Letters From the Front

THRILLING EXPERIENCES IN AMBULANCE SERVICE

Thrilling experiences have fallen to the lot of Meade D. Detweiler, now with the Ambulance Corps in France. He tells of them in a letter to his mother, Mrs. Bertha H. Detweiler, 23 S. Front street.

Detweiler has been present at many interesting scenes. He has seen two aeroplanes meet in midair and fall a thousand feet to the ground. His present headquarters is in an old church where bodies of dead soldiers are held waiting identification. He has been honored by his captain and has visited many places made famous by the battle of the Marne. In his letter he states that the average American does not fully realize the terrors of this war. His letter is as follows:

Neuilly-sur-Seine, France,
Sept. 29, 1917.

Mother Dearest:

I have just returned to Paris after spending two weeks along the so-called front, and I am glad to get here for a rest before going back again for another stay, which comes in about ten days. I have seen all kinds of sights but the worst was when two aeroplanes met 1,200 feet in the air and came crashing down. I had to help load the two dead men in my ambulance and such a mess you never saw. I shall tell you about it later but want to start from the beginning and follow each day in my diary.

Honored by Captain.

On Monday morning a section of ambulances were to be ready to leave for ———— and, of course, we were all glad to go, for the life here is the same and we all wanted a change. I worked on my machine all day Monday and succeeded in putting it in fine running order for the trip. Monday at 7 a. m. our mob got together and the French Captain, who was to have charge of the section gave us a short talk. I was surprised to find that just a few moments before starting, the Captain was to ride with me and that meant that our car was to go first, incidentally leading the convoy. We had a long drive taking our luncheon at a little cafe in a small town many miles from Paris. We continued until we reached our destination just a little before dark. I was anxious to know what kind of a place we were to be quartered in, and I found out.

I was especially interested in the small villages we passed through and to see how everyone came running out to see the "American men and American cars" passing. The houses appeared to be very much neglected and worn, yet in all the villages in France one sees the same condition everywhere. The fields were especially bautiful, many covered with the well-known poppies which one sees blooming profusely everywhere through the country. Women and children were doing most of the work, and I was surprised to find an old man of 82 years of age, pushing a wheelbarrow along the road. It seems a crime—but a necessity.

New Headquarters Reached.

Soon we pulled up to an old shattered building at ———, our headquarters and later on I discovered the building had been at one time before the war, an old church—during the war converted into a small hospital and was now our headquarters. Our machines were left parked in the yard and we unloaded the supplies—gasoline, oil, clothes, etc. We were taken in a small door which looked as though it had been in some underground cellar of the church here, where we were to make our abiding place for a time. Beds made of all kinds of things were placed along the sides of the walls in rows—and you should have seen the walls of the old place—it was the dampest (and the word that sounds like that) that I have ever seen. A few basins were at the end and the water all on the floor. I just thought can anyone live in here without taking cold in five hours? The Captain had his quarters in the same room, all alike with the exception of a small board partition we put up around his bed. I was allotted a "bed" and decided, as did all the section, not to unpack, for our few clothes would soon be too damp to wear. I noticed rather a strange odor and decided to investigate and learn the cause—perhaps dead rats—and to my surprise I found that in the room adjoining ours there were "a few dead soldiers" and upon inquiring was told that their bodies were being kept for identification. Think of it—I discovered them by going in the dark room and tripping over the body of one—a pleasant sensation. Magazines, months old, were on a small table and one soon learned that one was far from civilization. It was soon time to retire and what fun to get into a stretcher covered with a damp robe. I was so sleepy that I soon forgot everything.

At first I thought that the sound of the guns would keep me awake, but one must adjust themselves to all kinds of conditions—consequently we were all soon fast asleep. About 4 a. m. I was awakened—the room was so foggy I believe I could "cut it with a knife"—got up, put on my wet clothes, for I found it impossible to keep things dry even in a "daffle bag"——and I sat down to a delicious (?) breakfast of bread and wine.

