautiful window displays, advertising and an abundance of goods offered for sale, and almost forced on the buyer. But in Russia, it's different: the state owns the stores and goods. There were more customers and money available than merchandise available, so the people stood in line, waiting to buy milk from the tap, potatoes as they tumbled from the hopper into the bin, etc. Department stores do not compare with those in the United States.

Clothing styles were very conservative. There seemed to be plenty of cotton prints in very pretty patterns. Most of the women wore homemade dresses which were pretty, but simple.

Women are considered equal to men in every sense of the word. They do equal work with men in any job, are paid equal wages for equal work, have equal privileges such as voting, etc. We never saw one woman in 16 days wearing slacks, jeans or shorts. Even those women spreading tar on the highways, milking cows, pitching hay or shoveling grain wore skirts.

After walking and walking for hours, we began to realize that the sidewalks of Leningrad were as hard as the sidewalks of New York and that we're not as young as we used to be. So we decided to
to drive back to our trailers and enjoy the comforts of home.

Our drive the following day was through low, swampy areas, where forests of birch and pine grew on either side of a broad highway. For one or three roads back from the wide shoulder, the trees and grass had been trimmed, giving the highway the appearance of a broad and beautiful boulevard.

We passed through villages where log houses stood on either side of the highway. It is hard to judge how old a log house might be, but I think many of these were a hundred years old. Having no cement or rock foundation, the lower logs had decayed and many were lopsided or had sagged into contorted shapes. But, even so, pretty lace curtains hung at windows. In which colorful potted plants bloomed. Old-fashioned flowers bloomed in the gardens. Intricate designs were carved in the cornices of the window casings. The houses were probably 24 x 24 feet, or larger.

When we reached Moscow, we camped within the city limits. It was a large camp and we parked under big oak trees. There were campers from many nations; also several citizens of the United States.

The first evening in Moscow our group enjoyed dinner at the Metropole Hotel and later went to the Mir-Panorama Theatre (cinema). It is an impressive building. The ground floor is a huge circular lobby where soft drinks and confections are sold. We entered and wandered around, trying to find an entrance to the seating area. Several attendants tried in vain to explain that we must wait in the lobby until time to enter, but we were impatient because the tourist office had instructed us that we must be in our seats by a certain time or we would not be allowed to enter later. Fifteen minutes, ten minutes, five minutes—finally the huge doors opened and everyone quickly entered and was seated, just in time.

The flowing curtains were pulled back to expose a super-wide circular screen. "How Broad Is My Country" was the name of the travelogue. It compared favorably with the Cinerama shown in the United States.

After the movie, we had to take a bus to our campsite. We were very confident that bus number 13 would take us to our trailers, but when bus 13 ended its run somewhere in Moscow, a city of 5,000,000 people, we didn't know where we were. The carman couldn't speak English and there we were, stranded at midnight. But a kind, considerate middle-aged lady came to our rescue. She showed us where to take the right bus to our camping place, and soon we were safely back in our snug trailers.

Sunday morning our group took a three-hour walking tour of the Kremlin. The guide was a charming young lady who performed her task efficiently. Among the group was a young student from Cornell University who asked many intelligent questions concerning the government and the Kremlin. The guide answered in a straightforward manner.

The Kremlin is the heart of Moscow and consists of several palaces and churches. The walls are built of deep red brick in an artistic design. The walls of the Kremlin enclose almost 65 acres.

The cathedrals have been restored because of their historical and architectural value, but are no longer used for religious purposes.

Someone asked why the buildings within the Kremlin's walls were not destroyed during the Revolution.

Our guide answered, "What good would it have done to destroy them?"

Another sightseer commented, "But when a country has a revolution, people almost always lose their heads and destroy everything pertaining to the old regime, even though it does no good."

Our guide remarked, "People in Russia don't lose their heads."

Several people looked at her and smiled.

"But I do not mean the way you're thinking," she quickly added.

Sometimes I marveled at the patience of the Russian guides.

The Grand Kremlin Palace can be seen most effectively from Red Square. It is a colossal structure, but everything around it is in proportion. The U.S.S.R., like Texas, seems to glory in having everything just a mile larger than is found anywhere else.

The Kremlin Museum contains the fabulous treasures of the Czars. The crown and throne chair of Peter the Great; jeweled bibli; delicate objects made by artists of the Fabergé firm; exquisite gowns, especially those of Catherine II. It is said that when she died she left a thousand beautiful gowns and only one ruble in the treasury—all are on display.

