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Heinz was also there with a bundle of clothes under his arms saying, "Quick, get changed, you can't be seen in here in this uniform." He had my clothes ready for me to put on. I was glad they were there, because I had completely forgotten about the uniform that I was wearing. I put the British uniform in a sack, which Seppie held out for me and took back to the kitchen.

Heinz told me I had better go to the washroom and clean my face because I smelled like a lady. Then I remembered that Sue had forgotten to wipe the lipstick off my face. She was too upset to notice when we parted.

Heinz came with me to the washroom. He looked around to make sure we were alone. Then he told me what happened after I left.

First Theo came to tell them that he would be bringing my clothes to them near the fence after dark. All this was fine and no problem. Then, at around 3 o'clock, all the guards went through the barracks, rounding everybody up from the playing field for a camp roll call. They were both really afraid for me. They were almost sure that someone had seen me outside and wondered if I belonged to the camp.

While the guards were counting, Seppie and Heinz were shuffling around from one row to the other, so as to confuse the count. They managed to do this a few times so there were several recounts. Finally, someone came out of the washroom and stood in line, they recounted again, the number was correct and the roll call was over. They did not find out that I was missing.

Theo later told me that the person who came out of the bathroom

was none other than himself. Whenever there was a roll call, they always counted the kitchen staff first in their white uniforms. Then they counted the rest of the camp. So after they had counted everybody, he slipped into my POW outfit, sneaked into the washroom, and then came out again and joined the line, making the guards believe he had been there all the time.

I shall never forget that day as long as I live. The next morning I missed Sue more than ever before. I wished that I didn't have to wash away the fragrance of her lipstick from my face. That night I went to sleep hoping that in my dreams I could relive every second of that Sunday afternoon.

The next evening, after returning from the brickyard, I sat down to write a long letter. I had to let Sue know that I made it safely back into the camp. I didn't want her to worry too long, because I knew she would.

The next two weeks were uneventful. I enjoyed the spring flowers in the camp. It made such a big difference to the everyday dull camp life. Since I was still trying to improve my English, I spent a lot of time studying. But each morning my first thought was of Sue. I wished there was a better way of meeting her. I had to find a way to get in and out of the camp more easily.

With this in mind I spent a lot of time the next day near the barbed wire fence. I concentrated on the corner of the camp, where I had been going out before. This area was more sheltered with some bushes outside the camp close to the wire. What I needed to do was to put a permanent hole in the fence and then separate the barbed wire so that I could crawl through it. My friends would have to stay close to me and watch out for anyone approaching while I worked on the fence.

The next Saturday, while most of the boys watched the soccer game, I made my escape hatch with the help of a pair of poultry scissors from Theo. Now all was set for Sue's next visit. Of course, every Saturday and Sunday I never failed to look for Sue coming along the rails to visit me. Since it was impossible for her to write to me, this was the only way.

Almost a month had gone by without a visit from Sue. Then one drizzly Saturday afternoon I saw her approaching the camp. Heinz and Seppie were in the barracks and I was the only one outside in the

wet weather.

As she came up to the fence, I called to her that I was coming out. She said, "Oh, no," but before she could say anything else I was already on my way. I looked quickly behind me to make sure no one saw me, crawled through the already prepared opening, and in no time I was outside.

I walked towards the bushes closest to the fence. Sue was still standing next to the barbed wire. For a moment she hesitated, then she came running after me. We stood under her umbrella, hugging and kissing, not realizing that the rain had stopped. Then she gave me a letter, cigarettes, and food. I put them all underneath my jacket.

As Sue folded up her umbrella, I saw a man coming towards us, pointing a pitchfork. I said to Sue, "Quickly go home, I can take care of myself." She started running towards the rails without looking back. As the man came closer I recognized him as the farmer from next door. Knowing that I could not defend myself, I started running. He ran after me, waving his pitchfork.

My first instinct was to run for the opening in the barbed wire, but then I realized I would be giving away my secret. Instead I ran around the meadow. I knew that I could easily outrun him, so I kept on running. Several times he called for me to stop, but the distance between us became greater by the minute.

When the farmer realized he couldn't catch me, he started running towards the guardhouse, and I ran back to the camp. In no time I was crawling through the opening in the fence and heading for the barracks. I climbed into my bunk and covered myself up to my head with my blanket.

It was not long before a guard came into our barracks, looking around. I pretended to be snoring and hoped he would not remove my blanket as my clothes were damp and would have given me away. Finally he left. While the guards checked all the barracks I stayed in my bunk.

Later that evening I went to tell Heinz and Seppie about my unusual experience with the farmer during the afternoon, and to share my cigarettes with them. They found my story very amusing.

Sue's letter was full of memories of that Sunday afternoon. She told me that she was heartsick and lovesick. Her greatest wish was to

be close to me and she would wait for me, no matter how long it took.

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I loved the Yorkshire countryside. All around us were farms. Many times I wished I had a camera to take pictures of the lovely flowers in the camp. My forget-me-nots at the entrance to our barracks were now in full bloom. I hated being cooped up, surrounded by barbed wire.

In my next letter to Sue I suggested that instead of her coming to the camp, I would meet her outside it on a narrow path, which was sheltered by undergrowth and shrubs, some of them up to six feet tall. I told her that it had to be early on a Sunday afternoon. It was risky, but I had to take a chance.

That same evening I told Heinz and Seppie, my faithful guards, of my plan, and as usual they went along with it, although it was almost as daring as going down into the quarry. This had to be done in my POW outfit and in broad daylight.

It was a sunny and warm Sunday when the three of us made our way towards the corner of the camp. The boys were playing soccer as usual. One of the guards was standing among the spectators, watching the game and cheering it on. But he was so involved in the game that I didn't think he would notice what was going on around him.

I positioned myself ready to crawl through the opening, waiting for Heinz and Seppie to let me know when it was a good time for me to go. Soon I got the signal for the OK, and in less than a minute I had slipped