FLYING WITH SHAFFER

Sitting With the Dead

Letters From a Dauphin Boy to His Mother

The adventures of an American airman, and a Harrisburg boy at that, will be printed in the Harrisburg Telegraph regularly for the next two weeks following the arrival of a batch of the interesting letters from the French front from Walter J. Shaffer to his mother, Mrs. C. E. Shaffer, of Dauphin.

Shaffer now is ready to go into combat with the Boches after many months of gruelling training. His latest letters tell of exciting times many hundred feet over the Hun lines where he is beginning to "get the feel" of the battles that are to come.

One of these days when Shaffer gets into actual combat with a Taub, readers of the Telegraph, we hope, will have a chance to read a classic, for Shaffer can entertain with homely, simply facts and experiences, and an air battle ought to be something thrilling. In this series, beginning to-day, he gives many incidents of the life of a flyer, details that have a real clutch to one living snug at home. Imagine going four miles in the air with the temperature down at zero on earth. His picture of the French comedian in one letter is realistic and vivid. His account of the pilot's funeral in the letter of December 29 brings one to the spot with all its tragedy.

Somewhere in France,
Dec. 29, 1917.

Dear Mother: Taking it all in all, this sure was some punk day — all on account of a dead man, too. Honest to goodness, they cause more trouble than live ones, for the French have a gruesome custom of keeping two men watching the body for three days. I don't know what the idea is. They surely couldn't expect him to wake up. Anyway, a pilot was killed in an accident the other day and immediately the watchers were "toled" off, for its an official ceremony. But since the dead pilot was not in my escadrille, I thought it wouldn't affect me. No such luck though, as last night down come an official note saying that I and another Frenchman should leave for Chalons the next morning to take our turn watching.

Furthermore the paper stated that a truck left at 7 A. M. which meant we crawled out at 6 A. M. and that went mighty hard considering that we are used to getting up at 8 A. M. As would be natural in a case like this, I was sleeping peacefully away at 6.30. The Frenchman come hunting me with a flashlight and routed me rudely out. So afraid was he of missing that truck that we didn't even stop for some hot coffee, for which said Frenchy was mightly sorry soon after, because we had made the mistake of being on time. And Frenchmen don't work that way as a rule. If they don't happen to be ready on schedule, well and good, anytime after that is good enough. So we waited around, then for two hours while the mechanics thawed the engine out. By the time the engine was warmed up we were ready to have the same thing done to us. Glory, but it was cold! Good thing we had no thermometer, else we might have suffered more.

Real Thing in Cold Feet

Judging from the feeling in my feet, the mercury was frozen. The said part of it was there was no fire to look forward to, since, as my French comrade explained to me in his broken English, it was impossible to have a fire in a room with the dead body. Naturally, after this cheerful news, I did not enjoy the auto ride much to town. My feet got colder also. So when I got off at the hospital, I felt as if I was walking on stilts, for all the feeling left in my feet. The Frenchman did all the hunting around for information as to where the "morgue" was, and he finally was told it was behind the chapelle. So in the chapelle we went, me right behind my French guide ready to go or do what ever he did, for I had no idea what was expected of me. I got the first motion all right, which was to remove the hat as soon as entering this small-sized church, but he was too fast with the next move, and anyway, I being a Protestant saw no need to cross myself. Right after that I lost all interest in comrade, the dead, church, and everything else, for down in the far corner was a stove—with fire in it. I was so cold I was nearly numb, and dead or no church I was going to get warm, so I draws up a chair as if I were going to camp there for the rest of the winter.

Shocked Frenchman

To say that Frenchman looked shocked would be putting it mildly, for heremarked in a shocked, awed way, "You can't stay here! Fearing a second shock would cause him heart failure, I had the good sense not to ask "Pourguoi" (Why?) and went along with him to a little office where we were told to wait until some stout gentleman found the key to the morgue. There was another fire in this office, which I made good use of a few moments I was there, so good in fact, that I forgot to salute a captain sitting nearby. He didn't say anything though, and I wouldn't have given a hang if he had, for that matter. Then came the fat man and through the chapelle we went again, with me looking longingly at the fire as we passed through, and on out the back door, to the morgue. The body of the dead pilof lay in a small room which looked like a dungeon and was just about as cold as the ones you read about. Why, doggone it! It was so cold in there the holy water was frozen.

