

USED AUTO PARTS IN BIG DEMAND

Necessary Curtailment of Steel Cause For Buying These Parts

In a conversation recently with A. Schiffman, proprietor of the Chelsea Wrecking Establishment at 26 North Cameron street, in regard to the sale of used auto parts, Mr. Schiffman said: "There certainly is a big demand for all kinds of used auto parts. We have had a large number of calls for any amount of these parts, that is no doubt due to the curtailment of steel in the big automobile plants all over the country, and the serious delays in transportation. It is always a question whether a customer can get the part he wants and if it is possible to get it, how long he must wait before it is finally shipped to him. "We have been able to supply the needs of our customers with practically any kind of parts he wants, springs, pistons, cylinders, magnetos, storage batteries, etc. Our stock is complete and is growing all the time, so that we will have enough parts to see us through for a year or more. The Chelsea Wrecking Establishment recently moved from 1015 Market street to 26-28 North Cameron street, larger quarters, in order to accommodate the rapidly increasing business demands. All kinds of used cars and parts are bought and sold.

WOMEN LEARNING TO REPAIR AUTOS

War Conditions Incentive to Many of the "Females of the Species"

That women are fast taking up their part in the great industrial centers of the country in doing the work that was once thought too heavy or out of their element entirely; work that heretofore only the male of the species performed, is evidenced by the fact of the large numbers who are learning the intricate parts of the "power of the hour," the automobile. From all over the country comes reports of the activities of women in this line of endeavor. They not only are learning the fine arts of driving a car, but are delving further into the innermost parts of the auto, the engine and the running gears. In Steelton there is a large Automobile and Airplane Mechanical School, under the management of E. M. Felton, who reports that he has enrolled about fifteen women, who will start in at the October term to learn the automobile business. Many of the girls who are now in the Motor Messenger Service and the Red Cross Ambulance Service have learned in this way. At the present time this big school is running classes night and day in order to keep up with the big demand for trained mechanics. In the street, larger quarters, in order to accommodate the rapidly increasing business demands. All kinds of used cars and parts are bought and sold.

Flying With Shaffer

JULY 4 IN FRANCE

LETTERS FROM A DAUPHIN BOY TO HIS MOTHER

Escadrille Spad 88, Secteur Postal 12, July 12, 1918.

Dear Mother: Although the weather has been very bad of late, we still are sent up once in a while. This morning was no exception, for there was a young gale blowing and the sky was full of tiny clouds, but a patrol was ordered up. Four machines were to go, and if one had trouble with his motor I was to take his place. No, I have not received my new plane yet, being ordered to use the one of a pilot on permission. As was expected one man had trouble and although I was a little late I was soon aloft and after the patrol. I never did find those three planes though, although I patrolled up and down the front for an hour. Once I dived on a machine thinking it might be one of them, but it dove in a cloud and I lost it. After that I gave up hunting my patrol and gave more attention to looking for Boches. There did not seem to be any working though, for aside from the one I had dove on the sky seemed to be empty. It was a beautiful sky, too, all filled with white clouds, some very large and others very small, and it was a wonderful sight indeed, especially the very small ones, which with the dark ground as a background, looked like bits of cotton floating around.

I noticed a plane a mile or so over the line. It was just above the clouds and showed up very black against the blue ground. Being some 1,000 meters higher and so far away to tell what kind of a plane it was, I decided to have a look and make sure. From where I was at the time I let it circle a few times, and the plane I had chased into a cloud some time before. Probably a French plane out taking pictures, for the pilot was a Frenchman, and when very thick around it, and now on his return journey.

Discovers New Hun Plane But there was no shrapnel bursting around this particular plane, which in itself was suspicious, because although the clouds were plentiful there were holes enough for the sharp eyes of anti-aircraft batteries to see one. Such being the case, I opened the cover on my sight, took a light grip on my triggers, took a look at my numerous bullets to be sure the motor was working perfectly and headed full speed for that lone bird on the other side of the line. I overhauled him very quickly and although I had the sun at my back and was coming up behind him, he must have seen me, because he veered slowly around and came toward me. Still I thought it was a French plane and was looking all over its wings and tail for the red, white and blue insignia. But in vain. There was none, and I could see no black crosses either. And then suddenly I recognized it as the newest type combat plane of the Huns—the biplane Fokker, said to be superior to the Spad in both speed and climbing ability. I was looking at one of those Spads. I made a mental remark at the instant that here was where we proved some of the statements.

