

APPLE DREAMS

by Bill Brearley

The story thus far

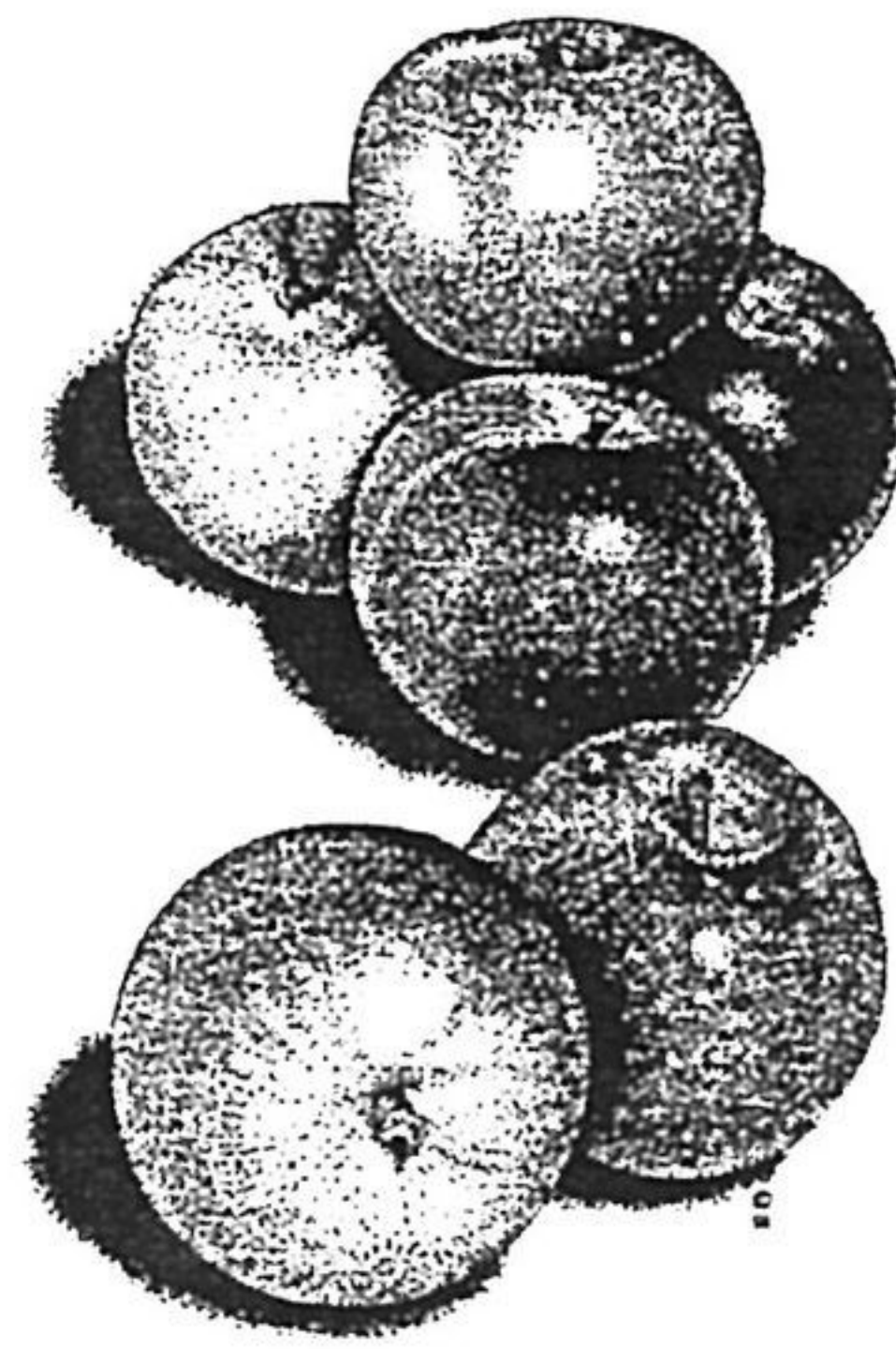
Two county men from a model boat club went to England to a model show honouring the Royal Navy and their exploits, especially during the Second World War. While visiting with a certain Mr. Raleigh, they fell asleep after drinking some of his cider, and seemed to wake up in the year 1942. They appeared to be in the Royal Navy. After boarding the M.T.B. in the harbour to which they had been ordered, they travelled eastward toward their home port of Brighton. After some difficulties and some convoy escort duty, they carried out an attack on some German shipping off the French Coast. Because of a collision with a German E boat, they were captured, and placed in a temporary prison. Their final adventure continues from there.

Conclusion

All crew members were given a meal and assigned bunks in the huts. There was even a washroom at one end. The two civilians talked about the possibility of escaping. They thought if they could reach the shore at night, and steal a boat, they would have a fair chance to sail north to England. One of the gunners said that they didn't even know where they were on the French coast, since they had come over at night with a minimum amount of info on their course. Chadwick, with his own reasons for not wanting to risk a break out, confirmed that they might face a trip of much more than the minimal Dover-Calais crossing. Les noted that the Jerries would be on a very careful watch for any further action at the coast after their raid.

These comments hung like a pall of smoke over the huts. It was relieved when the men were assembled in the evening by the German lieutenant, who informed them that they were going to be sent inland to an old French apple farm being occupied by the German army. It would be their new home, for a while.

The large Mercedes trucks had row seats and tarps just like the two Canadians had seen in pictures. They bounced over unpaved roads for nearly two hours. By the



time they arrived, they were very thirsty and hungry. The guards escorted them through a barbed wire fence gate. Inside the enclosure was the old farm house and a large barn. The prisoners were fed some cabbage soup and black bread in the farm house. Then they were escorted to the barn where there were bunks set up on the old wooden floor. The guards locked the barn door as they left.

"We're sure in a pickle now," said one of the gunners.

"Look on the bright side," said Christopher, "We're alive and the Jerries seem to believe our story. Anyway, let's poke around this old barn and see if we can find anything."

They looked through the loft but found nothing. Les noticed that some of the old floor boards were a bit shaky. With no further encouragement the crew began pulling up the loose ones. Their diligence netted them a few old cans empty of course, a dead rat and some old bottles.

"Do you suppose that those bottles ever contained anything interesting?" said one of the civilian sailors.

With that a light went on in the brain of the lieutenant. He remembered a story he had read about a French farmer burying some of his Calvados so the Germans would not get it. He suggested that they ought to dig in the soil under the loose boards. After the strain of the day only four of the men were game; the rest went to bed. After fifteen minutes of digging Les brought up the prize, prewar Calvados. The four men and the lieutenant broke the neck of the bottle, and drained the burning liquor between them. When it was gone, there was a scramble under the same loose boards for more of the same. This time they found half a dozen bottles, filled with the almost clear liquid. One of the drinkers woke up the sleepers to share in this find. Christopher put one of the broken tops in his jacket pocket before he passed out on the straw covered floor.

The next morning the sun streamed through a window, waking Chris and Chad to a world of dry mouths and headaches. Both looked down at their disheveled clothing.

"Hey, we're not wearing uniforms!" Chris said. "I must have had an incredible dream."

Chad, who looked the worse, commented that he had a dream also, all about the last war. When they compared stories, it sounded the same! Chris reached in his pocket for a cigarette. He cut his hand on something. Pulling the cause out, Chad remarked that it looked like one of the bottle tops from his dream. Chris just looked at him.

Next thing they knew Mr. Raleigh poked his head in

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