Flying With Shaffer

HARD LUCK

LETERS FROM A DAUPHIN BOY TO HIS MOTHER

Escadrille Spad 38,
Secteur Postal 24,
G. C., 22,
July 20, 1918

Dear Mother:

Events are still occurring so rapidly that it's hard to find the time to write them down. Besides, flying makes one very sleepy, especially when one is pulled out of bed at 5 a. m. and sent aloft with only a cup of coffee to hold the ribs together.

So many things have happened to me and around me that I hardly know where to begin. No more need Dad complain about my having no experiences to write about, for I sure have been having them the last week, averaging two flights a day regular. Yes, I know the next question! (How many did you get?) And I am ashamed to answer—none. But such is the truth. I know brother Donald cannot understand why Putnam has so many and I none, and I do look like a dub beside him, I know, but probably you will understand better.

You know I always did have to work hard for whatever I got, and flying and shooting Huns is no exception to the rule. My shooting is improving as well as my flying, and that some of these numerous Huns I've been using for targets have well ventilated planes after the fight there is no doubt. However, in a fight last evening an ambitious Hun did some souvenir-donating himself. There were three of us at the time when we saw these seven Huns. They were using the new type Fokker planes I spoke about before, and our leader, knowing there were English planes in this sector who much resembled them, flew around high above and looked them over thoroughly before attacking. As usual, when seeing Allied planes about to attack, the Huns immediately went into their circus formation of chasin geach other's tails.

Can't Be Beat

This formation is the best protective stunt I have ever seen. You can't beat it, because no matter which Hun you dive on, there is always one behind his tail to plug you when you get close enough, as these "chasse" machines blind spot is the tail, you can understand how efficient this going around in a circle is.

One of War's Chances

However, it's one of the chances of war, and besides he has to be some quick and skillful Boche that can aim and shoot in the fraction of a second when one pulls up from a steep dive. Yet they get a French plane once in awhile that way—and I was nearly one of that number in this fight I speak of. Our leader having dove, I picked me one out also and proceded to let a stream of lead his way. But there seemed to be no result—his head must have been pretty hard, I guess, and they bounced off—for he kept right on playing merry-go-round, while I pulled on the rest of the motor and pointed my noise toward Heaven. I wanted to rise to greater heigths, and that "tout de suite." Three times I dove without result, and the fourth time I decided I would get so close I could see his eyes before shooting, but he wiggled around so much that before I got the sight on him I was right on top the plane. Thus I only got about two shots in when it was necessary to pull up to keep from hitting him, and then it was when I felt something whistle past my face, so close I could feel its hot breath. There was a splintering sound behind me and I felt another bullet just graze my back. I was climbing nearly the limit then, but when "Little Willie" got his popgun working I pulled on the "stick" some more. As the Huns were going down all the time we soon left them, for our time to stay in the air was nearly up. On theway back to camp I noticed where the bullet had come out that had come so close to me.

A Narrow Escape

When we landed my mechanic discovered where another bullet had entered and just missed my leg, ending its career in the motor. They never did find where the bullet hit the motor, but since the motor ran all right they dicded no damage was done. It was not my plane, either, and its owner, deciding it would be safer in his hands even if he was sick, took possession this morning.

Dad often speaks of the guardian angel that watches over me—and other foolish boys—if such being the truth, he, she, or it, sure did his duty well this time, because seeing that the Hun had two guns and they shoot parallel, I must have been exactly between them judging from the direction of the bullets. Yea bo! I may be lucky, but I don't hanker to have it proven so closely again. No, ma'm! There must have been one Hun in that patrol who could shoot, for I was not the one hit. A Frenchman had an important piece of wood shot away in the body of his plane. Perhaps it was the "red bird," as there was one Hun all dolled up like a sunset. Come to think of it, I used him for a target once, and probably one bouncing off his head made him angry, for he was the party responsible for my ventilated plane.

The same day a lieutenant in the escadrille had six holes shot in his plane when three Boches, took him by surprise. The patrol I was with several minutes later attacked this same patrol, and if we did not get any, we had the satisfaction of chasing them down to a lower altitude.

