

In the uncertain light of dawn nine planes lined up ~~far~~ at Portsmouth for the great take-off --- the £10,000 air race to Johannesburg. First casualty was Lieutenant Booth who came down in Bavaria but soon after, at Belgrade, the fancied South African Major Miller ~~was shot down and killed~~ ^{went out.} ~~Belgrade~~ Next out of the gruelling race was Victor Smith --- Unlucky Smith whose ill-luck dogged him still, while at Cairo Tom my Rose came to grief. Racing on to Khartoum Captain ^{Halse} who started from scratch fought out a speed duel with Flying Officer Clouston. In the later stages Halse left his rivals many hours behind as he hurtled on to Mbeya. ~~But fagged out and suffering from sickness through the bumpy conditions~~ ^{But} ~~Halse~~ crashed ~~near~~ ^{near} Salisbury --- only six hundred and fifty miles from his goal and his prize. On to Johannesburg --- city of gold mines ^{and fame} ~~and now the city of fame~~ --- David Llewellyn and C.W.A. Scott were racing neck and neck --- nearing the end of a 6,000-mile flight that tested the stoutest of machines and men. On to Johannesburg for a greeting by thousands of spectators at the journey's end.