

Empire Essay Competition.

C 5
A little too
long

"And God saw everything that He
And behold it was very Good."

~~Margaret Bask~~
~~had made.~~ ~~Prize~~
~~Competition~~



A Visit to Barbetta by Plane.

Sitting on verandah of my Uncle's very large house in Barbetta, and thinking of the home I had just left in England; I was startled to hear my Uncle's voice saying, "Well, Margaret you are here at last. Now tell me of your journey." He took a chair, and sat by my side as I began my story.

I awoke one very sunny morning to find my mother had been up a long time. She told me of my visit to you. I started from home about five o'clock in the morning. At six o'clock I reached Whitchurch. A lovely aeroplane was on the runway. All around her were uniformed men. Some were inspecting her, and yet some just talking. I was told to get in the plane, which I did. At last we were air-borne, a most peculiar feeling, to feel oneself rising higher, and higher, into the air. To see the aerodrome, which once towered above me, grow smaller and smaller in the distance.

In a comparatively short time we reached the coast of France. The white cliffs were so like those of Dover, that they might have been the other half. As we proceeded, a silver stream glittered beneath us, the River Seine. We then flew over a sea-plane base near Paris, and proceeded towards that city. We flew very low over it, so as to catch a glimpse of its beauties. I was especially thrilled by the bridges, that were across the Seine. We followed the course of this river to

Fontainebleau, and flew on to the valley of the Rhone, thence to Marseilles, with its ribbon-like streets, and its church-spires towering above them.

The route from Marseilles to Naples lay over the Straits of Bonifacio, between Corsica, and Sardinia. Looking at my watch, I found it incorrect by the Planes time, put it back on time. This occurred many times during the journey. At last we reached Naples, and prepared to land, for the ground after slowly getting nearer, seemed to come racing up, and it made me hide my eyes. I had no need to fear, for we glided to rest with scarcely a bump. How good it was to feel the ground once more beneath my feet. I was directed to a house, and advised to go to bed until morning.

I was awakened next morning by morning my hostess, who told me it was a lovely day. On reaching the air-port, I boarded the plane, and very soon we were taxiing along the ground, and very soon we at last we were air-borne. We flew down the western coast of Italy as far as Salerno. Here also the streets like silver streams ran in, and out of the town, with houses like piles of children's bricks on either side. Now and again, I caught a glimpse of one or two of the lovely fountains playing in the beautiful gardens, and parks. After crossing the mountains, we descended to the Gulf of Taranto. Here we stopped to

refuel.

When we rose, the ground was lost in a cloud of mist, and rain; we had to make a compass course toward Corfu. As we reached the coast of Greece, the weather cleared, and far below us we saw the Isle of Hellas. It was like a little pearl set in a blue sea, a beautiful sight, for toward its coast, the blue sea rippled. This sea was the Gulf of Corinth, very near to our next stop. In the sunset I could see a little bit of black, gradually it grew bigger and bigger, until at last I could make out a ruin, and was thrilled to find it was the Acropolis, and the city below was Athens. We again stopped. Would you believe it? I could actually have the rest of the day to explore. I found my ruin - the Acropolis - very large on the top of a mountain. I next found a broken wall round a beautiful behind which was the Palace of Achilles. The people are all very gay because of the summer weather. They wear very bright and gay colours such as red, yellow, etc.

Oh! dear! the time went so quickly. I had to hurry to get even a glimpse of the New Cathedral of Athens. It is a magnificent building with lovely stained glass windows their pictures glowing with gorgeous colours. Two more places I saw, one The Church of Saint Theodore, destroyed, and rebuilt in 1049, and the Church of Saint Eleutherius, which was

built early in the ninth century. This
church has many carvings, and has
two curious doors. We hurried back, took
off, and headed for the Isle of Letos, an
Italian sea-base in the Aegean Sea.
We soon reached Alexandretta, and
found that the weather we had been
run into was very different from that
we had been having previously. After
reaching the coast, in a few minutes
we had crossed the mountains. We
flew eastwards, to the waters of the
Euphrates which sparkled some thirty miles
a-head. Up in the clear air, we could see
long distances over the country that
lay before us. Far southwards lay
the mirazets, and turkets of Aleppo. As we
passed I saw many fields of crops, and
with people working in them. Now and
again I caught a glimpse of a farm-
house, and of course always near these
farmhouses were sheep with lambs
or cows with calves, and other animals
perhaps waiting to be fed. A long journey
lay before us. At last Baghdad was
sighted. From the lovely cool skies
into the very hot Eastern Town, made
me feel sleepy. All I could do was to
fall asleep. I was very awakened by the
cold. It was very cold. A lady curiously
dressed gave me more blankets, telling
me to wrap myself up in them, and
go to sleep.

Next morning we set off for

India. Never shall I forget the brilliant sunshine, which poured from the cloudless sky as we crossed India; reflected in every mosque and temple of which there seemed no end. It was no relief, to leave India behind, for crossing into Burma, we had such rain as if it had never rained before, and only on approaching Singapore did the weather improve. We had a fine view of that great naval-base. Leaving Singapore I realised that I was gradually getting nearer to Australia. Then the East Indies with their waving palms came into view. Soon we reached Timor the last "stop before" view, it stretched out like a living map, and I wondered which corner of it I should be living in. The rest of my journey you know Uncle, because you were there to meet me at the air-port.

"Well, Uncle, this is my story. I hope I shall enjoy many happy years living in Australia with you, although I shall never forget my dear home, England."