Warm in France

If Dad blames the sudden change of climate in the states on the war, the same reason must apply here. His letter spoke of snow in June. It's the contrary here just now, and has been ever since the big attack on the 14th. Golly! It sure is hot! So terrific was it that half the pilots and mechanics were laid up sick. I happened to be one of the lucky ones, at least, I was not sick, but they sure had me working. I really think I flew every machine in the escadrille. We had quite a run of bad luck too, what with bad motors and several planes smashed, and one morning only three planes were ready for the air. The leader were soon over the lines. Huns seemed to be scarce that morning and after two hours' flying I gave up hope of seeing any, when the leader started chasing round and round in a wide circle. Wondering why he was going round and around especialy as shrapnel was getting the range better and better, I concentrated all my ability in keeping position and dodging "archie" when he came to unpleasantly close. Suddenly he stopped circling and dove directly through the thickest part of black puff balls (shrapnel). Of course, we two followed, the Frenchman and I, but I failed to see anything to shoot at until I nearly ran into it—it being a "reglage" Boche plane. So close was it that I could not shoot, as he was going the oppsite way and shot under me so quick I hardly saw him, and I could not maneuver, because the Frenchman seeing him about the same time I did, dove under me.

Little Free Lancing

The leader was already maneuvering for a position on his tail so I was out of luck, and he desisting from the attack quickly and heading back for our lines, we needs must follow our leader, for the command, follow your leader is firmly impressed on us. This flying game in war times isn't such a free lance thing as you might think, for we have particular orders which must be carried out to the letter.

If you could have heard the commander ball out our leader for attacking a Boche outside a sector he was supposed to be in you would believe me.

In the evening of the same day a lieutenant took two of us out and jumped on three Boches. They were flying those new Fokher planes, and as usual started a merry-go-round. One little boy didn't quite get in the ring and seeing the Lieutenant jumping on another one, I picked on little Wandering Willie, but just as my bullets were beginning to get somewhere near that Hun the Lieut. whose Hun had immediately stopped playing ring when attacked, turned and started after the one I was shooting at. Thus, he got right in line of my fire, as he was somewhat lower than I, and to prevent hitting him, I must needs stop shooting. By this time tne Huns being pretty far in their own lines and going down to boot, our Lieut. left them and led us home.

Downhearted

To say I was thoroughly disgusted with myself would be putting it mildly. Even the lieutenant noticed how downhearted I looked and asked what was the matter.

He speaks good English, so I could express myself freely. "Well" said I glumly, "I have been in so many combats and not a Boche have I knocked down. I'm plumb disgusted!" There happened to be another Lieutenant standing nearby who has ten Boche to his credit, and hearing my complaining translated reassured me considerably by saying he had been in 20 fights before one tumbled. That was encouraging as I only have about 11 combats to my credit, and showed there was still hope, but I was still disgusted with myself; which may account for the two bullets I received so close to me the next day.

His Darndest

And then the next day along comes brother Donald's letter wanting to know why I can't at least get one if Putman gets five. All I can say is that some people are born great, others acquire greatness, and some have it forced upon them. I think that's the quotation, and I come under the middle heading. I'm doing my darndest, you know, and remember nothing I ever got came in a hurry.

You remember that new American pilot I spoke about in a former letter? Byers was his name. Well, something has happened to him, which if it was not so pathetic would be funny, for after three days with the escadrille he is a prisoner in Germany. Quite a short career on the front, eh? That is the sad part. The droll part comes in with the regularity with which he was bombarded by the Boche. Strange! the very day he was lost, he remarked at dinner that since the Boche had shot at him with cannon in the first camp, where he got no sleep; had dropped bombs on him in the second camp, where he slept in a stable—when at all, that it would be a fitting ending if he spent the third night in a German prison. Of course, nobody thought at the time as he jokingly said it that such might indeed be the case, and yet two hours later he got lost in a cloud when the patrol dove into it after a Boche. Having no map and it being only his second trip on the lines he was probably at a loss to tell which side was French and which Boche, for according to reports a Spad monoplane was seen to land in German territory just over the lines. It must have been our unfortunate friend Byers, because that was the last we heard of him. I told you about that patrol in the last letter where we all dove in a cloud after a Hun and came out scattered to the four winds. That's where a compass comes in handy, for in a cloud one has no sense of direction, and a compass is always true. In fact, several of the pilots in that same patrol told me the only way they knew where they were was by watching the compass when they were in the clouds. I had none in the machine I was flying, which explains why I stuck close to the leader. Believe me, I sure made a holler for one when I got home—and got it too.

