

Brazil . . .

The Eze Way

Some "chocolate cake" weather near Martinique.

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IN THE FALL of 1983, a VariEze and a Long-EZ were flown together from Florida to São Paulo, Brazil and return. Other than a persistent rain erosion problem with the VariEze's prop and the inevitable result of using FAA approved 100LL in 80 octane engines, the flight was made with essentially no airframe or engine difficulty, and six hour legs were common. That such a flight could be made with such relative ease is perhaps the best testimony yet of the remarkable capability offered by the new generation of homebuilt aircraft.

The author, Mabel Coha, experienced the over-ocean and jungle adventure from the rear seat of the VariEze and saw 14,000 nautical miles of land and seascape slide by under the wings (and canard) before she was again home in San Diego to pen the following account.

28 JANUARY 1985

What happens when two pilots get together over cocktails? When Ferde Grofe, Jr. of Ferde Grofe Films, Inc. and Randolph Haynes of the São Paulo Aeroclub were discussing aviation, Grofe had the bright idea for a fleet of "Ezes" to fly from the U. S. to Brazil and demonstrate what pilots, interested in flying economically, can accomplish if they were to build themselves a very efficient, relatively inexpensive airplane. Grofe's responsibility was to promote interest through the Eze Hospitality Group so 5 VariEzes and 5 Long-Ezs could be recruited to make the trip. Haynes job was to secure a sponsor.

The day after the discussion Haynes had completed his responsibility, obtaining a commitment from Claes Mouret of ICI Brazil to pay the hotel bills for 11 days for 10 Eze airplanes (2 crew members each).

Now Grofe had to obtain the Ezes. Letters went out to the Hospitality Members and there were immediate replies from people like Coha and Hunter who had already been contemplating such a trip. Finally, there were 4 VariEzes and 3 Long-EZs signed up to make the trip. It was a rather loosely organized trip which, of course, was necessary because flying is always dependent on weather conditions.

For one reason or another when the first part of September rolled around, the list of participants dwindled to Rich and Carol Clark from Hermosa Beach, CA, VariEze N89EZ; Alfred and Mabel Coha, San Diego, CA, VariEze N2CR; Harris and Clea Howard from Groom, TX, Long-EZ N25HC; Neil and his son, Gary, Hunter from Satellite Beach, FL, Long-EZ N141NH. The date was set

to leave Opa Locka, FL, Monday, September 12, 1983.

The Cohas left San Diego on September 8, flew to Las Cruces for fuel then on to San Antonio, TX where we spent the night with Hospitality Members Dale and Evelyn Keyser, formerly of San Diego. The next morning San Antonio was below minimums so an IFR departure was filed for the third leg of our journey.

With a high developing over Louisiana, IFR conditions prevailed until east of Houston. Because of the extra time spent dodging weather, N2CR landed at Lake Front, New Orleans (where the people at Eagle FBO were great) instead of Pensacola. Weather from there to Merritt Island, FL cooperated and for the second day of our journey, we landed after dark.

Neil and Gary Hunter met us at the airport. Neil, who is a retired Air Force Transport Pilot with extensive long distance flying experience, had made up a flight plan for the entire trip, so copies were made for each of the four planes. Repairs on the Coha Eze, paint replacement from rain damage, and an oil change for both planes kept Hunter and Coha busy the next day. Sunday, the Cohas visited the Space Center.

Monday, September 12

The morning of September 12 Hunter and Coha checked weather and all was "GO". Neil and Gary Hunter were to stop at Ft. Lauderdale airport and Al and I were to go to Opa Locka Airport to pick up the Clarks and Howards. Neil just stopped a few minutes at Lauderdale and then started off for South Caicos for refueling. Al had to put fuel on and file a flight plan with Clark and Harris at Opa Locka. By this time weather was marginal so he filed IFR and Clark and Howard decided to stay. We were off the ground at 10:01 a.m. local time and encountered broken clouds until we passed Andros Islands. Flying between Nassau and South Caicos was beautiful. No photograph can depict the colors in the water around each of the islands, ranging from turquoise to indigo. It was also interesting to see the formation of clouds over each island with blue skies over the water.

