

# FLYING WITH SHAFFER

## THE AIR BATTLE

LETTERS FROM A DAUPHIN BOY TO HIS MOTHER

Escadrille Spad 33,  
Secteur Postal 12,  
June 12, 1918.

Dear Mother:  
You remember in my last letter I remarked on how narrow our landing field is and how near I came to taking the wireless outfit along on one of my getaways? Well, those wires will not bother me any more, for they were most thoroughly and efficiently removed this morning. As I remarked when mentioning those wires before, "Some day some one will get off going crooked and then look out." And that was the very thing that did happen.

It was one of those unexplainable, miraculous accidents, where everything was smashed and nobody hurt, for when he hit the wires his tremendous speed swerved him into a pine tree, knocking down the pine tree. The Spad crashed into a small barracks and when I came running out to see the cause of the crash nothing could be seen of that Spad but the tail and half a wing sticking out the roof. The pilot, seemingly none the worse for wear, was being led around by two men, rubbing a bruised leg and picking glass out of his face. Outside of cuts on his face caused by his goggles breaking, the pilot was not hurt; neither were the four men who had been sleeping in the barracks, although they did have to dig one man out of the debris. It was at a very early hour in the morning (3.30 a. m.), so you can imagine the surprise of those four peacefully-sleeping men when the Spad dropped in via the roof.

Enough to Wake the Dead  
There being several escadrilles here, each has his turn at early patrol work. Whether we have it or not matters not at all as far as sleeping is concerned, for the tremendous racket caused by the many planes getting off would wake the dead. One gets used to these noises, though, and soon learns to distinguish the meaning of different noises. For instance, it is quite easy to tell by the sound of the motor when the plane has left the ground, as it makes quite a different sound while running along the ground. Thus I heard this particular plane go off, roar over our barracks and then came a dull crash and every one crawled out to investigate. A shovel was needed more than an investigation. This morning we had the early patrol and were routed at 3.30 a. m. only to find we could do no work on account of the bad weather. There were to be six machines to start. Only five got off, and they came right down again on discovering the clouds at 300 meters.

Getting off the ground myself, I chased around hunting the patrol leader and finally saw him down on the ground, his motor refusing to start, so I chased the others around the "piste" hunting the substitute leader. But one after another they all went down, and, having chased them all down, so to speak, I started to climb through the clouds to see how thick they were. After climbing several hundred meters and still no end in sight. I came down through again, fearing of losing myself. My motor began missing then, so I came down and landed, my propeller stopping as I leveled out to land. When I wanted to know why every one else came down, the universal verdict was "mauvais temps."

### Hair Removed DeMiracle

This method for removing superfluous hair is totally different from all others because it attacks hair under the skin as well as on the skin. It does this by absorption.

Only genuine DeMiracle has a money-back guarantee in each package. At toilet counters in 50c, \$1 and \$2 sizes or by mail from us in plain wrapper on receipt of price.

FREE book with testimonials of highest authorities, explaining what causes hair on face, neck and arms, why it increases and how DeMiracle devitalizes it, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request. DeMiracle, Park Ave. and 129th St., New York.

### Nervous Wreck-Now Live Wire

Makes Everybody Sit Up and Take Notice

One of our big league ballplayers had been going back for some time, no matter how hard he tried he could not get his old-time Pep and Ginger into the game, it was uphill work all the time. He was one of those honest, hard-working fellows and it finally got his "goat," his nerves went bad, he commenced to run down, could not eat or sleep and kept steadily slipping. Doctors and medicines were of no help.

One of his many admirers said to him, "Why not try Phosphated Iron, everybody is boosting it."

Grasping at the last straw, the poor fellow took a try at it. The way he came back was an "eye opener," he was there in every department of the game, his nerves were like iron, he could hit the ball and was no time getting back to the three hundred mark, while his base running and fielding were great.

Discussing the matter with our reporter he said, "Would you believe it, I could feel the Iron charging my blood with health and strength, while the way the Phosphates steadied and renewed my nerve force was almost too good to believe. Phosphated Iron took hold of me right from the start and sure did make a new man of me, and you can bet I carry a good supply on all my trips."

Doctors will tell you that you must have plenty of Iron and Phosphates in your system if you want pure red blood and steady nerves of iron. Every one who is run down, nervous, tired and has that "all in" feeling should try Phosphated Iron and you will never be without it again.

Special Notice—To insure physicians and patients receiving the genuine Phosphated Iron we have put up in capsules only, so do not allow dealers to substitute pills or tablets, insist on the genuine in capsules only. For sale in Harrisburg by G. A. Gorgas 16 North Third street and Pennsylvania Railroad Station.

Twice, indeed, a good excuse, for rotten weather to fly in I have yet to see.

Up With a Dead Engine  
Speaking about the propeller stopping, yesterday my motor began acting badly and the propeller stopped dead while I was 2,000 meters high. Fortunately, the "piste" was right beneath me, but even at that I had no desire to try and hit the field that way, for with a dead stick one has only one guess at calculating his speed and distance. If he finds he has killed too much height and cannot, therefore, glide to a safe landing, or, just as bad, overshoots, there is no motor to pull him out of his predicament. Therefore, being at such a comfortable height, I promptly stood on my nose, the tremendous speed acquired in this way starting the propeller again. It's one of the tricks we learned at Pau and I had not forgotten it, although I have never tried it since then, the trick being of little value on the front. Generally when the propeller stops in the air there is something radically wrong with the motor and no amount of coaxing will start it again.

