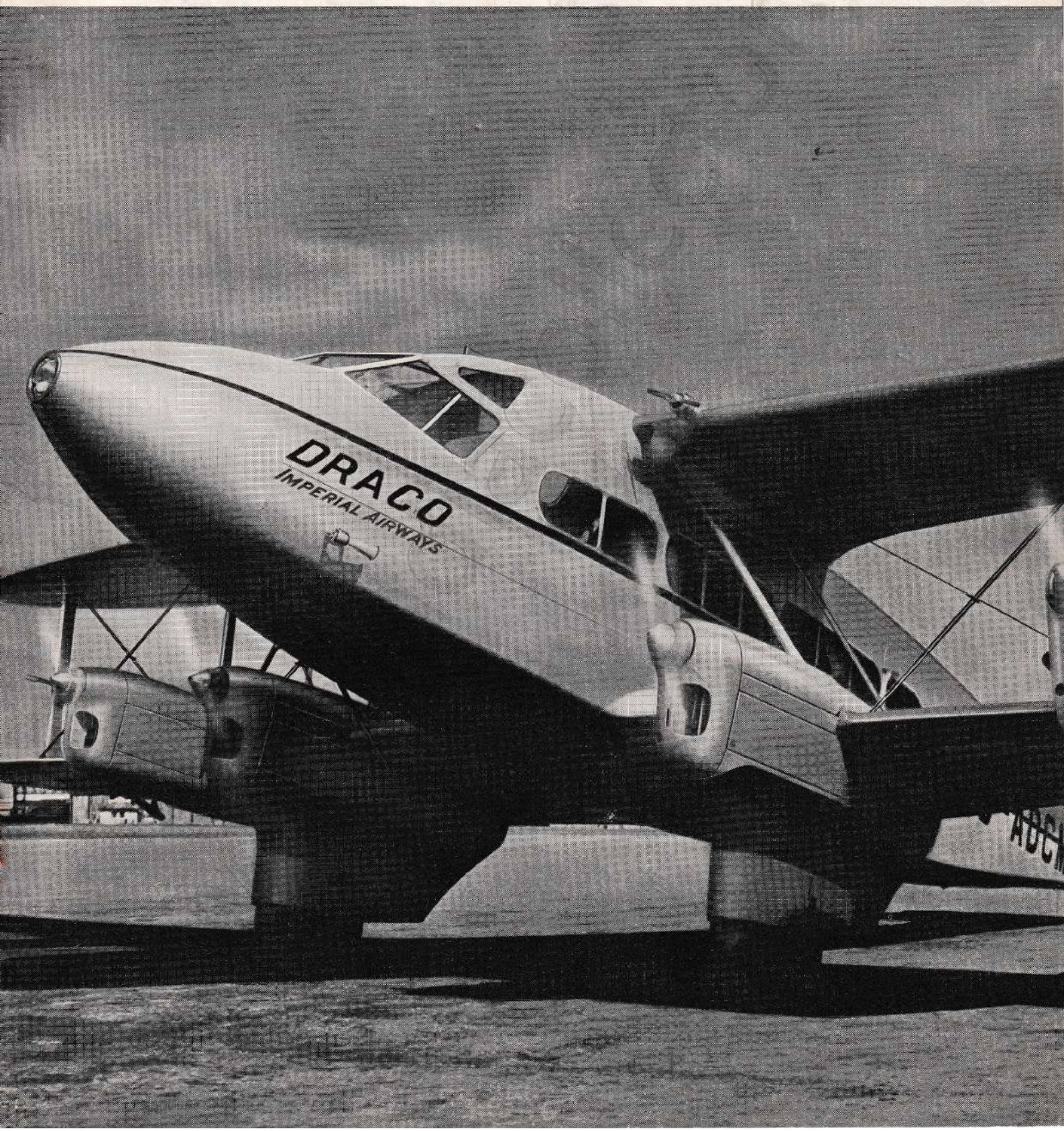
YET ANOTHER SERVICE DUPLICATED

SEPTEMBER 1935 · NO 9 · VOL 7

# IMPERIAL AIRWAYS GAZETTE



# BY AIR TO AUSTRALIA

We reproduce below with acknowledgments to the current issue of the *Naft Magazine* (published by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., Ltd.) an article dealing with the air service between England and Australia.

## BASRA TO LONDON

For the twentieth time, I cursed that rash promise to have my report on the Central Fars Reconnaissance in, and be ready to set out for the Karheh-Karun Survey by 15 February—that promise which bound me to my desk on a fine Sunday afternoon when the world and his wife disported themselves on the golf links or the tennis courts. Damn !—that infernal telephone bell again—sure to be for Nigel—that's the worst of living with one of the key men on an oilfield, especially such a field as Masjid-i-Sulaiman, where the Administration has perforce to control not merely the oil but every side of the lives and activities of a considerable community. Well, better see what they want—no peace otherwise. 'Yes, speaking—*what's* that —*Australia* !' 'Just through from London "Washington Gray to return to London immediately upon completion of report and maps, as required for Australia." '

