

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the April issue, the author described the first half of the flight he and Pat Pattison made from Washington, D.C., to Buenos Aires, Argentina, to participate in an ICAO regional conference there. That portion of the flight was down the west coast of South America to Santiago, Chile, then across the Andes to Buenos Aires.

■ It was 24 days after our arrival at Buenos Aires and the regional ICAO (International Civil Aviation Organization, an arm of the U.N.) conference was actually over, though it had one more day to go officially. But Romney (Pat) Pattison, of the FAA's Office of International Aviation Affairs and No. 2 man on the U.S. delegation to the conference, also had completed his work. Considering the fact that we had 6,759 NM to go to get home, we decided to start the return journey up the east coast of South America a day early.

Pat and I had made the flight down the west coast in my *Twin Comanche* N13K in 41:40 for the 6,102 NM. The return trip was 657 NM farther; it was to take us 46:36 flying time back to Washington.

It took a full hour to cope with all the red tape necessary to get out of Don Torcuato airport, north of Buenos Aires, for Pôrto Alegre, Brazil, our first stop on the homeward trip. That leg took 03:46 for the 517 NM flight and was the roughest of the entire round trip. We took off VFR and stayed low over the ocean off the coast of Uruguay. But it wasn't long before we were just above the water, under low clouds. So I called Montevideo tower, asked for an IFR clearance and got it at 5,000 feet to Pôrto Alegre. From that point on, we were in heavy rain and turbulence until we broke out VFR over the Pôrto Alegre airport. Upon landing, I found we'd come through a strong warm front. The rain was so heavy that the speed of the plane had forced it through the windshield sealant, and it dripped off the compass and into the radio cases under the glare shield.

As I mentioned in the first article, I concentrated on my "outs," making sure I had plenty of fuel to get me somewhere else if the weather forecast were wrong (or nonexistent), or if the radio aids were shut down without warning. And if I'd relaxed during my long lay-over at the Buenos Aires conference, the first leg of the flight home snapped me back to attention. Pôrto Alegre, for example, kept telling me that the weather at the airport was 3,000 feet broken with six miles visibility. Then I was cleared to descend to 3,000 as I approached the area. But I still was on solid instruments, in the rain. As I approached the airport and my estimated arrival time, I remained on instruments at 3,000 feet. Suddenly the ADF needle reversed and the VOR went from to to from. I was directly over the airport. The tower operator was talking to someone else in Portuguese, so I reversed course and re-



This map shows the route Karant took on his entire trip around South America. The white portion of the route represents the author's return from Buenos Aires.



ADVENTURE SOUTH

(PART II)

This photo was taken as the author let down through clouds for a landing at Salvador, Bahia, after a nonstop flight from Rio de Janeiro. N13K was held on top of clouds nearly all of the way. At Salvador, Karant was 55:42 hours flying time and 8,009 NM out of Washington, D.C.

Twin Comanche's return flight from Buenos Aires is made without too much difficulty, but scarcity of nav aids in some areas, bad weather and large quantities of 'red tape' keep Karant and Pattison occupied

by MAX KARANT/AOPA 18

AOPA Senior Vice President and Editor of The AOPA PILOT

turned to the station. He finally answered, repeated the 3,000-foot ceiling, and cleared me to 2,000. Again, still solid. I finally broke out at 1,600 feet right over the tower, and landed visually. My "out" was to be prepared for a full instrument approach.

After refueling, we cleared Immigration. The Customs man came out to look at the plane, and Pat gave him a couple of packs of American cigarettes when he'd finished. They often proved to be better than money. Then off again, to spend the night at São Paulo. We stayed at FL 5 (500 feet, in South America all altitudes are called flight levels) then followed the coastline, sight-seeing and taking pictures. Pat kept a close check on each village, city or landmark, noting our time of passage on the maps. The

east coast of Brazil is almost a continuous, beautiful and remarkably empty beach that stretches for thousands of miles. In my mind's eye, I visualized flying up the coast of South America in a northerly direction. Instead, our heading for many hours hovered in the area of 070°.

Ground speed checks told us we had a pretty strong head wind, plus low true airspeed at this altitude. So we started to climb as we passed Florianópolis, leveled off at FL 55, and cut out to sea to São Paulo, where we'd decided to spend the night. Originally, we were to spend the night in Rio, but the long delay at Don Torcuato airport wiped out that possibility.