South Caicos is noted for its lobster sandwiches. However, this information was not available until after the fuel stop. South Caicos isn't an airport that looks thriving but there were several airplanes there. The one that catches your eye first is the one that sits on its belly 500 feet west of the runway in the water.

Customs, immigration, general declarations, landing fees and fuel taken

care of and the oil checked, a flight plan was filed. The Cohas were off the ground bound for St. Croix by about 4 o'clock.

Darkness fell just as we crossed Puerto Rico. We were vectored into St. Croix airport. Neil Hunter's Long-EZ was parked in front of the fire station, so Al parked the VariEze next to it. A truck with a flashing red light greeted us to collect the landing fee but customs check-in was postponed until morning.

We were driven a few hundred yards to the airport hotel. At one time, we were told this was an A-1 hotel but years have taken their toll. Not knowing where the Hunters were staying, we decided to remain at the airport inn for at least one night. Being Monday night, pro football was on television, so while eating our supper, we watched the San Diego Chargers get beaten.

Tuesday, September 13

Next morning after checking in with customs and with incoming general declarations filed, the VariEze was moved to the FBO, fueled with auto gas and had the oil checked. By this time Neil Hunter had called the airport. One of the pilots, Cam McCoy of St. Croix, gave us a lift into Christiansted. After settling in at the Camanche Hotel and having lunch, the Hunters and Cohas took a walking tour of Christiansted.

Checking the airport about 7:00 the Clarks and Howards were located, having just landed. About an hour later we were all assembled at the Camanche Hotel.

Wednesday, September 14

On Wednesday, September 14, all 4 crews climbed into a taxi and traveled back to the airport. Upon examination of Clark's engine, which had quit the night before when taxiing off the runway, Rich decided he would have to remain, have it repaired and fly home.

By 11:30 two Long-EZs and one VariEze took off for Trinidad. Again, the flight was in beautiful weather. We landed at Trinidad at 4:13 p.m. and the tower directed us to the parking area where a BWIA airliner, which was surrounded by soldiers with machine guns, was parked. It did not give one a very welcome feeling. (Incidentally the plane had been carrying a shipment of precious metal.)

An official with a spray can greeted us and even though we showed him our spray cans, he sprayed the

airplanes again. In fact, he was very upset that we had opened the canopies before he arrived.

The three sets of crews were escorted into the terminal building where we were told six Incoming Declarations should be made out. Some of us were warned about this and we had carbon paper. Now the procession started - one crew at a time - first to Health, then to Immigration, then to Customs and then to the Tower. Of course, by this time we were one copy short of Incoming General Declarations. So, back to step one to have that seventh copy stamped at each station.

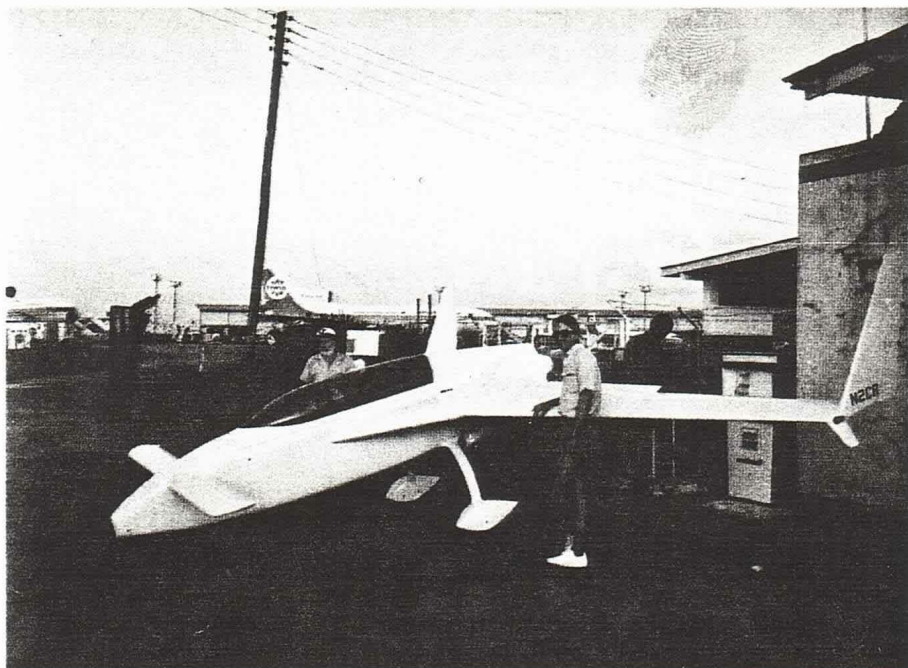
Now for the refueling process. Things weren't complicated enough, so Al decided on automotive fuel for the VariEze. To get it, the airplane had to be pushed 400 yards to a gate where, after much maneuvering by Al Coha and Gary Hunter, it was through. After the fill-up, the same process took place in reverse. The other two planes, having larger and different engines, accepted aviation fuel.

