

FLYING WITH SHAFFER

SEEING BULLETS

LETTERS FROM A DAUPHIN COUNTY BOY TO HIS MOTHER

Somewhere in France, January 23, 1918.

Dear Mother:—

Your letters are also beginning to arrive in bunches, three of them arriving yesterday, and much to my surprise and pleasure, a few lines from Dad also. They did not come until the afternoon, and I had been out in the early morning to help in an infantry attack. To say I was interested would be putting it mildly, for it was my first real close look at those "stragglers" which house the Hun, as the Captain led us down to within 300 meters of the trenches. That seems to be a pet hobby of his—attacking the trenches, I mean—for every time I go out with him, he will fly right over a hot sector and then up on one wing and down in a succession of long swoops regardless of shrapnel, bullets, wind, clouds or anything else, blazing away with our machine gun as we come.

A Battle From the Clouds

We were all surprised the night before when orders came that a patrol was due to start at 6:30. That's a most unearthly hour for us aviators, so it isn't to be wondered at that I was the only one there and 45 minutes late at that. The Captain and Lieutenant were awaiting me and after balling me out for being late, led us in a room and showed us where we were going, pointing out a small town on the map. We were to help in an infantry attack which was taking place there. The clouds were very low,

CATARRH VANISHES

Here is One Treatment That All Sufferers Can Rely Upon

If you want to drive catarrh and all its disgusting symptoms from your system in the shortest possible time, go to your druggist and ask for a Hyomei outfit today.

Breathe Hyomei and it will rid you of catarrh. It gives such quick relief that all who use it for the first time are astonished.

Hyomei is a pure pleasant antiseptic, which is breathed into the lungs over the inflamed membrane; it kills the catarrh germs, soothes the sore spots, and heals all inflammation.

Don't suffer another day with catarrh; the disease is dangerous and often ends in consumption. Start the Hyomei treatment today. No stomach dosing, no sprays or gouches; just breathe it—that's all. Ask H. C. Kennedy.

trenches. The second time he went down I noticed a peculiar smell to the air, which made my nose smart and I could not imagine what it was until we got down closer. There is odor was more noticeable, and I knew it was gun powder I was smelling. For the first time in my life the smoke of battle was literally rolling over me. And then we were rolling over me. And then we were rolling over me. And then we were rolling over me.

A Breath of Big Bertha

Of course, there was the usual artillery duel going on, and it occurred to me to wonder why so many planes could sail all around through the leaden air and never get hit, for they are not like shrapnel, which one can see and dodge. Thinking it over now I can distinctly remember when we got down real low that I got some awful "bumps" that were not caused by the wind. It's quite possible one of those "Big Berthas" gave me a breezy welcome as he sped past. I'm getting used to shrapnel now and regarding it with more contempt every day, although I still unconsciously duck when one goes off real close. And it's so absolutely foolish, because after the explosion there is no danger. It probably is the noise, for they go off with a clap of thunder and the hollow boom they let out sounds like the knell of doom.

One Last Swoop

Well, to come back to the front line trenches where I left the Captain, we continued to circle and dive around the attacked sector for over an hour, at least, so my watch said, which hangs near me, with the altimeter, tachometer and compass, and then making one last swoop at the trenches, he started for home at a low altitude. When we landed, the Captain said his gun had jammed also, and that made me glad that I had stuck with him. The matter got back when my gun was out of order. He is a wonderful Captain, with plenty of nerve, and speaks English very fluently. I believe he likes to fly as well as I do, because he always leads a patrol out whenever there is flying weather. He also designed the escadrille emblem, which is two martins on a diamond-shaped background of gold, and very beautiful, since the birds are blue with white throats and a little red also, so we have the red, white and blue right on the emblem. Not satisfied with that, the number of the machine is painted in red with a white background. Yes, that's right, some classy-looking escadrille.

Dodging Thunder Claps

The same afternoon of the above attack, the Captain led us out again, and since the clouds were low we flew above them. They were not very thick, one could see right through them, and the scenery was very beautiful to look upon, although nothing like the experience I had with clouds at Pau. "Chifnos" would best express their texture, for they were very fleecy, and looking down nearly like the wheels of a plane as he was outlined against this white background made a very beautiful picture—and then two claps of thunder made me duck, one going under me and the other beside me and put a stop to my musings on the beauties of nature, and I applied myself to dodging those black puffs and claps of thunder.

