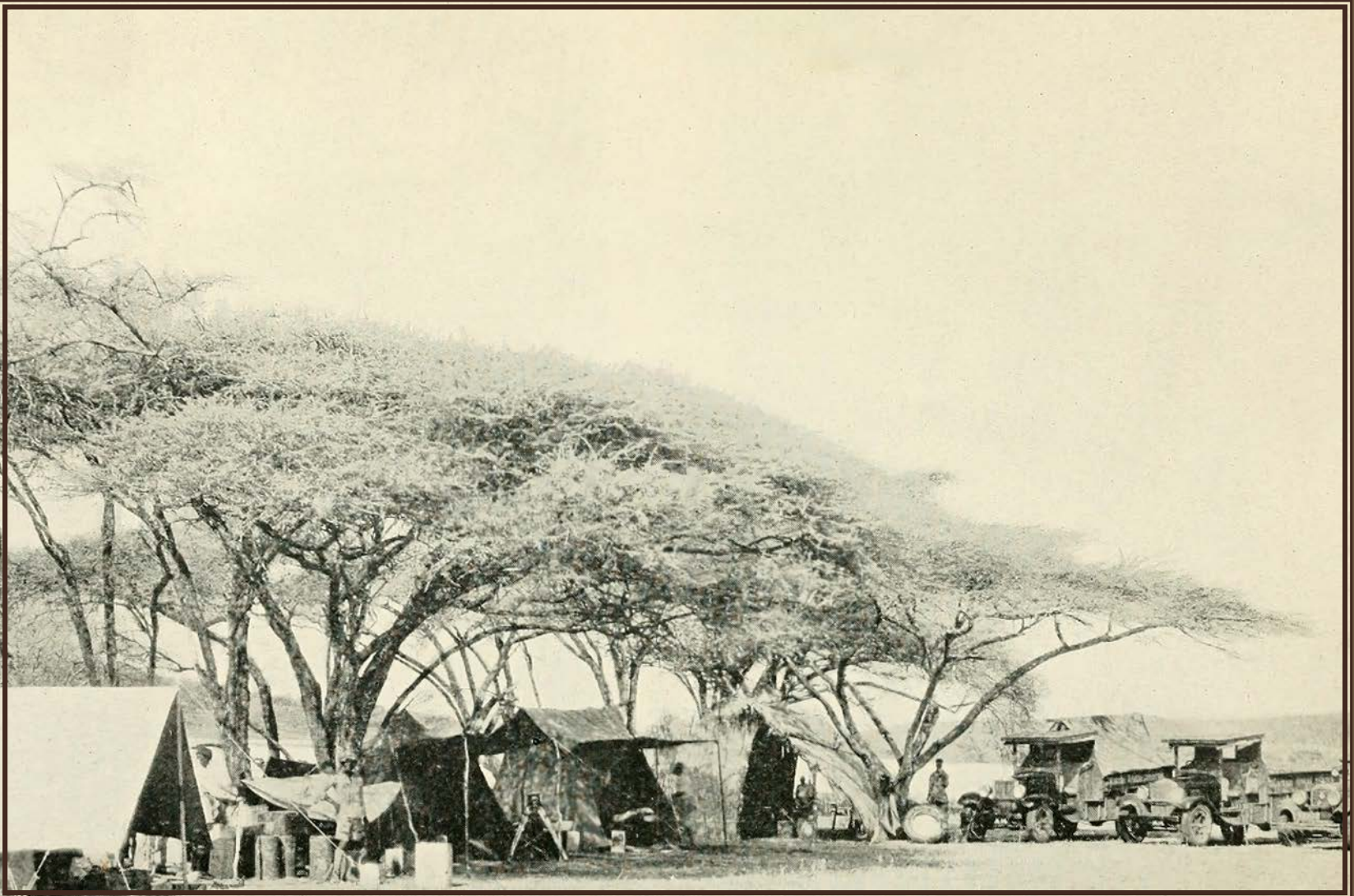


# EXPLORATION

*Volume 2, Number 4*

*Quarterly*



◆ *We shall not cease* ◆







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# EXPLORATION

Vol. 2, No. 4 (April 2026)

Quarterly

**“WE SHALL NOT CEASE FROM EXPLORATION**

*And the end of all our exploring*

*Will be to arrive where we started*

*And know the place for the first time.” – T.S. Eliot*

*Welcome to Exploration Quarterly*, the publication for those who do not cease to BE CURIOUS . . . to LEARN . . .

to EXPLORE . . .

*We define* exploration in the broadest sense:

Exploration can be geographical.

Exploration can be fractal.

Exploration can be introspective.

Exploration can be expansive.

Exploration can be structured.

Exploration can be unplanned.

Exploration can happen every day.

Exploration is continuously seeking new places, new ideas, new knowledge.

Exploration is the essence of being human, what brought us from the forests into the savannahs, and beyond the horizons of Earth to the edges of the known universe.

We shall not cease from exploration.

Thank you for joining us.

Jonathan Hanson

Roseann Hanson

*Founders, Curators, Editors, Designers*



*Printed twice a year by Modern Litho in the USA with vegetable inks. Forest Stewardship Council® COC Certified.*



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*Dr. Livingstone, I presume?*

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*ABOVE: Maasai roadblock during a 2005 safari in northern Tanzania; Jonathan Hanson photo. OVERLEAF: Elephant close-up at Tarangire National Park, Tanzania; Jonathan Hanson photo. COVER: From footage by Paul Louis Hoefler (FRGS), from the 1928-1929 Colorado African Expedition. This extravaganza resulted in the 1930 film “Africa Speaks!”*

**Map of an Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the Year 1842 and to Oregon and North California in the Years 1845–44 (J.C. Frémont, cartographer)**

Herewith we present a paean to the art of cartography: a magnificent map that is a compilation of two expeditions lead by John Charles Frémont (1813–90), one of the United States’ most prolific—and notorious—explorers and cartographers.

This notable map contains annotations by Harvard ethnologist George Gibbs of extremely detailed geographical and cultural information as related to him by the mountain man Jedediah Smith (1799–1831). According to the Library of Congress, “Smith was the first white man to cross the future states of Nevada and Utah, the first American to enter California by the overland route, and the first American to explore the Pacific coast from California to the banks of the Columbia River. Gibbs’ annotations, based on a manuscript map by Smith, detail such matters as the numbers of Native American warriors in certain places in 1830, the limits of the buffalo range, how far salmon could ascend the Salmon River, and where the mountains had perpetual snow cover.”



