



A DAY ON
THE AIRWAY



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FOREWORD

by

SIR ALAN COBHAM,
K.B.E., A.F.C.

THE man-in-the-street to-day looks upon flying as something extraordinary, as a great achievement, but I am convinced that the coming generation will regard flying as but a natural and ordinary means of transport and, further, that the child of to-day will learn to fly just as easily as the youth now learns to ride a bicycle without tuition. It is through the experience of the flying instructors and of the various flying schools throughout the country that the youth of to-day learns flying far more easily and naturally than his elder brother of 10 years ago. Therefore, it is obvious that the great development of aviation will be carried out by the coming generation which will accept the art of flying as a natural thing, rather than a feat.

In the past, and at present, Britain has been a nation of transporters—by means of her sailors and her ships Britain has opened up the trade routes of the world. Consequently, now this new form of transportation has come into being to augment the existing modes by developing speedy mail and passenger services, it is vital that, as we have been supreme on the seas in the past, we must be supreme in the air in the future. The first step towards this aim is to get public support for aviation and the only way we can get public support is to make people think “aviationally” to bring up the coming generation to think in that manner. They must understand the possibilities, the necessities, utilities and beauties of flying. Therefore, I wish Nicolas Sarony & Co., every possible success with “A Day on the Airway.” By issuing their cigarette pictures of aviation, they are not only helping the cause of flying, but they are thereby helping Britain.



This Travel Album is issued without charge to hold a complete set of twenty-five “A Day on the Airway” pictures, as issued with all packings of **Sarony** Virginia Cigarettes, plain or cork tipped.

NICOLAS SARONY & CO.,
NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.



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PICTURES FOR THIS TRAVEL ALBUM ARE ISSUED WITH **Sarony** SILK CUT VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

A DAY ON THE AIRWAY

by

HARRY HARPER

Author of "The Air-Way," "The Steel Construction of Aeroplanes," etc., etc.

THE development of flying as we know it today is well within living memory. The Wright brothers made the first flight in an engine-driven heavier than air machine, and since then the first Channel flight, the first Atlantic flight, the Australian flight and other great achievements have marked man's progress towards mastery of the air. Of no less importance has been the development of commercial aviation as typified in the British organisation, Imperial Airways Ltd. To-day, for business or pleasure, it is possible to fly in safety and comfort to practically any part of Europe. Even the hardened air-traveller would experience a thrill at the thought of accompanying the party of air tourists on the flight about to be described. Every passenger is weighed, as the load carried must conform to official stipulations. Arriving at Croydon, one of the first objects to catch your eye is the control tower which acts as the "hub" of the airway. In a many-windowed chamber at the top sits the Civil Aviation Traffic Officer with a wireless operator in ceaseless touch with machines in flight. Actually, the wireless telephone plays a vital part in the general control and safe working of Imperial Airways. As one example, a pilot who has been for some time above the clouds and is uncertain of his exact position, can call up Croydon and ascertain, after wireless bearings on his machine have been taken by Croydon and Pulham (Norfolk) working in conjunction, precisely the point above which he is flying. An object on the London air-station which always attracts attention is the cone-shaped aerial pilotage light. This provides airmen with a distinctive illuminated sign which, as they approach London after dark, they can pick out from all other lights. Developing 500,000 candle-power the beams shining down upon the cone-shaped structure give the effect of a white triangle visible 25 miles away. In addition, portable flood-lights illuminate the entire alighting ground.

It is now almost time to embark, and drawn up at the departure point stands the splendid "Argosy," one of the latest type of Imperial Airways machines. The power plant of the "Argosy" comprises three motors developing a total of just on 1,200 horse power, while its big saloon seats as many as 20 passengers. When fully loaded the "Argosy" weighs just over eight tons and attains, in ordinary cruising flight, a speed of 100 miles an hour. The advantage of the multi engines is that should one motor give trouble, now a very rare occurrence thanks to mechanical improvements, the machine is able to fly on with its remaining power. Now the party enters the spacious saloon and you are given a softly cushioned, separate armchair seat. On one side of you there is a wide, curtained outlook window and on the other a central, carpeted gangway. Mounted on the front wall are instruments to tell you your height and



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THE map indicates the route taken in the air tour illustrated and described in these pages, starting from Croydon Aerodrome with Amsterdam as the final place of landing. To facilitate reference, it will be found that the numbers marked along the line of flight correspond with the numbering underneath the pictures.



air speed and in the front of the saloon a doorway communicates with the cockpit of pilot and engineer.

