

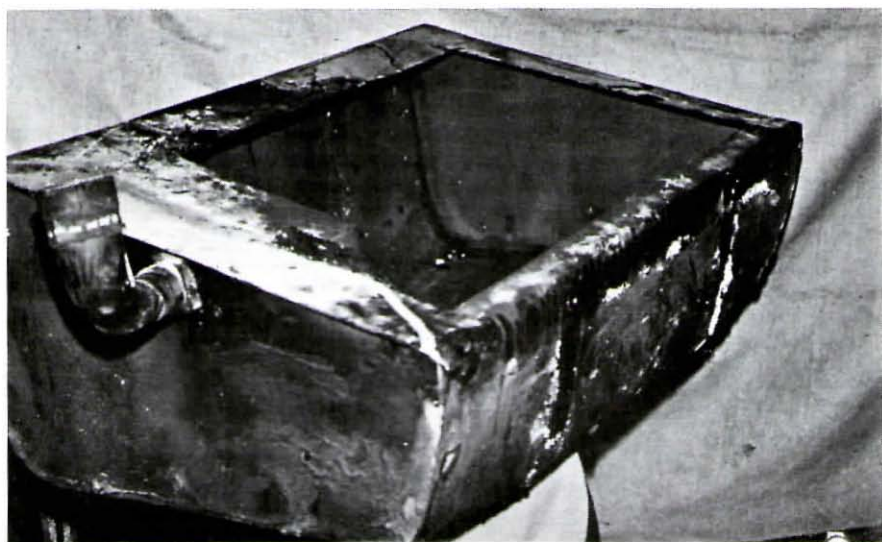
owner club bulletin



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**CACHÉE DANS UN
RÉSERVOIR À ESSENCE**
— POUR ÉPOUSER L'HOMME QU'ELLE AIME !





Hidden in a Fuel Tank - To Marry the Man she Loves

(from *France Dimanche*)

We all know what a woman can do for the love of a man.

We know she can set herself against a whole family, risk the "whatever will they say?" of an entire town, cut herself off from her job, her friends, her parents.

But a new example has just come to our notice which is without doubt the most beautiful love story the world has heard this year.

In order to be with the man she loves, a young girl has risked death by allowing herself to be confined for several hours in a fuel tank.

She is Frida Linke, 22. He is Ralf Baldenweg, 28.

Their love was born in 1966 in Hungary, where they spent their holidays together.

Frida lived in Dresden in Eastern Germany. Ralf was Swiss. Between their countries, the Iron Curtain: it forbade their marriage.

Their love was stronger than all this. It overcame the most difficult obstacles. It triumphed over hate.

This summer, Ralf returned to see his fiancée. "If you truly love me", he told her, "you will tempt fate. I'm asking you to escape. In Switzerland we shall be free and you can marry me."

THE STRATAGEM CONCEIVED BY RALF WAS INGENIOUS.
BUT IT INVOLVED ENORMOUS RISKS!

In his car, he had fitted a false fuel tank. He had punched in it a number of air holes and a bigger hole about 6 cm. in diameter. Into this hole he inserted a rubber hose 60 cm. long.

"I thought I was going mad"

"Thirty kilometres from the frontier, we hid in a wood", Frida told me. "I concealed myself in the hiding-place. Before this, I had stripped completely and had put on only a pair of jeans and a blouse. I curled myself up like a child in its mother's womb. Ralf replaced the cover of the hiding-place over me.

"In his haste, or because of nerves, he forgot to give me the rubber

tube..... Confined, compressed, I gasped. When the car moved, air came in through the little holes, but when it halted, it was a torment.

"At Letenye (the frontier between Hungary and Yugoslavia), after an hour's wait, the car arrived at the Customs. I was half suffocated. The examination of the luggage took half an hour. I heard above me, 5 cm. from my head, the hands of the customs officer rummaging through the luggage.

"I ALSO HEARD RALF WHO WHISTLED MENDELSSOHN'S
WEDDING MARCH TO GIVE ME COURAGE.

"When the car restarted, I thought: I haven't more than a few minutes to live. Luckily, with the movement the air came in through the little holes. I could breathe.

"At the frontier between Yugoslavia and Austria, the inspection lasted an hour. An hour during which my lungs burst, my temples pounded, my eyes ran, I became light-headed. I wanted to shout, to call Ralf, to ask for respite, but even if I had wanted to rap my knuckles against the bodywork to ask for help, I was too confined and immobilised to be able to.

Saved, at the moment of death

"Once again, I heard Ralf whistle the Mendelssohn Wedding March, the signal to tell me all was well, and the car started again.

"In Austria, I was released.

"Our journey had lasted nine hours, to do 320 km. To cross the two frontiers, I had remained for six hours doubled up, unmoving like a corpse and almost without air.

"Only one thing sustained me - Ralf's love."

Today, Frida is free. Free to love the man who loves her. In a month, Frida will be a citizen of free Helvetia after her marriage to Ralf.

She is so happy that she doesn't stop singing. Mendelssohn's wedding march, naturally.

