

"OUTWITTING THE HUN"

By **LIEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN**

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(Concluded from last week.)

SYNOPSIS.

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

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

CHAPTER III—Describes flights in which he brought down two German airplanes and his final flight in which he was brought down wounded within the German lines and was made a prisoner of war.

CHAPTER IV—Discovers that German hospital staff barbarously neglected the fatally wounded and devoted their energies to restoring those who might be returned to the firing lines. Witnesses death in sight of his best chum, Lieut. Paul Rainey.

CHAPTER V—He is taken to the officers' prison camp at Courtrai. There he begins planning his escape. By great efforts he manages to save and hide away two daily rations of bread.

CHAPTER VI—He confiscates a map of Germany and just half an hour later is put on a train bound for a prison camp in Germany. He leaps through a window while the train is traveling at a rate of 20 miles an hour.

CHAPTER VII—For nine days he crawls through Germany, hiding during the day, traveling at night, guided by the stars and subsisting on raw vegetables. He covers 75 miles before reaching Luxembourg.

CHAPTER VIII—For nine days more he struggles on in a weakened condition through Luxembourg in the direction of Belgium.

After my meal was finished, I told him in as simple language as I could command of some of the experiences I had gone through and I outlined my future plans.

"You will never be able to get to Holland," he declared, "without a passport. The nearer you get to the frontier the more German soldiers you will encounter, and without a passport you will be a marked man."

I asked him to suggest a way by which I could overcome the difficulty. He thought for several moments and studied me closely all the time—perhaps endeavoring to make abso-



"You Can Hear and Talk If You Wish—Am I Not Right?"

lutely sure that I was not a German spy—and then apparently deciding in my favor, told me what he thought it was best for me to do.

"If you will call on this man" (mentioning the name of a Belgian in —, a city through which I had to pass), he advised, "you will be able to make arrangements with him to secure a passport, and he will do everything he can to get you out of Belgium."

He told me where the man in question could be found and gave me some useful directions to continue my journey, and then he led me to the door. I thanked him a thousand times and wanted to pay him for his kindness and help but he would accept nothing. He did give me his name and you may be sure I shall never forget it, but to mention it here might, of course, result in serious consequences for him. When the war is over, however, or the Germans are thrown out of Belgium, I shall make it my duty to find that kind Belgian if I have to go through again all that I have suffered already to do it.

CHAPTER XI.

I Encounter German Soldiers.

What the Belgian told me about the need of a passport gave me fresh cause for worry. Suppose I should run into a German sentry before I succeeded in getting one?

I decided that until I reached the big city which the Belgian had mentioned—and which I cannot name for fear of identifying some of the people there who befriended me—I would proceed with the utmost precaution.

Since I had discarded my uniform and had obtained civilian clothes, I



Last Photograph Taken of Lieutenant O'Brien Before His Capture. With Him is His Chum, Lieutenant Rainey.

had not been quite as careful as I was at first. While I had done my traveling at night, I had not gone into hiding so early in the morning as before and I had sometimes started again before it was quite dark, relying upon the fact that I would probably be mistaken for a Belgian on his way to or from work, as the case might be. From now on, I resolved, however, I would take no more chances.

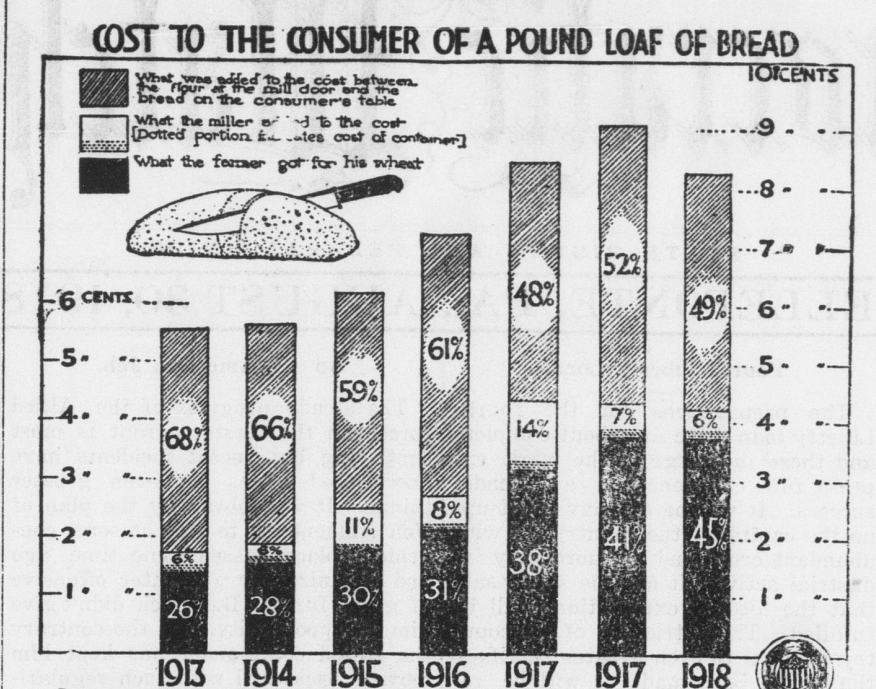
That evening I came to a river perhaps seventy-five yards wide and I was getting ready to swim it when I thought I would walk a little way to find, if possible, a better place to get to the river from the bank. I had not walked more than a few hundred yards when I saw a boat. It was the first time I had seen a boat in all my experiences.

