

# Camp Diary

By

Anneke Bosman

Dedicated to:

- My husband with thanks for all his support and tender loving care.
- My children and further heirs as reminder to a period of my life containing both light and darkness.

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- Born October 23, 1926 in Poerwakarta.

Introduction:

From the time that we have been inmates of the Japanese internation camps, I've got a camp dairy. When my mother became a widow, both my two sisters and I visited her every Wednesday afternoon. In those hours I read to her from those writings, whom made us recall many memories and whom reinforced even more our already strong family ties. The result was that unfortunately, the atmosphere of hopelessness, fear and hunger returned, but luckily not in the form of nightmares. Later they would go back into the closet, put away in a little hidden corner of forgetfulness.

Slowly the sharp edges would disappear from those memories and now, finally, I am able to see also the positive sides. We experienced good feelings of togetherness and we were happy with little things. I learned self confidence and neutralizing my fear for "tomorrow". My faith became stimulated, because sometimes the light of God would break through everything.

Both my children and other family members, asked about my Dairy once in a while, and I would answer: "Sometime I will type it out". But it never happened. Finally, between finding the time and the right mood, it happened anyway. May my experiences give some insight into that time, appreciation for our daily bread, and appreciation for the small courtesies to each other and for gratefulness for a life in peace and freedom.

A.W. Feenstra-Bosman.

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## How it began

December 8, 1941 - July 20, 1943.

Bandoeng 1941

December 8, 1941:

War! We are at war with Japan! Aweful!

I had slept in and I heard the message from Mom only at eight o'clock. Although I was expecting it, it still shocked me. This morning, the Governor-General held a speech: Japan had bombed Manilla and had invaded Thailand. This meant war with the entire A.B.C.D. - front. We covered the windows with sheets of paper and covered those further with dark blue paper. Tonight everything here was blacked-out. Many more preventive measures were taken. All Japanese nationals were taken into internment. The mobilisation had started in the outer provinces and was expected to arrive here soon too.

December 9, 1941:

Attacks to the Hawaiian Islands and also on Guam. Today, mobilisation was declared here also. We had our last day in school and we all helped to empty the classrooms. I registered today as a volunteer for the L.B.D. (Air Defence Service) and became reserve telephonist. (At Sector 8 at the Grote Postweg) (= Large Mailroad).

Daddy could come home for a minute. That was awesome. He had enjoyed a good life as a reserve Medical Officer at the Air force in Kalidjati. There he had also received our Sinterklaas (=Santa Claus) costume. This evening everything was blacked-out again.

December 10, 1941:

Our school is closed. It will probably turn into a Hospital. Those morons in Thailand have surrendered. Malakka was attacked and bombs were dropped on Singapore. The Germans say that this winter they will not attack Moscow anymore. Is that a lie or the truth? They have lost already quite some soldiers in Russia. Both Queen Wilhelmina and Princess Juliana have encouraged us with their speeches over the radio.

December 11, 1941:

Today, everything went as usual. From 1 PM till 3 PM I had my shift at the LBD. I did almost nothing. From time to time when the telephone rang, Judith or I answered the call. Judith is a kind, but also a bit bossy Native Indian Child. Just when we wanted to go home, we heard the wailing of the siren. We were scared for a minute, but calmed down quickly, because nothing happened. All traffic stopped in a heart beat, except the occasional army truck, whether or not hauling air defence artillery. Two aircraft patrolled over the city. Soon another siren wailed: All clear!

December 12, 1941:

Two big battleships from the British Navy: the "Prince of Wales" and the "Repulse" have been sunk yesterday by the Japs close to Singapore. This morning my shift at the LBD was from 9 AM till 11 Am. Afterwards we had to go to the hospital to get a Typhus-Cholera shot. What did I hate that! Little Paul's legs were shaking. At home we had to look for him everywhere for a while, because he didn't want to get a shot. Therefore he hid behind the rain water keg. He had the first turn, which happened with a lot of screaming. Then I sat down on the bench. I put my tongue between my teeth, to bite on if necessary, but it was not as scary as I thought.

Both Roeli and Heleen came next, and both held on to Mom's hand. I became curious as to how the needle was inserted, but I could not watch very long before I fainted against Roeli. At first, Roeli thought I was joking, but soon discovered it was for real. They laid me down on top of the operation table and soon I was back again. The nurse gave me some wine and that made me feel better right away. Because there was no further concern, I was allowed to bike home by myself.

We may be getting soldiers to be quartered at our home.

December 12, 1941:

No soldier has arrived yet. Mom left for the day with Heleen and Friso for Kalidjati to bring Daddy some stuff. Last night the siren went off again. What sounded that scary and hollow! It turned out to be a drill again, but for a good reason. Nobody told me what that purpose was, though. I had my shift with the LBD from 7 AM till 9 AM, but not one call came through. Now, a Japanese battleship had been hit. America has now joined the war against both Germany and Italy too.

## 1942.

19-2-1942

Much has happened. Singapore has fallen and also Palembang, Balik Papan and Banjarmasin. Today for the first time, Bandoeng has been bombed. At first we were all outside watching, when suddenly there were gun shots. Earlier we noticed a whole lot of air planes, but we assumed they were ours. We ran quickly into the bomb shelter. What a loud ordeal was going on in the air! It smelled like burning and a lot of grass, leaves and bamboo rained down. We huddled together, each with a small piece of rubber in our mouth and cotton plugs in our ears.

Mister Stevels (the father of the family evacuated from Batavia and now staying here), heard that 3 Japanese bombers had been hit and shot down, and that there was a lot of damage on Andir, and also that a bomb had fallen on Riouw Street. Ot van der Brug told us that it must have been at least 18 bombers and 50 fighters. One man was hit by a bomb and killed on the spot. Later we went to Andir to look for ourselves, but we were not allowed in.

Aunty Ina wrote that she perhaps would come over to us.

20-2-1942.

Today there was air raid alarm from 9:30 till a quarter past ten. After that another one followed from a quarter to one till 2.00 PM. Nothing happened.

21-2-1942.

Again an air raid alarm screamed. Now there were some Japs around, but luckily they didn't drop many bombs.

22-2-1942:

Three times an air raid alarm, but nothing happened.

24-2-1942:

Today, all of a sudden, they all came out of nowhere. They bombed Andir. We heard the explosions and watched as smoke Columns raised from the direction of Andir.

2-3-1942:

Four days and no air raid alarm, but the Japs tried to land this time. Today the siren went waled again. And again we heard shooting.

This morning at about 10 o'clock an army vehicle stopped in front of our house. Someone got out and guess what? It was Daddy! He had walked, together with a few other people, all the way down from Kalidjati to Lembang. There they were able to catch a truck and so they have been able to reach Bandoeng. They had walked for 19 hours! They had to leave in a hurry without being able to pack anything with them, because the tanks, all of a sudden, bursted into Kalidjati.

This afternoon there was another air raid alarm. The fighter planes were chasing each other. Little Paul was shaking in his boots. Both Roeli and Roos had to take a sip of water to calm down, but here, luckily, nothing happened.

3-3-1942:

Some 52 Japanese planes flew over, neatly in formation. I could watch everything happening because I was sitting down in the Klencke family bomb shelter. From those 52 airplanes, only 18 returned. They dropped a few bombs on Andir and took off. Big smoke Columns bellowed up from the airport. The air defence batteries rattled continuously.

4-3-1942:

Today there was air raid alarm from 9 AM till 9:15 AM. I crawled into our own "lobang" (hole, a hole to crawl into for cover), because that one is open.

Daddy has been able to sleep in and gotten some rest, but his leg muscles are still stiff. Later some 25 Japanese aircraft came over, but nothing happened. At 2 o'clock the siren went off again. Now it became serious. There was an inferno of explosions. Afterwards, both Roeli and I found each a small piece of shrapnel, which we both put into our rumpus box.

Behind both the Juliana Hospital and in the direction of Andir we saw a lot of smoke billowing into the air. According to the stories we heard, substantial damage had been done. In these days we live actually more under than above the ground. In the morning our "barang" (= luggage) goes into the bomb shelter and at night it comes out again.

5-3-1942:

Today the record has been broken: 7 times air raid alarm! Only in the beginning a few bombs fell close to the ACW building. The air defence batteries did what they could. Too bad they didn't strike much. At 7 PM. the "all clear" signal finally sounded.

6-3-1942:

Today, fortunately, there was only twice an air raid alarm. The Japs were busy above Lembang. That must be as good as bombed flat by now.

7-3-1942:

It was alarm the whole day. The siren only sounds at imminent danger. This afternoon they were still busy above Lembang. There is not much left of it, except for Kajoe Ambon, where Mrs. Haas with her 9 children used to be, but they left for Bandoeng prior to the attacks. Both Roeli and I were planting "djagoeng" (= Corn) at about 3:30 PM, when suddenly we heard 5 bombers approaching. We ran at once to the room of the Stevels Family and yes, there the fireworks started. They flew right over our heads, so we were really scared. 5 Bombs fell right in our neighbourhood, at the Nijland road. Later they returned for another strike. Next to the Government house a smoke column rose in the air. Roos, Idoen and some other servants were right in the middle of it, because they had gone to the "pasar". (= Market). Fortunately nothing happened to them. But they still brought us some shrapnel. Mom was very nervous when they flew over again. Downtown in the city there was a lot of damage. A bomb fell also on the aloen aloen (a central field in the village or town), where a lot of bomb shelters were located and therefore caused a lot of death. An aunt from Rietje Ensering was also hit, next to the railway station. Here, at our place, a lot of shrapnel rained down on our roof, probably coming from the air defence batteries. In the evening we heard that the decision to surrender had been taken, because it could not go on like this.

8-3-1942:

Exactly three months we the war lasted and now already comes the surrender. This morning we heard the Governor General talking on the radio and he told us that it would all be for the best. Fortunately the air raid alarm sirens stopped. In the afternoon the troops entered town. They seized a lot of houses on the Nijland road, among others the one belonging to Fietje Notenboom, who was sequently escorted to Mrs. Marzynski's home, next door. Mom ordered us immediately to pack our bags again and to go and sit down in Roeli's and Heleen's room, but they were too scared to come over. Already for a few days a few army vehicles remain parked in front of our

house. Some of them carried also horses. Last night they were released. We were allowed to take one. We picked the nicest one and we also got tack, 3 sacks of "gabba" (= unpeeled rice), and 1 sack of flour. Daddy, together with Mr. Stevels, secretly drained some gas from the tank. We called our horse Bango, a very sweet animal. All the green in our entire back-yard has already been bared. This afternoon I watched two Japs going by, one on horse back and one on a bike. They look filthy in their brown outfits.

27-3-1942:

Rietje Ensering had her birthday on the 23<sup>rd</sup>, Ot van der Brug had his on the 25<sup>th</sup> and yesterday Pimmie Stevels had his birthday. He had a nice birthday, as far as the circumstances allowed it to be nice. We now have an additional 7 people lodging in our house, namely: aunty Willy, and uncle Guus Giese Koch together with Gwen and Witha. Now there are fifteen of us here, but it is a cosy hodgepodge.

Fietje returned already to her own home. Our horse, this morning has been taken by Idoen to Immanuel, because we were probably not allowed to keep it anyway.

With Janneke everything seems to be all right, as far as we know, but they are no longer living in their own home. All over Java a lot of "rampok" and "rampas" (= robbery and looting) has been happening, especially by the natives. We are not allowed to listen to the foreign radio stations anymore, but we are doing it anyway. Ssst! The enemy listens too! In this time I am very suspicious. Especially towards the natives, who behaved so disappointing. Now one sees the Japs everywhere, it's full of them, wherever you look.

16-4-1942:

Remember I told you about the trucks parked in front of our house? Now, from one of those trucks came a tub and a suitcase full with clothing, pictures en silverware belonging to a lady out of Lembang. There were also baby cloths among them, together with a baby book, in which we found her name. Since than we have asked and searched everywhere for Mrs. Kraak (which was her name), but we heard nothing. This morning she called Mom, after she found out that her barang (= luggage) was here and she was very happy to have it back. They came at 11 o'clock to pick it up and they were very grateful. Her husband was among those who had joined the fighting at Kalidjati. She was very happy that we still had some of her belongings. It was also a pleasant moment for us.

Yesterday afternoon an airplane came over very low and than we saw a piece of black paper coming down, followed by a whole lot of small pieces. It looked like they were dropping pamphlets, but at a closer look, the paper was burned, so we didn't pay any particular attention to it. Fries went after it though and I climbed on the roof to see if there was a fire somewhere. But I didn't see anything. Mom, in the mean time, deciphered the writing on the paper and what was written on it? "To the committee of the Medical Missionaries" followed by a whole lot of tjerita (= story), signed by v.d.B. (van der Brug). Oh, oh, we had a good laugh about that one!

Today we heard that they dropped some real pamphlets, on which was written: "Keep up the good spirits" "In 2 weeks you'll be free". We also heard that both Batavia and Kalidjati have been bombed flat. Pamphlets also were dropped at Soerabaja, reading: "Keep up the good spirit. We are coming to liberate you soon, Keep your bomb shelters ready". That gave us some encouragement. Oh yes, I've got to tell you something else. About a week ago both Daddy and Mr. Stevels were picked up to be escorted to the Camp. In a hurry, everything was packed. Mister Stevels headed straight for the Camp, but Daddy first tried to get into Immanuel, which was successful, until now. There we can also visit him. But starting Thursday, we were not allowed in there anymore. Yesterday Ds. Oberman stopped by and told us we were allowed to go there again, but some time later Daddy called and told us that "Komarsi" was not allowed visits yet. (That is our secret codeword for Daddy and for the radio we say our codeword: "the socks".)

From Janneke I lately received a letter, in which she wrote that everything was OK. She had picked up a few Japanese words already. Her father and the boys had gotten some beer and cookies from the Japs. I quickly wrote her a long letter back, including a picture of the three of us on the horse. I think she will like that.

18-4-1942:

Today Mom was allowed in the hospital together with Friso, but she told us that the visit didn't turn out that nice at all and that she felt not welcome there. Just a minute ago Uncle Ot dropped in and told us that Tokio, Jokohama, Kobe and another Japanese city had been bombed.

20-4-1942:

Hurrah, hurrah!

A Prince is borne!

It's Orange, it stays Orange, and it is Orange above all!

"Even if our little prince is so small and tiny..."

(We don't know for sure yet, but I hope so much it's true!)

This afternoon, when Mom was away to the hospital to visit Daddy again, Uncle Ot dropped in. He said to little Heleen: "Shall I tell you a secret? Juliana has a son!" What were we happy. At a kwarter to seven Mom came home and she shouted: "Did you guys hear it already?" She heard it from Mr. de Groot. All of us pinned on orange bows. And the next day we are going to have princessbeans (= haricots verdes) for dinner.

22-4-1942

This afternoon Mom, Roeli and Heleen left to visit Daddy and at 7 o'clock they hadn't returned yet. A little while later we got a phone call, saying that they



would stay there, because Daddy had to leave for camp tomorrow. What a disappointment! What will Mom cry again. Tomorrow, I'll go with Mrs. Stevels to the Camp, together with both Friso and Paul. We had to take 4 small containers with bread, cheese, butter and djeroeeks (= kind of citrus fruit) with us. Mrs. Stevels will arrive shortly to sleep over, together with Pimmie and Truusje.

23-4-1942

This morning we left early. Not Mrs. Stevels, but Uncle Ot accompanied us. That was better anyway. At Immanuel we helped packing as well. At 10 o'clock Nippon time the Japs would arrive, so that's 8:30 our time. At 8:30 all medical doctors had assembled at the anti-opium pavilion. About 15 minutes later 4 little Japs arrived on 4 little bikes and shouted: "Wo, wo, woa!" and more of such unintelligible stuff. The 6 Doctors were frisked for weapons, followed by an inspection of their luggage. They pulled a pocket knife from Daddy's pocket, but he was allowed to keep it. All luggage went into 2 sadotjes (small carriage, in which the passengers sat back-to-back), but all the doctors had to walk. One of the Japs aimed his gun at a mantri (Nurse) to scare him. Another one was stroking Heleen's hair, from which she pulled herself away quickly. Friso had a small can in which chlorine chalk had been stored. One of the Japs opened it suspiciously, only to find it empty. What an embarrassment!

At 9 o'clock they left. We secretly agreed that Zeger Bonebakker would follow them to find out where they were going. At 11 o'clock he returned hot and tired and told us they were headed for the Kampement street in the East of Bandoeng. But in the evening Mr Stevels called and a moment later: Daddy! Thus they landed in the Opvoedingsgesticht. (= the re-education centre). Good that they are all together and that they are able to call once in a while.

26-4-1942

Today is Sunday and this morning we went to church. There was a youth service and Ds. Oberman, a young minister, held the sermon. He was talking about us children being the salt of the earth. After the service I went home with Richt. A while after we came home, we suddenly heard: "Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!" It sounded like they were shooting or bombing. We ran outside, but nothing happened unfortunately.

The messages about the birth of a little prince looked less and less credible. Some even say that Tokyo had spread the rumour. One of the soldiers wrote to his wife: "Nice that the Orange (tree) has a new little fruit. I like the colour of the oranges standing out amidst the berry bushes".

Yesterday morning Daddy called to say that everything went all right. All of a sudden Mr. Stevels cut in with: "Now it's enough". He hastily said goodbye to his wife and hung up. A little later he called again and said that the reason for the break was that "the sun was shining into the window".

The hair from all soldiers was shaved off, to prevent them from escaping. (The officers were spared, fortunately). "Just like trumpet angels", joked one of the

soldiers. All the Dutch flags and pictures of the Royal Family have to be turned in, but I refuse! I couldn't miss them!

Mrs. Buziot, a friend of Mrs. Stevels, expects a baby. It looks like the stork perhaps has been interned as well, since he is so late.

Aunty Nine and Uncle Ot have been able to visit Ot in Tjimahi, a little while ago, which made them very happy.

The evening curfew now has been set at 9:30 PM. At April 27, 28 and 29 we'll have to fly that damned Japanese flag again on a black and white pole. We used our broomstick again.

Lately I biked passed the Juliana hospital. There, a few Japs were busy taking pictures. I had almost already passed them, when I heard someone calling: "Non! Non!" But I just kept going and played stupid. Roeli, this morning thumped his nose towards a Jap. The Jap didn't understand the gesture and saluted back. We both had a good laugh about that!

28-4-1942

Today is the first day from the three days that we are ordered to fly the flag for the birthday of the Japanese emperor. Our flag is planted up front in the middle of the Bougainville. (= a climbing flowering plant)

In the time that Aunty Willy and Uncle Guus Giese Koch were still living here with us, we purchased 6 little chicks to raise. Two died almost immediately and the third we ate today. Now there are only three left. Our gray cat had to mate three times this week. Once with Trix van de Bruggen and once with Billy from the Bonebakkers.

The story of the arrival of a new prince, I don't believe anymore.

Our Baboe (female servant) has been to town today and told us that there was way less rameh (= partying) going on than there used to be during the birthday of the Queen or the Princess. The streets were empty, all you could see were Japs. Henny Ensering is teaching me roller skating now, she's Rietje's sister. I hope it starts raining soon, that would make the colour of many Japanese flags run and that would stop the Japanese festivities. No sign from the stork yet for Mrs. Buziot.

3-5-1942

Today is Aunty Marie Smalbraak's birthday. I wonder how she is doing. Mom and Mrs. Stevels now alternate going to the Camp at the Daendels Street. Until now I always went with them. The day before yesterday I went with Mrs. Stevels and we encountered a group of soldiers from which Mr. Stevels coincidentally was one of them. How happy she was! He too! Just before that happened we had bought a big piece of tobacco from Uncle Guus, which we cut in small pieces and laid those pieces on the road here and there, along their route. They picked them all up. We were even able to talk to them once in a while. Daddy was inside and he was all right. They pushed flat carts carrying food baskets. Both yesterday and today there were no acquaintances among them, but we were able to give some stuff to the garbage men to pass along. Yesterday we were able to pass on Daddy's pair of reading glasses.

A little while later we heard the Bosman whistle tune. We scanned the building and from the thirteen's window, we noticed a hand waving. We enthusiastically waved back! Today someone was waving too, but we didn't know who it was. Among the garbage men are also Aussies. (= Australians) They come latest and are half naked. But they are such jokers! I gave them two pieces of goela-djawa too. (= Java brown sugar in big pieces). Captain Willing, the man who always escorts the soldiers, is very kind. He said that if he had the same watch tomorrow, we would have a good chance to deliver our packages and that we should keep up our good spirits.

Yesterday morning I was roller skating again together with Henny, close to the Japanese school, when suddenly: Puff... there I sat on the ground. One of the roller skates had come loose from my shoe. Henny already came towards me with the wrench and I stumbled towards her. All of a sudden a Jap called us and pointed toward his camera, obviously with the intention to make a picture of both of us. But I pointed towards the roller skate that Henny was fixing and he started to wait at the side of the road. We decided to take off in the other direction. What a disappointment for him!

6-5-1942

Today is Aunty Emy's birthday. Congratulations Krijgertjes!

The last time I forgot to tell that the Japs have visited us too. A truck full with those yellow ones stopped in front of our house and they got out. I was sitting in the living room and thought: "Are they heading for us or not?" And yes, about nine of them entered into our house and the rest, luckily, went over to the house across the street. I called Mrs. Stevels and asked the Japs: "Mau apa?" (= Want do you want?) They answered: "Mau doedoek". (= We want to sit down for a minute). But in the mean time a few smart asses went around the back, entered the back alley and sat down over there. Soon the rest followed. So, all of a sudden we were stuck having those 9 Japs in our house and Mom was not home. I repeated my question another time and than they asked: "Es. es". (= Ice). They probably meant ice. We gave them some ice water and after that they sat down and talked quietly to each other. They petted the cats somewhat, but to no avail, because the cats didn't really liked them to much. Uncle Ot was very concerned about us, but there was really nothing to worry about. We had lunch in the back room. Mom wasn't too shocked either when she heard about it. At about 3:30 they finally left with a friendly: "Trimi kasi" (= Thank you very much) leaving a lot of ashes and a terrible stench.

The day before yesterday, Henny, Rietje and I (Roeli had just left for home), were again roller skating in front of Pasteur, when suddenly a Jap (a higher-up with 3 stripes and 3 stars), walked up to us for the third time. "Three times is a strike", I thought, "Now it comes". He asked us for permission first, but when we pulled back, he first took a picture of Rietje, who was sitting leaning with her back against a tree. He took a picture just when she was thumbing her nose to him, which made us laugh. Then it was both Henny's and my turn. Perhaps he took a picture of me while I was crossing the road. But in the

meantime a few more Japs joined them and we were pictured without further questions together with 3 Japs. Brrr... We decided to allow them do it, to avoid them coming after us again the next time. After that episode they luckily left us alone. At home we didn't tell anything to the little ones, avoiding the risk they would tell others.

That afternoon I went with Mom to the Male Camp, but we didn't see anyone we knew. There was an annoying guard accompanying the garbage people, which prevented us from passing any packages on to them. One Lady tried to shout a hello to her husband, but was chased away by the Japanese guard. Accompanying the Aussies that moron from yesterday was there today again. A cute Aussie smiled to a girl and wanted to joke with the guard. And what did the jerk? He slapped the Aussie in the face and chased the girl away. That Aussie pulled a sorry face, because he couldn't return the treatment. We all felt pity for him.

Yesterday I was busy hanging the laundry to dry, when ... Hurray! there was Daddy! What a happy surprise! Especially Mom was so happy! The 6 doctors from Immanuel were released. It was a real pity for the others, who had to stay behind. Great, daddy's home again! He was shaved bold, but in time that will grow back again. Everything went well in the Camp. Did they have enough to eat? Yes, but all the time they got rice with soup and than soup with rice. In the morning they had only a jam sandwich. The mood had been good among them. Yesterday afternoon I have been there together with Mrs. Stevels. We arrived just while Mr. Stevels was outside hauling sod. With fear in our hearts we have been able to sneak three packages on to him. When they left, they shouted: "De mazzel en de goochum" (Literally: "prosperity and wisdom", a corrupted good luck wish of the Jewish "brooche" which means "blessings". It should therefore mean: "Good luck and prosperity".) Fortunately Daddy has shaved his moustache off. There, he's just coming home!

14-5-1942

It's Ascension Day today. We went to church this morning. Uncle Ot read a good sermon, but I liked his last week's sermon better. Today is also his 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary of becoming a missionary. In his honour we've sang a song after the closing of the sermon. It was song 103:4, but instead of "we" and "ours", we sang "him" and "his".

"Oh stay close to him with  
Your blessings, merciful Lord.  
And send down on his roads  
Your aid and your goodness".

Uncle Ot was emotional, I believe, but he didn't show it. I have a disturbing infection in my finger, which hurts badly once in a while, especially this morning, when I had to soak it into hot bicarbonate water.

30-5-1942

Last Sunday and Monday it was Whit Sunday and Whit Monday, and we went to the Easter church, where missionary teacher Woortman held his sermon. Daddy came too. We ended up sitting all in the back rows, but we were able to follow everything well.

Tuesday, Mom came with a proposal, which she and Daddy had worked out. Their plan was to move into the hospital. Roeli started crying right away, and later I did the same. We had a thousand and one objections. I started to make a list of the pro and cons. Most cons I now find ridiculous. I now have settled down a little, besides, Daddy thought me a little saying that goes like: "What ever happens may not be what I want, but what is good for me". Which is very much to the point. We don't know yet whether or not this plan will succeed. But it looks almost certain and it will bring big changes to our lives.

