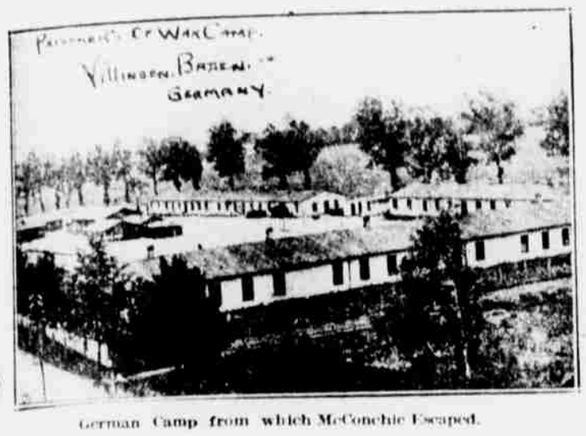
Royal Flyer Who Shot Down Nineteen German Planes Tells of Adventures

Friend of Mayor Hubbard Brings Home Victoria Cross for His Aerial Exploits Over the Enemy Lines.

Destroyed Hun Military Train; Wounded in Flight; Escaped From German Prison and Swam Rhine to Safety.



German Camp from which McConchie Escaped.

With the amazing record of having shot down 19 Hun planes, scoring a direct hit with an aerial bomb on a swiftly moving Hun troop train, wrecking it to splinters and despatching scores of its passengers, shot down in flames in his own machine, taken prisoner and spending four and a half months in a German prison camp, sentenced to face a firing squad at sunrise, escaping at night and swimming the Rhine with two German police dogs fighting him at every stroke, gaining the Swiss border and making his way back to his own squadron where he served valiantly until the signing of the armistice, the story of the career of Lieut. T. L. McConchie, jr., of the Royal Air force, and now in Tulsa, reads like wildest fiction.

Yet there is nothing of the bloodthirsty fighter in the lieutenant's appearance; rather small and slight as to stature, but with a dignity that could never be attained by mere training; the dark soulful eyes of a dreamer and the quick, infectious laugh of a light-hearted child, one can scarcely realize that he is a veteran of the great war, having gone through experiences that were sufficient to make physical wrecks and break the nerve of strong men.

Wearing the distinguished khaki colored uniform of the Royal Air force, with a three-inch band of black on his left arm for the lately bereaved young Prince John, and with the most coveted service decoration of the British army, the Victoria cross, the British Distinguished flying cross, the French Croix de Guerre, with citation, and even the Montenegrin decoration—a short bar of green and red stripes with red star indicating special citation—this young hero does not take credit to himself for his wonderfully courageous feats of daring in battling with the Hun, and, like practically every other warrior, does not like to speak of himself or his own exploits. Through strategy, however, and the aid of his admiring friends, the following story of his career was obtained in the lieutenant's own words.

McConchie's Own Story.

"In November, 1917, I was ordered overseas from Canada, arriving in London the latter part of December after a long, tedious and eventful sea voyage, running the gauntlet of the submarines at the entrance to Morse river.

"Upon reporting for duty to the air ministry in London I was assigned to protective patrol work outside of London for one month. I then received orders to proceed to Beverley, Yorkshire, to join a squadron which protects convoys in the North Sea. After a month with this squadron, having many eventful days such as falling in the sea with a dead engine, I had to dispatch a speech to my boss for help. I was in the water four hours, my plane gradually sinking, until I finally had to resort to my life preserver, floating around in the water until a patrol boat picked me up exhausted and carried me back to my base where I was in the hospital for a week.

"Leaving the hospital I was sent to a bombing squadron to instruct pilots on the famous De Havilland 4. At the time I arrived at the aerodrome until this squadron was ordered to France in May, 1918, I was commanding officer of this squad. On May 19, I flew from South Hampton, England, to Nancy, France, a distance of 900 miles in 7 hours and 40 minutes, during which time I crossed the channel at 7,000 feet, passing over Calais, flying over Paris at a height of 2,500 feet and just missing Eiffel tower by a few yards due to the fact of a heavy mist.

"On my first trip over the lines on a bombing raid I was in a formation of six planes in V shape at 15,000 feet, having as an objective in the town of Metz. After releasing by bomb, which was a 230 pounder, I got the signal from my observer that we were being attacked by 12 Hun machines. In this fight which lasted about 12 minutes we shot one machine down in flames and one down out of control. Our casualties were one observer shot through the right arm.