After taxiing the three planes to the other end of the field, we were driven to the hotel at the airport. Dinner was followed by making out 7 copies of Outgoing General Declarations for an early flight to Cayenne in the morning.

Thursday, September 15

Being experienced, all four stops for stamps were made and then it was up to the tower for a weather briefing. By this time, Harris Howard decided he'd better turn back to St. Croix and home. Weather maps were viewed - no clouds along the route to Cayenne, Guiana. Al and Neil were going to monitor their fuel supplies carefully and try to make Cayenne without a fuel stop. A special frequency was agreed upon with which to communicate enroute.

To the airplanes! By this time, the rain was coming down quite hard. However, the satellite map showed no storms, so all we had to do was get away from land and blue skies would prevail. Al and Neil decided to file IFR and off we went. Neil took off first and climbed to 15,000 feet and was soon in the clear on top. Meanwhile, we were held up by an incoming plane. With a cruise prop and rain, Al climbed to 10,500 feet and battled the rain for an hour before emerging into a trough between two layers of clouds with no rain. Finally, clear skies and the coast line came into view. A headwind didn't help the speed of the planes but Cayenne, French Guiana was reached six hours and two minutes after take-off. Upon



Al Coha and Gary Hunter, pump auto fuel into Al's Continental O-200 powered Vari-Eze at a service station just outside the gates of Trinidad's Piarce Airport. The only mechanical problem encountered on the 14,000 mile trip resulted from *not* having auto fuel available in most of the Caribbean and South America.

landing and examination of the prop, Al realized the storm that we had come through was pretty bad. How to repair? It was decided we would go to the hotel and think about what could be done for the propeller.

The lady taxi driver was very helpful. No rooms at the hotels right downtown so off to the Novotel, a new one on the beach outside of the downtown area, relatively inexpensive and lovely. The ride in the cab took us through the whole town. Over cocktails, the propeller repair was discussed.

Friday, September 16

Next morning back at the airport, Al, with Gary Hunter's help, sanded the leading edge of the propeller, wrapped it with packaging tape and put an aluminum tape on the leading edge. He was able to secure some gas cans so he drove back to town for automotive fuel. The flight of two Ezes took off about 9:47 local time. Claes Mouret, the representative of ICI from São Paulo who sponsored our trip, was to meet the Eze crews in Belém, Brazil.

The flight that day was lovely. Over the mouth of the Amazon, the

Equator was crossed. Yes, there really was a line depicting the Equator, a line of clouds.

Claes Mouret arrived before the Ezes. By the time we arrived, he had everything working smoothly as far as Customs, Immigration, Police, Health and Landing Fees were concerned. After an hour of paper work, we headed for the restaurant and five steak sandwiches. Relaxed and in Brazil at last, it only took one more hour for the paper work to be completed. Each stop in Brazil after that was simple - show a paper and get it stamped.

At the hotel that night, Mouret introduced us to the Brazilian national drink, caipirinha, and palmetto salad (heart of the palm). Our original itinerary was changed and we were to travel to Fortaleza first. There being only two airplanes and four people, ICI agreed to not only pick up the tab for the rooms but also any extras at the hotels while in Brazil.

Saturday, September 17

As we flew into the cities of Brazil, we obtained a bird's eye view of the area. Much is being done to improve the living conditions in the cities. Our taxi ride from the airports gave us an excellent ground tour of each area. The reservations made for us by ICI were excellent. Each time we landed at an airport we drew crowds of laughing people. However, when we told



The beach of Fortaleza, as viewed from the Imperial Othon Palace hotel.

them where we had flown from, how many stops we had to make and how much fuel we used, the laughter turned to amazement. There always seemed to be one person in the crowd who could speak some English and could translate the information into Portuguese. A smile and a handshake made many friends. Security at all airports was very satisfactory.

