

Flying With Shaffer

Taking Chances

LETTERS FROM A DAUPHIN BOY TO HIS MOTHER

Dear Mother—The other day I went to the Y. M. C. A. to buy some chocolates and would you believe it, one half hour was required to convince the man in charge I was an American. Finally the old gray-haired guardian of young men's morals—and stomachs in this case—admitted grudgingly that I talked like an American at least, and sold me the much coveted chocolate. Speaking about eats reminds me that a box of "Philopenas" arrived from you to-day, somewhat the worse for wear, and with the usual amount missing. Trust a Frenchman to get his tip.

Was flying with Putnam yesterday despite the awful weather. We actually did start a patrol for the lines but had not gone far before we ran into a rainstorm. Coming out of that we tumbled into a snowstorm—remember this is June. Putnam gave up then and came home, for the weather was entirely too bad for any Hun to be aloft, and even he admitted it, though he did want to get just one more Hun before he left the escadrille. You know, he is an American lieutenant now, but was before to come back to his French escadrille over there. It was with his understanding that he joined the American army, so you can imagine how sore he was when orders came two days after he came back to report to American headquarters. There was nothing he could do but obey, but before he went he wanted to get one more Hun and thus make his official total 10. Knowing how badly he wanted to go aloft I agreed to go along, for one plane dare not go hunting alone. As you see, there was no result, except perhaps to cool him off.

Up Early
This morning I was roused out at 5 a. m., but the weather being fierce we did not get started until 6 a. m. Even then the sky was full of a solid mass of black clouds and as high as we could go was 1600 meters. My motor was working very badly, but it allowed a few days. I forgave his loss of power and continued on my way after my leader. That was not very far, for we were only half way to the lines when we ran through a rainstorm, the kind of which I never hit before, and I have rambled through some pretty bad ones. The leader decided then the weather was too bad for flying with any hope of success. He turned and lived for home, passing through some sleet on the way.

Such things are an every day occurrence with this escadrille, for we run up in anything. Anyways, we all came back to earth, waited for an hour or so, when some blue sky appearing up we went again, this time my motor working worse than ever. After vainly trying to keep up with the patrol, I had to admit the need of a new motor. I did so hate to leave too, because my guns

worked beautifully, with never a hitch, and with a crackle and roar that was music to my ears. But the motor was singing a different song, and since that is the heart of an aviator while in the air any weakening thereof is dangerous; so if necessary must needs turn back. You can imagine my humor was not improved when the patrol returned with the tale of a fight with two Huns—and my guns were working so good too!

Looping in Vain
Getting over a little town near the piste I tried a "vrille" and a loop. Both pleased me immensely for that was some loop, but my pleasure was damped somewhat by the fact that the lady in whose honor it was done was sleeping soundly at the time and never saw them. Serves me right for showing off so early in the morning! Interested now, are you Dad? You said it! I sure met a peach!

It happened on my way back from Chalons, where the Y. M. C. A. man doubted my nationality, when the Frenchman with me stopped in at a small shop to drink and talk—mostly drink. Not caring to drink and understanding little of the talk, I was not greatly elated with the idea—that was until I got inside, and then ambition was suddenly born in my breast, for there was certainly a girl, and I wanted to learn some French "tout de suite." It didn't take her long to proudly flaunt her knowledge of American and naturally, my fluent French followed. If it had not been for the inevitable lemon, which always attaches itself to a feminine peach I would have had a grand time. However, I talked French for one solid hour, and was right proud of my knowledge, until I got back to camp, where my commander talked to me for ten minutes and I only got six words.

The Linguist Runs Wild
This happened in the morning, and the weather still being bad in the afternoon, little Walter was on the road "chercher" his "spate fesseur" "tout de suite" again—Kamerad! Kamerad!! Once again I felt quite pleased with myself, for my French was still standing up under the strain and the way that French girl could smile and raise those baby blue eyes bid fair to make me do some wild stunts the next time in the air. And now you have the history of that "vrille" and loop not forgetting dives, quick turns and spirals. The latter I don't call acrobatics for they are in use every day but the wild ones I have surely come under that head, especially when one is loaded with two guns and 1000 cartridges. Even if I had not told you the reason for the acrobatics, Dad would no doubt have guessed there was a woman at the bottom of it. There generally is, you know.

Several days ago while on a patrol over our leader suddenly dove down on a bunch of machines which looked like Huns. Just as he started down he noticed a speck in the distance somewhat higher than us. Thinking it a Hun he pulled up and endeavored to climb over it. But we were fooled both places, because the planes we dove on proved to be spads, and the speck we climbed over was a red balloon.

The Huns send these over quite often, filled with papers mostly filled with boasting and the wild official (?) bulletins of the enormous damage done of their long range shooting at Paris, or their success all along the front.

Discipline in the Air
I am beginning to acquire some discipline in this escadrille, especially in the air, for meeting the leader is no haphazard affair as in 156 where the leader said he would meet us at a certain height, after which we all went up and chased each other around the piste for an hour trying to find the leader. They do it different here. The planes are all lined up in a row, the motors started and then when everybody is ready are sent off one after the other for all the world like motor cars at a theater.