Here is a [link](#) to a very high resolution copy that you can zoom in on to read the annotations and details. The physical copy of this map is held at the National Archives and Records Administration, College Park; the digital copy is held at the American Geographical Society Library Digital Map Collection, University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee.

OF THE ROUTE FROM THE MOUTH OF THE KANSAS TO THE PACIFIC BY CAPT J. C. FRÉMONT IN 1843

Barometer scale 2. 20000 feet. 1 inch = 1000 feet.

"These profiles were following the bounding lines of contour within the lowest and highest lines and gave the maximum at the apex of the profile. In general, but to complete the view, and to show the highest points, as well as the lowest, some high points were sketched at their proper elevations, leaving every thousand feet of feet above the bounding line."

NOTE: These profiles of the route in the reader's page 4 show that he had prepared the profiles, the number profile, and part of the route, dependent on the line of the route. There was expected to be on this map, but most of them and their best prepared, by comparison from being completed with.

MAP  
OF AN  
EXPLORING EXPEDITION  
TO THE  
ROCKY MOUNTAINS in the YEAR 1842  
AND TO  
OREGON & NORTH CALIFORNIA IN THE YEARS 1843-44

BY  
BREVET CAPT. J. C. FRÉMONT OF THE CORPS OF TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEERS  
Under the orders of  
COL. J. J. ABERT, CHIEF OF THE TOPOGRAPHICAL BUREAU.



**J**ohn C. Frémont was the archetype of the rags-to-riches American: born in Savannah, Georgia, in 1813 to an unmarried couple (his father a French Canadian teacher, his mother a Virginian—his father the hired tutor), the family became impoverished upon his father's death in 1818. Thanks to the patronage of a Charleston lawyer who saw promise in the intelligent young

Scale 1:3,000,000. 1 inch = 47.35 miles.  
Relief shown by hachures.





# Bayntun-Rivière

## Bookbinders

By Roseann Hanson

Images by Jonathan and Roseann Hanson

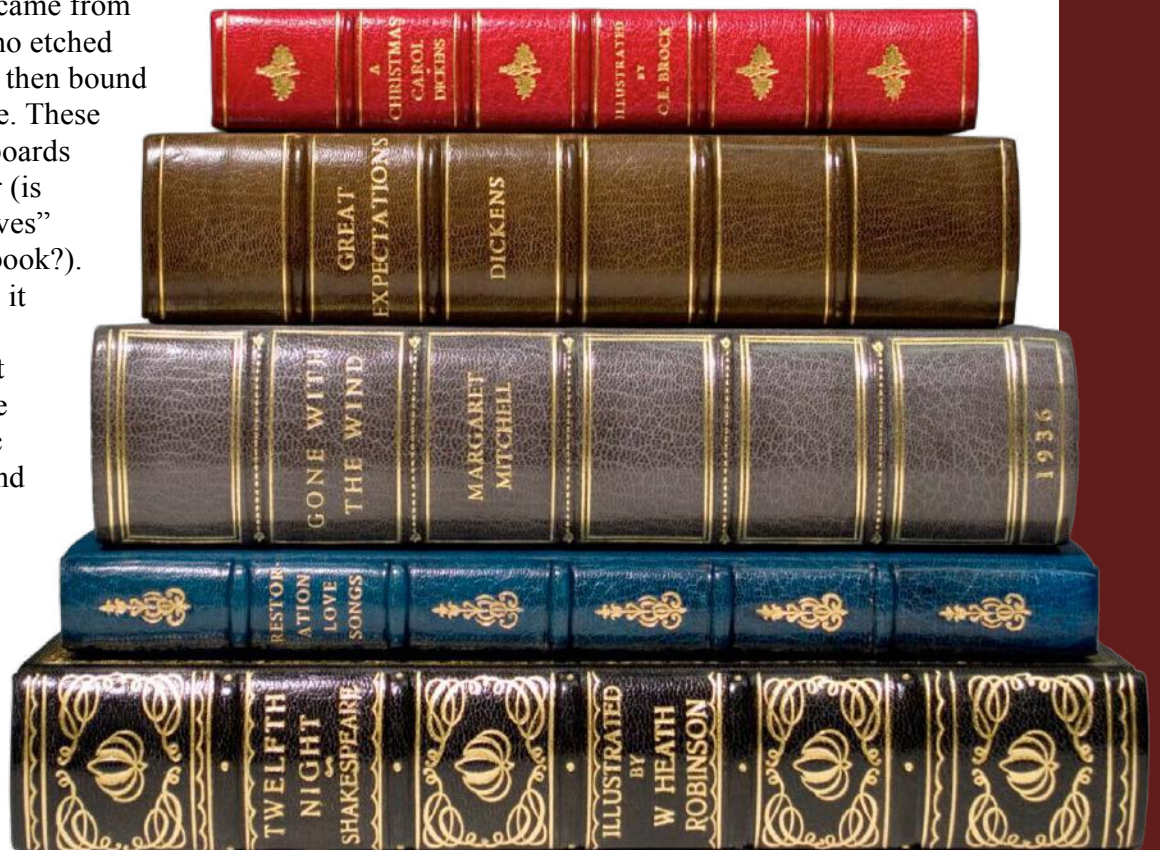
**H**umans have always had a strong drive to communicate widely in ways that may persist and be passed on to others. The earliest known example of pictographs painted onto stone is Blombos Cave, southern Africa, around 100,000 years ago, during the Middle Stone Age; this site even included paint-making tools, with pigment and animal fat still sitting in a shell mortar with a stone pestle embedded in the paint.

The evolution from pictographs to written language and then of media from stone to paper is nothing short of astonishing. Being able to share knowledge, to have it reach from generation to generation, is how civilization as we know it was built.

And books are the cornerstone.

One of the earliest known examples of a portable carrier of words-on-media came from 2nd century (BCE) Hindi scribes who etched religious texts onto palm leaves and then bound them between two boards with twine. These clever makers knew that the cover-boards would protect the interior leaf-paper (is this perhaps the word-origin of “leaves” as synonymous with page sets in a book?). The method proved so effective that it soon grew to encompass collections of writings, and eventually Buddhist monks adopted the process and were the conduit for introducing the basic structure of books to Eastern Asia and the Middle East.

