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"OUTWITTING THE HUN"

by LEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Introductory. Pat O'Brien tells of his purpose in writing the story of his adventures in the training camp.

CHAPTER II—Tells of his enlistment in the Royal Flying Corps in England and his transfer to France for active duty.

CHAPTER III—Describes the flight in which he brought down a German airplane and his final flight in which he was brought down and made a prisoner of war.

CHAPTER IV—Describes the German hospital staff and how they treated the wounded and devoted their energies to restoring those who might be returned to the firing lines.

CHAPTER V—He is taken to the officers' prison camp at Courtrai. There he meets a man who has been in the air force for many years and who has had a long and varied career.

CHAPTER VI—He confabulates a map of Germany and makes a plan to escape. He heads through a window while the train is traveling at a rate of 20 miles an hour.

CHAPTER VI

A Leap for Liberty. I had been in prison at Courtrai nearly three weeks when, on the morning of September 9th, I and six other officers were told that we were to be transferred to a prison camp in Germany.

One of the guards told me during the day that we were destined for a reprisal camp in Strasburg. They were sending us there to keep our armies from bombing the place.

He explained that the English carried German officers on hospital ships for a similar purpose and he excused the German practice of torpedoing these vessels on the score that they carried munitions.

With the idea of stealing this map, accordingly, a lieutenant and I got in front of this interpreter's window one day and engaged in a very hot argument as to whether Heidelberg was on the Rhine or not, and we argued back and forth so vigorously that the German came out of his room, map in hand, to settle it.

I opened the window. The guard who sat opposite me—so close that his feet touched mine and the stock of his gun which he held between his knees occasionally struck my foot—made no objection, imagining no doubt that I found the car too warm or that the smoke, with which the compartment was filled, annoyed me.

As I opened the window, the noise the train was making as it thundered along grew louder. It seemed to say: "You're a fool if you do; you're a fool if you don't—you're a fool if you do—you're a fool if you don't—and I said to myself 'the noes have it,' and closed down the window again."

As soon as the window was closed, the noise of the train naturally subsided and its speed seemed to diminish, and my plan appealed to me stronger than ever.

I knew the guard in front of me didn't understand a word of English, and so, in a quiet tone of voice, I confided to the English officer who sat next me what I had planned to do.

"For God's sake, Pat, check it!" he urged. "Don't be a lunatic! This railroad is double-tracked and rock-balled and the other track is on your side. You stand every chance in the world of knocking your brains out against the rails, or hitting a bridge or a whistling post, and if you escape those you will probably be hit by another train on the other track. You haven't one chance in a thousand to make it!"

There was a good deal of logic in what he said, but I figured that once I was in that reprisal camp I might never have even one chance in a thousand to escape, and the idea of remaining a prisoner of war indefinitely served for me. We were placed in a fourth-class compartment with old, hard, wooden seats, a filthy floor and no lights save a candle placed there by a guard. There were eight of us

old man, going home on leave, and he seemed to be dreaming of what was in store for him rather than paying any particular attention to me.

It was then 4 o'clock in the morning and would soon be light. I knew I had to do it right then, or never, as there would be no chance to escape in the daytime.

I had on a trench coat that I had used as a flying coat and wore my knapsack, which I had constructed out of a gas bag brought into Courtrai by a British prisoner.

The train was now going at a rate of between thirty and thirty-five miles an hour, and again it seemed to admonish me to get out.

"If I had my way," he replied, "you'd ride with the hogs!" Then he turned to the crowd and told them of my request and how he had answered me, and they all laughed hilariously.

"That would be a slight better than riding with the Germans!" I yelled after him, but if he considered that a good joke, he didn't pass it on to the crowd.

Some months later when I had the honor of telling my story to King George, he thought this incident was one of the best jokes he had ever heard. I don't believe he ever laughed harder in his life.

Before our train pulled out, our guards had to present their arms for inspection and their rifles were loaded in our presence to let us know that they meant business.

From the moment the train started on its way to Germany, the thought kept coming to my mind that unless I could make my escape before we reached that reprisal camp I might as well make up my mind, as far as I was concerned, the war was over.

It occurred to me that if the eight of us in that car could jump at a given signal and seize those four Hun guards by surprise, we'd have a splendid chance of getting out, and I was sure of the train when it first slowed down, but when I passed the idea on to my comrades they turned it down.