All day we evacuated a post and some machines took patients from a hospital to one farther back. It was a new experience for me to drive directly back of guns that kept exploding all day long and the loudest things ever. A few boche aeroplanes hovered over the place and it was a great game to speculate on just where the next bomb would explode.

The roads were rather poor and full of holes, but I found that the best thing to do was to keep traveling. I might add that gas masks are a very handy article to possess—when you see a certain signal given you realize a cloud of gas is coming your way.

Inspects Aviation Camp

The water supply is never used, consequently you rarely see it. The French drink Pinard (wine) and it is served in all the canteens. It is a very cheap wine and a little sour, but one has become accustomed to it. I have gone many days without seeing a drop of H-2-O fit to drink. Think of it—one longs for our dear Susquehanna. Most of the wines are more expensive and preferable than Pinard. The days go on just the same, but I had the opportunity of going to a small aviation headquarters one day and accepted—it was there I saw the way two human lives cn be taken in less than 25 seconds. At 6 a. m. I started from one post and was at the aviation headquarters by 7. I noticed quite a few planes in the air as I approached the place—they were practicing all kinds of stunts. After parking my car near the hangars, for it was my duty to stay here all day to carry any man that might have an accident to the hospital, I passed a successful morning and was invited to dine with three of the lieutenants. We were seated in a small room around a table constructed of rough boards with a bench on either side. The luncheon consisted of soup, bread, Pinard and some very dark meat (not horse this time) and chese. A small fellow with one eye was the cook. Everything tasted very good. My mentioning the one-eyed cook was merely to show you how men unable for active service in the trenches could be used—I had a bottle of white wine with me, which I had bought at the small town of ——— where we stayed—I opened it for my comrades. They were all much pleased and appreciated it greatly, for it was a great treat for them at this time. They insisted on keeping it for the last course—the cheese. After I gave each one a glass, and as quickly as I had filled the last glass they were all on their feet toasting to America. After luncheon I inspected the large guns in the various machines, was shown one of the headquarters of the men. There was a long abri alongside the hangar where the men could go for safety when the boche planes came for a raid. Large searchlights were located in different places for use at night and many anti-aircraft guns were here and there. I was taken in the room where photos were kept which the French pilots had taken when flying over the German trenches.

Witnesses Midair Collision.

It was interesting to see the many different pictures of the locations of the boche artillery and supply camps. The pictures are unusually clear although taken from a high altitude. The afternoon soon passed and I was congratulating myself on having such a successful day for no one had been injured—I said that just a little too soon—for not more than one-quarter of a mile way I saw two aeroplanes—flying dangerously near each other, practicing the "side rising dive" which is used when fighting the boche planes. They ascend far into the air, suddenly drop sideways for a distance, straighten out and fly speedily along. The second time for some unknown reason the two planes came together and backed planes. We all knew what was to follow and it did—both planes came to earth flopping like leaves. They landed in a field about a quarter of a mile from when I was stationed. A man jumped on the front seat with me and off we went, across the fields in my ambulance as fast as I could get the old car to go. The sight we beheld was awful. Quite a few farmers had gathered around the wreck before we arrived and had taken the aviators out of the wreckage placing them on the ground.

Horrible Sights.

They were the worst mangled human beings I ever hope to see. As the engines are located in the back of the machine, they fell on top of the aviators. The one poor fellow had no foot on his left leg, and the bone of his left leg was sticking out through the flesh, his face was slashed so that it hung over his ears and he was blood from head to foot. I had to put him on a stretcher—a terrible ordeal, I never hope to pass through again. The other fellow was badly mangled, but I shall tell no more for I know how very much you dislike these things. To be frank, I have not written many of my experiences for I realize how you dislike all suffering and consequently I shall just tell a few. Very few of the fellows ever talk about their experiences, one goes about his work mechanically and tries to do his duty. It almost seems impossible for two lives to pass away so quickly as these two men and yet in larger aviation camps the average is very high. I took a few photos of the experiences to show you I am not just "talking" for you people in America can read about these things happening and say, "Is that so?" "How terrible."