When I told you this was a combat escadrille I certainly used the right word, because every time I go up I get mixed up in a scrap. "Mixed" is right, too, for last night I sure fell among them—and only seven at that. You see, it was this way: Putman, who is now a lieutenant in the American Army, but still with the escadrille, had just come down from a fight in which he knocked three down. His motor was on the blink. The rest of the fight was still in him, though, and, taking another plane, he was soon on his way again, with me ambling along behind. I had not been able to start with him in the first patrol because my motor refused to start, but when he came down for another plane to get back in the fight, mine was working. Naturally, I wanted to go along. Even though my motor was working badly, I hung on, hoping the higher altitudes would make it work better. My hopes were realized, for at 3,000 meters she began singing a better song. By this time we were over Rheims and, as if from fiddling with the motor, we changing the compass and ground to keep my direction and my leader, also had an eye out for the Hun. But the sky seemed to be empty of these pests, for in all that space of sky and clouds we two seem to be all alone. It appeared so to me, but not so to Putman, for suddenly I saw him wiggle his wings—signal that a Boche is seen—and immediately afterwards jump up and down on his tail—signal he was going to attack.

I saw the Huns, too, mere specks in the distance—seven of them and coming our way. Several being a little higher than us, Putman made a small detour, so by the time he was behind them he was also a little higher. His motor being decidedly better than mine, he ran right away from me, thus I never did follow him on that small detour. However, when he dove I did also, picking out one of the two highest Huns. He, the Hun, knew I was coming and acted accordingly, for such a turning and twisting you never saw; but still I kept coming, both guns spitting lead whenever I got my sight on him. Closer and closer I came, still shooting at my nervous target, but apparently no shots taking effect. Right down on top of him I came, only putting up when nearly on the point of colliding, he doing a sharp turn to escape at the last moment. Being right over the seven then, I turned on the motor and pointed my nose toward Heaven to get away from their guns. Even then one was under my tail and the Hun I had missed was swinging around into a like position.

Proof Wanted  
I have not been flying the Spad long, so it's a new plane to me, but I had heard it could outclimb any plane the Hun has—and right then was when I was going to prove it; that is, if my feelings hadn't got the better of my judgment, for, looking back at those two Huns coming up under me trying their best to catch me, I got decidedly sore and determined to swing right about face and have another crack. The idea was good, but its execution was rotten, for I forgot I was aboard a heavy Spad and not a light Morane and tried to turn too quickly. The result was, for one second I was nearly out of control, incidentally nearly falling on the Hun. Quickly recovering control, I gave up the idea of making any more quick maneuvers, turned on the motor and put her to the climbing test. Whether the Spad actually outclimbed those Huns or whether they thought I actually tried to ram them on purpose will never be known, but the fact remains they did not get to such close quarters again.

Putman "Sore"  
Having climbed away from the seven "vultures," I looked around for Putman. He was several miles away and still climbing, for the reason that he thought I was a Hun trying to climb over him. He was very sore about it when he came down, hawking me out principally for not keeping up with him, and when I remarked on how badly my motor was running he only blew up again. In that case I should have gone home, which, indeed, was the truth; but I was sick and tired of coming back to camp with motor trouble. It happens so often in some of these Spads. Therefore, as long as she works fairly decently, I hang doggedly onto the patrol. It's a fool idea, I know, and some day I'll tumble into the trenches or a forest with a dead motor, but that would be preferred to getting the name of being afraid to go on the lines, as one pilot here has. Every time he goes aloft he comes back with motor trouble. True, I didn't get my Hun in the last fight, but at least I got close enough to suit even our commander—and me.

Five to the Enemy  
Several days ago we got in a fight with five Huns. There were five of us Spads and, although we chased the Huns down, we didn't get any, because, as the "chef de patrol" said, our shooting was at too long a range. This made our commander decidedly angry, for he has quite a number of planes to his credit, to think that five Spads attacked five Huns and did not get a one. He gave us hell Columbia! Even in that fight, I thought I had one, since I saw some of my tracer bullets go into one of the Kaiser's birds, and immediately thereafter a lot of black smoke burst from his motor. I thought he was surely on fire, but no such luck, for when we drew off the five Huns were still all there.

### "The Live Store"

### "Always Reliable"

# 1/2 All 1/2 Straw Hats and Panamas Half Price

We certainly have been doing things at this "Live Store" during July and the closing feature will be the "crowning" event for we're going to put "Straw Hats" and "Panamas" within reach of every man, young man and boy at such tempting prices that none will hesitate to part with their money — It will pay you to buy enough Straw Hats for next year as well as to finish out the best part of the present season — Straw Hats are not a luxury they are a necessity, yet they will be very seriously affected by war conditions.

Manufacturers are experiencing great difficulty in getting materials and finding storage room to take care of their next season's demands — Who would want to be without a Straw Hat in the good old summer time? At present you can buy all the hats you want, it will pay you to provide and reserve a space in your home for one or two "Hats" when they can be had from the choice selection at Doutrichs Half Price Sale.



1/2 Price

- All \$2.00 'Straw Hats' \$1.00
- All \$2.50 'Straw Hats' \$1.25
- All \$3.00 'Straw Hats' \$1.50
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All \$6.50 Panamas \$3.25 All \$7.50 Panamas \$3.75 All \$8.50 Panamas \$4.25

All Boys' \$1.50 Straw Hats 75c. All Boys' \$2 Straw Hats \$1.00 All Boys' \$3.50 Straw Hats \$1.75

## Palm Beach Week Ends Tomorrow

Palm Beach Week ends tomorrow—my! what a week this has been — You could see the Palm Beach expression written on men's faces when they entered this "Live Store" this week — We've never seen them so good for the money — Why do we sell twelve, fifteen and eighteen dollar Palm Beach Suits at such low prices when we could almost hand them out at our original prices without saying a word during this hot spell?

Well in the first place, we need the room and next, we know how much you will appreciate the comfort you had these frightfully hot days by having invested only a few dollars—

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