18 *March.—Basra*, 8 *p.m.* 'She won't be in till midnight, Sir; they're running late on account of the Greek revolution.' A queer explanation, but true—revolution in Athens and Crete —diversion of the outward service to a hastily improvised route by North Africa—and so the Imperial Airways liner *Horsa* left Karachi 24 hours late on her return flight. Midnight —here she comes at last—down and away again in the dark, and we swoop down on Baghdad with the wing tip flare blazing, to make a beautiful night landing at 4 a.m., instead of 4 p.m. as the schedule requires. Tea and sandwiches and a doze before the fire in the air-port lounge, and we're off again at six, bang on schedule, circling over Baghdad just as the sun strikes those lovely golden domes of the Shrine of Kadhimain—sacred goal of so many pilgrims from beyond the great mountain ramparts in that Iran to which I have said good-bye. Like the lovers of Flecker's *Hassan*, imprisoned in this very Baghdad which is slipping away into the haze behind us, I wonder if I shall ever see those snow-clad peaks again, or hear again the sweet jangle of the mule bells swelling and fading gently into the distance as they pass by my tents on the Golden Road to Samarkand.

## OUTWARD BOUND

22 *March.—Croydon.* What an inhuman regulation, fiddling with Customs before you're allowed a glimpse—ah ! there she is . . . .

. . . . . .

*The same.*—20 *April.* 'Dr. Lees ? Dr. Gray ? The first passengers to book to Australia, aren't you ? I represent the *Evening Standard*. Just look this way one moment. One more please—thank you !' The originals step aboard the *Horatius* for the first lap on the long road to Australia, and settle down to an excellent lunch, while their undeveloped images rush back to London to proclaim in the evening papers that the through passenger Air Service to Australia has begun.

*One of the sights in the City of Pleasure—temple dancers at Bangkok, Siam*

Photograph, Aerial Transport Co. of Siam

## OVER THE CHANNEL

Cloud and drizzle over the Weald, clear but grey and sullen over the Channel. . . . How different it is, this French countryside from the fields of Sussex we left twenty minutes ago, and how bare of traffic the straight white roads. It is all grimmer—more business-like—farming with the gloves off, uneased by that steady stream of accumulated wealth earned in the coal-mines and blast furnaces, in the now stricken cotton mills and shipyards of the North, and on a thousand fields of service and commerce overseas which has softened and fattened the countryside of Kent, Sussex and Hampshire like a diet of strawberries and cream. At Le Bourget, the Air Port of Paris, a motor coach awaits us and the 'Empire Passengers' are shepherded across to the Gare de Lyon and into their special 'Airways' sleeping car in the night train for Brindisi. Paris, Queen of Cities, it's time you gave that back door of yours a coat of paint. Croydon to London may be nothing to boast about, but that ride from Le Bourget to Paris ! We, Madame, would rather forget it.

## PARIS TO BRINDISI

Turin, Genoa, and as Easter Day draws toward sunset, we are steaming into the City of St. Peter, poor birds of passage, alas, driven ever onward, without pause, even to light a candle at one of her thousand shrines. Driven indeed, for we stagger out into a chilly dawn at Brindisi station at 3.30 o'clock, and it takes all the hot coffee and omelettes of the Hotel Internazionale to bring us back to life once more.

## OVER THE MEDITERRANEAN

The light grows at last, and those efficient, dark blue uniforms are soon shepherding us into a motor launch, out over the harbour, through the briefest Customs and passport formalities and into the great silvery four-engined *Scipio* flying-boat that is waiting, so confidently, to sweep us into the skies again. Confidently—yes, and well she may, for has she not 'All great Neptune's ocean' for her aerodrome ? Not quite so easy as that in rough weather, you say ? Well, not quite, perhaps, but it feels that way to the air passenger, and the feeling's a good one. We glide gently over the waters of the bay, and then with a roar the four great engines leap into the charge, take hold of us like a giant hand, tear us through a swirling bewilderment of water ! Now the floats are off, now the foam and spray die away to quietness as the great hull rises clear—we're off ! Can we just make out the coast of Albania away on the left—scene of old labours in 1929 and again in 1932 which have made Brindisi and the Hotel Internazionale familiar ground to me ? Well, no, since truth will out—we can't, though I could see the headland that shields Valona Bay when I passed this way a month ago in the evening. And Corfu too—you say—surely you passed quite close to it. Indeed, Sir, and so we did—but, alas, I was asleep ! Deep blue sea, white cliffs, Arcadian slopes of wood and field, and vineyard, and the great snows behind—Greece. Beat softly, great bird of the sea, for your wings cleave holy air. You, too, are the fruit of the love play which these hills inspired when the world was young, the mating of Wisdom and Beauty.

## 'THE ISLES OF GREECE'

The clean sword-cut of the canal leads us on over the Isthmus of Corinth, and out to the Bay of Salamis, where the Athenian champions of freedom, trusting at last to the 'wooden walls' of their ships, scattered the fleets marshalled against them by that other great branch of the Aryan stock which, taking the Iranian plateau for their home, had established the greatest Empire the world had then seen. And Xerxes, King of Kings, watched the battle from his golden throne, set up on yonder cliffs—Xerxes, around the splendid ruins of whose palace at Persepolis I had been mapping only a few months back. And there ahead, seeming to rise before us to its full height above the huddle of factories and villas on the flats, as we sweep down towards the Piraeus, stands the Acropolis and that gleaming marble shrine, the Parthenon, with which, to the glory of Pallas Athene, virgin Goddess of Wisdom Triumphant, the Athenians, returning victorious, replaced the wooden temple burnt, to avenge the walls of Sardis, by Xerxes' Persians. O Goddess, strike us not down, impious as we are, who pause on your shores only for a brief cigarette and bring no garlands to your shrine.