Speaking of photos my little camera has been working finely and I have taken many, many pictures. I returned to camp headquarters safely and never shall forget the day I spent at the Aviation Camp as Ambulancier. Before we left I planned a little trip with one of the fellows to enjoy a two days' visit at Meaux—which is near the towns that played a prominent part in the "Battle of the Marne." I consulted my friend the Captain and he said he would be glad to give me an "order of movement" to go to Meaux. Now please get your map and follow me on the trip.

Visits City of Meaux.

We stationed our cars at Couilly and went to Meaux. The first day we inspected the town seeing all to be seen and I spent a lot of time in the old Cathedral—a quaint, beautiful building— dates back to the thirteenth century, having for its bishop—Bossnet. From the outside the interior is wonderfully decorated, the old rose window is equally as attractive as Notre Dame.

The old mills at the lower end of the town were quaint old places. The canal runs along small store houses, some of which were built directly across the water. Quite a few soldiers were in a large barracks there and I can readily picture how the villagers felt when the boche came within a few miles of their town.

On the morning of the second day we planned to go to "le de champ-Fleury," the farm where von Kluck had his headquarters when the boche expected to take Paris, but were driven back by the army Marshal Joffre commanded. We mapped our plans and found we had 18 miles to walk, as it was a place worth seeing, we did not object to the distance—use your maps, please,——started at 9 o'clock a. m., walked to Panchard, a small town outside of Meaux, from here on for the rest of the trip there had been fighting and we noticed single graves of men who had owned the farms and were buried in their own fields with just a wooden cross to mark the head of the graves.

Journeys to Chambry.

Contiuing on to Chambry (I may mention these town as they are not near the front) and there saw the small town which had been terribly shelled. Many of the houses had been rebuilt, but many are in ruins. Our next stop was Barcy and here we noticed quite a number of old, destroyed houses—being lunch-time we stopped at a little cafe to buy some eats. The waitress told us she could not sell soldiers any food and this seemed strange to us for as yet we knew no reason for it. We found a small grocery store and there bought two cans of sardines, some sweet cakes and a hunk of breatl,—quite a mixed lunch, but we were fortunate to get what we did. About halfway between Barcy and le de champ-Fleury (our next stop) we saw a rather large monument erected to the "dead of both towns." The monument was covered with wreaths made of beads—several elderly women were sitting at the base of it, dressed in deep black—a custom followed to visit frequently this place. A little further on down the road as we marched along, we noticed old trenches and dugouts, consequently we felt quite sure we were nearing the farm—our main object of the trip. Thick barbed wire entanglements were on both sides of the road and it was not long until we saw a large farm located on the top of a hill directly in front of us. On nearing the hill we saw many boche prisoners working in the fields, apparently quite happy. We met a French soldier at the gate who invited us to "look over" the place—after talking for a few moments with the Frenchman, he called a German prisoner in to see us. The very first thing the German asked was "How many Americans are there in France?" Of course we saw it was a good thing to exaggerate and the poor old fellow was amazed at the figure we gave him.

Buildings Ruined.

The French soldier took us all through the farmhouse and farm which von Kluck used during his stay in France. We saw the rooms which had been torn up and left in a deplorable condition and on the wall he left a note which read something like this: "Why did you leave so soon? We could have played billiards for a bottle of wine—since you did not stay to wait on us, we leave your house in this condition—all goes in war." The old billiard table was shot through and full of holes, and the walls nothing but fragments of stone.

Continuing the journey we arrived after a long hike, at Mancilly, military headquarters, a barracks. Was intensely interested to observe how is the French conduct their affairs militaire—continuing our journey to St. Soupplets where we boarded a train and returned to Couilly just as the sun was sinking in the west. A glorious sight to behold. Tired? Well, I was nearly dead for we were on our feet most of the time and it happened to be a hot day. I surely am glad I had the opportunity to take that trip for it brings the "Battle of the Marne" so much more clearly in my mind and I tried not to miss any of the important places.

