

were always mustered in front of our barracks, the middle of the line being right at the barracks door. Sometimes, when the cold got too much for them, the men nearest the door would duck into the barracks. As they left the ranks the other men would close up and this kept the line even, with the centre still opposite the barracks door. Finally, almost all of the men would be in the barracks, and by the time the roll was over not one remained outside. This seemed to annoy the German officers a great deal, but they did not punish us for it until we had been doing it for some time.

For several days I had noticed that someone else answered for two men who had disappeared; at least, I had not seen them for some time. I did not think much about it or ask any questions, and I did not hear anyone else talk about it, but I was pretty sure the two men, a Russian and a Britisher, had escaped. But they were marked present at roll call, and all accounted for. Everything went along very well until one day when the name "Fontaine" got by without being answered. Fontaine was a French fireman from the *Cambrian Range*, and that was the first time he had not been present. We saw what was coming, and we began to get pretty sore at Fontaine for not telling us, so we could answer for him and keep the escape covered.

The minute they found our count one short they blew the whistles, and a squad of sentries came up