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One morning Bill called me into his office. He told me that very soon most of our commandos would no longer be needed, mine included. The second phase of the building project was going to be started, but would not be ready for pipes and manholes until the spring of 1946.

Two days later, a bulldozer flattened the wall, which contained our mailbox. My heart sank.

Back at the camp, I received the news that my last day at the building site was to be the following Tuesday. I had to let Sue know. Before going to sleep I wrote a short letter, telling her that I was being moved to another place of work. I had to take the letter with me to work on the Monday, hoping that I would see her and have a chance to give it to her. To my dismay I also learned that I would be moved to another camp.

On Monday I made my way up to the area where our mailbox had been. I wondered if there was a letter from Sue behind the stone when they pulled the wall down. But everything had already been cleared away.

At 4:30 p.m. the whistle blew, and there was still no sign of my sweetheart.

With a terrible sadness in my heart I climbed on the truck and we drove back to the camp.

All that night I barely closed my eyes. Over and over I wondered how I could let Sue know that I would not be able to see her any more. As I lay on my bunk, feeling sorry for myself, I suddenly remembered that the next day was a Tuesday, which meant that Sue

would be at her aunt's house. A spark of hope came back into my aching heart. This was my chance to get my letter to her. Perhaps I could throw it from the lorry right in front of her. But that would be too risky. I had to find a better way.

By Tuesday I was ready to take more of a risk than usual. Before the whistle blew for the last time I had a plan. Since this was our last day at the building site most of us were busy cleaning tools and machinery. I took my friend Walter to one side and told him what I had in mind. I needed him to help me carry it out. I also contemplated including the driver. He had been very helpful and friendly in the past. But I abandoned that idea because if he did not go along with it my plan would be foiled completely.

As we approached Pudsey my heart beat faster. My friend Walter was sitting right behind the cab of the truck. I was sitting at the very back.

Sue was standing at her usual place by the side of the road. At the right moment I sneezed very hard so that my cap, which was sitting loosely on my head, fell off into the road right in front of Sue. At the same time Walter started hammering on the top of the cab. The driver then rolled down his window and asked what the hammering was for. Walter shouted to him to stop the lorry because one of the men had lost his cap.

The driver stopped. Meanwhile, Sue had run towards the cap lying in the street and picked it up. I jumped off the lorry and ran towards her. At the same time, I saw a young man from the nearby gas station also running toward Sue. Luckily I got there before him. [Sue told me later that he was cross with her for picking it up]. While Sue handed me the cap I passed her my letter underneath it and said, "There is a letter, be careful." Then I ran back to the truck and climbed aboard. Walter told the driver that everything was OK and we pulled away. I had accomplished another almost impossible mission and my heart was pounding all the way back to camp.