At Fortaleza our hotel was overlooking the beach. Gary Hunter went down to the beach to try wind surfing. The rest of us took a walk along the beach on those crazy sidewalks where vendors were setting up their wares. There were many things that looked lovely but traveling in an Eze leaves no room for any purchases but the smallest of items.

Sunday, September 18

Recife was our next stop. Again our hotel was overlooking the beach. The swimming pool was on the 16th floor - providing a beautiful view of the area. A walk along the beach brought us to a fair a few blocks away from our hotel. On our return, we stopped at the Rodeio for a beer and appetizers, then back to the hotel for dinner.

Monday, September 19

One week after leaving Miami, on the 19th of September, we left Recife for the city of Salvador. Al and Neil took off together and the Cohas had the 8mm camera taking pictures of the Hunter plane. The land between Belém and Salvador is rather arid, not much rain falls.

When we arrived at Salvador airport, Eduardo Hublet Merilli from São Paulo, the APPA representative, met and welcomed us. We taxied the planes to a hangar, secured everything and then were off to the terminal to have documents stamped. A cab ride to the hotel took us through and to the north of the town. The Meridien hotel was fantastic. We were on the 12th floor - one room looked to the east, the other to the west. Both overlooked the South Atlantic Ocean. We could watch the fishing boats come in at night and go out in the morning. After a snack and some liquid refreshment, we went for a swim in the beautiful pool. (As soon as we would land after a leg of from 3 to 6 hours, our first thought was liquid. People who own Ezes will know why. One does not drink much before a trip, particularly a woman in a VariEze with luggage under and on top of her legs.)

Father Mark Tillia, a missionary who has a Brazilian registered Vari-

Eze, was waiting for us when we returned to our rooms. He stayed with us and on Tuesday morning took us on a tour of downtown Salvador. That afternoon Father Mark, Gary, Neil and Alfred went to the airport to ready the planes for an early flight on Wednesday.

Wednesday, September 21

The flight from Salvador to Rio was supposed to be an easy one, but there was some bad weather north of Vitoria. We were able to get above the clouds, but at Vitoria we decided to stop and put on some fuel and check the weather for Rio.

By 2:30, we decided to try it again . . . and quickly encountered more weather. Al flew low, sometimes as low as 300 feet above the water. Neil flew high. Just about the time Al was ready to make a 180, Neil reported a break in the weather. Finally, Rio was in sight. Sugar Loaf looked beautiful. Our view of Brazil up to this point was flat land - now we had hills or peaks. Even the Corcovado, the statue of Christ, was visible as we flew over the harbor at Rio. We landed at Aeroporto Santos Dumont.

Many people were at the airport to greet us as we landed at 4:30 p.m. We finally arrived at our hotel about 7 p.m. The rooms at the hotel were only on the third floor, with no view of Copacabana Beach. Each hotel in South America that we had stayed in thus far had a mini bar in each room which had a supply of soft drinks and beer. There was no mini bar in our third floor room, so we asked to have our rooms changed. Next day we were moved to the 7th floor to much nicer rooms overlooking Copacabana Beach.

That morning Al and Neil went to the airport to decide what was to be done with our propeller and for Neil to check his NAV receiver, which had stopped operating in a rainstorm the previous day. Gary and I toured the Stern's workshops and showrooms and the shopping center around Copacabana.

That evening, Ferde Grofe took us to the Platforma 1 Night Club for dinner and the lovely floor show. The costumes were exotic.

On September 23 we departed for the airport to photograph the Ezes flying around Rio. Weather did not permit the camera plane to fly into Santos Dumont airport, so Ferde attempted to have the video cameraman photograph our VariEze from Neil's Long-EZ. However, there was not enough room to swing the camera to the side, so they came down and went

up again with a smaller Super 8 movie camera.

Saturday, September 24, was to be filming day again. This time Globo News was to film the two Ezes for a TV program. Many feet of film were taken, so we watched the news Saturday night, but nothing was on about the Ezes. Sunday was spent at the airport waiting for the weather to clear in São Paulo as well as Rio. We tried once to make the trip but made a 180° back to Rio. No visibility.