It was pretty late in the afternoon—about 4 P. M.—so the Captain starts down from his altitude of 500 meters and heads for home, arriving there just about dark. I like the way he always brings us home, as he always flies low, which is not the way for a pilot, but one can see the country and look down patronizingly on those poor mortals who have to walk. In the morning when we came back from the attack we followed an important road which led to the attacked part of the front, and it sure was one continuous stream of trucks laden with ammunition and supplies, I guess.

An American in our escadrille just got his first Boche, the first for this escadrille, and I certainly envy him, as well as admire his courage.

For one spasm I think this has lasted long enough.

WALTER.
Somewhere in France,
January 24, 1918.

Hunting the Boche

One of these Americans just brought down a Boche lately, so we unanimously elected him "chief de patrol" for the day. He had a heavy bank of clouds over part of the lines, but we skirted these and headed for the Argonne forest and found the usual serenade of shrapnel being fired at us, and he started back for camp. But my intrepid leader, after starting his patrol, turned about and continued on his way, as we both guessed it was motor trouble. Then we were two, and he started back for camp. But my intrepid leader, after starting his patrol, turned about and continued on his way, as we both guessed it was motor trouble. Then we were two, and he started back for camp.

In Desperate Plight

Finally we headed for camp, despairing of finding anything to shoot at, when I noticed three planes going into Germany which looked rather queer to the others. My leader saw them about the same time and turned to go after them. He picked one and I picked another and down we started after them. But only two shots did I get and then the doggone gun jammed, so I pulled out of the steep dive and as I leveled out preparatory to fixing my gun, the path of those bullets, there was a Boche right in front of me and shooting as he came. Naturally I pulled on the "stick" and climbed, but the Boche took me out of range, but around he came again, this time under my tail and shooting for fare-u-well. And I, sitting there trying to fix that doggone gun with my right hand and fly with the left one. Of course, that didn't work so well, since my left hand is used to controlling the engine and not the wings and in trying to turn sharply and fix the gun at the same time, I went into a "vrrille" and nearly brought down the German that was for the driver. I know I was going to do it and neither did I, with the result that when I came out of it the Boche's top wing nearly hit my wheels. Forgetting that my gun was useless I pulled the trigger—and nothing happened, and oh, what a chance to pot him! There he was right in front of me and I helped to shoot. After that I gave up hope of fixing the gun and headed straight for home, dodging bullets all the way, for we were quite a ways over the lines.

Can See the Bullets

Sure, I could see the bullets! When fighting in the air a tracer bullet is used, which leaves a trail of smoke behind it, and looking back and down as that Hun came under my tail and kept shooting at the rate of 500 shots a minute, I could follow the path of those bullets as well as he and I acted accordingly. With engine going full blast I made that plane do all kinds of erratic things. The Boche probably thought I was hit when he saw me go into a "vrrille," for that's the first thing a machine out of control does, for he soon stopped shooting at me and those little ribbon-like lines of smoke didn't show up anymore. And then what was my surprise to see another plane, sitting up in the sun ahead of me.

Home or Berlin?

Thinking it was another Boche waiting to pot me I came home I began climbing above it, for if I didn't have a good gun I had a good engine. But the suspicious plane proved to be my comrade, whose gun had also jammed on the first shot. I sure was glad to see him, for when I started home with that Boche that was for the driver, I was flying south by compass and heading into the sun, so I figured I was right and my leader, circling around in close circles waiting for me was certainly a cheering sight. As it was, we only landed about time it was dark and when he told me his story—that his gun had jammed too, and although he hated to leave me, there was nothing he could do to help, and I were better for only one to die than both. And he was right. So when he saw me come coddling and jumping toward home and Mother he was as pleased to see me as I was him.

Getmans Some Filers

Golly, but I'll say those German planes were fast, for he could fly rings around me, but of course, he was a better pilot and besides, I was using my speed to dodge and jump over hills and valleys. I don't tell you you can't dodge a bullet! I dodged hundreds of them to-day and it's given me considerable more confidence to know that the little tricks I have been practicing lately for won't cry anymore about my never having even seen Boche anymore, for I sure got a close enough look to-day to satisfy me, and saw the iron cross also. The fact that my telescope sight had been adjusted was probably the reason. I got in a scrap, for I had a feeling as I climbed aboard that just when I needed the sight I wouldn't have it, and so I turned out to find the gun jammed it would not have helped anyway. However, it was too good a chance to miss, for the weather is rarely good here, and I had another sight anyway, but I'll get that fixed to-morrow and maybe have better luck with the machine gun too.

Just now I'm sleepy, so may write more details later.