Destroys Hun Train.

"I made numerous additional flights over Metz and one day I noticed a Hun troop train steam up just south of our objective. I pulled away from our formation and released my bomb at this train. With the naked eye I thought that this hit was directly alongside of the train, but the photograph which was developed a half hour after my return to the aerodrome showed I made a direct hit between the fourth and fifth cars.

"A pilot is given instructions never to release his bomb on anything but his objective. I disobeyed this order and was summoned for court martial by my flight commander. While washing my hands and getting cleaned up generally I was asked to report to the major's office at once. I slipped into the major's office, saluted, and was ordered by him to sit down in a chair by his desk. He said to me, "I suppose you know you are in for a court-martial?" I said, "yes sir." He asked me the reason for doing what I did. I told him the train looked too good to be standing there, which showed what I stated previously, and said, "I shall make a." He then produced the photograph special report of the Commanding Officer of the air forces.

"Before the British government could recommend me in orders, the French government ordered me to the ninth army headquarters to have conferred upon me the Croix de Guerre with a star as a special citation for this work. This being conferred upon me by General Petain himself.

"I also made bombing raids over Saarbrucken, Karlsruhe, Freiburg, Mannheim, Frankfort, Coblenz, Cologne and numerous other cities

Hero of Air Battle Now Lives in Tulsa

LIEUT. T. L. M'CONCHIE, JR.

along the Rhine. In my second raid over Karlsruhe, this being 81 miles over the lines, we got into three fights, in the third fight we were attacked by three times our number. Previous to this I was hit by a piece of shrapnel by the anti-aircraft guns en route to Karlsruhe, the shrapnel taking part of my right knee cap away. In this fight I also got a stray bullet through my left leg. After I received the bullet through my leg I dropped down below formation so as to let them know I was wounded badly, in other words, begging them to allow me to come up into the center of the formation and thus be protected by them, as I had to give control to my observer, whom I taught to fly.

"He drove the machine through an additional attack and a heavy anti-aircraft barrage, keeping my machine in formation until we were about 10 miles over our lines. Then took control and brought the machine down toward earth, but had to relinquish control again due to weakness from loss of blood.

Runs Away From Hospital.

"I remained in the hospital one week, running away from there on crutches and getting a French car as conveyance back to my aerodrome. Upon reaching my squadron I learned that two or three of my friends had been killed or taken prisoners by Fritz so I begged my squadron commander to allow me to stay. I had not recovered from my wounds, but wanted to get a few more whacks at old Fritz. I participated in quite a few additional bomb raids, during which time I accounted for 19 Hun planes, also passing through very heavy anti-aircraft barrages, in which my machine was so badly shot up that I landed in the third line trenches twice, and on the other occasions just barely got over my lines. I reported to the hospital every day after the visit for treatment for my wounds.

"On the 4th of July, 1918, I was leading a formation to bomb the town of Trieves, a distance of 120 miles over the German lines. On the outskirts of Metz we were attacked by eight Hun machines. In the fight I brought down two and another was brought down by one of my party. Before the conclusion of this fight I received a stray bullet in my engine, which caused me to burst from flames at a height of 14,000 feet. Upon seeing this I immediately released my bomb turned around to my observer and said, as I cut off my engine, "Goodbye, old top, we're gone this time."

"Thinking we were gone I lost my head at about 12,000 feet, spinning down to about 1,500 feet, where I regained my senses and recovered control of my machine making a good landing. As luck would have it two of the Hun machines followed, shooting at me all the way down. As the machine stopped rolling along the ground, it fell apart and I immediately got my observer, K. C. B. Woodman, an English lad only 19 years of age, out of the machine as he was badly burned on the face and hands. The Huns continued to fire at us and I tried to make our way to a wood when I saw two machine guns looking our way. A Hun came out of the woods, knocked my gun from my hand and another hit me across the shoulders with a shovel.

"After taking my uniform from me, leaving me only my socks, they then made me walk six miles in my stocking feet to the prison camp. I was taken into a room where a couple of clerks sat at desks. In the meantime my observer had been taken from the field, wounds dressed with paper bandages and placed in an adjoining room.

