

a leisurely ride out to Orly Airport for the next leg of our journey. We drove down the left bank of the Seine and stopped at the Invalides, but parking was at a distance and after tramping the Louvre Dad was not up to another long hike.

We drove out Boulevard du Montparnasse and then picked up the Autoroute du Sud to Orly.

By rearrangement, with Chuck Werhane, we planned to leave the BMW in parking lot number 7 and mail him the claim check. This is a low rate parking lot some distance from the terminal, so we unloaded Dad and our baggage at the gate while I found a parking place in Row E between the fifth and sixth lamp posts from the tail of the mockup of the Concorde Super Sonic Jet.



Not the real thing, but an early mockup of what the Super Jet, The Concorde, would look like when finished. As you can see, very streamlined.

There were frequent busses from the gate to the terminal where I found a cart to wheel our baggage now that we were without the BMW. Dad wrote some post cards while I mailed the claim check to Chuck Werhane, in Diegem. Then I telephoned Christian Lafage at Culligan-France to see how things were going there.

We were in ample time for our flight to London, so after passing Passport Control we went to the duty-free shops where Dad bought his now famous French Beret.

He had also experienced a jam-up with his camera so he decided to invest in a new Instamatic, Model 333. It did everything, including turning on a warning light if it was too dark to take a picture.

When our BEA flight was called, you could guess that it was leaving from Gate 40. That's right the last gate at Orly. The moving sidewalk helped but it was still a long haul. Dad initiated his new camera with a picture of our plane.

Every seat was filled but we did get bulkhead seats for the 50 minute flight from Paris to London.

From Londontown to Addlestone

It was a short uneventful flight from Paris to Heathrow Airport near London. We were over the clouds until our approach to Heathrow where the Surrey countryside came into view. The first recognizable landmarks were the huge water reservoirs between Heathrow and Staines.

Water is pumped from the Thames river into these huge reservoirs which were constructed by digging earth out to a depth of approximately fifty feet and using that earth to construct a dike approximately fifty feet in height to impound thousands of acre feet of water to supply the greater London area.

Contrary to most of our airport experiences, we had a short walk from Gate 3 to Terminal One where we claimed our baggage and changed some money while waiting for the courtesy bus to take us to the Excelsior Hotel.

While we were waiting, a huge Rolls-Royce Limousine came down the *wrong side of the street* and stopped right in the crosswalk from the main exit of the Arrivals terminal. Within a minute or two, "Her Royal Highness of the Jet Set" arrived and made herself comfortable in the back seat.

Apparently arriving from the Riviera, her husband and mountains luggage soon arrived with a porter. The Rolls Royce is a sizable limousine but it's baggage compartment was totally unequal to the task. The porter, the chauffeur and "The Governor" struggled for twenty or thirty minutes trying to compress forty cubic feet of luggage into twenty cubic feet of space.

After the trunk and the seat next to the chauffeur were were jam-packed, "Her Highness" had to suffer the indignity of several suitcases and handbags on the back seat between her and "His Lordship."

Our bus arrived before they had everything stowed but it appeared the poor chauffeur would have room for himself before the drive to "The Castle."