That surprised me considerably, since I always presumed that was free from natural laws. There was a small bushy bough frozen in this holy water, used for sprinkling holy water on the deceased, I suppose, for that was the first thing the Frenchman tried to do. Seeing that the pressure system wasn't working and no water came he went through the motions of making a cross with it, and then horrors of horrors, gave it to me. I didn't know what to do with the darn thing, so dipped some imaginary water up and imitated his motions—with such little success that I no doubt shocked him some more and then began our lonely vigil, for after lifting the cover and seeing how badly he was bunged up, there was nothing else interesting to do but sit there and freeze. (The pilot was killed by falling into a "vrille" from 500 meters, probably numbed by the cold, and there we stayed for three long hours and the Frenchman kept his hat off all this time, and I naturally followed suit. In order to keep our feet warm he walked up and down on one side of the bed and I on the other, and as I walked up and down, up and down, I was thankful I was not bald headed. Even with thick head of hair my brain was beginning to feel the climate.

Relief Delayed

Orders said we were only to stay there until 10 A. M. when two others would relieve us, but 10 o'clock came and no relief. There was nothing to it but stay and watch, for the the Frenchman said we had to until others came to take our places. Another hour passed, slowly and the corpse hadn't moved yet—neither had relief come and we nearly had a path worn in the stone flagging where we had walked up and down in a vain attempt to keep warm. About this time, I was beginning to wish Sherman's definition of war was literally correct. At least, it would be warm anyway. Another fact was also forcibly impressed on me, and that was that hobnailed shoes may save leather and prevent slipping, but for quick conductors of cold you can't beat them. They are as quick conductors of cold as electricity—heat also, for I've had one foot nearly in the fire for the last five minutes and got a few of these rivets red hot. It gave me an idea as well as a burnt toe. To-morrow morning I'll heat all the hobnails before going to work. And so another hour passed and then the Frenchman's hunger overcame his respect for dead and duty, and he suggested we phone to camp and see what was the matter with the reserves, and then go eat, for he was so hungry that his head ached. The suggestion was good, and I assured him I would see that the body wasn't spirited away while he phoned. He soon returned with the information that the "Commandant" said it was too perfect a day to spare any pilots for watch duty, which was about the most sensible thing I have yet heard from Frenchmen; for this "watch" custom struck me as very useless and unnecessary and it made me wonder if they did it when a whole regiment died at once. It would take a whole army to do watch duty. What made me sore, besides freezing so slowly and uselessly, was the fact that here was a beautiful day going to waste and me not flying—and I haven't flown for a week, for good days are rare, and the Captain won't let me go up other days. All I have to say is that I hope they don't take six pilots off the front if a Boche gets me. It would please my spirit much better if each of the six went out and got a Boche. Had dinner in town and then it was I realized how cold my hands had become even with gloves on, for they were so numb I could not cut my meat—and then to crown the whole day I had to walk home, a distance of five miles.

Warm At Last

But that's over now and as I sit here beside a warm fire in my chateau home I feel quite at peace with the world—all except the Boche.—Got in Dutch again here for swiping wood from the nearby woods. Owner got sore as the deuce and threatened to report us to the Captain. I don't know whether he did or not, and I didn't care a whole lot, for we have to keep warm. That stopped gathering wood in the chateau grounds, however, but we still get wood just the same, and for once in my life, I can say I really enjoy cutting wood, which statement, I bet, will sure make Dad laugh. You see we have to get it on the sly now, since we dare not cut trees down and there is no other wood; so along about dark, one of my French roommates puts the saw under his coat and I the hatchet under mine and we sally forth. Getting to the pine forests, for all the trees are pine, we saw a small tree off right at the ground, chop it up and bring the whole tree, limbs, leaves and all in the room, and chop it up. At the present rate we burn one tree a night, so the war had better not last very long since the forests are not large and will soon dissapear at the present rate. Furthermore, hiding the stump with a covering of snow won't help much if no other trees surround the stump.