The birthdays from both Mom and Daddy were celebrated nicely, with all kinds of presents. Daddy got two pictures he lost in Kalidjati, being the "Bongenaar" picture and the "Bridesmaid". He was very happy with them. About a week ago Henny walked again past the Japs School at the Pasteur road. They called her saying: "How do you do?" She kept walking ignoring them. Suddenly a Jap caught up with her and handed her an envelope. She looked inside and what did she find? The pictures a Jap had made from us, namely the ones which showed us together with two Japs. Those I ripped up right away. The picture from Rietje thumbing her nose, turned out nicely. On one picture I was standing slanted while saying something. Fortunately Henny just covered half her face with one hand. I still have to smile as I recalled that silly situation. The roller skating has now ended. We were not allowed anymore. Now Henny and I go play tennis. I am surprised at what skill I've still got.

Yesterday I went to Mrs. Hazewinkel, the horse lady. Bango is now called Petertje. Together with An van Son I helped her with the care taking. They now have ten beautiful horses and she lives there too. There were also a couple of boys, boldly run away from Soerabaja. She didn't want to keep them there anymore, because of their bad manners.

26-6-1942

Today we heard a well known sound again: the siren. I was exited when I heard it, but nothing happened. Probably it was just an exercise. It happened around noon, just while I was busy frying "croquettes". Last Sunday though, something real happened. Five Japanese fighter planes started shooting all of a sudden. (Also a well known sound). They turned around just above us and went south, returned and started shooting just as they flew over us. First we thought it was an exercise, but later we heard that two American scout airplanes had been spotted. Downtown a few people were hit by projectiles. We realized we had been standing outside watching it happen.

Last week I have been sick for four to five days. I had all kinds of red dots spread over my body. An "irritema" Daddy called it. The infection in my finger is a lot better now and the nail is luckily still there, alive and well.

The Laboe-ajer plant (= a climbing plant bearing pear shaped fruits) is going to be gigantic. Next door, at Mrs Klencke's, we also planted two new sprouts. Mr. Stevels is now together with Uncle Ot in Tjimahi and consequently Mrs. Stevels doesn't hear much from him anymore.

Lately a fortune teller came knocking at the door and asked if he was allowed to tell our fortune. Mom told me to say "No" to him. Before he left he said to me: "Your sweetheart thinks about you and you will have lots of luck later. I will read your hand to tell when you'll get engaged". I answered: "Oh but that is still way ahead", but I couldn't stop myself from laughing. Daddy and Mom laughed about it later too. If that guy had someone special in mind, who would that be? I must admit that he made me curious now.

I received a letter from Janneke, auntie Hettie and Wieneke together. They all are doing fairly well. We still didn't move into the hospital yet, because in Poerwakarta, the Bajoe Asih hospital has been seized by the occupation forces and all Europeans had to leave. I sure hope that something like that will not happen here too.

During this time we are still attending some lessons: one hour Latin, one hour Greek, one hour French language, one hour Shorthand writing, two hours English, one hour crafting, one hour Social studies and one hour Geography. Saturday and Sunday we are off the whole day.

It's now half past eight and I still have to say good night to both cats and to bring them to bed.

11-7-1942

Both yesterday and today I've been busy, because Endjoem was sick. Therefore I had to do the laundry. Next week we have a holiday, from homework, at least. That makes Heleen's birthday occur during the holiday. She develops into a pretty girl, I would almost say she's beautiful, in my opinion. She looks a lot like aunt Alwy with that dark hair, those dark eyes, red lips and that beautiful light skin. But I am not envious, I am happy for her. Too bad that Roeli is not a bit prettier. What am I saying. She is sweet, and tells funny jokes.

Mrs. Stevels has accompanied Uncle Ot once to Tjimahi. They have spotted Mr. Stevels there, but he almost didn't dare to look at them. He did manage to throw an empty cigarette package filled with notes in their direction. On July 8 people were allowed to deliver packages to the camp, an occasion many women took advantage of.

There are stubborn rumours that all men will be interned now, but that has not happened yet. Sometimes women, who are getting too close to the foragers, (if only to watch them), are locked up for up to four days. Also they are sometimes openly beaten in the streets. Once Uncle Ot has been beaten too. Also Ds. Oberman has been beaten once. I overheard a story from Mrs. Stevels that went as follows: In Batavia there was a fortune teller, who predicted that Japan would attack the Indies and that Java would surrender on March 8. Some day a woman came to her while crying, because her husband was sat also behind the kawat (barbed wire), and she didn't know

what to do. She was out of her mind of desperation. The fortune teller conformed her saying: "Now, don't be afraid, those damn Japs will be gone soon and between July 29 and December 29 everything will return to normal". The woman wore a coat and after the fortune teller had finished, she showed the liner of the coat and it had a swastika on it.

She was a member of the Gestapo. After that incident, there was a Japanese guard posted permanently in front of the so called fortune teller's house. I have heard now so many predictions, that I don't believe any of them anymore. Every day now the siren wails as the 12 o'clock noon time sign, Nippon time. This is always a welcome and "optimistic" sound.

Lately I dropped in at Solveig Polner and by coincidence she was home. She of course had to remark that I had to let my hair grow longer, because she found it too short. But that is none of her business. She told me that Henk Zwart is now in America and also that she's been unfaithful to him. She also said that Henk Scheffer was probably in Tjimahi. How does she always find out about those things?

Both Janneke and the Mayer's are all coming over to live here. For us is that nice, but not for them, because they have to leave all their furniture behind. Mr. Mayer has been picked-up and interned as well. What sad for them!

12-7-2602

The date is Japanese, for them it's now the year 2602.

Today it's Sunday. This morning Ds. Keers performed the sermon. He's always able to make the congregation laugh once or twice. His sermon spoke of Paul and Gallio, a Roman governor. On one thing I took offence though, because he said: "In Rome the Jews were always excused, yes, annoying people always seem excused". I knew there were at least one Jewish boy and one Jewish girl present in the church today.

He made us laugh, when he said: "In these days, many people float on the waves of the ocean (he meant the rumours of course), because when it is a good rumour, they are on top of the waves and very happy, but if it is a bad rumour, than they are down and under the waves". He also said a prayer for the men in the Camp. Also for them we will always remember and honour. He meant The Queen of course.

Tonight we will go and sing at Uncle Ot's. A story will be read from the book "Sunday". Those are beautiful stories. I am planning to copy a few of them.

6-8-1942

Yesterday it was August 5, Princess Irene's birthday. She celebrated her third birthday. We still know only very little from them. The whole royal family looks now so much more distant, than when they were still in Holland. But we hope: "The Netherlands will rise again".

Roeli, Heleen and I have been sick. Heleen suffered the longest and I the shortest, luckily. Tomorrow the Mayers will move in with us. Their barang arrived this morning here already. The rooms, after much arranging and rearranging, are ready for them now. Lex, Robbie and Peter will be getting my room and the Mrs, Janneke and Ruth will be getting the Garage room. It will

be packed, but the more souls, the more joy, as the saying goes. I like it that they are joining us, but Roeli and Heleen are not so happy. Roeli and I took a moment to plant the lettuce and the cabbage this afternoon, just before dark, because it was overdue. We now have nine vegetable beds in the back yard with: bajem (spinach), tomatoes, djagoeng, lettuce, cabbage, katjang-pandjang, (long type of bean), celery, parsley and beets. The laboe-ajer (pear form fruit, containing a lot of water), in Mrs. Klencke's back yard does really well.

Today, Daddy came home already at 11 o'clock and gave us a hand. Sometimes I can be so happy that we have got him still close to us. He is very skinny, but fortunately his tongue is not so red any more.

7-8-1942

The Mayers have arrived in tact and are happy to be here. Both Janneke and the Mrs. have lost a lot of weight. Mom and I picked them up at the railway station and I found a sado for them quickly. The others all came on their bicycles. The sado was packed. Janneke and Ruth have already told us a lot of their experiences. They dealt a lot with the Japs. This morning the boys were all sitting in the front of the house, when a Japanese officer passed by. Robbie got up on his feet, saluted and sat down again. But those manors, we told him, we didn't appreciate. Almost every day we hear heavy explosions coming from the direction of Andir. These are likely no exercises, but probably the sound of blowing things up. Mrs. Mayer, fortunately, has been able to bring a lot of groceries with her, among others, flower, for which she paid Fl. 3,30 per kilogram over there, but which would cost Fl. 8 per kilogram over here.

My desk is now located in the office, next to the bookcase, and beside the stuff from both Janneke and Mrs. Mayer being there too, it is still spacious.

16-8-1942

Today is Sunday again. We have been to church. Ds. Tichelaar spoke about "tact", but no "tactics". After church we sat down for a while behind V. and W. It was nice and cool out there and finally when we biked home along "Beatrix", a cup of delicious chocolate was waiting there for us. After that I finished reading the book "Call those Shoenamitische". I think it's a nice and beautiful book. Mrs. Mayer though it to be too serious for me. I have also read the book: "the little stone man". That one I enjoyed even more. I just learned to knit and I have already made a pot cloth (to pick up a hot pot with). But I still made a lot of mistakes.

Now comes the great joyous and pleasant news: Richt van der Brug is pregnant!

I am so happy for her, she loves children.

And do you know who else? Aunt Amy. What will Chris, Wieneke and Bob be excited about the news, especially Wieneke. We were especially not allowed to tell anything to Uncle Bou, who is imprisoned in Bandoeng and who perhaps will be released soon. She really looked forward to tell him the news herself. That I can imagine. And than number three is Mrs. Klencke. I already



knew about that one and besides, it starts to show now. Sometimes I can really long for having a baby myself already. Therefore I am sometimes embarrassed that I didn't start my periods yet. Now I see Richt also in a total different light. Just a while ago she was still a girl friend and now she's almost a mother. I can imagine how excited she is and how happy. I don't know if Henk in Tjimahi already knows what's going on.

Mom has educated us girls a little while ago about "cohabiting" What an ingenious design is the human body. Mom also informed both Roeli and Heleen, but I can hardly agree with that, despite them seem to know already about it. Sometimes they pop questions, which are only based on curiosity. I find it disturbing when they talk so lightly about such a beautiful and holy thing. "That is not tactful" as Ds. Tichelaar just mentioned lately. "Tact" is for me the same as "feeling".

The Mayers love it down here. They also start to look better. Mrs. Mayer has now plenty of time to rest and recover from her illness.

From the laboe-ajar rack a whole chunk has been cut off, so that one can now easily walk by.

Sometimes I can really feel so happy and so satisfied, because I still have everything, I am not sick and because of a lot of other reasons.

13-9-1942

I didn't tell anything for a while. In the mean time I have been sick again, with a high fever, after which I felt very weak for a long time. After me Roeli got sick for a short while. Than Janneke followed and now it's Daddy's turn.

Fortunately he is already feeling better and in the morning he goes and lays down in the garden from aunty Nine and uncle Ot., because it's so nice and quiet there. He is rather tanned and therefore he looks healthy.

Already for some time we bring food to the people of Bronbeek. At first three native boys would help too, but after a cache of weapons was apparently discovered (as the rumour goes), a few police officers were posted at the gate and the boys were not allowed in anymore. Bronbeek is kind of a little village by itself. It consists of three parts: The original Bronbeek, the Indies Bronbeek and the Bronbeek for the old age people. My shift is three days a week. The people are always very happy when one comes in. They get rice, sugar, katjang-idjomeel (= flower made from green soja seeds), coffee, soap, lard and sometimes some extra stuff. Hereby a few of their names: Bloemhof, Manders, Tjowa (a blind family), Henke, Groot-Oonk, Boerigter, Wolters, Thomas, Knuifer and the rest I forgot. When we go there, we have to go past a lot of Japs. One time one came up to me and wanted to grab my arm, but luckily I veered away just in time. That guy had such dirty, ugly, black hands! A little while ago people said that a transmitter had been discovered through the stupidity of a couple of boys. While guarding the transmitter they suddenly opened fire at a couple of cops. As the story goes, those boys were later tortured and they had to tell the names of their fellow spies. A very stupid act!

A few days ago Solveig dropped in for a minute, but I was just very busy with my room. She borrowed the book: "Flierefluiters oponthoud" (= freespirits

halted) from me, because she only knew the first part. She was also looking for someone who would lend her a microscope. This morning she had found one. She was so excited!

Do you know who is in town? Maart Dake. All by himself he came all the way from Modjowarno (Located on East Java, at that moment almost unreachable), to see how things were going here in Bandoeng. I didn't see him yet. Both Janneke and I have now lessons every Wednesday and Saturday, from Mrs. De Vries. On Wednesday we've got French and Saturday English lessons. For French I am now learning: "Mon petit Trott" and for English: "Pinocchio".

Our chickens are laying their last eggs. Behind the car they lay them in a crate. The lettuce, cabbage, beets, katjang pandang, parsley, celery and six djagoengs are growing beautifully. The laboe-ajer has become smaller again, because the people, who repaired the sewer, have ruined a whole piece of it. A lot of Japs have left Bandoeng again, because I saw a couple of schools empty again. This morning from Richt we heard some beautiful news: 1. Italy has capitulated, 2. the Turks have given access to the Dardanelles to the Allies, 3. America has given Japan an ultimatum, in which the Japs have to withdraw before September 25 until Singapore. It was announced by San Francisco. We hope it is true.

This morning Rietje, Roeli, Heleen and I went to the Easter church. Too bad Mom couldn't come with us, because Uncle Ot read a beautiful sermon. He talked about: "Love your enemies" and also that we had to forgive each other not 7 times, but 70 x 7 times, because God forgives us so much as well. And also he said that all hatred has to go from our hearts, to make space for joy. Sometimes I got tears in my eyes. He started his sermon with a story about a Chinese girl in the Japanese war. Perhaps, one day I will copy it in this dairy. After the service there was a collection for the "Pa van der Steur foundation" and they collected 96 Guilders. That's a lot!

20-9-1942

Time flies! We are now already for six months interned and it feels much shorter! The rumours that on September 25 everything is going to change, I don't believe, but we keep our hopes up. Someday the liberation will happen. It is for sure remarkable that the Japanese here have become a lot more polite towards us Europeans. The beatings have diminished significantly. We almost don't notice them anymore, only their aircraft, who sometimes fly over all day long.

Last night we had a quarrel with Mrs. Stevels. I don't know yet what she is going to do, staying here, or leaving. Pimmie sometimes can be very annoying too. And she blames others, especially Friso.

Our chickens are now, I believe, in heat and Daddy doesn't want that. He allows only one and by the other we have to stop it or "Koelpoorten". (= ?) That's how the Flemish farmers call it.

Today is Sunday. We went to the Easter Church, where Ds. Oberman read the sermon. He talked about taking responsibility for your sins and that you had to look at yourself in the mirror of the gospel and that many people, now-

a-days, throw that mirror away. After the church we sat down for a while at V. and W. Roeli and I have both afterwards been practicing on a small back road, riding two bikes at once. In the end my arm was lame.

1-10-1942

Last night for us a big event happened. Not a world shocking event, but a personal event, which I will remember for the rest of my life. Only Roeli, Heleen and I know about it until now. Mom put us to bed last night and sat down with us, waiting for Daddy to come home. That doesn't happen that often, because usually Daddy returns home late. But this time he came early and asked: "What would you prefer, having a little brother or a little sister?" We voted for a little sister. And then Mom told us that she was expecting a baby due for next May. First we could hardly believe it, but then we were so happy, so excited! I was so emotional; I had to cry a little for joy. They asked us to start thinking about a name already. That night it was late before we fell asleep.

What will it be fun this time to be allowed to help with the baby's cloths and also to make toys and a woven wall decoration. We can look forwards to an exciting time. The next week is Paul's birthday and after him, it's my turn.

11-10-1942

Last Sunday Mom has joined us to the Easter Church to listen to Ds. Oberman. In hindsight she'd probably better not done that, because the next day she didn't feel well and we feared for the life of the baby. But thank God, after a week of rest she feels good enough to both join us for the meals at the dinner table and she can sit on the couch again.

This morning we also went to the church again, where Ds. Keers now does the service. It was so crowded that we had to stand on the balcony. There were now also two Japs in the church. We saw them sitting next to Ds. Oberman, a head officer and a soldier. Louk Woortman sat also next to a couple of Japs and told us that they each put a 5 Guilder bill in the collection bag. That seemed unbelievable to me.

Talking about Japs: last Tuesday at two o'clock, three Japs walked up to the house. I had to answer the door and instantly called Mrs. Mayer, because she knows how to deal with them. One of them spoke Maleis reasonably well and asked if a doctor lived here, who could give injections. Then we called Daddy. The Jap had his own obat (medicine). Daddy gave the injection and told him to return in two days to receive another one. He was very happy that he didn't have to pay. They said "tabe" (goodbye) to me, but I purposely didn't answer. They never came back though.

Now the big surprise of the day: the chicken without the tuft (I'll call her the "bald one") has gotten chicks. They are such lovely little creatures. They have a brown stripe over their backs. I was petting the chicken this afternoon and heard little sounds. And there they were! They came one by one out from under the feathers. They are such little darlings. I am busy fashioning a coop from the big crate. Now the run too has to be finished quickly.

Daddy has purchased a monthly pass for the swimming pool this afternoon for all of us. Wednesday we'll go swimming already! Awesome!

18-11-1942

Mom, fortunately, is better again. I will first tell something about things that happened here in town. A women's camp is under construction, and it has to be finished before December 8. It is being built in the eastern part of town, about confined by the Houtmanstraat, the Tjitroemstraat, the Riouwstraat and the Grote Postweg. On the map from Bandoeng you can see that the houses there are the closest to each other and therefore it is the easiest area to put a fence around.

Further, all remaining men would be picked up and interned. It's nice that Daddy is still home. But I just heard that about 70 Doctors already have been called. On top of that also Mr. Zijlstra, Mr Vlaming (my German teacher), and Mister Wisman have been called. Uncle Ot, luckily, has not yet. Now I still have lessons from: Ms. Gruis (Latin and Greek), Mrs. Eyf (English), Mrs. Heydeman (French), Mrs. Franke (Dutch), Mr. Vlaming (German), Mr. Zijlstra (Social Studies), and Mr. Suyderhoud (Geography). After we go into the Camps, we perhaps may be able to get instruction in larger groups, and not so sneaky anymore in those tiny groups. Heleen has now lessons too and follows those of the first grade of HBS (= Dutch equivalent of High school), which means that she's skipping the 7<sup>th</sup> grade of elementary school. She only has some difficulty with math. Roeli still has lessons from Ms. De Quaasteniet.

20-11-1942

This morning Mr. Wisman left, but a little while later, he came back. I don't know why. Along the Irene Boulevard, houses are being vacated too, namely for the benefit of aboriginal people (the Prarindra, as this bunch is called). I heard the same thing about the Beatrix Boulevard. It would be a shame if they would put those dirty natives into our beautiful house. It's all done just to upset us. This morning I had lessons at the Riouwstraat and there they were also already busy modifying houses. On the front doors papers were affixed with Roman digits. We had our last lessons there now, in room "V", with a "6" next to it. That meant that 6 people had to live in that room. The room dimensions were about 3.5 by 4.5 meters. Plus all of their barang (= luggage). You could see a lot of moving trucks and "grobaks" (= big Ox drawn cart) driving back and forth. Further there were a lot of "toekang-botols" (= buyers of all kind of everything, "botols" = bottles) busy to buy left overs. It was a real pandemonium. We too are already sifting through things, to see what we would like to take with us, for example books, but also other stuff.

Now I want to tell something about the garden and the animals. The bold one again has gotten 4 chicks, but unfortunately, two of them died already. They are trampled on by the mother perhaps. The other offspring seems to be doing well and some are already getting some feathers. "Tufty's" nest didn't hatch, unfortunately, but she already laid six more eggs again. They are beautiful large eggs.

Now there's something sad. Our small Parrot "Starbuck" has died. But we are still OK with it because he was already sick for a long time. Now we only have "Akka" left and he is very sweet. We fashioned a nice little grave with flowers on top. The cats are doing well, especially "Bontje" (Fuzzy), is very sweet. The garden looks untidy. The lettuce, cabbage, djagoeng and the Katjang-pandang, are taken out.

As domestic help first we got Sadeli and later Oedi, but he was so bad mannered, he always stared at you and chuckled about the silliest things. Now we've got Wagimin, he seems a neat little guy. He wanted us to call him "Mini", but we objected, because that's how Mrs. Mayer is called too.

I had my birthday too and I've gotten a lot of presents: slippers, a dress, a skirt, hair ribbons, a chunk of chocolate, a soap bar, a package of butter, a little photo album, a Pinocchio book, and some other small stuff. Janneke didn't want anything for her birthday, but she got about 20 packages anyway. Friso's birthday is in 4 days from now.

For Richt we are making a woven wall decoration. It promises to be a nice one.

I am now also part of the youth council of the Easter Church and that makes me feel rather important. We already had a meeting, but only a few members attended, probably because it was raining so badly. I also already collected once and it went well. Important news is that all the European Doctors from Immanuel have been fired. Daddy now has a private practice. The office is now transformed into a clinic. He has a reasonable amount of patients. Yesterday we got another typhus and cholera inoculation. Luckily I didn't feel sick afterwards. There has also been some kind of an epidemic of the five day fever again. During the last one I was sick all the time, but this one has passed me by. Now Heleentje is sick again.

All Church ministers have been picked up and interned, except both Ds. De Bruin and Uncle Ot, fortunately. At Richt you can clearly see that she's pregnant. At Mrs. Klencke and the lady across the street too, but at Mom only a little bit. She said that Daddy told her the baby would arrive in April already.

9-12-1942

Yesterday it was December 8, exactly a year ago since the war started here. The Japanese had a big celebration with many speeches. From December 5<sup>th</sup>, we are in a situation of permanent air raid alarm, something even the Japs seem to be concerned about. The Jap, who sometimes visits Mrs. Marzynski, said: "Ini boekan main" (This is not a game anymore). First we had a continuous Air raid alarm until December 10<sup>th</sup>, but now they have extended that again. Aman, a chauffeur we knew already from the past, also said that in the Kampong all people knew that it was serious now. The first two days the siren went off often, but since the day before yesterday, not anymore. Almost no airplanes came over either.

Both Richt and Aunt Riek had beautiful news too: America said: "Japan has brought us a surprise on December 8, and this year we will bring them a surprise". The Queen had spoken too. They knew everything about the Camps here and the time of revenge was near. Some high up Japanese

officer had also said in a speech that they didn't realize that America and Australia were so strong and that these days of celebration in fact were no celebrations at all, but were very serious instead. In Europe everything seems to go well, as in Africa. People say that all men will have to leave Tjilatjap. The women camps are making progress. Daddy was also called in already, but returned with a release note. Therefore we don't have to go into a Camp yet either, fortunately. Brantastraat 2, room 2, was assigned to us already. Both Mrs. Mayer and Mrs. Stevels were assigned each a very tiny little room, together with their children, but after a lot of protest they now have a small house at the Nangkalaan. They already have furniture too there, from, among others, Ms. Gruis. She will stop the lessons now for about a month. After that she hopes to continue. She too has to go into the Camp now. Mr. Zijlstra has been picked up and my German teacher too. Some lessons we got now from other people. All of us, luckily, are all right.

From Ruth we discovered that she secretly snacked cheese from the fridge, and now we call her "Cheese mouse". The chicks from "Boldy, Kiki" and "Kuku" are growing up already and in a week time Tufty's eggs will hatch. (8 eggs).

In about a week Richt is expecting her baby. Mrs. Klencke a week ago has given birth to a darling son: Peter-Jan. I was allowed to see it on the first day already, a sweet little creature!

We didn't celebrate Sinterklaas (= a kind of Santa Claus), but we had a pleasant evening together, played (board) games, ate some sweets, among them self made "taai-taai". (= a typical Sinterklaas evening snack).

From Pimmie Stevels we heard a funny phrase. While waking up, he called his mother saying: "Mammie, Ik heb niet piest in mijn gebed". ( he meant to say: that he didn't piss in his bed but it came out as: free translated: "Mom, I didn't piss in my prayer").

21-12-1942

Both Mrs. Mayer and Mrs. Stevels have gone off to the Camp together with their noisy offspring. We now enjoy the silence. There were rumours that the women from both Soekaboembi and Buitenzorg would be sent over here, but at first we didn't believe that so much. At the time we thought it would concern aunt Nel Alers, but we didn't think at all about auntie Amy, who was in Toegoe at the time. Three days ago we suddenly received a phone call, that she was at our railway station and had to leave for Karees, but that she much rather would join us instead. That was certainly an option, now the Mayers and the Stevels had just left.

In the afternoon, after lunch, Daddy, Roeli, Heleen and I all went to Karees. There were a lot of women and children there, small ones and big ones. That Karees was located at the Boerangranglaan, a side road from the Papandajanlaan. Roeli had a flat tire again. Her bike we parked at Mrs. Van der Does' (You know, from the painter) and we borrowed another one. Then we started our search. At first we didn't find anything and then each started to search the streets separately by themselves. I turned the corner of my street and - surprise - I spotted them right there sitting in a sado. In a second one

was their entire luggage. First I followed them to their room, which was assigned at Galoengoenglaan 5 and then quickly back again to the others to let them know. They all were so happy. They were assigned an unpleasant small room, without any windows and Uncle Les got a tiny little hide-out for himself. After that they went home with us. How had Bab grown! We now call him Chris. The next afternoon aunt Nel appeared suddenly, who had been sent to Bandoeng too. She had been forced to leave Louk behind in a Camp, which she felt awful about

The next day, yesterday, (Sunday), exactly on Wieneke's birthday, auntie Amy gave birth to a darling little baby girl. She was called Quirientje, after one of her mother's sisters. A funny name! At the same day two eggs hatched and two chicks were born. We were in cloud seven and we ate "beschuit met muisjes". (= biscuit with mice). (= a typical Dutch treat, given at a birth to the family). And today we had cake, because we couldn't get them yesterday. What is such a tiny baby ever sweet and beautiful. I was allowed to see it already and yesterday afternoon the crib was put into our room, because the baby was crying so much and Auntie Amy had to rest. She was so sweet. She weighed 6 pounds and three ounces, half an ounce more than Peter-Jan from next door. Richt would prefer to have a baby girl too. The wall decoration is getting there. I gave my hot-water-bed-bottle-cover to Auntie Amy and she was very happy with it.