We decided to stay nearer the airport, so we checked into the Aeroporto Hotel. We watched Fantastico, a TV review of the week's important and unusual events and enjoyed the video film of our flight. We were recognized many places after that. We really felt like celebrities.

Monday, September 26

On Monday we arose very early to start our trip ahead of any weather build-up. We landed about 10:15 at Marte Airport, São Paulo, at Aeroclube De São Paulo. Many people were there to greet us. Al and Neil changed the oil in their respective planes, cleaned the plugs, then proceeded to take some of the people for rides. The planes were then put into the hangar and off we went to our hotel. The evening was spent with Claes Mouret and the president of ICI, the sponsor of our Brazilian trip. We had a lovely dinner party with Claes and Anna Marie Mouret, Randolph and Alice Haynes, Fernando Almeida and the president of ICI

Tuesday, September 27

Tuesday was set aside for a trip to San Jose to the Embraer factory. Al was repairing his propeller with the help of the prop shop on the field and Gilberto Falcao de Andrade and Roberto Giovanni. Neil Hunter's plane thus was the only Eze that was flown to San Jose. The rest of us flew in airplanes owned by the Aeroclube. Workers at Embraer were very impressed with the Eze, particularly when they heard where we had flown from and how economical it was on fuel. The president of Embraer, Ozires Silva, accepted an invitation from Neil to fly the Long-EZ from the back seat and was very impressed with its performance.

That evening we were invited to the Haynes' home for a dinner party. Alice prepared some great Brazilian dishes and desserts. The president of the APPA of Brazil, Mario Do Amaral, Ferde and Constanza Grofe, Claes and Anna Marie Mouret, a golf



The Eze adventurers at dinner at Cayenne, French Guiana: left to right, Al and Mabel Coha, Neil and Gary Hunter.

partner of Alice and her husband and the Hunters and Cohas were present.

Claes Mouret obtained some TCP for Al to put in the 100 octane avgas, the only fuel available in Brazil. That nation's auto gas is mixed with alcohol, rendering it questionable for the Continental O-200 operation and material compatibility.

Wednesday, September 28

On Wednesday while Al was installing his prop, Neil took Colonel Samuel Schneider Netto and Fernando Almieda, a Brazilian aviation reporter, for a ride. Everyone who had an opportunity to ride in the Ezes was favorably impressed. Weather was checked and, as usual, we were given a good report, which by this time we questioned but proceeded to Brasilia anyway. We were greeted there by AOPA members Shellie and Jim Walker, Daniel Sheyda and John Harmon and driven to our hotel.

The following morning, Neil and Gary went shopping while Al and I took a tour of the city. It is a well planned capital city with a place for everything. For lunch we were entertained by Shellie and Jim Walker at

their home, and, afterwards, toured the facilities of Instituto Lingistico De Verao. This is a very interesting organization that works with the various Indian tribes of the Amazon jungle. They form an alphabet for the tribal language and write primers to teach the people to read. Then they proceed to translate the New Testament into the tribal language.

Friday, September 30

We were picked up at our hotel Friday morning by Jim Walker and

taken to the airport. Weather was checked and, yes, there were some clouds around Brasilia but we were guaranteed, "50 miles away, all would be blue skies". Underway, the clouds started building - there were low clouds, high clouds and rain. Neil was ahead and reported "a piece of cake to Carolina". (I have categorized those pieces of cake: chocolate - hard rain; vanilla - clouds and light rain; strawberry - sunshine!) Neil didn't have to stop at Carolina but the vanilla cake turned to chocolate and both Coha and Hunter landed there. The leading edge of our wings, canard and winglets looked like a zebra. It was raining so hard we simply locked the planes and went into the terminal building.

Carolina did have a hotel but it was being renovated. By afternoon they had finished two rooms, so we had air conditioning. The restaurant next door had one menu for lunch and dinner, but it tasted good. Moises, our interpreter, was a big help in getting us settled. Later, we walked around the town, which was very interesting. We were recognized by everyone - all must have watched Fantastico.



Neil Hunter, in the front seat, giving Embraer president Silva a ride in his Long-EZ.

