

Daring Escapes From German Prison Camps

Brilliant Death-Defying Exploits Which Have Won Honor and Decorations for Many Captured Allied Soldiers Who Risked All in One Dare-Devil Stroke for Liberty.

BY ARTHUR BARRETT.
AMONG the many brilliant deeds of daring in the world war, no class of exploits has stood out more conspicuously than the numerous successful escapes from German prison camps.

Time after time, with superhuman strength and courage, captured soldiers of the allies have cut through electrified barbed wire, tunneled under rock walls, slain sentinels and thrown off their pursuers.

Tracked by men and bloodhounds, they have hidden for weeks in marshes and forests, living on roots and berries, traveling on all fours at night like hunted animals, swimming rivers, scaling mountains, finally to cross the border into Holland or Switzerland. And in almost every instance they

Group of French Aviators Who Escaped After Many Severe Hardships From a German Prison Camp.



In the First Panel, Roland Garros Is Shown Sewing on the Disguise in Which He Escaped. In the Second, Captain Goysqui Is Tunneling His Way to Liberty. In the Third, Pat O'Brien Is Seen Making His Desperate Leap From a German Train.



Lieutenant Pat O'Brien, Who Escaped by Leaping From a Fast-Moving Train.



Captain Goysqui, Who Evaded His Captors by Tunneling Under Electrified Barbed Wire.

have escaped, not to withdraw from the great conflict, but to hasten back again to their posts on the fighting line.

The history of the war contains hundreds of instances, which continue to multiply in the daily newspaper reports, of prisoners who have risked almost certain death for the mere chance of effecting a hairbreadth escape—and who have succeeded.

One of the most astonishing achievements in this line was that of Rene Latour, a French lieutenant, captured near Soissons and interned in a camp near a forest, some 50 miles from the Dutch border.

Each day he and other prisoners were marched out of the barbed wire enclosure to work with pick and shovel on the neighboring roads.

Finally he secured and concealed in his jacket the broken point of a pickaxe, which he fashioned into a rude dagger.

After months of apparent submissive labor, he finally found himself alone for a moment outside the enclosure, with only one armed sentinel standing near.

In broad daylight he sprang like a tiger upon the back of the sentinel, drove the improvised knife into his heart before the man could make an outcry, and started on a wild race for the shelter of the forest.

He had covered several hundred yards before the alarm was raised, and managed to outdistance his pursuers despite the rain of rifle bullets.

The fortunate presence in the forest of a brook enabled him to throw the bloodhounds off the scent, and four weeks later, after living like a hunted wild beast in the depth of the woods, he worked his way to the border and escaped.

Today he is back in the fighting lines.

Pat O'Brien's Escape.
 Lieutenant Pat O'Brien, an American in the British Royal Flying Corps, escaped by leaping from a train running 50 miles an hour. He had been brought down wounded inside the German lines, and after a short time in a hospital was transferred to a prison camp.

There he began to lay plans to escape, and succeeded in stealing German road maps from an interpreter.

His opportunity came when he and a

number of other wounded prisoners were put into a train to be transported from one camp to another.

O'Brien has vividly described his leap to liberty.

"The car was full of smoke," he said. "I looked across at the guard, a rather old man going home on leave, who seemed to be dreaming. I resolved to take my chances at the risk of breaking my neck. I began to cough as though my throat was irritated by the smoke, and then I opened the window. The guard paid no attention. The train was going between 30 and 35 miles an hour. Standing up on the bench as if to put my bag on the rack, I shoved my feet and legs out of the window and let go.

"I expected a bullet between my shoulders, or that I would be dashed to pieces on the rock ballast. But no shot was fired.

"I landed on my left side and face, cutting it open, closing an eye, cutting my hands and shins and straining an ankle. For a few moments I was completely knocked out. If they could have stopped the train right then, they could easily have captured me, but it was going very fast, and they probably didn't stop within a half mile of where I lay, so I got away."

Captain Goysqui's Exploit.
 Following his leap from the train O'Brien hid by day, traveling on foot at night, living mostly on raw vegetables, and finally made his way safely across the border.

Another famous escape was that of Captain Goysqui, one of the first French aviators to get away from a German detention camp. He was brought down by a German aviator inside the German lines and spent two months in a detention camp. He finally escaped by digging a tunnel under the electrified barbed wire that surrounded the camp. After traveling by night for over a month, living on roots and raw vegetables, he finally succeeded in getting into Switzerland, from where he made his way back to France.

For this he was decorated with the Legion of Honor, which is shown on his breast in the photograph which appears on this page.

The celebrated French "ace," Roland G. Garros, escaped by repeating the exploit of the famous German, "Captain Koepenick." After having been twice caught and punished for attempting to escape, Garros and Marchal recalled how gullible the people and soldiers proved themselves in the case of the shoemaker Voigt, who, under the name of "Captain Koepenick" and in an officer's uniform, laid everything under contribution and was saluted and honored as only a German military officer could be.

So they made French blue, horizon cloth uniforms resembling as closely as possible those of German officers. When they were finished all they had to do was to simply walk out of their prison, out of the camp and out of the town, saluted on every hand by sentinels, soldiers off duty and civilians.

Once clear of the town they doffed the uniforms and made their way to the

Holland frontier by rail quite comfortably. Their greatest difficulty was in crossing the line. It took them three days, during which they crept on hands and knees backward and forward alternately, dodging sentinels.