Hard Luck

Am staying in a small village nearby our camp. It's very ugly, dirty and unhandy, but the tent roof fell in again the other night so I have hunted other quarters until it's fixed. Unfortunately, the madam has a daughter and she has already fallen in love with me—the ugly ones all do, worse luck! Being an aviator and an American seems to be a conbination that few French girls can withstand, probably because they dress like a million-dollars even if not a "sou" they possess. Unfortunately, again I say it, the combination has not helped me to bask in the smiles of something chic and Frenchy. Sad, isn't it?

You know, I would like to see an American sanitary officer come into one of these French villages. It would indeed be interesting to see his expression when he saw the human family living in one end of the stable and the animal ones in the other, with a three-legged chair for a front porch and the manure pile for scenery. You may not believe it, but such is a fact, and quite a usual one at that. I comment on this state of affairs not because I want to knock, but out of sheer wonder that the twentieth century civilization has not found these people. They seem to be quite contented and happy, however, and since that is the aim of existence it would be cruel to uproot such blissful ignorance, and now just to show how consistent (?) I am, there's one of the softest beds in the world awaiting me now, and I sure am sleepy. Good night.

WALTER.

The joy of feeling fit and fresh rewards those who heed the laws of health, and keep the habits regular with

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold Everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

I Blame the Woman Who Lets a Man Drink Says Druggist Brown

Of Cleveland. He Guarantees a Simple Home Treatment Given Without the Knowledge of the Drinker.

Cleveland, O.—No wife has a right to let her husband drink; for alcoholism is a disease and a drunkard is a sick man, says Druggist Brown of Cleveland. A woman can cure this disease — stop a drinking husband in a few weeks for half what he would spend on liquor in the same time. The habit can be broken and the disease cured. Thousands of cases prove it and every community has its reformed drunkard. Druggist Brown says the right time to stop the drink habit is at its beginning. Left to run its course it will deaden the fine sensibilities of the man you love. Begin with the first whiff of liquor on his breath, but do not despair if he has already gone from bad to worse until he has become a rum-soaked sot.

Druggist Brown knows the curse of strong drink for he himself has been a victim. A loving sister, without his knowledge or consent, rescued him from the brink of a drunkard's grave and for ten years kept her secret. She saved him from drink—rescued him from his own depraved, besotted self by giving him a secret remedy, the formula of an old German chemist. To pay his debt to her and to help other victims out of the murk and mire he has made the formula public.

Druggists everywhere dispense it daily as Prepared Tescum Powders, put up in doses. Get it of your own druggist and drop a powder twice a day in tea, coffee, milk or other drink. Soon liquor does not taste the same, the craving for it disappears, and lo! one more drunkard has been saved and knows not when or why he lost his taste for drink.

Warning Note: Tescum should be given only where it is desirable to destroy all taste for alcohol and all pleasure in its use. Those who encourage moderate drinking should not give it until the so-called moderate drinker reaches the danger line, as most of them do in time. Druggist Brown has such confidence in prepared Tescum Powders that he personally guarantees results or he will refund out of his own pocket the price charged by the dispensing druggist. It is sold in Harrisburg by J. Nelson Clark and other druggists.

