



AOPA's Karant, standing on the wing, is having the Apache's tanks topped at Washington National Airport before starting the first leg of his flight to Paris



Apache One Zero Papa had plenty of fuel and instruments for the trans-Atlantic flight. Note the two 80-gallon auxiliary tanks back of the pilot's seat. A full instrument panel, plus Piper's new AutoControl automatic pilot, helped make the flight to Paris "routine"

# By Apache To Paris

by MAX KARANT • AOPA 18

**C**an anyone fly a private plane across the Atlantic? The answer is yes, with certain provisos. Those provisos are not nearly as confining as one might think, as those of us in AOPA who deal with such matters have known for years. AOPA's Flight Department has processed dozens of such flights for members. They've become routine and commonplace, as I found out for myself in June.

I've wanted to make a trans-Atlantic flight for some time, both for my own personal satisfaction, and because I wanted to practice what AOPA's preaching about such flights. The most practical way to do this sort of thing, I've found, is to arrange to ferry a new airplane to a dealer, distributor or purchaser. I'd decided long ago that I wouldn't make the flight in a single-engined plane. Not that it can't be done. It has been, many times, and no one has been lost yet. But I guess I'm getting old, because I decided long ago that when I did make this flight it was going to be on as "routine" a basis as possible.

Max Conrad and I talked about my interest in ferrying a plane across

for some time. That's his profession, and he occasionally has two planes to be ferried overseas at the same time. So I told him I'd like to take a twin across whenever he had one "left over," and that I'd do it for him just for my expenses. There were a couple of planes prior to the one I finally took, but each time he was able to take them himself at the last moment. He's actually made two complete ferry flights to Europe in one week.

It was Max's record-breaking Casablanca-Los Angeles flight in his *Comanche* that finally was responsible for my trans-Atlantic flight. A couple of abortive attempts to break a record had upset his schedule badly, and he ended up in Casablanca many days late—with a new *Apache* sitting in Lock Haven that had to be in Paris for the annual Paris Air Salon, a famous European air show. Suddenly the inquiry came from Max through Mrs. Dorothy Garside of Canton, Mass., who handles Max's paperwork for him. With just a few day's warning I had to see that the airplane was properly equipped, shaken down, the red tape completed, then flown to

Paris. I'd at least expected to have Max around so I could get his guidance for my first such flight, but he was halfway around the world. So I was pretty much on my own. But when they realized my plight everyone pitched in to help with whatever part of the preparations they were familiar. Piper, Lock Haven Air-motive and Wiggins Airways at Norwood, Mass., actually were responsible for the success of my flight.

This was a far cry from making such a flight in my own airplane. This was a ferry flight, and the process of delivering a new airplane, especially to a foreign country, is a good deal more complicated than it would be if I were just flying my own airplane to Europe on business. The airplane itself, and all its equipment, were strange. I hadn't flown an *Apache* for a year or more, so I had to once again become thoroughly familiar with the airplane—along with everything else. As a matter of fact, I was still reading operating manuals for the airplane, engines and radio in the Azores. Add to this the installation and checking of the special fuel tanks, a makeshift tem-



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FROM	TO	Log	To Go	Total	Alt	Est.	Act.	MISCELLANEOUS
QX	YT	100	1235	1335	150	1711	1709	Off 1621Z
YT	46W47N	120	1205	253	135	1209	09	
46W47N	46W47N	220	97	413	141	1449	49	
46W47N	46W47N	180	785	165	144	1410	2112	02 04 1
46W47N	46W47N	45	749	697	127	2119		
46W47N	46W47N	220	505	933	140	2127		
46W47N	46W47N	300	270	1167	141			
46W47N	GPA	185	165	1273	141	152K	0159	
GPA	LAN	40	125	1213	149	0219		
LAN	SAN	125	1478	160				040327 55

Weather for last leg of the flight, from Santa Maria to Paris, was forecast accurately by the Portuguese meteorological station in the Azores

