

# Flying With Shaffer

## WRECKING A BALLOON

LETTERS FROM A DAUPHIN BOY TO HIS MOTHER

Escadrille, Spad 88, Sector Postal, 240, G. C. 23. July 25, 1918.

Dear Mother: Yesterday I had a new experience, that of attacking a balloon. As Dad remarked, it's an awful temptation to shoot at one, but he would be surprised how backward pilots are about using these fat, bulging bags as targets. Later I'll tell you why. Well, I fell for the temptation and receiving a brand new Spad the other day, I asked for a special balloon gun and getting it, soon had it mounted, the sight regulated and fired up with cartridges. Having such a special gun, then the next question was would the commander allow me to go hunting—alone, I doubted it. Thinking for the first time I would not do any harm. Yesterday was just the kind of a day to hunt balloons too, the sky being nearly completely covered with clouds, with only a hole here and there.

Since the balloons generally rest at a height of from 800 meters to a thousand and the ceiling of clouds was at 2,000, you can see how easy it would be to pick out one's balloon, jump up into the clouds and sneak up on it, and, and then come hurtling down on it all unsuspecting. All afternoon I had been hunting an officer and one would do of the escadrille to ask permission to get out the "sausages," but in vain. It being reposed for the escadrille no one was to be found. Not until 7 p. m. did any one show up and fortunately it was the commander. You should have heard him laugh when I asked for his permission. He thought it was a great joke, and the wind was in the

### Rheumatism Goes

Torturing Pains and Swollen Joints Vanish When Rhuema is Used At last a real remedy for rheumatism! And a good one it must be when Kennedy's Drug Store and good druggists everywhere sell it on the no-charge no-pay basis. Rheumatism should hail the news with great rejoicing, for it is surely a remarkable remedy and has a record of almost unbelievable cures. Read what Dr. Oliver, of Albany, Ga., says about it: "I had sciatic rheumatism for two years, and tried every medicine and for rheumatism. Tried many doctors, was treated at one of the best southern sanatoriums, and if I improved any I did not realize it. I am a conductor on the Central of Georgia Railroad, and had secured a pass to Hot Springs, Ark., to take treatment. About that time I saw Theuma advertised and concluded to try it. I abandoned my trip, took three bottles, and now feel as well as ever. I am going to make everybody I see who has rheumatism try it. I would not take a hundred thousand dollars for what Rhuema has done for me. I would rather be dead than live as I was before the use of Rhuema."

### I HAVE VIGOR AND VIM; SANPAN DID IT

My story can be told in a few words says Mrs. Annie Gumbly, 1148 Cumberland street, Harrisburg. I was to all appearances a total wreck; my nerves were all gone up, could not rest at night, it was just one constant tossing about in bed, and sleep would not close my eyes, finally toward morning I would doze off when it was time to get up. I felt fagged out. Had a trembling in my limbs and a weak feeling in my stomach. I just forced myself to get around. I started to take Sanpan and now I have the vigor and vim that I lacked before and Sanpan did it. Sanpan is now being introduced at Keller's Drug Store, 405 Market street, Harrisburg.

### 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 gear into the game, it was up to him to 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 chain in 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 me out 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.'"

wrong direction, called me a "darn fool" (in French course), and called me up by telling me to go to it, but to be sure and keep an eye out for Boches. A quite unnecessary precaution, because I was going to look around before I went down after a balloon.

**A Pleasant Shock** Surprised though I had been at his granting my permission to go alone, I soon recovered from the shock and was getting into my duds for the new adventure, grimly reminding some thing was going to happen to a certain balloon before I came back. I was soon in the air with my motor running like a charm. It sure was music to my ears, because a perfect running motor was absolutely necessary to the mission I was bent on for an in-way back to the lines I would certainly be mighty near the ground.

**Running Lovely** Everything about the lovely and I was soon up to the cloud ceiling sailing along at full speed for the lines. Getting near Rheims a big cloud loomed up in front of me, and below the rest, and not wishing to run through it, as it was near twilight and somewhat hazy and I might come out with a lost sense of direction. It was more interesting to fly around it anyway, for a more beautiful sight I never saw, with its jutting and fantastic edges reflecting in many color combinations the glory of the setting sun. You cannot imagine how wonderful a sight it is to be in the middle of a sunset. Its beauty is indescribable and flying around this big cloud, sometimes brushing a wing tip against a jutting golden cornice, curiously wondering if it was really the gold it seemed or only the chiffon of heaven with a halo, was the most beautiful sight I ever saw. But I was bent on different business and paused not at all to drink in all this beauty, only taking it in as I passed by, for not for a minute had I forgotten my real errand. I was getting near the lines now according to advice as to my line of procedure. Flew up and down back of our lines looking for Boche balloons in order to pick one out, and prevent Archie from advertising my presence as I did so.