When one of our group admired the beauty of these magnificent treasures, the guide for one moment became a true Russian and forgot she was a guide. She sharply remarked, "But look at all these treasures owned by a few, while millions starved."

There were several golden jeweled carriages and the harnesses for the horses were studded with thousands of diamonds, rubies and emeralds. It is impossible to describe the beauty and wealth of this exhibition to folks who have never had the opportunity of seeing such displays.

After the tour of the Kremlin we walked to Red Square; outside the Kremlin wall. We entered near St. Basil's Cathedral and looked across the

(Continued on page 64)
**Continued from page 63**

most magnificent square I’ve seen in all the world. It almost takes one’s breath away. It is huge, clean, and beautiful in construction.

Along the left side ran the red brick Kremlin wall, with the Grand Palace in the background. At the center, near the wall, stands the Lenin-Stalin Mausoleum made of red granite, and on the opposite side of the square is the huge, state-owned department store, known as GUM. Traffic flowed swiftly along the right side, but for the most part the square was empty except for the long line of citizens, perhaps thousands—at least hundreds—waiting to pass by the bodies of Lenin and Stalin. The line reached to the center, then to the museum, down the hill into the square below. We could not see the end.

Growing along the Kremlin wall, behind the tomb, are Colorado Blue Spruce. Two soldiers stood at attention at the entrance. We moved slowly through the entrance and descended the many steps into the underground chamber. It seemed dark and cool after standing in the bright, warm sunshine. Several soldiers stood at attention. At the center of the chamber, the bodies of Lenin and Stalin lay in glass caskets. The only light was focused on the upper half of the bodies. After all these years they look as though they were resting in peaceful slumber. Yet five days a week, four hours a day, the stream of visitors pass by. We ascended another flight of stairs into Red Square.

Of course, Red Square has many interesting spots. The Lenin Library contains 20,000,000 volumes and 25,000 to 30,000 are used every day. We were told that the U.S.S.R. produces one-fifth of all the books printed in the world. We noticed that the citizens seemed to do a great deal of reading.

We were taken to one of the newer and better housing projects. This particular project covered several blocks and contained 500 flats. Approximately 2000 people lived in it. The inner court was planted with trees and flowers where the children’s playgrounds were located. Walks led around the court and crisscrossed the gardens. The size of the family determines the size of their apartment. The apartments were modern, with kitchens and bathrooms. The housing plan calls for every family in the U.S.S.R. to have a modern apartment or house in 12 years.

The construction is going on at a very rapid pace—we could see hundreds of new structures being built. We could count many huge cranes which are used to carry the materials to the higher levels.

Toots, Joe, Oscar and I were fortunate in securing tickets for the opening night of the Siberian Ballet at the Bolshoi Theater. The theater covers almost a city block in the heart of downtown Moscow. It is surrounded by a beautiful park with fountains and flowers. Eight Greek columns, topped with prancing horses, adorn the entrance.

One enters an elaborately decorated hall and climbs marble steps to the auditorium that seats 2000 spectators. Five tiers of balconies surround the main floor.

The golden decorations, red upholstered seats, beautiful hand-painted frescoes on the ceiling and, most of all, the crystal chandeliers make this theater an enchanted world.

For nearly three hours we watched and lived in a fairyland world. We had to pinch ourselves to realize we were not dreaming. It was all magical and enchanting. There had been no spoken words, only music, and lights, and dance, dance, dance.

Public transportation was so cheap and efficient that we never took our trucks out of the campground during our four-day stay in Moscow. I must tell you how the trolley was equipped: when we entered, we put our money in a vending machine and pulled out our ticket. There was no one on the trolley to either sell or collect the tickets. One day, a man entered and didn’t buy a ticket and the other passengers bood him. However, on another day a woman got on and checked to see if everyone had tickets. But, the Soviet system is that everything belongs to everyone, so each citizen watches so that others don’t cheat.

Our stay in Moscow was all too short. There was so much to see and so little time.

A young man from our camp guided our caravan to Red Square. The police gave us the privilege of taking the trailers there and parking them so that we might take some pictures.

Reporters and photographers met us in Red Square, where they took pictures and interviewed us for the Moscow paper.

From Moscow we traveled south to Kharkov. The area between these cities was much like western Nebraska. The fields of golden grain were being harvested with combines. The corn was all in tassel. Many herds of dairy cattle grazed on the rolling hills. There were miles of green fields and acres of young fruit orchards. Almost every home had a few geese or ducks that the old or very young tended along the highway.

We passed through an area where there were many oil wells.