A while ago Daddy has purchased a beautiful painting picturing Wanajasa from Mr. van der Does. Together we sneaked it into the house. Mom was so surprised when she saw it!

31-12-1942

Today it is the 31<sup>st</sup>, Thursday, the last day of the year. Today is New-Years Eve and tomorrow is New Years Day. Tonight we can still eat some "Oliebollen". (= Typical Dutch sweet snack for New Years Eve). From a Chinese, one of Daddy's patients, we even got two bottles of Anker beer. Would people in Holland still have such plentiful supplies as we have here? And perhaps in Holland they think the opposite. Soon, for dinner, we'll eat carrots and fried fish. And this afternoon we got cakes from auntie Amy, Mmmm!

Yesterday we have been scared for a while, because Daddy had been called to appear in an empty building (The Geographic Service). I accompanied him and we stayed there for a long, long time. What a lot of men were there! I cannot remember to have ever seen so many men together in one place. Mr. Wisman, who went a little earlier, had put his barang (= luggage) aside. But Daddy, smartly put his barang down as much forwards as possible, and therefore his turn was much sooner. During all the time he was inside, I was very worried, but soon his barang appeared from inside a window, followed a few moments later by himself. Daddy even got a ride in the car from an acquaintance. Then, I quickly biked home. It was a happy home coming. Mr. Wisman didn't return home though.

Richt's baby still hasn't been born yet. The afternoon before yesterday, Wieneke, Roeli and I have visited her and brought a little container with some

Lemon ointment. She's been for more than a week in Borromeus now and the baby still didn't want to come. On the two Christmas days, we've eaten both our Rooster and the fat chicken from Dhoematiar.

Now it's a quarter past twelve: January 1<sup>st</sup> 1943. I am quickly going to bed now. Both Friso and Paul didn't last that long. They fell asleep on the couch.  
Happy New Year!



## 1943

1-1-1943

This day will always stay in my memory as both a happy, but also a very sad day. A happy day because it's a new year, a sad day because Richt's little baby has died soon after birth. And Richt just loves small children so much. We are just back from a visit with Uncle Ot and aunt Nine. Auntie said that Richt had been very brave. I would never been able to be that brave. For a moment we were allowed to see the baby, a little boy. It was such a sweet, beautiful and soft little baby. He was lying on the baby table so sweet, quiet and pale, his little hands folded together. Two candles and the flowers from both Roeli and me were at each side. Tomorrow morning he will be buried on the big cemetery. His father, Henk Offereins, doesn't know it yet. The baby looked just like him. It was a relatively big baby, weighing 8 pounds.

3-1-1943

Today is Sunday. We are not going to church today, but are going to make a trip to Ds. Oberman's house, halfway to Lembang. He has a beautiful garden there, full with animals, horses too. There we will have a picnic.

Yesterday morning around 9:30 Richt's little baby has been buried. I was allowed to participate too. For me it was the first time participating in a funeral. It was in a spot were many little children were buried. This was grave number 40. Very emotional!

Tomorrow my lessons will resume again.

10-2-1943

Richt is back home now. She still walks with difficulty. She often goes to the cemetery and looks after the plants on the little grave. There are only verbenas, because larger plants are not allowed.

About two weeks ago our entire street has been searched for men. At our place they found uncle Piet. Both he and Uncle Ot had to come with them. Mr. Marzynski had to come almost too. Later we heard that they were taken to the Palace Hotel. A few days ago Chris went to do some errands, but he never came back. The next day we heard that he had been caught and taken, together with his bike, to the Zeelandia straat, to the Capellen School.

Fortunately Aunt Amy was allowed to bring him all kind of everything later. For uncle Bou she has been able to bring a nice little picture from Quirientje and some more cloths into the building. Both the Bandoengcamp and Karees are now fully fenced in. The first is still being extended and in the latter, Daddy sees patients. Yesterday, for the first time, he was not allowed in. On that day a lot of men from Tjilatjap arrived there. (I believe about 5,000 of them). They have been lodged into the 15<sup>th</sup> battalion. Fortunately they looked healthy and well.

Mr. Rinker, who lived in "Beatrix", has been fired and is interned too. His wife and children went into the Camp and now their house stands thus empty. Today Mr. Thijsse, one of the few people still working at the Pension fund, dropped by here to pick up the keys. Probably someone from the Gebeo will

be housed there, someone who will pay rent, fortunately. Both Daddy and Paul have just spent last night there. For the last time. In the back of the garden was an asparagus plant, from which I gave Roeli one.

The day before yesterday, I became a "big girl". I didn't like it at all and as far as I am concerned, it could have stayed away a while longer. However, I am now already 16 years old. Mom got it on her 15<sup>th</sup> and Roeli on her 12<sup>th</sup> year. Now it's Heleentje's turn. Luckily I only felt a little sick.

Tomorrow, on the 13<sup>th</sup>, the eggs will probably hatch. I hope they will not become unhappy chicks. I still have one film left for my camera, but I will save it for the arrival of my little brother or sister. The name is still a big question for us all. Both Marianne and Peter we like the most.

13-2-1943

Today is not an unlucky day at all. It was a happy day instead. All the eggs, but one have hatched. The chicks are called Japanese "Bantam fowl", very adorable. Both Aunty Amy and Rob went this morning to deliver a package to Uncle Bou and to another man in Soekamiskin. They were allowed to deliver almost everything. And now comes the best surprise: they may be allowed to show Quirientje to her Daddy. Probably they are not allowed to see him themselves, but they are going to ask if Wieneke would be allowed to bring her inside. That will make him very happy. I have to go to my lessons now, but later I will tell how everything went.

It is now 6 o'clock and while enjoying a kwee semprong (= rolled cookie), I continue my writing.

This morning everything went splendid. Quirientje, dressed in a beautiful little pink gown, was carried to her father by a policeman. Than back again and after that Uncle Bou was allowed in for a minute, but on a distance of about 5 meters. Aunt Amy nodded towards him, to let him know that everything was all right with her and after that he had to leave. Both Rob and Wieneke were there with us too. They were so happy, oh so happy. Uncle Bou looked very healthy. Today is also Chris's birthday. If he only was allowed to be there as well, I am sure he would have loved it too.

10-3-1943

Hallo! Hallo! (In Japanese: "Maschi, maschi!") I've got a lot to tell again, but I have to be careful with paper, because nobody is allowed to buy paper and pencils anymore. Thus everything has to be in telegram style. Roeli, Heleen and I moved to the back room, where Mrs. Stevels lived before. Auntie Amy, Wieneke, Rob and Quirientje are now living in our former room, because the nursery is occupied. Two women and their babies are now sleeping there.

First, a Chinese woman arrived, that was expecting a baby only at the end of the month. She got a very tiny daughter of only 4 pounds. The night before yesterday at about 2 AM, Mrs. van Westen arrived and after half an hour a well shaped son weighing 3 Kg and 3 ounces was born.

The wall-decoration for Richt is finally finished. It turned out very nice.

About two weeks ago at the Pasteur Institute they collected a kind of seeds (for making obat). At a certain moment they apparently had enough and said

they didn't want anymore. Consequently, a few men dumped all their collected seeds. Heleen and Rob swepted them together and they collected two full buckets. A few days later they accepted seeds again. Heleen and Rob decided to bring in their buckets and were paid, after a long wait, 6 Guilders for them. Daddy wants to buy a swimming pass for it, but they didn't want that. We preferred to buy some new fish for our fish tank from the money. There are rumours, and it is also written in the "Tjahaja", that big exercises are being planned. It is a good omen. Aunt Riek told us that a few Japanese officers complained during a visit to Dr. Leimena, that already too many people knew about those exercises. That night we slept at aunt Nine's place and returning home we encountered a Jap carrying something in his hands. It looked like a portable phone. At Mrs. Van der Molen they told us that this particular Jap guarded the siren.

15-3-1943

On March the 13<sup>th</sup>, Womens prayer day has been celebrated combined with a church service. Yesterday, Sunday, the sermon was done by Ms. Bron and I was again chosen to take care of the collection. It looks like I will be allowed to participate in the Eastern choir.

The women camp has already been closed for a week now. My lessons have almost all been stopped, except for Math, French and Geography. I have been just in time to gather a few marks. For five days the town has been searched by policemen for women that should have been in the camp, but were not there. They also visited our place. They wrote down Aunt Amy's name and they took her pendafteran (ID-card). The ones from both Richt and Mrs. Wisman have been taken too. Those cards will be returned to them together with their notice. Not so nice.

The chicks grow very fast and they act sometimes so funny. They now all have names: Griset, Barbarossa (the red one), and the four Japanese: Foetsiemoetie, Kelim, Naikkadaksi and Hangkrenghang. (Hang-jerk-hang).

22-3-1943

Mrs. Van Westen has already returned home with Gerard Douwe and the Chinese woman too, but others are already expected.

Roeli, Heleen and I are doing very well and we like our back room, except for being humid and chilli. We are busy working on our wall-decoration. It's going to look great.

A while ago something has been stolen from the Marzynski family, but Manidjan, their djongos (= house servant), has chased after the thief and caught him. He had brutally taken some bed sheets and some blankets from the window.

I know a funny joke: Once upon a time there was this woman, who told a Jap: "Heh, do you want to come and listen to the BBC tonight?" The Jap thought: "Right, now you'll be busted" and he answered: "Yes please Madam". That night he arrived at 8 o'clock and he overheard the BBC radio coming from the house next door, where Japanese were living. He was very embarrassed! Quirientje became 3 months old yesterday. Time flies!

2-4-1943

Yesterday it was April 1<sup>st</sup>, but not many pranks have been made. It is not the time for it, although we have to remain joyful. Just now something sad has happened: one of our white little chicks has been hit by a car. Fortunately it died instantaneously. I have buried it immediately, in a little grave topped with an orange flower. I promised myself not to cry, which was very difficult. Both Mrs. Wisman and Wernie are already in the camp. It is quiet here without them. Aunt Amy, unfortunately, has to go into the camp as well, to the Houtmanstraat. She has gotten a good room and a little one for uncle les too. Luckily they are living together with nice people. Both aunt Nine and Richt have to live in the Tasman straat at the van Gogh's and across from aunt Cor van Wijk. They don't like it at all and are not happy with it. Mrs. Wisman is interned in the family camp. Perhaps we are going to have to go there too, but Daddy is still here. So we're lucky. When Aunt Amy went to the house, I was sneaked in giving myself out as her daughter. I was able to visit a lot of people there: Mrs. Mayer, Stevels, Aunt Willie Giese Koch, ms Bron, (aunt Greet from the youth council), ms. Gruis, who was very happy to see me, and aunt Cor, who was out at the moment. After that I had to go home and Aunt Amy was already gone. Then I decided to walk decisively straight through the gate and none of the "stick-roses" stopped me. So I returned home safely.

We finally sold Mrs. Stevel's typewriter for 25 Guilders. We still got the radio and thus we can listen to some beautiful music at night, i.e. Lohengrin.

Today one of my bad weeks has started again. I skipped the last one, but Mom says that it's normal.

The fish tank from Wernie is staying over with us, now we've got already four of them.

Today we ate fried fish, carrots and rice for dinner. I loved it. What would they eat now for dinner in Holland? Would it be like cabbage and dog meat perhaps?

5-5-1943

Aunt Amy is busy moving today. Most of the barang was send away by two grobaks. They themselves will leave soon after dinner. We will miss them. Quirientje is already getting some hair, she is sweet and she laughs a lot. Yesterday we had a lontong-dinner (= sticky rice, boiled in a package of banana leaf, closed with a bamboe-splinter), together with the people of the youth counsel. The morning had both a happy and a serious part. In the afternoon there were all kinds of performances and stage plays. I recited the "Cockroaches nightmare", which was much appreciated. The stage plays and the conversations were so typical "Indies", it was sometimes irritating. The lontong was delicious, but I was the only totok (white Hollander) present. At around 5 o'clock I returned home and rolled tired into my bed. Now I quickly have to prepare the food for the cats and then eat some dinner myself. Rice, sajoer menir (= dish of wet vegetables), with tahoe (paste of grinded soy), and tempeh (fermented soy paste). Mmmm, delicious!

Aunt Amy dropped by just now and told us that everything had gone well and that most of her stuff was already put into place.

1-5-1943

Today is May 1<sup>st</sup>. During this month our little baby will arrive. We will welcome her with joy. Despite everything we have a really good time with each other, with a good family and with all our possessions, all reasons to be very grateful.

Aunt Nel has gone back to camp Karees this morning. Last week she became ill. Now she's better and she's got to go back, unfortunately. She has been so sweet to us. Roeli, Heleen and I each have gotten a broche from her. This morning, while leaving, she gave us a ginger cake and this afternoon another cake was delivered, one she ordered from Maison Bogerijen. She is also very curious whether it's going to be a "Wouter-Ernst" or an "Amy-Marianne". I got a Guilder from her to buy flowers, once the moment arrives. Heleen will go together with Friso or Paul to stay a few days with aunt Jeanette Meesters, once the moment arrives, because if not, it will be too busy here. In the nursery is now a Chinese woman again, together with a sweet little baby. I was there to share his very first few moments. He is born on Wednesday morning, at 11:30 (April 28), on the birthday of the Japanese Emperor. His name I don't know yet. Later that morning his Dad arrived, wildly enthusiastic about his son, with a pot filled with delicious chicken. That Daddy is such a funny fat guy. Any moment now we can also expect Mr. Kong's wife to arrive here. Her time is also almost up. Aunt Amy calls her MaYoung and says that she has to call her son "King", so he would be called "King Kong".

Noortje van der Molen has moved to the Heyting lane. Aunt Amy has been here one last time and has taken pictures of Quirientje, which didn't turn out too well afterwards. She and her children are doing well. Rob works now at the garbage service.

4-5-1943

The little baby hasn't arrived yet, but both the wall decoration and my hot water bag sack are almost finished. The crib and the room are both ready. When the time comes, Aunt Mies van Noppen will come over to help out with house keeping. Her husband passed away a few days ago and now she wants to go help other people out.

Mrs. Marzynski has also been away for a little while, she suffered from asthma. The evening before yesterday, she was again visited by a Jap, one she knew well, and he flapped out: "We are unable to do anything to the Americans. We can try and armour ourselves, but it wouldn't matter, because the American bombers can carry up to 12,000 tons and what are we supposed to do against that? The Germans are losing also already increasingly and are withdrawing from Tunis". Mrs. Marzynski then grabbed the "Tjahaja" newspaper and glanced in it. "No, those report only our victories. They are not supposed to know anything about our losses", the Jap told her. This morning aunt Jeannette was here and she said, that she had heard, that Stalin in a speech had said: "Don't despair and be patient. We will soon start a counter

offensive, or better, we have already started it at Topel. All further advances have already been planned with dates on them and in about 5 months there will be peace". That sounds rather encouraging. About Tunis there are many stories. One or two months ago things were already going better there. Aunt Amy has sent us a lovely pendant, it's a family heirloom. Our chicken "Tufty" is breeding again, now on 6 eggs, a gift from Mr. Pistorius, one of Daddy's patients. They are huge, I hope they will hatch well. The chicken has started breeding on Eastern.

5-4-1943

This morning after Math, I went to see Noortje. She is drawing all of us children, and right now is redoing my face "as a profile", because the light is now much different. They probably have to move again, because her land lady told her the house has to be vacated by orders of "toean Nippon". (Mr. Japan). They just moved in there. Aunt Nine and Richt are now both in the camp too. They brought way to much barang to fit in their small room. At Eastern we had a surprise: Ms. Bron was allowed to get out of the camp to attend the church. We have sung well. Everyone said that the choir performed beautifully. We have also performed at the PJC (Protestantse Jeugd Club= Church Youth Club). We got 2 eggs each that day and that doesn't happen too often anymore. Yesterday we ate Bami with pork meat, delicious. Bread we got now and than from van Bogerijen, but it is grey and it feels sticky. Today we have rice with tahoe (grinded soy paste), Tempe (fermented soy paste) and ketimoen (cumcumber), some leftover pork from yesterday and fish broth. I wish to those in Holland a likewise delicious meal.

Now about a few terrible events: Lore Gast, a choir member, and Nora Anselmo, at whoms place we studied our Eastern songs, both seem to have bouts of madness at times. Lore has gone totally crazy once, but now she seems to do better. At Nora it was triggered by a former car accident, but now she too seems to do a little better.

I saw three drunken Japs for the first time. In a sado, they drove loudly singing into the Braga Street. Suddenly one of them climbed over the front, toward the horse. The horse panicked, veered towards the sidewalk, stumbled over the curb of and fell. After a while they managed to get the horse on its feet again and drove off to the next restaurant.

I am doing well with my lessons. I still have Math, French, Latin and Greek. Mom would help me with English, but until now that didn't work out yet.

I am now the medical assistant at Daddy's clinic. The first time it was kind of scary, especially when he had to give injections. At those times my head turned very hot, but soon I got used to it.

Now another two jokes: When foragers (from our army) visit the camps, Japs, with their bayonet on their rifles, always accompany them. Once in a while they punch with those knives through the bilik (a braid work made out of bamboo used as a separation wall), to scare away those women standing there trying to get a glimpse of their men. Once, someone had put a pair of shoes right under the Bilik. Soon they arrived. The Jap noticed the noses of the shoes and thought: "Ahh!" and started shouting in his own funny language

that they had to move away from there. Thereafter he punched viciously through the Bilik. The shoes stayed there. So he punched and he punched again. The longer it took, the angrier he became. Finally he grabbed the shoes and noticed that nobody was in them. Angrily he threw them over the fence. We had a good laugh.

The second joke: People said that an American plane had flown over and dropped a flag, on which was written: "Red, White and Blue, we'll be there soon". After that a Japanese plane came over and with a flag saying: "White with a red ball, we're there already". (Rhyming in Dutch)

It's evening now. Mrs. Pa Kong just arrived and sat down in an animated conversation with the other njonja. (=the Misses.) When would it be Mom's turn? Our hearts are pounding from expectation.

This afternoon I went to the PJC for the first time, because Noortje invited me. It was nice. I have decided to return faithfully. We got tea and fudge. They gave me some fudge for Mom too.

14-5-1943

Hooray !!! Hooray !!! I've got a baby brother !!! Wouter-Ernst !!!

Welcome in our midst!!!

On May 14<sup>th</sup>, in the evening at five to ten you are born. I am so happy, happy, and happy!

Mom barely was 5 minutes on the delivery bed and indeed, there was our little Wouter already, looking into the world. Daddy shouted: "A boy, a boy!" And then we heard suddenly: "Meeh, meeeeh!" And that was him! He was a sweet little fat baby, with a cute face and a very cute little mouth. Roeli and Heleen were both allowed to put him into his crib, in which I had put already a nice warm hot water-bottle. As soon as he laid down, he lifted his little head bit, opened his eyes a little and looked at me.

Such a beautiful sweet little baby! He has such a perfectly round little head. Both Roeli and I ran quickly to the Marzynski's and Heleen ran to the Klencke's to tell the news. Soon all of them dropped in and we all were being kissed, including Aunt Mies van Noppen. She couldn't stop talking about it. She was present at the birth and everything went so quick, a record, really. After the bathing, Daddy, Roeli and I have carried her into bed, while Heleen cleared the way for us. Wouter-Ernst lies now happily in his crib, while making sweet little sounds. I can't stop talking about it. He is just so sweet, delightful and lovable!

Now I need to tell something about the beginning of the day. This morning, after feeding the chickens, a Chinese family dropped in to see Daddy.

"Doedoek sadja" (Please sit down), I said.

"Tida, itoe njonja moesti beranak!" an old lady said, pointing to a young woman with a painful expression on her face. Quickly I called Daddy and he immediately sent me away to get Moerina. (a midwife). At 7 o'clock the woman arrived, she went to bed at a quarter after seven, at seven thirty I

returned and at a quarter to eight the little Chinese had already been born. A boy!

Mom gave Daddy a hand because Moertina hadn't arrived yet. I heard the first sounds and Daddy said: "Lalaki". I ran over to the man and repeated it to him. He smiled wide and immediately looked at the clock. Thereafter I quickly had breakfast and left for my lessons.

This afternoon we ate a delicious sajoer and deng-deng. (Spiced, flattened and sun dried beef or deer meat). Between 3 and 5 o'clock I took a nap and then I took a bath. After dinner, while Friso and Paul were undressing and preparing for bed, we prayed together, after which Mom asked God for a baby healthy in body, soul and spirit. After the "amen" she told us that the baby was on its way.

We then took care of the last couple of things and placed the crib in the living room.

Mom first went to the bathroom, and then into the delivery room. Both Roeli and I went to prepare ourselves to go to bed. Just as we returned, Daddy came flying out of the door yelling: "A boy, a boy!" He beamed from joy. After a little while, we were allowed in. There we saw our dearest Mom. She looked good and she even smiled at us. We watched how our little Wouter was being washed on the baby table. As soon as Mom was back in her bed, we together thanked God. Tomorrow Roeli, Heleen and I will run into town to tell the news to all our friends. The film in my camera will now soon be put to good use. Now I've got to go to bed, it's already midnight.

16-5-1943

What a fabulous time we're having right now. Even in the middle of all that war misery we are allowed to be so happy. This morning Mrs. Mostert in her sermon talked about the life-question: "Do you love me?" I found that very beautiful. "Nippon" doesn't allow us to collect anymore; even charity by the church is forbidden. That's malicious, really.

Both yesterday and today we had a lot of visitors and gotten a lot of flowers. A flower basket from: Mrs. Fransz, Dr. van Ouwerkerk, Bimba, aunt Nel, (that basket I made up), Mr. Schusz and further flowers from the youth counsel, Mrs. Klencke, family van der Molen, aunt Nine and Richt, aunt Jeanette, Ms. Geisler, Patma, Endjoem and Roos and Hanneke de Klerk. Cake and pastries from aunt Mies, chocolates from aunt Nel and a whipped cream cake from family den Boestert. We are so spoiled.

Both Heleen and Friso are staying with Aunt Jeanette. I have already started to kind of putting a baby book together. Two race-chicks have hatched today, two Australors. They are white and black. I just got a glimpse from Woutertje, nicely sleeping. Yesterday he was nursed for the first time. He knew immediately what to do, so sweet. His little nails are already clipped for the first time and the clippings have been saved. He is a sweet little fat boy. Mrs. Woortman called him a little "trumpet angel". Mrs. Pa Kong has finally gotten her first little baby. Last night at 11 o'clock she got a fat, sweet, 8 pound girl.



5-6-1943

Woutertje is already 3 weeks old now and grows like cabbage. He is very sweet. He once already bursted out in laughter to Mom and a few more times he just smiled a little. His eyes already open all the way. I took already 8 pictures of him. I made one picture of him on the weight scale, very nice. He is still getting presents, sometimes a pair of pants, than a pair of tiny little socks. Both Mom and Daddy's birthdays were nice. Mom really liked the sketches that Noortje made of us all, beautiful. Daddy got new shoes and socks and from me a new calendar. For lunch we had rice, chicken and real applesauce. For tea we fashioned some kind of "stroopwafels" from two fan cookies with golden syrup in between.

This morning, al of a sudden, Wieneke showed up. She came from the camp together escorting another girl, who had to go to the dentist. She liked Woutertje very much. He was of course, the first thing we showed her.

Unfortunately I had to leave soon, to attend my lessons. On my way back I bought some flowers for her. There was a lot of stuff she had to take back with her, including eggs from our own garden. They were all doing well. Quirientje was growing well, but was not fat. Sometimes, she already has such a wise look in her little eyes.

A few days ago, Richt also suddenly dropped in. She had been ordered to escort a sick lady to the hospital and had taken the occasion to come and visit us. She was full of stories. Unfortunately, aunt Nine has a lot of pain in her abdomen.

Now something sad: Aunt Cor van Wijk suffered already for a long time from diabetics. About a week ago daddy received a phone call, saying that she was in serious condition and that she had been taken to Borromeus. A few hours later we received word that she had passed away. That sweet aunty Cor. I remember her still so very well. What a pity that uncle Piet was not allowed to leave the camp. It is also very sad for Bep to remain behind like that. She looked so sad on the funeral. We went to the funeral as well. She has been buried in the same field as both Richt's baby and Mr. van Noppen. We've put some flowers on their graves too. While walking past some other graves, we noticed 2 graves from pilots. On top of one of those graves a broken propeller had been placed, on the other a statue of a bent pilot. It is very nice and quiet down there, only once in a while disturbed by the sound of an aircraft. After the funeral Bep dropped by for a while and of course she was allowed to see Wouter. Thereafter she and Mrs. Budding returned to camp together.

7-6-1943

Today Roelie became 15 years old!

The festivities started with the coffee, which she got in a brand new cup. We have all together sung for her.

After that she received the presents and a whole lot of goodies: lemonpaste from me, fudge, sweets, chocolate, 3 pieces of nougat, and treacle-wafers. A very nice day!

This morning early at 4 AM Mrs. Frans showed up all of a sudden and gave birth to a very fat daughter. I heard her first cry too. A strong little voice!

Yesterday afternoon Bimba, (the Marzynski family's dog), has killed our chicken named "Grisetje". She went into the pot afterwards, but it didn't taste that good after all. Aunt Mies, who has helped Mom out after Woutertje's arrival, has left a few days ago to help another lady out. Now Ms. Cohen Stuart is staying here, we may call her Jet.

We have heard some positive rumours again: At a minister's place in mid-Java, a pamphlet was found, apparently dropped in the garden, in which was written that the Americans would arrive soon. Further it was written that the aboriginal militia had to think twice before choosing the side of the Japanese. Further it seems that they controlled the Aleoeten already. It also seems that high above Poerwakarta American airplanes have flown over. Now, hope means life. Would we still have to go into camp?