Santer-Santa Maria

AOPA's  
Flight Log

Date 6/1/59

FROM	TO	(N) MILES			COURSE		TIME	MISCELLANEOUS	
		Leg	To Go	Total	Prior	Act.		Est.	Act.
QX	YT	100	1335	-	168	150	1711	1709	Off 1621Z
YT	46W47N	120	1205	253	135	149	1809	04	
46W47N	46W47N	220	97	413	141	151	1449	49	
46W47N	46W47N	180	785	165	144	168	1410	2112	02 04 1
46W47N	46W47N	45	749	697	127	161	2119		
46W47N	46W47N	220	505	933	140	146	2127		
46W47N	46W47N	300	270	1167	141	146			
46W47N	GPA	185	165	1273	141	152K	0159		
GPA	LAN	40	125	1213	149		0219		
LAN	SAN	125	-	1498	160				040327 55
<div> <div>STN →</div> <div>WINDS ALOFT</div> </div> <div> 2100Z 2nd obs 1205 ML 0301  Cur 144mf hgt 10  124.1 </div>									

"Off 1621Z," Karant noted on his log for June 2 as he left Gander on the flight to Santa Maria. Weather prevented Shannon, Ireland, from being the first stop

PILOT editor practices what AOPA Flight Department preaches and finds that flying the Atlantic in a twin really is 'routine and commonplace'

porary installation of a Sunair high frequency radio, and you can see why the actual long-range hops across the ocean gave me some much-needed relaxation.

Because this airplane was being ferried to a purchaser outside the United States, an export license had to be executed and properly processed before leaving the country. Just one little step of that process (which took about two minutes and one thump of a rubber stamp) cost me a two-day delay in Boston. But the time wasn't entirely wasted. Pan Avion of Miami had shipped up one of their new three-man life rafts and survival kits for me to use, and I got it, and a Mae West I'd also requested, by express at Boston. Then I did some local flying, trying every piece of equipment

in the plane, its fuel system and checking its fuel consumption. I did everything I could think of to bring about any failures, if there were to be any. Instead, Apache N4010P was in about as perfect condition as I've ever seen a newly-delivered airplane, particularly with all the extra and

makeshift equipment it had. And it stayed that way; everything worked normally throughout the entire flight, in spite of my overactive imagination.

The only problems that turned up at any time I had One Zero Papa in

(Continued on page 60)

Here is the route Karant took in his flight from Washington, D. C., to Paris, France





## By Apache To Paris

(Continued from page 23)

my possession occurred almost at the moment I made the first flight out of Lock Haven. Everything had been installed and presumably checked out late in the afternoon of May 28, so I decided to spend that night back home in Washington, staying within easy range of Lock Haven in case anything went wrong. It was a good thing I did, because an excessive fuel leak turned up in the temporary fuselage tanks (in which I'd had a few gallons pumped, to see if there was a leak). Also, the transmitter of the Narco Mark V failed shortly after takeoff. Both of these were quickly fixed the next day, when I returned to Lock Haven on the way to Boston and Gander.

But taking the *Apache* back to Washington for an overnight stop brought up another problem—actually, the most difficult problem of the entire flight: keeping the whole flight a secret from my wife and daughters. I'd decided it would be much easier on my wife's nerves if she found out about it after I'd landed in Paris. She's thoroughly conversant with my flying in the western hemisphere, and over the last 20 years or so has come to take such trips for granted. But it would take a lot of explaining and high-speed education to convince her that this type of aircraft could fly the Atlantic, so I decided to keep it secret. What a project that was!

Then to bring that *Apache* back to Washington and park it right in front of the hangar where I keep my own airplane, again threatened my secret. If one of the boys at Butler Aviation had become curious over the cabin full of fuel tanks, or one of the men in the con-

trol tower had become interested, the secret could easily have slipped. But it didn't; I got One Zero Papa out of there bright and early the next morning, flew back to Lock Haven, got the tanks and radio fixed, then flew to Boston.