It was firmly chained, but as the stakes were sunk in the soft bank it was not much of a job to pull them out. I got in, drank to my heart's content, shoved over to the other side, got out, drove a stake into the ground and moored the boat. It would have been a simple matter to have drifted down the river, but the river was not shown on the map and I had no idea where it might lead me. Very reluctantly, therefore, I had to abandon the boat and proceed on foot.

I made several miles that night and before daylight found a safe place in which to hide for the day. From my hiding place I could see through the bushes a heavy thick wood only a short distance away. I decided that I would start earlier than usual, hurry over to the wood and perhaps, in that way, I could cover two or three miles in the daytime and gain just so much time. Traveling through the wood would be comparatively safe. There was a railroad going through the wood, but I did not figure that that would make it any the less safe.

About three o'clock that afternoon, therefore, I emerged from my hiding place and hurried into the wood. After proceeding for half a mile or so I came to the railroad. I took a sharp look in both directions and seeing no signs of trains or soldiers, I walked boldly over the tracks and continued on my way.

Cost to the Consumer of a Pound Loaf of Bread.



(EXPLANATION OF CHART)

Since 1913 farmers have been receiving for their wheat a gradually increasing proportion of the price paid by the consumer for bread. The amount received by the wheat grower for his contribution to the average pound has increased from less than 13 cents per loaf in 1913 to more than 31 cents early this year. The proportion to the whole price is shown by the relative length of the black columns of the chart.

The middle portion of each column shows what the miller received for his milling costs and profit. This has been a somewhat variable factor, but is now at the minimum (6 per cent). In this 6 per cent, however, is included the cost of the containers (bags, sacks, etc.) shown as dotted area which has increased very nearly in proportion to the price of bread itself. Bags now cost about 50 per cent. more than in 1913 and 1914.

The shaded portion of the column represents the expense of distributing the flour, making it into bread and getting the loaf to the consumer.

The chart shows that the farmer is now receiving a much larger share of the final price for his product than in the past, and that a considerable amount of "spread" has been taken out of other expenses.

The house they lived in consisted of just two rooms—the kitchen and a bedroom. The kitchen was perhaps fourteen feet square, eight feet of one side being taken up by an enormous fireplace. What was in the bedroom I had no way of telling, as I did not dare to be too inquisitive.

I made the old couple understand that I would like to stay in their house all night, but the old man shook his head. I bade them good-by and disappeared into the woods, leaving them to speculate as to the strange foreigner they had entertained.

From the great density of the population in this section through which I was now passing I realized that I must be in the outskirts of the big city which the Belgian had mentioned and where I was to procure a passport.

Village after village intercepted me, and although I tried to skirt them wherever possible I realized that I would never make much progress if I continued that course. To gain a mile I would sometimes have to make a detour of two or three. I decided that I would try my luck in going straight through the next village I came to.

As I approached it, I passed numbers of peasants who were ambling along the road. I was afraid to mingle with them because it was impossible for one to talk to them and it was dangerous to arouse suspicion even among the Belgians. For all I knew, one of them might be treacherous enough to deliver me to the Germans in return for the reward he might be sure of receiving.

About 9 o'clock that evening I came to a point where ahead of me on the right was a Belgian police station—I knew it from its red lights—and on the other side of the street were two German soldiers in uniform leaning against a bicycle.