During the two days’ drive we passed through numerous villages, cities and collective farms.

Kharkov is a city of nearly a million people and was half destroyed during World War II. The ruins have been torn down or restored and we could scarcely see any damage. The city was founded in 1656 as a fortress on the Ukraine’s southern frontier. The Ukraine has a population of 42,000,000 and covers an area of 200,000 square miles, more than twice the size of Wyoming or, comparing it with California, the Ukraine is a million acres and has three times the population.

We were fortunate in having the opportunity of going on the city tour with a young man from Kent, England, who is a student at Cambridge University. Our guide was a charming, young Russian school teacher.

On the tour we visited the children’s railway, which is a miniature railway operated by young people in their teens. The trains were kept clean and polished— the young trainmen or women wore neat uniforms, just like those on large trains. Later these youngsters become railway workers.

There are 752 collective farms, 75 state farms and two service farms in the Kharkov area. On a collective farm, the houses, equipment and livestock are owned collectively by the members. A state farm is owned entirely by the state, and all workers are paid a straight salary. A service farm is owned by the state and its function is to own, operate and service machinery and breeding stock.

Our party, consisting of three couples from the Eastern United States, a student from Cambridge University, a middle-aged woman from Israel, Toots Bos, Oscar and I, visited the Shevchenko Collective Farm. It was named for a famous Russian poet.

We were met at the gate by the manager of the farm and invited to sit around the conference table, where we were told we could ask any and all questions.

This farm was organized in 1913 under the collective farm system and the main interests of the farm were cattle breeding, raising of vegetables, fruit and grain. The area was about 3000 acres. Four hundred and fifty persons work on the farm, with nearly 1000 working in the factory in the city. There were 2500 pupils that attended the two schools on the farm.

Each family has its own house with about three-quarters of an acre for their house and garden. They build their own houses and the products from the garden plot are theirs to do with as they please. The houses average three rooms.

Eleven members are elected to manage the farm. The chairman or manager is chosen from among the 11 members. The man from Vermont said the system of choosing the collective management was exactly like the system used to choose the members of the village ad-
ministration in his town in Vermont.

I asked if members who could earn and save enough money to buy a car would be allowed to own it. The reply was "yes." I don't know how many cars and motorcycles were owned by the members. However, I feel that it is not so much lack of money but the shortage of cars and other goods that keeps the people from having the things they desire.

The approximate yearly income of the farm is $2,000,000 rubles or $81,200,000. It is divided: 35 percent for machinery, improvements and expenses; 45 percent for wages of the workers; eight percent for state taxes; and the balance goes into a reserve fund.

All tax on incomes of 500 rubles or less a month was abolished while we were in Russia, so the people were elated. The work week is 40 to 42 hours a week and there is more work than workers, so everyone who wants to work has work to do.

The weather was lovely and we enjoyed our journey between Kharkov and Kiev. We saw many collective farms which appeared to have much better buildings than the one we had visited and many of the new barns were constructed of red tile. The crops were better as we journeyed westward across the plain. We crossed the Varskela River and the hills became more rolling. Black and white storks gathered their food in the green fields.

Ninety-three octane gasoline was not easy to find in the U.S.S.R. Most of the cars and trucks used low octane fuel. Tourists are furnished with high octane coupons, and it was really a good grade of gasoline, but there was only one service station in each large city where we could get it.

After spending hours trying to find the filling station in Kiev, we finally went to the Intourist office and they furnished us with a guide. She was a charming young woman who told us she was married and had an 11-month-old son. On the way to the station I asked her where we could find the Cuckoo Restaurant. After a few moments of silence she said, "Cuckoo means a little bird in Russia."

I answered, "Yes, I know. It does in America, too."

She looked puzzled and then remarked, "But doesn't it mean you're a little queer in the head in your language?"

I smiled, for somewhere she had picked up our American slang.

On Sunday, August 7th, we caravanners ran an obstacle race. To start, we had to drive through Kiev, which is a city of a million people, and we had no guide. We couldn't read the signs and we had to traverse the entire length of the city. But, at 7:20 a.m., we had cleared that obstacle with 315 miles yet to go. It was a foggy and chilly morning. Then we encountered many patches of road construction. The rain started to patter down on the roof and the road became wet and slippery.

Oscar slammed on the brakes at a rough old bridge and Roy Wass, behind us, slammed on his brakes and sent his car and trailer into a jackknife position.

Soon after we started on our way, after lunch, a car came to a screeching stop. There was Toots, yelling for us to stop. He had broken the universal joint in his truck. We went back, and after some time, the men put in the new parts and we were on our way again.

