

## EDDIES.

It was extremely good news to learn that M. Eugene Gilbert, the famous French aviator, had succeeded in passing the frontier of Switzerland into his own country. It may be recalled that some little time ago the opinion was expressed in "Eddies" that Gilbert would in all probability have to give his word of honour not to attempt to escape, and that therefore his fellow pilot Garros, who is a prisoner of war with the Germans, was in a way better off, as he would at least be free to attempt to escape should the opportunity present itself. According to the *Daily Mail's* Paris correspondent, Gilbert was on parole the first part of his captivity. Later this was withdrawn, and hence he has been justified in successfully making his way back to his beloved France. Perhaps some day Garros may have equally good fortune, who knows?

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I captured a joke the other day from one of the really good sort who never mind telling a joke even when the laugh is against themselves. The centre scene was a Zeppelin raid some time ago. When the bombs began to fall around, my friend, who was meandering down the particular street favoured by the nocturnal visitors, noticed a standard carrying a small cluster of electric lights, which was uncomfortably close to a point that might quite conceivably be one of the objects of the raid.

Confusion, more or less acute, had taken charge of the locality, and good intentions, having as their object the extinction of these lights, were frustrated by reason of nobody being able to find the switch for these particular lights. As the bombs dropped ever closer, the candle power of the bulbs seemed to my nervous friend to increase all out of reason. By shouting long enough and loud enough someone was at last induced to bring a ladder, which willing hands steadied while the hero of my story raced, or rather tried to race, up towards the cluster of lights that winked mockingly at his efforts. In his excitement he did not notice that the second rung of the ladder was missing, and repeatedly put his foot on a step that "wasn't there." For a moment he thought that he must have cold feet to such an extent that he could not even climb a ladder, until he discovered the true cause of his troubles. After that it did not take him long to get to the top, but, as luck would have it, just as he put out his hand to unscrew the bulbs, the light went out. Someone had muddled on to the switch at last!

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Going for a little spin at Hendon on his new 45 h.p Anzani-Caudron the other day, Hall, finding his machine in perfect trim, and his engine pulling like a crack tug-of-war team, could not resist the temptation of settling to his own satisfaction the question whether or not his



**CANADIANS LEARN TO FLY IN THE UNITED STATES.**—So many Canadians are desirous of learning to operate aeroplanes for war service that the aviation schools in Canada cannot accommodate all of them. Many are being instructed in the United States. The above group, photographed in front of a Thomas warplane at Ithaca, N. Y., includes (left to right) Frank McGill, 100-yard and 1-mile Canadian swimming champion; George Hodgson, 100-yard Olympic swimming champion; Frank Burnside, the instructor in aviation at the Thomas School; Phillip Fisher and Hugh Peck.