THE HUN"

LIEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN

HAPTER I-Introductory. Pat O'Bries a of his purpose in writing the story

CHAPTER V-He is taken to the of-cers' prison camp at Courtral. There he egan planning his escape. By great sac-fice he manages to save and hide away we daily rations of bread.

CHAPTER VI—He confiscates a map of formany and just haif an hour later is put on a train bound for a prison camp a Germany. He leaps through a window while the train is traveling at a rate of 30

CHAPTER VII.—For nine days he raw's through Germany, hiding during he day, traveling at night, guided by the tars and subsisting on raw vegetables. It covers 75 miles before reaching Lux-

CHAPTER VIII—For nine days more h truggles on in a weakened condition brough Luxemburg in the direction of

CHAPTER IX—He endures terrible ardships, swims rivers while delirious from hunger, living like a hunted animal and on the eighteenth day after jumping from the train he crosses into Belgium.

CHAPTER X-When well on his way brough Belgium he is befriended one ight by a Flemish peasant, who feeds im and directs him to a man in a Bel-ian city who will help him to get a pass-

tires. Instead heavy iron bands were employed. I could hear them come rumbling along the stone roads for miles before they reached the spot where I happened to be in hilding. When I saw these military roads in Belgium for the first time, with their heavy cobblestones that looked as if they would last for centuries, I realized at once why it was that the Germans had been able to make such a rapid advance into Belgium at the start of the war.

I noticed that the Belgians used dogs to a considerable extent to pull their carts, and I thought many times that il I could have stolen one of those dogs it would have been a very good companion for me and might, if the occasion arose, help me out in a fight. But I had no way of feeding it living through it! and the animal would probably have starved to death. I could live on vegetables, which I could always depend upon finding in the fields, but a dog couldn't, and so I gave up the idea.

The knack of making fire with two pleces of dry wood I had often read about, but I had never put it to a test and for various reasons I concluded that it would be unsafe for me to the first place, there was no absolute need for it. I didn't have anything to cook nor utensils to cook it in even if I had. While the air was getting to be rather cool at night, I was usually on the go at that time and didn't notice it. In the daytime, when I was resting or sleeping, the sun was nsually out.

To have borrowed matches from a selgian peasant would have been feasible, but when I was willing to take the chance of approaching anyone, it was just as easy to ask for food as matches.

It the second place, it would have been extremely dangerous to have built a fire even if I had needed it. You can't build a fire in Belgium, which is the most thickly populated country in Europe, without everyone knowing it, and I was far from anxious to advertising my whereabouts.

The villages in that part of Belginm through which I was making my course were so close together that there was hardly ever an hour passed without my hearing some clock strike. Every village has its clock. Many times I could hear the clocks striking in two villages at the same time.

But the hour had very little interest. to me. My program was to travel as fast as I could from sunset to sunrise and pay no attention to the hours in between, and in the daytime I had only two things to worry about: keep concealed and get as much sleep as possible.

The cabbage that I got in Belgium consisted of the small heads that the peasants had not cut. All the strength had concentrated in these little heads and they would be as bitter as gall. I would have to be pretty hungry today before I could ever eat cabbage again and the same observation applies to carrots, turnips and sugar beets-especially sugar beets.

It is rather a remarkable thing that today even a smell of turnips, raw or cooked, makes me sick, and yet a few short months ago my life depended upon them.

Night after night as I searched for food, I was always in hopes that I might come upon some tomatoes or celery-vegetables which I really command of some of the experiences walked more than a few hundred

liked, but with the exception of once, **************** when I found some celery, I was never so fortunate. I ate so much of the celery the night I came upon it that I was sick for two days thereafter, but I carried several bunches away with me and used to chew on it as walked along.

Of course, I kept my eyes open all the time for fruit trees, but apparently , which I could overcome the difficulty. it was too late in the year for fruit, as all that I ever was able to find were two pears, which I got out of a tree. That was one of my red-letter days, but I was never able to repeat it.