28-6-1943

The latest news: Makassar has been bombed. In Italy guerrillas are active. Russia is receiving American reinforcements. We also know someone else who listens, but I can only tell who that was after the war is over. Roeli's teacher, Ms. De Quaasteniet has been picked up, because she was not in the camp yet and also because she kept an unregistered radio in her house. And now she has been imprisoned in the O.A.B. (Ons Aller Belang).

Now us "faits divers": Two more babies have been born already. One from Mrs. Frans with the beautiful name: Victorine. Further a Chinese little boy, a very fat one. Immediately after being born he opened his eyes already. Mom was the nurse. That poor woman has suffered a lot of pain, but now she's got a beautiful son.

A while ago all doctors had to report to the town hall, together with the Blanda-Indo's (Indonesian with Dutch nationality). They only received a short speech. They were not allowed to move without reporting it. That was all. Among the many Indo's there were also our neighbours from across the street, Mrs. Van der Molen and Frits Kernkamp, but he didn't notice me.

In church I found a girl friend from the 7<sup>th</sup> grade back: Els Ruitenbach. She had recognized me too. We will continue operating the church choir. The youth counsel is also going to start a sports club, in which I will not participate. I don't think it's a good time for those things right now. Nora Anselmo, fortunately, has recovered now, and Lore Gast has almost recovered. Close to us on the Lembang road Mr. Niekerk lately has blown up a gas jerry can. Quite an explosion. Dicky Ensering has been blamed for the mischief and has been picked up for it.

The pictures turned out very nice, so beautiful and sharp. Wouter on the weight scale, on the baby table, with Roeli, with Heleen, with me, with the brothers, with aunt Mies, with Mom and Dad, Daddy with his three sons, Mom with her six children and finally one from Mrs. Frans, Mrs. Kléncke and Mom with their babies. Oh so sweet!

Fortunately, Wouter doesn't cry much and he grows like cabbage. This morning, by accident, I pinched him. All of a sudden he screamed out loud, very sad, but luckily there was nothing showing. He can laugh so handsomely, with his mouth wide open. He smiles to all of us. What he also likes very much

is to soar high up in the air, with his belly on Daddy's hand. Then he is always very sweet. We take turns changing him and I have bathed him already three times now. That bathing, he loves that so much.

This afternoon we received a note from Aunt Amy. Apparently, they are managing well. The camp kitchen is already starting up somewhat. In the beginning everything around the kitchen took great effort. At Karees that is still still terrible. That kitchen over there has a 1,600 people capacity, but there are 4,600 people depending on it. Sometimes they serve a tiny little bit of meat, an egg and as breakfast some sago porridge, looks just like starch. A smuggled egg costs 7 cents and a pound of beef costs 90 cents. You know who also participates in the smuggling? The "stick roses"! People there steal each others baby food and fight for a dinner roll. But despite those quarrels they can still laugh a lot.

The latest news: Bandoeng, Semarang and Soerabaja are being warned that something is going to happen. Makassar must have been bombed severely. In the "Tjahaja" was written that Ceram and Timor had been attacked. It looks like the Americans, after all, care a bit about Indie.

On June the 20<sup>th</sup> people were allowed to bring packages to Soekamiskin again. We took the occasion to send Uncle Bou the pictures from Aunt Amy together with some pictures from Wouter. I am sure he has enjoyed them.

Mr. van Voren has just been picked-up and also Mrs. Mostert now has to go into the camp. Now for the church we have only 2 speakers left: Mr. Woortman and Ms. Olieslager, but we can still manage. We now all eat rice with porridge and porridge with rice (together with some vegetables, of course). On Saturday's and Sunday's we've got bread, but it's grey and sticky. Only on special holidays we got potatoes. One potato costs 1 cent. Both our Japanese chickens and the Australors are doing well.

4-7-1943

Today is Sunday. Wouter was just baptized during the service by Mr. Woortman. Wouter looked very fancy in his outfit. Roeli was allowed to carry him inside. There were more babies waiting to be baptized and imagine: one of them was called Anton Adolf Benito! It must be terrible to have a name like that. Before the service started it was my turn to say the prayer. I was quite nervous, but everything went well.

12-7-1943

Today Mr. Woortman was summoned to the "Stars of the Ocean" and he had to stay there. That is both very sad for the Woortman's, but also for our church services. Now we've got almost nobody left. Dr. van Ouwenkerk has also been taken suddenly to the Kempetai (Japanese Military Police). His wife and children were released again soon, but had to report at the camp within the next 24 hours. I sure hope that something similar is not going to happen to us. Fortunately, we'll not have to wait very long for peace anymore. The English and the Americans have both landed in Sicily and in Russia the Russians are making headway. Here the air raid protection excercises have resumed.

Those will last from July 16 till July 25. Bombardments are expected to occur as well. An article in the "Tjahaja" said: Better be on the alert. By accident or by coincidence an "orang moesoeh" (an enemy) could possibly be mixed in among them. Not that we would have any objection against that. A while ago we had an Australian army tent in our house from a such and such bombardment unit. Daddy wanted it out of our house as soon as possible. Our cat is crippled. Daddy has performed surgery on him. Probably he has been bitten by another animal. One of our Japanese chickens is sick as well. For the sick chicken we are now receiving good advice from Mrs. Van der Pitten, a fugitive from Lembang.

Wouter is doing well. This afternoon, for the first time he was allowed to ride in his cart, and he enjoyed it very much.

## Tjihapit

### Bandoeng

20-7-1943 --- 13-11-1944

6-8-1943

There is a lot to talk about again. We are now interned in Rijkswijk 84, Tjihapitcamp Bandoeng. We live in a very tiny, but cosy little house. But now I will tell the story from the beginning.

On July 12, all of a sudden, 5 medical doctors were picked-up. That scared us. On July 14, Daddy received a list to fill out: Everything he had in his inventory of medicine and instruments. Some of it was borrowed from other doctors. In the afternoon Ms. Wessels dropped in suddenly to tell us that Dr. Kampman received his notice to report to camp simultaneously with the list to fill out. We anticipated this of course, but still, it frightened us.

That afternoon I went to the PJC, but again a big disappointment: All church services, all religious clubs and Sunday schools were prohibited. From now on, the only church services allowed had to be performed in the Malaysian language. Disappointed we headed back home. What I had feared to arrive, had arrived: Daddy's notice to report. The next day he was ordered to report at the Palace hotel, at noon Nippon time, together with his suitcase and duffel bag. Now all hell had broken loose. The next morning he left with 2 suitcases and with 2 duffel bags. (In order for him to be able to share with others). Roeli, Heleen and I accompanied him. Underway we had to stop for a checkpoint, manned by a lousy Indian for which we all just looked on purpose in the other direction. This guy once threw a rock after me, just because I didn't bow low enough.

We arrived at the Palace hotel. Daddy entered last, with a happy face. At least that's what he showed. We waited for a little while. Roeli and Heleen returned home after that, but I decided to stay a little while longer. Some doctors came out of the building again, Dr. Wisse, Stibbe, Overman, Mayer, van der Linde, Fast, de Roemer, but Daddy wasn't among them. Then I returned home myself. Once back home, we all started packing immediately. There were some air raid protection exercises going on at the same time, and that was annoying.

Saturday, July the 17<sup>th</sup>, our notice to report arrived too. Imagine, we had to report in camp at 4 o'clock Nippon time, on Monday! Luckily we were assigned a room next to Aunt Amy's house, but we were not allowed to go and see it. From the early morning till late at night we were busy packing. On top of that Heleen got sick. Dr. Linn diagnosed: Appendicitis! The next morning she was operated on by Dr. Sie. Everything went well. And in the mean time we were still packing. We made a list: Things to take with us, things to sell, things to drop off at Pasteurweg 24, and things to give away to other people. Monday, we received, by grace, another day respite. In the evening at the Mazynski's there was a complete Japanese uproar, as a result of unsatisfactory black-out. Monday morning two grobaks already left for camp and were received by Aunt Amy. Tuesday morning has been very hectic here, many people gave us packages. I sold 4 chickens for three guilders. The Australors and the small chickens went to Honny Krijgsman's mother. The fish tanks went to Mr. Pasenea, who promised to take good care of them.

8-8-1943 (a quick review)

Tuesday morning we went to the camp with 2 carts. At the first guard post we didn't have to stop. At the office instead we had to wait a very long time. What was going on? We didn't have to go to the Houtmanstraat number 9 at all, something we were quite looking forward to, because it would have brought us close to Aunt Amy. Instead we got one large room with a tiny side room at Tjihapit number 34. Mr. Boenjamin personally had picked it out for us. The room was not too bad after all and the ladies that lived there were quite OK. Our barang had been not closely examined, luckily. Then there was also the embarrassing scene about my little photo camera, which was confiscated. Mom hadn't hid it very well, but let me not blame her of anything. Everything has been already hectic enough for her. Further 2 scouts knives and a baseball bat were also confiscated. Both Aunt Amy and Mrs. Van der Does helped us very nicely with unloading the barang. After unloading I went back for the next load. Mom, in the mean time, went for the last time to visit Heleen in the hospital. Finally our move was finished at around 6 o'clock in the evening. Both Roos and Endjoem were allowed to accompany us till the main gate. Finally arrived at our address, we found a lot of people there. To many we were able to give something from the outside. That felt good. But I was exhausted and when I finally sat down, I couldn't move anymore. After drinking a refreshing cup of coffee though, served by one of the ladies, I was able to resume again. Wouter was in the centre of attention and was admired by everyone. He is such a little sweetheart. At around eight o'clock, or perhaps even earlier, we dropped into bed and slept like logs. Aunty Amy offered to let both Friso and Paul stay with her as long as we weren't organized. We gladly accepted.

21-7-1943

Mess, mess, oh what a mess. With united efforts we have furnished our room, kind of. I had to unpack the porcelain. Roeli had to unpack our cloths while Mom took care of both hers and Wouter's. Next to the house was a rather large garden with high growing grass and several fruit trees. The Mary golds were in full bloom and were beautiful. There was also an apple tree, a well, a reasonably built bomb shelter, four old cars and a fire alley, through one would be able to get outside the camp. Very much prohibited, of course. Below one of those old cars Friso found a rusted air rifle, but we decided to leave that there untouched.

22-7-1943

Big news: Soerabaja has been bombed. It is even mentioned in the Tjahaja. That morning no papers were allowed into the camp. By coincidence, Mrs. Loke, who lives here, received one anyway. There was an article saying 2 to 3 bombers had dropped some bombs there. Some people say already 200 or even 300 bombs were dropped, so I guess there were probably about 20 to 30 of them. For an air raid alarm we luckily don't have to drop everything here inside the camp. Officially we have to, of course, but nobody pays attention to it.

23-7-1943

New rumours again: All Blanda-Indo's, who carry a "#1" or a "#2" on their pendaftaran, will enter here in the next day or two as well. All dining rooms had to be vacated too. Mom, after hearing the news, ran immediately to the office and asked for the dining room at the Houtmanstraat, at Aunt Amy's. That would be arranged, they told her. That would take effect on July the 24<sup>th</sup>. So, everybody's packing again.

25-7-1943

Everything was packed again. The movers had already arrived when we got word that Boenjamin refused permission. We were furious. And what turned out to be the reason? The N.S.B. (NSB = Collaborators) ladies, living in that house had protested against it.

26-7-1943

We didn't feel much like unpacking again. The ladies office said that they would look for something else for us. So, we decided to wait and see for a while longer.

27-7-1943

Mrs. Burgers, a very nice, well curved lady, came to see us, accompanied by her two brown deerhounds, with a nice offer. Her sister lived with another lady, Mrs. Schotte, in a small house at the Rijkswijk. Because otherwise she risked to be allotted other people, she asked us if we wanted to live there, in exchange of our goedang. That proposal we found very reasonable. We would get to use the entire house, except for the front room. It would give us two reasonably sized rooms (4 by 5 meters), a very small side room, a little

kitchen, a bathroom and a toilet, a well and a garden with pisang (banana) trees. After having checked with Aunt Amy, we decided to go for it and went to the office. It worked! And the next day we could get a moving truck.

28-7-1943

The move went beautifully. The Ice box was dropped off at the little hospital. We are comfortable there and we are totally happy with it. Both the toilet and the bathroom are a bit smelly, but we are probably able to fix that. Unfortunately there are a lot of cockroaches. Behind the house is a sewer, which Friso has to unplug once in a while. Next to the well is a group of pisang trees, but no bananas yet.

1-8-1943

Fortunately, from Heleen we received nothing but good news. She has almost completely recovered, and we can expect her home any time now. Suddenly she appeared in a sado this afternoon, accompanied by Aunt Amy. She was very happy and she went straight for hugging Mom. For us and for others she brought all kinds of goodies: cheese, butter, fruit and chocolate. Plus she brought the greetings from all our friends.

Later, totally unexpected, Ms. Wessels showed up. She had sneaked out accompanying a sick lady and took the occasion to quickly drop in to see us. She got a lot of messages for the others to take with her. Most of them she remembered flawlessly. Saturday morning Hetty and I are going to talk to her at the bilik. She has to pick up some clothing for Ms. De Quaasteniet, who is still held in the OAB building. Which is very sad. At the bilik we can talk to her while running past it, something that is actually rather dangerous.

17-9-1943

I have done a lot of reading lately. Now I am sitting down next to the well and my diary rests in front of me on a low little bench. It is Friday, today. In a while I am going to play ping pong at Dienneke Merkelbach's place. I am also already participating in ethnical dancing. Every Tuesday afternoon we practice in the Emmahofje and Wednesday afternoon we dance on the little square in front of our house. I love to participate, but both Roeli and Heleen think its lame. Two weeks ago they sealed the Oosterkerk (Eastern Church). Too bad, it just ran so well. Last month the entire bloemenkamp came over, it was a real push to get them all in. I was able to still help Mrs. Bonebakker a bit. In the mean time Ms de Quaasteniet has been released, which made her very happy. About a week ago all the foreign women have joined us in the camp. And do you know who was among them? Solveig Polner, my girl friend from high school. This afternoon I managed to talk to her for a second. She is OK and she is very happy that she's now away from her grumpy grand mother, who was allowed to stay outside for now.

The latest news: Invasion in New Guinea, in Holland, in Belgium and in France! Well done!

19-9-1943



It's now Sunday night. I'm writing by candle light, because we've got no electricity. In both houses, the one across and the one next to us, the power has failed as well. It has been a beautiful day today. Unfortunately we can't go to church anymore, because it's sealed. But reading in "Hollands Glory", (= Dutch Glory) borrowed from Mrs. Stevels, has made up for it. This morning I've made some delicious pancakes, from toko-flower (Toko = a kind of a general store. In Holland it means a store specializing in Indonesian products).

Only two of them failed. We gave some of them to Aunt Amy and also to the ladies in the front room (Mrs. Nel Schotte and Mrs. De Weeger). They all enjoyed them.

The day before yesterday, all of a sudden Ms. Wessels came into the camp. She had been picked up in the street somewhere and been put into the camp without anything. Her lady friend will now look after her belongings. Just the day before she had moved some of our stuff and also some stuff from Aunt Nine to the Kistlaan. Our house is now occupied by Japanese. Mr. Klencke has also been picked up. The Marzynsky's are still out there. Aunt Amy, a few days ago, received a money order for 1 Guilder from Uncle Bou, but not from Soekamiskin, but from Ngawi. She further heard that the men from Struiswijk (Batavia's prison) have been moved to Bandoeng.

News: The rumour goes that Italy has capitulated.

4-10-1943

From across the little square in front of our house, a merry melody sounds, played on an accordeon. Here and there a child joins in, encouraged by one of the grown-ups, who also join in to help them. Monday afternoon is the dance hour for the little ones. Now they sing: "the Seven Jump". I like that tune so much, that I often sing it while doing laundry. I still do the laundry. Especially on Monday there is a lot, because on Sunday I don't do any. The weather is beautiful now: blue skies, white clouds, a gentle breeze, a slowly setting sun and the trees of the Bengawanlaan, that carry such a nice green foliage, that it just looks like spring. A big flock of "prietjes" (small bird native of Java), sitting in a big shrub next to us, twittering busily. There are lot of chicks among them; I see them flutter their little wings. A few tjankoerilungs (a kind of Indies thrush) already are singing their evening song from the top of the roof. If only Daddy could still be with us, than we could almost be happy, because we are still doing quite allright. No illness, no hunger, quietness, no quarrels and a lovely baby.

Woutertje, why didn't I tell anything about you? He has a very sweet manner. After being nursed, he can smile so brightly. He has only one dirty diaper every two days, which is good for me. In the morning he just lies there waiting so sweet and patiently, watching us with his sweet brown eyes, even if he is soaking wet. Daddy what will you find him grown, because he's now almost twice as old as the last time you saw him. On the pictures he still looks like a little babe, but now he's already turning into a little toddler-boy. Tomato juice and pisang (banana), he loves, but Mommy's milk is still the "best of all".

8-10-1943

Today is little Paul's birthday and I, stupid, am sick. All day yesterday I already didn't feel well and last night I had a fever. Today the fever dropped a little, fortunately. This morning at 6:30 little Paul was allowed in while singing "happy birthday to you". What a lot of presents were on the table! Both Mrs. Schotte and Mrs. De Weeger quickly added a chocolate bar to them. Little Wouter gave him the first present: a roll of peppermints, which he held in his tiny little hands. Such a lovely sight. Daddy's present was a book with a Little-Brown-Bear story, self made from cut and paste paper figurines. We recognized it from the past, but for him it was a surprise. From Mom he got a cake covered with both icing sugar and little "sugar pearls", from me he got caramels, from Roeli a henkerchief with a red "P" on it, from Heleen some "tumblers", made from aluminium foil with a little metal bearing sphere packed in them, and from Friso a delicious can with sardines.

From the birthday visitors, he's gotten another pile of goodies. From Uncle Ies a top made from a nut with a nail through the middle, From Ms. De Quaasteniet a peujeumkoek (fermented flower from the cassava). On top of it, with letters made from sugar syrup, was written "Paul". Unfortunately he doesn't like peujeum. To top it all off, he is allowed two rides with the velocar this afternoon. That's a car made with bicycle wheels, a car steering wheel and pedals. They are very much fashionable here in the camp. Louk Woortman is building one too. This afternoon we ate a delicious pudding and vanilla as desert. Yesterday afternoon was our toko-afternoon. We've gotten: milk, smoked meat, soap, sugar, goela-djawa and fruits (pisang, papaya and djerboek bali) (citrus fruit from Bali).

The Nippon gentlemen have been good to us. On Wednesday we got arang (charcoal). I always pick that up. Mrs. Vink has suddenly returned from the hospital and lives next to us now. From Mrs. Tonsbeek I received a "rijksdaalder" (a coin worth 2 guilders and fifty cents), because I picked up and delivered her food for a month. That one goes in Wouter's piggy bank, together with the guilder from Mrs Vink. I have to stop, because I am tired from sitting up, that's how weak I still am.

10-10-1943

"For women among each other, silence would be a virtue". If the women here in the camp would know this saying, it would be a lot nicer. The women in the camp gossip shout and scold each other, which is terrible.

Camp capo Boenjamin is gone and is replaced by Sarta. One of his first new measures is that everyone must have a pestilence inoculation. Today was Rijkswijk's turn. Luckily we already have gotten that inoculation, when we were still outside.

The military barracks at the end of the Rijksweg are now being transformed into a hospital for us. All medical doctors have to do their practice there. Dr. van Ouwerkerk and Dr. Fast have both been released lately and have been placed into our camp. They brought some good news from Daddy. He was feeling a lot better and has been very helpful to everyone. Mrs. Cob became emotional when she heard that Daddy was such a great help for her husband.

12-10-1943

All boys from 13 till 16 years old have been called today to report at the front gate with their duffel bag and suitcase. That made many mothers anxious and concerned. Louk Woortman had to go too and also Martin, but Guus Giese Koch not yet.

It was this morning a sad group that advanced towards the gate. Most of them were able to contain themselves, but many accompanying mothers and sisters were crying. From the camp kitchen some peanut butter sandwiches still arrived. One boy had his guitar strapped on his back. Some police officers, some clerks from the office and also a few Japs showed up. The front gate swung open and there was a large green bus with blinded windows. Names were called out from a list. The place was very crowded with women and girls, who kept the police officers busy. After the first 30 to 40 boys had entered the bus, all hands were waving. You could see a lot of hands and the "Bye bye" rolled over the square.

While the bus was pulling away, the waving started again. The first bus drove away, than the second, the third, the fourth ... with Louk and Martin, thereafter the fifth and the sixth. Not one out of the about 200 boys remained. When the last bus drove away all the women started to sing a song of hope and spirit. It sounded very heartwarming. But Oh, there were such small boys among them!

A little while later a few trucks arrived to pick up the luggage. We laughed our heads off. Every time a truck rolled in, the driver was buried under an avalanche of duffel bags and suit cases. Everyone was lending a helping hand. If you spotted someone you didn't like, you dropped "by accident" a duffel bag on his head. There were not enough trucks, but the remainder was picked up in the afternoon. A little while later we received word that the boys had arrived safely in Tjimahi and that many of them had been able to join their fathers there. As we have a women's village here, a men's village exists over there. Even with a swimming pool. It sounds very nice.

News: Italy has really capitulated. It was even written in the Tjahaja.

23-10-1943

This is my birthday, but without my Daddy. Oh God let it be better next year. At first I didn't want to celebrate at all, but more and more people found out about it. I ended up having a lot of visitors with lots of presents. I will not mention them all, but from Daddy I got a pair of beautiful pyjama's, from Mom a nice pair of slacks and a petticoat, from Mrs. Schotte a pin in a heart shape, in which I have put a picture from Daddy with little Paul. From Woutertje a scented soap bar, from Roeli a handkerchief with an "A" on it, from Uncle Ies a little vase made out of bamboo, that can be hung on the wall and from Wieneke a nice belt made from film band. That's a lot in times like these! We have gotten new neighbours: Mrs. Groenewegen with 2 grand sons, who are luckily not too bad. Peter and Teun are their names. Their mother is interned in the OAB. Next to us, Mrs. De Ridder and Mrs. Switser have founded a club with the intention to make Sinterklaas presents for the children

of the Rijkswijk. Some are already practising Sinterklaas songs. How long will we still have to stay here?

31-10-1943

It's Sunday night. I am sitting down, writing, both Roeli and Heleen are reading, the little boys are sleeping, Mom is doing embroidery "and what would you be doing, Daddy?" "Mom is making a large handkerchief for you. All our signatures are on it, even from Woutertje, the cat and from Akka. Both Mrs. Schotte and Mrs. De Weger also have put their names on it. First we were convinced you were in Tjimahi, but now we are not so sure anymore. There have been some transports from men above 45 years and you just turned 45".

Further rumours say that in Europe a truce has been negotiated. Would that be the beginning of the end? O God give us peace! Daddy will return home than. How much will Wouterje have grown once that happens? He is growing so fast. He can be so funny, and so sweet. His hair is getting longer already. He's our daily second sunshine. Luckily he doesn't cry much. His arms and legs are nicely tanned. Often we wish that Daddy could take a peek around the corner here.

14-11-1943

It's Sunday night again. Outside it's raining cats and dogs. Today Woutertje is 6 months old. His back is nicely straight, when you pick him up. His head comes up very well too. He likes to sit up and look around with his big eyes. Everything within his reach, he grabs and puts in his mouth. Also riding in his stroller he likes a lot. A few times already he managed to turn himself around, all by himself. A big crib now serves as a play-pen. Inside he can roll about to his hearts content. Mom now writes both in his baby book and in her personal diary. She just said: "It's exactly 10 years ago today that Roeli was run-over by a bike. Ms. Bokma, (my elementary school teacher), brought her home that day".

Of all rumours about peace, there's no truth. The handkerchief for Daddy with all our signatures, is ready. It turned out very nice. Wouter weighs now 6 Kg. That has been embroidered on it too. But unfortunately, we've had no chance to pass it along with somebody yet. Perhaps Mickey van der Klei can take it with him.

19-12-1943

The time flies. We are getting older and also Woutertje has been growing markedly, since Daddy had to leave. Now he can sit up already, but he can't yet get up by himself. He can be so nice and so sweet. What misses Daddy a lot. When would we be able to see him back and how? Would Wouter walk already by then? Come-on, it's time for me to take my dark glasses off and look for the bright side of things.

A few weeks ago all women were allowed to write a postcard to their men. Mom has written about Wouter, that he has been inoculated against the smallpox and how much he weighs. We have all put our names on it. We were

allowed only 25 words, including names. We were one word short and we asked Aunt Amy to put her name on it too. Everything had to be printed, of course (Signatures not of course). What will Daddy be happy with it. The handkerchief with all our names we gave to Mickey van der Klei, who, about a week ago, has been picked up together with a bunch of other teenage boys and most likely has been taken to Tjimahi. Mrs. Schotte wrote on her card that she was living in our house. Her name is on the handkerchief too. Would Daddy and Mr. Schotte be able to find each other? Yesterday we could send Daddy a very little note by a secret messenger. Ssst! I can't say anything more.

Sinterklaas also came and went. He arrived on December 5<sup>th</sup> together with black Peter here on the square sitting in a velocar! All kids sang songs and received presents. There was some really nice stuff among them. Self made dolls, puzzles, and carts, sewing baskets and a lot more. Unfortunately, it was not a very entertaining Sinterklaas and Peter was dull too. Still some children cried out from fear. Friso got a little golf ball, Paul a little toy car and Wouter got a beautiful ball made out of wool. He looked at it with big eyes. In the morning he found a bite-ring in his shoe and also a nice strap with attachments to hang his toys from.

Mom made fudge in pudding forms for all us us. Paul got a small "rod" which I made for him. In the evening Black Peter dropped in twice. The first one gave us a bag with candy. The second one came in with a sack in one hand and a "rod" in the other. He called Friso and Paul and lectured them shortly about having to behave properly and to be helpful all the time. "Yes Black Peter" they nodded sweetly. Whereafter Black Peter opened his sack and gave us each a chocolate bar. We still sang another song and after having finished the song Black Peter left. (It was Greet Donselaar). A moment later we heard "Plof" in the other room.