WALTER.
400 SCOUTS IN RALLY

Almost 400 Boy Scouts attended the rally held in the City Grays' Armory. Second Scoutmaster Forster, last night, Scoutmaster Jerome Miller was in charge of the program, consisting of music and games. Scout Executive J. H. Slime spoke to the scouts about the drive to secure books for soldiers and the War Saving Stamps sale. Following the rally, the boys marched to Market Square, where they were dismissed.

RED CROSS HAS A BUSY WEEK

Leads Thirteen Surrounding Counties in Articles Turned In

As a result of the Red Cross appeal for men and women to go to France, D. W. Long has volunteered to assist in the work the Red Cross is carrying on to aid the soldiers and to rebuild the French towns.

The Harrisburg Chapter American Red Cross, leads the thirteen surrounding counties in the number of articles made for the Red Cross. This statement is made in a field report compiled by John C. Schmidt, field secretary. The standing of the three highest chapters in this district is:

Harrisburg, surgical dressings, 52,211; hospital garments, 4,961; knitted articles, 5,816; miscellaneous articles, 2,881. York, surgical dressings, 26,174; hospital garments, 6,688; knitted articles, 2,215; miscellaneous, 2,861. Carlisle, surgical dressings, 20,994; hospital garments, 1,553; knitted articles, 1,898; miscellaneous, 93.

A new elementary hygiene class will be started by the local Red Cross Chapter, Thursday morning at 8 o'clock. The meeting will be held in the social rooms of the Civic Club. Further information may be procured at Red Cross headquarters, in the basement of the Public Library.

POST OFFICE FINISHED SOON

It is expected that the new post office will be opened some time during the latter part of April, according to estimates made by Postmaster Frank C. Sites yesterday. A carload of marble arrived yesterday. This will hasten the work. Construction was virtually halted because of the delay in arrival of the car.

Big Vote Is Expected as Anti-Liquor Sentiment Is Growing in District

In pursuance of the plans announced a week ago, the Anti-Saloon League reports now that the work of organizing voters in Dauphin county so that prohibition will get all the votes possible has been very successful. The Rev. E. O. Krenz, organizer in this county, told Dr. E. V. Claypool, superintendent of the Harrisburg district, that he found great enthusiasm and plenty of anti-liquor sentiment. There were a dozen or so routing meetings and this week will see the same sort held in the lower end of the county. On Monday of next week Millersburg will become a center of the campaign.

The Rev. Mr. Krenz strenuously urged for enrollment and registrations for the last day to enroll in towns, townships and boroughs is March 20. Registration opens on March 19 and continues next day.

"It is not necessary for a voter to inform the assessor personally of his party choice," explained Dr. Claypool yesterday. "However, it is better for each voter to see to it himself that he is enrolled in some party and in the party of his choice. If he neglects to do this he will be utterly unable to take any part in the choice of candidates for whom he may vote at the general election next fall or he may be wrongly enrolled."

LOCAL TEACHER IN STRIKE

Among the teachers in the recent strike at Reading was A. Leroy Lightner, formerly of Lemoyne and at one time city tennis champion. He was a teacher at the Boys' High School at Reading. Following a statement by the secretary of the school board, declaring the six teachers to be pro-German because they did not purchase Liberty Bonds, the pedagogues went on strike, joined by a number of their pupils. They remained on strike until the school board officials' statement was withdrawn.

RED CROSS TAG DAY PLANNED TO AID BIG FUND

Three Thousand School Children Expected to Take Part in Drive

About 3,000 children are expected to take part in the Tag Day for the Junior Red Cross, the day for which will be set this week by the school committee of the Red Cross. Last year the Senior Red Cross gathered in \$2,000 with its tag day and an equally ambitious goal is set for this year. Mrs. William Henderson is chairman of the committee to make all arrangements, and announcement was made yesterday that she will again have the valuable aid of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. White, 2421 North Front street. They have volunteered to defray all expenses of the drive, which will likely amount to \$800. The school committee will furnish the prizes to be awarded to children selling the greatest number of tags.

At the last meeting of the school committee of the Red Cross, of which Prof. J. J. Brehm is chairman, it was evident that the \$2,200 in the treasury, although seemingly large, would not be sufficient to finance all the materials for the year which would be needed for the 11,000 or more junior members of the Red Cross. A tag day was therefore decided upon and all details were completed yesterday at a conference attended by Mrs. Mabel Cronise Jones, Mrs. Henderson and Mr. and Mrs. White.

Men and women: If you want a complexion clean and clear, soft and velvety; one that will compel the admiration of the people you meet, start to use Peterson's Ointment tonight—use it freely, rubbing well into the skin. Continue for a week or until every pimple, blackhead, eruption or rash is gone.