I landed at Norwood (a Boston suburb) on Friday, May 29, just a few minutes before the U. S. Customs House in downtown Boston closed for the Memorial Day weekend. Not long after, I discovered that it would be illegal to leave the United States without getting the export certificate validated at the Customs House. A pilot had done just that not long before me, flying an *Apache*, not realizing that he'd ignored some vital chunk of U. S. red tape. The Government people were in no mood to have anyone else do the same thing, as Alex Muller of the Jonas Aircraft and Arms Co., Piper's export agents, warned me repeatedly. One Zero Papa, incidentally, was going to Jonas' representative in Paris, Bob Goemans (AOPA 63867), and was to be used as a demonstrator during the Paris Air Salon.

The fact that One Zero Papa was destined for the Paris show was a fortunate circumstance for me, because Goemans specified that it be unusually well-equipped. It had an ARC 210 VHF communications set, an ARC ADF, Narco Mark V omni and VHF communications set and a Narco marker-beacon receiver. This was the permanently-installed equipment. In addition I had Max Conrad's portable Sunair high-frequency communications set and a hand-operated reel and antenna temporarily installed. The airplane also had Piper's AutoControl, which is an aileron autopilot made by Mitchell; this little device, which also has a heading lock attachment on the directional gyro, proved to be the most useful

labor-saving device of all.

Bright and early Monday morning, June 1, I flew from Norwood to Boston's Logan Field, left the plane, jumped in a cab and headed for the Customs House to get that one piece of paper stamped. I was standing at the man's office door when he arrived, he stamped it quickly for me, and I was back in another cab within minutes. At the airport I checked the Boston-Gander weather (it was fine), jumped in the plane and took off straight out to sea for Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. I'd put 25 gallons in each fuselage tank, to enable me to fly non-stop to Gander. That gave me 158 gallons on takeoff from Logan, enough for more than 11 hours. It actually took 05:50, flying by way of Yarmouth, Halifax, Sydney, then direct to Gander. Groundspeed was 156 m.p.h.

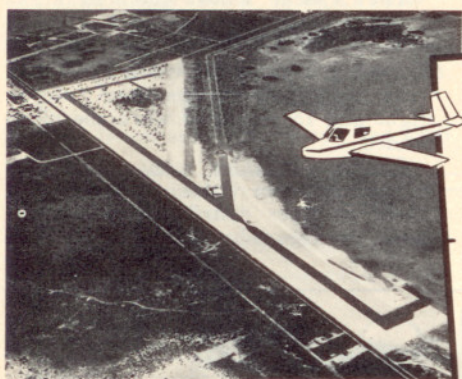
Throughout the entire flight I used the 55% power settings on the Piper-Lycoming charts and, although I never did get an accurate fuel consumption measurement, I estimate I averaged less than 14 g.p.h.—although I did all my flight planning on the basis of 15 g.p.h. In any case, I estimate I could have flown nearly the entire way back to Boston with the gas I had left when I landed at Gander.

Gander's huge runways and elaborate new terminal building looked wonderful after the flight across Newfoundland from Nova Scotia. There was still snow on the ground—in June! As soon as I landed I ordered all fuel tanks filled, the first time One Zero Papa would carry her full 268 gallons. She took 156 gallons, so I'd had 112 gallons when I landed.

Within moments Gander's deceptions became apparent. The super fancy terminal building and restaurant have no overnight accommodations. There's just one hotel—more than a mile across from the terminal building, in an abandoned clapboard barracks that's so decrepit it would even be regarded as a hazard in a Nevada ghost town. The food's at the terminal, the bed's in Termite Town, so you must hire a taxi to drive you clear around the entire base from one to the other. I chose to taxi One Zero Papa; it was faster, easier, and cheaper.

It was at Gander where I had my first contact with trans-Atlantic weather forecasting and flight planning. Even though I knew a lot of weather information is available from the Atlantic, I didn't realize how much until I got the first of several briefings at Gander. Largely because of the many airplanes constantly over the ocean, these oceanic weather people are able to almost literally locate specific clouds for you. Being an old weather hand in the United States, I instinctively began applying all the "factors" a pilot must use along with weather information given him for flights over the United States. As it turned out, few of these precautions are necessary over the ocean. I found ocean forecasting and reporting amazingly accurate.