"When the officers came to question me, I evaded them and was told I would be put before a firing squad at 4 o'clock. I was then put into a dungeon below the ground through a closed iron door. I had a rickety bed and one thin blanket. I was kept there for six days with only one loaf of turnip bread and one piece of bread. I was a prisoner in Karlsruhe for four and a half months. We were allowed to walk out once a day with a German guard, and in that way I was able to plan my escape.

"One of the Tod American officers imprisoned there, 14 of us started to escape on the night of October 9, but only two succeeded in getting over the lines. They were Lieutenants Jones, Wylie, formerly Battle of the United States aviation service and myself.

"Making our way through the deep woods I made my way painfully to the Rhine which stopped us to remove some of our clothing. We then swam about two miles and I dived fighting dogs at every stroke. The river at this point is three quarters of a mile wide and very swift. Three times I gave up but at last made the other shore and the Swiss frontier. We were in Switzerland one week and then allowed to go to our headquarters. Here I gave information as to conditions in Germany and the movements of troops.

Lieutenant McConchie is in the city the guest of Mayor and Mrs. G. H. Hubbard and is making preparations to make this his home permanently, and intends [illegible] into the oil business with Mayor Hubbard. He is a graduate of New York city and with the aid of several influential men of that city was one of the originators of the American Flying Club.

Smart Kid.

Irma Jaenne had a very pretty sister. Pretty sister had a very devoted admirer. One evening when he was waiting in the parlor for sister to appear, he was approached by little Jaenne.

"Mr. Smith," started the young [illegible] "you have no sister Jenny."

"Why, Jenny," was the amazed response of blushing Mr. Smith. "Why do you ask me that?"

"Because," was the quick rejoinder of the youngster, "she said if you asked she would give a dollar to know, and I need the money."

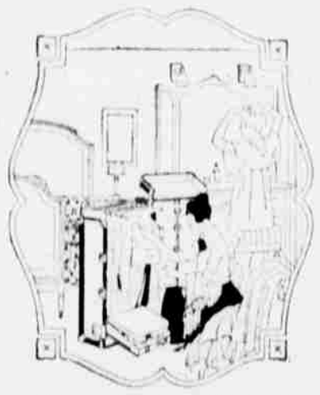
What They Got.

Two Irishmen being held up determined they would raise the wind by stealing a cow. After having driven the cow for about eight miles one of them, thinking of the booty he expected to realize, said to his companion in crime, "Say, Bill, how much do you expect to get for this old thing?" Bill, whose thoughts ran in different channels answered, "About two years and a half, I reckon."

Graduation GIFTS

The time is here to think of buying gifts for the graduate, and this is the store that has just the gift every young girl or young man will want.

HARTMANN



A Hartmann Wardrobe Trunks is a gift that the most critical will be pleased with. There is no trunk like a wardrobe and no wardrobe like a Hartmann. Don't be misled by what others say. We are the only legitimate Hartmann agency in Tulsa.

Our complete stock of Trunks, Suit Cases, Hand Bags, ladies' Pocketbooks, Portfolios, men's Purses, leather goods of all kinds and novelties will be sold all this week at **special reduced prices.**

Special FOR Monday

Genuine Leather Cowhide Traveling Bag, priced for Monday only at **$5.75**

$5.75

Ladies' Purses 1/3 off

We are showing a full and complete line of Automobile Trunks and Lunch Cases; all sizes and designs; ready for immediate delivery. We also make to order any style or size Auto Trunk desired.

ELEPHANT Trunk Factory

105 S. Main **Phone 3883**

Another Sleepless Night?

It's been a busy and fretful day. Brain fagged, nerves frayed and body exhausted—conscious that tomorrow is fraught with new trials and tribulations, he realizes the imperative need of a refreshing night's rest. Yet, he hesitates and dreads to go to bed lest he roll and toss throughout the night.

Do you experience the horrors of nightmare and insomnia? Are you troubled with wakeful, restless nights? Do you get up in the morning feeling more tired than when you went to bed, because your rest is so disturbed and broken? Then, try

LYKO

The Great General Tonic

The hour of bed-time will soon lose its terrors and you will begin to seek your couch with pleasurable anticipation of a night free from disturbances. "LYKO" will bless you with sweet, sound and peaceful slumber and bring you down to the breakfast table in the morning in good spirits and in fighting trim, keen for the day's activities; rested and refreshed in body and mind, and with an appetite unequaled since you were a boy.