If they saw me coming, you know, they took some precautionary measures beforehand, first looking all around under the clouds for Boche patrols. Three planes were all around me, but I knew they were French, so climbed up through the clouds to see if there were any Boche vultures playing around up there. I was flying in the clouds against the sun, and saw the perfect blue wasted no time at all taking in this beauty. What I was interested in was whether any Hun were lurking around up there, polluting the atmosphere and waiting to drop on just such birds as I. Besides, I was flying by compass and sun now, and headed into Germany. Time seemed to pass quite slowly, for when I judged I must be over the balloon I dove through the cloud expecting to find it under me. It was not though being still some distance away. Archie hadn't found me yet, however, and preventing him doing so, went up in the clouds against the sun, and preventing him doing so, went up in the clouds against the sun, and preventing him doing so, went up in the clouds against the sun.

**Not a Shell** Not a shell had broken around me yet, as I had done the stalking trick fairly well, but just then I discovered my telescope sight was very dirty, so much so that I could not see the balloon through it. However being some distance away I held my fire, but not for long, as I had been told to start shooting at quite a distance, as the special gun I had would not burn its object at close quarters. Finally beginning to shoot and correcting my aim by watching the flaming bullets. The first batch went all around the balloon. Quickly making the correction I let another bunch go and some of those hit the mark. That balloon was getting to be quite a big mark by this time. Great! It looked as big as a bat. Big yellow and glistening it looked, as it swung from its moorings and right on its top was a black cross which reminded me of a porous plaster on my back, for I was sure was one fat and bulging sausage.

**Hard Luck** Every bullet was hitting now, but the do-or-die thing wouldn't burn. I made me mad, for not only was I getting mighty close to that sausage, but unhealthily close to the ground also, for they were coming down with all speed possible, which was considerable. But I was making a little speed myself and kept right on coming, getting more angry all the time because it would not burn. The bullets were still going at it like sparks from the tail of a comet, and they were hitting two, but still nothing happened. I forgot all my Presbyterian training then, and shot a few colored French expressions along with the next bullets. I can't remember that helped any, unless to start the "union gun" working. (I can hear you say now "it served you right for swearing.") Hold on! I can't remember ten of those balls of fire came right at me! And it was such an alarming sight my heart missed a beat. Even though my eye was glued to the sight I saw them coming and so close were they I could hear them hiss as they sizzled past.

**Sit No Results** But I had come to get that balloon, and get it I would if my cart-ridges held out. And that's just what happened. The bullets played out, I had been shooting in spurts before to prevent my gun getting hot and jamming, but now that the fireworks had all started I pressed both triggers and let it go. Still no results and then my special gun stopped and I knew the bullets were all used. And that exasperating bang of gas still floated intact. Its failure to burn made me so mad I saw red and despite "onions," shrapnel, etc., and the fact that my remaining gun was no good for balloons I shot some hundred shells with it merely as a safety valve. The balloon was nearly on the ground now, and was so close I, seeing the foolishness of shooting so uselessly, only having tracer bullets. I pulled the motor wide open and fired it off as fast as I could. I thought they had shot at me before, but it was nothing to what they checked at me now. It's no exaggeration when I say that every known kind of fireworks were used at me. I could well appreciate the honor and the gorgeous way with which they celebrated my advent amongst them, but my bashful nature asserted itself, as usual, and insisted on my leaving the

center of things 'tout de suite." **Well Advertised** Besides, I was getting too well advertised. This said advertisement pays, and I grant you it does sometimes—but this was not one of the times, for with the tremendous racket, not forgetting the black puff balls of "Archie," they were making, every Boche for miles around would come running to give me Godspeed. And I didn't want that. I was going fast enough without any help, and did not hanker to be given a parting welcome—especially by a Boche. Thus, while ducked and dodged through the shrapnel I kept a lookout aloft for a Boche patrol to appear for I was flying very low—considering what was under me (German barbed wire and trenches) 400 meters.

