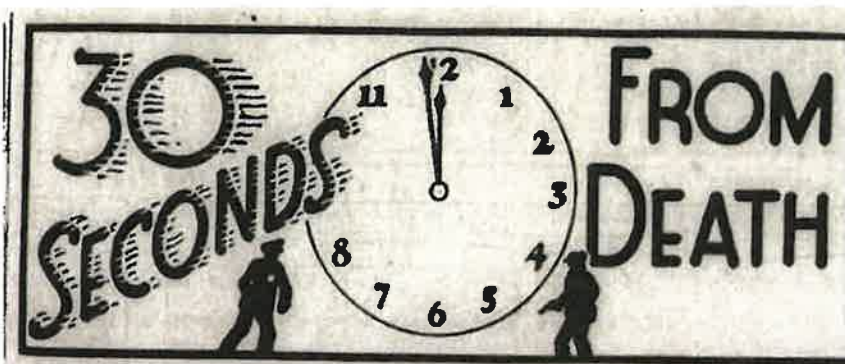


The Birmingham Post

Birmingham, Alabama • Wed, Feb 9, 1938

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The Post today continues a series of narrow escapes from death. Entitled "30 Seconds From Death," the article each day will tell of some incident in the life of the subject in which he or she brushed with death.

Most everyone has had some close call with death. You are invited to join in this series. Write to the 30 Seconds Editor, care of The Post, telling him briefly about your incident. The editor will contact you and get the details. Be sure to enclose your name, address and telephone number. Join the thrill club, and recount your narrow escape.

Mody A. Weeks, 1431 12th-st. s, was in the front line trenches during the World War. One day with three other soldiers he volunteered to stretch cable wires across the Meuse River and the Est Canal, which ran parallel, to enable engineers to build pontoon bridges.

Half the crew was doomed to quick death even before the volunteer mission accomplished anything, as two were hit by shell fire as they ran toward the river.

Mr. Weeks and the other volunteer, an Indian, continued on to the river, stretched the cable wire to the other side and then assisted in drifting a pontoon bridge across.

Holding the 100-pound roll of wire to his shoulder, Mr. Weeks motioned to the Indian and they started toward the canal, their second job. It was about 300 yards away.

**THREE MACHINE GUNS
BEGIN THEIR DEATH CHATTER**
Mr. Weeks was in the lead as the two began a heroic dash across flat, open ground.

Before they had covered 15 yards they saw three men dive

By Frank Owen



MODY A. WEEKS

into some brush on a knoll on the other side of the canal. Then the fire started. Three machine guns were pumping lead at them from the brush, which concealed a nest.

The Indian spun and ran back toward the river. He fell, shot through the calf of his leg, before he could reach cover.

Mr. Weeks fell, purposely, and hugged the ground. "We called it 'kissing the earth good-bye,'" he recalled today.

But the firing continued. The machine guns were "water coolers" and could fire around 600 shots each minute.

"Bullets were knocking dirt in my eyes," Mr. Weeks said, "and the thought came to me that they

would finally hit me if I stayed there. I knew I was not going back. So I sprang up and beat it straight toward them."

AT EACH STEP HE MAEVELS AT OWN ESCAPE

The three guns concentrated their chatter on the lone figure dashing wildly across the open field. Their combined output was possibly 1800 bullets a minute.

"They would make a singing noise as they passed," he said. "Many times since I have tried to describe the sound, and as near as I can imagine it was like running between hundreds of tightly stretched wires being tapped with a piece of steel."

He was holding the rolled wire on his left shoulder, and one bullet zipped between his arm and his side, taking cloth from his coat sleeves.

Onward he ran, marveling each time he was able to take another step uninjured. But luck was with him, and miraculously he was able to reach the canal and sink behind the protection of a brick wall. Bullets scraped his leg, and many lodged in the roll of wire, but none even nicked his body.

The three machine guns later were captured, and for his performance Mr. Weeks was decorated by the United States with a Distinguished Service Cross and by France with the Croix de Guerre.

YOUTH KAYOES LION

MELBOURNE—Just to demonstrate his pugilistic abilities to his sweetheart, whom he had on his arm, a young man here reached into the zoo cage of Leo the Lion and knocked out the king of beasts with a right-hand blow to the jaw. When the lion recovered and retaliated, the police rescued the prospective White Hope with a badly lacerated arm.

Alligators are found in America and in Southeastern Asia.

Article clipped from The Birmingham Post