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genügt, um den Flug ohne jeden Höhenverlust durchzuführen, ist ein Alpenflug kein grösseres Risiko mehr, als eine Fahrt mit dem Auto über die Alpenpässe.



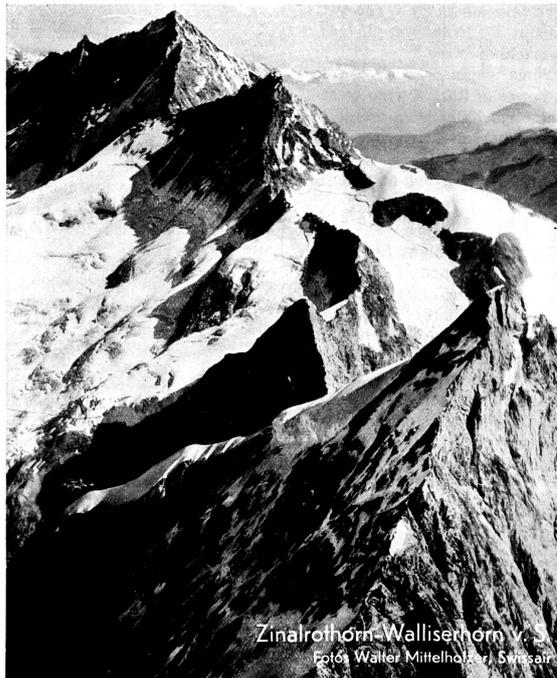
Immer wieder kreisen wir über die gleissenden Gletscherströme und lotrechten Felswände. Menschliches Leben ist nicht zu erspähen. Wo noch die letzten Legföhren und Arven über vorgebauchte Felsvorsprünge klammern, zackenabschüssige Geisspfade zu schmalen Weidestufen und weitzerstrenten, durch Winterschnee schiefgedrückte Heugaden.

Schliesslich müssen wir umkehren und stossen allmählich aus unserer stolzen Höhe von 4500 m. ganz allmählich, sodass es der Passagier kaum fühlt, über die trotzige Gebirgskette der Berneralpen unserem Heimathafen zu. Ueber dunkles Nadelgrün der Tannen und saftige Bergwiesen senken wir uns allmählich in die lieblichen Täler der Aare und der Reuss, schauen über die spiegelblauen Flächen des Vierwaldstätter-Zuger- und Aegerisees hinaus in die fruchtbaren Weiten des Mittellandes. Die Berge



unter uns werden flacher und schon taucht vor uns nach zweistündigem Fluge das Häusermeer Zürichs auf, hinter dessen grünen Hängen wir sanft auf dem Flugfeld Dübendorf landen.

Ein Dutzend froher Menschen, herausgerissen aus dem Alltag, in eine andere, unbekannte Welt, entsteigt der Maschine.



Zinalrothorn-Wallisethorn
Fotos Walter Mittelholzer, Swissair

“Swissair” Machines over London

By ST.

It was a wonderful spring day when we disembarked from the comfortable motor-coach which had taken us from Victoria to the Croydon Aerodrome.

The occasion was the opening of the Zurich-London Air route by the “SWISSAIR” which took place some two months ago. Almost all of our English contemporaries were represented, as well as most of the Tourist companies, and in addition a fair number of my compatriots were present, all in all over a hundred persons, to witness the arrival of the two famous Douglas D.C.2. machines, with which the “SWISSAIR” inaugurated their new Air transit from Zurich-London.

By courtesy of the “SWISSAIR” two of their crack pilots, were put at the disposal of those who wished to get first hand information about some of the latest machines which had been recently acquired by this famous concern. But few missed this chance to have a flight over the heart of London, the first time that aeroplanes bearing our national flag had undertaken such a flight. —

Hardly had we taken our seats when the roar of the powerful engines could be dimly heard,

and the machine taxied across the field to its “taking off” place: a short signal and the engines began to turn at top speed, after a short run the wheels, which I eagerly watched left the ground, and circling over the Aerodrome, we speedily gained height. Those of our friends whom we had left only a few minutes ago, suddenly began to look like little pin heads, higher and higher we climbed, the houses with their thousands and thousands of chimney stacks began to look smaller and smaller, the miles and miles of arterial roads could be clearly detected, they looked like big ribbons enveloping the open space. Little rivers and small lakes glittered in the sun like diamonds.

The first big landmark we could spot was the Crystal Palace, whose thousands of window panes scintillated in the rays of the sun; suddenly through a mist we could see the river Thames appear with its winding courses, and the Houses of Parliament looking like a child's toy. We followed the Thames as far as London Bridge; St. Paul's Cathedral, the Bank and various railway stations and the docks loaded with vessels were clearly discernable. In the distance one could see Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens appearing like small green patches; the Battersea Power

station with its large chimney stacks presented an imposing sight; as far as the eye could see nothing but houses upon houses presenting a rather drab appearance. A little tap on the back made me look round, it was the wireless operator who asked me to come into the pilot's cabin; the numerous instruments made a most impressive show and many of their uses were explained to me, I was also informed that we were travelling at a speed of 185 m.p.h. at a height of 3,500 feet. I felt as if in a dream, what a wonderful job these pilots have, I thought on leaving the cabin, to glide through the ether, heavenwards far above the turmoil of a large city, unhampered by Belisha Beacons and Police traps in the glorious freedom of the air.

But there was not time for such reflections, already in the distance one could see the control tower of the Croydon Air port, the engines began to slacken and within a few minutes we landed again at the aerodrome after a flight which alas did not last long enough. It was certainly an experience which will leave behind vivid memories, and later on when we were royally entertained at the Air Port Hotel, experiences amongst the numerous passengers were enthusiastically exchanged.