There was a big package. There was something in it for each of us. Mom got a table cloth, Roeli a very nice broche, a belt for me, for Heleen, Friso and Paul, candies. We still don't know where that surprise came from. From Aunt Amy we got home made ginger-nuts (typical Sinterklaas candy). Mmmm! Starting December 1<sup>st</sup> we are with the Mangga-kitchen, because Saninten had to be repaired. We like it though. Soon we are going to get real chicken soup. Today we had brown-bean soup with djeroek-Malang (Yellow citrus fruit). Yesterday a fish stew, very tasty. Between December 1<sup>st</sup> and December 10<sup>th</sup> we had to deposit our money into the Bank of Japan. Per family one was allowed to keep 20 Guilders cash only. Because I have turned 17, I was allowed to open a bank account too and also to keep 20 Guilders cash. That bank account we didn't open, but we kept the 20 Guilders anyway. Everyone is "poor" now.

I also had a camp-ulcer that didn't heal. Now, after almost 2 weeks, it looks finally almost healed, what a relief.

Tomorrow both Wieneke and Quirientje have their birthday. We are going to have tea with them. Quirientje is so nice. She has some teeth already and can walk too. Tomorrow she's going to be 1 year old. Across from their house, outside of the bilik, some time ago, a search light has been installed. One

evening it was turned on. The boys were so excited from it! No wonder, because they had never seen something like that before.

26-12-1943

Today is Boxing Day. Last night we all celebrated Christmas together. Tonight Aunt Amy, Mrs. Schotte, Mrs. De Weeger and Mrs. Vink will join us at our place too. From Mrs. Vink we received yesterday a big package for under the Christmas tree. There was something in it for each one of us. Both Roeli and Heleen had handcrafted some nice things too. Mom was so happy with the handkerchief. Ze had tears in her eyes when she saw Daddy's name on it, which I had copied from a signature on a post card. Woutertje's name is placed in the middle and all our names are around it.

Mom read us a Christmas story. The angels sang: "Peace on earth". Oh may that peace, that real peace, arrive on this earth soon.

Wednesday afternoon I celebrated Christmas at the C.J.C. (Christian youth Club). Among other things a poem was read, very beautiful and I felt it deeply. I was allowed to copy it. It really expresses people's feeling in these times.

31-12-1943

Today is the 31<sup>st</sup> of December, the last day of this year. This year that came and went with both its great joy and its great sadness. Indeed we got Woutertje who came as a joyful little angel and after two months Daddy had to leave us.

It is evening now. We have finished supper and Mom is going to read us some Christmas stories. Mrs. Schotte, Mrs. De Weeger and Mrs. Vink are also here. I baked some "Oliebollen" (= deep fried dough balls, dipped in icing sugar) this afternoon, if you can call them that. They didn't become balls but flat cookies, but they tasted awesome. Our last dried apples went in them too and also some "sucade" (= candied peel), which we made from djerboek peels. For the last time the candles in the Christmas tree were lighted. Little Paul wanted to light them himself. Mom is now going to start reading.

It is now a quarter to 12 midnight. Heleen, Friso and Paul all fell asleep on the couch. Mom told us three stories: "Jimsy's Christmas", "Heggehannes" and one about the birth of a little baby in a snowed-in train.

I am sleepy too, but the coffee did wonders. In a few moments this year 1943 will be gone. It went by very fast. On one hand it's good, because we are going to get closer and closer to the peace. But on the other hand: our years are passing by too. Sure we are learning a lot, but learning in school is not part of it. We've got almost no time for that ... Wait, the clock sounds midnight! It is now a quarter past midnight, 15 minutes into the New Year. What will it bring us? Nobody knows, but we trust in God.

Happy New Year!

**1944**

4-1-1944

The days just pass by as usual, only the calendar shows that a new year has started. I am getting older and I notice very well that I am growing up, both in my body as in my thoughts.

A lot of things that were difficult to understand before, are now clearer to me. I also grow in the way I talk, think and pray. Does that happen to everyone in my age? Does one's thinking always change a lot? But how is it possible that so many grown-ups still have such apparent narrow minded and immature thoughts? Should their thinking not be on a much higher level by then?

Perhaps is it very human, or perhaps they had some very bad experiences in the past. Sometime I feel too, that I am sinking into negativity. But I hope not to become permanently immersed into that kind of state of mind, or to become part of that bad temper. Especially not here in this camp.

13-2-1944

It's now already the February the 13<sup>th</sup>. Our time flies. What does it mean to us and what may we learn from it? Despite everything I fortunately do see a lot of good, but I also see a lot of evil happening around us. It will make us even stronger in order to be able to fight against it. I also have to fight the evil in myself that clouds a pure life. Help me please, Lord Jesus.

It's now Sunday night. I have to start setting the table soon, but continue writing a bit more. I have written little or nothing lately, especially not about our lovely Woutertje. Therefore I will now take a peek in his baby book:

December 14. Woutertje is 7 months old. He just made a major achievement: he sits! He can't sit up by himself yet, but if we help him, he's doing alright. If you pull him up a little further, he stands and he likes that a lot. And laughing he does! Doctor van de Broek d'Obrenan, our doctor here in the camp, likes it too. This afternoon we visited Aunt Amy and Woutertje sat for the first time in the Sanssouci, and he loved it. He kisses now as well, although his kisses are really more like licks instead of kisses, but he means well. He also likes sugar and fudge. Further he gets Hoenkwee porridge (a kind of porridge made from Children's flour) and Mom's milk. As soon as he becomes 8 months old, he will start on nassi-tim (= Soft boiled rice mixed with vegetable soup), a rice-vegetable soup.

December 25: Today for the first time he sat up in his stroller all by himself and laughed out loud doing so. Aunt Amy has lent us the Sanssouci (= Stroller), which Wouter loves. Sometimes he falls asleep in it.

February 1: When he was 8 months old, he stood up in his crib-play pen all by himself. Yesterday he did that in his own crib, but, oh-my-goodness, he threw his little brush out, stood up to look where it went and fell head first out of the crib! What a scare was that! Friso, who was bathing in a tub right next to it, picked Wouter up. He was crying out loud of course and Friso, who pulled him up to his feet, was both shaking on his feet and pale from the scare. Mom comforted Wouter, who looked very pale at first, but a little later he ate, drank

and slept as usual again. The side of his head, he landed on, looks alright too. Now we'll have to be extra careful. He doesn't crawl yet. Already a few times, Mom has put him on the potty. Since we don't have a small one, the big potty gets used. That looks very funny. And it was successful. From January 15 he gets nassi-tim from the camp kitchen. The first time he got it, he looked at Mom with his big round eyes, as if he wanted to say: "what is that?" But it goes in well, although he likes porridge more and he likes pisang (= banana) most. He already had his first illness too. On January 22 he woke up with both a fever and red dots on his skin. For two days he looked sick and sad. Mom thought it was something like German measles. After two days he was fever free, but then he started coughing a bit. The fifth day the red dots were at their worst, but thereafter they slowly disappeared. Yesterday Mom discovered a little white spot, left under in his mouth. Would that be his first tooth? Wrong, the little white spot disappeared again.

February 16: Now our Woutertje is already 9 months old. He looks great. Already for a few days he gets his bath outside in the sunshine, which he likes very much. Doctor van de Broek dropped by to check up on him and said that Woutertje looked sweet and healthy. And he roars with laughter, especially when Friso makes those funny moves. You'll have to laugh too because his laughter is contagious. But at the end of the morning, when he is hungry and sleepy, he can cry quite a bit too. Roeli can't stand that and usually takes him out of his play-pen. If Mom doesn't like that, he's got to go back in and cries even louder.

About a week ago we were lend another play-pen, this one fitted with a mattress. Wouter immediately stood up and enjoyed it. He also starts to understand a lot of things. If you ask him: "Where is the clock?" he looks at the clock. He does the same with the lamp and with the cat. And when Mom says: "Wouter Daddy's baby", he'll look around the room until he's found Daddy's picture. And if Mom shows him the picture from close by, he smiles sweet towards it. He's also good buddies with uncle Ies.

20-2-1944.

It's Sunday. In a moment I'll leave for a Baptising service. Even here inside the camp is that possible. Wouter was baptised when Daddy was still living with us. That was when he was 2 months old and now he's already 9 months old.

We are no longer with the Mangga kitchen, but with the Orange kitchen. We like it this way, because everything goes much faster now. Only... there's no Mrs. Schotte around, who gives Wouter the cream of the milk. Lately we got butter milk, which is yummy too.

19-3-1944

Remember that in December we had to deposit money into the Yokohama Specie Bank and we didn't expect to see anything back from it? 20 Guilders we were allowed to keep for shopping at the Toko. Every month we had to declare how much we had spent of it. We did that faithfully and see! .... A few



days ago we could reimburse that spent amount from the street capo. We were utterly amazed. We collected 36 Guilders in total, all in Japanese currency, of course. It is costing them nothing but some paper anyway. But in any case, it feels good to have it back!

On March 15 the administration of this camp has passed from the Indies army to the Japanese army. We were told that we would receive much better care, but that must have been Japanese politeness. Since that moment we have not received any bread anymore and also from the Toko we could get very little. Fortunately, we are getting some more rice. This morning, men from the Bloemenkamp (Flower camp), even carried sacks with rice and corn inside for us. Why they had to do that, we don't know. Once in a while we get from the kitchen also some raw vegetables, such as lobak (kind of radish) and laboe-ajer (pear shaped fruit containing lots of water) and one time we got even carrots. But there's neither chicken soup nor fish soup anymore. Luckily there's still milk. Tomorrow it's our turn again. Many people in the camp go hungry because the camp kitchen rice is not enough for them. Oebi almost doesn't arrive anymore either. What am I happy that we took so much rice with us from outside when we moved into the camp.

Yesterday afternoon there was a real downpour. It was a terrible rainstorm. This little old house was leaking everywhere. It was worst in the outbuildings. Inside it leaked onto the closet. The sewer behind our house was spilling way over the edge and was flushed out nicely.

Mom and Friso were both just in the hospital, at that very moment, but returned home despite all the flooding and the mud. Around the Orange kitchen it looked like a swimming pool. Some boys working in that kitchen went for a real swim in there.

20-3-1944.

Last night I was so sleepy that I couldn't write any further and just tumbled into my bed. Yesterday, during that rainstorm, a nasty accident happened on the Ananaslaan. A girl was swept away by the high water flood and drowned. How terrible for her Mom!

Just now the gong sounded and our street capo, Ms. Van Dam, announced that tomorrow high ranking people would come and visit the camp. The camp, she said, should be considered as an army base and we as its soldiers, who as such, would have to accept the accompanying consequences. Thus, for instance, at 10 PM it's lights out. Further rules and regulations we were to receive shortly. For those high ranking visitors, we had to bow our bodies, not only our head. Laundry or children's play pens were to be removed from the front yards and the yards themselves had to look well maintained. Our garden we kept already in good order by our own choice. All plants are doing well. The tomatoes grow beautifully. The cut-offs from the leek out of the garbage cans of the camp kitchen, are sprouting already. Our Mexican sunflowers are doing so well that we have fresh cut flowers for indoors, every day. Roeli also has sown some "terrong seeds", (seeds from a kind of eggplant). They rooted alright, but it will be a rather long time before they will bear fruit. The raspberry bush we have moved to a sunnier spot and ever since it is doing much better.

Woutertje is now every day in his play-pen in the garden, at least weather permitting. He feels quite at home in his play-pen. He crawls and already kind of walks around in it and amuses himself often for long periods of time. If it drags on too long, he will look for something to suck on, such as a piece of tikar (= mat), a leaf, or a piece of thread. He can look already so sweet to Daddy's picture on top of the yellow cabinet. If you take him up and stand with him in front of the window, and let him look outside, than he becomes sweet and silent. Often he than puts one of his little arms on your shoulder and that is such a sweet and trusted gesture. If he's standing in the play-pen and you reach your hands out to him, than he can look back with such a delighted smile on his face. Than I pull him up and swing him high into the air and then he laughs out loud from pure pleasure. His eyes are also so beautiful, those sweet dark brown sparkling eyes! Daddy, what you are missing much.

We have just gotten another secret note from him. Someone wrote in a letter to his wife: "Are in daily touch with Friso, a nice guy!" Than followed a small part that Daddy probably had dictated himself: "It is OK with me. I weigh 66 Kg and have only been sick for one day. I am very happy with the handkerchief. I work daily in the hospital ward". A little while later we also heard that he works in the ward with contaminating illnesses and reads a sermon there every Sunday and also that people there appreciate it a lot. He also looked very good. We are oh so happy that he is alright and that he has a job. Very nice that he indeed received the handkerchief with all our names on it. He would be really surprised if he knew what kind of little wounds Friso has on his feet. It is namely Framboesia. That was diagnosed by Dr. van den Broek and was later confirmed by a blood test. Now he gets an injection once every week and we are curious whether or not it will help, because people have generally not much confidence in the staff from Pasteur.

The ethnic dances on the little square are still going on. On Thursdays I can join in, but not on Wednesdays, when I have to go to the CJC, which looks very similar to the PJC outside the camp. I like it a lot. Sometimes I hear people talk about subjects I am really curious about. For instance, there are discussions about Communism and Christianity, or about the life and teachings of Christ. And much more interesting stuff. Further we have musical afternoons with recorded music, of course. Sometimes also have a tea afternoon, to which we have to bring our own cup and sugar. Once there was a lecture about the spreading of Christianity among the Chinese residents in Holland. Very interesting!

I now also have a small bible class for children about 6 years old, here from the Rijpwijk. There are in our vicinity about eight clubs with children between 4 and 6 years old. Mrs. Mostert has organized everything and handed me the kids from 6 years old. Friso and Paul have both joined such a club too. It is on Friday afternoon at 6 o'clock Nippon time, thus at 4:30. After that we take them for singing at Mrs. Mostert's or only the "Misses" are having a planning session with her. We even had a session with the projection of pictures from the bible. They liked that.

As soon as all the children are there on Friday, I start with them and tell them a story, teach them a song and finish with a prayer. That sounds so easy right now, but sometimes it is not that easy at all.

A while ago a decree has been issued by "toean Nippon", that all women found outside the camp, would have their hair cut off. That has indeed happened. A few of them live behind Mrs. Oliviera. They now dress like boys and wear a cap. There is also a lot of smuggling going on at the bilik, although it is very dangerous. Mrs. De Weeger lately has been able to buy a pound of bacon from somebody for 3 Guiders and fifty cents. That meat was also "biliked" and was very cheap in comparison to what other people sell it for. I have to stop now, because it's late and my toe still has to be looked after, because there's a little inflammation on it.

28-3-1944

Leaflets dated 9-3-2604 have been distributed with the following text:

Instructions for those interned at the camps:

I intent to protect you, therefore I have to limit your freedom of movement. It is inevitable that your daily life must differ now from what it was in peace time. I certainly will treat you in your rights, in accordance with the rules of humanity and in consideration of your habits and customs. My principles may perhaps differ from those that have been applied to you in the past. But I will do my very best to treat you fair and reasonable, and even in the smallest offenses, I will treat you with determined dedication. To punish those, who would want to rise and commit violations, or plan secret acts against me personally. In order to maintain the status quo, with the exclusion of obtaining freedom, all orders are to be obeyed. To live daily life, with respect of health, be it spiritual or physical. And so becoming used to these circumstances, I hope, that you will have a happy time from now and into the future. Signed: Nikita Nasayaki.

2-4-1944

Today is Palm Sunday and next week is Eastern. Many memories of past years are coming back. We were blessed with a lot of good and we should be thankful for that.

The last post card to Daddy was returned to us, which was everybody's experience, by the way. That was too bad, because we had so many nice things about Wouter written in there. Yesterday we discovered Wouter's first tooth, on the bottom, left. Mom was the first one to discover it and tonight we all heard it tick against his mug, while he was drinking. That was such a sweet sound. Mom told us that today, exactly 25 years ago, on Palm Sunday; Daddy came to pick her up for a ride in a horse drawn carriage. Mom was 16 years old at the time and Daddy was 20. She loved it to be picked up by such a tall, handsome student for such a nice ride. I would love something like that to happen to me too, but we are now interned in a camp and such things don't happen around here.

From the camp kitchen we don't receive any bread anymore, but in the afternoon we got a little bit of rice, tapioca flour and gapek (not very tasty pieces of dried ketella) (=cassava). Once or twice a week we got a little bit of

sugar, some salt and oil. Also from the toko we can get less and less. Both Heleen and Friso are now on a salt-less diet, because something is not right with their blood. They get a lot of vegetables and side dishes, but it is all rather tasteless without salt.

9-4-1944

Eastern! What does it mean to us? Does it mean: "The Lord has risen" or don't we think about that anymore? Are we, or better, am I already sunk too deep into the banalities of these times? Is there still real space and time in my heart? Yes, my Lord, I believe in you and I believe too that you really rose from the death. Please help me reminding those things with everything I do. Today the church was opened for the first time again. It made everybody very happy. They started with a sermon for the children, and it was so packed, that all children less than 13 year old, had to be sent back home. But it still was a nice morning.

In the afternoon there was a sermon for the grown-up's. Mom attended that one.

24-4-1944

Mrs. Mostert started today again taking applications for church memberships. I enrolled myself too. This afternoon the first church meeting was held. There were about 20 people there. Tineke Kuylaarts was there too and I liked that a lot, because I still know her from the 7<sup>th</sup> grade. She is also a member of the youth council.

14-5-1944

Today our Woutertje turns one year old! It is a beautiful day and many people came to visit. Almost everybody said: "Next year his father will be there too". We surely hope that will happen. Woutertje is so spoiled with all his presents. It started already this morning early with a candy rock, a few self knitted socks, and a little vase with flowers from Mrs. De Weeger. Especially the candy he liked.

Yesterday we baked a cake for him. Mrs. Vink, who already lives with us since May 1<sup>st</sup>, still had some left over flour and we still had some real jam. There was one candle in the middle, a real celebration. Wouter himself noticed that something was going on, but didn't really understand what it was all about. But he sure liked the presents and the "Boe, boe's" (bloemen=flowers). We put Daddy's picture in the middle, between the flowers. At about 9:30 Uncle les, Aunt Amy, Rob and Querientje arrived, to have breakfast together with us. We had a delicious lemon-rice. For the visitors we had prepared a chocolate pudding, which they liked very much. To our big surprise Uncle Walter Dake also dropped in for a moment. He was actually not allowed to do that, but he did it anyway, under cover of visiting a "patient". Of course he got a piece of the delicious cake too.

Now something in between about the doctors:

About 4 weeks ago, 10 doctors have been pulled from the 15<sup>th</sup> Bat and placed into this camp: Dr. Dake, Dr. Fraenkel, Dr. Fisher, Dr. Lagros, Dr. Damen, Dr. de Keizer, Dr. Padtberg, Dr. Teunissen, Dr. de Priester and Dr. Deenstra. The rumour went at that time that their spouses would join them here too, but that didn't happen yet. I saw Uncle Walter for the first time three weeks ago, when I was at the basketball club, invited there by Hanneke Schuurmans. We play basketball in the garden from a convent, where also the doctors are interned, close to the hospital. Uncle Walter looked to me like he was taller and much slimmer. He told me about Aunt Hettie, about Het, Jaap and Maarten, who are all now probably interned in a camp in Semarang. Mom found among our pictures still two nice ones for him, one on which he is together with aunt Hettie and the other one with their entire family. He was very happy with those pictures, because he didn't have any himself. I managed also to prepare a small container with lemon ointment for him. Now back to Wouter's birthday. I gave him my little white teddy bear, the one GrandPa gave me for my first birthday. From Roeli he got embroidered suspenders and a pair of cotton shoes, from Heleen a ball made out of wool, from both Paul and Friso he got a string of large beads (made last night). Further a collection of aprons, toy-animals, fruit, flowers, and a nice self made wooden duck, mounted on wheels, from uncle Ies. Really, all very nice stuff.

On May 1<sup>st</sup>. Mrs. Vink moved in with us. She now shares the back room with me. Actually she was meant to share the front room with Mrs. De Weeger, but she didn't like that at all. Now we have arranged that Roeli sleeps there overnight and Mrs. De Weeger has the room than all to herself during the day. A few days there was a full moon and Wouter saw it for the first time. We told him how it was called and now he says also: "Maam" and poits his little finger towards it. Now, all light spots are called Maam too. That is so cute. The first thing you hear when you get to his crib in the morning is: "Pappa". "What is your Daddy missing a lot, little Gnome!"

21-5-1944

This Sunday we were are all busy preparing for Mom's birthday. I am fashioning 6 cloth hangers out of bamboo and put a little blue trimming on them. Roeli finished her present already a while ago. She re-finished the old fly cap with new netting and added a small yellow ruffle to it. Heleen is cutting a sugar spoon out of bamboo and fashiones an orange letter "L" on it. Friso has put new straps on an old pair of wooden shoes and painted on those also a blue trim. Paul doesn't know what to do and thus will probably give the L-shaped pin, made by Heleen earlier. Wouter gives something from himself, namely a piece of his under layer. Mrs. Vink has needled an orange border on it and now it can be used as a pot mitten. She herself has come up with something nice too: she has revamped our Hongarian-doll teapot warmer, which looked awful dirty, she has dressed it anew and she also has given it a new face. She really did a good job and now it looks very nice again. Further we dicided to bake an "oebi-cake" (= eatable sweet roots) and to sprinkle candy sugar over it. We've got a little flour, no eggs, no milk, a tiny

little bit of sugar and a lot of oebi's. But we're going to wait until Tuesday to make it.

Now I go a little back in time. From the beginning of March we've got free utilities, in the form of both free water and electricity. Therefore the lights have to be out at 10 PM and further we had to surrender all electric appliances, such as hot plates, ironing irons, toasters, blow dryers etc. There were a lot of them. A little while later we had to report the wattage of our light bulbs. We were allowed only one light bulb per room. When at the end of the month they figured out how much electricity had been consumed, they found it way too much and on the ladies office appeared an announcement saying that we were still encouraged to surrender eventual remaining appliances. I don't believe that many more came forwards. Also all our music records had to be surrendered, because in the men's office they said they wanted to select a few nice ones and send the rest back to us. That hasn't happened yet. We were also asked to surrender scrap metal and dump it in front of the ladies office. A lot of bike parts appeared and a lot of junk. A tremendous interesting place for boys to hang out and they did that with a passion.

A while ago Mom and I were invited to an evening in which Mrs. Homann recited poems. I enjoyed that so much that I plan to read many more poems in the future.

At the CJC someone told us once about her trip to Italy. She had been there for a year and a lot had happened during her stay. That sounds so nice to travel like that and having the opportunity to learn about new places and meeting new people. Sometimes we also have a music afternoon, more often than not with recorded music. Lately a lady played the piano and was accompanied by a boy playing the violin. Perhaps beautiful for some, but the violin is not my favourite instrument.

About two weeks ago Mrs. Tonsbeek received two postcards from her husband, who is interned as a POW in Sumatra. Many other women received also postcards, all from military camps. By accident we discovered that Mrs. Tonsbeek was acquainted with the Smalbraak family and also that they had stayed in Poerwakarta and in Wanajasa too. Very funny!

On April the 24<sup>th</sup> we had to move again and now to the monastery. Also a part of the Bengawalaan, the Orchideelaan and the Tjibeuning-park had to be vacated. In there the nuns and the rest-patients had to be relocated.

Everything had to be done in one day, of course. Many people have given a hand moving. I got excused from French lessons and joined in too. Everything with wheels was used. It couldn't possibly be finished all in one day, but people were allowed to continue the next. The catholic nuns have been working like horses.

Every eleventh of the month we must have our garden neat and in order. At that day Han 2 will be inspected, which means that part of the camp that gets food from camp kitchen number 2, and that is called the Orange kitchen. It happened already twice. The first time some gardens here in Rijpwijk had failed the inspection, but the second time it was: "Semoea bagoes" (everything OK). Our trim shears are now coming in handy.

We were allowed to change money again. Now we were not allowed to 20 Guilders per family, but 10 Guilders per person. Therefore, all of a sudden, we possess 60 Guilders, in Japanese currency, of course. Whatever we had left of our Dutch money we had to exchange for Japanese currency, which we did.

Now I must tell something about Heleen. Her heart is not totally OK. Therefore she has to stay in bed and rest for an entire month. To me it sounds very boring not being able to participate in any activity for an entire month. And since Friso has just left this Framboesia history behind, they both now are on a salt free diet, not so much because of the salt, but because there are so many vegetables in it. It tastes very dull, but fortunately it always comes with a good helping of a tasty side dish, which we all share and enjoy. It does Heleen really good. She has even gained some weight already, something she doesn't like at all.

My latest wish for the future is now: to become a nurse. Lately a lot of girls were hired again at the hospital at the Houtmanplein. Their shifts are from 8 till 2 or from 2 till 8, or a night shift from 8 till 8. After 10 days, they are paid one Guilder and fifty cents.

But... it is difficult for me to leave home and they are not receiving any training yet, which is actually the reason why I want to join. It would be great that, once Daddy would return home, I already would have finished part of the training. I am not going to work my butt off over there without getting any training in return, especially now that I am needed so much at home. There was also a chance that I would be able to work at the monastery hospital. Uncle Walter has inquired for me, but in the mean time it has turned itself into a separate little camp. If I would join them, I would not be able to return home and I would have to live there on my own, or: we would all have to move there, but that's not an option. I would be able to be trained to look after operation patients, but besides that there is no further training available. Thus that's impossible, it will have to wait until later. Roeli was very envious when she heard I would possibly join the Houtmanplein. She would love it too, but she's still too young.

Roeli, Heleen and I have made a nice plan for later: we all are going to work in a hospital. Roeli will become a doctor, I will become a nurse and Heleen will work in both the Laboratory and the Pharmacy. So, the three of us are going to help Daddy in the Hospital. A beautiful plan, but what will become of it?