From the control tower a signal is given to the pilot that he may begin his flight. Promptly he taxis his machine across the 'drome and brings it into position facing into the wind. Then he opens the throttle of his engine and the big aeroplane runs smoothly along the ground until its speed is sufficient for its curved wings to bear it aloft. Now you realise that you are in flight. The aerodrome buildings appear to slide away below and you catch a glimpse of the word "Croydon" in white letters on the receding flying ground. Croydon itself lies to the left, while behind is the great city of London. Setting his machine on a steady climb, the pilot heads towards the Channel and you survey the passing earth from a bird's-eye point of view. Winding roads look like ribbons, motor cars and trains like tiny mechanical toys. Soon Sevenoaks lies ahead and below there is a wonderful vista of Kent. After Sevenoaks come many hop fields recognisable even from a height by the poles and dark green foliage. And now, only about 45 minutes after leaving Croydon, Folkestone is below and you are about to cross the Channel.

3,000 FEET OVER THE CHANNEL

The terror of sea travellers looks remote and almost insignificant as one rushes above it, 3,000 feet in the air. A glimpse of Beachy Head and the 'plane passes over the Varne lightship. Looking down, often through breaks in a fleecy mass of clouds, tiny black specks, recognised as ships only by the smoke from their funnels and the wake they leave behind, appear far beneath like toy boats on a pond. Devouring distance at 100 miles an hour, the mighty 'plane sweeps forward. Minute by minute the coast of France becomes more and more distinct and soon the famous seaport of Calais lies below, spread out like a natural map. Those dark masses you know to be houses, while the intersecting streets have all the appearance of a web. The docks, so extensive when viewed on land, seem to have been built in miniature as seen from the air. From such a height the citadel and other imposing buildings look nothing more than toy-like. Our pilot follows the sandy coast for a spell, and we pass over Gravelines, then over Dunkirk. A gradual turn inland takes us over a never-to-be-forgotten war area, and away to the right is Poperinghe, dear to the heart of every "Tommy." Seemingly coming towards us is Ypres and in a matter of minutes we are over the area associated so imperishably with the British forces. Below us, replacing the grim devastations of war, lies a panorama of new, fresh-tiled buildings—an amazing spectacle to every man with memories of "The Salient." Clearly we can discern the Grand Place and the reconstruction of the famous 13th century Cloth Hall with its splendid belfry; also the rebuilt 13th century cathedral of St. Martin.

ON TO BRUSSELS

We pass Roulers to the left and Courtrai to the right as the 'plane speeds on to Brussels and it is remarkable to think that we shall be over that town just 2½ hours after leaving Croydon. Soon a clear and impressive view is obtained of the busy Belgian capital with the imposing Palais de Justice dominating the entire city from its position on high ground. You note the beautiful toy-like appearance of the Parc Cinquantenaire, and see the cathedral of St. Michael and other



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imposing buildings clearly defined against the background of houses and streets. Now the pilot steers down to a smooth, perfectly judged landing and the members of the party descend from the saloon, all having excellent appetites for lunch Once again we take our seats in the waiting air express and glide up into space for the next stage of our journey by Imperial Airways. Looking back, Brussels is rapidly receding from view and before very long we are crossing the river Scheldt and passing over Ghent. Speeding on above an ever changing landscape, Bruges is sighted and soon we are flying to the right of this historical old-world town with its multiplicity of canals, ancient buildings and cobbled streets. Even from a height, there is no mistaking the famous belfry set to the side of the market square. With a rhythmical drone of the engines the air express bears us on from Bruges towards the coast. Rapidly approaching Ostend, our first clear view is of the docks, the shipping buildings, railway stations and the fishing harbours. Now almost directly below is the "Vindictive" Memorial, a portion of the famous vessel run in and sunk to block the entrance to Ostend Harbour on May 10th, 1918. The drabness of the commercial side of the town soon gives place to the brightness and magnificence of the sea front and you get a wonderful bird's-eye view of the racecourse, the Casino and the big hotels. From Ostend our pilot follows the Belgian coast, on past Blankenberghe and smaller coastal resorts to Zeebrugge. Looking down you see the long, curved arm of the Mole reaching out to sea 2,000 feet below. Thoughts turn to that magnificent exploit of our naval forces, April 23rd, 1918, when the entrance to the channel leading into the harbour and through to Bruges was completely blocked to the German submarines. History records no finer deed.