Am still hearing from men in the shop at which I worked in New York and to-day I received a letter saying that they, as a body, had sent me an Xmas package, told me all the news and wished me a Merry Xmas. The wish was appreciated, but never realized as it was neither merry nor warm. Hang it all! I wish this postal service would hurry up those packages. Got tired waiting for them and yesterday went to Chalons and bought candy, dates and figs—also two pies, the first in six months. They sure tasted good, but I didn't act a pig and eat all the stuff up at once, so still have some figs and dates yet.

WALTER.

Somewhere in France,
December 31, 1917.

Dear Mother:

To-day is wash day, but I am not brave enough to attack the stack of clothes awaiting soap and water so badly—especially soap. I should not be condemned so much though, as the water is icy cold. Just to give an incident of how cold it is here—a glass of water spilled on the table freezes immediately, for it is not extraordinarily cold, no fire is made in the dining room. Many a time have I sat at the festive board and shivered as between courses I waited. However, our ice water don't cost us anything and we have it every meal. Put a bottle of water on the table and a chunk of ice freezes in the bottom of it in two minutes. So you see an aviator is not the only thing that can go into a cold sweat. "Pinard," a brand of red wine much in use, is the only drink of the Frenchmen and we asked them one day why they drank so much of it. Its answer was quite simple and to the point—"It keeps us warm." He might have added "noisy" also, for after the warming up process there are songs in all kinds of keys echoing through this beautiful but cold chateau.

We get coffee every meal, black, strong stuff that is drunk more for its warming of feet than taste, as it's about the only thing about the meal that is really hot. Yesterday the sugar played out and 'tis said we can get no more. So here's where little Walter stops drinking coffee. It's bad enough with sugar — but without—better give me castor oil. The dearth of sugar didn't faze the Frenchmen any, however, as they used "jam" for sweetening. I don't know how it tasted as I did not try it, having used molasses in chocolate while camping one time. One time was sufficient, believe me! Never again!!

Get Jam? Rather

Oh, yes, we get jam, and very good jam it is, at the Army Mess, so don't worry about my not getting any sweets on my bread. I always have received it even in Avord, although they serve it like dessert, while I prefer it as a course. As for butter, I have grown so used to doing without, that I don't miss it any more, so don't be surprised when I come home to see me forget to spread my bread with butter.

'Tis a very stupid life I am living now, and about all I have to look forward to is indigestion, because about all I do is eat and sleep, the weather being bad for flying nearly every day. It probably will be so for the next three months, which is not to my liking, as I want to be up and at them at least learning to fly anyway, for contrary to prevalent opinion my head has not swelled. I'll admit it started a few times, but a fatal accident to one of my fellow students who made the same mistakes I had made many times, always reduced it to normal again. 'Tis the same here, for the front is the biggest training school of all, and either you learn, and that quickly, or you get an eternal contract with the angels. Only you have no teacher to bawl you out. One teaches himself and that is what makes me so sore at the weather, for I want to get aloft and learn some thing. You can see by the letter how dopy and stupid I feel. A two-hours' flight would waken me up as nothing else would, and then I could write an interesting letter. Of course, there is nothing much of interest to write now, since I do nothing but eat and sleep. Walked over to "L Epive" yesterday to buy some hankderchiefs. You should have seen what I got! She had no white ones, except the ladies' kind and one blow with this cold in my head would have finished it, so she asked my if colored ones would matter. I assured here it didn't matter so long as the cloth was big enough to fit my nose, and then she hauls out a big roll of calico and I began to wonder if she had not mistaken my French and and thought I asked for an apron. It seemed not though, as she asked me how many I wished. Considering the bright, and varied colors thereon, I thought two would be plenty. If they didn't hold the cold they would scare it away, so she cuts two yards off and there were my handkerchiefs, with quite enough goods in them to make an evening dress for Esther.