Enjoys Work.

I am well and enjoy the work, although not the most cheerful time there is. I have so many "liquid fire" cases to handle and you know they are the worst kind.

The army has full charge here now and soon the volunteer system will be at an end. The position I have had was a great one and covered much territory. It gave me the opportunity of covering a wide scope of duties. I have had Paris service, field service and evacuation service from hospitals in the district directly behind the front. I feel that my three months here have been an experience that I shall never forget and I am going to do my volunteer service until the end. France is in need of all the help she can possibly get and I do think every one should do their part.

We are going to have another cold winter here as you know coal is scarce which makes it even harder.

I am sorry I could not send you a letter last week but it was impossible to reach any mailing station. This letter explains just what has happened. I am feeling fine and am as contented as I can be under the circumstances. Remember me to all inquiring friends and with best wishes to you all trusting the "pounding of the cannons in the distance" will soon cease, I am, Your son, MEADE.

PROF. ALLER IN CHARGE

Dillsburg, Pa., Oct. 23.—Prof. Paul P. Aller, who has enlisted in the service of the government, while awaiting a call, has accepted a position at Gettysburg under the auspices of the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension of the Methodist Church. The Sunday school room of the local church has been fitted up for use of the boys in the training camp and Prof. Aller is in charge.

POTATOES MUST BE MARKETED

Food Situation Such That Farmers and Public Will Both Lose by Delay

Farmers who are in touch with market conditions are taking advantage of the present desire on the part of the consumer to lay in the winter supply of potatoes. These observing producers are marketing at least half of their crop.

For the past thirty days householders have been purchasing enough potatoes to carry the mthrough the winter. The fact that this movement has begun about a month earlier than usual would seem to indicate that the storage demand may be met by the first of December and possibly by the middle of November.

The Food Supply Department of Public Safety advises that the tme to sell potatoes is when the movement into storage is taking place. For instance, if the demand in a certain community is 100 bushels a day and that supply is not forthcoming and the people consume other foods, the demand for that 100 bushels is lost forever. If this continues for any length of time, there would be a glut in the spring. This would mean low prices and also a large number of potatoes wasted by spoiling.

This is the logical time, therefore, regardless of price, for farmers to dispose of half or all of their crop. While an unusual food condition may result in a higher market in the spring, yet the reverse may happen. The farmer who meets the demand when the householder is willing to stock up not only saves cost of storage and handling, but escapes losses through sweating, shrinkage in weight and decay. He also gets his cash in hand early.

If at least fifty per cent. of the potatoes raised this season in Pennsylvania were transferred from the farm to the cellars of consumers, the producers would be very apt to benefit through increased consumption and there would remain fifty per cent. to be disposed of later in the season. In other words, by selling just now when all conditions are favorable the big potato crop of Pennsylvania would be wisely distributed and there would be little or no waste due to poor storage, lack of storage or freezing.

Transportation facilities are not going to improve during the winter. Already there is a shortage of cars and with a growing demand for rolling stock for government uses there is a possibility that the farmers will find it difficult to move potatoes during the midwinter.

The thing that the food administrators of the various states want to avoid is food hoarding. If there is a long delay in getting the potato crop to the market the public will consume provisions that need to be conserved and next spring may find the farmers with a large supply of potatoes on hand to be disposed of at low prices.

Potato prices in various sections are the result of supply and demand. Market prices are made in the large cities. In nearby sections the cost of freight is added. In the producing centers the farmer is entitled to the price that he would receive from the commission man plus the commission and an extra charge for delivering five or ten-bushel lots.

There should be good feeling between producers and consumers and in all cases it should be remembered that the price is fixed by the cities. Producers may keep in touch with the market and the prices that obtain by applying to the Bureau of Markets, Washington, D. C., for daily quotations.