Here was a problem which called for instant decision; if I turned back the suspicion of the soldiers would be instantly aroused and if I crossed the road so as not to pass so closely to them they might be equally suspicious. I decided to march bravely by the Huns, bluff my way through and trust to Providence. If anybody imagines, however, that I was at all comfortable as I approached these soldiers, he must think I am a much braver man than I claim to be. My heart beat so loud I was afraid they would hear it. Every step I took brought me so much nearer to what might prove to be the end of all my hopes. It was a nerve-racking ordeal.

I was now within a few feet of them. Another step and—They didn't turn a hair! I passed right by them—heard what they were saying, although, of course, I didn't understand it, and went right on. I can't say I didn't walk a little faster as I left them behind, but I tried to maintain an even gait so as not to give them any idea of the inward exultation I was experiencing. No words can explain, however, how relieved I really felt—to know that I had successfully passed through the first of a series of similar tests which I realized were in store for me—although I did not know then how soon I was to be confronted with the second.

As it was, however, the incident gave me a world of confidence. It demonstrated to me that there was nothing in my appearance at any rate to attract the attention of the German soldiers. Apparently I looked like a Belgian peasant, and if I could only work things so that I would never have to answer questions and thus give away my nationality, I figured I would be tolerably safe.

As I marched along I felt so happy I couldn't help humming an air of one of the new patriotic songs that we used to sing at the airfield back in Ypres.

He felt of my outside clothes and pockets, and finding no potatoes seemed to be quite satisfied. Had he but known who I was he could have earned an iron cross! Or, perhaps, in view of the fact that I had a heavy water bottle in my uplifted hand, it might have turned out to be a wooden cross!

and then some Belgian peasants came along and seemed to distract his attention. Perhaps he had said: "It's all right; you may go on," or he may have been talking to the others in Flemish, but at any rate, observing that he was more interested in the others than he was in me at the moment, I put the bottle in my pocket and walked on.

After I walked a few steps, I took a furtive glance backward and noticed the soldier who had searched me rejoin his comrades at the curb and then stop another fellow who had come along, and then I disappeared in the darkness.

I cannot say that the outcome of this adventure left me in the same confident frame of mind that followed the earlier one. I was sure I had come out of it all right, but I could not help thinking what a terribly close shave I had.

Suppose the soldier had questioned me! The ruse I had been following in my dealings with the Belgian peasants—pretending I was deaf and dumb—might possibly have worked here, too, but a soldier—a German soldier—might not so easily have been fooled. It was more than an even chance that it would have at least aroused his suspicion and resulted in further investigation. A search of my clothing would have revealed a dozen things which would have established my identity and all my shaming of deafness would have availed me nothing.

As I wandered along I knew that I was now approaching the big city which my Belgian friend had spoken



Searched by German Guards.

of and which I would have to enter if I was to get the passport, and I realized now how essential it was to have something to enable me to get through the frequent examinations to which I expected to be subjected.

While I was still debating in my mind whether it was going to be possible for me to enter the city that night, I saw in the distance what appeared to be an arc light, and as I neared it that was what it turned out to be. Beneath the light I could make out the forms of three guards, and the thought of having to go through the same kind of ordeal that I had just experienced filled me with misgivings. Was it possible that I could be fortunate enough to get by again?

As I slowed up a little, trying to make up my mind what was best to do, I was overtaken by a group of Belgian women who were shuffling along the road, and I decided to mingle with them and see if I couldn't convey the impression that I was one of their party.

As we approached the arc light, the figures of those three soldiers with their spiked helmets loomed before like a regiment. I felt as if I were walking right into the jaws of death. Rather than go through what was in store for me, I felt that I would infinitely prefer to be fighting again in the air with those four desperate Huns who had been the cause of my present plight—then, at least, I would have a chance to fight back, but now I had to risk my life and take what was coming to me without a chance to strike a blow in my own defense.

I shall never forget my feelings as we came within the shaft of light projected by that great arc light nor the faces of those three guards as we passed by them. I didn't look directly at them, but out of the corner of my eye I never missed a detail. I held a handkerchief up to my face as we passed them and endeavored to imitate the slouching gait of the Belgians as well as I could, and apparently it worked. We walked right by those guards and they paid absolutely no attention to us.

If ever a fellow felt like going down on his knees and praying I did at that moment, but it wouldn't have done to show my elation or gratitude in that conspicuous way.