Now again I found myself faced with another example of the need for ex-

treme care and alertness at all times. As we approached the coastline a solid undercast appeared under us. Santos, the famed coffee port, was completely hidden. Once again, the forecast (got ten at Pôrto Alegre for São Paulo) appeared in considerable error. So I called São Paulo tower and asked for the current weather. The controller answered "Oh, it's scattered." So I assumed the low cloud deck was just along the coast. But when I went over the VOR at FL 50, in the clear but with the solid cloud deck beneath me, I concluded that "scattered" must be the Portuguese word for overcast. So I reported over the VOR. He then cleared me up to FL 70, then shortly after started me down to FL 60, then back to FL 50. By then I'd told him I'd reversed course and headed back for

Author Karant makes final approach for Santos Dumont runway at Rio de Janeiro, arriving Oct. 8 from São Paulo, en route to Hollywood, Fla., and the 1967 AOPA Plantation Party. General aviation parking area is at the right foreground of runway.

Color photos by the author

Rio de Janeiro at night. Picture was taken by the author from the top of Sugar Loaf mountain. (For photographers: Karant had no tripod so propped camera on railing. Exposure—one minute on "bulb" with 35 mm lens wide open at f2.8.)



the VOR. He replied by saying that I was now cleared for a VOR approach. I was on a VFR flight plan, and he had no idea whether or not I was capable of making an instrument approach. We broke out of the solid cloud deck right off the end of the runway.

I was bushed. We'd flown 07:31 that day, of which 05:00 was solid IFR. But we hadn't had time for lunch, so Pat and I treated ourselves to a lovely, relaxing dinner in the dining room on the roof of the Excelsior Hotel. São Paulo's a beautiful, modern city; I can see why it's called the Chicago of Brazil. There's a Volkswagen factory there, and I've never seen so many VW's in my life, not even in Germany. They even use them for taxis.

At São Paulo we'd flown 7,111 NM and 49:11 since leaving Washington, with 5,750 NM still to go.

Next morning (Oct. 8) we got back to the airport early and, even though no one spoke English, got excellent and friendly service. With my vastly restricted Spanish I was at least able to have airport attendants direct me to the weather office ("Met") and the place you file flight plans. No charges or

special voluminous forms, everyone smiled and we shook hands all around. All rather remarkable. But I was to pay for this later—at Rio, our next stop as a matter of fact.

We had to get an IFR clearance to VFR conditions on top. We were in the clear, but in haze, just a couple of minutes after takeoff. I turned east along the coast, headed for fabulous, colorful, romantic Rio de Janeiro, where we were determined to spend the rest of that day and night, just enjoying ourselves.

The coastline between Santos and Rio is spectacularly beautiful, much like the coast of the Pacific Northwest. We flew at FL 15 and then FL 10 all the way to Rio, taking pictures even though there was a thick haze. The entrance to Rio harbor also is spectacular, with Sugar Loaf mountain sticking up right off the end of Santos Dumont airport, which sits on the waterfront in the middle of the city, much like Chicago's or Cleveland's lakefront airports.

Once on the ground, however, Rio's beauty and charm disappeared in a swirl of bureaucrats. None spoke English, so they finally rounded up the manager of the Piper facility there, and he

translated. After narrowing down all the spokesmen for the Brazilian government to two men, we found that they were demanding insurance documents, airworthiness certificates, bill of sale for the plane, pilot's license and medical certificate. The second man demanded Customs documents that neither I, nor AOPA's Flight Department (later), had ever heard of. Through my translator, I finally told them both firmly that I had officially entered their country as required by international law, two stops back, at Porto Alegre. I had the official document to prove it, but both tossed it aside. Because it was Sunday, I told them I would park the plane and go to our hotel, then take up the matter with higher officials Monday morning.

This generated a bit of high-speed gossip I've never been able to track down. Within hours, the word had gotten back to Washington that my plane was impounded and I was being bodily detained. Instead, Pat and I were lunching beside the Gloria Hotel swimming pool, taking pictures of pretty sunbathers with a new telephoto lens. But the "police state" atmosphere reappeared at the Gloria's desk where we registered.

Instead of the registration form to which Americans are accustomed, this was a big form that required you to give your name, address, age, birthplace, marital status, where you work, what you do, the names of both parents, and a last category marked "observation." The desk clerk said he didn't know what that meant. So by the time we'd gotten to our rooms, the only thing we hadn't been subjected to since landing in Rio was a physical search. What a way to entice tourists!

