MARINE CAUGHT BY HUNS IS BACK AFTER 8 DAYS

Nodding Guard and Pick Handle Give Donahue a Chance to Escape From Captives.

This is the story of Private Donahue. It is the story of a young marine who, in the midst of a confused and savage midnight skirmish on the edge of a ravine up Torcy way, northwest of Chateau Thierry, vanished from the ranks of his company and was not seen again until eight days later, when, hungry, dirty, ired, sore and happy, he crawled into the American lines at dawn.

How he got into "Germany," he is not sure. He remembers a rush of troops in the dark and a blow over the head. The next thing he remembers he was lying on the ground outside a candle-lit tent.

There was a nightmare scuffle and bustle going on around him. It was still dark. His rifle was gone. His clothes had been ripped open and his pockets emptied. As he found out later, they had taken everything, his dog tag, his note book full of his thoughts on war, his money, his letters and clippings and snapshots from home.

He Got His Information.

Some one was standing over him, speaking to him in passable English. It was a German officer—a lieutenant, he thought. He scrambled to his feet. The lieutenant eyed him sternly.

"How many Americans are over there?"

The young marine, as though he had been rehearsed in the part for weeks, looked his captor square in the eye and answered:

"Thirty-two American divisions and 40 French.

The next moment he lay sprawling in the dirt, and from that posture into which the lieutenant had kicked him he was rewarded by the music of that worthy relapsing into angry German:

"Schweiner Amerikaner, schweiner Amerikaner!"

The refrain was caught up by the underlings, who hustled him away. Of all the jabber that reached his ears during the next few days, that was what he heard oftenest. It was all he understood. It was the favorite form of address used by the weary succession of guards put over him.

As he was the only prisoner in sight—the only American save for five or six wounded Yanks he once saw carried past him on stretchers—he was not made one of a party of prisoners to be shipped directly to the rear, but rather was he handed back from group to group and made to work his way.

From sun-up to sun-down he worked with the camouflage men, masking batteries, cutting branches, and piling bough on bough of leafy green to screen the roadside heaps of ammunition boxes.

Shared Captor's Mess.

He had no blankets to roll in at night, but his captors shared their mess with him, pouring out each time an unsavory soup or gruel, and tossing him chunks of coarse bread to sop it up with.

Each day a different soldier took him in tow. Each day the shifting sound of the artillery told him he was gravitating slowly toward the rear. Each night an armed guard watched over him.

Then one night—the seventh—the guard, who sat huddled with his back resting against a tree, dropped off to sleep. Dark was just settling over the patch of woods on the edge of which they had turned in. By the moonlight that filtered through down the branches he could see the guard's head nodding, nodding. He itched to get his hands on the rifle, but the guard was holding it upright between his knees as a sort of prop. Donahue was afraid even to try to disengage it.

He groped about for a weapon. His hand landed on the short, light end of a broken pick-handle. It wouldn't do. He looked for the other piece, found it, hefted it. It would do. With that piece of wood he took one vicious swing at the head of the guard, saw that nodding head stop nodding and slump forward. Then Donahue went away from there.

Woods Thick With Them.

All around him Germans were sleeping audibly. The woods were full of them. He had heard the unintelligible, gradually subsiding hubbub of their talk as they settled down for the night. He bumped into more than one of them, but they only grunted and swore while he held his breath and, after a time, crept on. After a journey that seemed to last hours and must have lasted at least ten minutes, he reached the edge of the woods and crawled under a bush to think.

Very close to him the German artillery was making an occasional crashing reply to the allied shells which whirred nasally overhead in an unending chorus. Gunfire is as good as a compass. It was easy enough to take his bearings, and, though he could not guess how far he had moved in the days of his captivity, he thought "America" could not be more than eight kilometers away, perhaps not that far if the bunch had advanced any in the interval.

He knew his only chance was to crawl there by night and lie low by day. He started out.

Crept All Night.

All that night he crept along—hugging the hedgerows and the shadows, stopping to listen, lying still as death when soldiers were tramping by, crawling on again, dropping flat, crawling on. All the next day he lay, hungry and thirsty, in a friendly oat field, with the grain standing straight around him so that no one would notice him from the field's edge.

Several times some soldiers made short-cuts across and passed so close he could hear them talking. Once an artilleryman, riding a horse and leading another, trotted so near that they all but tramped him underfoot.

