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The fuel problem declines to take a summer vacation this year.

If our dark skin boys don't hurry up they will not be able to claim the name of "Black Devils." The Italian Arditi are becoming known as "Black Fiends" and "Red Fiends," according to their fancy in color.

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Some of these fine days the Kaiser will simultaneously discover that both the United States army and the well known ocean are much larger than he expected.

Army service puts up the supreme test for the man who endeavors to make a "show of authority" take a place of demonstration of efficiency.

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Few medicines have met with more favor or accomplished more good than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. John T. Jantzen, Delmeny, Saa., says of it: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy for myself and family, and can recommend it as being an exceptionally fine preparation."

"OUTWITTING THE HUN"

by LIEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN.



CHAPTER III.

Captured by the Huns. I shall not easily forget the 17th of August, 1917. I killed two Huns in the double-seated machine in the morning, another in the evening, and then I was captured myself. I may have spent more eventful days in my life, but I can't recall any just now.

That morning, in crossing the line on our early morning patrol, I noticed two German balloons. I decided that as soon as my patrol was over I would go off on my own hook and see what a German balloon looked like at close quarters.

These observation balloons are used by both sides in conjunction with the artillery. A man sits up in the balloon with a wireless apparatus which directs the firing of the guns. From his point of vantage he can follow the work of his own artillery with a remarkable degree of accuracy and at the same time he can observe the enemy's movements and report them.

The Germans are very good at this work, and they use a great number of them. It was considered a very important part of our work to keep them out of the sky.

There are two ways of going after a balloon in a machine. One of them is to cross the lines at a low altitude, flying so near the ground that the man with the anti-aircraft gun can't bother you. You fly along until you get to the level of the balloon and, if in the meantime, they have not drawn the balloon down, you open fire on it and the balloons you use will set it on fire if they land.

The other way is to fly over where you know the balloons to be, put your machine in a spin so that they can't hit you, get above them, spin over the balloon and then open fire. In going back over the line you cross at a few hundred feet.

This one of the hardest jobs in the service. There is less danger in attacking an enemy's aircraft. Nevertheless, I had made up my mind to either get those balloons or make them descend, and I only hoped that they would stay on the job until I had a chance at them.

When our two hours' duty was up, therefore, I dropped out of the formation as we crossed the lines and turned back again.

I was at a height of 15,000 feet, considerably higher than the balloons. Shutting my motor off, I dropped down through the clouds, thinking to find the balloons at about five or six miles behind the German lines.

Just as I came out of the cloud banks I saw below me, about a thousand feet, a two-seater hostile machine doing artillery observation and directing the German guns. This was at a point about four miles behind the German lines.

Evidently the German artillery saw me and put out ground signals to attract the Hun machine's attention, for I saw the observer quit his work and grab his gun, while their pilot stuck the nose of his machine straight down.

But they were too late to escape me. I was diving toward them at a speed of probably two hundred miles an hour, shooting all the time as fast as possible. Their only chance lay in the possibility that the force of my drive might break my wings. I knew my danger in that direction, but as soon as I came out of my dive the Huns would have their chance to get me, and I knew I had to get them first and take a chance on my wings holding out for them.

Fortunately some of my first bullets found their mark, and I was able to come out of my dive at about four thousand feet. They never came out of theirs!

But right then came the hottest situation in the air I had ever experienced up to that time. The depth of my dive had brought me within reach of the machine guns from the ground, and they also put a barrage around me of shrapnel from anti-aircraft guns and I had an opportunity to "ride the barrage," as they call it in the R. F. C. To make the situation more interesting, they began shooting "flaming onions" at me. "Flaming onions" are rockets shot from a rocket gun. They are used to hit a machine when it is flying low, and they are effective up to about five thousand feet. Sometimes they are shot up one after another in strings of about eight, and they are one of the hardest things to go through. If they hit the machine, it is bound to catch fire and then the fire is up.

All the time, too, I was being attacked by "Archie"—the anti-aircraft gun. I escaped the machine guns and the "flaming onions," but "Archie," the anti-aircraft fire, got me four or five times. Every time a bullet plucked me, or rather my machine, it made a loud bang, on account of the tension on the material covering the wings.