TROLLEY CAR ON FIRE

Dillsburg, Pa., Oct. 23.—On Saturday morning when the trolley men arrived to get the car for the 5.20 run they found the car on fire. It had been used in the rain on Friday evening and it is possible that the dampness effected the current and caused the fire. The Cumberland Valley Railroad sent a steam car as soon as possible, but the 5.20 run could not be made. The steam car made the 6.55 run and continued running till afternoon. The Valley Traction Company sent several men to repair the car.

Ex-Member of Legislature Shot in Face While Hunting

East Prospect, Pa., Oct. 23—Speaker Richard J. Baldwin, of the House of Representatives, was a member of the hunting party in this vicinity on Saturday, in which his host, ex-Assemblyman Robert S. Frey, of the Second York county district, was hit in the left cheek near the eye with a stray shot from a gun that had been discharged by William Ilgenfritz, a York automobile dealer. Mr. Ilgenfritz was also a member of the party, and up to the time the slight accident occurred they were having good luck, with a dozen birds to their credit. The shot was a stray one, as Mr. Frey was well out of range and a considerable distance from where Mr. Ilgenfritz was standing. The pellet penetrated the flesh. The three immediately hurried to the office of Dr. N. Allen Overmille, at East Prospect, where the wound was given surgical attention.

PRESIDENT OF CLASS

Dillsburg, Pa., Oct. 23.—Roderic W. Cook, son of C. E. Cook, of Warrington township, who is attending Gettysburg College as a freshman, has been elected president of his class.

Combing Won't Rid Hair Of Dandruff

The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

Do this to-night, and by morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop at once, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and never fails to do the work.

Every package—every tablet of Genuine Aspirin bears

"The Bayer Cross—" "Your Guarantee of Purity"

There is and has been Only One True Aspirin

Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin

"The trade-mark "Aspirin" (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) is a guarantee that the monoaceticacidester of salicylicacid in these tablets is of the reliable Bayer manufacture.

Hypoferrin FOR BETTER NERVES

Better nerves—better health. For the run-down, tired, weak and worn. HYPOFERRIN Tablets furnish the nerve food that Nature has denied you. A single day's treatment often produces remarkable results.—$1.00 per package, 6 packages for $5.00 from your Druggist, or direct from us if he cannot supply you. Sold only on the condition that we refund your money if you are not pleased with HYPOFERRIN results. The Sentanel Remedies Company, Inc., Masonic Temple, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Four Final Days of Kaufman's Birthday Sale

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday

Four Great Record-Breaking Bargain Days

The important thing in these days of constantly increasing prices, is to get VALUE for your money, and this advertisement is to tell you why you can get the BEST VALUE at Kaufman's.

Because when you buy at Kaufman's—

You buy from the only UNDERSELLING department store in Harrisburg and get the benefit of our famous underselling prices. You are sure, therefore, of getting better merchandise than any other store can afford to give for the same price. You can make your selection from a tremendous stock of fresh, dependable merchandise for home or personal wear.

In short, Kaufman's is the store where you get just what you want for less money than you'd have to pay elsewhere. Why not attend these closing Anniversary Sale days, and be convinced?

AT KAUFMAN'S

More Record-Breaking 12th Anniversary Values in Women's and Misses' Suits and Coats

Women's and Misses' New Fall SUITS $15.00

Women's and Misses' New Fall SUITS $20.00

Women's and Misses' New Fall SUITS $24.75

Women's and Misses' New Fall SUITS $29.50

Women's and Misses' New Fall SUITS UP TO $50.00

Women's and Misses' New Fall COATS $10.00

Women's and Misses' New Fall COATS $15.00

Women's and Misses' New Fall COATS $20.00

Women's and Misses' New Fall COATS $24.50

Women's and Misses' New Fall COATS UP TO $50.00

ALL ALTERATIONS FREE OF CHARGE

By our corps of expert tailors and skilled fitters.

SECOND FLOOR

AT KAUFMAN'S

MEN!