But the only ones who found him were the dogs, and they did not tell. Twice a shaggy Red Cross dog, with its first aid pack and food strapped to its back, proudly tracked the worried Donahue to his hiding place, flourished enthusiastically around him and threatened to bring him succor willy-nilly. He longed to rifle their packs and eat again, but each time he only lay quiet and prayed for the amiable dog to be off.

It was toward the end of the second night that the young marine, creeping up the side of a ravine, was stopped in his tracks by the voice of a sentry.

"Halt!"

It was the word he had been sick with fear he should hear during two interminable nights, but when he finally heard it the voice was an American voice.

On His Feet Once More.

"I'm an American," he answered, and investigated to see what it felt like to stand up once more.

"Halt!"

"Oh, hell!" said Private Donahue; "where's brigade headquarters?"

A little later, after a stolen nap under cover of two discarded potato sacks and a sunrise breakfast at the field kitchen of another regiment, he was telling brigade headquarters all about it.

After that he told his story to everyone, from the credulous cook and the skeptical top to some imposing beings who questioned him at French headquarters before his battalion went back into the line. He had kept his eyes open, and he had information to give that can hardly be set forth here.

His audiences were not without their doubters, but these had not much to say when the report came back from the French that Private Donahue's account of his eight days' AWOL was packed with detail that could not possibly have been furnished except by one who had actually journeyed some miles into "Germany."—From Stars and Stripes.

To Set Magneto.

To set a high tension magneto, the proper cylinder should be brought to firing positon; both valves closed and the piston at the top of its stroke. This may be ascertained by running a stout wire through a spark plug or petcock opening or by looking at the valves and tappets. When the piston is in this position, the motor must be backed one-eighth of a stroke, at which postion the spark should occur when the lever is fully advanced. The magneto interrupter should be just about to open and the distributer arm on the segment corresponding to the cylinder, whose valves are both closed.

PRACTICAL PARAGRAPHS

By S.P. La Due

Nut Retainer.

The simplest method of insuring that a nut shall not be loosened on its bolt by vibration or other accident is to take a punch and distort the thread just above the nut, after the latter has been fully run on. It is only necessary to distort the thread a little and when the nut is run off with a wrench, it will restore the thread to its original shape.

Compression Loss.

It sometimes happens that an engine which runs all right when it is comparatively cold, shows a decided loss of compression after it has become heated. This is probably due to the fact that the valve stems expand with the heat and do not permit the valves to seat properly, hence the loss of compression.

Too Much Gas.

In case the motor fails to start after a generous amount of fuel has been supplied to it, the case may be one of too much gas and the remedy is to open the petcocks and turn over the engine briskly with the compression cocks open. This allows the engine to draw in enough air to form an explosive mixture.

Loose Bearing Bolts.

If a clicking or tapping sound is heard coming from the crankcase interior it ought to be investigated at once. Open the crankcase and examine all bearings and bearing cap bolts. Should a broken bolt be found, all in that bearing should be renewed as the others are probably bent.

Transmission Lining.

In fitting a new transmission lining in the Ford, the new lining should be left loose enough to permit the pedal to be thrust well forward and the engine to be turned over by hand without difficulty. After the car has been operated for a few days so that the lining has become set, it may be tightened up by a single turn of the adjusting nuts. If the bands are put on too tight at first, there is constant friction with the drum, making it hard to turn over the engine by hand and in addition burning the surface of the lining.

To Test Mixture.

Car owners, particularly new ones, are often puzzled to know whether the mixture they are using is correct. To ascertain the correct proportions to be used, shut off the fuel at the tank and open the throttle. If the mixture that is going to the cylinders is too rich, the engine speed will increase as the level of the gasoline in the float chamber is lowered, since the operation weakens the mixture considerably. If the mixture is suspected of being too weak, the float chamber may be flooded while the engine is running and if the engine speeds up, it may be accepted as a sign that the mixture has not been rich enough.

Cushioning.

In service where medium loads are carried, demanding more cushioning than a solid rubber tire can furnish, and yet less speed than pneumatics are capable of delivering, "cushion" tires are finding a rapidly expanding field. In quick delivery and passenger bus service they are particularly adapted, as their riding qualities more closely approach those of a pneumatic tire than any other non-pneumatic tire that has yet appeared. The Goodyear cushion tire resembles a regular solid tire in appearance but is much more resilient, spreading out, in service, over a much larger surface than a solid rubber tire of the same size.

