

FROM STATE TO STATE IN SIX HOURS

For the first time in the history of Australia an aerial mail was carried last week from Melbourne to Sydney by the famous visiting French aviator, Maurice Guillaux.

The flying Frenchman left the Southern capital on Thursday, July 16, landing in Sydney on the afternoon of the following Saturday. The journey, although spread over several stages, occupied but six hours.

The airman made a triumphant entry into Sydney. He landed at the Sports Ground, where a big football match was in progress, at which the Governor-General was present. To the accompaniment of frantic cheering M. Guillaux descended, and handed a sealed mailbag to his Excellency.

Here is the aviator's own story of the flight:

This ordeal over, M. Guillaux released himself from his trappings. Off came that thick leather jacket, his woollen cap and goggles, his alk tri-colored head scarf, and M. Guillaux looked less like a civilised Eskimo. His brown eyes flashed with enthusiasm as he related his experiences on that wonderful flight of 570 miles. "In beautiful weather, after being photo-



M. GUILLAUX, THE HERO OF THE MELBOURNE TO SYDNEY FLIGHT.

graphed—oh! about 50 times—I left the crowd at Melbourne on Thursday morning. I was happy. Before setting out on my journey I circled the Show Ground two or three times. When about 1000 feet above terra-firma I waved my hands to the pigmy crowds and said a final good-bye. I sailed along merrily till the mountains passed like fantastic shapes below me, when I became disappointed by heavy banks of impenetrable fog. As I knew the mountains would be very high, I went up higher still. Then I had to work blindly almost, guiding myself only by the compass. As a rule, the higher the altitude the calmer the weather is; but in this case my machine rocked from side to side. I grew alarmed. I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to negotiate the first stop. When one does a non-stop flight, one can al-

wouldn't be able to negotiate the first stop. When one does a non-stop flight, one can always pick one's way; but with set stopping places as I had, I was compelled to fly in a direct line. Above the mountains, at any rate, I soared quite 10,000 feet. After half an hour's flight I knew—or I thought I did—that I was somewhere in the vicinity of Seymour. Then, dropping lower, I discerned a blue-roofed hall or something, which I took as a guide for landing. Soon I made out a line of smoke from a train, and alighted safely alongside the railway line, not far from the huge fire which had been lighted. At Seymour I was well received by the Mayor, after my 40 minutes' flight. There I refilled my tanks.

"From the very start I must say that the difficulty which gave me most anxiety was the actual landing at the different towns. The crowds did not seem to realize the danger in rushing towards me as I was descending. Some of them seemed to think that my machine was a sparrow.

"I left Seymour in cold and crisp weather, with a good wind at my back. From Seymour to Wangaratta was one of my longest flights, and the surrounding country was very, very beautiful. Very carefully this time I followed the railway, and I must have been seen by the people below at all stations. It took me an hour and 10 minutes to fly from Seymour to Wangaratta, where 6000 people gave me a royal welcome. I stayed there 40 minutes. Meanwhile one of my mechanics overhauled the Heriot and refilled its tanks. As I was not out to break any record, I made my flight a sort of pleasure trip—whenever it was possible.

"Wangaratta I left in glorious weather. And shortly after setting out I got some very fine sights 15,000 feet above snow-capped mountains. It was superb! Those beautiful mountains reminded me very much of Mt. Blanc. Crossing the border, I had much difficulty. The sun reflecting on the water dazzled my sight, and made my machine oscillate. So fit did I feel on approaching Albury that I didn't want to stop. But I had made a promise to the ex-Mayor, Mr. Frere, and I dropped into the town 45 minutes after leaving the previous station. Having been refreshed with a sumptuous lunch, I stayed there an hour and a half, and promised to send Miss Kennedy my scarf in the colors of France if I arrived safe in Sydney. Au revoir once more!

"Over the flat country from Albury to Wagga, things went smoothly, and I arrived at Wagga two hours ahead of time. I was too quick for the people. On the two racecourses and the Show Ground no crowds had gathered, but I caught a glimpse of a small knot of people on the Cricket Ground, and at 3 p.m. landed in their midst. Monsieur _____ came to meet

me in a hurry. I had come from Albury in 65 minutes. At Wagga I stayed only an hour.

"With beautiful weather and wind behind, I travelled fast—57 miles an hour—in the direction of Harden. So gaily was I flying that I half intended going right on to Goulburn. In fact I flew ahead about three miles before deciding to return. I thought my petrol might run out, and I would have to alight somewhere in the lonely mountains. At 4.30 p.m. I dropped to earth, and got a great reception. That night I couldn't sleep for thinking of the next morning's flight. Next morning it was raining, and I gave an exhibition to a huge crowd holding up their umbrellas.

"I ascended from Harden at 2 p.m., regardless of a message of warning from Goulburn telling me that, with the torrents of rain and boisterous conditions, the journey would be too risky. I flew for an hour, but was soon forced to land at Galong—25 miles away. That short flight shook me up. I was shivering with cold. I became air-sick.

"The rain continued, and the fierce-looking clouds scudded across the heavens. So I decided not to start again till the next day (Saturday). I got away at 7.15, after waiting for the fog to lift. More

HEADWINDS AND MOUNTAINS

embarrassed me, and the trip from Harden to Goulburn was truly the worst experience I've ever had. There was no place absolutely for an aeroplane to land. If I'd had any motor troubles it would have been all up with me.

an aeroplane to land. If I'd had any motor troubles it would have been all up with me. For miles around there was only eucalyptus to land on! And the railroad was so tortuous that I soon gave up trying to follow it. The smoke from the occasional trains, however, alerted me, and I at length did the 94 miles to Goulburn in two hours.

"I was gratified at being able to warm my hands at the fire at Goulburn, and drink some tea. Leaving there at 10.40, I returned soon after owing to a plug breaking. Re-starting at 11.15 a.m., with the assurance that there would be no more mountains, I found them worse than ever. But near Yass the great valleys and gullies were deeper and denser than I had ever seen.

"At Moon Vale I intended to alight, but I could not find the guiding fire. I was travelling fast, 10,000 feet up, and there appeared to be nothing about but rivers and heavily-forested bush. So I kept going, and passed Mount Victoria, like a zebra, at about 100 miles an hour. After that I was wrapped completely in the clouds, the tops of the mountains only coming into view now and again. No railway was visible, but I knew now that I was bound almost direct for the coast-line. It was just by chance that I landed at Liverpool later. I didn't know where I was. But I was glad to get out of the machine. My wrists ached through the vibration of the control, and I had travelled 114 miles in one hour 15 minutes.

"At Liverpool, Mr. A. Cloke took me to his house, and I was treated like a prince. Circling the town as I left at 2.5 p.m., I made a detour, passing over Parramatta at an altitude of 10,000 feet, well ahead of time. Arrived over Sydney, I took a trip about the harbor, and finally lowered over the footballers.

"It then rained like fury. I couldn't see anything in a distance. That was why I delayed landing. Below me I soon made out the dense crowds of black people, and I was afraid to

descend until the rain had abated somewhat.

"I did 570 miles in about six hours' actual flying. It is probably a record flight over mountains."

G. Gullaux
 18/7/14



GULLAUX FLIES OVER THE SYDNEY SPORTS GROUND BEFORE ALIGHTING.