Saturday, October 1

The roosters awoke us early Saturday morning. By the time Moises drove us to the airport, it was raining in a town guaranteed not to have rain. Soon it did let up so everyone proceeded to the planes and, finally, we were off into the vanilla cake. It sure is good to have someone a few miles ahead telling you things are getting better. Arriving in Belém, Al again repaired our propeller. He still had some stainless steel tape which he put on, this time wrapping it with packaging tape.

Reservations in Belém had been made by ICI so off we went to the Excelsior Hotel. It was early enough to do some shopping and looking around the town before dinner. Food in Brazil was very inexpensive in U. S. currency.

Sunday, October 2

At the airport the next morning we checked out of Brazil, which was relatively easy. Our destination that day was Martinique. Neil and Al had planned to stop enroute at Rochambeau airport in Cayenne, Guiana. Neil was ahead, as usual and as he started his descent into Rochambeau, the tower informed him they had no avgas. The winds were in our favor so Neil opted to stop at Zandry, Suriname for fuel and Al, monitoring his fuel carefully, flew to Timerhi, Georgetown, Guyana. At Georgetown the landing fee was \$17.50 and customs fee \$8.30. In Zandry fees were somewhat higher.

The Hunters arrived in Martinique first and left word at their airplane the name of the hotel at which they were staying. We arrived after dark and had to wait for an airliner before we could land.

Monday, October 3

Neil and Gary Hunter had only one goal in mind on Monday morning - Isla Grande, Puerto Rico, for fuel and then home to Merritt Island, FL. Al and I decided to remain and take a tour of Martinique. A taxi driver who could understand English was hired for a 3 hour tour of the northwest coast around Mt. Pele and St. Pierre, which turned out to be very worthwhile. The afternoon was spent on a boat ride across the bay to the expensive hotels and private beaches.

While in France in 1982, we had met Mme. and Ms. Magnion-Graineau. He has built an Eze in Montpellier . . . and had mentioned

his brother was in Martinique. That afternoon we looked him up and spent an enjoyable evening chatting with Felix and his cousin, Michel Yang Ting.

Tuesday, October 4

A taxi ride to the airport on Tuesday morning started us on our way to St. Maarten's Juliana Airport on the Dutch side of the Island. Upon our arrival, we again hired a taxi into town and stayed in a guest house on Back Street, which is two blocks from the water. Front Street is in between. Then it was off to the beach and a walking tour of town.

Wednesday, October 5

Bright and early (6:30 a.m.) on Wednesday, we hired a taxi to take us to the airport for our flight to South Caicos and Georgetown, Great Exuma. All necessary General Declarations signed, Immigration and Customs taken care of, we departed the terminal . . . much to the interest of a group of people gathered to watch "that little airplane" take off. Al started the engine but there didn't seem to be any compression in #3 cylinder - air was leaking past the stuck exhaust valve. At first he thought it would free itself, however, on the runup ramp at the end of the runway, the static rpm was 200 lower than usual. Back to the FBO.

Banging on the lifter did no good. Windward Island Airways International, the FBO, had a hangar which they allowed us to pull our plane into out of the sun. A borescope look into the cylinder made them believe there was a burned exhaust valve so the cylinder was pulled. Luckily, the valve was not burned. Instead, there was a lead deposit on the valve stem. Al had at his disposal all the tools needed for the repairs so he went right to work. One of the interested spectators, Michael J. Ferrier, realized we wouldn't have time to make hotel reservations so he made them for us and also made a reservation for us for dinner. Eventually the engine went back together and the cowlings were reinstalled - thanks to all the help from the staff at Windward Island Airways FBO. The engine was tested and the compression was good.

Thursday, October 6

Thursday morning and an early start. People congregated as usual to

see our VariEze take off. One of the fellows decided St. Maarten should order 25 for its Air Force. We stopped for fuel at South Caicos but did not order the lobster sandwiches. Bound for Georgetown, Great Exuma, we again received a very favorable weather report. Al started the engine but decided we should fly direct to Ft. Lauderdale, so he shut down and we added more fuel.