Every day men from the Bloemenkamp come over to work here. They have to repair the Bilik, clean the gutters, unclog the sewers, etc. They have gotten a nickname nobody can guess: the "kneusjes" (the bums).

Twice now we have gotten bacon from the Toko: 40 grams per person. What does that ever taste good!

The bible class now convenes regularly. I taught them a new verse. Saying the prayer before and after the story doesn't bother me anymore. The kids

attend relatively regularly, especially the two buddies Mieke Tonsbeek and Mieke Bakker. They are there all the time.

23-5-1944

Mom's birthday! Both Roeli and I came out of bed early to make some last minute arrangements. Last night we displayed all presents on top of the little round table and covered them under a white bed sheet. A big pointy shape pushing the sheet upwards was the Hungarian doll. We put the cake with the candy under Roeli's fly-cap. Only after we were all dressed, the play-pen set-up outside and Wouter dressed in his festivities suit, I brought Mom inside, while we sang: "Happy birthday to you". The sheet was removed and... there was the colourful collection of presents!

First the cake was being uncovered, which was "supposed" to come from Tjimahi. Mom loved it and seemed not to have noticed its preparation. Then it was the turn of the teapot warmer, almost not recognizable, so beautiful it turned out to have become. Then followed the coat hangers, the "L" spoon, the wooden shoes, the "L" pin, and the pot mitten. Mom was very surprised that we had still been able to make so many things. Mrs. De Weeger had tried to picture Wouter in a drawing, but that did'n work out, unfortunately.

Aunt Amy gave Mom a lovely place mat and uncle Ies gave her a spoon and fork, artfully crafted out of bamboo. From Wieneke she received a heart shaped pin-pillow, embroidered with little flowers, from Rob a ticket for a performance of Corry Vonk and Quirientje came in carrying a little bag filled with coffee. So nice! Many more visitors dropped in, it was pleasantly busy. Bep van Wijk also dropped in and brought a pair of self made shoulder straps and a nice table cloth, which she had stiffened in her porridge. (This shows what kind of food we have to eat these days). From Aunt Nine and Richt she got a pair of "aanpakkers", (= Kitchen mittens) which we could make good use of. From Mrs. Schut (One of our neighbour ladies), she got four pretty buttons (made out of plywood) in the form of the Dutch Lion. They were marked with: "Freedom equals Happiness".

From both Mrs. Tonsbeek and Mike she received a very appropriate Camp A, B, C. From Ms. De Quaasteniet she received a blue apron and from Mrs. De Ridder a nicely scented soap bar.

Everyone praised the Oebi-cake and Mom liked it too. It turned out to be a really nice day, in which only Daddy's absence prevented us from being perfectly happy. Many people therefore said: "Next year better". We all hope that with all our hearts.

Last Friday "Tolen and van Lier" dropped in here at the pharmacy next door. Those were actually Mrs. Schneider and Ms. Richter, who, dressed in tuxedo's, performed all kinds of cynical gigs about this Camp. We were invited too, but I could not go, because I had to tend to my bible class at that time. The class was finished pretty quickly and when I glimpsed through the bushes, other attendees noticed me and invited me in. Nice! So I still have been able to attend the major part of the performance. It was really entertaining!



There were gigs about the trash can, about the shoe store on the Emma hofje, the "Paradise" (= the flower camp), the tap dances, an English song, the menu, chicken soup, the food stamps and a few others. Also a few serious songs: Memories and Comfort. From that one I only remember the last line: "Than you think by yourself: What a beautiful life!" The humorous opening song I missed, unfortunately, but at the end there was a funny closing song. In any way it was a very enjoyable afternoon and I hope to be able to get a hold on the lyrics of those songs sometimes.

Our lessons in both French and English are now more steady, 2 hours per week each. Sometimes the homework is a bit much, but most of the time it gets finished OK.

24-5-1944

Today at the church we had a Whitsuntide service for both of our youth groups, the CJC and the ACJC, very beautiful. Mrs. Mostert has spoken and also Janneke Boersma has sung a song. Last year we sang that same song with the choir. Tomorrow there will be a Whitsuntide service for the grown-ups.

25-5-1944

The whole camp is upside down from excitement, because packages from the American Red Cross have arrived, both big ones and small ones. At the ladies office one had been opened and the contents were put on display. Mmmm, that looked really delicious.

26-5-1944

The distribution! This afternoon at 4 o'clock, during the roll-call, Mrs. Van Dam told me that I was allowed to pick one of those packages up at her home. I ran over there and proudly carried it into our house.

One package was meant for 9 people. On the top was written: "American Red Cross, Prisoner of war. Invalid food package Number 1 for distribution through international Red Cross Committee". Inside there were: 9 packages of cigarettes (Chesterfield), 3 cans with butter, 2 cans with ham and eggs, 3 cans with Corned Pork loaf, 1 can with pink Pate, 1 package of Kraft cheese, 4 packages of soup powder, 8 packages of soup broth, 1 package of dried plums, 1 can with orange juice, 1 package with biscuits, 1 package with sugar cubes, 1 can of Kup Kafay, 1 can of Bakers cacao, 1 can of Milko, and 2 soap bars.

The distribution was not difficult, because Wouter got all the biscuits and the rest was divided in 8 parts. One can with butter and the package with the cheese we have already opened. When we will be opening the other cans over time, both Mrs. De Weeger and Mrs Vink will receive their share from it too. Sunday we will drink an American cup of coffee. Mmmm! I already look forwards to it. Both the cheese and the butter taste delicious.

28-5-1944

Whitsunday and Daddy's birthday! That's two nice things at once. But unfortunately also some annoying news: the church has been closed again. From Eastern till Whitsuntide it has been open. Today it was my turn to introduce the speaker and thus also to do the first prayer. I always feel a little nervous when I have to do that, so I have to admit that I am kind of relieved that I don't have to do it today. But I am getting off topic, because I was dealing with annoying news. The worst thing is that Daddy himself is not with us today. But we think about him and I am sure he thinks about us. This morning I gave Mom her birthday kiss from him and put his picture amid some flowers. Also Wouter liked it a lot. He said: "Boe, boem, papa, boe!" (Bloem = flower) And to add to the festivities, we went for breakfast at Aunt Amy's. Very cosy! We all sat on benches in front of their garage-room. Both Quirientje and Wouter sat together in Quirien's big play-pen, which went splendidly. Wouter found a lot of new toys there; he was especially attracted to a little box filled with big buttons. Quirientje looked so proud. Too bad both their fathers can't watch this. We can't make any pictures either. I agreed with Mom that we will keep some kind of diary for Daddy from our time here in the camp. We have got already a suitable note pad for it.

1-6-1944

Some rumours circulated that the Rama camp, (the old folks camp) would be merged with ours. And see, today that's what happened. There were, of course people required to accommodate some of the new ones, but luckily we were not asked to do so. That is probably because we've taken Mrs. Vink in just in time. Both Mrs. Koch and Mrs. Groenewegen have moved away. In their place two ladies from Amsterdam with their little sons moved in. Mrs. Tonsbeek unfortunately had to leave her nice little room too. We were planning to ask her to join us, but she already had made arrangements with her lady friend, Mrs. Hooghoudt. Her little daughter Heleen is a nice girl friend from Mieke. Both girls are in my bible class. A while ago Mieke had small-pox and shortly after that foot and mouth disease. Very sad, but fortunately she is better now. She would also like to have a little brother. Both Roeli and I have also helped Mrs. Tonsbeek moving.

Some 900 more people have joined us in the camp lately, which made it very busy for the kitchens. Starting today the Orange kitchen has been closed and now we have to go and get our food from the Mangga kitchen and that is a long way from here. Mrs. Tonsbeek accompanies me now. She takes care of the special diets and for the baby milk, while I pick up the usual soup. That is very easy for her, because she's got the doctor's prescriptions and is allowed in right away. The bread and the rice we get at the Saninten kitchen in the afternoon. Lately we got some fish again, delicious! Both Heleen and Friso still are on their salt-less diet. On the spot where once the bread for Ellenbroek was baked, a bakery for this camp has been set up. A lot of women have been ordered to work there. A few days ago, they were asking for baking forms, and we have given them two for the good purpose. Further we had to hand in a white bordered piece of cloth from 2 by 6 cm per person.

Today we received them back with both a Japanese tjap (=stamp) and a number on it. I am now number 2 -16892. (Tjihapit is camp number 2). Now we have become real prisoners, nothing but numbers. The ladies office has moved to the corner of Ochideelaan and Bengawanlaan.

7-6-1944

It's Roeli's birthday! She turns 16. When I became 16 years old, I felt already so old. That's what she finds from herself now too. From Mom she got a lovely dress made from a sarong (= a cloth sewed closed on the short side, worn as a skirt), made by Mrs. Van Papen. From Mrs. Vink she got a funny apron, embroiled with a balance and other Toko stuff. Aunt Amy gave a nice corsage made from orange felt flowers. Further still many other presents. Mom baked an oebicake again decorated with 5 Marasquin cherries out of a bottle we still had. Very festive!

The Maiers dropped in for a minute as well. Robbie told us that he had seen a plane with bullet holes in the wings. It seems to be true, because some other people seem to have seen it too.

Almost no wood or charcoal comes in anymore; it does still come in for the kitchen, but not for us. Now people have started to gather wood by themselves, which means they have started to cut the trees. The Orange Square is very bare already and also other streets have been robbed bare. In front of our house a skinny tree has been felled as well. We also have our share "getjoept" (the newest verb for "organized"). It is very annoying to cook on wood.

For a few days Paul had a bad tooth ache, and Dr. Fraenkel has taken his moulder out. He did that without anaesthesia, because Paul didn't want any injection. That was very painful of course. Pale and carried by Mom he returned home. But the pain ebbed away quickly, fortunately.

14-6-1944

It's Wednesday. Again I had an enjoyable CJC afternoon, with a reading about Martin Niemoller. How he fought for the German church. He was a remarkable man. If I can ever get my hands on another book about him, I will surely read it.

27-6-1944

We thought that the cans, which were collected a while ago here in the camp, had been picked up by now. But they were kept in the Toko and this morning there was a big lottery in the Ladies office. We didn't have any luck, but both our neighbours won something. But, we hadn't contributed anything either.

Ms. De Quaasteniet was given a can with carrots and passed that on to Heleen, already for her birthday. That was very nice of her!

Further we obtained some dengdeng again from the Toko, not the ordinary, but dengdeng-tjeleng. (= wild bore). It looks delicious.

The poor Mieke Tonsbeek is sick again: the measles. A few days she had a high fever, so bad that her Mother was afraid for the worst. But fortunately she

recovered. Heleen Hooghoudt is sick as well, so now they can keep each others company.

All our children's books have been thoroughly read now.

We have now opened our last can with Blue Band margarine. Mrs. Tonsbeek also got a small container from it. Wouter also has been sick for 5 days, probably contaminated by Quirientje. He had a cold; he had a fever for 2 days, didn't eat much and was both annoying and crying, often to our despair. But he looked also very sad. Now he is better and he is sweet and happy again. A "boem" (= bloem = flower), or a twig with leaves make beautiful toys for him. If there is a moon, he looks up and says smartly: "Maam", "Maam". (Maan = Moon). And if you ask him then: "Where is the moon?" than he answers triumphantly: "Daa!" (Daar = there) and points upwards. Sometimes also: "Weggg!" (weg = gone) and than he holds his little right hand up. If he plays with a little box and closes it, he sometimes says: "Ticht" (Dicht = shut). That all sounds so funny. Walking goes better and better too, but not yet by him self. He also knows each of us from the others. If you ask: "Where is Friso?", than he looks at Friso, and so on.

10-7-1944

On Saturday July 1<sup>st</sup>, I didn't feel very well and I stayed in bed. At that time the fever was still low, but later in the day the temperature rose higher and higher. I had pain in my tummy over and over again followed by an urge to go the bathroom. Fortunately not a bad pain, but I felt quite ill. For food I got nothing but tea and toast.

Just on that day, the times for the roll-call were changed. Instead of at 9 o'clock and 4 o'clock, it is now: 8 o'clock and 7 o'clock. Sometimes that fits rather well and sometimes it doesn't.

On July the 2<sup>nd</sup> Roeli got ill as well: influenza! What was Mom busy with us. But a lot of people came to help with picking up food and with the laundry. A few days later, by coincidence, Dr. van de Broek dropped by. When she saw us so sick, she was surprised that we hadn't called her. My diet was not so good either, because the bread was very bad. First I had to live on rice water for a few days and than on nassi-tim and butter milk, which Dr. van de Broek prescribed me for a period of 2 weeks. She thought I had bacterial dysentery. My tummy held up wonderfully, fortunately. But I had to rest a lot, because I felt very weak.

Today I was for the first time allowed to go to the kitchen again. Now that still is the Mangga kitchen but tomorrow fortunately Saninten kitchen, which is much closer by.

Underway I witnessed something horrible. Four Dutch men came running down the Bengawanlaan holding a stretcher in their midst with a man on it. His body was covered by a white sheet. Behind those men rode a fat Jap on a bike, who was angrily constantly shouting something at them. Obviously an emergency, someone who had to be transported as quick as possible, but the way it was done...

The next day we heard more about it. It was a man from the Bloemen camp, who was beaten so badly by a Jap, that he got a stroke from it. Then he had

to go, of course, "Lekas, lekas!" (=quick, fast, in a hurry) to the hospital, but he died on his way there. Is that not terrible!

13-7-1944

We got a Mantoux injection from Dr. Flaumenhaft to see if our lungs were OK. Now both Roeli and I were punctured with a very small needle. Saturday its both Friso and Paul's turn. Paul started to cry already in anticipation, the hero!

14-7-1944

Today we could exchange Dutch money again. Quite a lot of people did it (the morons). So the Japanese got the best proof for the fact that there is still some Dutch money in the Camp. We didn't do it.

In the camp a lot of gas is being used everywhere, while it is actually only allowed for use by the hospital. Secretly we do it too. We clamp a piece of bicycle inner tube around the supply pipe; connect it to a curtain rod which ends at a burner with a spreader plate. It works like a charm.

The latest consumption was 7000 cubic feet per month, which has formerly always been around only 200 cubic feet. "It's impossible we use that much", the nurses from the hospital said. "Then gas is being used elsewhere in the camp", said the Jap. Very much prohibited!

16-7-1944

Because Heleen has her birthday tomorrow on the busy Monday, we already celebrated a bit at Aunt Amy's. We had breakfast there and ate a delicious crumbs cake with American plums. Hmmm!

The tomato plants from Aunt Amy grow very well. Especially one plant is a giant and has huge fruits. The secret was that he was watered with the urine from Quirien. Now we are going to exploit Wouter too!

The apron we wanted to give Heleen for her birthday, we already handed her today, although it's not totally finished yet. All kinds of camp things are embroidered on it, such as an anglo (= small charcoal oven), a laundry rack, the gong, a cockroach, and so on.

Our Mantoux injections turned out to be OK.

17-7-1944

Heleen is 14 years old! Although we have already been in the camp for a year, there still was a table filled with presents and an oebi cake with "cherries". From Mrs. De Weeger the three of us got each a wide rimmed sun hat. I am especially happy with it, because such a thing is a god-sent while standing in line in front of the kitchen. Paul gave a self made bamboo hanging vase with the letters H.B. on it. Very pretty! From Friso she's got a handkerchief, from Mom the cake and from "Tjimahi" an invitation to attend the Corrie Vonk show, this coming Saturday. And Wieneke is going too! Lovely!

I planned to give Heleen a pair of duck shoes, but they were not finished yet. Therefore I gave them unfinished. She liked them very much. It has been a

very busy day, because I had a big laundry to do and I had French lessons too this afternoon. I am very tired.

19-7-1944

All boys from 13 years and older had to report to the front gate today, with a tikar and one or two suit cases. Joan den Boestert is among them too. Yesterday afternoon Mom still went to the family to ask if he could take something with him for Daddy. And great, he could! We regret that the drawing from Wouter didn't work out, because if not, we would have sent it now. A while ago, we have through Uncle Walter, who had to go to Tjimahi to accompany a sick patient, sent a towel and a book ("Stay the course"). To our delight, it was successful. Now Mom has given some other useful things to pass on, for instance a thick dark blue woollen sweater (which was part of the Boer outfit). (Boer = Farmer). For Joan himself she was able to do something too: namely to cut his hair.

The boys had to report at 8:30 AM. Then we heard that they first had to put all their barang outside the gate and after that they were allowed to return home until a quarter to twelve. Also Hans Streef was among them. Both Guus and his friend Beer had already been picked up a while ago and since been interned in the Bloemen kamp, together with many other boys, but they were still allowed to work here in the kitchen. So we heard that they were doing quite well and had lots of food. A few days ago both Roeli and I met Guus and Beer at the Mangga kitchen. They also quickly visited their home. Great that that was possible! To Guus we have been able to give a small pot with Savora mustard and a little bottle with real Maggi both to pass on to Daddy. It is to be hoped that it reaches him.

22-7-1944

Today we went to see the Corry Vonk show. We all thought it would start at 6 o'clock, but then, all of a sudden, Mrs. Leefers said that it started at 4:30 PM instead. At that time it was already 20 after 4. We had to run! Of course we were too late, but we could still get in and we missed only very little. Mom immediately went to tell Wieneke, but she was too late too and didn't go in anymore.

That's a shame, because it was a very funny show. Oh, those faces that Corry Vonk could pull, we laughed our heads off. Further performers were: Puck Meier, Pam de Hartog, Greet Hanneman and some more ladies. The cabaret was called: "Les deux anes". Although I found the ABC Cabaret that I had seen while on the Lyceum, still a lot more entertaining. At that time Wim Kan was still part of the show and Mr. de Hartog too. Still this one was funny too and sometimes also very serious.

Greet Penneman performed in a scene in which she played the role of a girl whose parents had just divorced. It was called: "I've got big news for school". But it was very sad.

Both Roeli and Heleen most liked the scene in which Corry Vonk played a school boy from Amsterdam. It was terrific!

23-7-1944

This morning I went to a "silent" church service, thus without a sermon and without singing. I found it delightful, so quiet and so peaceful. One could devote all one's thoughts to God, without being disturbed by anything or anyone. Once in a while the organ played and one could follow the gospel noted on a blackboard. Next week I'll go again.

25-7-1944

A day filled with emotions. At around 12:30 all of a sudden the gong or the bell was sounded in all streets. An extra roll-call and a house search. Both Roeli and I were just attending our English lessons and immediately ran home. Quickly hiding or putting away some stuff. A little while later some native soldiers arrived to occupy the streets and to stop people from returning into their homes. Until about 4 Pm we had to stand and wait at the side of the road. Then a group of Japs showed up, and they took turns to go from house to house to do a search. They came closer and closer. Finally one went into our house. A lady from the office accompanied him. After a long time they came out with.... Our tool box. What a pity. But that lady did as if she couldn't carry the box all by herself and we jumped in to help her. And underway we kept throwing things out left and right. The axe, the hammer, a pair of pliers and a lot more! Also the tool box from Mrs. Vink had to go. We managed to take a few things out from that one too. But unfortunately, in the end there was still enough left to feel sorry about. From other people they took maps, shade lamps, bicycle parts -and tires, medicines, photo albums, etc. For what concerns the house search, that was a joke. The Jap looked only superficially into our closets. We never imagined that our tools were at risk. Still we were happy that they didn't take any other stuff.

26-7-1944

Today I saw Geeke den Boesterd at the kitchen and she told me that Joan is probably in the same place as his Dad. From there he will be able to find Daddy in the hospital.

This afternoon at the CJC Liselot van de Veen held a reading about the life of Francisco of Assisi, but it was a pity that she mixed the sentences up. But I already look forwards to the next time, because than we will have to get together in the chicken coop from Corry Vonk, to hear a declamation with music from Mrs Hofman. Would they be the same poems of the last time?

30-7-1944

Sunday. Nowadays, with that early a roll-call, we can never sleep in anymore. I didn't go to the silent service either, because Mom has started a sermon group here at home. She gets the sermon from Mrs. Mostert. More ladies have formed such groups, which consist of about 10 people on average. Both Roeli and I were allowed to listen in. The text was appropriate for these times, from Job: "Would I take only the good things out of Gods hand and refuse the bad ones?"

9-8-1944

Last week on Wednesday we went to visit Mrs. Homan. She has declaimed "Lucifer" beautifully and thereafter three more brief poems, among them: "the jobless", which I heard already the last time. The others were: "Return" and "The triumph of the present century". It was very nice.

Yesterday Mom went with Heleen to see Dr. Deenstra to have her throat examined. She probably has to be treated for her tonsils in the hospital. Mom has asked Ms. Engel if Paul could as well be helped, because his tonsils are often acting up too. Now we have to wait for the reply from Dr. van de Broek. Poor Heleen and poor Paul!

We are getting to the end of our rice supply and we are often hungry. It's no wonder, we are getting very little. From the kitchen we get per person per day: ¼ litre thin soup, 90 grams rice, 200 grams bread, and once every three days: 60 grams sugar and 60 grams of salt. Once in a while we get a small piece of tahoe or Tempe and a little plant of parsley. At the Toko, the morning opening has been cancelled. Paul had some red spots on his feet lately and that turned out to be caused by a lack of vitamins. Luckily Mom found a Cenovis can with vitamin powder. Now each night we all get some of that.

14-8-1944

Today is Grandma Willie's birthday. How would she be doing? Would she still be alive? Man wonders and God decides. Daddy will surely be thinking about her too, today.

Yesterday Dr. van de Broek told us that Heleen could be taken to the hospital this Wednesday. But Paul still has to wait. It is a relief for her because her tonsils are acting up quite a bit. It's also fortunate, that she will be in the care of Dr. Dake.

We are getting another new Japanese camp commander, because Muruwi is leaving, but I don't know yet if it's going to be an improvement.

Now something nice: Wouter walks and he's got already one moulder. On August 4, he did his first three steps. And now he walks already so well, with funny little steps. Today he is 15 months old. He can be so sweet, especially in the morning early, when he comes out of bed with: "Daddy, Daddy!"

15-8-1944

A few days ago it was a beautiful day. It was afternoon, and I was sitting next to the well, reading in the book "Duikelaartje" (tumbler) from Nes-Uilkens. That story about the life of a Doctors wife, spoke to me. Despite all the problems she encountered, she always found the courage to continue. I thought: "Where does my courage to continue actually come from?" Suddenly I thought about all those Biblical stories Daddy and Mommy both told and read to us. It was God, who always saved us from our problems and it was Jesus who took care of us as a good Shepard. Thinking of those things made me all warm and happy inside. Such a feeling of happiness I have never felt before. That filled me with new courage, even here in this camp with all its hunger, depression and sad occurrences.



20-8-1944

"Many things are good and funny and happy and have sunshine in their core, and if you only do them, really do them, do them according to Gods will, than everything has to end well".

This I read lately somewhere and it hit me, because it had been said so well. At least that's how I feel it.

It's Sunday today. This morning again we had "church" here in our place, which means that a sermon and a few verses are being read. Several ladies were sick and therefore we were only with 6 people. Mom read the sermon about the text: "He knocks at our door". Afterwards I also went to a silent service in the church, because afterwards I had to lock up.

On my way home I was very hungry, and luckily the food was already on the table. Rice and bami, delicious, but it did hurt so much on my tongue. It has been red and inflamed since last Thursday, a very uncomfortable feeling. It started with pain in my throat, which I still have today. Many people in the camp seem to have it, including Aunt Amy. Now I am kind of feeling what Daddy must have felt earlier when he was sick. Bah, nothing tastes well and it is very painful.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. De Weeger returned from the hospital. She was very well rested, but had also lost 3 ½ kilograms. Heleen would have gone to the hospital on Wednesday, but on Tuesday we got word that the "Niponese authorities wouldn't allow it". Just imagine! Little Paul has been examined too by Dr. Deenstra and has to be hospitalized too, but they are both still home now.

Luckily, Heleen has gotten rid of her angina.

On Wednesday afternoon both Mom and I went to buy shoes. I've gotten a pair of cute ones, made entirely from yellow rubber. They cost 5 guilders and fifty cents, rather cheap, compared to other prices. Afterwards Mom and I went "shopping", which means having a look at the booths of the market on the Oranje Square. Almost everything, as far as clothing is concerned, one can buy there, including books and toys, but very expensive!

That day we finally got some djagoeng flower at the kitchen again, 120 grams per person. It's enough for about three times breakfast.

Thursday the Toko was open again and we got: jam, goela-batoe (sugar cubes) and half an ounce of deng-deng (per person), coffee and a fish croquette, but without the fish. Especially with the deng-deng we are very happy.

In the afternoon we received some postcards from the street master, which we were allowed to send to our family or acquaintances. Only one postcard is allowed per family. But because I was already 17 years old last December, I was now eligible to write one too. We decided to send one to Daddy and one to Grandma Schrieke in Holland. From a number of pre-made sentences, you could pick three and we were further allowed to add another 20 words of our own choice. In the pre-made sentences we wrote to Daddy in Malaysian: "Our health is excellent. We think about you all the time. It will be wonderful when we will meet again. Would you say hello from us to: Boudewijn, Chris, Ot, Piet, Rhijn and Ad Vink (Mrs. Vink's husband)". And the 20 words were:

"Wouter 15 boelan, djalan, 9 kilo. Manis. Anak2 sakola. Saja koewat. Friso 66 Kilo. Kita diberkati. Banjak tjinta, Landa, anak2". (Wouter 15 months and he walks already. He weighs 9 kilo and he is sweet. Two children go to school. I am strong. Friso is 66 kilo? Many many kisses. Landa and children).

On the card to Holland we wrote in English: "We are now in a Japanese internment camp on Java. Our health is excellent. The Japanese treat us well. So don't worry about us. The 20 words: "Wouter prosperously born on 14-5-1943. Friso, Boudewijn allright. Japina no news, children studying, clever housekeeping. God bless you all. Landa, Amy". As source my name had to be placed on it and also my number. It would be fun if those cards would really arrive. What a surprise it will be!

