

AERIAL ACROBATICS ARE EASY, SAYS DAUPHIN FLYER

Walter J. Shaffer, the birdman who tells such exciting narratives of his life in and under the clouds...

doled out to him as a bed allowance, for they are very warm. Of course, I will wear my uniform at the front all the time, for the combination suit will protect it from any probable "accidents" which might descend on me...

Longing For a Bath

I'm looking forward to a bath in Paris too. Gee, how I will soak up the hot water. Guess the only dry in this climate, even if I don't get them washed, would be to take them along flying, about a five-minute flight should dry the biggest wash known, for I have plenty of lines on my plane and if it's rainy below, one can easily climb up high...

The officials here sure do love the American "yes" answers, which most of them are in Paris half the time. The usual thing for an American to do is to give the school the "once over" hop on the next train and back to Paris for his life. I would not doubt have done the same, only my money was gone, for the impression I got on landing was as unfavorable as usual, for this school, naturally, when a man went to Paris this way he had no permission to land on the next train and back to Paris for his life...

I don't know whether I will get or not. Just finished arranging my stuff and even after laying aside my numerous Poulis clothes which were given me on my way through different schools, I have still some things over. I have still some ill-shaped Poulis garments behind because they come in mighty handy if one only gets two skinny blankets...

SAVE YOUR HAIR AND BEAUTIFY IT WITH 'DANDERINE'

Spend a few cents! Dandruff disappears and hair stops coming out

Try this! Hair gets beautiful, wavy and thick in few moments

If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

One application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff; you cannot have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces itching, redness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots fatten, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast.

If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine at any drug store or toilet store for a few cents; apply a little as directed and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

SORE THROAT

Colds, Coughs, Croup and Catarrh Relieved in Two Minutes

Is your throat sore? Breathe Hyomei. Have you a cough? Breathe Hyomei. Have you a cold? Breathe Hyomei. Hyomei is the one treatment for all nose, throat and lung troubles. It does not contain any cocaine or morphine and all that is necessary is to breathe it through the little pocket inhaler that comes with each outfit.

SHE DARKENED HER GRAY HAIR

A Kansas City Lady Darkened Her Gray Hair and Made It Soft and Glossy by a Simple Home Process

She Tells How She Did It

A well-known resident of Kansas City, Mo., who darkened her gray hair by a simple home process, made the following statement: "My lady or gentleman can darken their gray or faded hair, and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To half a pint of water add 1 oz. of barbo compound, small box of Barbo Compound and .4 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be purchased at any drug store at a very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the gray hair is darkened sufficiently. It is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. It will make gray haired person look 10 to 20 years younger.

Warner's Safe Pills

have been the ideal Family Laxative for 40 years—a guarantee of reliability. Gentle in action, they are entirely free from injurious drugs, and are intended especially for constipation, biliousness, indigestion, torpid liver or inactivity of the bowels. Your druggist sells them.

out head on the ground. Another way is to stand the plane right on its tail, then "cut" the motor and fall on a wing, also coming out in a nose turn in the opposite direction. The latter was what I tried and it must have been some stunt, according to the spectators for I stood on my tail all right but when I shut off the motor, instead of going off on a wing right away, I hung there for several seconds like a monkey on a string, and then tumbled off, coming down head first, wires whistling and guns blazing away at the sand pile ahead of me. Remember I had no altimeter so had no definite way of knowing how high I was. To make matters worse, there was a thick fog over everything which made judging distance much harder. In fact, the weather was as unfavorable when we first came on the field, that the monitors called for volunteers who wished to fly. Naturally, he was set in on this, there being too many ahead of me. It was a little later that the Captain picked half a dozen of us out and sent us up to shoot. Now that I have explained all this, we'll go back to where I left off—or rather, came out—thinking I was high enough to try another one. I pulled her up and tried again with just about as little success, and then when I finally did get the sand pile in line the dog was jammed. Incidentally I came out of that last nose dive about 25 meters from the ground. My roommate told me afterwards he thought I was gone for good, starting aerobatics so close to the ground. 200 meters he judged I was, when I endeavored to get into position for the second try, which shows how lost a map is with out his instruments. No, I did not get patted on the back for my shooting exhibition as it turned out. I had used the wrong stunt to get in position. A "vertical virage" was what the Captain wanted, which will bring one in the same position and is much easier, but I did not know that then, and the Captain was probably frothing at the mouth when he saw me falling into the fog. He was not there to welcome me when I landed anyway, although it is a wonder he didn't

roll call when their names were called. This was quite a simple stunt to get away with, among a crowd of 200 some men. A man called "Present" for half a dozen men and get away with it.

