



“The Examiner” takes a Flight to Flinders Island

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FLINDERS ISLAND BY AIR

SCENIC ATTRACLCTIONS OF ROUTE

The following account by one who has journeyed to Flinders island by the aerial service that Mr. L M Johnson is conducting with a Desoutter cabin monoplane (Miss Flinders), gives an impression of the many unique scenic wonders that are revealed to the aerial traveller during the course of the flight.

Fog Does Not Interfere

The morning of May 6 proved that a foggy day in Launceston does not necessarily mean that aerial transport to Flinders island is held up. While on our way to and well this side of Western Junction, the country was clear. Upon arrival it was found that the aerodrome was quite sunny. The Desoutter, standing on the field, was with her engine gently purring awaiting her passengers and freight.

Above the Clouds

There were low-lying clouds above Mount Barrow and Mount Arthur, over which we were soon flying. Through the last of the fog the tops of the hills could be seen like rocks in a foaming sea of surf and the filial wisps scudded past like spectral wraiths, leaving the cultivated fields standing out vividly green. Further on the Esk River was seen winding in and out through thickly timbered undulating hills. Then we rose above the clouds which lay like a soft white blanket over Mount Barrow, by this time the 'plane having climbed to 1000 ft. Nothing could now be seen but rolling banks of grey shadowed clouds beneath a delicately tinted sunlit sky, truly a wonderful experience looking down instead of up at the soft mass. The sight (save one a peculiarly dissociated and remote sensation), which grew stronger until suddenly Cape Barren, Clarke, and Flinders islands appeared silhouetted in the distance with remarkable clearness, considering that we were then still about 70 miles distant over Scottsdale, to be exact, whose main roads light just be seen in glimpses through the clouds.

Over the Coastline

Shortly after this, with Bridport to the left, the 'plane cleared the clouds and the sea lay ahead in a golden wash of sunshine, with the long curves of Ringarooma and Anderson bays in the near distance, into which Cape Port land and Waterhouse Island jutted in graceful lines. Nearing the coastline, the three Islands stood out in very picturesque fashion lying as they were, in a smooth sunlit sea. Looking down over Boobyalla a wonderful colour effect was given by the water at the beach edge, which was a very deep blue and brilliant jade green, with a feathery light surf edge, foaming on to the white sand.



Possible Camping Grounds

Swan Island, to the right of Cape Portland, suggested fascinating possibilities for a camping spot with its series of curving beaches; Ideal, one would say, for swimming and fishing. The lighthouse could be seen on the furthest joint of the Island. The whole coastline of the mainland Seen from here was exceptionally beautiful with its continuous white ribbon of beaches as far as the eye could reach. Here the water was different in colour, being deep bottle green and the same gorgeous jade in alternating patches and streaks.

Over the Sea

During the next ten minutes there was only the sea beneath us, with the Kent group just visible on the skyline, to the north-west. Small rocky islets were dotted about, and around each the clear colours land curling foam gave it fairylike appearance. Then we were over Cape Barren Island, with its rugged outline and rocky plains. The half-caste settlement on this island gave the impression of a handful of small houses dropped at random.

Flinders front the Air

It seemed just a stone's throw from Clark to Flinders Island, with Mount Strezlecki raising its rocky head above the very green surrounding plateau. A fire, the smoke of which indicated the direction of the wind, was lit in the centre of the aerodrome, which is two miles on the Tasmanian side of Whitemark.

We circled over the peaceful township s with its glorious sea front, and we returned to the landing ground, where several residents awaited their copy of "The Examiner", by which they are now in touch with the world's doings only a couple of hour later than their city cousins, instead of a week or so previously.

The Return Flight

We picked tip the return passengers at the 'drome; a lady and her little boy, who were residents of Great Dog island. What it a wonderful thing for these people this new service is. The trip back was equally smooth and magnificent; the clouds above Scottsdale were breaking up into a series of drifting rifts, and it gave a much greater effect of height when looking down at the earth through these holes and cracks than if there bud been no clouds at all.

Back at Western Junction

We were back at the Western Junction aerodrome at 13.20 p.m., and but for the lasting impression of the magnificent series of scenic pictures one would almost imagine the distance travelled a dream.

A Tourist Trip

I think the Flinders air trip should be put seriously before tourists as being unique in its time-saving and its embracing compass of panoramic views.