Men's & Young Men's Suits and Overcoats $12.25

Wonderful stylish belted English and conservative models. The materials are: Blue serge, fine worsteds, all-wool cheviots and cassimeres. Neat checks and stripes. All finely trimmed and tailored.

Men's & Young Men's Suits and Overcoats $14.95

Every new Fall model to choose from. Well-made and stylish suits, in the very newest Norofik, belted and conservative models for neat dressers. Every wanted pattern, neat stripes, checks and plain material.

Men's & Young Men's Suits and Overcoats $16.50

Finest hand-tailored garments, guaranteed fast color and made of all-wool material. Belted models, pinch back models, English models, and t, stish conservative models. Blue serges, fancy ...imeres.

First Floor, Front

AT KAUFMAN'S

In the Bargain Basement

Lace and scrim curtains, plain and Dutch effects, 2¼ yards long. Pair, 98c to $1.98

RUGS

Reversible wool fiber rugs, 9x12 ft. $5.95

$13.50 wool fiber rugs, 9x12 ft. extra good quality. Special, $10.95

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Heavy, durable, long-wear rugs.

SPECIAL $5 PLAID BLANKETS

An exceptional purchase of 60 per cent. Fine wool. Pair $3.95

Blue and White, Pink and White, Gray and White, Tan and White

Gray Cotton Blankets for Bed Sheets

$1.75 value, 60x76 in. Pair, $1.39.

$1.98 value, 64x76 in. Pair, $1.59.

$2.50 value, 66x80 in. Pair, $1.79.

$2.69 value, 72x80 in. Pair, $1.98.

WOOL NAP PLAID BLANKETS

A good assortment of colors in beautiful plaids. Standard size. Special, a pair, $3.49

SLIGHTLY IMPERFECT WOOL BLANKETS at big reductions, in plaid, white and gray; all good and heavy—10-4, 11-4 and 12-4 sizes. $2.95 to $4.95 a pr.

BED SPREADS

$1.25 Hemmed Crochet Bed Spreads, full size. Special 97c

$1.69 Hemmed Bed Spreads, good quality and size. Special $1.49

COMFORTABLES

Good heavy Bed Comforts, covered with silkoline... $2.69

Fine large Bed Comforts in light and dark colorings .. $2.95

Panel lace curtains in white and ecru, one used to a window, 85c to 98c

LINOLEUM

50c new process linoleum, full 2 yards wide; 30 patterns in the wood and geometrical designs; perfect goods. Square yard, 45c

$1.25 Inlaid Linoleum, 2 yards wide. Square Yard 98c

Anniversary Specials

Men's Sweaters

Made of a heavy, durable weave, so it will insure serviceable wear. An assortment of plain colors, comprising blue, garnet and gray, "V" and "roll neck" collars—trimmed with pockets. All sizes. Worth $2.50. $1.59 FIRST FLOOR

Girls' Dresses

A very pretty selection of all the new Fall styles in plain and plaid serge and corduroy dresses, trimmed with white and dark colors. Sizes range from 8 to 14 years, but not all sizes in all patterns. Come in and look them over. Worth up to $5.00. $3.59 SECOND FLOOR

SPECIAL

Women's Shirtwaists

A very special assortment of 86 Voile and Tub Silk Waists, in plain and fancy effects. Sizes 36 to 40. $1.00 FIRST FLOOR

SPECIAL

Women's House Dresses

A special lot of 97 house dresses, made of light and dark percales, including all the very latest Fall models. Patterns are fast color and dresses are well-made. Sizes 36 to 42. Worth $1.50. $1.00 SECOND FLOOR

SPECIAL

Girls' Wash Dresses

(Only 150 wash dresses to sell at this price.)

Made of fast color ginghams in a wide variety of new Fall plain and plaid patterns. Sizes 6 to 14. Worth to $2.00. 95c SECOND FLOOR

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STORE OPENS 8:30 A. M. STORE CLOSES 5.30 P. M.