

did and we did, and lo! the wire is snapped. Now, if only we can force the doors apart enough to get a hand through and slip back the bolt. Damn it, we can't. But never mind, what about the other end.

So Jim puts his legs just so again, and we push and crack! the other wire is snapped. Surely we can open these doors a bit and slip that bolt . . .

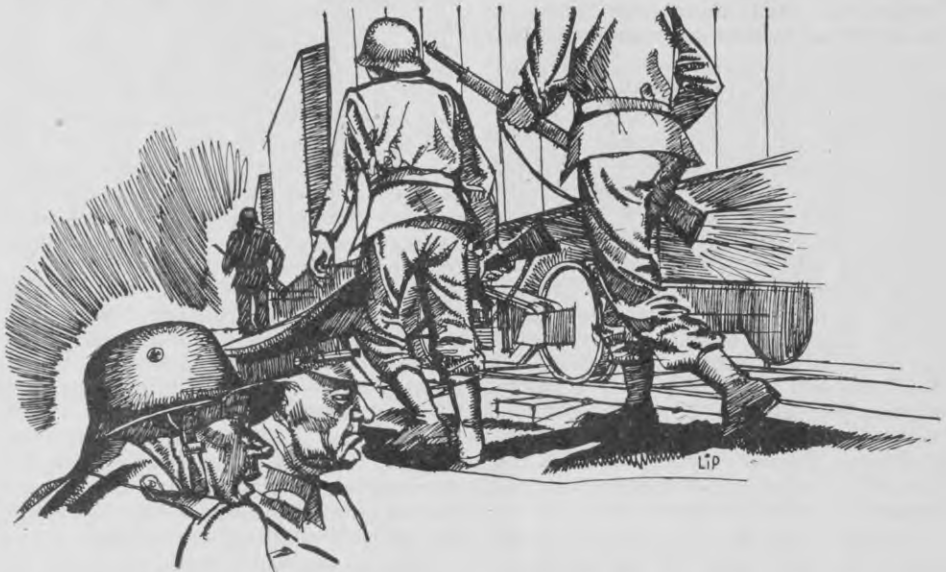
Two hours later, our forearms bruised and sore, we give up. So near and yet so far, and the train is still making good speed. We both lie down regretfully and try to sleep . . .

And there is the train slowing down. Close the doors more, the Jerries might see them. For at every stop the guards left the van and patrolled the sides of the train, inquisitive, keen-eyed, looking for trouble.

Here comes one now. Cripes, he's looking at our doors. Click! he's pushed the bolt home!

The train starts again: another burst of fire. And then another. What are they firing at? There's a third, they must be firing along the train to frighten us just in case. Well, they're succeeding.

Let's open her up again. "Come on,



"I've got it open!" It's the little South African lieutenant shaking me by the shoulders. "My arm is pretty thin and I managed it."

We can hardly believe our ears. Stumbling forward to the end of the wagon, we find he has spoken the truth. Both doors are open, and we can get out on to the buffers. We must have a look round and see what is what.

"Crack, craaack"—the bullets whizz by. Down on the floor we go and close both doors to. Were they firing at us? They could not have seen us. But they might have—you never know. Better wait a bit.

Springbok, do your stuff." The doors swing back again, and we're out on the buffers once more. Yes, they must have been firing for intimidation—nothing has been hit around here.

Let's have a look at those footplates. Bit high, aren't they, about 4 ft. And if you touched that signal wire when you jumped you'd break your neck. Yes, and if you hit one of those telegraph-poles, or picked the wrong moment and crashed into the side of a cutting or a paling fence, it would not be so hot either.

Still, it is that or Germany. "Let's go, Jim." "O.K." Return for our escape kits and get going. Back we go, grab up