Don't fail to try it and you can take my word for it you'll be proud of your lovely skin and your friends will envy your bewitching complexion. Any fair minded druggist will back up what Peterson says because he is authorized to return your money without question if Peterson's Ointment doesn't make good.—Advertisement.

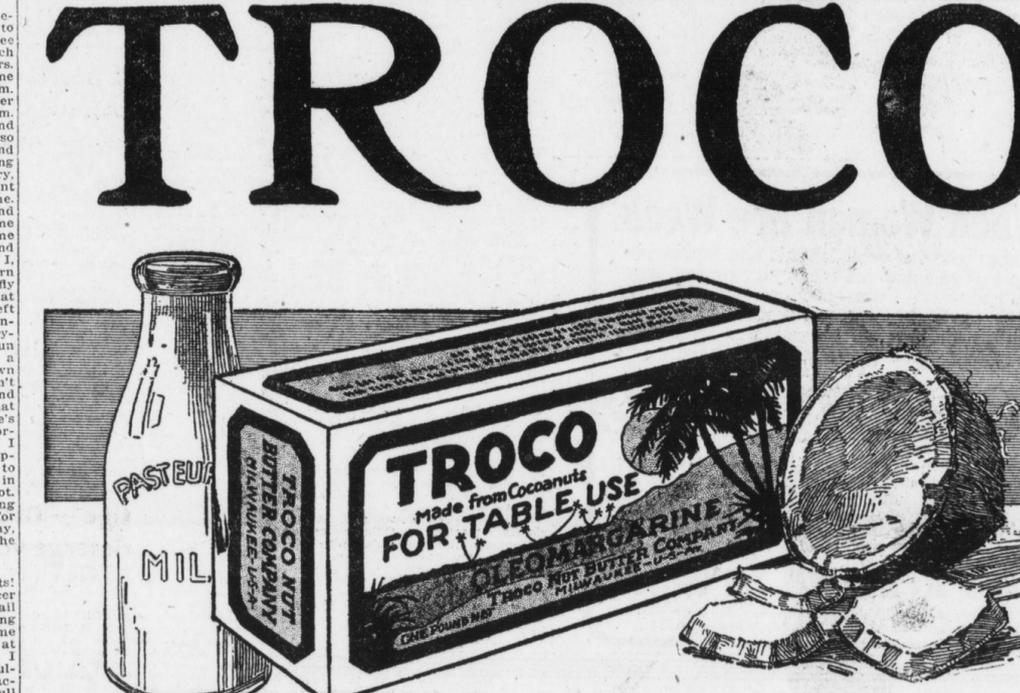
Major Rausch to Direct Big Camp Construction

Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga., March 12.—Major L. V. Rausch, United States Army, has arrived at Camp Hancock as the new constructing quartermaster. Major Rausch is well known to all Pennsylvania guardsmen. For a number of years he had charge of all the supplies at the Harrisburg Arsenal, and all arrangements and improvements at Mt. Gretna were made by him.

It is understood that a contract of more than one-half millions dollars has been entered into by the United States government with A. J. Twigg & Son, which contract will keep Major Rausch pleasantly employed for some time.

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It is made by an exclusive process—a process which gives the delicate flavor of gilt-edged creamery butter. The more critical you are, the better you will like Troco.

The makers of Troco specialize on this one product. They have perfected the method which produces the quality which makes Troco not a butter substitute but actually butter's successor.

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Troco is churned from the fat extracted from the white meat of coconuts—the same dainty tropic delicacy you use shredded on cake—combined with pasteurized milk.

It is as nutritious as butter and even more digestible. Like butter it is energy food of the highest value.

You will use Troco in place of butter solely for quality—because you rarely find butter so pure and sweet. Your dealer will supply you

with a capsule of the vegetable coloring used by butter makers.

But remember, Troco contains no animal oils. And that it is made by a company which makes no animal oil products—only pure, sweet, appetizing Troco.

Remember to Specify TROCO

Ask for Troco by name if you want to enjoy the butter flavor and butter quality which other nut butters lack. Your dealer has it or can order it for you. A phone order will bring prompt delivery anywhere.

TROCO NUT BUTTER COMPANY MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

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Love of the home is an instinct in all of us that should be encouraged, not blunted. And what a difference just the right kind of furniture will make to those rooms that now may be somewhat stiff and cold.

Some folks still think that all good furniture is terribly expensive. But they have never visited this store.

Furnishing homes has been our business for the past 25 years. We have studied it from every angle. We want you to feel free to take advantage of our knowledge and experience without placing yourself under the least obligation. It would be a REAL pleasure to show you through our big stock; it would give you a better realization of how inexpensive good furniture really is at this store.

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