According to librarians at Oregon State University’s McDonald Collection, “Wax tablets eventually became common in the Mediterranean as they were recyclable and allowed users to access specific blocks of text quickly. For longer works, tablets





PAGE 14: Illustration of Ezra the bookmaker, from *Codex Amiatinus* (8th C.); at Biblioteca Medicea-Laurenziana (Florence). ABOVE: Queen Mary picking up a book order from George Bayntun. RIGHT: The vast atelier and its storefront on Manvers Street, Bath. (From Bayntun’s website.)

were sometimes hinged together, forming a device not unlike the modern book, though with many fewer leaves.”

The use of thin calfskin parchment folded into leaves and bound between boards was further popularized in first and second century CE Rome; these were known as *pugillares membranei* and may be the first examples of true “codices,” which we now call books. Essentially, the form of the book since this time has changed little except for the introduction of cotton-based paper and modern glues. Leather, linen thread, archival inks, and the tools to turn them into readable works of art have changed little over the millennia.



Stepping into the cavernous Manvers Street atelier of the Bayntun-Rivière bookbindery in Bath, England, is a step into a living museum of the craft of bookmaking. There were three men working that day in a quietness that was heavy with time—half a dozen hundred-year-old cast iron book presses here, a table strewn with precious hand-marbled paper there, a wall filled with thousands of metal finishing tools and leather stamps (the largest collection in the world, some 19,000) at the back.

Such is the meticulousness and care of the work done here that “the binding of a single book can take six to nine months,” said our impromptu tour guide and veteran bookbinder Spike (who prefers not to share his surname), who has been with Bayntun’s nearly 16 of his 25 years as a professional bookbinder.

The bindery was founded by George Bayntun, who was born in Bath on 4th August 1873 and as a youth served an apprenticeship as a bookbinder with the Taylor family in Trim Street. He started his own bookbinding business in Northumberland Place in 1894 at age 21. By all accounts he was a brilliant businessman as well as a skilled bookbinder and merchant. According to the Bayntun’s website, “He employed London binders to raise the standard of craftsmanship and soon moved into a larger workshop in Walcot Street. In 1920 he bought the business of George Gregory, with a stock of books filling 23 rooms.”

Nearly concurrently, Robert Rivière founded his bindery in Bath in 1829, having apprenticed in London as a bookseller and then as a bookbinder. By 1869 he became skilled enough to be trusted to restore and bind the famous Domesday Book, a record of the “great survey” of England and parts of Wales completed in 1086 at the behest of William the Conqueror.

In 1939 the two companies merged into Bayntun-Rivière and moved to premises in Manvers Street, which today is the last of the great Victorian trade binderies still in family ownership, proud to be continuing the art of binding entirely by hand.



Pride is what filled the vast space of the bindery that day.

Partway through an explanation by Spike of how each signature is threaded onto a loom for stitching, a trim, sprightly gentleman appeared and introduced himself as Edward Bayntun-Coward, the current owner and managing director. His grandmother Constance—George’s only child—may be credited with ensuring the firm survived the years of the second world war. She took control even as the government commandeered half of their property as a billet, and most of their staff joined the forces. Eventually she handed over management to her son, Hylton. He picked up from Constance and continued to build confidence, profitability, and the bindery’s worldwide reputation for the highest standards of craftsmanship. He served twice as president of the Antiquarian Booksellers’ Association, in 1980-82 and 1992-93, and as High Sheriff of the County of Avon in 1993-94. On his death in 2000, over 700 people attended his memorial.

Edward is Hylton’s son and is carrying on both traditions of fine bookbinding and community service. Educated at Marlborough College and University College, Oxford, Edward worked for nearly ten years at Maggs Brothers rare booksellers in London before taking up the reins of the bindery. Like his father, Edward was High Sheriff of

# ALASKAN CAMPER

***“UP FOR CAMPING, DOWN FOR TRAVEL”***

In 1953 Don Hall and his wife, Irene, were traversing the Alaskan Highway—then a remote and decidedly challenging unpaved road—on a hunting trip. Attempting to circumvent a washed-out section, their truck and top-heavy camper tilted dangerously, and in the process of preventing a capsizing Don wound up bogging the vehicle.

They set up camp while waiting for someone to come along and pull them out, and while Don sat at the campfire Irene produced one of her hatboxes (which of course any stylish woman would have had along on a hunting trip at that time).

“Don,” she announced, “If you want ever me to go hunting with you again, make me a camper like this hatbox, that slides up for camping and down for travel.” She demonstrated.



# ER VEL"



By Jonathan Hanson

*Images courtesy Alaskan Camper*





# Taking the Right L

*Learning to navigate life on an adventure in a 50-year-old truck, from Henderson, NV, to Hood River, OR*

Story and images by Jason Peraza



*pine*  
T

he Pinzgauer and I had come to an understanding.

My job was to keep the old truck pointed at interesting horizons and to know when to back off.

Its job was to forgive the moments when I didn't.

Such was our relationship in July 2019 embarking on an ambitious 3,600 mile, three week exploration along the Trans America Trail (TAT). The plan was to jump on the TAT just north of Austin, Nevada, follow its dirt and gravel seams west through Nevada and Oregon to where it crossed the Pacific Coast Overland Route (PCOR) east of Clearwater, Oregon, then turn right and run that line north across Oregon and into Washington for as long as time and inspiration allowed.

As with most good plans, however, the truck, the country, and real life all had their say, especially when I took the wrong line.



The next morning we followed the TAT deeper into the interior, leaving the glow of the strip mine behind us. Late in the morning, we dropped into a shallow creek. From the driver's seat it looked straightforward: a narrow ribbon of water, shallow, with what looked like a ramped bank on the far side. I eased in, feeling for the bottom. Water climbed around the tires, cold and clear. The truck's nose started to climb out.

The "ramp" turned out to be a wall. The front tires hit vertical dirt instead of a slope. The nose stalled, the rear suspension compressed, and the Pinz see-sawed into a position that would have looked perfectly at home in a recovery clinic slideshow. There was a hard metallic crack from somewhere below, then another.

There was no backing out. The rear tire and fuel carrier dug into the creek bed, lifting the rear tires just enough that they had nothing meaningful to say about reverse traction. Lance scouted farther downstream and found a more reasonable crossing where he could put the FJ on solid ground and give us an anchor.