**No Time to Be Frightened** Being busily occupied this way, I had no time to grow frightened at the numerous guns using me as a target. Things were sure humming around me, the shrapnel was breaking no close it seemed I could pick a black puff ball and take it home for a souvenir, and that was not all, either, for every Hun along the route I was making in such record and zigzag time I had a gun, found time to get a shot in the Fatherland. I had nearly reached the lines, still going strong, when the main patrol I had feared and expected appeared high overhead, six of them, and the new Fokker at that. They saw the path I had made through the shrapnel quite plainly, for I sure had left a wake of black puff balls that would have made an ocean liner jealous, but being well camouflaged and flying very low, they had some difficulty in spotting

the cause of all the commotion, sailing around in circles like bees who had lost their queen. Finally one discovered me and came tearing down after me. Being busy watching the others, I did not notice this lone bird until he appeared uncomfortably close in my rear and overhauling me. That was not to be wondered at, because I was not running full speed all the time, going by jerks at spurts, as well as taking a zigzag course. But when I beheld this little Boche, looking much like a wasp as he came down on me, with his five fellows preparing to do the same, I stopped worrying about shrapnel or how close the infantry might come if I went in a straight line, and opening up the motor wide, dove for the ground. What with the help of my motor and gravity, the closest Hun decided I was a losing bet, for he pulled up and went home, while I climbed a little higher and went crossly on my way home. The fact that I had chased the balloon down to the ground was not any satisfaction at all. I wanted to see it burn, and considering what I had gone through, I felt cheated in not seeing a bonfire for reward.

**Holes in the Plane** When I got home I found six bullet holes in my plane, two in the tail and four in the wings. Considering how many guns were using me as a target, I think I got off very easily. As Dad would say, my Guardian Angel did his duty very well. And now you begin to see why I demands for the balloon gun are not so numerous, for pilots are few who want to be a target for the whole Boche army—and I am not one of the few. I'm not crazy about it,

but if a burned balloon is the reward, it's worth it. One of the Frenchmen asked me jokingly when I landed whether I had shot at a French balloon. My only answer was to point to the bullet holes. His manner changed immediately, for he wanted to know then, of curiosity, whether I had been frightened. I don't know what I answered, but I do know that that onion gun would scare the liver out of anybody, and I am only human; but I was so interested in keeping my gun aimed that I had no time to think of fear. Another Frenchman wanted to know whether I had seen the men jump out in parachutes. I had not, being too busy aiming my gun. When I came into the bureau to make a report of the attack on the balloon, the officer in charge wanted to know which balloon it was. When I pointed it out to him he was much amused, for it seems that particular balloon is the object of Allied attack nine times out of ten.

**C'est La Guerre** You see, it is situated on a small river which runs through the trenches and into France. This makes it easy for the aviator to keep his direction. And since it is attacked so often, that explains why it is so well protected, for I have yet to find more fireworks situated in one spot. Judging from the way they went off, I must have a very drawing personality. One always learns, however, so the next time I'll pick on another one. There are enough of them over there, anyway. When I started to attack I only saw two, but when I got down near the ground and looked around as I

humped it for home I saw a whole line of them stretching as far as the eye could see. My only regret at that moment was the fact that I had no more bullets, for I felt just like going right down the lines, starting bonfires as I went. "Tia, indeed, said I carry so few bullets or that it takes so many for one sausage. However, I have hopes of making fewer bullets do more work as my skill improves. I have done nothing remarkable

**Dr. Howard always recommended**

## OXIDAZE FOR COUGHS, COLDS Bronchial Asthma

Years of study and observation convinced him it would safely, quickly and surely stop a bad cough and give instant relief in Bronchial Asthma. Guaranteed harmless. Here is absolute proof from users. Waterbury, Ct.—No asthma thanks to Oxidaze since, W. Va.—We find it all you claim. Kendrick, Co.—Am well pleased with results. Circleville, O.—More help than from anything. Somerset, Mass.—It gives full satisfaction. Detroit, Mich.—It has benefited me greatly. Worcester, Mass.—Is worth thousands to me. Keene, N. H.—I speak in highest praise of it. Fenion, Mich.—I got nearly instant relief. Howell, Mich.—For asthma, best thing I've found. Cincinnati, O.—It is a wonderful medicine. Smith's Basin, N. Y.—Delighted with Oxidaze. Rochdale, Mass.—Cough gone, gained eight lbs. Signed letters on file. Order today. Money back if it fails. All Druggists & G. A. Gorgas

for the cause yet, and there you have the reason for the balloon gun. I deliberately asked for it in the hope of finally knocking something

down. Of course, it's going to increase the duties of my Guardian Angel, but "c'est la guerre." WALTER.

## Odd Job Lumber

WITH the coming indoor weather, there are many little jobs that are needed around the house.

Shelves are required for the winter's supply of fruit. Bins must be built.

You can easily buy lumber for plate rail, chair rail, book racks, rough tables, medicine cabinets, etc., etc.