'The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,'

they shimmer against the blue waters of the Ægean like a thousand jewels scattered in your cloak, O Aphrodite, born of the sea foam. One by one, they slip away into the haze, and we come out into a yet older world, as the great mountain mass of Crete takes shape on the starboard quarter. Crete, centre of that great Minoan civilisation which the lusty Achæan forbears of the Greeks of history in part overthrew, and in part absorbed. Strange that so forbidding a land, with but narrow necks of soil among its rocks, should have borne such fruit.

### ALEXANDRIA

No stop this time at Mirabella Bay, but right through to Alexandria in one hop, and well before sunset we are swooping down over the harbour whose lighthouse, the Pharos, was once one of the Seven Wonders of the World—over some destroyers, past the tramp ships, past King Fuad's yacht—and then swish—swish—sloo-oo-oo-sh—we are down and taxiing neatly through the crowd of shipping to our berth close to the Airways jetty.

### ONWARD TO 'IRAQ

The *Horsa*, which is to carry us onward to Karachi, waits in the grey dawn at the aerodrome. Great visibility—the whole length of the Suez Canal, and much beyond, clear on our right as we slip past Port Said. Breakfast at Gaza, where bits of trench work still show here and there from the air—on over the hills of Judæa, over Bethlehem of tender memory, and there, to our left, cluster the towers and domes of the City of Zion, while behind them, far away to the north, the snow cap on 'The little hill of Hermon' shimmers in the blue distance. Now come Jericho and the Allenby bridge and the long snake of the Jordan writhing down through its dark green fringe to the deep blue expanse of the Dead Sea. The mountains of Moab, Amman with its Roman amphitheatre—and then the desert—and for me—sleep. Awake again and we're on the new pipeline now—but stay, what means this strange unease—the hardened traveller about to disgrace himself? Come, another lump of barley sugar—yes, that's better, we shall last out. Ten thousand feet—but still the unquiet air, over the scorching, troubled surface of that high plateau, gives the *Horsa* no rest, and we're glad enough when the sudden easing of the engines warns us that the queer fortified rest-house and police post of Rutbah Wells is in sight. Down—down—don't forget to swallow every thousand feet, if you don't want aching ears when you land—a slight jolt, a rattling dash across the 'drome—and already white-robed Arabs are running up to refuel us.

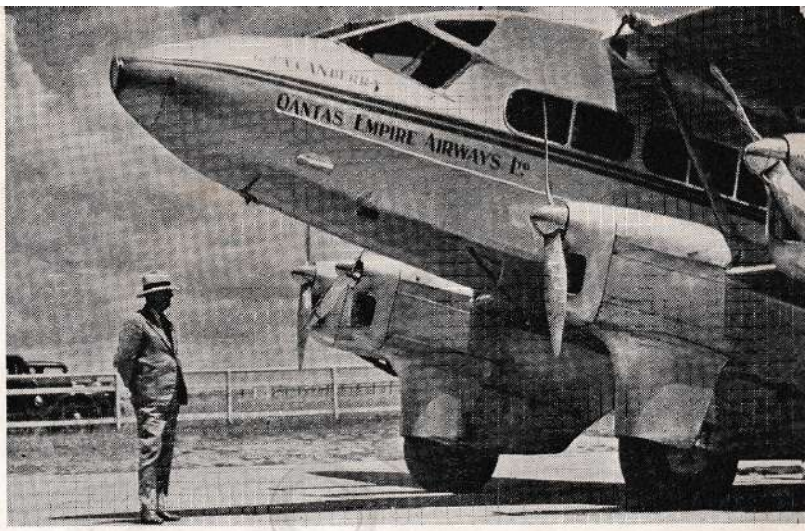
### BAGHDAD

On to Baghdad—over the Maude Bridge of boats—up hot and bustling New Street—but this time no soft poetic visions fill the brain—one only goal beckons us—a long, cold beer.

24 *April*.—Praise be, no dust storms! The great Arch of Ctesiphon, that arch beneath which Shapur the Sasanian held court, when the Persian Empire, risen again from the ashes of Alexander's fires, hurled back Imperial Rome in ever-swaying battle from these Mesopotamian border lands. Shapur, I hail you! For have not I, too, drunk of the water of Sasan, in that beloved glen of your homeland which you have made for ever your own. Have not I too rejoiced in the cool shade of that cave, high above the glen, to which your thoughts turned so often from these scorching plains that you caused your statue to be set there, for a lasting memorial. A memorial of your glory? So they say. But I think you meant it as a memorial of your boyhood's loves.