While we were doing the mental math on recovery angles and worst-case scenarios, the Czech cyclists caught up to us. They stopped on the bank near Lance's FJ, amused to find the overland trucks in trouble where the bicycles had simply picked their line and ridden through. The woman propped her bike, pulled out her phone, and quietly filmed the whole setup as we rigged the line.





As soon as I started the truck to assist with the winching, an alarming new vibration came up through the floor and into the pedals—enough to say plainly that something at the motor end of the driveline was no longer where it belonged. We let the winch do most of the work, using just enough throttle to keep the Pinz from becoming dead weight, and eased the old Swiss box the rest of the way up and over the wall.

Once the truck was safely on level ground and the winch line coiled, we exchanged contact information with the cyclists and laughed about the contrast—two fully built trucks wrestling a problem the bicycles had just pedaled past—but I never did receive a copy of that video. Somewhere in the Czech Republic there’s footage of a

slightly embarrassed Swiss radio truck learning humility in a Nevada creek. When they finally clipped back in and pedaled on, we were alone again with the trucks and the quiet. I shut the Pinz down, took a breath, and crawled underneath to see what I’d actually broken.

The Pinz uses three mounts to tie the drivetrain into the backbone—two at the engine, one at the transmission. All three were either visibly damaged or clearly no longer doing their job. I had managed to shear the connection between 2.7 liters of Austrian iron and the rest of the vehicle.

We were far from pavement and farther from a tow truck. There was no cell reception. That was the moment when the comfort of modern electronics met the reality of an older truck.

I pulled out the Garmin inReach Explorer+ and thumbed out a note to Jim at Goatwerks.

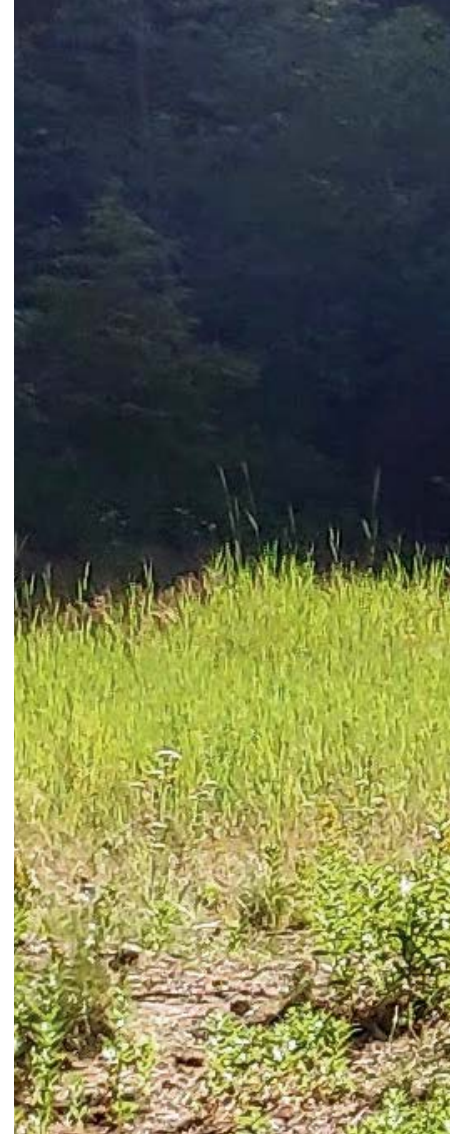
“Took a bad line. Creek crossing. Broke motor mounts. Safe to drive?”

The reply came back a few minutes later, bouncing through satellites into this small pocket of nowhere: “You probably broke all three. If it’s still driving straight and nothing’s trying to escape, you can nurse it. Take it easy. Get it to Bend and I’ll talk you through the fix.”

It’s an odd feeling, learning that your engine and transmission are no longer firmly attached to the frame, and also being told you can keep driving—gently.

The next messages went to my wife Kate, our ground control back home—one of our canned “Everything is OK” notes followed by a more detailed explanation. From home, she started replanning the back half of the trip. She found an Airbnb in Bend, ordered a full set of mounts from Expedition Imports in Vallejo, California, and had them shipped there. She picked a place we could park and wrench in front of and, not by accident, made

ABOVE LEFT: “I took a bad line.” Getting stuck and breaking things is never fun, but doing so with an audience is even more excruciating. Things kept going a bit sideways from this point onwards, until the author readjusted his plans and started “learning the right line” to make the trip more doable.



They were textbook: fluted caps, false gills, the right color, the right smell. I'd done my homework; they were one of the few mushrooms I trusted myself to identify.

Back in camp, cleaning them by the light of a headlamp, I could feel Lance watching.

"You sure about those?" he asked.

"Sure enough," I said.

"Sure enough to eat them yourself first?"

"That's the plan."

Sliced into a pan with butter and garlic, they surrendered water and took on color quickly, the whole camp smelling suddenly like every good forest kitchen you've ever imagined. Mixed into a simple meal, they transformed it into something that tasted distinctly of where we were—earthy, peppery, undeniably alive.

"If I got this wrong," I said, "I guess we'll find out fairly quickly."

Lance declined a plate and sat back in his camp chair instead, arms crossed, watching me like a lab experiment. I ate, talking normally, pretending not to notice him checking his watch and my pupils as if he expected me to slide out of the chair and start convulsing in the dirt.

Later, when it was clear I wasn't going to keel over, he reached into the FJ and produced a bottle of The Glenlivet he'd had stashed away for the right moment. We poured a modest measure each and stood under the trees with our hands wrapped around the glasses, single malt catching the light of the fire. After a day of Cascade forest tracks, satellite diagnostics, and open-board surgery on the truck's brain, the whisky landed exactly where it needed to—taking the edge off frayed nerves and helping smooth the way into a long, uncomplicated sleep.



We went to bed that night with full stomachs—mine a bit more interesting than his—and no signs of poisoning. The Pinz cooled on its springs. The radios sat silent, their displays dimmed. Somewhere out in the dark, Mount Hood waited behind its curtain of trees and ridges.

The next morning, the approach to Hood came in glimpses. As we worked north, the forest would occasionally fall away for a moment and there it would be—a white fin of a mountain over the treeline, growing a little larger each time. The air changed again, thinner and cooler. Elevation signs flicked past. The road began to accumulate small clues: snow poles, plow turnouts, lifts and lodges tucked into clearings.

We dropped into Government Camp in a wash of wet pavement and low cloud, the kind of weather that makes a mountain town feel half-imagined. Buildings appeared out of the gray—chalet roofs, gas stations, cherry stands, people in fleece moving between doorways with hunched shoulders.

