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Description Of A Journey From
England To Australia By Air

By

L' Hirondelle.

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Very well written. A little
too long owing to an elaborate
introduction on the history of
flying* Good descriptions.
Impenal nature of route mentioned.
Good bibliography

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about
1200 words

Aviation is a modern means of transport. The ancients must have thought of it, for we have the story of Daedalus and Icarus who flew with the help of wings. The latter went too near the sun and the wax that fixed his wings melted and he fell into the sea. Aviation has greatly improved since Icarus's day. Its development has been greatest in the last thirty years. In 1779 near Sheffield John Stringfellow made the first aeroplane that flew. Many experiments were made with wings and kites but it was not till 1859 that F. H. Wenham made the first light gas engine of the internal combustion type. Nowadays aeroplanes have light and powerful motor engines. In 1908 £10,000 was offered for a London to Manchester flight. It was won by Paulhan a Frenchman, because in this year Moore Brabazon and Farman were the only two Englishmen who could fly. The first

flight made in England was accomplished by Cobby at Farnborough in 1909 and the first Scottish flight was made in 1908 by Gibbs in Perthshire. Bleriot won £1000 in 1909 for crossing the Channel. In 1910 cross country flights were common. It was a great feat to go from London to Paris, then, with one passenger in 21 days!

People thought Chavez wonderful when he crossed the Alps in the same year. By 1929 the average flights per month were ten times what they had been in 1919.

The miles traversed were nine times those of 1919 and the passengers were twenty times as numerous. The cargo too increased by twenty times. Today the British Empire possesses 35,500 miles of air routes and exels all other European countries in the number of flights made and in the number of passengers carried.

We are

going now to make the greatest test
of British pilots and 'planes, for we
are flying to Australia, the most
distant British possession. We climb
into our 'plane at Croydon, and,

b. H. Loeley - Song

Of The Ungent Runners

"We run because we must

Through the great wide air"

We have, coming behind us, a
heavier 'plane to carry our cargo
back to England for we are bring-
ing back some beautiful Christmas
presents. Once up we do not feel
the height. A trip like this makes
one feel most exhilarated. What
marvellous scenery we see! The
people, the cattle, and the buildings
below look very strange. Crossing the
channel we see shoals of fish in
the water, the channel boats and
great liners, and the sun playing
on the water. We approach Paris and
see the Louvre and the beautiful
Palace of Versailles from above. We
speed on through the valley between

the Côte D'or and the Jura Mountains
We see great mulberry groves by the
side of the Rhone and pass over the
blue Mediterranean to Rome. As we
are not wanting to break a record
we stay there for a day. We go
to see the Coliseum where the
chariot races were held. We visit the
marvellous art treasures of St. Peter's.
One feels that one is in a town which
is the home of ancient history.
When we arrive at Athens we visit
the Parthenon on the hill of the
Acropolis. We cross the Mediterranean
with the wavelets playing in the
sunshine once more. There is not
a cloud in the whole firmament.
We descend at Smyrna to have our
first look at a really Eastern scene.
There we see water-carriers, sooth-
sayers, shop-keepers, natives
squatting on the ground and letter
writers in the streets. We purchase
some perfume and boxes of Turkish

delight to add to our cargo. We make for Aleppo but gradually the sky darkens. Rather than face the dust-storm we alter our course and descend beside an encampment.

The men remind us of the Israelites of old who went about the desert herding their flocks. The dust-storm passes over in a few hours so we speed on past Aleppo to Bushire. At Bushire we alight and look round a true bazaar where we purchase a few native ornaments a Persian carpet of wonderful hues and some magnificent silver filigree coffee cups and spoons which we leave to be picked up by our cargo plane. Our next stop is Karachi where we descend. What a wonderful place this is with its many colourful scenes and crowds of people all seeming to speak a different language! We buy a wonderful cashmere shawl,

We pass over fields dotted here and there with busy "ryots" over the valley of "Mother Junga." Over miles

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are "On the road to Mandelay
where the flying fishes play"
We obtain here a wonderful ruby
necklace which glows in the sun.
As we walk along we see the
elephants, hard at work drawing
the teak logs We are on and

away again to Singapore. We are looking forward to seeing the wonderful town where all nations meet. We have a lovely time at the bazaar buying Chinese curios. 'What great docks and liners there are!' We are keen to finish our journey as the heat is rather exhausting except when we are in the air. We hasten on after a brief rest to Sourabaya where we see a lot of Dutch people. Then we go over the perilous Timor Sea with its refreshing breezes to Port Darwin. Our cargo plane will follow later for there are many Christmas presents to be collected. We are going to stay here for some time.

We have completed this magnificent flight in a month with British pilots, British planes and engines and by British routes. We have never been once stopped by a mishap.

to our engine, by a tired pilot, (we had two,) or by a bad route. At every station our machine was overhauled, and our petrol assured. A wonderful flight!

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