There are only a few tourist camps in Russia, and we had bought coupons to stay at certain sites. Camps are located about a day's drive apart, but on this day of "obstacles" we had our longest distance to drive. It was midnight when we arrived in Lvov.

We could not find any one who knew where the camp or hotel was located, so we parked on the side of a busy street and went to bed. The following morning, crowds of curious people gathered around our trailers. After breakfast a man offered to guide us to the Intourist Hotel, where we found the rest of our party parked.

After replenishing our gasoline supply, we began our last day's drive in the Soviet Union. We had spent 16 days within its borders and had driven 2000 miles. We had found the people kind and friendly, willing to help us whenever they could.

We were stopped only once in the journey by a policeman and he informed us that he was making a routine check. He wanted to know if we had had any trouble in his country and asked if there was anything he could do to help us. Toots and Joe said they were stopped and asked to show their passports, but we certainly could not complain about the kindly manner in which we were received.

We saw many, perhaps a hundred, large billboards along the highway displaying a picture similar to the one shown on page nine of Newsweek for September 26, 1960, with the inscription, "We shall beat our swords into plowshares." Nowhere did we notice indications of the government trying to prepare the people of the U.S.S.R. for war, but we did see indications for peace.

At the end of shows, concerts and other performances, white pigeons were released and the Russian national anthem was played. The first time I saw this was at a water carnival, where they released many white pigeons and the colored lights play on them as they rose and circled the area. I was very impressed.

We went to Russia to see for ourselves what the people were like, to hear their side of the story, and to see Communism in action, I tried to be without prejudice.

I don't think that anything I saw in the U.S.S.R. was of quite as good quality as that made on the United States. The dairy cattle, grain, fruit, cars, machinery, trucks—in fact almost everything other than perhaps, military and scientific products are inferior to those made in the United States. The Russian standard of living has not the polish that ours has, but the U.S.S.R. is a mighty nation.

The U.S.S.R. has made such terrific strides upward that the people realize what can be done, and they have an inward urge for better living. The Russian people are not dissatisfied with their government, like the satellite nations under its control. They are proud of their achievements.

We enjoyed our last day. It was lovely and sunny. The scenery along the way was beautiful with the golden grain being harvested, the pink trees and bright green hanging heavy on the boughs and the blue hazy mountains in the distance. The terrain became quite hilly before we reached the border.

Courteous custom officers greeted us at the border and the Intourist organization had a representative there to helpful us and to bid us farewell. We left the U.S.S.R. with a wonderful feeling of friendship.
How to Make A Folding Camper Table and Stools Set

By JAY FOX

A GOOD-SIZED TABLE can put extra comfort and convenience in your trailer or truck-back camper, and it doesn’t have to waste precious space. When not in use, this table folds flat to store out of the way against a wall, or beneath a folding bed.

For indoor eating you can swing the table into position quickly. You put a pair of upholstered cushions on built-in storage lockers, and your comfortable eating area is complete.

In nice weather when it’s more comfortable to eat outdoors you can take your table with you. Folding legs concealed beneath the seat cushions convert them quickly to sturdy stools and complete the outdoor outfit.

The table (see drawing) is constructed of 3/4" plywood and topped with formica, or similar durable, easy-to-clean material. The legs and cross-members are cut from one-inch stock. The folding leg braces are available in any good-sized hardware store.

Construction of the stools (see drawing) is similar, but on a smaller scale. The seat is padded with foam rubber and covered with plastic upholstery material.

For storage, the square edge of the table rests in a narrow trough. The rounded edge is held firmly by two sliding bolts. The table can be mounted on any available wall, or you can make double use of your space by mounting the table on the bottom of a fold-up bed. In either case, the table is out of the way except when actually in use.

To use the table, release the sliding bolts and raise the table until the two studs on the square edge are engaged in the wall hooks. Unfold the leg on the rounded edge and let the table down—you’re ready to eat.

Outdoors, you’re no longer dependent on park or campground facilities. It takes only seconds to set up the table and the folding stools. With this dual-purpose outfit you’re ready for comfortable dining—indoors or out—wherever you happen to be.
Folding Camper Stool
bottom view — Scale 1” = 4”

Folding Camper Table
bottom view — Scale 2” = 1’

Stool showing braces and cross-member. Notice the stiffener in center of stool.