When you're out over the water you must depend entirely on the winds-aloft information the forecaster gives you,



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for example. You're only within ADF range of beacons for a comparatively short time. All the rest of the time it's pure dead reckoning—and if you get the inaccuracies you're accustomed to getting in winds-aloft forecasts within the United States, there's no telling where you'd end up.

First thing in the morning on June 2 I checked out of the "hotel", taxied across the field, parked the plane and started the red tape and paperwork preparatory to takeoff. A quick check of the weather showed me immediately that my planned route to Shannon, Ireland, was out of the question. Airline and military planes had sent in dozens of reports on a front lying between Gander and Shannon, with heavy icing and turbulence at all altitudes. That washed out the route for me because One Zero Papa had no deicers and, in that heavily-loaded condition, I had no intention of getting into turbulence.

So, with the help of Sy Cohen, a Flying Tiger Line navigator I met at Gander, I had to lay out the only alternate left to me: via the Azores, something I'd never even considered, nor was I prepared for. My friend dug up an old copy of an aircraft position chart, and helped me lay out the course normally flown to the Azores, then on to Paris.

Meanwhile, another front was rapidly moving in on Gander from the west, so I had something else to worry about. By the time I'd finally laid out the course, filed a flight plan, then completed all the paperwork connected with landing fees, Canadian Customs, and the like, it was past noon local time. That gave me something else to worry about, because that meant I'd have quite a bit of night flying ahead of me, and would arrive in the Azores in the middle of the night. But I had no alternative, because the weather would get worse here rather than better.

So my first takeoff with fully loaded fuel tanks, plus everything else I had to carry (disconnected back seats, baggage, survival gear and miscellaneous bits and pieces going to Jonas' Paris

office) was made into a 40 m.p.h. gusty wind, a 1,500 foot ceiling, and rain. It was here that I experienced perhaps the greatest apprehension of the entire flight. I was on instruments within moments after takeoff, and stayed on them for nearly four hours.

The takeoff itself startled me—not because it took so long getting that load off, but because the *Apache's* performance actually took me by surprise. Though fully prepared for a long, ticklish takeoff run, One Zero Papa almost leaped into the air within a few seconds after I opened the throttles. At first I thought I'd hit a bump that had thrown me into the air, but a quick feel of the controls confirmed that I was actually flying. Of course, the strong wind helped, but even so, I was amazed. She performed the same way in the still morning air when I took off from the Azores with the same load.

As soon as I went on instruments near Gander I realized that I was probably facing the actual front I'd been hoping to beat out. I switched to a military radar station at St. Johns, and they confirmed my fears; the front lay right across my track. And because my course was based entirely on dead reckoning I felt I had to stick close to the headings I'd plotted on the new "Slide Graphic" computer (a modernized E-6B) the Jeppesen company had loaned me. So into the front I went. Heavy rain, quite a bit of turbulence—and then another worry: the thermometer outside slowly dropped to 33°. I didn't think the ship would carry much ice in its present condition and at 7,000 feet, my assigned altitude. I really sweat blood, watching that thermometer. For more than an hour it hovered between 32.5 and 33. I suspect that if it had hit 32 I would have opened the fuselage dump valves automatically and turned back.

But it didn't, and after about two hours the rain died down and the clouds I was in began to look a little lighter. Suddenly I broke out of a solid wall of clouds into the clear, now on top of a deck of broken clouds. And the first