Flying Over Rheims I could appreciate the beauty of the scene but just the same I did not like those big clouds. They covered too much ground and were not at all transparent. In fact one covered the whole of Rheims, over which I had been circling most of the time, in hopes of seeing my patrol or pouncing on an unsuspecting Boche as he stuck his nose out of a cloud. Neither of these hopes were which I had been circling most of the time, in hopes of seeing my patrol or pouncing on an unsuspecting Boche as he stuck his nose out of a cloud. Neither of these hopes were which I had been circling most of the time, in hopes of seeing my patrol or pouncing on an unsuspecting Boche as he stuck his nose out of a cloud. Neither of these hopes were

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Skirmish in the Clouds Seeing the small black crosses about this time, I promptly dove and opened fire, but the Boche shot by underneath and I missed. Making a quick turn right after the other, I had I began firing than he started to do one "reversement" after another. This is done by standing up on one wing and then the other, rudder, come out in the opposite direction after a vertical dive which can be lengthened or shortened at will. Only he made them short, making one right after the other with me following down the same way, shooting whenever in position, which was not often, for he was a French plane and was looking all over its wings and tail for the red, white and blue insignia. But in vain. There was none, and I could see no black crosses either. And then suddenly I recognized it as the newest type combat plane of the Huns—the biplane Fokker, said to be superior to the Spad in both speed and climbing ability. I was looking at one of those Spads. I made a mental remark at the instant that here was where we proved some of the statements.

Three Miles in Germany You see our principal tank sends its gasoline to the engine by air pressure and owing to the arrangement of valves when diving very steeply all this pressure is lost and then no more air comes to the motor. Not in all machines, however, as motors like their wings as well as women, for I used number of planes where any amount of diving would not knock the pressure down. But this particular one did. I was diving vertically for the ground. I dove likewise, but this time got the sight on him before shooting, not watching the tracer bullets as before. I was sure I had him then, for the bullets were getting pleasantly close to him when suddenly my motor stopped. I knew instantly what the matter was. I forgot to switch onto my gravity feed tank before diving.

The Battle Renewed Fortunately the plane did not go into a "vrtile" when left to itself, but kept on diving. Believe me, I sure felt relieved to hear that motor burr into a hearty roar again, and pulling out of the dive began looking around to see where that Boche had gone. He seemed to have disappeared completely as the one I chased down near Rheims some time ago. Nevertheless, holding my plane in a close circle so that I could look down along the angle of the lower wing as I turned, I searched diligently for that lost Boche. Three complete circles I made before I discovered him, and then in the most unexpected place for he was coming right towards me, on a little lower level, his true, but coming nevertheless—and shooting as he came. My motor was working fine, however, and so were my guns. At least I thought they were until I dove for the Boche and no shots rewarded my pressure on the triggers. Both James were the kind that cannot be fixed in the air, so there was nothing left to do but run for it. The Boche was very kind about helping me, too, for he kept up a steady fire with his two guns, and I was only wishing I had some more power so I could go faster. And he seemed to have no trouble with his guns jamming either, for he kept up a steady rat-at-tat-tat all the time. Having a grandstand seat, so to speak, I can vouch for that being the target as well as score keeper.

Boche Was Poor Shot Incidentally, as a marksman, allow me to remark that he was considerably worse than I. Out of 100 shots I know I at least hit his wings, but he must have thrown away all of 500 to celebrate my home-coming and never touched me. At least I proved one thing, that this much vaunted plane was not faster than the Spad, although he could out-climb me, for with the 150-meter lead I had he never overhauled me, although I did considerable dodging to keep him from getting too close. We have heard considerable of this plane of late, and one having been captured intact have many pictures of it. It was from these pictures that I recognized the plane. Two peculiar things about it are the shape of the struts and the entire lack of wire-bracing. As for camouflage, it had none, being a dirty gray color, with a small cross shaped and so nearly the color of the plane as to be hardly recognizable. That was the reason I was nearly on top of it before I knew whether it was Hun or "ally."

Neck-and-Neck Race True, I got away unscathed, but I have no desire to run any more races with that particular Fokker, for his speed was too near mine to be pleasant, as our race back to the lines was nearly neck-and-neck. I only escaped finally because of my lead at the start and a dive with full motor when we reached the lines.

PACKARD TRUCK GETS STIFF JOB

Takes Place of a Big Crane in One of Uncle Sam's Munition Plants

An interesting story of a motor-truck that is doing some unusually strenuous work in keeping the home of Uncle Sam's munition plants. The job of carrying steel billets from the yard to the furnaces where three-inch shells are drop-forged, then to the crane which is operated in a hot shell, used to be done by a big crane. As a temporary measure, a three-ton Packard truck was installed while the crane was being repaired. While the crane was off the job, the output of the plant jumped from 8,000 shells to 24,000 shells daily. And when repairs were made it was found that the crane could not handle the increased production. So the truck was assigned to the job permanently. There probably is no other truck making as many trips as this one, for it travels twenty-one to twenty-eight miles each day on a round trip haul of 500 feet. Half of this distance the big carrier must run backwards, for the shell in which it is operated is not wide enough for the truck to turn around. The red-hot shells soon warped the metal body of the truck so badly that a new body, much heavier, had to be built. But despite this trying service, the big Packard has been performing its work without interruption for many months, twenty-four hours each day. And it gives every indication of being able to continue as long as the Huns require a shell diet.