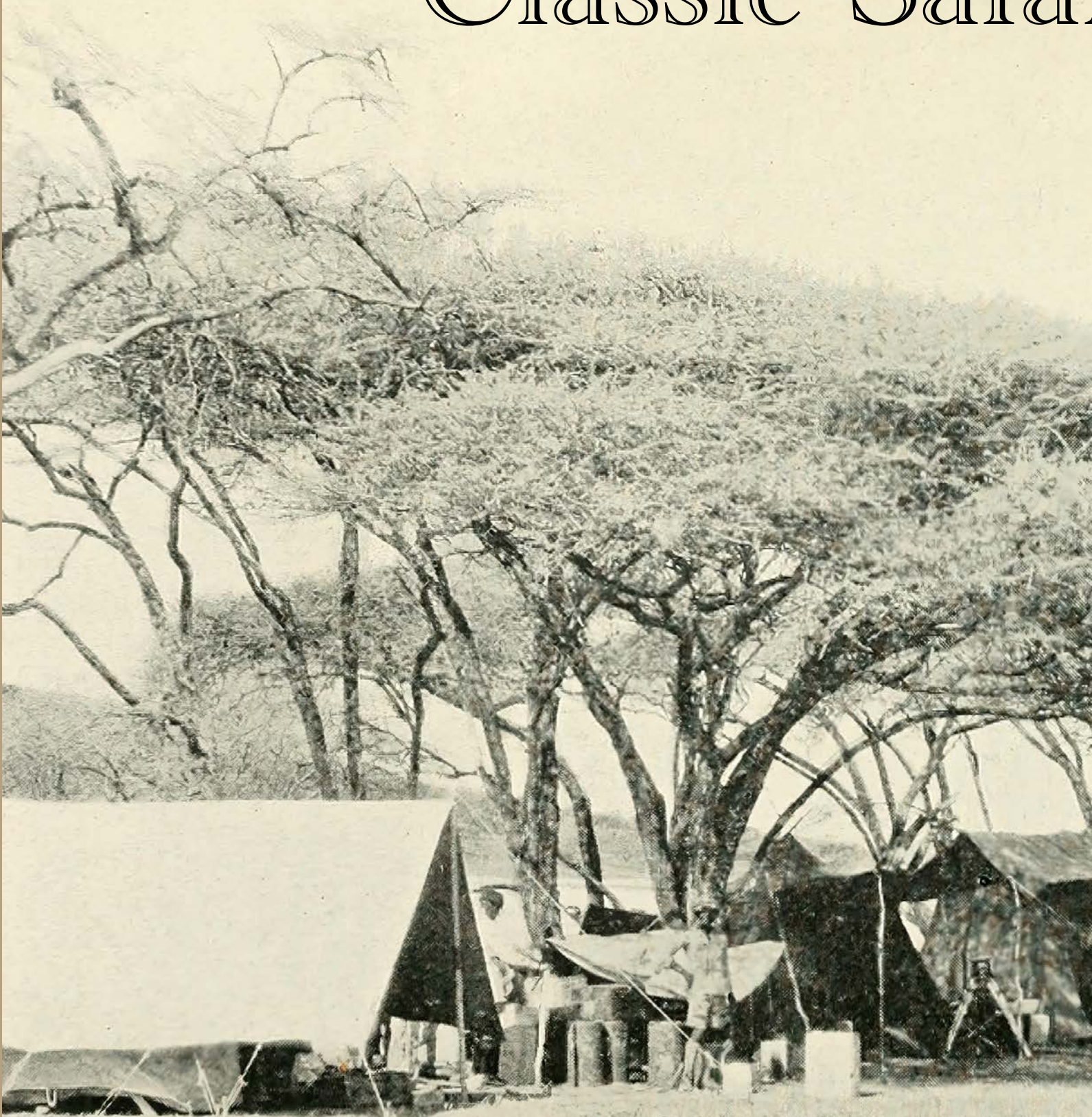
By the time we rolled into town we'd earned a break, and Mt. Hood Brewing Co. was in exactly the right place. We parked and made our way inside, where condensation on glasses and the smell of hops did their best to compete with the damp outside. The beer was local, the food hot, and for a while the trucks and their moods receded.

Back at the rigs, reality nudged its way back in. As I settled into the driver's seat and reached for the key, I noticed one of the old-style breakers on the Pinz's dash sitting proud instead of flush. I thumbed it back in, turned the key, and *click*—it popped again.