Table showing block and twist lock that holds legs. Legs come up two at a time.
Folding Camper Stool

bottom view — Scale 1” = 4”
Folding Camper Table

bottom view — Scale 2” = 1’
(Continued from page 11)

manufactured, including extension models. The park includes a separate family section, and also a section for retired or semi-retired persons.

**Trailer Fall-out Shelter**

A fall-out shelter using a travel trailer as a “living core” has been designed by Mobile Homes Manufacturers Association following consultation with Office of Civil Defense officials in Battle Creek, Michigan. All members of the industry and the public saw this shelter for the first time at the 26th Annual MHMA National Mobile Home-Travel Trailer Show held at the Kentucky Exposition Center in Louisville, January 8-14. All construction features of the shelter meet specifications set forth by OCD authorities. Plans for this shelter—basically using a travel trailer but easily adaptable for a mobile home—were formulated by MHMA during the past four months. The MHMA shelter plan was termed “new and useful” by OCD.

The travel trailer serves as the “living core” of the shelter. Modern trailers have running water, heaters, gas tanks, ranges, bedding, showers, lights operated by generators, toilets, and closets for food and clothing storage. The trailer may be used at all times for its main purpose as an ideal vacation and recreation unit. The shelter, too, serves a dual purpose, first as the shelter itself and, secondly, as a well-built garage.

“A great deal of research and correlation of official OCD data went into the development of the MHMA designed shelter,” Edward L. Wilson, MHMA managing director pointed out. “You cannot put up four walls of regular type construction, put your unit inside, and say you have a fall-out shelter. On the contrary, every construction detail must meet OCD recommendations so that eventually such a shelter gets certification from OCD officials.”

The shelter is large enough to accommodate an average size travel trailer. The walls are made up of eight by eight-inch by 16-inch concrete blocks. Wall thickness, for ample fall-out protection,
is two-feet, four-inches. A passageway designed to OCD specifications is provided. The main trailer entrance consists of one overhead door. In the event of a nuclear attack, there are several plans being studied to seal this entrance sufficiently. Such plans include two overhead doors with gravel filling, cement blocks, or heavy doors.

The roof includes gravel, two-feet, four-inches deep supported by wood beams. An air-intake hood and a stationary exhaust are also built into the shelter.

Mobile Home Project

Bids are being requested for the construction of 225 mobile homes to be used by families of Army and Navy personnel at the Pacific Missile Range facility on Kwajalein Atoll in the Southwest Pacific. These homes will be an addition to the 289 permanent family housing units already occupied on Kwajalein. The mobile homes will be ready for occupation early next year. Thirty-two additional mobile homes were delivered to Kwajalein in early January, 1962.

The new dwellings will be 12 feet by 55 feet with two or three bedrooms, living room, electric kitchen, and air conditioning. They will be located on a new 20-acre site that will be added to Kwajalein Island by dredging material from the lagoon and neighboring islands. Total cost of the project is estimated at $4 million, including mobile homes, dredging, and site development. Exact cost of the mobile homes will not be known until bids for construction are opened.

The date for accepting bids on the 225 mobile homes has not been announced. Purchasing is being handled by the Navy Purchasing Office, 929 South Broadway, Los Angeles, California. Upon completion, the mobile homes will be shipped from Oakland, Calif., aboard a Military Sea Transportation Service transport aircraft carrier or other suitable ship. At present there are 2750 persons at the PMR facility, Kwajalein. The mobile homes will accommodate an additional 750 individuals.

New Travel Trailer Books

An all-new Travel Trailer Park Guide and a Travel Trailer Maintenance Manual made their first appearance at the 26th Annual National Mobile Home Travel Trailer Show sponsored by Mobile Homes Manufacturers Association in Louisville, January 8-14. The Travel Trailer Park Guide is the third edition of MHMA’s popular booklet which has proven useful to nearly 100,000 travel trailer owners. It features a new handy-reference table and contents are streamlined for quick readability. The Guide has two directories—one for approximately 2000 private parks which accommodate travel trailers and another for more than 800 national and state parks. Each listing includes all facilities available at each parking site. In addition, the Guide features a travel trailer rental section, a repair and accessory chapter, a listing of travel trailer clubs, and a page of publications available for travel trailer owners.

The new Travel Trailer Maintenance Manual is exclusively for potential and present travel trailer owners. Chapters deal with towing, parking, brakes, interior and exterior upkeep, and insurance. All data related to the modern travel trailer is fully covered, and the Manual has the sanction of authorities in the field.

