

"AIR PORPOISE,"

GUILLAUX AT FREMANTLE.

WHY FRENCHMEN FLY WELL.

FREMANTLE, Thursday.

Maurice Guillaux, aviator, is an air porpoise. That is to say, he delights to gambol and gyrate among the air waves, dipping here, diving there, and slipping in all sorts of hair-raising manners. The little Frenchman takes what must be called a fiendish glee in diving through space with his Bleriot machine perpendicular; and it is said that he cannot eat breakfast unless he takes a constitutional in the shape of "loop the loop." Certain it is that he finds a few side-slips before lunch are better appetisers than a dozen gin and bitters. In a sentence, he is the greatest modern trickster of the higher altitudes.

A press representative interviewed him on board the *Orontes*, and felt at once that he typified the volatile, agile, highly-tensed Frenchman. He is a little dapper, dark man, and a pair of steadfast-looking black eyes act as a stabiliser to an immobile, sensitive set of features.

The first question he was asked was, "Why are the French, as aviators, the best in the world?"

Mr. L. Maistre, who is travelling with M. Guillaux, and who represents the Gnome Engine Co., provided what appeared to be a most feasible answer. "The French are more nimble," said he; "they respond to the feel of the air quicker, their nerves are on wires, so to speak, and they are ready at any moment to respond to the vagaries of the wind or the machine."

M. Guillaux was asked whether he would fly from Melbourne to Sydney, or vice versa, and he said he would if some newspaper or public institution provided inducement. He wanted to fly in Sydney, as he heard that flying conditions were most favorable there. He was loud in his praises of young Hawker, whom he regards as a very fine aviator.