

# FLYING WITH SHAFFER

## "GUARDIAN ANGEL BUSY"

LETTERS FROM A DAUPHIN COUNTY BOY TO HIS MOTHER

Somewhere in France, January 27, 1918.

Dear Mother:

I fear now that I have reached the most interesting part of my life in the war. I am falling down in the telling thereof. And now I can hear Dad pipe up, "Yes, we haven't forgotten when he was in New York." Sometimes it was not even a postal. The same reason applies here for I have so many things to do, and besides, I am hampered by not knowing how much I dare tell. Even now its a question how many of my letters get by, for I wrote quite freely of anything that entered my fool head. I remember now that in my last letter I promised you more details of my first flight. Come to think of it, there isn't anymore. It just struck me that Dad was right about my guardian angel. He may not break out in perspiration every time I take the air, but I'll say he was sure busy the day of my flight. It was not really a light. A game of tag would express it better—and I

was it; only I never dodged bullets before, and as a sensational experience it has few equals. I, for one, have no wisewoman either the performance or the sensation. It's the Boche's turn to dodge next time and I hope he is sport enough to take his turn. I want a little target practice also.

**Streak of Hard Luck**

The next day was sure an unlucky one for this escadrille, for three planes were put out of service. It seems to be the irony of fate that I can never go on a "protection" job. Something always happens to prevent my going. This time, however, I actually got under way, but just as we neared the place where we were to meet the photo planes, "Pout" went my motor and stopped dead for several seconds and then began again. Thinking it was getting too much gasoline, I reduced the supply, but again the sudden stop, the sickening drop of the "Zang" and then the sudden start again. I was up a tree then, because I was dropping but again the sudden stop, the sickening drop and did not know what was the matter—and then the thing came to a climax by a series of seven explosions. After that I gave up all hope of continuing and turned for camp, wondering if I could make it from my height of 2,000 meters. I still had some engine left, although she would make those sudden explosions now and then. So I made the camp all right, and there it was discovered that the motor was in such bad condition that a new one would have to be installed. As for the rest of the patrol, a chunk of shrapnel finally made a hit, nearly knocking the engine off one of the planes. The pilots in making a landing, tried to dodge some telegraph wires, and in doing so found himself headed for some trees. Following orders he had received in school, he picked out two and flew between them. Naturally, he ruined his "Zang."

**Down With "Dead Stick"**

There is a training camp for in-

**Sore Throat Prudence**

Your medicine shelf is not well stocked without a bottle of TONSILINE, for you don't know what moment it may be needed to relieve a sudden case of Sore Throat. Relieving Sore Throat is TONSILINE's special mission. It is made for that—advised for that—sold for that one purpose. TONSILINE is the National Sore Throat Remedy. It is sold in every State in the Union. You will need TONSILINE one of these days, or some night when the throat is closed—better have a bottle ready at home when you need it most. 35c., 60c. Hospital Size, \$1.00.

# Be Careful

to keep the stomach well, the liver and bowels regular, by the timely and helpful aid of

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

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

# GET THE BEST FOR LESS MONEY

We can save you money—Let us try it—Give us a trial

## GORDON SHOE REPAIRING CO.

230 Strawberry and 1820 N. Third

# Had Female Trouble Ten Years—Bliss Native Herb Tablets Made Her Entirely Well

Mrs. Foseman, Cuero, Texas, certifies to the following facts: "I have been suffering from female trouble for ten years, and tried many different medicines recommended for this malady, without benefit, but thank God, one of your agents came to my house, and sold me a box of Bliss Native Herb Tablets. I just took one-half a box of them, and got entirely well of my complaint."

One of the simplest methods to keep well is to take Bliss Native Herb Tablets regularly. They stimulate the liver, cleanse the kidneys, relieve the bowels, soothe the stomach, and keep the entire system free from biliousness, sick headaches, indigestion, heartburn, and the many kindred ailments which, if allowed to continue become aggravated, and cause serious illness with possible fatal results. Bliss Native Herb Tablets are the only recognized standard herb medicine. They are used in all parts of the civilized world and are guaranteed without the picture of Alonzo O. Bliss on every box. Every tablet contains our trade mark (A.B.) Priced \$1.00 per box. Sold by Kennedy's Drug Store and local agents everywhere.

# Weak Run-Down Women Give them Vinol

The Well-known Cod Liver and Iron Tonic, Without Oil

## TO MAKE THEM STRONG

Weak Women, who are nervous, run-down, tired-out, worn-out and over-worked, need the blood-making, tissue-building and strengthening elements contained in Vinol. It is now recognized everywhere as the most efficient strength creator for women.