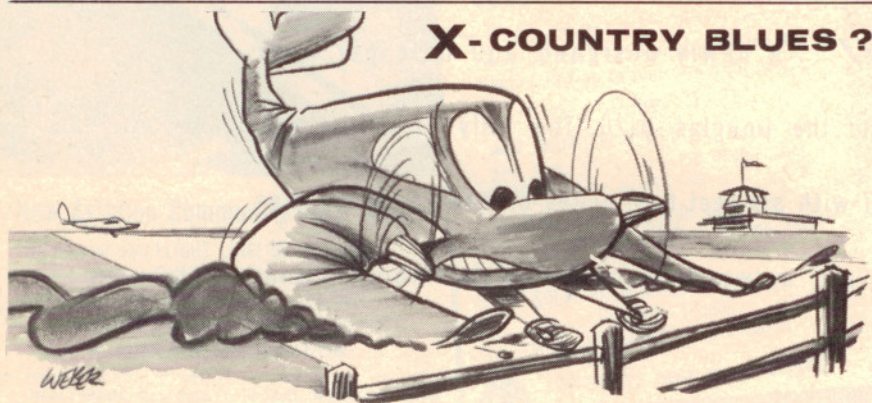
thing I could recognize through a hole in the clouds below was an iceberg. But from that point on, the weather began improving just as the forecaster said it would; I was flying directly into the center of a high. Now I settled back and relaxed, letting the AutoControl do all the flying. After a while I began tuning around on the ADF for the radio beacon of Weather Ship "Delta", 750 miles at sea. I was still nearly 300 miles from the ship when I suddenly found its beacon, loud and clear. I tried calling them a few times on the Sunair, but found the operation of the antenna reel to be too difficult. Finally I resorted to the system I used from that point on: I called other aircraft on 121.5 mc. This worked so well I used it throughout the rest of the flight. I was never out of contact with at least one airline or military transport. With their automatic high-frequency radios they were easily able to relay position reports for me to one shore or the other.

Soon I was talking with "Delta" on VHF. She was the U.S. Coast Guard cutter *Ingham*, and she'd been keeping her beacon on for me 100% of the time; I'd asked the boys at Gander to ask them to keep it on. They picked me up on their radar, plotted my position, then vectored me out on the course to the Azores which I gave them. I passed "Delta" 04:41 out of Gander. Within an hour I was flying in the dark.

It was a beautiful starlit night and One Zero Papa was operating like a dream. After a while I began thinking about the weather I might find in the Azores, because I had no instrument approach charts. All I had for this route was the U. S. Air Force's radio facilities book for the Atlantic and Europe. But I'd already made up my mind that, if the weather was at all bad, I'd call the GCA unit at Lajes, the U. S. Air Force base in the Azores, and ask them to talk me down.

Once again I called on 121.5. Out of the night came a clear voice answering me and identifying himself as Pan American's Flight 103—a Boeing 707 jet at 31,000 feet, out of Santa Maria for Idlewild. I asked him about Santa Maria's present weather, then asked if he could relay my position to Santa Maria and get their terminal forecast. I told him I'd had to switch routes at the last minute, and didn't have an approach chart for Santa Maria. He called back in a few moments, gave me a good forecast for Santa Maria, then asked me to stand by to copy down the pertinent parts of his approach chart for Santa Maria. I must admit I was a bit impressed by the drama of a jet transport at 31,000 feet over the mid-Atlantic reading off headings and frequencies to me down there at 7,000 feet, while I copied them under a cabin dome light.

Soon I was receiving radio beacons in the Azores, then the omni at the Lajes AFB. Then I turned down the Azores chain to Santa Maria 125 miles away. I must admit I was thrilled to see the airport's rotating beacon and lighted runway. My wheels touched at 0327Z, 11:06 from Gander for a block



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to block speed of 150 m.p.h. I had about eight hours of fuel left.

After a day and a night on that lovely island I made the Santa Maria-Paris flight on June 4. Again, excellent weather briefing, this time by the Portuguese. Again, voluminous paperwork—this time accompanied by a breathtaking landing fee of some \$35, hardly a method of encouraging tourist flights. My takeoff was in the early morning, because I wanted to arrive in Paris in daylight. The weather was calm and lovely, and the takeoff was uneventful. I'd decided to take the shortest route to land, flying direct from Santa Maria to a powerful Consol radio beacon at Lugo, Spain, then direct to Paris.