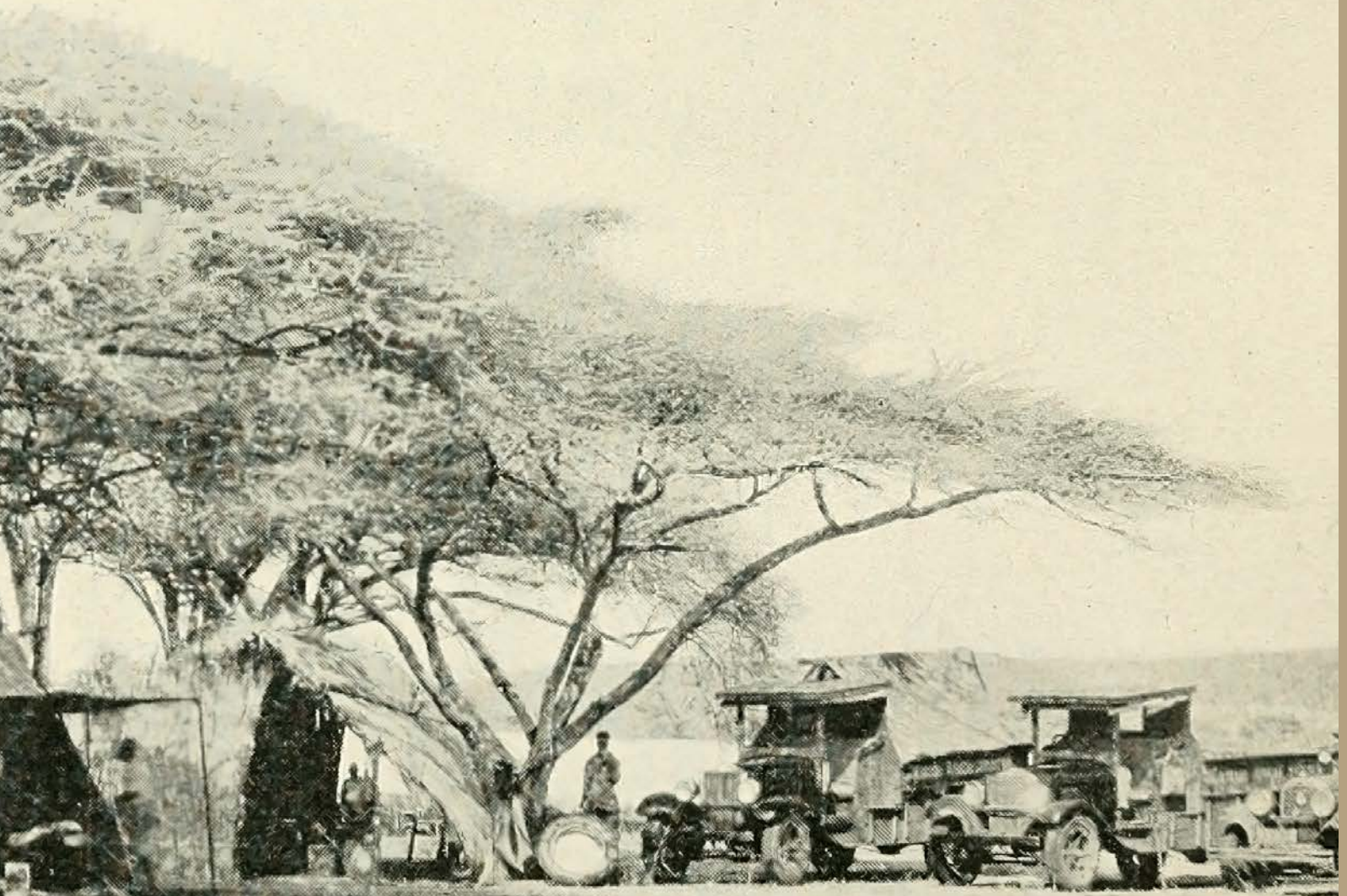
So I found myself standing in the parking lot with the factory service manual dragged out from under the rear deck, tracing faded lines on an electrical schematic while traffic moved past. A few minutes of continuity math and wire-following pointed to a likely culprit: the nearly 45-year-old horn, which had apparently taken on just enough mountain moisture to decide it had lived a full

# Classic Safar

✂ EQUIPPED



# ri Fly-Camp



1928



# The Art of SURVIVAL

Images and story by Beki Henderson

*Rain smashed through the jungle canopy, the rising water levels amplifying the roar of rapids only two metres below our hammocks. It was impossible to hear myself think, let alone attempt any kind of conversation. In a storm of this magnitude, it's not the creeping waterline at our feet that worries us. The real danger lay upstream. With this rain, the endless natural dams we'd passed in the days prior could burst at any moment, sending a wall of water hurtling downstream and washing away everything in its path . . . including us. For two people who pride themselves on leading others safely into some of the world's most remote and extreme environments, how had we found ourselves here? Had we taken on too much risk?*

Nothing we do in life is risk-free.

Whether it's pushing through dense jungle with a machete or simply stepping off the kerb outside your front door, nothing is ever 100% safe. Risk is woven into the fabric of everyday life, but most of the time we don't consciously think about it. On an expedition, you don't have that luxury.

Every decision you make carries consequences: for yourself, for your team, and for the environment you're moving through. In remote places, those consequences are amplified. Even small mistakes don't stay small for long.

As an adventure-TV producer and director specialising in remote expeditions and extreme environments, my understanding of risk has been

shaped by years of leading and filming expeditions for broadcasters including National Geographic, BBC, Apple TV+, and Disney+. The work is far from roads, infrastructure, or rescue—the kind of places where preparation is not optional and complacency is punished quickly.

In those settings, the pressure to deliver is real, but no shot or story is worth someone not coming home. That tension between ambition and responsibility sits at the heart of every expedition decision I make. People often see this work through the lens of what appears on screen: dramatic landscapes, moments of tension, the thrill of the unknown. What they rarely see is what happens behind the scenes—the months of planning, endless risk assessments and logistics, and the constant weighing up of whether the reward still justifies the danger.



# Captu

**Dateline 4,000 BCE.** You are recording on cave walls stories important to survival. All paints are yellow ochres, copper-derived. The ability to capture the clear, vibrant colors is non-existent—even as you gather them. But then something akin to what was done in Egypt unlocked the key to capturing colors from plants and insects, pulling them out using an inert agent—often casein as a binder to make paint. Early botanical pigments date back as far as the latter as early as 2500 BCE).





# Bringing Color from nature

As an artist for your community, entrusted with stories about hunts, species, landscapes, and anything else, early pigments were mineral-based and muted (earthy reds and ochres, dark greens, charcoal grays, soft limestone-whites). The vibrant reds and yellows and blues you actually saw was longed for, but you could not reproduce it. Then magic happened: around 3,000 BCE someone discovered capturing the bright reds and yellows and blues from nature by precipitating them from a water bath by adding lime—then drying and mixing them with some sort of binder. The binders were animal fats, egg, oil, and gum arabic (the

*Zinnia grandifolia* are common summer monsoon bloomers on the bajada of the Dragoon Mountains in southern Arizona.

## PRECIPITATING THE DYE

Have a long-handled stainless spoon or stirring-stick ready. Measure out into two labeled containers 10 ml (2 teaspoons) alum and 5 ml (1 teaspoon) soda ash; add a small amount of boiling water to each to dissolve fully. Working with one jar at a time, add the alum and then the chalk, stirring well—the solution will bubble up like a witch’s cauldron, which is why you need a container at least two-times the dye bath volume.