FLYING OVER HOLLAND

As the giant 'plane sweeps onward it soon becomes obvious you are no longer over Belgium. Holland's innate tidiness is apparent in the ever moving landscape below; the whole countryside is so orderly, so well ruled out into neat spaces. The Dutch port of Flushing is now almost beneath us and spread out below like a gigantic slow-moving map is the estuary of the Scheldt with the Dutch Islands of Walcheren, Shouwen and Goeree lying out beyond. To the seaward side of the islands, the dykes hold back the North Sea tides and clearly visible is the outline of the huge dyke that stretches from Domburg to West Capelle, where stands the noted lighthouse. A dark blur far ahead, heralds our approach to Rotterdam. Rapidly, the mass takes more definite shape and soon the "Magic Carpet" of Imperial Airways carries us right over this famous Dutch port. Below is the great river Maas and you see at a glance that the main part of Rotterdam is intersected by quays and canals. What a scene of shipping activity! There are the liners of the big steamship companies, the smaller craft, barges and the busy little tugs. Their smoke seems trailing up towards us. Surveying the city, that large Gothic church with the unfinished tower is the Groote Kerke, begun in 1412; and that ten-storied building, the noted Witte Huis. The Maas bridges form another interesting landmark. On towards Amsterdam above a countryside with an appearance that is entirely its own, you are impressed by the extent of the Dutch canal system, while picturesque windmills are dotted about the landscape singly or in groups. Delft is passed and soon we are skirting The Hague and you look down on



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its broad streets and pleasant squares. A very prominent landmark is the famous Palace of Peace built largely at the expense of Andrew Carnegie to house the International Peace Conference and Court of Arbitration. Flying on with the Dutch coastline well in sight, we are soon afforded an excellent aerial view of Scheveningen, the principal bathing resort of Holland. You observe the pier and note the bright, clean buildings of the town. The beach looks delightful as we pass overhead. Droning smoothly forward, the air express passes on, taking us well over Leiden. Beyond is the broad stretch of the Zuider Zee and one feature of the landscape reminds you that not only do the Dutch fight constantly to prevent sea encroachments, but they take steps wherever possible to enlarge their effective areas by a wonderful system of drainage and dykes. You observe the tracts that have been reclaimed from the sea and within the inner dykes new land can be seen in full cultivation. A few more minutes and we are over Amsterdam, described as the "Venice of the North." To us in the 'plane the town appears in the form of a large scale plan, showing at a glance the buildings and numerous canals of the largest city of the Netherlands. The narrow streets, the rose red brick in the old houses, the thronged thoroughfares and the restful waterways, give the city a picturesqueness all its own. Among the buildings that catch the eye are the Royal Palace, the National Museum that holds a priceless collection of Dutch paintings, the Bourse and the Central Station with docks behind.

DOWN TO EARTH

Now the Schiphol Aerodrome lies beneath. The unflinching whir of the engines dies away and the earth seems coming up to meet us. A slight vibration as we touch the ground and the machine speeds across the turf to halt before the hangars. The flight thus completed, is one to live in the memory. Throughout, apart from its fascination and the entirely different aspect of the scenery, is the sense of security and the comfort of the journey. Also, you notice the absence of fatigue; in fact, the swift, easy movement through the pure upper air, produces a feeling of exhilaration. Then and there you make up your mind you *must* fly again.



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