21-8-1944

Brrr! What a day! This morning early we heard that a Japanese had done a house search in a few houses at the Houtman plein. During the search he had noticed that the occupants were using gas and he had placed all those women along the side of the road. After dinner Rob dropped by and told us that it didn't happen on the Houtman plein, but at the Houtman Street, just where they were living. Thus Aunt Amy was among them. That shocked us to the bone. Both Mom and Heleen left immediately to see them, because the rumour went that those being busted would have to move to another camp. Mom saw a Jap arriving who ordered all those busted women to gather in front of a house. They were tied together with ropes like animals, and hit with a bamboo stick on their cheeks and on their legs. I am glad that I didn't see it. Afterwards they were led outside of the compound and locked all together into a very small room. We went to help Wieneke packing, just in case they had to move. The whole rest of the day we have been waiting in agony whether or not they would be allowed to return. Fortunately they were finally released at 8 PM. During the whole day they didn't receive anything to eat or to drink, but they received a hell of a reprimand.

Aunt Amy first came to our house, but Mom had just left for Wieneke. I quickly give her a few jam sandwiches. Together with Roeli we accompanied her home. We were happy that it ended this way and not worse.

22-8-1944

As a result of what happened yesterday the laundry wasn't even finished half and thus I had to work twice as hard today to catch up. This morning Heleen received her call to report at the hospital. Unfortunately it didn't arrive together with the one for Paul. Tomorrow morning she will be picked up by a velo car. During roll-call this morning we heard the rumour: "France had been liberated and De Gaulle has been welcomed in Paris by a jubilant crowd". Would that be really true? The second rumour was about: "A new prince, William Frederick". But I don't believe that yet, although it would be nice.

23-8-1944

Heleen has been picked up this morning. Mom left together with her and also with... Wouter! He was allowed to sit in the back of the velo car and he had the ride of his life. Both Roeli and I quickly went through the fire lane and picked him up again at the hospital. He really enjoyed his ride. Heleen ended up in a room with some other nice girls of her age. Luckily she doesn't really worry about the operation.

This morning Els Kleist returned from the pharmacy with the ordered medicines together with...six little hamsters. They were destined for Dr. Ouwerkerk, probably to be used for tests. They were so hungry. As soon as I gave them some grass, they started nibbling with a passion. A very sweet sight!

25-8-1944

During the night something very unusual happened. At 2 AM the gong went off and the order came: "Lights on and make sure they shine outside and all come out". As in a sleep walk I went outside. It was a very unreal sight at that light and all those people outside in the middle of the night. What happened? There were some women fighting next to the gedek (camp's fence) with rocks and sticks. In this way the Japanese were trying to find out who had participated in the fight.

Heleen has had surgery today and everything went well. From the nun at the front desk Mom got a note from Heleen which she had still written before the operation. It said that she had been stuffed with food last night, because for the next two days she's not allowed to eat anything. A room mate had added a little more to the note after the surgery. That everything had gone well and that Heleen had been very brave. And also that everybody in the room would be quiet out of compassion for her. That was so nice of them.

Less good news is that Wouter is sick. He has vomited and he has tummy ache. He can cry so sadly. Mom is going to try feeding him rice water for a few days. If that doesn't help, we'll call Dr. van de Broek.

Today I had to tell my bible class the story about a trip from Paul, but personally, I find those stories a little difficult for small children and I left half of it out.

31-8-1944

Queen's's birthday! Formerly an important day, but here in the camp we hardly noticed anything. How and where will our queen Wilhelmina have celebrated her birthday? Many people had thought that she would have celebrated that day in her own country again, but unfortunately that is not yet the case. The rumours are encouraging, but I don't believe everything I hear.

This afternoon a fat Jap was riding around to see whether or not we were wearing any orange and if indeed we were wearing our numbers. There was a girl walking down the street with a small vase of flowers in her hand. Among them were also a few orange ones and therefore she received a reprimand. Another lady was wearing an orange corsage on her dress and she got a slap in her face. That is sad, isn't it?

2-9-1944

Today's Saturday. Wouter seems to do a little better, fortunately. This morning he smiled again happily to aunt Mies. But yesterday my tummy started to act up again. I have no appetite and when I eat something, I feel stuffed really fast and stop eating. My tongue still looks very ugly and stings a bit. Therefore I was unable to participate in the basketball game this afternoon, but I went watching the game instead. It ended in a tie.

After the game, it was almost dark already, we saw a lot of people running off towards the Toko. A little later we heard that bacon, smoked meat and eggs had been stolen by Mrs. Van der Kam, the operator of the Toko. A lot of women had become so enraged that they started a brawl and threw rocks and bricks at her windows and her roof. Soon a Japanese showed up, who sent the women home, but they kept coming back. Mrs. Van der Kam insisted that both the bacon and the smoked meat were spoiled and therefore unfit to be distributed. But a lot of women claimed to have seen and felt the merchandise and they insist that it was still in good shape. It's such a lousy thing that woman did, in my opinion!

3-9-1944

Last night at 11 PM the gong went off suddenly. Roll-call! The women assembled at the Toko had made too much of a racket and refused to leave. We had to stand outside waiting for a long time, but I sneaked back inside rather quickly because my tummy started aching. The street master asked us to please quit the uproar, because the Japanese were outraged. After that we sweetly went to bed.

This morning we got another note from Heleen. She wrote that she felt really good and that she could drink everything and could eat almost everything again now. We are often very hungry here. It's only me who has lost my appetite and I can hardly eat anything.

Also with our water supply we have had a lot of annoying problems lately. As a temporary solution we have made a hole in our bathroom wall towards the bathroom from the neighbours and stuck a rubber hose through. Their tap is namely still running. Against the evening they connect the hose to their tap and that quickly fills our basin. It works well. There are a lot of other people having the same problem.

This afternoon all of a sudden we received Mangga (= Mango's) from the kitchen. They tasted delicious!

The rumours circulating now are quite optimistic: Radio Moscow said that the entire territory of France was already free and that the allied army was now underway through Belgium and had reached a point only about 8 Km away from the Dutch border. Further also that Princess Juliana had left for England. Many people don't believe in this radio Moscow and wait first for what the BBC says. That transmission is usual a little later. I admire the women, who here in the camp, despite everything, still have the guts to listen to the radio.

4-9-1944

This morning we received word that Heleen will return home Wednesday. It's great that she has recovered completely. Her room mates have already left earlier and now she has gotten new ones. In another room is a girlfriend from her, Mia Blaas. Anneke Corts, who shared the room with Helen, turned out to be a relative from uncle Bertram and aunt Hendrika Corts. That's a new niece thus.

Again we heard exciting news: The allied army had now passed through Belgium. One part, now entered Limburg under the leadership of Prince Bernhard, and another part, under Eisenhower, was on its way to Germany. Amsterdam had been liberated by both patriots and paratroopers. The Queen and the Prince were holding a speech. Do I ever hope that all of this is true. What will they be jubilant in Holland!  
Would Daddy hear those messages too? Mom thinks so. We miss him dearly. Wouter walks and has teeth already.

5-9-1944

My tummy is still long from being ok yet. And, oh scare, today both Roeli and Paul had diarrhoea too. Now all three of us are put on a diet by Dr. van de Broek. Two weeks on children's soup and buttermilk porridge, but absolutely no bread. Further we had to drink three times a day a tea made of a really bad tasting herb: Sariawan. Also she wrote us a prescription for a jar of honey and that is excellent, because we're almost out of sugar. She suspected me of having yellow fever.

Here's something nice for a change. This morning all of a sudden a lady dropped in, telling us that Heleen will be brought home this afternoon in a velo car. Mom was planning to pick her up and try to visit Aunt Wine Huitema at the same time, who has been operated on an abdominal tumour and still has to recover for a while.

Still new rumours arrive: The whole Prarindra (the Indonesian Nationals) seem to have been arrested. Further all Japanese had to return to their home land, only the occupation had to stay behind for a little while longer. Many people were enthusiastic and optimistic this morning, because they had heard that the Wilhelmus (= Dutch national anthem) had been broadcast from Holland already and that the entire territory of Holland had been liberated. I don't believe much of it yet.

This afternoon there will be a meeting in every "Han" (quarter) of the camp, for the improvement of the camp administration and measures against unruliness, and for the election of new Toko operators. Every Han sends one representative to the ladies office, where the big meeting about this all will be held. I am curious as to what they are doing out there.

12-9-1944

Heleen returned home last week. She looked well and healthy enough, but upon closer examination Dr. van de Broek noticed that her heart was still not ok. Now she has to rest again regularly. She herself thinks that it is only because of the aftermath of the surgery.

On September 7, last week Thursday, I got sick. In the evening I had a high fever and I felt really miserable. The next day I felt still miserable, but I had less fever. In the evening I felt a little better again. Until now I laid low and kept obediently to my diet. This morning for the first time I was allowed to eat some bread porridge again. I am regularly lying outside again, because I am Oh so weak.

But what is worse: Roeli got sick on Sunday too. Luckily Aunt Mies van Noppen came over to help us out for three days. That was so great! Mom picks up the food from the kitchen now. During the night from Sunday to Monday we had the first rain storm from the rain season.

Aunt Amy lies now in bed too. She stumbled over something with Quirientje in her arms and has some bad wounds on her legs, but luckily Quirientje has nothing. But although in bed, she still managed to send us 6 bean croquettes. So sweet!

Now a story about de Cocks of Mrs. Schut. Formerly, when she was still living next to us, she promised us one cock, because I had taken care of her animals for such a long time. Just before August 31<sup>st</sup> we received a note in which she said she would come and pick up Zr. Stoel, because she planned to celebrate the Queen's birthday preparing a chicken meal for the people of the rest home. The next day a tray was delivered sporting two thick chicken legs. Although one was meant for the nun, she gave us both anyway. Very nice, but Mrs Schut had broken her promise. I still wrote a polite "thank-you" note and than... forget about it.

Yesterday Mrs. Koch, Mrs. Groenewegen's mother, a neighbour lady, passed away after a long sickbed. It is terrible that she had not been able to say farewell to her husband.

Latest news: The Dutch government has already moved from England to Holland. And Eisenhower is already in Aken (West Germany).

Wouter can laugh and crow so well. He is very careful with the items he touches. Mom, while putting down a kettle with hot water lately, said to Wouter: "Attention Wouter, hot". When he saw another kettle, he went close to it and said: "Wam, wam". (Warm = hot, hot) We laughed our heads off and than he had to laugh too.

14-9-1944

Today is Wouter's 16<sup>th</sup> month day. He woke up this morning, stood up and said so sweet again: "Papa, Papa!" Poor Daddy, he will surely miss him. For us and especially for Mom, he is a small big comfort. He can already step so proudly around. He starts to look already like a toddler, not a baby anymore. Luckily he is now healthy and strong. Today is also Aunt Quibs' birthday. I never got to know her. This morning we got an unexpected visit from Uncle Giel Meesters, who had to be in the camp for business. He still lives in the Bloemen camp. Bert must have grown tall by now. Nice to hear what they are doing and thinking over there.

For what concerns the food, we had a good day again. At the Toko, for 50 cents per person, you could buy 7 little bags with sugar (of 120 grams each). Further everyone got also one package of Hoenkwee.

Mom passed this afternoon the blackboard from the street master and read that soon all boys and men between 11 and 80 years old will be called. Many ladies immediately wanted to issue a protest, but on the roll-call it was said that they shouldn't do that yet, as the order had not yet been issued. It would be very sad if that would happen. All those pitiful old men and those little boys! If true, both Uncle Ies and Rob Krijger would have to go from Aunt Amy. Terrible!

15-9-1944

Today we got 330 grams of sugar and some rice from the kitchen. Delicious! I still have a cold and I cough a bit too, but I still went to both my English and French lessons. For English we had a test and luckily I didn't have one single mistake. Ms. Wessel, during our French lessons, reads with us the "Barber of Sevilla", a very funny theatre play. Once in a while we read a few poems. This afternoon I tended to my bible class again. Unfortunately there were only a few children, most were sick.

17-9-1944

For the first time, yesterday morning, a few market booths were allowed to open again, now not located on the Orange Square, but in the Tjibeuning Park. From now on every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon they will be open between 4 and 6 o'clock. At the ladies office one could reserve a spot. They get 5% from the money earned which goes to the fund for the needy. Yesterday, Mrs. Leefers has opened a booth there as well. We also had some items to sell and we passed those on to her. She will get 10% of the proceeds. We were lucky, because we sold a marbles game for 5 guilders, a package of Goalpara tea for 6 guilders, a box with fudge forms for a guilder fifty and some more small stuff. Good, because we could use some extra money this month. This month we probably have to deposit some money for the Toko again. Both Paul and Friso will quit their school next month because it's too expensive. Paul is now sick and he has the same symptoms as both Roeli and I had earlier: fever, pain in the throat, and a cold. Both of us are fortunately ok now again, and tomorrow I will start doing the laundry again. The last couple of days Bep van Wijk has done it for us and that was great, because Mom had almost no time for it and I was still too weak. Heleen now has what we all had when she was in the hospital: a red, infected tongue, very nasty. Dr van de Broek has issued a prescription for milk, for both Paul (because he is so thin) and for Heleen (to help her recover). For one month we will get a half litre milk. It is best to make yogurt from it. Mom already has been able to get some yogurt plants. Yesterday she saw again a message on the blackboard in the Barend Street that soon men and boys would be called. A group of women immediately started an uproar at the ladies office, but it was soon ended. This afternoon we heard it had been postponed until next month. The former news turned out all to be false; it was broadcast by a Japanese station. The latest news is that Maastricht was liberated and that many

paratroopers have landed in Holland, who are now moving to Germany. Poor Holland what will there be a lot of destruction and murder going on. Our vegetable garden is doing very well. Today we all got a bite of bajem, including Wouter in his nassi-tim. He eats so well and looks good too. And the walking he does! Dribble is a better word for it. He also starts saying some funny words. If in the morning the roll-call gong goes off, often you can hear shouting: "Appeeeel!" The smarty knows that very well and while he shouts something similar he insists he then gets outside with us. Apart from papa, mamma and tata, he says now "Pijke" too, after the spike (Spijker = spike) of the wall decoration at which he always niggles while he lies on the baby table. When dressing and undressing he is almost too difficult to hold on to, such a wiggler!

A few days ago Mom could smuggle a secret note to Daddy. We were able to hand it to Mrs. De Boesterd, who had to go to Tjimahi for an X ray examination. Over there she was examined by her own husband. That sounds fun to me! She had been able to deliver everything, including the 10 guilder bill, Mom had folded into the note. It had been quite a task under the noses of 4 Japanese who were constantly present in the room. But every time the light was turned off, then....

From someone else who had to go to Tjimahi, we got word that Daddy sent us his greetings and that he was ok. And that's great.

20-9-1944

Tonight three CJC clubs came together to hear the declamation performed by Mrs. Homan. I heard a few poems that I already heard before, among others: "Landjuweel", "Kindersproke", "De Primus", "Het Berkensprookje", "Het ruisen van het ranke riet" and again for the third time, "De Werkloze". I loved it. She just does such a great job. I really start to love poems.

Now I stop because we only have half light and that is terrible.

22-9-1944

Wednesday I have been able to sell a lot of stamps on the pasar (= Market). Neatly pasted to cards and prized by myself. They were doubles anyway. This afternoon a "cow" arrived in the kitchen, which means big portions of meat. Lately we are getting some more meat again, I love it.

Now Friso has a tummy ache, fortunately not so bad, but he has to diet anyway.

This afternoon something horrible happened. Mrs. Rientsma, one of our acquaintances, who lives a little further down the street, was called to the men's office. Since she is blanda-indo, (half-blood), she expected to get permission to leave the camp. Happily she went over there accompanied by her two daughters. Once there, she got the terrible message that her husband had passed away, already a month ago. Poor woman!

We are happy that Daddy is ok.

This afternoon I tended my little bible-class again and I told the children about Adam and Eve. Unfortunately a lot of children were sick.



24-9-1944

Last night we have had quite a rain storm. All the plants look fresh and healthy again, but the path along the house is very muddy now. Therefore both Friso and Paul have gone out after dinner with a basket to pick rocks. Now the weather is beautiful again.

This morning at 9 o'clock suddenly the siren went off, a little while later the tong-tong (= hollowed-out log, used as an alarm bell) sounded too and about 15 minutes later the gong. Air raid alarm! We just ignored it. Although we noticed a few planes in the air, we didn't see anything in particular. At about 12:30 the all-clear sign sounded.

29-9-1944

Hurrah! The Y.S. Bank pays out, although all Japanese currency, and virtually worthless, but now we have good use for it. From Mrs. De Weeger I got 10 guilders for the trouble of picking up her food at the kitchen. I was allowed to buy something for myself on the market, she said. That was sweet of her. I think about buying that nice little painting from a guilder seventy five and also the dress made from sarong cloth. Perhaps I'll find also for Mrs. De Weeger something nice and something for Mom. I am looking forwards to tomorrow. This morning Aunt Wine could drop by. That was especially very nice for Mom. She told us a lot about camp Karees and the work over there. I just heard the evening curfew sound at the military base and thus now I am going to bed too.

30-9-1944

I've got the painting! It is made so nicely on a piece of klapperdop (=part of the skin of the coconut / klapa). For Mrs. De Weeger I found a lovely little vase, which could double as a drinking glass. Before I gave it to her, I've put some flowers into it. I think she was happy with it. Mrs. Leefers got some more stamps handed to her to sell, but no luck this time.

This afternoon we could buy goela-djawa from the kitchen, 1 Kg per person for 65 cents. I went and bought for 11 people, quite a load. Luckily Friso helped me carrying, because besides the goela-djawa, I got also bread, asem (= tamarind) and mango's with me. It took quite a long time before it was our turn, but we are very happy with all this food.

This morning there was a demonstration by women who protested against sending their sons off. All were dressed in white, the Japanese colour of mourning. Mom joined them as well. A woman, who spoke very well Japanese, talked to Moeroewi and he responded rather benevolent. He told them he couldn't change the situation, because the order came from a superior. But he promised to do his best.

About the older gentlemen it is not yet known whether or not they will be allowed to stay. I find it so sad that all those elderly people are going to be teared away from the only things they have left. This includes uncle Les and so many others.

Now there are rumours that they are fighting in Holland near Arnhem. I don't understand how those Germans still manage to resist that long. It is terrible that this has to happen in Holland. Those poor people over there!

This afternoon I borrowed a booklet from Dieneke with poems from De Genestet. There are beautiful poems among them, for instance "A child in May", so referring to Woutertje, that we copied it into his baby book right away. De Genestet wrote that poem about his only little son, Peter Adriaan, who died a while later. The second part is therefore very sad. I copy a lot of those poems into a little book, to safeguard for later.

1-10-1944

Today I went for the first time to a little dance club, at Hettie Bergman's in the room. For starters I had to learn the three steps, on basis of the waltz. But what many mistakes I made and how often I stepped on somebody toes. But it's an all girls thing and I like that.

6-10-1944

Hurrah, the departure of both the young boys and the old men has been postponed. I wonder if the protest demonstration had anything to do with it. Or is it a postponement only?

7-10-1944

Today a lot of postcards arrived from the citizen camps. Many people received one, but we didn't receive one yet. We heard though that there are still a lot of cards lying around in the office. Aunt Amy received one from Chris and one from Uncle Bou. On Chris's card one could read between the lines that he manages to see his father once in a while. It's nice for Aunt Amy that she knows that now. Further they wrote that they were both healthy and "gemoek" (= fat). Mrs. Woortman also received a card from Louk, in which he said hello to us too. Mrs. Vink also received one from her husband.

We made a great victory upon ourselves, namely we have started to eat snails. You know, those big, repulsive, slimy (agaat) snails. At first we were disgusted by them, but we still tried them. From Mrs. Van Waning, (she knew Daddy while he was still a student), I learned how to clean, boil and finally mince them in the meat grinder. It was actually less bad then I thought. From all the ways of preparing I tried, we liked the croquettes and the "sambal kering" the most.

Many other people have started trying to eat them as well, which has resulted in a near snail extermination. This afternoon Friso has still been able to find some and we will eat them tomorrow on Paul's birthday, accompanied by some yellow rice. He preferred to have sateh (= grilled pieces of meat, put on a small wooden stick) made from them. Also he wanted to go out for a picnic and eat from pisang (=banana) leaves. Because going outside the camp will be a bit difficult under the circumstances, we choose to free up some room in the dining room so that we can sit on the floor with tikars. To bad that I've got tummy ache again.

There is quite some dying going on in our camp. Many older, but also younger people die. Lately a mother of nine children died (Mrs. Liesker) from which there are six interned here in the camp. Among the current delivery of postcards, there were a few from her husband and from her 3 sons. Terrible, they don't know it yet.

I wish that we also would receive a card from Daddy.

19-10-1944

Today uncle les had to leave the camp, together with another 13 still strong and healthy older men. What will Aunt Amy will miss him! And what will he miss the children and especially Quirientje! Will we ever see him back again? At first we still hoped he would be sent to the "old and sick people's camp", which had been considered for a while. In that case Aunt Amy and the kids would have been allowed to stay with him there, but unfortunately that didn't happen.

Both Mrs. De Weeger and Mrs. Vink are also earmarked for that camp. If that would happen and the front room would vacate than perhaps Aunty could move in with us. That would be awesome. But perhaps everything will happen differently, so let's not worry about it. Everyone who has to move into a camp for the sick is allowed to take a healthy person as a care taker with him. In that way Aunt Amy would have been able to join uncle les.

Both Roeli and I get already for some time "service bread porridge" from the kitchen. Roeli gets it because she works for Mrs. Vink and I get it because I am exempted and work at home. It is usually a fairly big portion, but of course we share it with all of us. Friso also gets porridge from the babat-service (= lawn mow service), but he usually eats it right there.

There is a lot of bacillary dysentery in the camp now. Both Solly Rientsma and her mother are now in the hospital too. Woutertje has now also something going on in his tummy. Poor little man! I have to wash a whole pile of dirty diapers, but fortunately the going is rather easy.

A few days ago some more people were busted for the illegal use of gas. Everyone received 20 floggings and after that they had to stand in a row outside the gate. Because they were standing close to the bilik, some sandwiches and peppermint could be thrown to them, because those poor people didn't eat anything yet. Anneke van Zeyle de Jong was among them too. For her I was able to deliver a message at home. Later she came over to thank me for it, which was very sweet of her.

Today a lot of Red-Cross postcards arrived in the ladies office, they were sent in 1942 already. But none among them was for us, nor for Aunt Amy.

22-10-1944

It is Sunday, the last day of my 17<sup>th</sup> year. It was a good day and a good year, despite all the worries and problems. God has taken care of us, time and again. The sermon this morning was about "the storm at sea". It was about the storms at the seas of our lives, which can be both hard and rough at times. But I know One who wants to steer our little boat safely through the worst of storms!

It was a nice and quiet day. Woutertje, fortunately, seems to be alright again. He runs around like crazy and starts to call us by our names: Anke, Joei, Jien, les and Pau. That sounds sooo funny! This afternoon, when both Heleen and I walked with him down the street, he all of a sudden noticed the half circle of the moon. Immediately he stopped and shouted: "Maam, Maam!" Further he has a great interest in rocks, sticks, grass and... raspberries! This morning he picked all the red ones from our bush, the bandit. While going up and down curbs and steps, he is very carefull. He is such a sweet little guy. Our light is out already for a few evenings and that is very annoying. Now we arrange ourselves with some oil lamps and that works for now.

23-10-1944

Now I am 18 years old! What will happen to me next?

When I came home from French lessons this afternoon, a room full of people was waiting for me. We were still able to offer them something, because our crumbs cake turned out well and tasted good. There came a pile of presents, unbelievable! And that here in the camp! That was very nice of everyone.

Daddy will surely be thinking of us too now. Will he be with us the next time? We all hope it with all our hearts.

24-10-1944

This morning an "anti hunger demonstration" had been organized on the Orchid Square, but unfortunately it was a disaster. Part of the reason was that a lot of women didn't know about it. Mom went there as well. Around 10 AM a lot of women started to gather there. But than Moeroewi himself showed up on his little motorbike and said harshly: "Tida boleh. Pigi, pigil!" (That is not allowed - go away!) But Mrs. Van Gulik, who would do the talking, courageously didn't budge and demanded a meeting. A little while later she was allowed outside the gate, accompanied by a few other ladies. Later it turned out that as a punishment she had been shaved half bold, and had been locked up, together with the others. When she left the compound, all the other women actually kept waiting on the Square for their return. A while later a few Japanese came charging through the gate and started beating the waiting women left, right and centre. At first they fled away down the road, but then turned around and came back screaming and scolding. One Jap already pulled his gun. But at that moment one of the heads of the ladies office climbed on a chair and asked for silence. She said: "Let's all go home now quietly. Our goal has been reached anyway, because Mrs van Gulik is outside the gate now and Moeroewi knows what this is all about. If not, we may face dire consequences". The Japs had already left by that time. The women did return home, but felt unsatisfied. Everywhere you go, you hear people talking about it. Would it really have had an impact?

25-10-1944

Wednesday. This morning, all of a sudden, a nun from the convent came to pick up Friso Bosman to have his tonsils removed, but he wasn't home. He

was on babat duty next to the convent. Then Mom decided to send Paul with the nun, because he was on the waiting list too. Pale he went away with the nun, on the back of the bike. Mom immediately packed a small suitcase for him and brought that to the hospital office. And what did she see once she got there? A very familiar rantan holder (food tin) and the babat (lawn-cutting instrument) from Friso. Then she understood what could have happened. Friso had surgery as well. That turned out to be true. The third child that should have had surgery that day, had a fever and couldn't show up. So Friso could fill the open spot. A nun had picked him up from the babat field and took him right into the operation room. Those poor guys! Luckily they didn't have much time to be afraid. The surgery on both boys went well. Paul had been anaesthetised completely, but Friso only had a local anaesthesia. How will they be doing right now? Will they be able to sleep tonight? It's fortunate that they are together now.