**READ WHAT THIS WOMAN SAYS**

"I was over-worked, run down, nervous, could not eat or sleep, I felt like crying all the time. I tried different remedies without benefit. The doctor said it was a wonder I was alive, and when Vinol was given me I began to improve. I have taken eight bottles and am now strong and perfectly healthy in every respect, and have gained in weight. I cannot praise Vinol enough."—Mrs. Sarah A. Jones, 1023 Nevada St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**WE WILL RETURN YOUR MONEY** if Vinol fails to benefit you.

George A. Gorgas, Druggist; Kennedy's Medicine Store, 321 Market St.; C. F. Kramer, Third and Broad Sts.; Kitzmiller's Pharmacy, 1235 Derry St., Harrisburg, and all leading Drug Stores Everywhere.

fantry right beside us, and they have all kinds of apparatus, not to mention numerous trenches for training purposes. This is the only fly in the ointment of our existence, because if one "overshoots" the field, into the trenches he goes, and that's another smash for "Zang." I assure you, that whenever I "take off" in that direction, I always turn as soon as I leave the ground, despite the impulsive advice "never to turn while climbing," given us in school. Naturally, there have been numerous smashes on these trenches and today the same pilot who was hit with the shrapnel went up to try out the new "Zang" they gave him. His motor went bad and down he came in the trenches, fortunately landing in a small space of ground without mishap, but later in the day he was not so fortunate, having gone out on a protection mission. Once again he had motor trouble, his motor stopping when he was at 3,500 meters. He was close enough to camp to make it and we saw him coming down with a "dead-stick" (propeller not turning) and overshooting the field by a way off. It was into the trenches he went, and he did ruin that "cookoo" of his. As for him, he was cut about the face with glass. Bloody wounds, but not so bad as they could have been, and how the doctor bandaged him up, you would have thought he only had one more day to live. All one could see of his head was two eyes protruding out from three inches of bandages.

Some people might think me cruel to write such things to my mother, but it was close enough to camp to make it and we saw him coming down with a "dead-stick" (propeller not turning) and overshooting the field by a way off. It was into the trenches he went, and he did ruin that "cookoo" of his. As for him, he was cut about the face with glass. Bloody wounds, but not so bad as they could have been, and how the doctor bandaged him up, you would have thought he only had one more day to live. All one could see of his head was two eyes protruding out from three inches of bandages.

**Off With New Motor**

Had to stop last night as the electric lights went out. Oh, yes, we have electric lights here, it being obtained from a dynamo nearby, operated by the water power of the beautiful little stream that runs through the estate. After numerous troubles my new motor was duly installed, but when I took so long to fix was my machine-gun, which had to be "lined-up" all over again. Three times did I try to have this fixed, but either they would break some little fitting, or so many other planes were waiting at the target range that it got dark before my turn to try the "new motor" came. If one's gun does not shoot well enough to please the pilots, its "allez" for the "but" (the French name for target). I never can pronounce that doggone name because there is a "u" in it, and that is one letter in the French alphabet that has me puzzled. I never place I have had the last couple days, this morning however, the gunsmith finally got it regulated—and shot all the cartridges away doing it. Then I went up for a "tour de piste" to try out the motor. Gee! that was some motor, and I had a lovely time diving around. It felt so good to be up in the air again that I probably stayed longer than I should, which is 10 minutes, for the Americans wanted to know why I didn't stay up all day. It's a queer thing that when I feel most at home in the air I make the most awful landings.

**Zowie! Some Landing**

To-day was no exception, for I like to ruined myself landing. Fortunately, I did not break the "Becky," but I did bend the wheels knock kneed. But I insisted that this would not prevent me from flying, so they put me down for a protection mission—and as usual, that crabbled the whole deal, for whenever I am ordered to help protect a photo plane, something either happens to me or the plane to be protected. Six times have I had these jobs and three times something happened to my motor. Twice I couldn't get it started, and once it went on "panne." The other three times the photo-plane itself went on "panne." And that's what happened to-day. All four of us were sitting in our "Zangs" add bundled up—and sweating—waiting for the word to go. The word soon came and I was cranking up, preparatory to start, when another phone message came saying that the zang needing protection had gone on "panne." So there I was again—left at the church or lurch. It was such a beautiful day to fly, too, not a cloud in the sky, so that one could see the "sausages" both French and German, in the distance. So having nothing to keep us, we asked for "chasse libre" and the four of us were soon away on our way to the front.