WALTER J. SHAFFER

Whose Thrilling Experiences Over the Hun Lines Are Vividly Described in New Letters

Describes His Work.

I have two kinds of work to do now. One is "protection" duty, where from three to five "chasse" men go as a bodyguard to a big plane carrying three men to take photographs over the lines. Am very anxious to go on one of these "missions" as they are called, since it's a lot more exciting than sitting here beside a dying fire and slowly freezing. The other kind of work is called "chasse libre" which translated means that one is free to hunt the Boches. The only string to this "chasse libre" stuff is that one is forbidden to go out alone. Either one or two planes must go with one. That is all well and good, but what is one to do when one can't persuade anyone to go with one, for when a pilot is on "chasse libre" he does not have to fly unless he wishes and to date, I have found very few pilots ready to hunt the Boche. Not that I am ready as yet, but I would like to get aloft and get the lay of the land included in my patrol secteur.

The first day I was on "chasse libre" the Captain came around and told me the good news, also forbidding me to go out alone. From the impressive way he told me to get two comrades to go with me, I am quite sure he thought I would have gone out on my own hook—which I certainly would. However, orders were orders, so I hunted around and finally discovered a Frenchman, also "chasse libre" who said he would go with one when I explained that I was only going behind the lines. And then after I had my flying clothes all on and my engine warmed up he discovered something wrong with his machine gun which took him all day to fix. Gee! was I sore! And then the Frenchman could not understand why I was sullen and moody all that evening. I've been "chasse libre" ever since, but it don't please me a little bit, since I have to depend on someone else to make it of use. Nearly got away yesterday with an American, but luck was against me again for just as we were going to leave the Captain comes down from a flight and forbids us to go up, as there was heavy fog at 700 meters, so I am still resting, most fretfully and fuming as can be, but resting on the ground nevertheless.

And now it's dinner time again and I have to go and eat again. Not because I want to. It's a bad habit I acquired in the States and have not been able to get rid of.

Wish some of those packages would come. And your letters also. Have not had one for a long time.

WALTER.

LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE IF SICK, CROSS, FEVERISH

Hurry, Mother! Remove poisons from little stomach, liver, bowels.

Give "California Syrup of Figs" at once if bilious or constipated.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of the little bowels without griping and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative;" they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.

Tells a Secret

Manufacturer of Famous Medicine Tells Ingredients, So Public Can Appreciate Pure, Reliable Medicine.

Many people fear to take medicine to check and abort colds, cure coughs, catarrh, etc. This fear is groundless with all the products of The Blackburn Products Co., Dayton, Ohio. Not one contains opiates, narcotics or harmful drugs. Mentho-Laxene, for coughs, colds, catarrh and all distress following a cold, is a compound of Wild Cherry, Tolu, Cascara, Grindelia, Menthoe Ammonium Chloride, and alcohol sufficient to preserve and keep in solution.

Every ingredient is in concentrated form and the medicines is so strong that only ten-drop doses are to be taken in the "raw" state. But the ideal way is to make into a syrup by emptying a 2½ oz. bottle of Mentho-Laxene into a pint bottle and then fill the bottle with granulated sugar syrup, made by dissolving a pint of sugar in a half pint of boiling water. It is said by thousands that this makes a most effective home treatment for all cold troubles. The manufacturer guarantees it to please or money back. Sold by all good druggists.

CATARRH VANISHES

Here is One Treatment That All Sufferers Can Rely Upon

If you want to drive catarrh and all its disgusting symptoms from your system in the shortest possible time, go to your druggist and ask for a Hyomei outfit today.

Breathe Hyomei and it will rid you of catarrh; it gives such quick relief that all who use it for the first time are astonished.

