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Monday turned out to be one of those rainy days. We got a good soaking going to work. Then it drizzled all morning. I was glad that I didn't have to work in the dirt and mud, although I had to help Walter and the other timber-men to reinforce the freshly dug trenches, so that they wouldn't cave in before the pipes were laid.

By around noon it was raining so heavily that all work had to be halted, and everyone was allowed to take shelter in the old farmhouse. I took the opportunity to spend time with my foreman Bill in his office. He had his potbelly stove burning, so it felt very cozy. He always had a kettle standing on the stove for hot water, so we shared a nice cup of tea while we were talking about the work to be done.

During our conversation Bill mentioned the incident at school. He said that the girls were warned to stay away from here. I had the feeling that he knew more than he was willing to admit.

I managed to change the subject by asking him about some words in English and their proper meaning. I told him that I now had an English dictionary, which helped me a great deal with my learning. He was very pleased about that. I also mentioned that we were allowed to send word to our families to let them know we were OK. This brought him around to telling me that the guards had been instructed to keep a close watch on anyone fraternizing. I could see that he was concerned for me.

After about two hours the whistle blew, which meant the rain had stopped and everyone was to return to his respective work areas.

Several of the manholes, that I had built the wooden casings for, had been completed by the bricklayers. They were partly brick and

partly cement, with steel bars built into the side, to act as a ladder. Bill took me over to see one and I climbed down into it to see what it was like. I was quite proud of myself to actually see the results of my work. After that Bill went back to his office.

Before returning to camp I had to check to see if Sue had understood my letter and found our secret letterbox. In case someone was watching I pretended that I had to do some measuring. Then I slowly made my way over to the mailbox and removed the stone. To my surprise and delight there was not only a letter but also a pack of cigarettes behind it. In spite of the heavy rain everything was dry.

I walked a few steps away, sat down, and pretending I had something in my shoe, I put the letter inside my sock. The cigarettes I put into the pocket of my jacket.

The trip back to the camp was dry. Our clothes were not too wet, just damp. We were always glad about that, because there was nothing more miserable than having to lie down at night in wet clothes.

I had to find a place to read my letter before it got too dark. I lit a cigarette and went for a walk because I didn't want to read in the tent. I would have to wait too long for that.

Sue told me what a wonderful idea it was to create a mailbox. She was relieved to know that we didn't have to use her little cousin any more to exchange our letters. I was pleased with myself that I had managed to write a letter she could fully understand. Among other things, she mentioned that she and her cousin, Lorna, had gone together to the building site to look for the mailbox. Her cousin thought I must be a genius to come up with an idea like that. In reality I was just an inventive prisoner of war who had fallen in love with a cute little English girl.

I was sure that I was in love. I had heard of people falling in love at first sight, but they usually had a chance to talk and get to know each other. We had never had as much as five minutes together, nor had I ever held her hand. Yet my heart started beating faster every time I had a chance to see her. It must be love.

However, I couldn't help but wonder how I would ever be able to convey my thoughts and feelings to her. My vocabulary was so very limited. I didn't like to think of the possibility that she might not have the same feelings for me. Also I had no idea where I would end

up when the work on the site was completed. I had to try not to let these thoughts bother me too much for the moment.

Sue had mentioned in one of her letters that on a Tuesday she was with her aunt in a village called Pudsey. Her Aunt Phyllis told her that every evening she noticed a truck full of German prisoners passing right by her house. So she asked me to look out for her next time. She would be standing at the side of the road.

This gave me something to look forward to for the next day. Since I didn't know on which side of the street she was going to stand I would make sure that I was sitting at the very back of the truck. This way I could see both sides of the street.

The following Tuesday evening, on our way back to the camp, I kept a good look out, so that I wouldn't miss the village. After about 20 minutes I saw the name Pudsey coming up. It looked like a very nice place. All the houses were detached. As we entered the village I saw Sue standing at the side of the road. As we drove by her I raised my hand just a little and waved. She waved back and all of a sudden a lot of the men sitting towards the back of the truck were waving to her. Of course they didn't know that we knew each other. This moment was my treat for the day. If nothing else, at least I had seen her.

On Friday evenings, rush hour traffic moved slowly through Bradford. It was also the time when Sue often had errands to run there. She knew which streets we drove through, so she always stood where she could see us going by. We dared not wave at each other. She told me that some boys once saw her waving as we drove by, and they threw stones at her. So we only exchanged looks.

All the manholes were almost completed. The roads were also finished and the contractor had started to build the first homes on the site. The days were getting colder and the nights were miserable in our tents. My straw sack, which was my bed, was almost falling apart. I began to feel the bare ground underneath me. I was not looking forward to the winter.

Our mailbox was working flawlessly. We managed to send two letters almost every week and Sue kept me supplied with cigarettes and sandwiches. Our letters had now become love letters. We yearned to be in each other's arms. Sue finished a lot of her letters with 'BOLTOP,' which meant *better on lips than on paper*.