### DOWN THE PERSIAN GULF

River and flood and marsh, mile after mile, a very Noah's flood—but the *Horsa* sweeps on disdainful. Sinbad's 'Bassorah,' Kuwait, embattled sea-port of the desert, Bahrain, the Island of Pearls, where enterprising salesmen tempt us during refuelling—and, as the faithful turn to prepare themselves for the sunset prayer, we slip down towards Sharjah, one time stronghold of pirates and slave traders, now a comfortable rest house of Imperial Airways. Comfortable, yes, but the stout loop-holed walls, and the Shaikh's turbaned guard, with rifles in their hands and curved daggers in their belts, remind us that just beyond those sandy hills lies another world, where men do not write letters to the papers when




*One of the* Commonwealth *class of air liner at Port Darwin, the first landing place on the Australian Continent*

annoyed. Strange chance—who should greet us but Haji Williamson—the Englishman turned Shaikh, comrade and invaluable fount of Arabian lore on our Oman wanderings ten years since, honoured among the tribes as El Haj Abdullah for his two pilgrimages to Mecca and now peacefully travelling the Gulf coast, marketing 'B.P.' and 'Palm Tree' Kerosene. And so we celebrated an Oman expedition reunion dinner in the Sharjah rest house.

### INDIA

25-26 *April*.—Out and away on strong wings through the murky dawn over those tumbled mountains of Musandam, where once our camel caravan wound slowly through the wadis. Out over the blue waste of the Gulf of Oman till the dreary, grey-green line of the Makran coast, it, too, the scene of labours past, gathered on the horizon to lead us south-eastward to Gwadur and thence along Baluchistan to Karachi. There the *Horsa* handed us over to her cousin *Arethusa*, the slim *Atalanta* monoplane which was to set off with us, in due course, when H.M.'s Post Office should be pleased to have done sorting the Indian mails, to Singapore. A long trudge over the dreary Sind desert, a night landing at Jodhpur—magnificently equipped for the purpose by its airman Maharajah—breakfast in Delhi and on again over the brown, baked Indian plain to pass a sweltering night in Calcutta.

### BURMA

27 *April.—Burma!* Strangely refreshing after those fierce parched lands, with its great trees and its dainty, gaily-dressed girls—and now Siam, and Bangkok, city of smiles.

### MALAYA

28 *April*.—Cloud over Malaya—down we plunge into it to skim along through blinding rain just above the tree tops to Alor Star. Are we really going to land in that marsh? Hold tight, then—ye gods, more like a flying-boat landing—no Singapore for us tonight! But the Commander, knowing his ground, is serenely unconscious of his passenger's stifled qualms—and in half an hour we're away again, sailing out into blue skies among fleecy white squadrons of broken cloud, far above the rubber plantations of Malaya, to make our evening landfall at Singapore. On time? But of course—this is the Empire route.

### NETHERLANDS EAST INDIES

Qantas Empire Airways, DH86, R.M.A. *Melbourne*, Commander Captain H. B. Hussey, 1st Officer, Mr. R. A. Sheppard. (*The service between Singapore and Brisbane is operated by Qantas Empire Airways, a company in association with Imperial Airways*.—Ed.)

Somehow the Timor Sea crossing loomed less formidably ahead when I had seen the men and the craft. We got the rain over early—pretty heavy rain, too, but I thought less of it now that I had seen what light work experienced pilots make of it on wireless-controlled routes. Sea and jungle and strand, plantation and jungle and sea—the great sweep of the Netherlands East Indies unrolled beneath us, mile after mile, and now and again some majestic volcanic cone deigned to draw aside for us its veil of cloud. Bali, magic isle, as yet unspotted by the

world, long may your wise Dutch guardians hold you, their lovely ward, in Chancery. They won't mind us taking a peep at you, as you lie there sun bathing, will they, and carrying away with us a picture of your grassy slopes and tiny terraced fields ? Oh no, my dear, not a *photograph*—they don't allow that—our cameras had to be sealed before we left Singapore.

JOURNEY'S END

30 *April*.—Lombo, Koepang, and here we are, shivering on the brink, with the Timor Sea ahead. A very lovely dragon he looks on this shining morning, and there's quite a crowd to see us take off, for it's Queen Wilhelmina's birthday and the mail 'plane is still novelty enough to be welcome on a holiday. One cheerful Dutch father and mother brought six children down to see us off and left two at home ill. There's peopling the great open spaces for you ! Up, up, 9,000, 10,000, 11,000, 12,000, 12,500. Yes, Darwin was right as usual, '45 miles an hour head wind on the ground, decreasing to nil at 11,000 feet ; 10 miles an hour tail wind at 13,000 feet.' Pretty good that, when you realise it has been projected from a point 500 miles away. Two hours out ; three hours out ; wonderful weather, all clouds left behind, clear as a bell from the floor to the stratosphere . . . . Is it ? Yes, there comes that faint darkening, away on the edge of the world—Australia.

'Dr. Lees ? Dr. Gray ? You've come right through from the old country ? Now I represent . . . .' '*The Accelerator*, did you say ?'

K. WASHINGTON GRAY.

## HOW *YOU* CAN HELP THE AIR MAIL

In a recent issue of the *Gazette* we drew attention to the fact that as a result of the growth of the air mail, the old mail day is now dying, and our readers may be interested to hear what Sir MacPherson Robertson (the donor of the trophy for the recent London-Melbourne Air Race) had to say on the same subject in a recent issue of *The Sunday Times*.

