

Those raids I mentioned where they came out to the apartment started to happen on the farm.

So one day at dusk, and I emphasize at dusk because I was never able to come out during daylight hours from fear that someone from this area would recognize and say “Hey, who are those people on that farm that were never there?” So at dusk, Klaus told me to get a wheelbarrow and a shovel. There was just a hundred feet or so away, a small forest. And we started to dig in the rise. After a day and a half we ended up with a three by three by six feet hole – a cave if you will.

Klaus cut down some trees out of the area – made a roof over the top. Made like a trap door with twigs of the area so you could stand in front of it and never actually know where you were. And so now when the trucks came, Mom and I would run out the back of the farm, crawl into this particular hole – this cave – and it was a very scary experience that I remember very well for a number of reasons:

One, on numerous occasions, dirt came trickling down the side. And I was always afraid that the thing would cave in. But more importantly – more importantly: since Klaus made this door in the front made out of twigs, I could not see out. The cave being only about a hundred feet from the farm, we could hear the soldiers ransacking the farm. And knowing that I was being hunted. I didn’t know if it was this time that they were going to come get me. I didn’t know if they were coming or not. Fortunately, all the times we were in there, they never did come out to the forest.