Few of the many thousands of prisoners captured by the Austrians during the war have had the good fortune to escape to civilization. One of the lucky few was Ugo Minervini, of 1022 Hoe avenue, New York City. He not only escaped, but he swam the Piave River, towing by the collar a comrade who could not swim a stroke, in February, when the water was as cold as ice could make it.

American Daring.
 As if that wasn't enough, he was assailed with bombs and machine guns by both Austrians and English after he landed. By strict attention to business his guardian angel contrived to get him out of the scrape alive, although wounded in both legs, both arms and the head.

American prisoners in the hands of

stuff, and not by the limitation stuff that stuffs them now."

There was a crash on the outer circle of the group. His unfortunate Majesty Charles the First, still thinking of the Divine Right of Kings, agitated by Franklin's words, had fainted and fallen to the floor.

"Gosh, Ben," said Bonaparte, as he raised the fallen body of the fallen monarch and replaced his head, which had rolled under the table, once more upon his shoulders, "Bill's idea of doing something to make kings stick together is at least timely. I wonder what can be done to stick this one together so that he'll stay stuck!"

"Search me!" said Franklin,

and not by the limitation stuff that stuffs them now."

There was a crash on the outer circle of the group. His unfortunate Majesty Charles the First, still thinking of the Divine Right of Kings, agitated by Franklin's words, had fainted and fallen to the floor.

"Gosh, Ben," said Bonaparte, as he raised the fallen body of the fallen monarch and replaced his head, which had rolled under the table, once more upon his shoulders, "Bill's idea of doing something to make kings stick together is at least timely. I wonder what can be done to stick this one together so that he'll stay stuck!"

"Search me!" said Franklin,

the Germans have shown themselves equally daring and resourceful in grasping every opportunity for escape, and already there are a number of instances of men in khaki who have successfully eluded guards and electrified

barbed wire and made their way back into France.

Since America entered the war the Germans have made escape more difficult by establishing guards and an electrified wire barricade along the entire

Dutch border, and many prisoners have tramped hundreds of miles across Germany only to find this barrier impossible to cross. But even despite this new difficulty escapes continue to take place.

DEATH OF ALBERT MILDENBERG MOURNED SINCERELY THROUGHOUT MUSICAL WORLD

(Continued From First Page.)

would give her eye-teeth to be in my shoes. We are playing in the open air now as it's getting so warm over here. It's terrible to play in the tents—the water just runs down our backs, because the tent is packed with boys and every window is filled with them on the outside, as there is never room for them all inside. That keeps out all the ventilation and there isn't breath of air.

"We had a huge audience at one place and we were on a platform in the blazing sun. But we were perfectly happy and they were taking moving pictures of us. We are giving three concerts a day here lately as we want to reach all the men. Today we play at a hospital then have dinner with some officers and then give two more concerts. I'll have some interesting tales to tell when I get home. The other Sunday we had a nice time—some of the boys brought in a lunch that the cook at their camp fixed up and they brought it into town. We expected to eat in the woods, but it was a rainy day so we ate at a big, long table in the hotel. One of the boys couldn't come in, as he had to wait on the officers' table. So when he did get in quite late we dragged everything out and had the party all over again.

"We stayed at one hotel in that place for one night and it was so dirty that we moved to another the next day. Then after we'd been there several days they put us out because we didn't take meals there. So we went back to the first hotel and they were very nice to us—perfectly willing to take us in. You ought to see some of these French villages—little crooked streets and

hardly any sidewalks and everybody walks in the streets—on those dreadful cobblestones. Little boys and girls walk along carrying bread in their arms without a sign of paper to wrap it up and they often lay it right down in the street! The little boys who go to school wear aprons just like girls, that come down to their knees. Whenever we get a chance over here in between concerts or any old time we wait on the boys at the canteen—sell them chocolate and cigarettes, etc.

"I love to make change in French money—it's great fun. The soldier who had charge of the canteen in one place saw me making change and asked if I wanted a job—we spent the day at that place as it was there the movie was taken. But he fired me later on because I was always busy. The only time any of us could do it that day was when we had a choice of that or having our picture taken at the officers' hut and I had already accepted an offer for the latter. It must look funny to see a girl all dressed up in a light dress waiting on a canteen. When you get near the front, the boys have to wait on the canteen as no women are allowed there. But the Salvation Army women come up very close. They are wonderful."

Perry Grainger has received his full citizenship papers. It has seemed a strange phase that although a man might have given himself into the United States Army this did not constitute full citizenship. It is, however, under consideration now, and henceforth his willingness to serve in our Army will make him a full citizen of this country. Mrs. Rosa Grainger, mother of the noted soldier-composer,

pianist, announces her intention to take out papers to make her a full American citizen.

YANK HELD GOOD FIGHTER

British Soldiers Express High Regard for Americans.

LIVERPOOL, July 1.—The high regard in which the American soldier is held by experienced British fighters is attested by a correspondent of the Liverpool Post. He writes:

"The official testimony as to the quality of the American troops is confirmed by unofficial evidence that the new fighting force is appreciated highly by the veteran warriors of three or four years of war. Our own men at first were inclined to be suspicious of the Americans because they thought they would 'swank' about coming in to finish the war, but when they found that the Americans did not 'swank' and were eager only to learn the art of warfare, all suspicion vanished, and a comradeship in arms is springing up.

"The Americans in this country are creating an excellent impression, and when we get over our shyness, and when the American wounded are entrusted to our care, relationships will become still more intimate. An Australian officer told me that he and his friends had come to regard leave in England as equivalent as nearly as possible to a visit home, and it is hoped that the Americans will soon come to have the same feeling."