> 'I would urge that British business houses should break away, if possible, from the habit of posting their air mails at the week end. This habit probably arose from the fact that liners departed, as a rule, on Fridays and Saturdays, but British air liners are available throughout the week. This spread-over of mail transported would be of enormous assistance in the evolution and running of our Imperial air network.'

As our readers know, there are two services a week to the Near and Middle East, India, Burma, Malaya, and one to Australia and two services a week to Africa and four to Egypt. With these facilities we hope that business houses, in their own interests, will endeavour to post their mails, particularly for India, Burma and Malaya, on Tuesdays as well as on Saturdays. In this way they will not only help themselves by avoiding a rush in their own office, but they will help the Post Office and Imperial Airways in dealing with very heavy peak air mail loads.

## TRIBUTE TO THE COMFORT OF IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

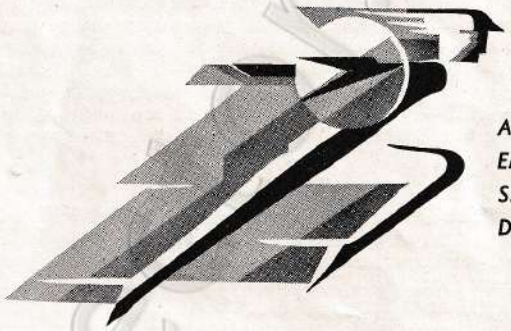
In a recent issue of the *Aeroplane* newspaper the following tribute was paid to the comfort of the London-Paris service of Imperial Airways :—

> 'Those whose concern is to discuss Air Transport are never tired of arguing on the subject of speed as opposed to comfort. America . . . gave us a new outlook on air-line speeds, and we had a considerable outcry from the Excitable Press demanding higher speeds from Imperial Airways.
>
> This matter of speed and comfort requires to be discussed soberly and quietly. Imperial Airways set a standard to the World with the H.P.42's (The *Heracles* class of air liner.—ED.) on their service to Paris ; a standard of comfort, without regard to high speed, which is still the highest on any air-line in the World. By specializing in comfort, Imperials took the bulk of the traffic on the Paris run . . . Yet, in spite of the determined efforts by other lines to capture their traffic by the appeal of sheer speed, they have held their own ; and, in fact, the luxury services of Imperial Airways are to-day more popular than ever.'

## THE *FUTURE IS IN THE AIR* EXHIBITION

Following upon the success achieved by the photographic exhibition, *Flying Over the Empire*, which our readers may remember has been shown in a large number of cities in this country and is now touring Canada, Africa, Australia and New Zealand, Imperial Airways has decided to hold at the end of this year an exhibition which will portray the various aspects of the organization and the operation of the company's routes.

By the permission of the Director of the Science Museum, South Kensington, this exhibition will be held in the first place in that Museum. The exhibition will be open, free of charge, to members of the public during the months of December and January and further details about it will be published in the October, November, and December issues of the *Gazette*.



**ANOTHER EMPIRE SERVICE DOUBLED !**

## GIANT STRIDES OF IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

The tremendous growth of traffic on the England-Australia route has led to a decision by Imperial Airways to duplicate the service on the section between Calcutta and Singapore.

As a result, on and after Tuesday, 24 September, a twice weekly service will come into operation between London and Singapore in each direction.

After reaching Calcutta on Monday, 30 September, this service will be continued to Singapore to inaugurate the duplication between Calcutta and Singapore, the scheduled date of arrival at the latter place being Tuesday, 2 October.

Thereafter *both* the weekly services leaving England for the East will continue right through to Singapore, affording departures from London for Singapore every Tuesday and Saturday.

In the reverse direction, namely Singapore-London, the first of the duplicate services is scheduled to leave Singapore on 3 October and from this date, in addition to the previous weekly departure on each Sunday, there will be an additional one from Singapore for Calcutta and London every Thursday.

## KENYA REVISITED

FROM NAIROBI TO LONDON BY IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

By Sir Edward Buck, C.B.E.

THE AIR-MINDEDNESS OF KENYA

I doubt if there are many countries, if size and population are taken into account, which are more air-minded than Kenya. The nature of the country makes flying a most suitable form of transport as roads often become unserviceable in wet weather. The air-mindedness in the Colony undoubtedly owes much to the energy and enterprise of Mrs. F. E. Wilson, who founded 'Wilson Airways' in 1929. From a single machine named the *Knight of the Mist* the fleet and *personnel* has increased to eight aircraft with three pilots and three engineers in two and a half years, and trips have been made to England, to Cairo, to Zanzibar, Rhodesia and South Africa.

THE PIONEER WORK OF WILSON AIRWAYS

The company has to-day completed one million, one hundred thousand miles of flying, and numerous mails and passengers, including the Prince of Wales, have been carried without a single *contretemps*, and in 1933 Mrs. Wilson received a well deserved O.B.E. for services rendered to the cause of aviation in East Africa. The Wilson Airways Company's ambulance transport has already saved several lives in Kenya, and to-day the company has a contract with the Tanganyika Government for all Government flying in that territory and is working in close conjunction with Imperial Airways. (*Wilson Airways is a company in association with Imperial Airways*.—ED.) A former

manager and pilot of Wilson's Airways was Captain Campbell Black, Scott's partner in the recent famous race to Melbourne. Quite a number of settlers, too, are reliable pilots and also possess both aeroplanes and convenient private aerodromes. For instance, within a radius of thirty miles from Nyeri, one of the beauty spots of the Colony, about 100 miles from Nairobi, there are no less than thirteen privately-owned landing grounds of various sizes.