Next morning we headed for the U.S. Embassy, and were immediately steered to Mr. Fixit himself. Turned out to be Frank Ravndal, transportation and communications officer. I figured we might as well set the ball rolling first thing in the morning, because such red tape invariably costs you a full day. After listening to our story, Ravndal picked up the phone, dialed a number, spoke with someone for a few minutes in Portuguese, hung up, and told us it was all fixed and we were free to go!

We had to dash back to the hotel, pack, and check out. Meanwhile, Pat had called a personal friend, Frank

Monaco, FAA man in Rio, just to say hello. So Monaco and Ravndal both showed up at the hotel to take us to the airport. We were to see Lt. Col. Pompeu Marques Perez, director of Brazil's air traffic system, and Ravndal was curious about what had happened to us. Col. Perez welcomed us in excellent English. An aide gave him a folder which, it turned out, contained all the normally required advance paper work sent to Rio by AOPA's Flight Department. He looked it over briefly, then commented that everything was quite in order. I then gave him the document I'd been given by the authorities at Pôrto Alegre. He wrote on it in longhand that I was specifically cleared through the rest of my Brazilian itinerary, put the official rubber stamp on it, then signed it himself. He apologized to me for the mistreatment, we thanked him profusely, and left his office for my plane. It wasn't yet 10 a.m.!

Within minutes I'd filed a VFR flight plan to Salvador, said goodbyes and thanks to our two Franks, and were climbing to FL 70, our cruising altitude. Then, once again, the pang of forgetful-

ness as I contemplated making this leg nonstop. In all the fuss back at Rio, I'd forgotten to check the four fuel tanks myself. This was the second (and last) time I violated my own rule to either stay with the plane during refueling, or check all tanks before take-off. But they were full.

The 04:57 flight to Salvador was easy, pleasant and beautiful. The farther north we flew, the more tropical and lush the land below. Salvador itself was interesting and attractive. The airport was big and modern, but it took over an hour to get the paper work done (despite the fact that the flight from Rio was purely a domestic trip), and get fuel. We had to use a taxi to chase down the fuel truck, even though we'd called him an hour earlier. By the time he fueled us, it was dark.

The Plaza Hotel proved to be one of the most expensive we'd encountered to that point. And the 45-minute cab ride from the airport cost \$7.40 U.S. each way. Other than such smaller points, Salvador is a lovely place to visit if you're looking for true Brazilian charm.

We decided to spend most of the next

Land just ahead of the Twin Comanche is the easternmost point of the South American continent and is near town of João Pessoa. Karant says he then was as close to Africa as he ever expected to get in his own plane. He was flying at 500 feet when he took this picture.



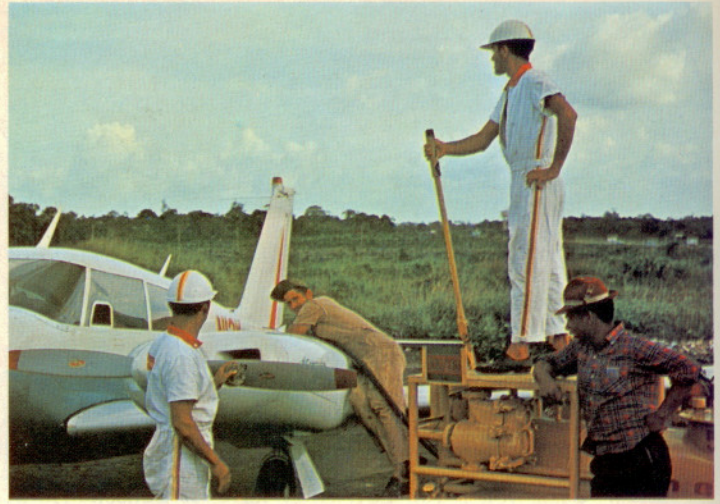
Just before takeoff from Santos Dumont on Oct. 9, after red tape had threatened to hold up the flight for another day. Left to right are Pat Pattison, Frank Monaco, FAA representative in the area; and Frank Ravndal, transportation and communications officer in the U.S. Embassy at Rio de Janeiro. Ravndal cleared up the red tape in short order and N13K was on its way by 10 a.m.