None of their shots hurt me until I was about a mile from our lines, and then they hit my motor. Fortunately, I still had altitude enough to drift on to our own side of the lines, for my motor was completely out of commission. They just raised the dickens with me all the time I was descending, and I began to think I would strike the ground before crossing the line.

As it was we had only five machines for this patrol, anyway, because as we crossed the lines one of them had to drop out on account of motor trouble. Our patrol was up at 8 p. m., and up to within ten minutes of that hour it had been entirely uneventful.

At 7:50 p. m., however, while we were flying at a height of 13,000 feet, we observed three other English ma-

chines which were about 3,000 feet below us pick a fight with nine Hun machines.

I knew right then that we were in for it, because I could see over toward the ocean a whole flock of Hun machines which evidently had escaped the attention of our scrappy countrymen below us.

So we dove down on those nine Huns. At first the fight was fairly even. There were eight of us to nine of them. But soon the other machines which I had seen in the distance, and which were flying even higher than we were, arrived on the scene, and when they, in turn, dove down on us, there was just twenty of them to our eight!

Four of them singled me out. I was diving, and they dived right down after me, shooting as they came. Their tracer bullets were coming closer to me every moment. These tracer bullets are balls of fire which enable the shooter to follow the course his bullets are taking and to correct his aim accordingly. They do no more harm to a pilot if he is hit than an ordinary bullet, but if they hit the petrol tank, good night! When a machine catches fire it takes less than a minute for the fabric to burn off the wings and then the machine drops like a comet.

As their tracer bullets came closer and closer to me I realized that my chances of escape were all. Their very next shot, I felt, must hit me.

Once, some days before, when I was flying over the line, I had watched a fight above me. A German machine was set on fire, and dived down through our formation in flames on its way to the ground. The Hun was diving at such a sharp angle that both his wings came off, and as he passed within a few hundred feet of me I saw the look of horror on his face.

Now, when I expected any moment to suffer a similar fate, I could not help thinking of that poor Hun's last look of agony.

I was still examining my plane and considering the matter of a few slight repairs, without any particular thought for my own safety in that respect, when a shell came whizzing through the air, knocked me to the ground and landed a few feet away. It had no sooner struck than I made a run for cover and crawled into a shell hole. I would have liked to get farther away, but I didn't know where the next shell would burst, and I thought I was fairly safe there, so I squatted down and let them blaze away.

The only damage I suffered was from the mud which splattered up in my face and over my clothes. That was my introduction to a shell hole, and I resolved right there that the infantry could have all the shell-hole fighting they wanted, but it did not appeal to me, though they live in them through many a long night and I had only sought shelter there for a few minutes.

After the Germans had completely demolished my machine and ceased firing, I waited there a short time, fearing perhaps they might send me after a lucky shot, hoping to get me after all. But evidently they concluded enough shells had been wasted on one man. I crawled out cautiously, shook the mud off, and I looked over in the direction where my machine had once been. There wasn't enough left for a decent souvenir, but nevertheless I got a few, "such as they were," and readily observing that nothing could be done with what was left, I made my way back to infantry headquarters, where I was able to telephone in a report.

A little later one of our automobiles came out after me and took me back to our airbase. Most of my squadron thought I was lost beyond doubt, and never expected to see me again; but my friend, Paul Raney, had held out that I was all right, and as I was afterwards told, said, "Don't send for another pilot; that Irishman will be back, if he has to walk."

He knew that the only thing that kept me from walking was the fact that our own automobile had been sent out to bring me home.

I had lots to think about that day, and I had learned many things; one was not to have too much confidence in my own ability. One of the men in the squadron told me that I had better not take those chances; that it was going to be a long war and I would have plenty of opportunities to be killed without deliberately "wishing them on" myself. Later I was to learn the truth of his statement.

That night my "flight"—each squadron is divided into three flights, consisting of six men each, got ready to go out again. As I started to put on my tunic I noticed that I was not marked up for duty as usual.