"LYKO" is a splendid general tonic; a reliable appetizer and an excellent stimulant to the nervous system. It relieves brain fag and physical exhaustion, builds up the nerves, strengthens the muscles, corrects digestive disorders and rejuvenates generally the weak, irritable and worn out. Ask your druggist for a bottle today and get rid of sleepless nights.

Harlow's Liquidation Sale
ALL WEEK SPECIALS

All Week Special
Hope Muslin; 36 inches wide. All Hope is the same **19½c**

All Week Special
36-in. Percale; all patterns; yard **19½c**

All Week Special
27-inch Dress Gingham, yd. **19½c**

All Week Special
Peggy Cloth, just the thing for rompers; yd. **35c**

All Week Special
Madras Shirtings, 36 in. wide; the yard **40c**

All Week Special
Cotton Crepe, all colors; the yard **35c**

ALL WEEK SPECIAL on Spring and Summer Millinery

Every Spring Hat in our large stock is marked down to sell this week. Cost has been forgotten and profits sacrificed in order to dispose of this big lot of beautiful millinery.

LOT NO. 1—Includes Milans, Sailors, Turbans and Children's Hats. Values up to $10. All week special price **$3.98**

LOT NO. 2—Georgettes, Leghorns and Transparent. Values to $15. All week special price **$1.98**

LOT NO. 3—This lot includes the beautiful pattern hats in Maline, Horsehair Braid and pretty novelty effects, selling formerly up to $25. All week special price only **$12.50**

Big assortment of Elastic Veils; all week special, each **48c**

All Week Special
Boys' Wash Suits and Rompers
Tom Sawyer and Cupid Clothes; a wonderful line priced at one-third to one-half off usual prices. Suits **$1.50, $2.50, $2.75** and **$2.98.**

ROMPERS
In many styles, at **$1.00.** Boys' Blouses, all sizes, **$1.00.**

ONE LOT
Ladies' Skirts
A Clean-Up Big Value. Choice
$2.98

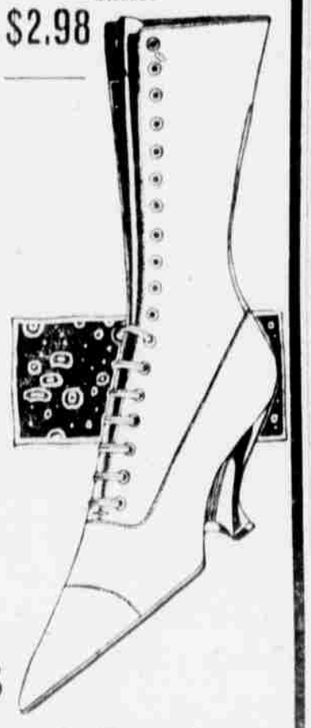
We Have Just Received a Full Line of Ladies'

SAMPLE SHOES

for 1919 from Priest-Meyers Shoe Co., including both low cuts and boots. All solid leather boots, mostly brown and black kid, sizes 3 to 4, in both high and low heels. These shoes go on sale this week in three lots at

$1.98, $2.48, $2.98

They are worth three times this if you can wear the sizes



Ladies' Oxfords and Pumps
Both high and low heels; al lstyles and sizes; extra special for this week only **$4.98**

The Busy Bargain Store

HARLOW'S, 205 S. Main

How many needle phonographs would there have been if the PATHE SAPPHIRE BALL had been discovered first? Not one—and a jeweled Pathe costs no more than an ordinary talking machine.

Pathé

PHONOGRAPH
No Needles to Change

Remember there is a Jeweled Pathe to harmonize with simple as well as the more elaborate interiors. The design and finish of the simple models at $32.50 and the $215.00 art models are of one standard—**the best.**

The all-wood violin tone-chamber eliminates the harsh metallic sounds; the sapphire ball accurately reproduces every shading and expression of the selection.

We will be glad to arrange easy terms of payment for you. Get a Pathe now and play while you pay.

The round, polished jewel glides smoothly around the records. The music flows off, isn't scratched off. There is no wear on the records.

The Pathe Plays All Makes of Records.

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