Seattle World's Fair

Tomorrow’s world is emerging today in Seattle, Washington, hub city of the booming Pacific Northwest—where the $80 million Century 21 Exposition is fast taking shape for opening next April 21st. It will be the first U. S. world's fair in 23

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TELEVISION ANTENNAS

Snow inside a mobilehome or travel trailer should be an unheard of occurrence, but it's not. Regularly, many mobilehome owners have anywhere from 17 to 21 inches of snow in their mobilehomes every night. Of course I'm playing with the use of the word snow. By snow, I mean poor TV reception. It can be caused by many things, but usually the lack of an outside antenna is responsible for the difficulty.

Why can't a pair of rabbit ears on a TV bring in a good picture? They can in some cases, but if the signal strength is at all weak, they won't do the job. The best comparison I can think of is driving a car over a steel bridge that has overhead girders. If you have your radio turned on, the reception drops to nothing. The same thing happens when a TV signal tries to enter a mobilehome. It's intercepted by the metal shell of the trailer, just like the bridge girders intercepted the radio signals. Some signals get through and you get a picture, but it's snowy and fuzzy. The remedy is not a new TV set, but the installation of a good outside antenna.

Don't run down to the corner TV shop and buy a house TV antenna for your mobilehome. You'll buy more problems than you'll solve. Mobilehome and travel trailer TV antennas function differently than a house antenna. The mobilehome antenna is similar to the house model, but there are still special problems to cope with, such as bringing the lead-in wire through the mobilehome walls.

How are trailer antennas different? They differ in several ways . . . all of them significant. Take mounting screws for an example. Did you know that sheet metal screws should be a specific size depending on thickness of the aluminum they will screw into? There is a specific size of screw for each job, and the trailer antenna manufacturers have considered this item, as well as hundreds more, in designing a good trailer TV antenna. Some other items are long wire lead connections to resist pulling out under wind stress on the highway. (Continued on page 62)
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lightness of weight—coupled with strength, ease of mounting, and portability of the unit when the trailer is moved ... plus that all important item of lead-in wire entry into the trailer. TV antennas for trailers must have these extras that are not required, nor found in house TV antennas.

How about the installation of the TV antenna on the mobilehome? Is it difficult? The answer is no, with a capital N. To illustrate my point, I took the most deluxe antenna I could find, and had my wife install it. To be sure, I assisted her when an extra hand was needed, but she could have done it by herself in only a few extra minutes. As it was, the whole operation took just one hour, and that’s while I was taking photographs! You can do the job, too! So, if you’re having a little snow in your trailer, hop down to your mobilehome supply store, get the antenna of your choice, and install it yourself.

The selection of a TV antenna depends on how efficient you want it to be and the size of your pocketbook. There are several manufacturers who specialize in antennas for mobilehomes, so you have quite a selection. I chose a Deluxe Braund Rotor antenna for my mobilehome because it can be turned from inside the mobilehome by using a small hand crank, and has a good direction indicator. I also considered simplicity of installation, quality of materials, and ease of preparation for travel. I could have selected a more simple antenna made by the same manufacturer, but buying the best really doesn’t cost much more and the convenience is worth it.

Before you select your antenna you should stop and think where you will mount it. This consideration will assist in the antenna selection. Some can be mounted anywhere, while others can only be side mounted. Special mobilehome construction details play an important part, too. My mobilehome has curved sidewalls, and special brackets would be required if I were to side mount the antenna. Since I was going to install the antenna to the left of my front window, the standard brackets that came with the antenna were all that were necessary.

Open the box the antenna came in, and look over the contents carefully. Check the items against a packing list, if you received one, to determine that you’re not missing a screw or wire. Now is the time to find out if you’re missing anything, not in the middle of your installation. Take the instructions, sit down in a quiet place, and read them through completely.

Assemble the tools that you’ll need so they will be close at hand. Most installations require a screwdriver and a drill. You can substitute many things for the drill, if you don’t have one. The drill is used for making starting holes for the screws, larger holes for the wire lead-in, and a crank shaft hole if you have a rotor type antenna. A punch or nail can make starting holes, and a file or tin snips can make the big ones. A ladder and caulking compound are probably the only other items you’ll need.

Using the instructions as a guide, line up where the antenna will be installed. Locate the mounting brackets where a framing member of the mobilehome’s construction is beneath the outside skin, or locate the brackets next to a window, which is also a strong area.

Since the antenna you select may differ from mine, I’ll give some general instructions that will apply regardless of the specific instructions you will receive with your antenna.
Mounting brackets are located and screwed in place, using sheet metal screws. Make starter holes smaller than the screw size; your instructions will usually specify the exact size hole to make. As the brackets are screwed in place, run a bead of caulking compound around the screws, under the bracket. This bead will seal the holes when the bracket is tight, and prevent water from entering. Another bead of caulking around the bracket where it joins the mobilehome is a double guarantee against leaks.