**Flying Over Rheims**

Up, up and up we climbed to nearly 6000 meters and getting over Rheims, we played around there for some time, and since no Boches seemed to be around I utilized the time enjoying the scenery, for it sure was pretty. Right near Rheims is a very large forest, and all the clouds about that day seemed to have settled down on this forest, filling the valleys just high enough to let the peaks stick out, and the scene reminded me of pictures of glaciers, only this was more beautiful. Yes, indeed, I would enjoy this if it were not for the Boches, for just about the time I would begin to enjoy the beautiful scene below me, my leader would turn and head for some white shrapnel which denoted the presence of a Boche. Try as I might though, I could not see the Boche plane, and since my leader, an old veteran flier, would dive and turn about the time, I never did get a close look.

**Meets an English Girl**

I forgot to tell you that we met an English girl riding along the road on a bicycle to-day. The Frenchmen told us she was American. I don't know how they found out, probably she wore a Morane cap. Anyway, two of us walked down and were surprised to hear ourselves answered in our own tongue. She admitted she was English and a nurse in a nearby hospital, and seemed very much put out when she discovered there was not room for two in our "Zang."

We just learned to-day that our escadrille is going to get Morane monoplane instead of Spads. You know, I always did want to fly a monoplane, and the Morane is the fastest thing a-wing—and little. Gee! What! It isn't any bigger than a mosquito! Give me a Morane monoplane, and I would be willing to fight for China.

To-morrow we move into our new barracks so to-night is my last night on a real mattress and near a warm fire. We nearly blew up the place

twice starting the fire with gasoline, but we have the fire going now.

Escadrille No. 156  
Secteur Postal 12,  
par B. C. M. Jan 30, 1918.

Dear Mother:

Like the newly married couple I can say "we have moved into our new home," and I can say it with just as much pride, for we surely put a lot of work in fixing it up—making benches, papering it, etc. Yes, I said we, as there are two to a room and an American by the name of Putnam, and I are together. I did most of the papering yesterday and to-day he put up shelves and made a washstand. The paper, however, is not of the floral design you may have in mind, this paper being more for use than ornament, it being regular packing paper, real heavy, you know, and for warming purposes only. Now, that we have a few pictures up it looks real home-like.

**Volta, the Morane Planes**

It's no use of my writing anything else until I relieve my mind of this overflowing load of news. If I don't tell it pretty soon I'll bust—Our escadrille is going to fly Morane monoplane, a plane so fast and powerful that it will climb straight up. Seven men leave to-morrow to get theirs and ten days' training also to learn how to land and fly them. The fact that I am not one of the seven makes me feel slighted a bit, but I guess I will go soon after. Such a piece of luck never did come my way, and you know how crazy I always have been to fly a monoplane. I dare not tell how fast it is but there isn't anything awing that can catch it—and that's going some. Yesterday, after a two-hour flight I came down with a bust-

**Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company**  
HIGHEST POSSIBLE AWARD  
**EUREKA**  
Electric Vacuum Cleaner

OFFICIAL AWARD RIBBON

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GRAND PRIZE

ed motor again, and it was a brand new one, too. Fortunately, it did not break until I was nearly ready to land, and since we were told that evening we were going to get Moranes, they didn't bother to fix it up again.

# Gets Off First Class in Draft by Showing Bills of His Wife's Dressmaker

If you are getting married these days and are subject to service in the selective draft it is a good idea to have the Mrs. wear a wedding gown that has been made a long time ago. A fresh, up-to-date trousseau is likely to get the goods on you. They may find out just when it was ordered and developed and—but listen to the cheerful narrative of a Shippensburg man who asked for deferred class on the excuse of dependent wife.

"Precisely on what date did you take a wife?" the board asked him, with penetrating glance.

"Last May, sir," gulped the registrant, fully realizing the significance, for it is generally understood now that every man who has married since May 18 is under suspicion. "But this was no hurry-up wedding," he hastened to put it. "It was planned a long time ago."

"Any proof of that?" solemnly from the board, and here's where friend dressmaker won a blue ribbon. Her affidavit showed that the wedding garment had been completed one year and six months before the Federal law was passed, calling for selection of soldiers, and so it was: "Class 2 for yours," from the board.

# Cash and Carry Grocers Deny Unfair Trading

Harrisburg grocers who are using the cash and carry plan for selling groceries took exception to the statement of credit grocers that their business is not legitimate, or that they take unfair advantage of the other grocers. The cash and carry merchants say their line of products is as good as any other grocer's and that their customers are satisfied with their methods of doing business.