I asked the commanding officer, a major, what the reason for that was, and he replied that he thought I had done enough for one day. However, I knew that if I did not go, someone else from another "flight" would have to take my place, and I insisted upon going up with my patrol as usual, and the major reluctantly consented. Had he known what was in store for me, I am sure he wouldn't have changed his mind so readily.

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purely for the love of it, whereas they were fighting in defense of their country, but still, they said, they admired us for our sportsmanship. I had a notion to ask them if dropping bombs on London and killing so many innocent people was in defense of their country, but I was in no position or condition to pick a quarrel at that time.

That same day a German officer was brought into the hospital and put in the bunk next to mine. Of course I casually looked at him, but did not pay particular attention to him at that time. He lay there for three or four hours before I did take a real good look at him. I was positive that he could not speak English, and naturally I did not say anything to him. Once when I looked over in his direction his eyes were on me, and to my surprise he said, very sarcastically, "What the hell are you looking at?" and then smiled. At this time I was just being occupied by wounded German officers. The other rooms, I imagined, had about the same number of beds as mine. There were no Red Cross nurses in attendance, just orderlies, for this was only an emergency hospital and too near the firing line for nurses. The orderlies were not old men nor very young boys, as I had expected to find, but young men in the prime of life, who evidently had been medical students. One or two of them, I discovered, were able to talk English, but for some reason they would not talk. Perhaps they were forbidden by the officer in charge to do so.

In addition to the bullet wound in my mouth I had a swelling from my forehead to the back of my head almost as big as my shoe—and that is saying considerable. I couldn't move an inch without suffering intense pain, and when the doctor told me that I had no bones broken I wondered how a fellow would feel who had.

German officers visited me. They morning and told me that my machine went down in a spinning nose dive from a height of between 8,000 and 9,000 feet, and they had the surprise of their lives when they discovered that I had not been dashed to pieces. They had to cut me out of my machine, which was riddled with shots and shattered to bits.

A German doctor removed the bullet from my throat, and the first thing he said to me when I came to, was, "You are an American!"

"There was no denying it, because the metal identification disk on my wrist bore the inscription:

"P. O'Brien, U. S. A., R. F. C."

Although I was suffering intense

war and frankly admitted one day that the old political battles waged in California were much more to his liking than the battles he had gone through over here. On second thought he laughed as though it were a good joke, but he evidently intended me to infer that he had taken a keen interest in politics in San Francisco.

When my "chummy enemy" first started his conversation with me, the German doctor in charge reprimanded him for talking to me, but he paid no attention to the doctor, showing that some real Americanism had soaked into his system while he had been in the U. S. A. I asked him one day what he thought the German people would do after the war; if he thought they would make Germany a republic, and much to my surprise he said very bitterly, "If I had my way about it, I would make her a republic today and hang the devil—I Kaiser in the bargain." And yet he was considered an excellent soldier. I concluded, however, that he must have been a German socialist, though he never told me so. On one occasion I asked him for his name, but he said that I would probably never see him again and it didn't matter what his name was. I did not know whether he meant that the Germans would starve me out, or just what was on his mind, for at that time I am sure he did not figure on dying. The first two or three days I was in the hospital I thought surely he would be up and gone long before I was, but blood poisoning set in about that time, and just a few hours before I left for Courtland he died.

One of those days, while my wound was still very troublesome, I was given an apple; whether it was just to torment me, knowing that I could not eat it, or whether for some other reason, I do not know. But anyway a German flying officer there had several in his pockets and gave me a nice one. Of course there was no chance of my eating it, so when the officer had gone and I discovered this San Francisco fellow looking at it rather longingly, I picked it up, intending to toss it over to him. But he shook his head and said, "If this was San Francisco I would take it, but I cannot take it from you here." I was never able to understand just why he refused the apple, for he was usually sociable and a good fellow to talk to, but appar-

ently he could not forget that I was his enemy. However, that did not stop one of the orderlies from eating the apple.

One practice about the hospital impressed me particularly. That was, if a German soldier did not stand much chance of recovering sufficiently to take his place again in the war, the doctors did not exert themselves to see that he got well. But if a man had a fairly good chance of recovering and they thought he might be of some further use, everything that medical skill could possibly do was done for him. I don't know whether this was done under orders or whether the doctors just followed their own inclinations in such cases.