These bright red cliffs hanging right over the beach, backed by dense green jungle extending to the horizon, were a striking sight as N13K flew up the east coast of South America. The red formations extended for miles and looked like small Grand Canyons. This picture was taken at 500 feet just below the town of Maceio, at 9°58' S. Red color of formation appeared to indicate iron deposits.



Top: After passing up originally planned gas stop at Fortaleza, the author landed at São Luís only to find that the airport was completely out of aviation gasoline. He had to settle for 80 octane taken from a drum at a machine shop off the airport. A man pumped it out of the drum by hand and Pat attended to the chamois. Though his engines are not approved for less than 100 octane, Karant had no choice but to use the lower octane, which was quite safe when special procedures were followed. This article explains what he did.



Top Right: Refueling at Belém. One man pumps, one holds the hose, one wipes and one watches. They assured the pilot that the little fuel truck had good filters—so Karant worried only a little bit. He and Pattison were 64:45 flying hours and 9,344 NM out of Washington.

Right: Still over the "trackless jungle"—and it is!—at 500 feet. In the center of the picture is the homing beacon at Ponta Do Ceu, 46 NM north of the equator at the mouth of the Amazon. (See map opposite page.) This was the last homing beacon operating on the coast found by Karant until he reached Cayenne. The two beacons between these two points were off the air for some reason and it was necessary for the author to navigate by following the coast.



day and evening at Recife, another colorful Brazilian city and seaport. It was just an 02:45 flight from Salvador. It was a lovely morning flight, so we stayed down along the beach at about 350 feet, enjoying the scenery, studying the little villages along the shore, and taking pictures. There's also a lot of endless jungle to see, and it stretches clear to the western horizon like a solid green floor. I was glad we'd decided to stick to the coast from São Paulo on, even though flying around Brazil's eastern bulge adds nearly 900 NM to the overall trip. At Recife our total trip was 8,360 NM and 58:27 to that point. My customary parking spot in front of Hangar 9 at Washington National Airport was still 4,501 NM ahead.

I was awakened at five the next morning by the bright sunrise streaming in the window and the racket of a typical outdoor market under my window getting its fruits and vegetables put on racks and meats hung on hooks. So we decided to get an early start for Belém, Brazil's northernmost city on the coast and our last stop in that country.

It's about 1,000 nautical miles from Recife.

Again we stayed low on the beach. We shortly came to that point of the South American continent that is closest to Africa. That most easterly point is near the town of João Pessoa.

A few miles north is Natal, which was a major jumping-off point for aircraft heading for Africa and Europe during World War II. Pat had flown out of there as a Pan American navigator during that time, in flying boats, so he wanted to take a nostalgic look at where Pan Am's old seaplane base used to be. So we flew up the river, found it, took some pictures, then climbed out to FL 80 headed for Fortaleza. But a couple of ground speed checks later, it was obvious that we had a good tail wind. A quick computation and I decided we could make it nonstop to São Luís (san-LOO-ey) which, according to the current aeronautical information, is a major airport. So I called Fortaleza and told them to extend my flight plan accordingly.

As we approached São Luís for land-

ing, the tower asked where we were coming from. I told him, and said we were just landing for fuel. He replied that the airport was completely out of aviation fuel; a tanker had arrived in the harbor with a new supply, but the entire load was found to be contaminated. There we were, with the only available fuel 123 NM behind us, or 184 NM ahead. Either way, it would be stretching things too far for safety. While we were trying to figure out what to do, a Brazilian bush pilot landed in a Cessna 182. Again, he spoke no English, but with my horrible Spanish, arm-waving and pointing, he understood my problem. He understood also that I needed 100 octane fuel, but told me he always uses 80 in his planes, though he should use 100. But even the 80 was out. When I got it across to him that I only needed enough fuel to give me a safe margin to get on to Belém with, I told him I'd even risk mixing some 80 with what 100 remained, if we could buy some from the tanks of any plane parked on the field.

Suddenly, as it does in the comic

strips when someone gets an idea, a light flashed in my mind. More than a year ago, I recalled I interviewed Al Hundere (AOPA 42710), father of the Alcor exhaust gas temperature gauge and head of his thriving Alcor company, on the subject of that EGT system of his, and the numerous safeguards it offers once you learn to interpret its readings. I have his more elaborate engine analyzer system in N13K; it works the same as the basic EGT, but has a heat probe on each cylinder instead of just a single probe in the exhaust stack cluster as is the case with the widely used EGT.