## NAIROBI

The Nairobi aerodrome, which boasts of a pilot's club, affords as good a landing-ground as any I have seen, and it also possesses the somewhat peculiar feature of quite large herds of zebra, wildebeeste and gazelle which graze quietly on the plain in perfect happiness and security only a few hundred yards from the centre of the ground. Every few hours apparently sees the departure of a 'plane for Mombasa, and South Africa or for Kisumu on Lake Victoria, for Kakamega and its gold fields, or for some up-country township. Aeroplanes over Nairobi are now such familiar sights that few residents ever look up at them.

## HOME BY IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

Having lingered in the salubrious climate and the attractive districts around Mount Kenya longer than I at first intended, I made inquiries about the journey by air from Nairobi to London, and I quickly decided to travel home by one of the luxurious Imperial Airways liners which now voyage regularly from the capital of the Colony to London. It is true that the cost of a passage is rather higher than that of a sea voyage from Mombasa, but the saving of over a fortnight in time was a decided advantage, and then there was the attraction of indulging in a new adventure and in flying thousands of miles from one great continent to another, and testing the various reports one had heard about the advantages and disadvantages of the journey.

The itinerary itself as supplied to me by Imperial Airways looked extremely attractive. Kisumu on one side of the great Lake Victoria Nyanza and Entebbe, the capital of Uganda, on the other, were two of our first halting stations and later on in the programme come Juba, Khartoum, Wadi Halfa, Cairo, Alexandria, Athens, Brindisi, Paris and London. It sounded an interesting route.

But now to give some idea of the 5,000 miles journey to London. On arrival at the Nairobi aerodrome I am introduced by Lord Francis Scott to Lord and Lady Chesham who have interests in Swaziland and are flying to England. I also renew acquaintance after many years with Mr. F. E. Kanthack, C.M.G., formerly of the Indian Irrigation Department and now a leading Engineer Citizen of Johannesburg, another passenger bound for London.

## THE START

Having gone through the ordeal of being weighed at the aerodrome on a very exact machine, I became an Imperial passenger—a proud title—and took my seat in the 'plane which had arrived from Salisbury the night before. This was the *Amalthea*, a monoplane with four engines of 340 horse-power each, a speed of 120 miles, and accommodation for 11 passengers. The first thing I noticed as we rose into the air was the wide ditch and fence which encompassed the big aerodrome, and this I was told had been found necessary to prevent the numerous herds of wildebeeste and buck which were visible on the adjoining plane from endangering the safety of planes both arriving and departing. We quickly sailed at above 3,000 feet over coffee plantations and forests and then enjoyed a really marvellous and beautiful view of cloudland as we flew above hundreds of large and snow-white clouds in bright sunshine. Emerging from cloudland we passed over miles of undulating country consisting of huge green plains or dark forest intersected by little muddy streams; truly a green and smiling land with apparently unlimited space for development. Passing over hundreds of quaint little native villages all surrounded with thick hedges to keep their stock in and wild animals out, we landed smoothly at Kisumu on the extremity of the great blue lake of Victoria Nyanza which stretched in front of us.

## IN THE *HENGIST*

Here we find waiting for us the *Hengist*, the splendid biplane in which we are to fly to Alexandria. It looks huge for it can carry 24 passengers, possesses a steward and buffet, besides its

*A Kikuya man, a native of Kenya*

[Photograph, British Instructional Films Ltd.

captain, first officer and wireless operator. It has a span of 130 feet, is nearly 90 feet long and when loaded up is over 13 tons in weight. Punctually to the timetable we proceed from the immense hangar, four great engines sing and roar together, we run along the ground, gather speed, we lift into the air, buildings below shrink away below us, we leave fair Kenya behind us, we pass down the Gulf of Kavirondo and find ourselves flying 170 miles over Lake Victoria, the great inland sea, studded with numerous islands mainly inhabited by the tetste fly.

## OVER THE EQUATOR

A slight storm, and we cross the equator. We leave Kampala, the Uganda capital, behind us, we hover over and alight at Entebbe, the beautiful official home of the Uganda Government. Here I discover an A.D.C. to Governor Sir Bernard Bourdillon waiting with a motor car to carry me off to lunch. Only forty minutes are allowed for our stop, but I managed to admire the wonderful beauty and charm of the Government House gardens and surroundings, and to congratulate the Governor on his new appointment as Governor of Nigeria, to answer various questions about India, and His Excellency's old province, the United Provinces, and hear some of his recollections of Saugor where he served as an Assistant Remount officer in 1917. Then off again across fertile Uganda through a second rainstorm, and so over densely forested and decidedly swampy country with occasional wide rivers where hippo quickly submerge as the 'plane roars over them. There was no sign of human or animal life in these enormous emerald green forest stretches until a couple of elephants were spotted.

## THE WHITE NILE

Having crossed the Victoria Nile we finally came to the White Nile slightly west of Nimule, and had it not been for a tropical thunderstorm we should have seen Lake Albert. About 5 o'clock we reached Juba, the capital of Mongalla Province and the terminus of the traffic on the White Nile 670 miles from our starting point.