My teeth had been badly jarred up from the shot, and I hoped that I might have a chance to have them fixed when I reached Courtland, the prison where I was to be taken. So I asked the doctor if it would be possible for me to have this work done there, but he very curtly told me that, although there were several dentists at Court-

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Pat O'Brien and Paul Raney.



Lieutenant O'Brien in the first machine he used in active service. With him is Lieutenant Atkinson.

I realized that my only chance lay in making an Immelman turn. This maneuver was invented by a German—one of the greatest who ever flew and who was killed in action some time before. There wasn't enough left for a decent souvenir, but nevertheless I got a few, "such as they were," and readily observing that nothing could be done with what was left, I made my way back to infantry headquarters, where I was able to telephone in a report.

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No. 66 Squadron, Royal Flying Corps.

INVENTORY OF BELONGINGS

2/Lieut. A. O'Brien, R.F.C. (S.R.) Reported missing 17-8-17

Packed in Trunk:

- 2 suits Pyjamas.
- 1 Shirt.
- 4 Yests.
- 4 Pra. Pants.
- 3 Pra. Combinations.
- 1 Night Shirt.
- 8 Towels.
- 1 Pr. Shorts.
- 1 Pr. Ties.
- 2 Pr. Bras.
- 1 Pr. Trousers.
- 1 Strap.
- 1 Belt.
- 1 Belt.
- 1 Tunic.
- 1 American Tunic.
- 1 Pr. Ankle Boots.
- 1 British War Coat.
- 2 Pr. Goggles.
- 1 San Brown Belt.
- 1 Case.
- 1 Belt.
- 3 Blankets.

Photograph of Official Memorandum, Belongings of Lieutenant O'Brien, tenanted Raney When O'Brien Was Reported Missing on August 17, 1917.

When he got no answers out of me, he walked away disgustedly.

"You don't have to worry any more," he declared, as a parting shot. "For you the war is over."

I was given a little brother later in the day, and as I began to collect my thoughts I wondered what had happened to my comrades in the battle which had resulted so disastrously to me. As I began to realize my plight I worried less about my physical condition than the fact that, as the doctor had pointed out, for me the war was practically over. I had been in it but a short time, and now I would be a prisoner for the duration of the war.

The next day some German flying officers visited me, and I must say they treated me with great consideration. They told me of the man I had brought down, and a fairly good pilot. They gave me his hat as a souvenir and complimented me on the flight I had put up.

My helmet, which was of soft leather, was split from front to back by a bullet from a machine gun, and they examined it with great interest. When they brought me my uniform I found that the star of my rank which had been on my right shoulder strap had been shot off clean. The one on my left shoulder strap they asked me for as a souvenir, as also my R. F. C. badges, which I gave them. They allowed me to keep my "wings," which I wore on my left breast, because they were aware that that is the proudest possession of a British flying officer.

I think I am right in saying that the only chivalry in this war on the German side of the trenches has been displayed by the officers of the German flying corps, which comprises the pick of Germany. They pointed out to me that I and my comrades were fighting

Continued on Page 4

GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECTORY

Graham Baptist Church—Rev. L. U. Weston, Pastor. Preaching every first and third Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m. W. I. Ward, Supt. Prayer meeting every Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

Graham Christian Church—N. Main Street—Rev. F. C. Lester. Preaching services every Second and Fourth Sundays, at 11.00 a. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—W. E. Harden, Superintendent.

New Providence Christian Church—North Main Street, near Depot—Rev. F. C. Lester, Pastor. Preaching every Second and Fourth Sunday nights at 8.00 o'clock. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—J. A. Bayliff, Superintendent.

Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting every Thursday night at 7.45 o'clock.

Friends—North of Graham Public School, Rev. John M. Permar, Pastor. Preaching 1st, 2nd and 3rd Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—Belle Zachary, Superintendent.

Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7.30 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal, South—Cor. Main and Maple Streets, Rev. D. E. Ernhart, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11.00 a. m. and at 7.30 p. m.