The forecaster drew out my expected weather, and indicated an area of bad weather, with ice and turbulence, not far off the Spanish coast, directly on my course to Lugo. And sure enough, within moments of my estimated arrival over that part of the ocean, there was the weather. I stayed in it for a while, at my assigned altitude of 9,000 feet—but this time I got ice and plenty of it. The only reason I tried out this weather as long as I did was that I had been out of Santa Maria about 06:20, and thus had burned off some 530 pounds of fuel. Nevertheless, it got worse—and then, at the worst possible moment, someone shut off the Lugo beacon. That did it. There are mountains not far behind Lugo along the north Spanish coast, and I had no intention of blindly holding a heading toward them, on instruments, with no radio aid. I turned northeast, out toward the Bay of Biscay.

Soon I broke out of the bad weather into the clear, on top of a solid cloud deck. But now I was not on my plotted course, and I had no radio aid of any kind that I could rely on. Experienced American pilots told me later that French radio aids—especially homing beacons—are not much good until you're almost on top of them. But I didn't know that then. After about an hour of just holding a compass course I saw a break in the clouds ahead and below, and there got my first sight of land, an island covered with farms. I had no detailed charts of this part of the world, so I couldn't identify my position. And, after tuning the ADF almost constantly and getting nothing at all, I began to worry. I began circling, looking at that island. After a couple of circles I suddenly realized I was doing the very thing you must never do when lost. I told myself—out loud—to get the hell back on the course I'd plotted and stick with it. After all, I'd estimated my arrival at Paris at 1814Z and I still had a couple of hours to go. Besides, I told myself, I'll have enough gas to go on from Paris clear into Scandinavia, Great Britain, Germany or Italy.

After another hour or so I tried the ADF again, still getting nothing but an unusable jumble of weak, overlapping stations. Then I began trying the Narco Mark V, because France has a number of omni stations. Suddenly one of them popped up on the dial. I immediately identified it as Poitiers, found I was quite a way northwest, but decided to hang onto that station. So I turned southeast, homed on the station,

then began calling Bordeaux nearby. Soon they answered on VHF, I told them what I was doing and asked them to advise Paris. After a while I arrived over the Poitiers omni. Now, however, the weather began to worsen. I was still at 9,000, and on instruments half the time. By the time I got within VHF communications range of Paris it was raining hard, and looked a lot like thunderstorm-type weather. So I called Paris. He answered, saying there were so many thunderstorms around Paris he couldn't even use his radar!

Then I tried to get a clearance down from 9,000 feet, so I could try to stay VFR underneath them. He told me I'd be No. 9 "to receive a message." But it was my neck I was worried about, so I kept after him, and he finally cleared me down to 3,000. Sure enough, there were lots of thunderstorms everywhere. I had to circle several times just outside Le Bourget airport, because there were two between me and the field. Finally, after some help from Le Bourget's VHF direction finder, I flew around the back of one and made a hurried landing.


As it turned out, I was only 23 minutes off my estimated time out of the Azores, so I hadn't done as much milling around over the Bay of Biscay as I'd thought. I'd made the 1,670-mile flight in 11:47, for an average of 141.

Of the entire 4,778-mile flight from Washington to Paris, the last two hours over France were the most trying. This was due largely to the lack of safe, reliable radio navigation aids in France, at least when compared with radio aids I'd had throughout the rest of the trip. Low-powered homing beacons, with frequencies overlapping each other to the point where the ADF couldn't distinguish between them until you were right on top of them, made the ADF relatively useless. It was the omni system that got me back where I belonged.

Except for this basic problem, which I might not have had if someone had warned me in advance, the trip was pleasant and easy. The only limitations on any pilot making such a trip would be that he should have at least 1,000 hours total time (this, incidentally, is what the insurance company required), an instrument rating, and a reasonably good knowledge of navigation (particularly by radio, dead reckoning, and the use of computers). Incidentally, in my entire Washington-Paris flight I logged 06:00 of actual instrument time, out of the 32:57 total.