If I worked out as gloriously as I pictured, they pointed out, the fact that so many of us had escaped would almost inevitably result in our recapture. The Huns would have scored Belgium till they had got us and then we would all be shot.

Nevertheless, I was determined that, no matter what the others decided to do, I was going to make one bid for freedom, come what might.

As we passed through village after village in Belgium and I realized that we were getting nearer and nearer to that dreaded reprisal camp, I concluded that my one and only chance of getting free before we reached it was through the window!

I would have to go through that window while the train was going full-speed, because if I waited until it had slowed up or stopped entirely, it would be a simple matter for the guards to overtake or shoot me.

I opened the window. The guard who sat opposite me—so close that his feet touched mine and the stock of his gun which he held between his knees occasionally struck my foot—made no objection, imagining no doubt that I found the car too warm or that the smoke, with which the compartment was filled, annoyed me.

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old man, going home on leave, and he seemed to be dreaming of what was in store for him rather than paying any particular attention to me. I began to conceive of the thought that was in store for him rather than paying any particular attention to me.



"I Found Myself Right in a German Back Yard."

wherever it happened to be, I had plenty of opportunity to study my map, and before very long I knew it almost by heart.

It must have been about the ninth night that I crossed into Luxembourg, but through this principally is officially neutral, it offered me no safer a haven than Belgium would.

In the nine days I had covered perhaps seventy-five miles, and I was that much nearer liberty, but the lack of proper food, the constant wearing of wet clothes, and the loss of sleep and rest had reduced me to a very much weakened condition.

To be continued.

BIG-SOULED MEN NEEDED IN Y. M. C. A.

For Overseas Work With Red Triangle Forces—500 Recruits Asked For Out Of Southeast During July

"Pass the word on, and pass it quickly, that 500 of the most capable, earnest and big souled Christian business men are needed immediately out of the Southeastern Department for overseas work with the Red Triangle Forces."

During this period I realized that I must avoid meeting anyone at all hazards. I was in the enemy's country and my uniform would have been a dead give-away.

In several parts of this country I had to travel through forests of young pine trees about twelve feet high. They were very close together and looked almost as if they had been set out. They proved to be a serious obstacle to me because, I could not see the stars through them and I was relying upon the heaven to guide me to freedom.

My invariable program at this stage of my journey was to travel steadily all night until about six in the morning, when I would commence looking around for a place wherein to hide during the day.

It was a mighty fortunate thing for me that I was not a smoker. Somehow I have never used tobacco in any form. I was now fully repaid for whatever pleasure I had foregone in the past as a result of my habits in that particular respect.

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QUOTAS FIXED FOR FALL Y. M. C. A. DRIVE

National Goal of \$12,000,000 includes \$18,000,000 For War Work Of Y. W. C. A.—Southeast Asked For \$6,000,000

The quotas for the seven states of the Southeastern Department for the next financial drive, the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. for \$12,000,000, which will take place late in the fall were decided upon last week by delegates from each of the states.

Every town and community of the Southeast was represented by its leading citizens at the conference. Chief among the international figures were Dr. John R. Mott, General Secretary of the National War Work Council, Geo. W. Perkins, former leader of the Bull Moose party; a member of the executive board of the United States Steel Corporation and now chairman of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. bureau of finance.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS

JOHN J. HENDERSON Attorney-at-Law GRAHAM, N. C.

J. S. COOK, Attorney-at-Law, GRAHAM, N. C.

DR. WILL S. LONG, JR. DENTIST

JOHN H. VERNON Attorney and Counselor-at-Law FONES—Office 657—Residence 927 BURLINGTON, N. C.

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English Spavin Liniment removes Hard, Soft and Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from Horses; also Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring Bone, Stiffles, Sprains, Swollen Throats, Coughs, etc.

Negro women are working as section hands for the Southern railway in Asheville.

You Can Cure That Backache. Pain along the back, dizziness, headache and general languor. Get a package of Mother Gray's Australia Leaf, the pleasant root and herb cure for Kidney, Bladder and Urinary troubles.

Mrs. Lamm, a young married woman, was shot and killed while at the home of her father at Bailey, Nash county. Her husband is in jail, charged with the murder.

Boschee's German Syrup will quiet your cough, soothe the inflammation of a sore throat and lungs, stop irritation in the bronchial tubes, insure a good night's rest, free from coughing and with easy expectoration in the morning.

J. Frank Hargrave, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Lexington, died Saturday, aged 56. He was unmarried.



I Confiscated the Map.