It was then well after 11 o'clock and I knew it would be unsafe for me to attempt to find a lodging place in the city, and the only thing for me to do was to locate the man whose name the Belgian had given me. He had given me a good description of the street and had directed me how to get there, and I followed his instructions closely. After walking the streets for about half an hour, I came upon one of the landmarks my friend had described to

me and ten minutes afterwards I was knocking at the door of the man who was to make it possible for me to reach Holland—and liberty! At least, that was what I hoped.

CHAPTER XII.

The Forged Passport.

For obvious reasons, I cannot describe the man to whom I applied for the passport nor the house in which he lived. While, in view of what subsequently happened, I would not be very much concerned if he got into trouble for having dealt with me, I realize that the hardships he had endured in common with the other inhabitants of that conquered city may possibly have distorted his idea of right and justice, and I shall not deliberately bring further disaster on him by revealing his identity.

This man—we will call him Huyliker because that is as unlike his name as it is mine—was very kind to me on that memorable night when I aroused him from his sleep and in a few words of explanation told him of my plight.

He invited me inside, prepared some food for me and, putting on a dressing gown, came and sat by me while I ate, listening with the greatest interest to the short account of my adventures.

He could speak English fluently, and he interrupted me several times to express his sympathy for the sufferings I had endured.

"O'Brien," he said, after I had concluded my story, "I am going to help you. It may take several days—perhaps as long as two weeks—but eventually we will provide the means to enable you to get to Holland."

I thanked him a thousand times and told him that I didn't know how I could possibly repay him.

"Don't think of that," he replied; "the satisfaction of knowing that I have aided in placing one more victim of the Huns beyond their power to harm will more than repay me for all the risk I shall run in helping you. You'd better turn in now, O'Brien, and in the morning I'll tell you what I plan to do."

As I removed my clothes and noticed that my knees were still swollen to twice their normal size, that my left ankle was black and blue from the wrench I had given it when I jumped from the train and that my ribs showed through my skin, I realized what a lot I had been through. As a matter of fact, I could not have weighed more than one hundred and fifty pounds at that time, whereas I had tipped the scales at one hundred and ninety when I was with my squadron in France.

I lost no time in getting into bed and still less in getting to sleep. I don't know what I dreamed of that night, but I had plenty of time to go through the experiences of my whole life, for when I was aroused by a knock on the door and Huyliker entered in response to my invitation to enter, he told me that it was nearly noon! I had slept for almost twelve hours.

I cannot say that the thought did not run through my head that perhaps after all I was living in a fool's paradise, and that when Huyliker repaid it would be with a couple of German soldiers behind him, but I dismissed such misgivings summarily, realizing that I was doing Huyliker an injustice to let such things enter my head even for an instant. I had no right to doubt his sincerity and it would do me no good to entertain such suspicions. If he was going to prove treacherous to me, I was powerless any way to cope with him.

In a few moments my host reappeared with a tray containing my breakfast. I don't suppose I shall ever forget that meal. It consisted of a cup of coffee—real coffee, not the kind I had had at Courtrai—several slices of bread, some hot potatoes and a dish of scrambled eggs.

Every mouthful of that meal tasted like angel-food to me and Huyliker sat on the edge of the bed and watched me enjoying it, at the same time outlining the plans he had made for my escape.

(Continued next week.)

Save Wheat in Farm and Home.

Philadelphia, August 28.—Much has been said about the saving of wheat by the housewife, and the American people have responded nobly to the call of the Federal Food Administration. However, wheat can be saved on the farm as well as in the kitchen. The Food Administration has given out an official test for the clean threshing of wheat, and by following this rule any farmer can test the work of the threshing machine he owns or which he has hired.

The test is made by directing the straw blower against a blanket, sheet or canvas during the time the weighing device trips five times, recording two and one-half bushels. If over one pint of wheat is winnowed from the straw on the canvas, bad work is indicated. One and one-half pints indicates a loss of one per cent.

If more than three pints is found—which means a two per cent loss—reasonable time should be given to correct the bad operation and a second test should be made. If improvement is not secured, steps should be taken through the County Threshing committee to discontinue operations until the avoidable waste is corrected.

Most threshing committees have formulated detailed rules for the guidance of threshing crews in effectively stopping waste of grain. But more effective than the rules and regulations, the Food Administration believes, has been the eagerness with which farmers and threshermen have accepted their harvest-time responsibility and the diligence with which they are now stopping every source of grain waste.

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