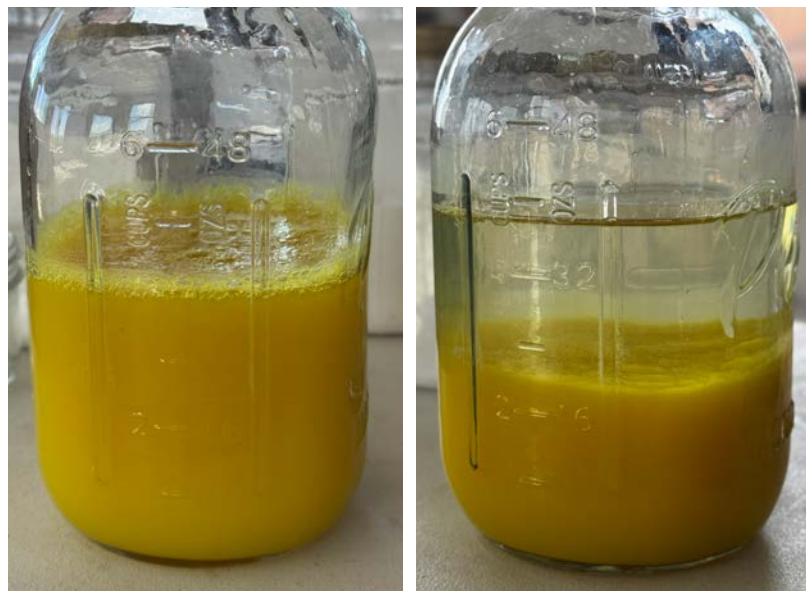
## WASHING THE PIGMENT

Let the newly formed pigment settle to the bottom of the jar, then carefully siphon off most (but not all) of the clear liquid using a turkey baster. Don’t disturb the pigment layer at the bottom. Next for the wash, which is to remove as much of the chemical residue as possible (Joanne Green highly recommends this step for more vibrant paint). Refill the jar with distilled water, stir well, and let it settle again. Siphon off the rinse water. Repeat three times; the aim is for the water to be as clear as possible after the pigment settles.

## SETTLING AND POURING

Siphon the last wash water off, then put a coffee filter into a funnel and place over another large jar. Pour the remaining liquid with its pigment load slowly over the coffee filter. You may need to do so in stages, letting the water strain through and the pigment settling on the filter each pass. Depending on the pigment volume, you may need several filters.

Once all the pigment has been poured into the coffee filter or filters and the liquid has drained, carefully lift the filter out, split it along the seam, and lay onto a baking sheet or piece of cardboard to dry thoroughly.





This may take 24 to 36 hours depending on your climate; you can also speed things along by placing in an oven at its lowest heat setting. You may be tempted to use the wet pigment right away to make your paint, but every time I did this the paint was of poor quality. Dried pigment particles are best because the gum arabic needs to coat each particle thoroughly, which can only happen when the particles are separated.

## ***PREPARING THE PIGMENT***

Scrape off the dried pigment into a mortar and use the pestle to loosen it, separating the particles as much as possible. Wear a mask to prevent inhalation of pigment dust.

## ***MAKING PAINT***

Heretofore, we have produced pigment, not paint. To make watercolor paint, we need to take the dried pigment and adhere to it a special binding agent made from gum arabic, oxgall, and honey. If you are just starting out, I recommend you use Schmincke Ready-to-Use Watercolor Binder (available at Dick Blick, Cheap Joe's, Amazon, and your local art store in larger urban areas). Once you get fully hooked, you can make your own binder with a combination of dried gum arabic, commercial oxgall, and local honey ([LINK TO HANDPRINT HOW TO](#)); I have also had success using various local tree saps as a substitute for gum arabic—bursera in Baja, and mesquite in Arizona.

Measure about 2 teaspoons of pigment onto your mulling surface (you can invest in an actual paint-making kit from sources such as [EarthPigments.com](#) or [Dick Blick](#), or just use the back of a dinner plate if it's not glazed, or an unglazed tile—it needs to be at least 8x8 inches; you can use the bottom of a heavy highball glass as the muller, just be careful not to squeeze it or press too hard, which may break the glass).





Sarah and Oreo on a 30-mile endurance ride at Cooley Ranch, California.

L  
M



# Lessons from a Mustang

Mindfulness from the saddle helped hone nature journaling skills

*Sarah Reid is the first nature journaler I've met who counts a horse among her mentors. A longtime trail rider with her beloved Oreo, Sarah said that she learned to pay attention to nature in a deeper way by observing—and internalizing—the way he continually scanned the landscape and homed in on things.*





Sarah's everyday field bag is small (to suit her 5'1" stature):

**A** – Pájaro Grande Field Bag (designed for birders)—Sarah likes that it has both a shoulder strap and a waist belt option, for hiking.

**B** – Pentax Papillo II binoculars.

**C** – Supplies pouch from Coyote Brush Studios (see right).

**D** – John Muir Laws' 7x9 Sketchbook.

**E** – Macro lens for camera.

**F** – Canon SX730 HS digital camera.

**G** – Penny (for scale); bandana; nature journaling 'zines from Wild Wonder Foundation / WildWonder.org.



# Supplies Pouch



The supplies pouch includes:

**A** – Daniel Smith pocket palette with half pans:

White gouache, Hansa Yellow Light (clean), Hansa Yellow Light (mixer), Cadmium Yellow Med. Hue, Quinacridone Gold, Chromium Oxide Green, Serpentine Green, Undersea Green, Quinacridone Rose, Bloodstone Genuine, Cobalt Blue, Ultramarine, Burnt Umber, Monte Amiata Natural Sienna, Shadow Violet