Hyomei is a pure pleasant antiseptic, which is breathed into the lungs over the inflamed membrane; it kills the catarrh germs, soothes the sore spots, and heals all inflammation.

Don't suffer another day with catarrh; the disease is dangerous and often ends in consumption. Start the Hyomei treatment today. No stomach dosing, no sprays or douches; just breathe it—that's all. Ask H. C. Kennedy.

Every Meal a Poisonous Injection

Few folks suffering from kidney and bladder troubles ever think that the meals which they are taking are hastening their death. Every morsel of food taken gives up its quantity of uric acid. This poison is taken into the system through a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder. In the healthy man nature provides an outlet for this poison. Those in ill-health must take a medicinal help to drive this death-dealing poison from the system. For over 200 years GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules have been doing this work. They effect prompt relief in all diseases arising from kidney and bladder troubles. Don't put off this vital matter of attending to your health until it is time to make your funeral arrangements. Get a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules to-day. Look for the genuine. Your druggist sells them. They are guaranteed or money refunded. Insist on GOLD MEDAL Brand.—Advertisement.

HAD PAINS IN STOMACH

Was Constipated---Tired Easily

says Thomas Smith, 639 Briggs street, Harrisburg. For a long time I suffered with constipation and intestinal trouble. I would bloat and get pains in stomach and side, felt sluggish and drowsy.

I had pains in my shoulders and back and would get nervous and feverish. The least effort would make me feel tired and short winded. I just had to force myself to keep going.

I tried different medicines but got no help until I tried Sanpan, and now I am as good as ever, no pains, no nervousness nor anything.

Sanpan is being introduced at Keller's Drug Store, 405 Market street, Harrisburg.—adv.

Food Will Win the War---Don't Waste It *Give to the Jewish Relief Fund*

Open Daily Until 10 P. M. Saturday 11 P. M.

Miss Annie Greenburg

Who Has Charge of Our Women's Suit and Coat Department.

M. Schwartz

Who Has Charge of Our Large Men's, Women's and Children's Shoe Department.

H. Morrison

One of the Owners and Proprietors and Who Buys the Goods That Make THE LEADER Harrisburg's Biggest Bargain Store.

I. Greenburg

Also One of the Owners and Proprietors and General Manager of THE LEADER BARGAIN STORE

Open Daily Until 10 P. M. Saturday 11 P. M.

Miss Florence Reilly

Who Has Charge of Our Women's Skirt and Dress Depts.

Mr. J. Redman

EXTRA SPECIAL VALUES

Men's fleece-lined underwear...	58c	Leather palm gloves.....	29c
Men's heavy ribbed union suits..	$1.29	Muleskin gloves	48c
Men's fleece-lined union suits..	$1.19	Special all-leather gloves	39c
Men's all-wool union suits.....	$1.79	Canvas gloves	9c
Men's hose per pair.....	7c	Jersey gloves	15c

The Leader Bargain Store's First Great Anniversary Sale

A Sensational Price Slaughtering Sale With Matchless Bargains in Every Department

Just one year ago we established THE LEADER BARGAIN STORE for the purpose of helping the working men and women of this city to beat the rising high cost of living.

During that short period of time we have proven conclusively our ability to undersell and to secure the kind of merchandise people want at prices that really save our customers a lot of money.

We operate differently than practically every other store in the city. We attend auction sales of manufacturers' surplus stocks — we buy job lots — bankrupt stocks — manufacturers' odds and ends of Men's and Women's Clothing, Underwear, Men's Shirts, Hosiery, Shoes, and every one of the many lines we carry. All of which places us in a position to sell at ONE-THIRD TO ONE-HALF LESS than the prices other stores are compelled to ask.

To fittingly celebrate our FIRST ANNIVERSARY we are offering hundreds of UNHEARD-OF BARGAINS in every department of the store, a few of which we list below:

SHOES! SHOES!

