



I read that they did it by means of dropping bombs which can weaken the crew inside the fortress. In the West the Germans were about 110 miles from Antwerp. The British and French had already sent troops and machines to Belgium's aid. But the Allies were greatly outnumbered

Germans don't care where they drop their bomb loads. They bombed people just as well as industrial areas.

We still decided to remain in Antwerp, hoping that everything will be allright soon. But instead it bacame worse.

Today my sister and I went to our married sister only a few streets away. They live on the top floor. We talked together until the radio informed us that 48 enemy planes were nearing Antwerp. We were a little excited when we heard that. Right away I turned toward the window. I tried to see if I could hear the planes coming. I had a very strange feeling inside me. I knew that very soon I will see bombers again. I was imagining that I saw the 48 planes in the distanc. My sister called me right away. We were ready to hurry home before the bombing began. As we reached the street we began to run. In five minutes we were home again. Then we heard the air-raid siren blowing. My father told us to come down into the basement, but my mother suggest that it would be useless anyway, if a bomb would fall in our neighborhood. So we decided to stay upstairs. I lay down on my bed. After a few minutes the raid was over, and we were free to go out again. I went on the street to play with my friends. The rest of the day was peaceful.

Another day passed. Today was Wednesday, May 15th. The radio announced that Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has arrived in London with her exiled Cabinet. The Dutch Capital Hague was already overrun. But Dutch Soldiers still held out in the in the Province of Zeeland, near the North Sea. The Moerdijk Bridge has just been abandoned by the Dutch. This bridge was near the Belgian Frontier.

Today, Wednesday, was our last day in Antwerp. Things were becoming worse every hour. I had seen hundreds of people packing, ready to escape. It was a warm sunny morning, and I was outside with my friends. My parents called me up and told me we were leaving. Packing had begun about an hour before. We had a large valise in which we put some food such as canned Sardines, and other canned food. We had very many chocolate bars, because our married sister had a store, and she was also ready to leave everything behind, so instead of leaving it behind we thought we could take some with us. We were ready to depart about 10:30 in the morning. Bombings had increased greatly.



I was very glad to leave Antwerp, not because I did not like the city, but for one reason because of the Germans nearing, and I also liked to travel. In packing we had only one large valise, and two other small bags, which my sister and I carried. Now we were ready to leave our home. One of my brothers helped us get the large valise to the station. My father bought tickets for Belgium's Capital, Brussels, 30 miles away to the South. My father had the tickets already. We were now ready to leave. My 18 year old brother kissed us and we bade farewell to him. We were expecting to meet the rest of our family at the Belgian town of "Ypres", near the French frontier. The rest of our family was escaping by truck.

In the station there were more people than I had ever seen before. We could not board our train because of an air raid. It would not be safe to leave the station while enemy planes were bombing all around.

Now I wanted to get away as quick as possible. After one hour we were admitted to our train, which was a fast electric train. I sat near a window. The train started to move. Now we were out of the station.

In Antwerp the trains are elevated; I had my last glimpse of a factory near our house. The train was moving rapidly. It was unbelievable for a person to know that there was a war on. The Belgian pastures, with peaceful cows and horses on them looked so quiet and peaceful. In a half hour we reached the "Gare du Nord" of Brussels.

We were ready to leave the train. In the station were very many Belgian soldiers, with their packs on their backs, and guns over their shoulders, ready for war. There were also very many people. We were in a hurry to get outside. Now we were on the "Place St. Rogier" in front of the station. It was very crowded.

Our father soon found out which street-car or tram to take. The tram was taking us to the South Station, "Gare du Sud". On a busy street I saw a sign, on which was a picture of "Robin Hood", playing at the Pathe. I wanted to see the picture but I knew it was not the right time. In 15 minutes we were at the "South Station". There we saw at least 500 people, also waiting for their trains to take them away. We were not allowed to enter. I think that the rails had been bombed. My father took us to a Cafe where we ate refreshments. The next thing I remember was that we took a train, but I do not remember where.