

THE HAZARD

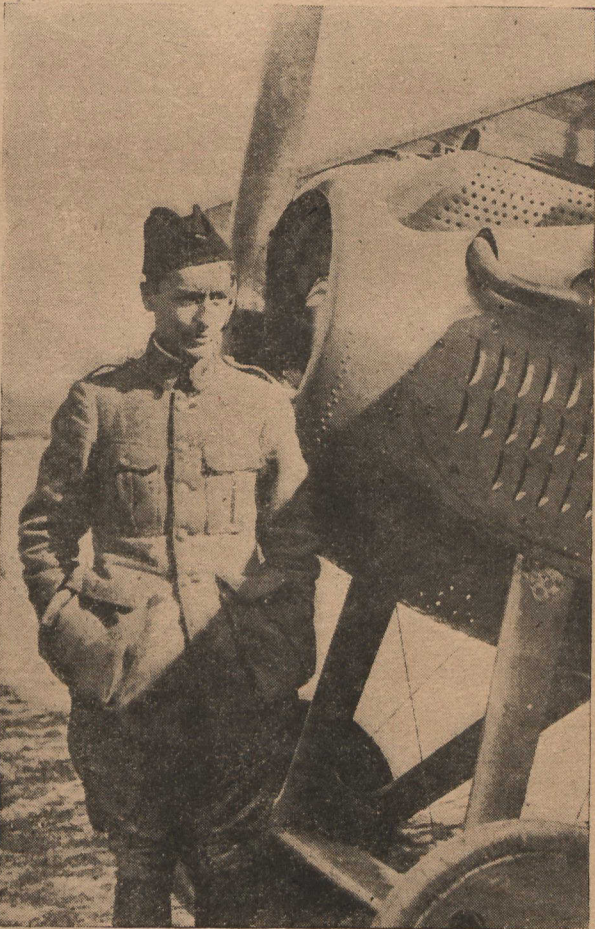
WHO among men anywhere in all time ever met more of the Hazard than Guynemer, the great French aviator who was "got" a few days ago by the Germans? Whether he was killed or made captive, nobody outside of Germany knows as yet. But he is gone from France, the man who holds the greatest record of daring deeds in the air and enemy planes shot down. He shot down 52 German machines; a lad of 21; two years ago a simple soldier—and since that time winning all the honours possible for France to bestow.

A fellow-ace, says a contemporary, relates an incident of Guynemer. On one occasion they went up together in a plane, Guynemer as pilot and his companion as photographer. The last thing Guynemer said before they ascended was, "Old fellow, I give you warning. To-day I dodge no shells. To-day is my anniversary." They went up and the Germans recognized him, a simple matter, according to the ace, because Guynemer flew like no other aviator. The shells began to burst round him. They came in a circle, gradually lessening as they got the range. The account continues: "He did not move. He kept on the course and I took the photographs. At last I report that I have enough, but he asks me to take some photographs of the puffy clouds around our plane. And when this is done he starts home, but turns again and does a spiral, I do not know how many times, right over one of the batteries."

A WELL-DRESSED crowd loves a hazard as well as anything. The crowd shown below are watching one thing; wondering if the young lady riding the steeplechase over yonder will not be thrown off and in need of first aid. Of course she was not. She leads enough of a charmed, and perhaps charming, life to be President of the Open-Air, Hunt Club, Red Cross Horse Show, held a week ago at the Woodbine race-track oval in Toronto.



A CARPING critic alleges that this picture of the juggler and the bottle is upside down; that the juggler has nothing to do with The Hazard. But first of all, the man is a real juggler, 40 H.-F. Zarma, a music-hall artist now making munitions. But jugglers often fool us. Zarma may not have been a hazardist at all. Of course the idea we are supposed to get is that the bottle is holding him up and that he is passing the balls over and under his legs at the same time. Now, of course, no bottle ever really supported a man; hence prohibition. Having made that clear, let us prove that Zarma is not



juggling at all. Turn the picture upside down and at once you see that he sat on something which the artist painted away on the photograph and afterwards faked in the scenery at the top. In that case all he had to do was to look hazardous and support the bottle upside down, while he passed the balls over and under his legs. "Impossible!" says the defence. "His trousers sag."

"But he had them wired." "His shirt sags also." "Ah! wires there, too." Hopeless disagreement. The case is decided otherwise. Simple enough. Don't you see that the bottle is nearly full of ginger ale. Enough said.

WE shall never decide who are the most heroic soldiers among the Allies, but there's only one guess as to which army has the greatest hazards. The Italian. They fight like air-men among the clouds. Many photographs of the superbly impossible have been published. Here is one of the most interesting and spectacular. Here is a staircase which reaches 2,000 metres up the side of a mountain to the Tafana. Now, a metre is 39.37 inches. Multiply this by 2,000 and you have precious near a mile and a half for that dizzy staircase in the snow, up which an army went during a recent drive on the Isonzo—which was far below. Wherefore we conclude that the Italian engineers must have studied the way Wolfe got his men up to the Plains of Abraham



NEVER before, so far as is known, has Generalissimo Petain been shown pinning on decorations for hazards undertaken by other people. Here he is decorating one of the nurses in the French hospital at Dagny. This hospital was bombarded by the Germans. The nurses preferred the hazard to safety. They stayed with the wounded soldiers, doing all they could to protect the patients. And to be decorated so by Gen. Petain was worth the hazard.