Punny Fliers Get Jugged Finally the Captain got wise to this trick through a slip-up in answering when a certain man's name was called. For several seconds there was a dead silence, and then his voice answered "present" in a different way than the crowd. It was so amusing that even the Captain laughed but it put the kibosh on this stunt because thereafter, we were required to line up before roll call and as our names were called step out of ranks. Naturally, they caught a lot of fellows that way and this time stuck them in the jug and locked the door.

It was sort of hard on the boys who had money enough to stay at a hotel and order lunch or buy a fast to stay in a cold jail and eat only what was brought them and it seemed to me that the punishment standing out on the open field all day was what got my goat, for it was a cold some of the days. Sometimes one had to stand out a whole day and never get a ride. That very thing happened to me seven days in a row. Believe me, I sure was getting disgusted with the weather, climate, and the school in general. After I got several things thought, I was not so bad, because I got several rides every day then. I got got twelve rides on the Spad, and then was shoved back to the Nieuport to make way for the crowd waiting for training on Spad. My, what a difference in ease of controls, the Spad being so easy to handle in the first place. In one thought the controls were not hooked up, so easy was it to the touch.

Standing On One Wing Remembering when some American had said about moving the "stick" around and nothing would happen, my bump of curiosity got the better of me, and I pushed the stick just a little to one side. Something happened alright, and that quick, for the next second I was standing on one wing tip, watching the "choo-choo" cars come up to meet me, for I was right over a railroad track. Oh, yes, we came out all right. Since I pushed the stick to the other side and back she came. Gave a man a wonderfully safe feeling to look out and see a whole wing under his control instead of only a half one, as in a Nieuport, for a Nieuport's lower wing is only half as big as the upper, and these Spads are built on a different principle. Rather than a complicated engine to run through having all the dials and indicators used on an automobile, and I, knowing nothing of an auto, naturally got a loss. However, give me a little time and I'll learn, that is, if a German don't use me for a target first.

Shoveling Macaroni Yes, Tours was an interesting school, and I imagine you would still like it so, but I think the kitchen and dining room of this school would interest you more. I went into the kitchen once for water and beheld them in shoveling out macaroni with a shovel, not very clean that, as for the appearance of the kitchen, I've been in boiler shops that looked cleaner. No, it did not harm my appetite one bit, for I am used to these things now. The dining room gives one quite a lot of room for imagination though, being carpeted with a thick layer of mud. With a little imagination one can imagine it as a rich, thick rug as the walls over it, but the Frenchmen sort of ruin the rug effect when they dumped their unused soup on the floor. I never knew there was so many ways to eat soup before I came here, and they are a disgusting habit at it too. I even saw several tip up the plate and drink it. But that isn't bad manners, that's efficiency, for if one doesn't grab something as the staff passes one's plate, one don't get any—to relieve your mind, Mother, let me assure you I never acquired the habit of snoring when I eat my soup.

Dear Mother: Well, here I am on my way, as I have been assigned to an escadrille to-day and leave to-morrow at 8 a. m. I am leaving this dismal place. So much mud I never did see. Everytime I take a step I fear I'll slip. As for my training, I don't grip me. As for my training, I don't grip me. As for my training, I don't grip me.

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Big as the chances may seem in aviation, I pat myself on the back for being in it everytime I see a bunch of infantry come trudging down the road, each one carrying enough to fill a one-horse wagon. Really, one fellow had so much on my bed, I was wondering whether he was coming or going—his back was bigger than his chest. I have a mental picture of myself "picking up my bed," along with the kitchen, part of the dining room and all my wardrobe. That would be one time I would fall by the wayside. I assure you, I carry along with the kitchen, the army hob-nailed shoes all day and that's quite a job enough. I only carry them around because it keeps the mud off my feet, away, even if some of the water does leak through. Going on the assumption that the shoe-throwing custom is universal at weddings, I wouldn't advise Arne to follow Herbert to France—at least, not on his arm—for if one of these "sabots" (wooden shoes) ever met his intellectual brow, aviation would lose another hero.

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