I not only recalled that interview in a San Antonio motel room, but recalled that I'd asked him about the use of

compound in which stood a one-story warehouse. Outside was quite a bit of farm and other machinery. Inside, he found a friend, told him of my plight, and did he possibly have any fuel? The man thought a minute, then said he thought he had an old drum of 80 octane lying around somewhere among the trees. We all went looking, and soon found it. I cringed at the sight, but it was the best (and only) available. I asked if he'd sell me 20 gallons, 10 in each tip tank. I was now following Hundere's instructions to the letter.

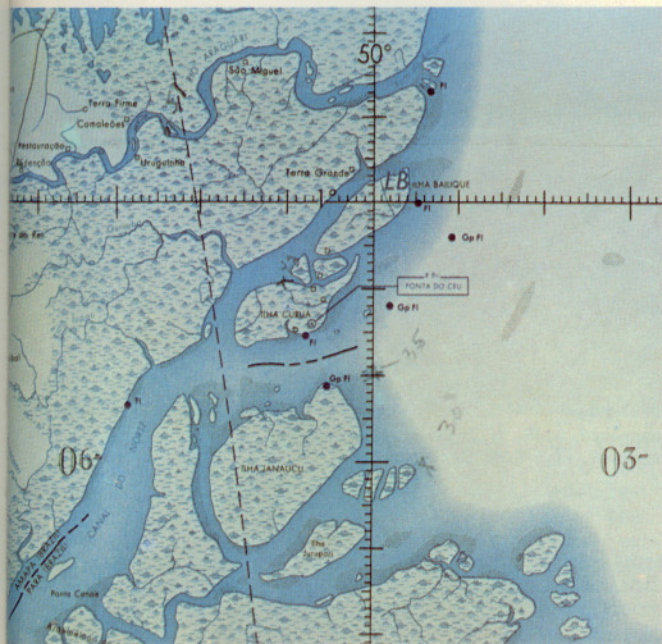
A boy got the drum on a dolly, pushed it out to the plane, attached a hand pump, and Pat saw to it that every drop went through a chamois. I paid 63.5

cents per gallon, and it certainly was worth it.

Hundere is a respected internal combustion engineer, and was long before he developed his EGT system. His instructions in that year-old interview were almost uncanny: put the 80 octane in the tip tanks, take off on the remaining 100 octane, climb to cruising altitude, set up cruising power, lean the engines, and then switch to the 80. Keep a sharp eye on the EGT needles and watch for heat rise. I kept my engine analyzer system set on the No. 3 cylinder on each engine, because those were the hottest cylinders and would be first to show any heat rise. After a half hour of this at FL 80, there was no indication of any excessive heat, so I continued to use the 80 all the way to Belém so as to burn off as much of it as possible. Only when I started down for the landing did I switch back to 100.

My actual flying time from Recife to Belém was 05:58, and N13K's endurance at the power setting I used was 06:00. That 80-octane drum and Hundere's year-old advice more than saved the day. At Belém we were still 3,517 NM from Washington, and had flown 64:45 and 9,344 NM since the trip started.

Probably because South America had always been something of a mystery to me, I imagined the flying weather down there would be mysterious, unknown or beyond my capabilities. Instead, it proved to be the same sort of thing we're accustomed to in the United States, only reversed. In Chile and Argentina, for example, it's winter during our summer. There's plenty of cold, snow and ice. Their tropical weather over a wide band near the equator is much the same as it is in Florida. Lots of afternoon cumulus, many local showers, numerous thunderstorms at times, but nowhere did



Map showing location of the beacon at mouth of the Amazon River.

Mt. Pelee on Martinique. Looks beautiful and peaceful here, but in 1902 it erupted and wiped out entire town of St. Pierre (at base, near ocean) and its 26,000 inhabitants. River of lava, though covered with green growth, is still visible. Note grass airstrip to right of lava stream.

lower-octane fuel and how to protect your engine from damage if you're forced to use it. He'd talked into my tape recorder at some length on that point, and I recalled my particular interest in the subject—to the extent that I'd made a photo copy of my notes to keep in the plane. But had I put them there? I dashed back to the cabin and started through all the plane's papers. Wonder of wonders, there was a photocopy of his remarks. Almost frantically, I went through them looking for any reference to 80 octane. Then, on page 3, there it was. It was exactly as though he'd anticipated that I was going to get stuck in São Luís more than a year after he'd made his remarks into the tape recorder. Here were detailed, step-by-step instructions telling me precisely what to do in order to get to the next available source of 100 octane!