Men's and Women's Shoes at Ridiculously Low Prices

Save on Women's Shoes

One lot of Women's Shoes, solid leather, worth $4.00; Sale Price **$1.98**

One lot of Women's Cloth Top Shoes; high model; solid leather $6.00 and $7.00 value; very special; Sale Price **$2.98**

One lot of Women's lace and button style Shoes; solid leather; regular $4.00 values; Sale Price **$2.48**

Women's solid leather Shoes, lace and button style; $3.00 value; Sale Price **$1.98**

Women's black and tan Juliets.....98c and $1.48

Women's Rubbers at 38c

Save on These Boys' and Girls Shoes

$2.50 Boy Scout Shoes, sizes 3 to 2; black and tan Sale Price **$1.59**

Boys' Dress and School Shoes, button and lace; black and tan; $3.00 values; Sale Price **$1.98**

Girls' School Shoes, black button styles; $2.50 values; Sale Price **$1.39**

Save on Men's Shoes

One lot of men's black and tan shoes; double soles; good styles; easily worth $5.00; Sale Price at..... **$2.98**

One lot of men's $3.00 scout shoes; black and tan; every pair guaranteed; Special at..... **$1.98**

Men's extra heavy Endicott Johnson work shoes; regular $2.50 shoes; Special **$1.98**

$3.00 Endicott Johnson Shoes $2.48
$3.50 Endicott Johnson Shoes $2.98
$4.00 Endicott Johnson Shoes $3.48
$5.00 Endicott Johnson army Shoes $4.48
$6.00 Endicott Johnson Shoes $5.48

One lot Beacon Shoes for men; values up to $7.00; Special at only **$4.98**

Big assortment of Men's Dress Shoes at **$1.98**

One Group of Women's Stylish Suits Marked for Quick Selling at

$9.98

A large collection of smart, stylish suits, including Spring models, to choose from; all colors and sizes in the lot; all to go at the one low price of $9.98

ONE BIG LOT OF WOMEN'S WAISTS

48c

An almost endless variety of crepe de chine, striped and plain voile, black poplin and many other waists to select from; all good styles and represent values worth up to $2.00.

Women's SKIRTS

At Bargain Prices

Included in the lots are all styles, weaves and every color.

$2.48 Skirts now $1.98
$2.98 Skirts now $2.48
$3.98 Skirts now $2.98
$4.98 Skirts now $3.98
$5.98 Skirts now $4.98

All Men's Clothing and Furnishings At Sacrifice Prices

One lot of Men's Suits, worth up to $15; must go at **$6.95**

One special grouping of blue unfinished worsted suits—worsteds—some plain colors, others striped patterns to select from—pinch-back and all-around belt styles included.

One Lot of Suits; Worth to $18; must go at **$7.95**

Blue serges, corduroy, light colored and brown mixed fabrics and gray worsted suits; good styles; every one a real bargain.

One Lot Men's Suits; Values to $20, at **$9.66**

This lot consists of our higher grade suits; all good, splendid materials; well made suits; smart, stylish models to choose from.

Lot of Men's Overcoats, worth up to $20, must go at **$8.95**

A collection of splendid values in pinch-back and other stylish models—mostly dark and most desirable patterns.

Overcoats worth to $15 will go at **$6.95**

Buy one of these good, well-made overcoats and save half or more; good styles to pick from.

Overcoats worth to $18 will go at **$7.95**

Every coat in this lot is a big bargain; all well-tailored of splendid-wearing materials; good styles.

75 Dozen Men's $1.50 Dress Shirts at

79c

A special purchase for this great sale; all fast colors; made of percale and madras; sizes to 19½.

Big Savings on Overalls Now

Men's regular $1.50 union-made Overalls; guaranteed colors; only one pair to a customer; Special at **98c**

Limited Quantity

Men's Trousers at Special Prices

One special lot Men's Lined Corduroy Trousers — worth $3.98; special at **$2.98**

$3.50 values at $2.69
$2.00 Khaki Trousers at **98c**

THE LEADER BARGAIN STORE---443 Market Street---At the Subway