In the brooks and ponds that I assed I often noticed fish of different kinds. That was either in the early morning just before I turned in for the day, or on moonlight nights when the water seemed as clear in spots as in the daytime. It occurred to me that it would be a simple matter to rig a hook and line and catch some fish. but I had no means of cooking them and it was useless to fish for the sake

One night in Belgium my course took me through a desolate stretch of country which seemed to be absolutely uncultivated. I must have covered tweive miles during the night, without passing a single farm or cultivated field. My stock of turnips which I had picked the night before was gone and I planned, of course, to get enough to carry me through the following

The North Star was shining brightly that night and there was absolutely nothing to prevent my steering an absolutely direct course for Holland and liberty, but my path seemed to lie through arid pastures. Far to the east or to the west I could hear faintly the striking of village bells, and I knew that if I changed my course I would undoubtedly strike farms and vegetables, but the North Star seemed to plead with me to follow it and I would not turn aside.

When daylight came, the conse quence was I was ampty handed and I and to find a hiding place for the day. thought I would approach the first peasant I came to and ask for food. but that day I had misgivings-a hunch-that I would get into trouble if I did, and I decided to go without food altogether for that day.

It was a foolish thing to do, I found, because I not only suffered greatly from bunger all that day, but it interfered with my sleep. I would drop off to sleep for half an hour, perhaps, end during that time I would dream that I was free, back home, living a tife of comparative ease, and then I would wake up with a start and catch a glimpse of the bushes surrounding me, feel the hard ground beneath me and the hunger pangs gnawing at my sides, and then I would realize how far from home I really was, and I would lie there and wonder whether I would ever really see my home again. Then I would fall asleep again and dream this time, perhaps of the days I spent in Courtral, or my leap from the train window, of the Bavarian pilot whom I sent to eternity in my last air fight, of my tracer bullets

That night I got an early start because I knew I had to have food, and I decided that rather than look for vegetables I would take a chance and apply to the first Belgian peasant whom I came to.

getting closer and closer to his bead,

and then I would wake up again with

a start and thank the Lord that I was

only dreaming it all again instead of

It was about 8 o'clock when I came to a small house. I had picked up a handkerchief and I was resolved to use build a fire even if I had matches. In it as a weapon if it became necessary. After all I had gone through, I was resolved to win my liberty eventually at whatever cost.

As it happened, I found that night the first real friend I had encountered in all my traveling. When I knocked timidly on the door, it was opened by a Belgian peasant, about fifty years of age. He asked me in Flemish what I wanted, but I shook my head and pointing to my ears and mouth intimated that I was deaf and dumb, and then I opened and closed my mouth several times to show him that I wanted food.

He showed me inside and sat me at the table. He apparently lived alone, for his ill-furnished room had but one chair, and the plate and knife and fork he put before me seemed to be all he had. He brought me some cold potatoes and several slices of stale bread, and he warmed me some milk on a small oil stove.

I ate ravenously and all the time I was engaged I knew that he was eyeing me closely.

Before I was half through he came over to me, touching me on the shoulder, and stooping over so that his lips almost touched my ear, heesald in broken English. "You are an Englishman—I know it—and you can hear and talk if you wish-am I not right?"

There was a smile on his face and me instinctively that he could be O'Brien Before His Capture. With trusted, and I replied; "You have guessed right-only I am an American, not an Englishman."

He looked at me pityingly and filled

y cup again with warm milk. His kindness and apparent willingless to help me almost overcame me, and I felt like warning him of the consequences he would suffer if the Huns discovered he had befriended me. I had heard that twenty Belgians had been shot for helping Belgians to escape into Holland, and I hated to think what might happen to this good old Samaritan if the Huns ever knew that he had helped an escaped American prisoner.

After my meal was finished, I told him in as simple language as I could

I had gone tarough and I outlined my future plans. "You will never be able to get to Holland," he declared, "without

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 He thought for several moments and studied me closely all the timeperhaps 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 lie can to get you out of Beiglum.

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

CHAPTER XI.