A bath, good dinner, and comfortable bed in clean hotel and at 7 a.m. we again went off at 100 miles an hour in the cool of the morning and within half an hour we passed over big herds of giraffe and elephants, which showed little concern at our passage.

## THE BOR HERD OF ELEPHANTS

And then for some 300 miles or so right across the huge green Bor swamp with more herds of elephants, their huge white tusks gleaming in the sunshine, while occasional hippo wallowed in the pools. Could any animals have a more wonderful sanctuary than this enormous expanse of swamp.

We sail over Malakal, a neatly laid-out little town, with apparently some lovely gardens, and land on a specially prepared asphalt run in the centre of bogland to take in 400 gallons of petrol, for we consume just over a hundred gallons an hour. Imperial passengers walk a couple of hundred yards and find fresh pineapple and coffee waiting for them in a tent.

*To be continued.*

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS GAZETTE

The *Imperial Airways Gazette* is published every month for the information of the Agents of the Company and for others who are interested in air transport. A copy will be sent free of charge every month to any *bona fide* applicant from the Publicity Manager's Office, Imperial Airways, Ltd., Airways House, Charles Street, London, S.W.1. School children must make their application through their Schoolmaster or Schoolmistress. Full information about the services of Imperial Airways may be obtained from the offices of the principal travel agents, or from Imperial Airways, Ltd., Airway Terminus, Victoria Station, S.W.1, or from Airways House, Charles Street, S.W.1. Telephone, Victoria 2211. Telegrams: 'Impairlim, London.' Airway Terminus is open day and night.

Details of all the services of Imperial Airways and of other Air Transport Companies are given in *Bradshaw's International Air Guide*, which is published every month and may be bought from any newsagent in the United Kingdom, price 1s., or from the Proprietors at 5 Surrey Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

## AS OTHERS SEE US

At the recent Annual General Meeting of the Tanami Gold Mining Syndicate, 20 Copthall Avenue, E.C., the Chairman, Captain A. H. Moreing, stated, *inter alia*, 'It has been my good fortune to visit East Africa no less than three times since December last, visits that were made possible by the facilities afforded by air travel; and I would like to pay a tribute to the comfort and efficiency of Imperial Airways and to the unfailing courtesy of their staff.'

## NEW PUBLICITY

Imperial Airways has just published a revised edition of the stuffer, *Facts Imperial Airways*, and copies are available for distribution for our agents. A leaflet in German and in Magyar has also been published dealing with the daily service between London, Cologne, Leipzig, Prague and Vienna.

## POSTING TIMES IN THE UNITED KINGDOM FOR EMPIRE AIR MAILS

Readers of the *Imperial Airways Gazette* may remember that a year ago we published particulars of the latest posting times from provincial post offices for the catching of the Air Mail service for Africa, India, and the East. Certain alterations have been made, giving the latest information including the service to Australia. Imperial Airways has published this information in the form of a leaflet and any reader of the *Gazette* may have a copy upon application to the company.

## HOLIDAY TRAFFIC BETWEEN LONDON AND THE CONTINENT

During the August Bank Holiday period there was exceptional pressure on the air services operating between London and the Continent.

On Thursday, 1 August, Imperial Airways found it necessary to operate seven services in each direction between London and Paris. On the following day the same number of services had to be operated in addition to three services in each direction between London and Le Touquet and two each way between Paris and Zürich. On Saturday, 3 August, seven services in each direction had to be again operated between London and Paris, while no less than five services in each direction were operated between London and Le Touquet.

## GUIDE TO IMPERIAL AIRWAYS' AFRICA ROUTE

For the guidance of our agents, readers and potential travellers, we have prepared a series of notes on each stopping place along the Africa and India routes. The first section of these notes covers the Africa route. Notes on Alexandria, Cairo, Assiut, Luxor and Assuan have already been published and we continue below with Wadi Halfa and Kareima.

## WADI HALFA

3,017 miles from London.
4,887 miles from Cape Town.
405 feet above sea level.

### HISTORY

Wadi Halfa was founded by the British on the site of several Nubian villages. It was an important post at the time of the Mahdi Revolt, General Wolseley making it his base in the attempt to save Gordon and Khartoum. Wadi Halfa remained a British post in the intervening years and Kitchener's forces were based here during the reconquest of the Sudan, being transported south over a military railway which now forms part of the main Sudan system.

### CLIMATE AND TOURIST SEASON

From April to October it is hot.
From November to March is an agreeable season with temperate northerly breezes. Both seasons are dry with cool nights. The tourist season is from November to March inclusive.

### HOTELS

Wadi Halfa.

### THE TOWN, SIGHTS OF INTEREST IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

There are two excursions of interest from Wadi Halfa. One is to Buhen, which is 2½ miles away on the west bank and takes 30 minutes by boat. There are temples dating from the 16th century B.C. Buhen was founded by the Egyptians in about 2,000 B.C. Another interesting excursion is to Abu Sir, 11 miles south of Wadi Halfa. This journey takes 1½ hours by boat. From a hill here there is a fine view of the Second Cataract and the Thousand Islands.

Good sport may be obtained at Wadi Halfa. There is fishing, sailing, swimming, golf and squash.