Lumber has not advanced as greatly as other material. With money plentiful make those long-desired changes which add to your comfort and convenience.

United Ice and Coal Co. Lumber Department Forster and Cowden Streets

# Salkin's Big Saturday Cut Price

**Saturday Cut Price Sale LADIES' SHOES**

Ladies' tan calf shoes, military heels; \$6.00 value. Special **\$4.90**

Ladies' all brown kid shoes; \$8.00 value. Special **\$6.50**

Misses' brown calf shoes, eight-inch top; sizes 1 1/2 to 2; \$5.00 value. Special Saturday **\$3.75**

Ladies' vici kid low heel button shoe, worth \$1.50 more... **\$2.90**

# SALE

All over the store we are offering extraordinarily big bargains on all our merchandise. We can only mention a few items below, so be sure to come in to see our full stock. We can save you money on every item.

**Saturday Cut Price Sale MEN'S SHOES**

Men's tan calf, regulation Munson last; \$5.00 value. Special **\$3.95**

Men's tan calf dress shoes, \$8.00 value. Special Saturday **\$6.00**

Boys' tan calf dress shoes, \$5.00 value; all sizes and widths. Special **\$3.45**

Boy Scout shoes, tan and black; very serviceable; worth one dollar more... **\$1.48**

## Fall Coats

Tomorrow is the day you have been waiting for to buy a new Fall coat. We purchased a large assortment some months ago and are going to offer them at this big cut-price sale at old-time prices. Buy your coat now—you will save a lot of money. There is a large collection to select from—all the latest Fall styles, trimmed in large fur collars, deep cuffs and attractive pockets, others trimmed with racoon, beaver, Hudson seal, plush and fur cloth. The models are straight-line, fitted and belted effects. Materials are cashmeres, velours, broadcloths, mixtures, etc. Saturday cut prices.

**16.85 19.90 21.85 24.90**

## Fall Suits

Our stock of suits is complete in all the latest Fall models and we are offering them tomorrow at prices that are exceedingly low compared to the prices that will prevail later. Like our coats, we bought them some time ago, so we can offer them at big bargain prices. All our suits are from the best tailors in the country, made up stylish and serviceable with an excellent range to select from. The materials are of the best in burellas, serges, oxfords, poplins, tricootines, and we can give any of the latest colors you desire. Saturday cut prices.

**12.85 15.90 19.90 24.90**

## Fall Dresses

Our new Fall dresses are models of fashion and are sure to please the most fastidious of the ladies, owing to the many fine styles, the fine workmanship and the up-to-the-minute colors that prevail. They are practical and serviceable and are rare bargains at the prices we are offering. They are made up of the best materials, in silk, serges, combinations, georgettes, satins and crepes. Saturday cut prices.

**8.85 12.85 16.85**

## Fall Skirts

The many pleasing styles of skirts in our selection are sure to be pleasing to the lady who is looking for a good, serviceable skirt at a real saving in money. The many Fall materials being used in skirts and that new color form only a part of the attractions our stock holds for you. They are made up of the best goods on the market by the best tailors in all-wool, poplin, taffeta, serges and silk. Saturday cut prices.

**3.98 4.78 7.90**

## FALL MILLINERY

The best in fall millinery is to be found in the large selection of daintily-trimmed models we have on display for to-morrow. There are types for all occasions made in velvet in large sailor effect, mushroom and smart close-fitting shapes, trimmed with flowers, feathers, embroidered ornaments and fancies.

**\$2.85 \$3.85 \$4.85**



## Ladies' Sweaters

There is nothing more pleasing on the ladies now than a nice sweater. They are all the go—everybody is wearing them, and we have just what you want in fancy knit, sleeveless trimmed effects, of the best materials obtainable.

**\$3.98 \$4.90 \$6.90**

## Ladies Waists

Crepe de chine and georgette waists with a goodly selection of silk and voiles, form the stock we are offering in this big cut-price sale. They are daintily trimmed and are very becoming. Our prices are big money savers for the quality of waists we sell.

**\$1.78 \$3.48 \$4.90**

## MEN' & BOYS' FALL SUITS

MEN'S SUITS **\$14.50 \$22.50**

**\$28.50**

BOYS' SUITS **\$4.90 \$6.90 \$8.90**

We are offering to-morrow a line of clothing that can't be beat and they are a big saving. The materials are cassimere, worsteds, serges, and fancy mixtures, made up in this season's latest styles. The boys' suits are good quality and are very serviceable—built especially for hard school wear.



# SALKIN'S GOLDEN RULE DEPT. STORE

428-430 MARKET STREET