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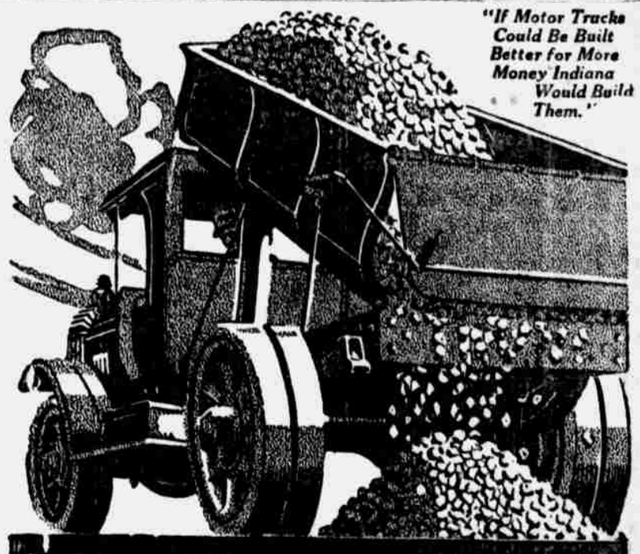

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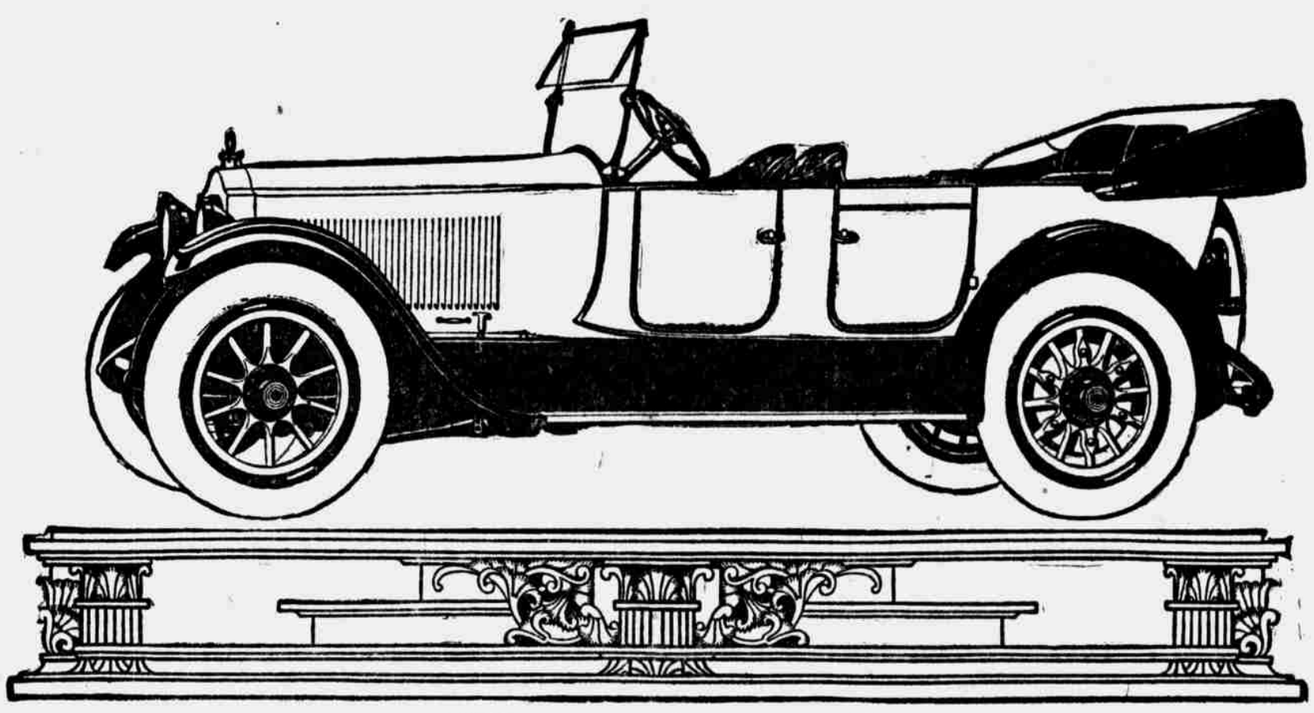

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