You Must Build Up Your Health, Jim, If You Want To Get Ahead—

Why don't you try some of that Nuxated Iron like the doctor prescribed for me when I was weak and run-down. After a short course I was much stronger and energetic and I really took a fresh grip on life. I'm able to work much harder now and I get real pleasure out of it. And the best of it is

I'm Feeling Years Younger and Getting Ahead Faster than Ever Before in my Life

In the strenuous times of today, what every American man needs, in order to get ahead, is tremendous "staying power," strength and endurance. Health is indispensable to business success and to happiness in home and social life. If you would have nerves of steel, blood of iron and the invincible determination to succeed—to be healthier, stronger and more enduring—read these authoritative opinions by Dr. James Francis Sullivan and other physicians. Learn how iron enriches the blood and helps make strong, keen, red-blooded Americans—men and women who dare and do.

In an authorized statement concerning the appalling deficiency of iron in the blood of many men and women of to-day, Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), N. Y., and the Westchester County Hospital, says: "So many folks come to me and say, 'I don't know what's the matter with me, Doctor, but I'm always tired out, nervous and run down. I want to get something to build me up so I can enjoy life and have the energy and ambition to work harder in order to get ahead and be more successful.' This tired out, nervous and run-down condition is widespread, as doctors can testify, and in thousands of these cases as well as countless others which never come to the attention of physicians, the real cause of the trouble is simply a lack of sufficient iron in the blood.

"Without iron in the blood the food merely passes through the body without transferring its strength and nourishment to the system. As a consequence the muscles deteriorate, the flesh becomes flabby, the strength and endurance decreases and the nervous system becomes irritated, sometimes resulting in depression and melancholia. Is it any wonder, then, that without sufficient iron in the blood to make it red, rich and healthy, the patient is run-down and suffering both physicial and nervous ailments?

"It is perfectly clear to doctors and others who have studied the subject that a weak body means a weakened brain; that weak nerve force means weakened will power; and that lack of sufficient iron has undermined many a man's physical and mental power, ruined his nerves and cast him upon the rocks of Failure. There can be no strong, vigorous, successful men without plenty of iron in their blood and so, when weak, run-down, nervous patients come to me, I almost invariably prescribe organic iron — Nuxated Iron — to build them up and give them renewed energy, vim and vitality. In many years of medical practice, I have found no preparation as efficacious as Nuxated Iron for quickly increasing the strength and endurance of tired out, weakened and anemic folks."

Among other physicians to comment on the necessity of red blood —blood rich in iron—to increase the strength, power and endurance of weak, run-down folks is Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, who says: "There is little doubt, in my opinion, that thousands of American men and women would be stronger, more energetic and vigorous in body and mind, and therefore more successful in life, if they would only enrich their blood with organic iron and thus fortify and invigorate their whole system. There can be no success or happiness without the rich, red blood—full of iron—that always goes with health. You will notice that wherever you go you can tell the people with iron in their blood; they are strong, vigorous, dominant, successful folks, brimming over with Life and Energy. In my opinion, the best way to build up the strength and endurance that make for success is to take organic iron — Nuxated Iron. I have prescribed it with remarkable success in even the most obstinate cases and in many instances it has given renewed strength and endurance in two weeks' time. I cannot recommend it too highly for persons who are weak, run-down and nervous."

Further evidence of the extraordinary merit of Nuxated Iron as a strength, body and blood builder is contained in a statement of Kenneth K. MacAlpine, a prominent New York Surgeon, who says: "During sixteen years as Lecturer and Adjunct Professor of Special Surgery (Proctology) in the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, I never had recourse to so valuable a remedy as Nuxated Iron for building up the strength and health of debilitated, convalescent patients. Severe tests recently made with Nuxated Iron have absolutely convinced me that it is a preparation of most unusual merit.

"Nuxated Iron by enriching the blood and creating new blood cells, strengthens the nerves, rebuilds the weakened tissues and helps to instill renewed energy and endurance into the whole system whether the patients be young or old. In my opinion, Nuxated Iron is the most valuable tonic, strength and blood-builder any physician can prescribe."

Weakness and failure or health and success — which shall it be? You must have plenty of iron in your blood if you want strength and endurance and the power to win.