It's a most imposing sight to see all these planes lined up, take off in a wide spiral, each one in its allotted time, all going at tremendous speed and making one awful racket. Speaking about my old escadrille 156, one of their most liked pilots now, his feared he will not live. It was the usual fault, that of loss of speed, and in his case it was strange he was not killed outright. It was a Spad he was flying, and with this type plane, one must run along the ground. Therefore when he pulled on his motor, threw his tail up on a level and started down the stretch he saw no thirty meters in front of him a hangar. Naturally, he did not want to hit this, so he endeavored to jump over it before he had hardly enough speed to fly. True, he did clear it, but used all his speed in the attempt, and he having not more speed and an airplane, not being an elevator, he went off on a wing, crashed through an adjoining hangar and into another plane resting therein. Incidentally, an eye witness told me he kept shooting all the time, he was falling, and said eye witness should know since 12 bullets landed 3 feet away from him. This shooting may seem strange to you, but if you knew how our triggers are arranged the mystery would be clear. You see, the triggers are right under the pilot's hand on the "stick," so it's the most natural thing in the world to press them, they being so convenient, and this pilot being interested in retaining control of his plane forgot he was gripping his triggers as well as the "stick." Of course, he was taken to the hospital immediately and it was thought he was hurt in no way except from shock. But to-day he has grown worse and recognizes no one, and it is feared his head has been hurt in some way. I do hope he gets well again, because he was a most unusual Frenchman, witty, young and full of fun. He was noted, principally for his crown of hair of a burnished gold color, which he wore very long, and of which he was inordinately proud. For good reason too, as it was indeed beautiful.

Looking Swell
May Zing still awaiting the new motor, I went to this morning to get a hair cut, pay for some new uniforms and buy a lot of other little things necessary for soldier life, incidentally "faire la petite promenade," as the Frenchmen say. I was wearing one of the new uniforms, and the way the Polius saluted me I must have looked something like a general. It is some suit, of a dark blue color and with its gold buttons, my flying badges and escadrille decoration (the fouragere) I tramped

down the Main street looking like a million dollars, when actually I owned five francs and several sous. Fortunately, when I went in the Y. M. C. A. this time the old gentleman knew me only I didn't want to buy anything; but I had no objection when the young lady in charge insisted on feeding me cakes and

American coffee—also fudge. She said she made the last herself and from the way that fudge disappeared one would have had no doubts as to her cooking ability. If the lady only had not been so homely! Really, it took some of my appetite away, and since my appetite is

as healthy as it ever was, you will get an idea how much beauty she lacked. Tell me! There isn't a censorship on the girls being sent over here is there? Making a Hit

Continuing on my promenade, I went into a store to buy some coat hangers, having with some difficulty discovered the name thereof. They were situated in the basement and there I was led by the lady clerk alone. Frenchman being the only other person there. She didn't seem much interested in what I wanted to buy, but she was interested in that uniform. First she admired the Lafayette pin, then the

suit, and the way it fit and then suddenly declared she loved me. I was so doggedly surprised I thought I had misunderstood the French, and before I had recovered from my surprise I had been kissed twice. Which just shows the difference a uniform makes! "Golly!" thinks I. "I better change uniform toute de suite." There's no telling who might fall on my neck next—It might be a homely one! With this horrible thought in mind I quickly made my purchase—and escape and now, thank heaven am safe in my escadrille headquarters. War is indeed full of dangers and thrills.

The diary of a package of 20-Mule Team Borax



Well, here I am in her home. I work from morning till night and am glad to do it. I am a necessity to any woman who wants a perfectly clean sanitary home to live in.

7 A. M. Everyone in this neighborhood has remarked how healthy and clean this family looks. Each member sprinkles me in the bath every morning. I refresh them and brighten the beginning of their day.

8 A. M. Breakfast over, I assisted the Maid in washing the dishes. I cut the grease off the dishes, glassware and china. All kitchen utensils I sterilized and made bright and clean.

8:30 A. M. The refrigerator. I cleaned it thoroughly. Sprinkled in warm water I go into every nook and corner. I know it must be hygienically clean so that the food will be wholesome. I make it so.

9 A. M. In the laundry. Ah!—here I work with my old co-worker—soap. The Laundress knows I save half the rubbing and brighten the colors, and make the clothes clean and sweet. Also Laundress is clever. She knows I can take the place of a light starch, so this morning in doing lingerie waists a little of myself was used instead of a light starch. When I got through with them they were confections.

10 A. M. Made the King of the household happy at ten. I washed the Baby. In Baby's bath I made him cool, clean, and comfortable. Then I cleaned the milk bottles and rubber nipples. I made everything around King Baby sanitary.

11 A. M. I renewed the gas range. After she dissolved me in water and washed and wiped the old range dry with a clean cotton cloth, the nickel trimmings glistened, the pipes looked new and the zinc plate looked clean again.

2 P. M. One tablespoonful of myself in a quart of water and the Maid and I cleaned the tarnished silver.

3 P. M. There were some stains rimming the bath tub. You should have seen me take them off and without harming the polished surface a particle. I left it clean as a new pin. While we were in the bathroom, I helped disinfect and clean hair brushes, combs and other toilet articles, and at

5 P. M. I went after that garbage can. I deodorized it, cleaned it, killed all the fly eggs deposited there and rendered this necessary receptacle safe to have around.

Who am I? I am the world's greatest cleanser and the most harmless antiseptic. I purify everything with which I come in contact. I save time, labor, and expense. I am a hygienic necessity in every home. Yours,

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