How about the big holes that will go completely through the mobilehome? I find that a small hole drilled first is a smart idea. This will line up the big hole that is made in two operations. First you drill through the outside shell, and then you go on the inside and drill a connecting hole. By doing the job this way, you will prevent chipping and splintering the area around the inside hole, making a neater job. The outside brackets or gear covers mounted over the big holes should have a rubber or cork seal placed between them and the mobilehome. This insures a leak proof seal over the large area. Caulking can be used around screws and brackets. The seals came with my antenna, and should be looked for when selecting yours. You can make or buy seals, if your antenna was not equipped with one, by using sheet gasket material that can be purchased at any automobile parts supply store.

The mounting finished, you proceed to the wiring. Connect the lead-in wire to your antenna and run it through the mobilehome to the desired location. Do not run the wire through a window or door. The insulation will chafe through and give poor reception. If you run the wire along the outside of the mobilehome, use insulated stand-off brackets that will keep the wire at least 2 inches away from the mobilehome wall.

The device used to pass the lead-in wire through the wall is a simply installed item. If your antenna did not come with such a device, get one. They’re called by different names, but usually can be purchased under the name of wall-thru antenna connectors.

A wall-thru connector is mounted in a hole that is drilled through the wall to the mobilehome’s interior. The connector has a wire attached to its inside, and on the outside there are two screws. You attach the lead-in wire from the antenna to the outside screw connections. The TV signal is carried through the connector to the inside wire. A seal and caulking makes the connector weather tight. The wire from the inside of the connector can be attached directly to the TV. Some mobilehomes are pre-wired for TV at the factory, and the connector wire is attached to this installed wire, which usually goes to the TV shelf area.

In use you’ll find that an antenna that rotates has a distinct advantage, particularly in a travel trailer. You can direct the antenna to pick up the station of your choice, and a direction indicator will facilitate returning to a station if you change antenna direction to pick up another channel. A TV antenna also has a bonus feature for FM radio listeners. The TV antenna is an ideal FM antenna, and by connecting the lead-in wire to even a small FM transistor portable, you’ll get amazing reception.

A TV antenna for your mobilehome or travel trailer is a worthwhile and useful addition. Its cost is low, and its benefits high. As a do-it-yourself project, you’ll not only save money, but you will also experience a sense of accomplishment when the project is completed.
Like a little boy steering his toy auto over the make-believe roads in the carpet pattern, I daydreamed as we cruised along the smooth blacktop highway on our way to the Colorado River.

These were the first exciting hours in a long-awaited cruise to the Colorado River resort area where the rushing, muddy waters form the boundary line between California and Arizona.

But suddenly it wasn't the California desert. Instead we were skimming alongside the smooth sands of the Sahara. Moments later we were whisked away to the depths of the green Guatamalan jungle. Then imagination transported us high atop the cliffs of Dover with the choppy channel waters churning below.

We could have gone anywhere — for this was no ordinary trailer tagging along behind. It was an Airstream — a Land Yacht — a magic carpet and a passport which gave us the license to dream and to take our trailer wherever we wished to venture. For the next five days we would be a part of that elite group of trailerists who call themselves Airstreamers and look to Wally Byam as their leader.

Even his competitors credit Wally Byam with doing more for travel trailering than any other single person or organization. When, more than 30 years ago, Byam founded Airstream Trailers, Inc., he did more than just build and sell travel trailers. He pioneered the construction of all-aluminum, riveted aircraft-type trailers. He planned, developed and fought for the features which make self-containment possible. But more than any other achievement, Byam spread the gospel of trailering throughout the world. The Wally Byam Caravans, in their journeys through Mexico, Canada, Cuba, Africa, the Middle East and all the countries of Europe have made thousands aware of the unlimited freedom and adventure of travel trailering.

While the Airstream is reputed to be one of the finest trailers on the market, we strongly suspect the romance of the Wally Byam Caravans and the firm's superb job of advertising and public relations has convinced many that there really is something very special about an Airstream. If you don't think so, just ask any Caravanner — and read this excerpt from the firm's literature:

"The possession of an Airstream Land Yacht is the equivalent of owning a country estate, a western ranch, a hunting lodge, a beach house, a private railroad car, and a fashionable town house, all in one quietly elegant package with a sleek silhouette on the outside and walk-around spaciousness on the inside. No
matter where you go you always have the same pure filtered water to drink, the same good, home-cooked food, the same warm shower, and the same dreamy beds."