It is conservatively estimated that over three million people annually, in this country alone, are taking Nuxated Iron to enrich their blood and make them strong, vigorous, energetic and healthy. Astonishing results have been reported by laymen, doctors and many prominent persons in almost all walks of life—which prove that Nuxated Iron is tremendously beneficial to weak, nervous, run-down people. Senators, Congressmen, Physicians, Jurists, Athletes, business men and women, and others such as Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, former Secretary of the United States Treasury; Former United States Senator and Vice-Presidential Nominee Chas. A. Towne; United States Judge G. W. Atkinson (former Governor of West Virginia); Ass't Judge Advocate General Richard R. Kenney, Former United States Senator; etc., have used and endorsed Nuxated Iron. Uncounted testimonials are at hand proving that Nuxated Iron has an unrivalled record as a strength, blood and body builder.

If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE—Nuxated Iron which has been used by United States Judge Atkinson, Hon. Leslie M. Shaw and others with such surprising results, is not a secret remedy but one which is well-known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by Croll Keller, G. A. Gorgas, J. Nelson Clark, Clark's Medicine Store and all good druggists. Dae Health Laboratories, Detroit, Mich.

NUXATED IRON is the most remarkable strength and blood builder to which I have ever had recourse."—F. King, M. D.

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The Season's most opportune time to purchase Your Suit, Coat or Dress

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Women's and Misses' New Fall Dresses at . . . $12.90

Pure Wool Men's Wear Serge Dresses—four pretty styles—sizes for women and misses.

Women's and Misses' Dresses $15 to 39.50

Satin Dresses—splendid style assortment—in all the wanted colors—sizes for women and misses.

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Pure Silk Tricolet Dresses—one of the nobbiest of the season—taupe, gray and navy.

Women's and Misses' Dresses . . $15 to $25

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Women's and Misses' Zibeline Coats Special $15

Zibeline — all the wanted colors—plush collars—sizes for misses or women.

Women's and Misses Stunning New Coats, Special at . . $20

Burella, Velour, Corduroy Coats—staple and fancy models—a wonderful style range.

Women's and Misses Smart New Fall Coats $25

Velours, Kerseys, Cheviots and Homespun Coats—all the colors and the smartest of the models—many have plush or kerami trimming—all sizes for women and misses.

Women's & Misses' Fine New Fall Coat $32.50 to $75

Broadcloths, Velours, Pompoms, Silvertones, Heather Cloths, Crystal Cloths and Plush Coats—topnotch of style and the finest materials.

The New Fall Suits

Women's and Misses' Burella Cloth and Poplin Suits at . . $20

Burella Cloth and Poplin—pure wool, navy, brown, taupe and black—two smart models for women and misses.

Women's and Misses' Pure Wool Poplin Suits at . . . $25

Pure Wool Poplin—three handsome models—plain tailored or trimmed. Black, navy, brown and taupe; women's and misses' sizes.

Women's and Misses' Chiffon, Broadcloth and Poplin Suits $35

Chiffon Broadcloths and fine Poplins—braided or plain tailored—five of the latest models; all the wanted shades; styles for women or misses.

SECOND FLOOR

AT KAUFMAN'S

Most Extraordinary Trimmed Hats Shown This Fall at $2.95 to $15.95

There is one thing we can most forcefully state—and that is that at Kaufman's you will see the most alluring assemblage of trimmed hats in the city at popular prices. This means that not only will the stunning new styles be here but the quality and millinery workmanship on these hats are of the highest order. We are showing them in velvets in black and the most popular shades.

Very Smart Velour and Sport Hats,

$2.95 to $10

There will be a big demand for sport and velour hats this fall and we are very well prepared to meet that demand. The nobbiest styles that are shown in the prominent city shops are here and the prices are attractive. The assortments are large and offer splendid choice, no matter what your taste.

SECOND FLOOR

AT KAUFMAN'S

Every Mother Will Welcome This News!