My friend the bush pilot didn't know whose tanks we could tap, but he suggested I walk with him to a possible source. We walked off the airport onto a small road leading into the bush. After a while we came to a fenced-in





Journey's end—almost. Rainbow appeared while N13K was flying through a rain shower, while en route to Fort Lauderdale, Fla., from South Caicos.

I find any of these I couldn't circumnavigate. And along the coast I found the same situation one finds along our own southern coasts: afternoon clouds and showers usually build up over land, so just fly offshore a bit and you'll invariably be in the clear.

Belém is quite close to the equator. It was warm in October, but not oppressively so. Actually, the hottest weather we experienced on the entire trip was in the West Indies. Aviation weather reporting around South America takes some getting used to; you should keep your conversion tables handy. Normal sequences start with the location identifier, then give the wind, visibility in kilometers, significant weather (if there's none the word NIL appears), cloud layers, cloud bases in meters, altimeter in millibars, temperature and dew point in centigrade, and so on. Cloud coverage is measured in eighths: 1/8 is scattered, 4/8 is broken, 8/8 is overcast; types are identified by letters, such as AC for alto cumulus, SC for strato cumulus, and so on.

After takeoff from Belém we stayed at 500 feet (FL 5) to get pictures of the Amazon delta, the desolate countryside, and—as close as we could navigate—pictures of the terrain at the Equator. The countryside is flat, heavily forested, but there's also quite a lot of grassland.

The Ilha Mexiana, on our coastal course and over which the equator lies, is flat and marshy, and seems to support quite a few cattle. It lies in the widest part of the Amazon delta. We crossed the equator for the second time Oct. 12 at 1114Z. At the north end of that delta is the first homing beacon for nearly 200 NM, Ponta Do Ceu. It's so remote and isolated that I took pictures of the lone station as we went over it low.

The next two beacons up the line—Amapá and Oiapoque—both were off the air, and there had been no advance warning. They are the only nav aids on that leg, which meant I had to navigate by pilotage and dead reckoning nearly 300 NM to Cayenne, French Guiana. However, having had quite a bit of experience with the ADF-31's long-range capabilities, I tuned ahead to the low-frequency homer at Cayenne, and climbed to FL 80 to get on top of the building clouds, and get line-of-sight to the Cayenne VOR as soon as possible. Within moments, I had a strong signal on the ADF, so just dialed the appropriate heading into my B-4 autopilot and "sat back and relaxed." An occasional tweak on the B-4 heading selector to correct for drift, and we soon came out right over the city of Cayenne. Now we were back on the actual coastline, and the clouds over land disappeared over

the water, where we had a smooth CAVU ride on up to Paramaribo, Surinam, our next stop.

Paramaribo is the name of the city in this little Dutch outpost; the name of the airport is Zandery. It's a modern airport, is lush and tropical, and beautifully landscaped. It's also one of the two places I found on the entire South American circuit that general aviation should avoid if possible (the other is Trinidad). Originally, we were going to spend a day and night there, but decided to go on to the next stop as the result of our treatment at the airport.

The moment I stopped the engines a man asked for \$3.30 for the landing fee. Then another asked for seven copies of the general declaration form; four for the police, three for Customs. No Customs officer even went near the plane, but I had to pay another \$3 for Customs "service." After buying fuel, I asked what the requirements are to fly five minutes away, to a small airport near downtown Paramaribo, to visit a friend. I was told I'd have to pay all the same charges and go through the same paper work all over again. When I commented that I couldn't afford it, the airport official said, "Anyone who can afford a plane like that can afford to pay these fees." So we left the country.

From Paramaribo we headed directly

for Trinidad, over 500 NM away. Within moments, the ADF was pointing to the beacon there. Nearly all of that leg was from 30 to 50 NM off the shores of Guyana and Venezuela. Flying conditions were perfect over the water, but there were heavy buildups, showers and thunderstorms all along the coast; it would have been a wild ride if we'd stayed over land.

Just before we took off, one other plane landed at Zandery, a *Queen Air* from Monroe, La., flown by Jack Hough (AOPA 194267), for a Monroe business concern. We talked a bit in the operations office, and I gave him some AOPA general declaration forms he needed. He and his passengers were headed back to Monroe. He told me that, if I thought the treatment was bad at Zandery, wait until we hit Trinidad. He was thinking of stretching his fuel range by overflying Trinidad to some other island in the West Indies.