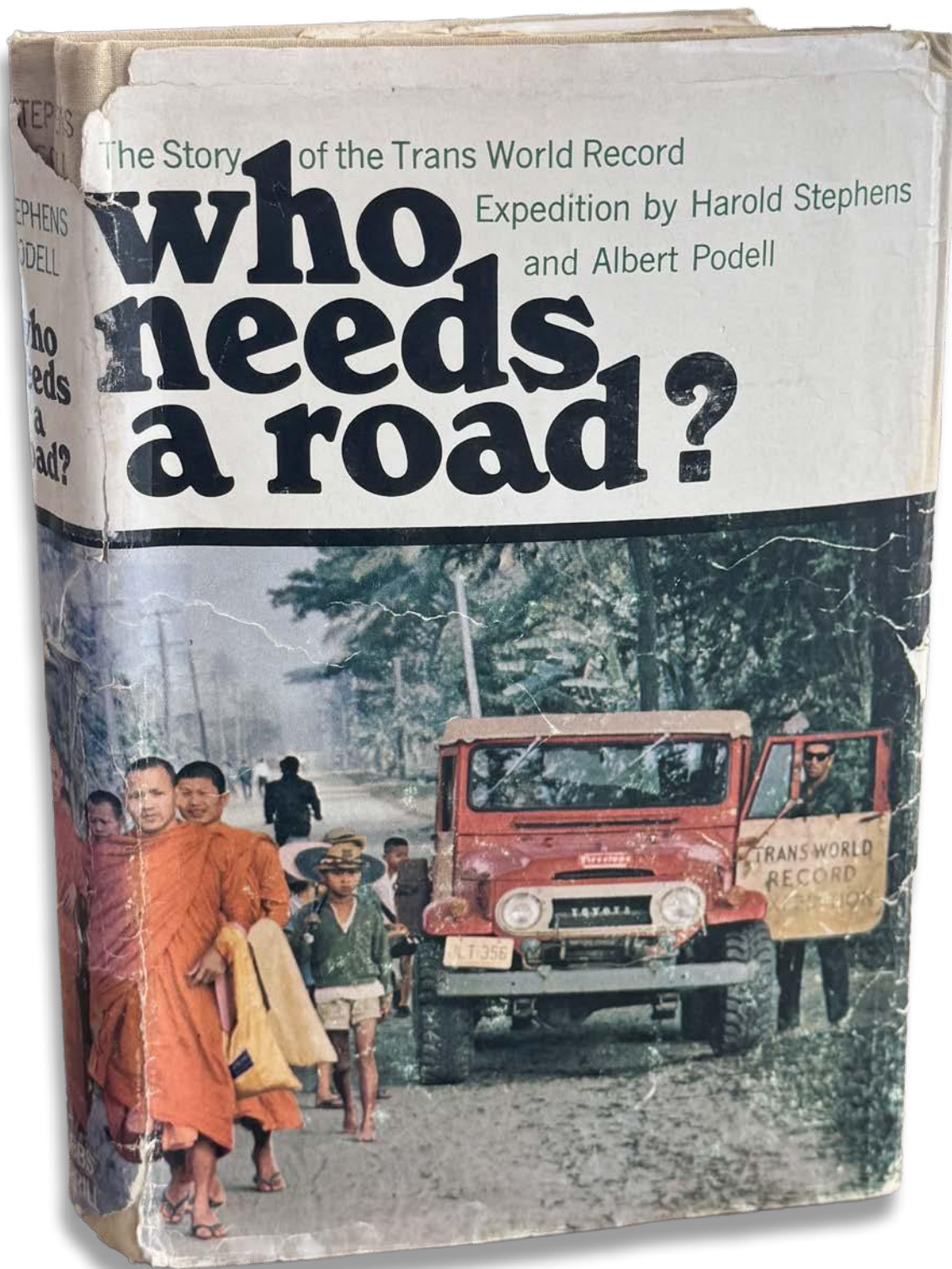
**B** – Color chart cheatsheet.

**C** – Pencil sharpener; Pentel Aquash waterbrush (mini size, medium tip); and Sharpie Peel-off China Marker pencil, white.

**D** – Sock for wiping brush.

**E** – Mechanical pencil and replacement lead; Pentel Clic eraser; Faber-Castell Graphite Aquarelle pencil; Bic Medium ballpoint pen; Micron 03 black pen.

**F** – Plastic-coated bookmark for making straight lines or for writing straight.



## Review by Jonathan Hanson

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc.  
 A subsidiary of Howard W. Sams & Co., Inc., Publishers  
 First edition 1967 (Indianapolis, Kansas City, New York)  
 327 pages; four 8-page sections with BW images; four  
 maps by Van Beverly

**D**ecember 1967, and drab, and

At age 39, he had already explored Okinawa, surveyed jungles, and sailed schooners in the Pacific. He had even hunted kangaroos in Australia. A writer for *Argosy*, *Men's* magazines, and *True* magazine, he had written many stories ("New Guinea: The Headhunters!" "The Pleasure!" "Exclusive: First Flight: A practical how-to piece on 'Garage!'). The magazine was about driving a Jeep through the Soviet Union—but not the bigger: a drive comp

He had already sketched a route from New York to France, across North Africa, to Singapore. From California, he would go to Australia and cross Panama and head back to New York.

When he heard of the expedition led by Albert Podell, immediately on his own, he mentioned that it would be the longest drive made around the earth.

The Trans World Re

Harold didn't think it was a trip, and he'd had experience. Fortuitously, Al had a car who, when presented with a new FJ40 but threw a color movie film to r



1964 in New York City was gray and Harold Stephens was bored.

Harold had already served in WWII as a Marine on jungle duty in Columbia, crewed on a copra boat in the Pacific, crossed Afghanistan by camel, and hunted for hides in Australia. Now he was one of the country's leading writers, noted for its bare-chested adventures like *Seven Months with Mussolini* ("We Liberated Mussolini's Palace in Berlin as checkout-lane sensationalism in *Life* magazine ('Saucer Murders!')—and even a *Time* magazine ('A Two-man Submarine in Every Bottle')")—and even had a *Time* magazine had recently printed his story about a 18,000-mile drive across Europe and the Middle East, now he had his sights set on something completely around the world.

Harold checked in an itinerary. Ship a vehicle from the States, head south and cross Spain, drive through the Middle East, and Asia, all the way to Australia, rather than shipping directly to Australia. Then drive across Indonesia, ship the vehicle to the island continent, then ship to the States, back through Central America to New York.

Harold's plan, Argosy's photo editor, Albert Argosy, signed on. After doing some research on the route, he told Harold, "Did you know your route was a non-repetitive automobile trip ever before?"

The record Expedition was born.

Harold's tired Jeep would survive such an experience with the Toyota Land Cruiser. Harold worked with Toyota's PR representative and agreed with the plan, not only agreed to supply the money in several thousand dollars worth of equipment to record the trip.

Harold also arranged the donation of a Trade Winds pop-up tent trailer for the crew to sleep in and to carry extra equipment. (This, not surprisingly, would prove comically unsuited to the rigors of the trip.) Meanwhile, Al began besieging a . . . let's just say *variety* . . . of companies for sponsorship, for both funds and equipment. In addition to such practical items such as tires from Firestone, flashlights from Union Carbide, and cameras from Pentax, the eventual haul included, deep breath:

– 44 pairs of Thom McAn shoes; eight cases of Glad Wrap; 100 cans of—variously—shaving cream, disinfectant, insect repellent, car wax, and shoe polish; a selection of cowboy



Stephens (right) and Podell in Paris ten days into the expedition. (Image: Macmillan Group, St. Martins, from *Around the World in 50 Years: My Adventure to Every Country on Earth* by Albert Podell).