I've been asked cooly by a number of people about, er, ah, bathroom facilities. For me, at least, the answer is simple: no meals for at least 12 hours preceding takeoff. A candy bar, but no meals. No liquids for several hours in advance of takeoff. This is essentially what Max Conrad's answer is, and others have told me the same thing. "How did you manage to stay awake?" is the other most common question. Well, my longest leg was 11:47 non-stop. That's like getting up at 7 a.m. and having to stay awake until 6:47 p.m. Obviously, everyone stays awake a lot longer than that,

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every day. The real problem, actually, is boredom. I was confined to that one seat all that time and, except for the comparatively short periods when I had something to do, you just sit. Much of that time I occupied myself with recording my comments and reactions on a portable battery-operated Dictaphone Dictet tape recorder. It, incidentally, proved to be the best notebook and recordkeeper of anything I've ever used.

Of all the things about this flight that impressed me, perhaps the most impressive was the excellence of the American equipment and facilities. Sure, you always favor what you're most accustomed to. But aside from such partiality, the airplane performed perfectly. The Lycoming engines did even better than the manufacturer claims; I used about three quarts of oil for the entire flight, and fuel consumption was below that on Lycoming's own charts. The radios and instruments functioned perfectly. Granted, this airplane and its equipment got a thorough going-over prior to the flight, but the only thing that "failed" was an improperly installed VHF transmitter, quickly fixed. Even the American navigation and radio-facility charts are the best anywhere. I was completely equipped with Jeppesen coverage of the U.S., Canada and northern Europe, and these were superior to anything I've seen elsewhere.

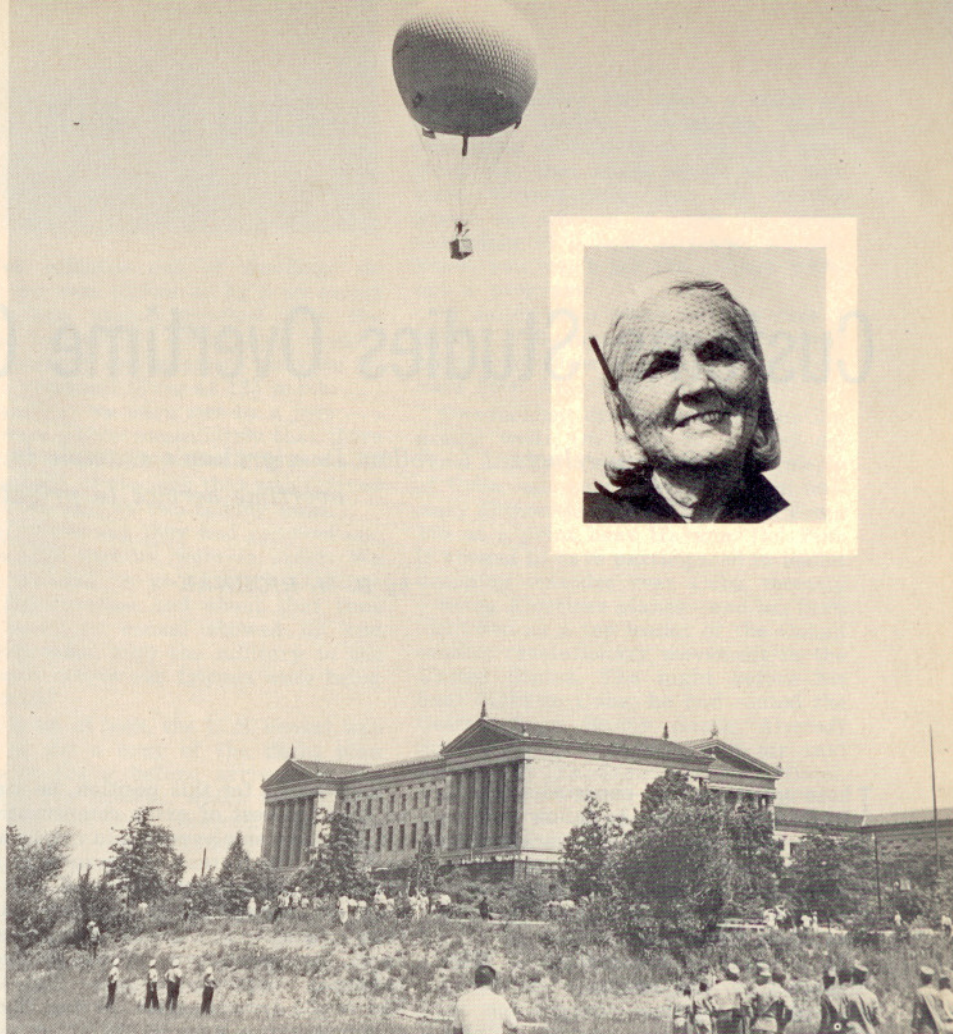
As I said in the beginning, anyone (within certain limits) can do this. It's a fascinating and thoroughly enjoyable way to go to Europe, and tour any part of that world you wish. My fuel and oil cost for the entire flight was about \$155. Incidentally, all twins are flown across, as are most current single-engined models capable of carrying enough fuel. The reason is not romantic, it's economic. Ferrying companies get something under \$3,000 for ferrying an *Apache* to Europe, for example. This includes all operating costs, pilot's expenses and return airline fare. AOPA got a price for disassembling, crating, shipping and reassembling an *Apache* from New York to Paris: \$3,839.38.