Before we took off, we agreed to stand by on 122.9. Once in the air and settled down, I called him and asked where he planned to spend the night. They thought they might try Martinique, but what did I suggest? I asked if they'd ever been to Curaçao. They hadn't, so I told him about our experience there—and that it's an excellent free port in which to shop. From my Pan American guidebook—a "must" to carry on any such trip—I gave him the hotel names and other pertinent information. He talked it over with his passengers and soon came back to say they were eager to go. But he didn't have charts for that area. I told him I had a spare, which I'd give him at Trinidad where he planned to refuel. He wrote me later to say that their Curaçao stop was wonderful, and "is this typical AOPA service to its members?"

Zandery to Port of Spain (Trinidad's airport) took 03:00 for the 505 NM flight. Only 2,690 NM more to home.

Trinidad was everything Jack Hough warned me it would be. Because Eric Patience, Trinidad's director of civil aviation, is a friend whom we'd stopped to visit (I hope he still is after this), he asked the airport manager, Mike Thomas, to look after us on our arrival. Thomas was the perfect host, and even assigned a man to make out our general declarations for us. It almost took another man; Trinidad demands seven copies on arrival, and six more on departure. Then I found the Shell man and asked that he refuel my plane for an early morning departure. He turned up with a big clipboard, copied information off my international credit card, then came up with a series of questions that seemed peculiarly unrelated to the business of selling fuel and oil. Where was I from? Where am I going? When? When I asked him why Shell wanted to know, he asked no further questions.

When we were ready to leave next morning, we gratefully thanked Mike Thomas for the extra six forms his man had filled out. But when we went up to operations to file a VFR flight plan to the West Indies, we found out why Trinidad is unmatched anywhere I've

ever seen for tourist-detering bureaucracy. After I'd filled in the lengthy ICAO flight plan form (two to three times the size and complexity of the U.S. form which handles the most complex IFR operations), the man on duty handed me a big ledger. There were a number of columns on each page. Your name, date, pilot license number, the type of plane, plane's weight, plane's registration certificate, certificate of airworthiness, medical certificate. Then—we could not leave until I physically produced every pilot and aircraft certificate. The man on duty was visibly nervous about this; it turned out quite a few U.S. pilots had protested such stuff vigorously. He wanted to be helpful, and offered to call Eric Patience and get these requirements waived for me.

I insisted he not do so, and that I wanted to report exactly what happens to general aviation pilots on the basis of my own experience. So I had to leave the second floor of the terminal building, walk about a half mile each way to the plane, and bring back those certificates for his inspection. After all that, he charged me \$3 for all the work. It takes only a fraction of this amount of effort to fly your plane across the Atlantic to Europe!

We stayed at FL 5 again out of Trinidad, because I knew the island-hopping up the West Indies chain would be fascinating and photogenic. I've done this several times before, and I can't recommend this kind of exotic sight-seeing too highly. The string of beautiful islands start at Grenada and wander up through the Caribbean all the way to Puerto Rico. You're never out of sight of at least two islands, each more beautiful than the last. All are mountainous to some extent; we usually flew around them because we were too low to fly over.

From Grenada we flew up the Grenadines, a string of tiny islands stretching about 60 NM to St. Vincent; St. Lucia, Martinique, Dominica (doe-man-EE-ka), Guadeloupe (where we stopped for lunch), Montserrat, Nevis (NEE-vis), St. Kitts, and St. Eustatius where we stopped for the night. It sounds distant and remote, but in reality the entire flight from Trinidad to St. Eustatius is only 452 NM. In just 03:39 we flew over and around bits of the United Kingdom, France, the Netherlands, and some newly formed countries.

Pat had to be home that weekend, so I dropped him off at St. Maarten, another Dutch island just 34 NM north of St. Eustatius, where he caught an airliner back to Washington. I flew from there nonstop to South Caicos for the night, then nonstop from there to Ft. Lauderdale, where I landed Oct. 15, just in time for the beginning of AOPA's Plantation Party there.

At Ft. Lauderdale I had completed 12,033 NM, and had only 828 to go to Washington National. I did that Oct. 22, at the end of the Plantation Party. The final total was 12,861 NM in 88:16 flying time.

Our adventure to the south had ended. □