"A Land Yacht is light, cat-footed, alert. Your car can tow it—at high speeds, up steep grades, over rough roads. It costs almost nothing to operate and maintain. Traveling expenses with a Land Yacht are a tiny fraction of the tariff for motel or hotel rooms, restaurant meals, tips and other incidentals." If that don't sell you, nothing will.

The Airstream Fleet is comprised of the Standard, Spaceliner, Land Yacht and International Land Yacht Series.

TO TRAILERING ADVENTURE

Ours was the Spaceliner— a new addition to the line—22-feet, completely self-contained—and priced at $3,795, F.O.B. L.A. factory.

Probably the biggest single impression we got from our trip in the Spaceliner is that it's truly a travel trailer. The emphasis on travel is deliberate. Not that the Spaceliner isn't designed for living. The interior is clean, uncluttered, smartly decorated—with the look and the flair of a small bachelor's apartment—fitted with every conceivable appliance and convenience for complete self-containment. Absent, but not missed, is that heavy-handed "mobile home" interior found on some so-called travel trailers.

Whether you credit the lightweight, all-aluminum aircraft construction and

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lack of unnecessary appurtenances, or the rounded, streamlined design, there is no doubt that towing the Airstream is unbelievably and absolutely effortless. After our 600 mile run — most of it over wide, paved highways — I wouldn’t hesitate to tow an Airstream on any road anywhere. The only problem was remembering to stay somewhere within respectable range of California’s ridiculous 45-mile-per-hour speed limit.

TL’s test Caddy, incidentally, turned in a healthy 10.7 miles per gallon for the entire run, which is at least a full mile per gallon better than any previous effort with comparable equipment.

Highway 95 North of Blythe runs along the Colorado River and is dotted with more than a dozen closely-spaced resorts of recommended quality. Of some thirteen resorts in the area, all but only two or three both welcome and accommodate trailers.

From Parker Dam south to Blythe, the fishing is excellent, with an abundance of Bass, Catfish and Bluegill. Many of the resorts have added Ski beaches and launching ramps for outboards. This particular area is noted to be less crowded than some places along the Colorado and is the ideal spot for a trailer vacation.

Because we wished to make full use of our Airstream’s independence, we deliberately avoided the trailer parks and instead chose a spot right on the river bank at the newly completed Lucky R Resort.

The Lucky R, just 16 miles north of Blythe on Highway 95, is brand new and has facilities for everything except trailers. However, we convinced owners Lucky and Rosemarie Worthington to make room for our rig on the beach — and we fudged just a wee bit by hooking up to a nearby water spigot for a limitless supply of soft water.

The Lucky R Resort has modern, air-cooled cabins with all-electric kitchens, plus camping ramadas right on the river.
In addition, there's a clean coffee shop which features home cooking — plus 1000 feet of beach frontage which includes a boat marina with launching ramp. But we in our sleek Airstream were the envy of all our neighbors.

Here, right beside the river, we slept in clean, soft, comfortable beds; cooked on an efficient three-burner range with large oven and broiler; had ice cubes always ready in our Norco Refrigerator — and best of all, plenty of steaming hot water always for a refreshing shower or tub bath. Our built-in 12-volt system provided all the electricity and light we required for the entire stay.

Incidentally, although we believed our test Caddy to be outfitted to take every conceivable type of trailer connection, we discovered that a new gimmick was required; a special battery-charging line. And that isn't all we learned — for when Heacock Welding was making the necessary installation, we met owner Les Grimes who is one of the best informed hitch specialists we've met. If you're ever in Anaheim, drive to the corner of Lincoln and Euclid and toss a few technical questions at Les. You're in for a real education! And even if you already know the answers, you'll meet a real nice guy.

One of the things we liked best about the Airstream's sewage system is that while all the waste from the marine-type toilet is held securely in the fibreglass holding tank, the water from kitchen and bathroom sinks and showers drips harmlessly to the ground. Thus our sewage disposal problem would wait until where, on our way home, we would spend the last night in Palm Springs, hooking up to all utilities, as the guest of Rex Thompson at his plush Blue Skies Trailer Village.

While a 600 mile trip to the Colorado and back is no African Safari, nor even a true test of the Airstream's capabilities, it has given us a new insight into the average Airstreamer's chauvinistic attitude. And now there's a new glint in my eye every time I spot a Byam beret!