Complete Assortments Infants Wear

It will be a source of satisfaction to be able to come to a store where the tiny tots' needs are so carefully looked after.

Infants' Dresses, 79c, 98c, to $4.95

A complete line of Infants' Dresses. Long and short dresses of fine lawn, nainsook, batiste and silk; trimmed with lace and embroidered yoke; French knots; trimmed sleeves. Prices 79c, 98c, $1.23, $1.45, $1.95 up to $4.95.

Infants' Sacks, 79c up to $1.95

Nightingale and Cashmere Sack, embroidery and ribbon trimmed; pink and baby blue, 79c to $1.95.

Infants' Knitted Sacks, 98c to $1.98

Knitted Sacks of white Shetland wool, plain and trimmed; with pink and baby blue silk; square and high collars, 98c, $1.50 up to $1.98.

Infants' Caps, 75c to $1.95

Infants' Caps of white silk poplins, Bedford cords, knitted, prettily trimmed with ribbon and lace; hand embroidered, 75c, 95c, $1.23 up to $1.95.

SECOND FLOOR

AT KAUFMAN'S

Full Assortments Women's New Fall Gloves

Women's Chamoisette Gloves

Chamoisette Gloves—2-clasp, in white with self stitching and black stitching; extraordinary value; pair 75c

French Kid Gloves

French Kid Gloves—2-clasp, in white with self and contrasting and black in self and contrasting stitching; pair... $2.00

Women's Chamoisette Gloves

Two-clasp, in white with contrasting stitching; black with white stitching and gray with self stitching; pair..... $1.00

French Kid Gloves

French Kid Gloves—2-clasp, fine quality, in black and white in self and contrasting stitching and tan and gray.... $2.50

Friday in Kaufman's 10 Day Bargain Basement Sale

Five Big Bargains At Unmatchable Low Prices For Friday

Water Set — Heavy glass pitcher and six glasses. Special, set, 95c

Mrs. Potts' Irons — Set of three irons, holder and stand. Special Friday, $1.69

Casseroles — Nickel plated casserole large size; brown and white filter. Special, 89c

Sherbet Glass — Ice cream and sherbet glasses, cut glass, beautiful patterns; 6 for 69c

O'Cedar Mop and Oil — 75c O'Cedar Mop; 25c bottle O'Cedar Oil. Special, 69c

Vacuum Sweeper — Fully guaranteed sweeper and vacuum cleaner combined. $4.95

Water Pails — Good heavy tin water pails. 29c

Knives & Forks — Steel knives and forks with cocobolo handles; 6 of each, for $1.69

Wash Boilers — Good strong wash boilers, made of heavy tin. $1.98

Bed Spreads — Full size, crochet bed spreads, hemmed. $1.98

Pillow Case Muslin — 42-in. Hill muslin pillow casing. Yard, 39c

Porch Gates — 5-ft. folding porch gates. Special. 98c

Toilet Seats — Golden oak. Special, 98c

Cups and Saucers — Decorated cups and saucers with band design. Special, 6 for $1.39

Silver Plated Knives & Forks — Good quality silver knives and forks, each, 19c

20-Mule Team Borax — ONE PACKAGE FOR 12c and with coupon out of yesterday's paper one pack of Borax FREE.

Toilet Paper — 6 big rolls toilet paper. Special, 24c

Ice Cream Freezers — Acme 2-qt. freezers. Special, 95c

Huck Towels — Good huck towels blue bor, 18x36. 17c

Electric Irons — Guaranteed Electric Irons. $3.95

Brooms — 5-string extra large Brooms, for 69c

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Corduroy and Cheviot Suits; in neat mixtures. New Military Norfolk models; belt all around; with buckle; pants cut full. 7 to 8 years.

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Splendid new Crompton Cravenette Waterproof Corduroy. Five handsome cheviot and cassimere suits. Newest Norfolk military model; slashed pockets. Belts 7 to 18 years.

BOYS' ODD PANTS $1.00, $1.19, $1.49

Made of good, strong cheviot material, all seams taped, double stitched; cut full.

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