We were able to dodge the rain clouds flying at 8500 feet until we passed Crooked Island, then we hit a trough of weather. Al tried to avoid it, go around it, but we were in the middle of it. An announcement by Al that he was making a 180° startled me. Going into a 180° turn in the clouds gave me the impression we were descending at the rate of 100 feet per second. However, checking the altimeter at the end of the turn, we were at 13,500 feet. We did get clear of the storm cloud and again headed west, however, we did have heavy rain and hail while we were in the cloud.

The weather from there to Ft. Lauderdale was beautiful, just puffy small clouds along the way. Upon landing, we inspected our propeller and the stainless steel tape had stayed on but was now following the contour of the damaged propeller underneath. Again, the customs man took care of us quickly. He wanted to see us take off. We landed at Stuart Airport and were picked up by relatives. A telephone call to Dan Patch in San Diego had a prop on its way to Palm City, FL.

The Cohas spent a week in Palm City, touching up the paint, putting additives in the gas and oil, changing propellers, relaxing and visiting friends. Al borrowed a propeller from Norm Dovey so we could make a trip to Sarasota. The prop from San Diego arrived on Tuesday. On Thursday, October 13, we departed Stuart Airport for Merritt Island.

Neil picked us up at the airport. We were just going to stay a day, pick up some things we had left at his house and head north, but the satellite map of the U. S. on Friday, October 14, looked worse than anything we had seen thus far. We scrapped our northern trip and headed west on Saturday. About 1½ hours out, the weather became impassable, so we did a 180 and headed east again. Back at Neil's we made plans to try again on Sunday.

Thunderstorms on Saturday night caused rain on Sunday, but by 12:30 it let up so we decided to head west again. The weather wasn't too bad, just broken cumulus from the unstable air. Most of the really bad stuff seemed to be to the south of our track. We decided to stop for fuel at Lake-



Marte Airport, São Paulo, Brazil - their destination reached, the Eze crews bask in the admiration of a large welcoming crowd. This was typical of every stop south of Florida where almost everyone was seeing the VariEze/Long-EZ for the first time.

front Airport, New Orleans, again at Eagle Aviation. They were so friendly. They were pleased we had stopped and glad our trip was successful.

It was rather late, about 4:30, but we decided to go on to San Antonio. Weather was great until we passed Sabine Pass where lightning began to appear ahead of us. Houston weather was predicting thundershowers between there and Victoria. Al successfully detoured around one cell but found himself in the middle of a second one. Another 180 was executed, Houston Approach was contacted and we were vectored to the north around the storm. From Eagle Lake we followed the highway into San Antonio.

By the time we landed and parked the plane at Nayak Aviation, it was about 9:00 p.m. Delores and George Scott came to pick us up at the airport. The weather report for the next day was not good, so we decided to stay a day to relax. Monday night, we had dinner with Delores Scott, Evelyn and Dale Kyser and another Eze couple from San Antonio.

Tuesday's weather report wasn't too good but Wednesday's and Thursday's were worse, so we decided not to

stop at the Howard's but travel on to Phoenix. The weather along the route seemed more promising. We were able to stay below the clouds at about 100 feet AGL, dodging any showers until we arrived at Van Horn. Over the Sierra Diablo Mountains we had to dodge some heavy rain, but, finally, we came into the clear east of El Paso.

We stopped at Las Cruces for fuel, 80 octane. The weather briefing promised no precipitation to Phoenix, but as we stepped out of the FBO office, we were greeted with a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder from a storm moving in from the south. We

quickly took off and headed north around the storm.

We stopped with relatives in Phoenix Tuesday and Wednesday. Thursday, the 20th of October, was a beautiful day and, at long last, we arrived home in San Diego.

Al and I had traveled for 43 days on our Brazilian odyssey, covering 14,000 nautical miles in 120 hours of flying time, using 490 gals. of fuel and 1 quart of oil every 20 hours.

The Hunters traveled 22 days, covering about 10,000 nautical miles in 81 hours of flying time using 405 gals. of fuel.

The Cohas and the Hunters have many fond memories of the people we met, the experiences we had and the places we visited. It was not a trip for anyone who has a tight schedule. A good prop with a tough leading edge is a must. Oil and gas additives that will prevent lead build-up is also a necessity when 100 octane avgas is all that is available.



At São Paulo, Al Coña, left, and Claes Mouret, Director of Divisão de Produtos Organicos of ICI, the company that sponsored the Brazilian adventure.