I Encounter German Soldlers. 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 proceed with the utmost precaution. Since I had discarded my uniform and had obtained civilian clothes, I



Last Photograph Taken of Lieutenant

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

yards when I saw a bont. It was the first time I had seen a boat in all my

It was firmly chained, but as 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 reluc-tantly, 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.

I soon came upon a clearing and knew that someone must be living in the vicinity. As I turned a group of trees I saw a small house and in the distance an old man working in a garden. I decided to enter the house and ask for food, figuring the woman would probably be old and would be no match for me even if she proved hostile. The old woman who came to the door in response to my knock was older than I expected. If she wasn't close to a hundred, I miss my guess very much.

She could not speak English and I could not speak Flemish, of course, but nevertheless I made her understand that I wanted something to eat. She came out of the door and holloed for her husband in a shrill voice that would have done credit to a girl of eighteen. The old man came in from the garden and between the two of them they managed to get the idea that I was hungry and they gave me 1 piece of bread-a very small piecewhich was quite a treat.

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 it was one of the principal vocations mile I would sometimes have to make of the average poor Belgian to buy detour of two or three. I decided that I would try my luck in going straight through the next village I

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 galt 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. R nstrated 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 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 couldn't help humming an air of one of the new patriotic songs that we used to sing at the airdrome back in

In this happy frame of mind I cov-ered the next three miles in about an hour and then came to another little village. My usual course would have been to go around it—through fields, back yards, woods or whatever else lay in my way—but I had gained so much time by going through the last village instead of detouring around it and my appearance seemed to be so unsuspicious that I decided to try the same stunt again.

I stopped humming and kept very much on the alert, but apart from that, I walked boldly through the main street without any feeling of

I had proceeded perhaps, a mile along the main street when I noticed ahead of me three German soldiers standing at the curb.

Again my heart started to beat fast, must confess, but I was not nearly so scared as I had been an hour or so before.

I walked ahead, determined to follow my previous procedure in every

I had got to about fifteen feet away from the soldiers when one of them stepped onto the sidewalk and shouted:

My heart stopped beating fast-for moment, I believe, it stopped beating altogether! I can't attempt to de-scribe my feelings. I thought that the jig was up-that all I had gone through and all I had escaped would now avail me nothing, mingled with feeling of disgust with myself because of the foolish risk I had taken in going through the village, combined to take all the starch out of me, and I could feel myself wilting as the soldier advanced to the spot where I stood rooted in my tracks.

I had a bottle of water in one pocket and a piece of bread in the other, and as the Hun advanced to search me I held the bottle up in one hand and the piece of brend in the other so that he could see that was all I had.

It occurred to me that he would "frisk" me-that is, feel me over for arms or other weapons, then place me under arrest and march me off to the guardhouse. I had not the slightest idea but that I was captured and there didn't seem to be much use in resisting, unarmed as I was and with two other German soldiers within a

few feet of us. Like a flash it suddenly dawned on me, however, that for all this saidler could have known I was only a Belgian peasant and that his object in searching me, which he proceeded to do, was to ascertain whether I had committed the common "crime"

smuggling potatoes. The Belgians were allowed only a certain amount of potatoes, and it is against the laws laid down by the Huns to deal in vegetables of any kind except under the rigid supervision of the authorities. Nevertheless, potntoes out the country from peasants and then smuggle them into the large cities and sell them clan-

destinely at a high price. To stop this traffic in potatoes, the German soldiers were in the habit of subjecting the Belgians to frequent search, and I was being held up by this soldier for no other reason than that he thought I might be a potato smuggler!

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

· He said something in German which, of course, I did not understand, 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 re join his comrades at the curb and then stop another fellow who had come along, and then I disappeared in the

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 may be belgian pegs-in my dealings with the Belgian pegs-in my deal 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 sham-

ming 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 Guarda

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 appenred to be an arc light, and as 1 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 Bel-

gian 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 soldlers 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 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 are 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 imiate the slouching gait of the Belgian 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 Huyliger 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.

(To be continued)