Cincinnati Police Force on Strike For More Pay

Cincinnati, Sept. 14.—Between the hours of 3 and 5 p. m. yesterday the city was guarded by only forty-eight policemen, a strike of the guardians of the law here having been declared earlier out when the second shift, which daily reported at 3 p. m., failed to put in an appearance. At 5 p. m., however, 600 members of the Home Guard used the personal command of Colonel Charles F. Hake, took command and the dark drab of the guards greeted the eyes of the pedestrians where the blue of the policeman was accustomed to be seen.

The latter is by no means a safe procedure, the tremendous speed acquired and resistance produced thereby some times pulling a wing off, but that seemed the lesser of two evils, and turning on the Boche was too foolish to be thought of since both guns were useless.

And after all this, when I landed at the home roost the commander gave me Sam Hill and Hall Columbia for staying out on the lines alone, as it is absolutely forbidden to go out in a pair of less than three. I excused myself by saying I was hunting the patrol and got by with it. Such, indeed, was the truth. Two letters came from you yesterday and in one was the picture of my three sisters. It sure is a wonderful picture and could not be more flattering.

We sure are in luck, for there is going to be some celebration here on the 14th—the French "Fourth of July," for an American colonel has promised to send seven of his men here who are talented musicians. The colored band I told you about in Chalons may be here also, so you can see we won't want for music and you know how I like music. WALTER.

USE AUTOS MORE, RAILROADS LESS

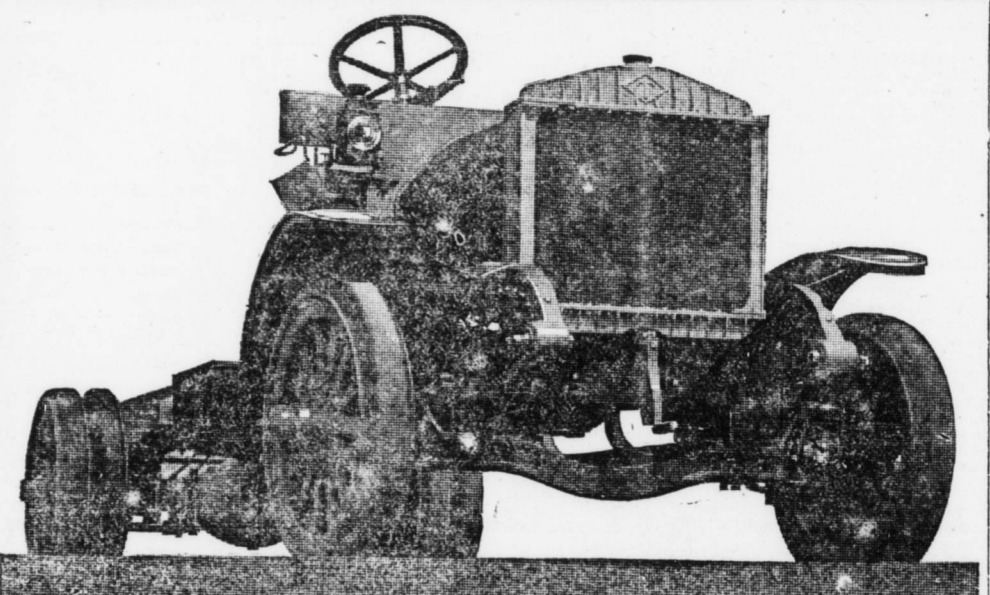
"Working Vacation" Idea Advocated by Leading Manufacturing Executive

"One thing that has lately impressed me very deeply is the win-the-war spirit exhibited by the boys and girls in our colleges," said B. F. Barker, manager of the Miller Auto Company, local distributors of Oldsmobiles, in a recent interview. "The spirit of useful work, instead of frivolous summertime play very obviously extends even to the grammar schools. "This more than ever confirms my opinion that vacation time, in the generally accepted sense of the term, is nonexistent, for this year at least. I mean particularly as applied to business and professional men. "Of course, most such men are planning some sort of relaxation, for while they do not feel that they can justly sever all business connection for even a few days, they realize that all work and absolutely no play is not conducive to the best results. "A great many men whom I know are planning to take necessary business trips in such a manner as to combine business with pleasure. Most of these plans revolve around the use of an automobile. This certainly is an excellent idea from every angle. In the first place, crosscountry motoring is beautiful and highly stimulating. It puts a man on his mettle, fits him for further hard work. Besides, when carefully planned, it is economical of time as a railroad trip that includes any considerable number of stop-overs. "Even more important, every automobile business trip lessens the railroad transportation problem to some extent. And, as everyone knows, the movement of troops, munitions, grain and coal will surely tax the railroads during the next few months as they never before have been taxed."

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