### IMPERIAL AIRWAYS' SERVICES TO WADI HALFA

There are two services a week by Imperial Airways to Wadi Halfa, leaving London on Wednesdays and Sundays and arriving at Wadi Halfa on Saturdays and Wednesdays, a journey of 3½ days.

### TRAVEL CONNEXIONS FROM WADI HALFA

*By air*: Imperial Airways. Two services a week between Wadi Halfa and England.

Services leave Wadi Halfa for East Africa and South Africa (Johannesburg) on Sundays and Thursdays, the service which leaves Wadi Halfa on Sundays continuing to Cape Town.

*By water*: Sudan Government Railway Steamers. Abu Simbel, Kasr Ibreem, Amada, Korosko.

*By land*: Sudan Government Railways. Abu Hamed, Merowe, Kerma (by steamer).

## KAREIMA

3,250 miles from London.
4,613 miles from Cape Town.
1,000 feet above sea level.

### HISTORY

A hill 2½ miles south-west of Kareima, called Gebel Berkell, on which stand the ruins of two temples, marks the site of the ancient city of Napata, which in about 1,000 B.C. was the capital of Nubia. Kareima itself is without historical interest, being merely a native village.

### CLIMATE AND TOURIST SEASON

From April to October it is hot and from November to March cool. Both seasons are dry. Strong winds and moderate sand-storms are experienced during July and August.

There is no actual tourist season, but the most favourable conditions occur between December and January.

### SIGHTS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

The only sight of interest in the neighbourhood is Gebel Berkell (See ' history '). The ruins of the two temples on the hill are believed to have been built in about 950 B.C. by Pianki, the first ' King of the Double Crown ' of Upper and Lower Egypt. About 100 yards south-west of the hill are four small Pyramids.

Fishing is obtainable in the neighbourhood and golf may be played on a primitive sand course.

### IMPERIAL AIRWAYS' SERVICES TO KAREIMA

There are two services a week by Imperial Airways to Kareima, leaving London on Wednesdays and Sundays and arriving at Kareima on Sundays and Thursdays, a journey of four days. Halts are made at Kareima if inducement offers and circumstances permit.

### TRAVEL CONNEXIONS FROM KAREIMA

*By air* : Imperial Airways. Two services a week between Kareima and England. Services leave Kareima for East Africa and South Africa (Johannesburg) on Sundays and Thursdays, the service which leaves Kareima on Sundays continuing to Cape Town.

## AIR LINER

### A NEW FILM ABOUT IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

Readers of the *Imperial Airways Gazette* may remember that a year ago we published a short review of a book entitled *Air Liner* which was written by Charles Lorne and published by John Lane of the Bodley Head.

The book is a story of a journey by six people along the Africa route from Cape Town to the Air Port of London, Croydon, by Imperial Airways. The book has had a phenomenal success and was selected by the Book Society as ' the book of the month.' Our readers will be interested to know that arrangements have been made for a film to be made of the book. This is being produced by J. G. & R. B. Wainwright Ltd. for release through the Gaumont-British Picture Corporation. A good deal of the preliminary work has been done and the ' shooting ' will take place shortly and the film is due for release early next year.

The script is being prepared by Mr. Guy Bolton whose name is well-known in the film and dramatic world. Imperial Airways is co-operating and the scenes will be taken on the actual spots along the Africa route and the greatest care is being taken to see that verisimilitude is preserved throughout the whole story.

## A TRIBUTE TO THE SECURITY OF IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

In a recent issue of the *Aeroplane* newspaper in a letter from a reader entitled ' Making the Public Safe,' the writer stated, *inter alia* :—

> ' I remember being tremendously impressed one day at Croydon by seeing—to everyone's surprise—*Heracles*, I think, come back to the aerodrome about five minutes after she had left. She landed and came back to the tarmac, where a gang of mechanics came out, and went all over one engine and changed every plug because she wasn't firing absolutely perfectly.
>
> But on talking to the pilot I was told that it would not have really affected her flying if it had not got any worse. The point, however, was that no chances at all were being taken.—I write all this because it made me feel quite sure that by Imperial Airways one would arrive, and arrive whole.'

## DISTINGUISHED TRAVELLERS BY IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

Since the last issue of the *Gazette* many more distinguished people have used the service of Imperial Airways and we reproduce some photographs of them.

[Photograph, Tito

*Mr. Anthony Eden, the Minister for League of Nations Affairs, at the Air Port of Paris, Le Bourget*

## NEW 16 M.M. FILM OF THE AFRICA ROUTE

Imperial Airways is just completing a new four reel 16 m.m. film of the Africa route.

This film has been shot by Mr. R. B. Wainwright and shows the whole of the story from England to Cape Town. It includes very fine views of big game and many interesting places and natives are seen along this route of nearly 8,000 miles. Copies of this film will be available for lecturers during October and application should be made to the Publicity Manager, Airways House, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1. Further details will be published shortly.

## NEW LANTERN LECTURE

Imperial Airways will publish shortly a new lantern lecture entitled *The Future is in the Air*.

This lecture, together with 100 slides, will be available for the use of lecturers. Further details will be announced in the October issue of the *Gazette*.

*Mr. Walt Disney, the creator of Mickey Mouse, at the Air Port of Paris, Le Bourget*

[Photograph, Tito

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