**BANQUET DATE POSTPONED**

The "Going to College" banquet to be held at the University Club will be held April 19. This decision was made at the meeting of the board of directors. Seniors of Technical and Central High schools and the Harrisburg Academy will be guests at the affair.

**BISHOP DARLINGTON LECTURES**

Bishop James Henry Darlington lectured last night in the Millersburg High school on the subject, "Patriotism vs. the Kaiser." The meeting was largely attended, clergymen attending in a body. All prayer-meetings were omitted in order to hear the bishop, who made an eloquent and inspiring address.

**A New Way to Shave Tender Skins With Cuticura Soap**

# Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

For the Business Man

If you want to be well dressed and save a little money on the side—we suggest wearing Hart Schaffner and Marx Ready Made Clothes.

They'll fit and wear better than any clothes you ever wore. They are all wool—and that's a big thing these days.

## H. MARKS & SON

Fourth and Market Sts.  
The Home of Hart Schaffner and Marx and Society Brand Clothes.

SENT TO YOU ON

# Ten Days' FREE Trial

THE WORLD FAMOUS

# Eureka Electric Vacuum Cleaner

Here is our Great Special Offer to you! We will deliver right to your door one of our superb brand-NEW, easy-gliding and deep cleaning Eureka Electric Vacuum Cleaners—our very latest 1918 advanced models—on 10 days' free Cleaning Trial.

This is our great introductory offer on our wonderful new type Eureka, which is being placed on the market this week for the very first time.

We are going to loan you this splendid cleaner for 10 whole days. Remember, this free loan won't cost you a penny. We even pay the delivery charges. We bear every expense. You use it every day for 10 days, without the slightest obligation to buy. We want you to see how it picks up thread, lint and ravelings and every speck of dust and dirt.

Remember, this is the Eureka Cleaner which has just won the Grand Prize at the World's Panama-Pacific Exposition.

The Eureka won this Grand Prize the highest of all awards, in competition with practically all other makes of Electric Vacuum Cleaners. This proves beyond all question that the Eureka Cleaner is the deepest cleaning, the smoothest running and the most durable electric vacuum cleaner on the market to-day.

And this is the same identical cleaner which we now offer to send to your home to-day on 10 days' absolute free trial.

# This Great Offer Good Only Until April 15th

Don't delay! This great free trial and easy-payment offer expires sharply at 5.30 P. M. Monday, April 15th next. Only a limited number of these new machines will be placed in Harrisburg on this generous plan. You can easily understand why we cannot afford to make this offer generally or permanently. Don't delay until the big rush on the last day.

Simply send us the coupon below filled out with your name and address or write us or telephone us and we will then mail you the full and complete details of this exceptional free loan offer.

No strings are attached to this free loan proposition—no cost to you whatever. We want you to use the Eureka Cleaner for 10 days—just as though it were your own. Clean your carpets and your rugs with it. Try it on your furniture, your mattress and your walls. Try it in all the nooks and corners; subject it to every test you can think of.

And then, if you are not more than pleased with it, we will send a boy to get the cleaner, and the free trial will not cost you a penny. But if you decide you simply cannot get along without the cleaner, then you may keep it.

**And Pay Down As Your First Payment**

# Only \$4.00 If You Decide to Buy After

# The Ten Days' FREE TRIAL

**Then You Can Pay the Balance in Small, Easy Monthly Payments**  
30 Days Between Each Payment

And remember, you are getting the rock bottom, special factory price. We do not charge you a single penny more for these liberal terms, and you are getting the very latest, guaranteed, 1918, advanced model Eureka Electric Vacuum Cleaner. The same machine which won the Grand Prize and with all the new and latest improvements.

## MAIL THIS COUPON OR TELEPHONE 4000

This great offer expires at 5.30 P. M. April 15th. Fill out this coupon and mail it to us at once, or telephone us, or send your name and address in a letter or postal. The minute we hear from you we will send you the full details of this great free trial offer and special easy payment plan. We will also send you our beautifully illustrated folder describing our new 1918 model.

Don't put this off a minute. Send the coupon, write at once or telephone our office—4000.

# Harrisburg Light & Power Co.

22 North Second Street

Harrisburg Light and Power Company.  
Telephone 4000, 22 North Second Street

Gentlemen: Absolutely free to me, send at once details of your great free trial offer and easy-payment plan and also your beautiful illustrated folder.

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