One of the more difficult problems may very well be the general attitude toward any civil aircraft other than those of the airlines, once you get overseas. The philosophy in many European countries is that common ordinary people have no business violating the airspace which is somehow owned by the airlines. I ran into a little of this just in the short time I was flying over that part of the world.

But even that is being changed these days, due largely to a potent American drug known as TTB — The Tourist Buck. Quite a few European aviation people have seen general aviation in the U.S. Their first reaction is to say that it's all a big lie. Their second reaction is to try to bring about some slow changes in their own attitudes.

They'd better hurry, because a lot of U.S. private aircraft are going to be headed their way within the next few years.

END



The German-made balloon, with Constance Wolf (shown in inset) and her passenger, J. Anthony Fairbanks, soars above the Philadelphia Art Museum as it begins its 28-mile flight

## Historic Balloon Flight Reenacted

History's earliest "flying machine" revived with 20th Century craft for a brief three hours on July 5 when Constance Wolf (AOPA 1326), wife of AOPA General Counsel Alfred L. Wolf (AOPA 5), recreated the first balloon ascension made in the Western Hemisphere at Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Wolf, the only woman free-balloon pilot licensed by the FAA, ascended in an orange, gas-filled balloon from a field bordering the Schuylkill river in Philadelphia. She was accompanied by J. Anthony Fairbanks, president of the Balloon Club of America. Their flight lasted about three hours, from altitudes of 1,500 to 2,000 feet. They drifted about 28 miles, landing near the Warrington airport in Bucks County, Pa.

Mrs. Wolf's flight marked the first ascent made in America by a Frenchman, Jean Pierre Blanchard, in 1793. When Blanchard took off from Philadelphia's Walnut Street Prison, such illustrious figures in American history as Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe were there to wave him on. He reached a maximum altitude of 5,812 feet, traveling 15 miles in 46

minutes to Woodbury, N. J. Blanchard carried with him a letter of introduction from Washington—America's first piece of air mail.

The balloon piloted by Mrs. Wolf was imported for the event from Augsburg, Germany, under a reciprocal trade agreement between the United States and the Federated Republic of Germany (West Germany). It is the first foreign aircraft in the United States which has been imported under this agreement and type certificated by the FAA. The certification is sanctioned by Part 10 of the CAR which states that such import of aircraft can only be made if the country which produced the aircraft has airworthiness requirements which comply with those of the United States. The balloon is quite large, rising 50 feet in the air, when inflated, with a 40-foot diameter. About two tons of ballast are used in flight control.

Mrs. Wolf, an accomplished pilot, has flown most existing types of aircraft—both conventional airplanes and helicopters as well as lighter-than-air free balloons and airships. She first flew an OX-5 *Challenger* in 1930.

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