Mrs. Van Gulik has not returned yet.

26-10-1944

There you've got it! 3700 People, who, before the camp was here, lived in Bandoeng, have to move. That is about 100 people per Han. Where to? When? Why? People say: as a punishment. Already many people from Han 1 till and including half of Han 14 have received their notice (Among others, also Dieneke Merkelbach and the Woortman family). We suspect that we will be in the next group, because Ms. Van Dam said that there are more than 100 people in her Han who qualify for it, and we are among those. Further she doesn't know anything either. The lists of names are already prepared, but are not allowed to be released yet. Brrr! I would find that so bad.

Aunt Amy wasn't in Bandoeng at that time and thus she is not part of it. Every adult (starting at 17 years) is allowed two suitcases and a backpack and each child one suitcase and a backpack. Then on top of that one is allowed 2 blankets per person and per two families, one bucket. Surely not too much! All people that are called have, as an exercise, to show up Tuesday with all their barang at the Orange Square, and there they will be inspected. Just to make sure it is not too much, too heavy or unnecessary. I am so curious what will happen next. Baby strollers are allowed fortunately, but only with a child in it. Just in case we have already started sorting things out and packing. We still have an awful lot of stuff.

27-10-1944

Friday. At about 2 o'clock both Friso and Paul came home, still pale and quiet. Only Friso told, with a small little mouth (because he was not able to open it wide yet), of all things that happened in the hospital. Luckily the doctor has given them a prescription for milk, a ¼ litre each for 5 days. They really need it. What are we happy that we can leave this behind us. More details about the move we don't have yet. Only that we are allowed to take each 10 Guilders cash with us, the rest we are "allowed" to deposit on the Y.S. Bank.

28-10-1944

This morning Mrs. Van Dam dropped in and asked to talk to Mom in private. When she left we heard that all boys from 1933 were not allowed to come with us, but were going to be put into a separate boy's camp. Friso is among them too. Thus as soon as we'll have to move, we have got to leave Friso behind. Poor Mom, poor Friso! He is not even 11 years old. I find it a scandal that they take those young boys away. They are still children! The move wouldn't be as bad, if we could just take Friso with us. The move from the first group has been postponed again.

30-10-1944

Monday. We, ourselves, are also still busy with sorting and packing. Friso, of course, will get his own suitcase. Aunt Mies helps nicely sewing pairs of pants for him. He, himself, is busy painting his name on his little bucket, plate, mug, gajoeng (small container used as a shower) and his wooden shoes.

We have cancelled our lessons until further notice.

Thursday all people have to report with their luggage on the Orange Square. That is going to be something!

31-10-1944

Among those of the first group were so many sick people, that they had to add people from the next Han. Among those is also Ms. Wessels, which is a real pity. But who knows, perhaps we will see each other again in the next camp. She had so hoped and expected to be able to stay out of it, but unfortunately it didn't happen.

1-11-1944

This afternoon Roeli, Heleen and I were allowed to listen to "Tolen en van der Lier" at Mieke Meurs' place. Later, both Friso and Paul could take a peek inside too. It was lovely.

Of course there was a song about the "Spekrel" (= a row about bacon) and about "Jatten" (= slang for stealing).

The CJC meeting was cancelled this afternoon. After the roll-call I dropped quickly in at Ms. Wessels to bring her some soap and some other stuff. She was very happy with it. We both hope very much that we will meet each other again.

2-11-1944

Today all people who were called were ordered to gather at the Orange Square. Both Moeroewi and Sesuka were barking orders that were quite controversial at times. At the end of it all people had to return home again, but first they had to put all their luggage, suit cases, back packs, tubs, buckets and blankets, outside of the front gate. Those items would be sent in advance. Unfortunately, nothing was allowed to be put into the tubs. In the buckets only a few pots were allowed to be stored.

Only the head of a family was allowed to carry a backpack. That is very unfortunate, because each of us has got one.

The departure of the first 650 people has been planned for Sunday and the second group will be leaving on Monday. Also both Mrs. Woortman and Hannie have to leave with the second group, but Wim has to stay behind.

5-11-1944

Sunday. This morning Mrs. Hakkenberg still has read a sermon here. Will this be the last one? Afterwards we went to the Orange Square. Ms. Wessels was very nervous, but Dieneke Merkelbach took everything with stride. Everybody was heavily packed with raincoats, backpacks, bags, baskets and so on. One lady even carried her white kakatoe (= parrot) on her shoulder. A small little baby was carried in a slendang (= sling). Many women were crying. After quite a while the whole procession finally started moving out through the main gate. Over and over again, you could hear Moeroewi barking and shouting, every time he found another piece of illegal luggage. On both sides of the road a chain of women prevented onlookers from mingling with the moving group. Outside the gate they still had to stand waiting for a very long time alongside the road in the blazing sun. Through all kinds of holes in the gedek (= fencing), we could see them and slip them some water to drink. It was already such a sad sight. What is it cruel to take those people away from the little comfort they still had and then to drag them away like that. Those Japanese jerks!

6-11-1944

Today the second group left, including the Woortmans. But this time everyone had to leave everything they were carrying at the side of the road. Later, all those backpacks, raincoats, food bags and blankets, were going to be picked up by trucks. Moeroewi, who oversaw everything, looked like a fat little dictator. What would I enjoy to puch this jerk's lights out! He forbode people to take rantangs (= set of pots in a holder to carry food) with them. Those had to stay behind. There are rumours that those people have been taken to Mangarai or Tjitjoereng and been interned in the Bata shoe factory. That is all located in the vicinity of Batavia.

There are also rumours that the boys will be picked up first, then the sick transport will leave and after that the rest of the people. Nobody really knows the bottom of it.

8-11-1944

We are all nervous, because this afternoon Han 20 suddenly had to hand in 12 tubs. We had two of them, so we were able to hand only one of them in. When I was picking up the bread this afternoon, the gong went. We all ran quickly to the street master and read that shortly this whole camp had to be eliminated. So now we know for sure.

9-11-1944

Thursday. Just now all the names have been announced at Ms. Van Dam's. We are among them too and so are Mrs. Groenewegen, Leefers, van Nie and Bouhuizen. But those people in houses with numbers higher than 86 aren't

going yet. On Sunday November 12, we'll be leaving. Per person we are allowed to take one suitcase weighing 20 Kg and per family only one backpack and that's very little (of course we are allowed to bring mattresses, klamboes (= mosquito screen over a bed) and blankets. We have to leave all kind of stuff behind here, because we still got so many things. That is all not that bad, were it not that the list showed only 6 people by our name, which means that Friso is not allowed to come with us. That makes Mom so very sad and me and the rest of us too! One comfort is that, for the time being, he is allowed to stay with Aunt Amy. There are still a lot of things to do, but both Aunt Amy and Aunt Mies are helping us tremendously. On the days following today, I was not able to write, but I remember everything so well that I can still describe every day's events.

10-11-1944

Fortunately we have gotten a one day extension from our moving date. Tomorrow afternoon all suitcases, blankets and backpacks have to be brought outside the main gate. On Sunday we've got to do a rehearsal for the composition of our travel group. The departure has been put on Monday morning 8 o'clock. That is thus very early. Friso can first stay with Aunt Amy and when she has to leave too, he can stay with Mrs. Brunt, who stays with Ms. Van Dam. Rob has to stay behind too, a small consolation for Friso. Per family we are allowed to bring one backpack weighing 10 Kg and I am allowed a small bag. It is now such a mess in the rooms. The cat we leave behind with Mrs de Weeger. Both Akka and Maantje would first go to Robbie van der Poel, but there was a cat stalking them all the time. Now, Aunt Amy will take care of them, for as long as possible. It is a pity that we are not allowed to take any books at all with us. I have packed them all in one of the tea crates. Whatever we can't take with us, from clothes to goods, we can bring to number 24. I already sorted all the pictures out we want to take with us, but there are still so many left. Bah, what a mess is this all.

11-11-1944

The Japs have concocted something funny again. Some higher ups visited again and therefore they left us standing in the sun for an hour. Roelie didn't feel well and crawled into bed. Heleen couldn't stand the blazing sun and went inside. Woutertje was very hot too and thus I stepped into the shade with him. But in one word: terrible. This afternoon both Heleen and Friso didn't feel well either. But thanks to the most appreciated help from Aunt Amy the suitcases got packed and got outside the gate.

12-11-1944

Sunday, but what a Sunday! Roelie is seriously sick: Bacillary Dysentery. Both Heleen and Friso feel already a bit better. At 2 PM we had the exercise at the gate, which went rather smoothly. Tomorrow we have to bring food for 5 meals. We are allowed to share another half a backpack with one of the girls from Pieterse. The women who had to weigh the suitcases outside the gate, lifted them a bit up by prying their toes under them, so that they appeared to



be lighter. The Jap, standing next to it, didn't notice anything. Woutertje comes with us in a slendang (= sling).

There is a rumour that we are going to Batoe, but nobody knows anything for sure.

Per person two loafs of bread are distributed for the trip, so in total we are going to have 12 loaves of bread with us. Fortunately we are allowed to take 2 food bags with us plus 2 shoulder bags. That is nice because we will be able to cram a lot more things in them.

We slept last night without mattresses, except for both Roeli and Woutertje.

The others slept on pillows and borrowed blankets. I slept on a couple of tikars (= sleep mat), but I slept well because I finally went to bed at 3 AM. Aunt Amy helped us so well with sorting and packing. I have sowed a lot of pockets into my rain coat so I can still put a lot more stuff in them. Mom and I will both wear our coveralls. A lot of stuff fits in there and they will protect us from the dirt of the train. Dr. van de Broek and Zr. Engel are taking good care of Roeli with their injections and other medicines. Dr. van de Broek dropped in even to bring a custom made medication for her, for the trip. They were both really very kind.

## **Camp Solo**

(14-11-1944 --- 3-6-1945)

13-11-1944

At 7:30, after a lot of good byes, we left home. Roeli was picked up by a velo with a stretcher mounted on it. Saying good bye to Friso was the most difficult thing to do. Fortunately Aunt Mies stayed back with him at home, which was very sweet of her. At 8 o'clock we were all standing on the Orange Square. At 8:30 we all walked, heavily packed, through the main gate. Wouter was very quiet. We still had to wait a while for the trucks and the busses that would bring us to the train station. Both Aunt Amy and Mrs. Vink surprised us by joining us for a minute outside the gate. Actually they weren't allowed to do that, but they were able to slip through by walking next to a stretcher. And thus they became the last ones who waived us goodbye from Tjihapit. At 9 o'clock we left. Along the Grote Postweg and the Papandajanlaan we rode to a small railway station in the neighbourhood of Karees. We belonged to travel group number 7 and our Hantyo or guide, was Mrs Ebelink. Soon we were driven like cattle, hit with bamboo sticks, into the railcars. Wouter too got hit on his little head, but Mom luckily was able to fend it off a bit. He didn't cry. What a humiliation was that!

We were packed with 68 people into a 4<sup>th</sup> class railcar. (4<sup>th</sup> class = goat class). At 10 o'clock we left in the direction of Garoet. Roeli luckily travelled in the ambulance car, where Mom spent some considerable time with her as her caretaker. I managed to send her 2 notes accompanied by some dengdengglumpers (= rice cookies with meat). Our Merdika neighbours had so thoughtfully prepared those for us. Including even some special ones for Woutertje, filled with some veggies. He liked them very much. He has been very sweet and even managed to sleep for a while. At first, all windows had to stay shut, but later they were allowed open once in a while. We passed through the most beautiful landscapes. Wouter really enjoyed looking out the window, because it was his first train trip. But at every station the windows had to be closed. Underway a Jap repeatedly came by checking if all of us were still there. The worst thing was that we had only one washroom. Many children had an upset tummy. As our doctor we had gotten Dr. Hennequin de Haas. As soon as the windows were closed, it became boiling hot. And as soon as they were finally allowed open again, we all put our coats on, because we were soaking wet. In the evening we passed the stations of Maos and Kroja. There we stopped for a long time and got warm water.

Mom, in the mean time, had joined us again, because someone else volunteered to stay with Roelie. And so we went into the night. For the children, as far as possible, some sleeping room was created. Both Mom and I took turns holding Wouter on our lap and attempted to sleep while sitting up. What stiff and sore we became from it. I was also able to secure a spot on the floor. At least I could lie down and stretch myself for a bit. But every time the doctor came by with a sick person or people who had to go to the bathroom. A lamp we didn't have, so we had to light with candles. Finally we saw it becoming lighter outside and at 5 AM the train stopped and we were in ... Solo! There we had to get out.

Poor Mrs. Lob slipped on the steps, fell, and broke her wrist. That was so sad. But luckily she was picked up by the ambulance crew.

Then we had to get in line and started walking, all packed and bagged. First through a kampong (= a native village), followed by a long road, than we turned a corner and there we finally saw the bilikken walls of our future home in front of us. We were very tired and exhausted. We almost stumbled through the gate. Once inside we had to line up again, counted and then led into a shed made out of bilik. But the inhabitants of this camp welcomed us very friendly. They brought us delicious coffee and tea. Soon we were assigned our bunks in the shed, on which we fell down, exhausted. At first Woutertje ran happily back and forth over all those bunks, but after a while he was not allowed to do that anymore and Mom tied him up with a piece of rope, which made him cry out loud. He kept crying and crying until finally Mom lied down with him and he fell asleep. Soon I broke down too and cried my heart out. I was so tired and it had been such a terrible trip. Mom gave me a sleeping pill and soon I fell into a deep sleep. As a result I didn't notice that all our bags and backpacks were being "inspected". Luckily not much had been taken, only a few pictures from Daddy in his military uniform, a few booklets and our little knife with the yellow handle. But that little knife was returned to us a little while later by a young boy. He had taken it sneakingly a little earlier. Also the booklets were returned a few days later, but now sporting a Japanese stamp. Our shed is called block 19 and consists out of two long rooms called A and B, separated by walls made out of bilik. There are no windows in them, but on top there is some bamboo lattice work for ventilation. The bunks are placed against each other and there are 2 bunks for every 3 people, thus we got 4 of them. We've got a real native bathroom toilet, namely small little rooms, with built-in brick basins and a hole in the ground with 2 raised brick steps for your feet.

But something is an advantage: we don't have to go and get our food at the kitchen, but it is being delivered in tubs and distributed from there. One comfort is that we now are being treated exactly the same as the men and not a hair better. The food here is much better, except for the bread. That is very sticky. In the afternoon we get rice, sajoer (= dish made out of wet veggies). 1 table spoon kedele (soy souce) and some kind of sambal (hot sauce). Very tasty! One of our Tjihapit bread loaves we swapped for a pair of wooden shoes.

We already discovered two acquaintances: Mrs. Graafstal, who we knew once in Perwakarta as Mrs Gehl. I was allowed to take a refreshing bath in the bathroom from her block. Further we met to our surprise Aunt Christien Slotemaker de Bruine. She enjoyed seeing us again too. She is the minister in the camp. All the people in this camp came about a year ago from the women's quarter in Malang. Thus they are here already for a year! Brrr! Roeli has been taken immediately from the train to the hospital by car and is in good care. Paul is also very tired and sleeps the entire afternoon already. There are also a few older boys and a few men in the camp. Their hair has all been shaved off and that looks so ugly, like bandits.

Woutertje gets here only about 200cc of milk daily. In that respect we got a lot more in Tjihapit. There is also no buttermilk. In the evening, during dinner, the camp commander Funakushi came by and asked whether we liked the food

here better. It seems that he is very kind and it looks like he takes good care of this camp. All people here are looking at the delicious bread loafs we brought with us from Tjihapit and are very much willing to swap them for other stuff.

14-11-1944

Despite the lack of our duffel bags, klamboe's or blankets, we slept like logs anyway. We slept on top of our coats and Mom slept together with Woutertje on a small bag from Aunt Aaf. (Mrs. Graafstal). This afternoon the mattresses were delivered, all mixed up. Finally we found, after a lot of digging, three of the four back. Now we can sleep comfortably again. This is a lot better than the floor in the train, where one had to lay down curled among many legs and feet. Our neighbours are Mrs. Beckman with her little sons Hans and Bubi and on the other side Mrs. Beckman with her little son Bernie. That poor little boy has long blond hair, because his mother refuses to cut it before his father has seen it. Further she is a very nice lady.

This morning I went to wash all our dirty cloths in the laundry. That is a very large room with water tubs built-in at each wall and in the middle a large brick table for shrubbing. Fortunately we could borrow Aunt Aaf's tub, because our buckets still haven't arrived yet.

This camp originally was a hospital. Now they have added some big barracks and it consists out of two parts: the Solo camp and the Boemi camp, subdivided into 31 blocks. Do you know who else I met again here? Tineke Fokkinga. She has lost a lot of weight and has become quite skinny. We really enjoyed meeting each other again and loved to talk about old high school memories. No instruction is being given in this camp. Only children between 3 and 6 years old are allowed to go to a kindergarten. That is a pity but we are planning to continue the lessons by ourselves and Mom will help us with it. Now we don't have the energy for it yet, because we are all still very tired and weak. Roeli, fortunately, is doing well.

15-11-1944

Today our luggage arrived, but they first have been turned upside down at the gate, before being allowed in. The Japs and the Kleponners (=Native soldiers in Japanese service), took all kinds of stuff out, especially candles and matches. They also took the beautiful pencil-set from Heleen and from Paul they took some tin soldiers and some toy airplanes. One lady had a kilogram of bacon in her suitcase. The Jap asked her brute: "Dari mana?" (= where does that come from?). And she answered joyfully: "Dari gedek". (= from a hole in the wall) Then he too bursted out in laughing and after some waiting, he let her have her suitcase. One of the Kleponners cut through a roll of wool, because he felt something hard inside. It turned out to be an empty thread spool. In the shed we immediately unpacked the suitcases. Over the bunks we've got a shelf, on which we can store all kind of stuff. We store the suitcases themselves under the bunks.

Both Heleen and Paul's tummies are upset and they are getting nassi-tim for a week. That is excellent here, always with carrots and broth in it. Wouter gets that too, only his is strained.

Every morning at 8 o'clock and every evening at 9 o'clock is roll-call and at 10 PM the lights go out. Thus just as at the men's department. We were lucky because we've gotten a spot just below a light.

16-11-1944

Thursday. Today we got our klamboes, blankets and bucket. Fortunately the mosquitos didn't bother us yet.

Woutertje was so annoying today that Mom finally tied him with a rope to one of the pillars, so that he could still walk and play a bit. He hated it with a passion. We miss his play pen so much. The hair of all boys over 6 years old is shaven off and this morning also those living in our shed had their treatment. Paul hated it. At first he sat down with his head hidden under a pillow for a while, because he didn't dare showing himself. But he was comforted somewhat when we told him that both Daddy and Friso were probably shaven as well by now. But he looks pretty sad indeed.

All people here have to officially perform 6 hours of camp duties per day, but almost nobody does it. Both Riet Lips and I have as camp duty to clean the rice and soup bins after the food has been distributed. We all still feel very weak and each night we drop in our beds exhausted.

19-11-1944

Sunday. Today is Aunt Aaf's birthday. Woutertje handed her a handkerchief and a flower, which she very much appreciated. Further there were a lot of other camp presents, among them some real nice ones.

This morning, it was our shed's turn for the hairdresser. One could get here even beautiful waves and curls. We all had a trim only. Lately we have all been de-liced, because there was one woman in the shed that had them.

Roeli is fortunately a lot better now, and she will probably be back with us soon. It has been very hot here lately. For Woutertje we are allowed to have some porridge cooked each morning and evening. We mix his yogurt through it. Luckily the plants have survived the trip.

20-11-1944

Today I became sick. Mom thinks its influenza. Bah, not nice!

24-11-1944

Friso had his birthday today. Where would our little boy be and how would he be doing? Aunt Aaf knew about it and brought us a beautiful white flower.

Poor Mom!

I am on a nassi-tim diet.

Continued with short notices:

29-11-1944

Thursday. I went to the hospital with influenza. I was put into a room together with both Mrs. Bakker (who has passed away) and Mrs. De Vries. Diet: Broth, mashed potatoes and vegetable soup. Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday visitors come from 12 o'clock until 12:30.

Delay for the departure of the boys and the men. Their hair doesn't have to be shaven off anymore.

5-12-1944

Sinterklaas (= Dutch version of Santa Claus. Note that Santa Claus is a corruption of the original Dutch version of Sint Nicolaas) went through all sheds accompanied by 2 Pieten (Pete's = Black skinned assistants, traditionally called "Pieten"). Funajushi came along too. Woutertje said: "Piet, Piet!". Further he can also say: "Pap eten" (= eat porridge), "boek" (= book), "toomai" (?), "buite eten" (= eat outside), "ting-ting", "linke en eten" (= drink and eat), "Goeli-Goeli" (?), "Akoë, Jien, Friso, Amy, Mies and Aaf".

11-12-1944

I am taken to the rest house, where also Else Smits and other acquaintances are staying. Fortunately I am doing a little better now.

13-12-1944

Today I was discharged from the rest house.

16-12-1944

Sick again, unfortunately.

24-12-1944

Aunt Chris held a Christmas church service on the Tjemara Square. The Jap wished us both good days and a happy new year.

As a treat there was an egg in the sambal (= hot sauce) and everyone got one "djeroek nipis" (= small green lemon). We decorated inside too, with self made Christmas decorations.

I feel better again, fortunately. Roeli's tummy is upset again, probably the tail end of the bacillary mouse.

At coffee time we ate "colombijntjes" (= cake) and stir coffee (= instant coffee), just like a party!

26-12-1944

There was a Christmas play performance.

29-12-1944

Now Mom is sick, also with a form of bacillary dysentery, but fortunately not so serious.

31-12-1944

New Years Eve. We were allowed a short church service. Mom and I read some Christmas stories. At 10 PM the light went out and thus we went to sleep as usual.

## 1945

1-1-1945

Woutertje is sick. Luckily we could get some rice porridge for him. Inside the shed it is very hot and therefore we carry him in turns outside into the shadow of the trees.

3-1-1945

Heleen has the smallpox and Paul's tummy is acting up again.

6-1-1945

At 12 o'clock noon both the boys and the men had to leave, nobody knows where.

7-1-1945

For the first time I had duty as fushinban (night watch), together with Mrs. Groenewegen. To the Japanese patrol I had to say: "Dai dju kju kumi no fushinban fukumuchu ijo harimasan", which translates into: "I am the night watch from block 19 and report that there is nothing to report". Unfortunately I started to feel really bad, had nausea and a lot of diarrhoea. At 1 o'clock I was taken to the hospital.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon new people arrived from Ambarawa, Soerabaja and Karees and among them fortunately only a few sick people. Heleen is very sick too, but luckily Woutertje is better now.

Today we remembered the 8<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the wedding from Juliana with Bernhard.

10-1-1945

I fee a bit better today and I am allowed to have some mashed potatoes. But I am still very weak. Today is also Doortje Dohrendorf's birthday. How would she be doing?

11-1-1945

Today is visiting day again, always welcome. I slept still in this morning for quite a while, so the visiting hour approached quickly. For a minute I thought Mom had forgotten about it, but luckily she showed up. She told me that the sick ones were doing well and that Wouterje's stool looked good again. She must be very busy, I thought.

Right after the visiting hour was over, I cried for a while. I felt so weak and so miserable. Not that I am not properly being taken care off. I am quite OK here and they feed me well, even that bite of mashed potatoes is something



extraordinary. As soon as the doctor noticed that I had been crying and asked why, she said that starting tomorrow I would get the normal rice with sajoer again. That would do me good and make me strong again. I sure hope so.

14-1-1945

Sunday. I am now in the rest house, just next to the spot I laid last time. I feel a lot better already, but still very weak. Still, it is heading in the right direction. Yesterday morning it was not very quiet here, because a bunch of Japanese, together with Kleponners, were building a guard post in a tree behind the rest house. What for we don't know. A few girls had to splice bamboo for it. Those were such stupid girls. They were flirting with the Japanese and got some cigarettes. Bah!

21-1-1945

Luckily I am home again. Yesterday morning Mom, Roeli and I went to church. Aunt Chris had a beautiful text: "Let the children from Israel go along the road I will show them". It was so well to understand. Afterwards we have been sitting on the Tjemara field with Woutertje for a while. For him it is there a good playing field without either mud or trash cans.

From the Ambarawa people we learned a good way to make stir coffee. First you have to whip the coffee extract up until foamy and then add every time a spoonful of sugar. It starts to look just like coffee cream and it looks a lot more than it is.

For quite some time now we didn't get any sugar or any porridge, yesterday for the first time we've got some again. There came actually still a delicious surprise from the kitchen: real stew with pieces of meat and potatoes. How did we enjoy that, yummy! Our Toko money didn't last till the end of the month this time, because we spent too much to start with.

Until February Mom doesn't want me to do the laundry, because she is afraid that I will get sick again. Did I really become such a weak puppy? But I still help her with rinsing and hanging, because she too feels often very tired. There is something really peculiar going on with us: we are all ... healthy again. Fantastic! Only Roeli is still on a spruw diet for her tummy. That is delicious: four or five different vegetables and a cup of broth with a piece of meat in it. Woutertje gets some of the broth too. Then he has such a heavenly expression on his face!

Yesterday Roeli said: "Woutertje, say: "Good Morning Mommy!" And then he said: "Morning Mommy, morning Mommy!" That's very cute. It is such a sweet little boy.

A sad message to report: this afternoon Dr Engels passed away. There are a lot of deaths lately. I am afraid I am going to get smallpox, because there is already one fat one sitting on my belly and another on my arm.

1-2-1945

Luckily I am better again. Last week it was the worst, because I was covered with smallpox and they itched so badly. I felt really miserable too, but now it's over. I have even been outside already with the babat-gang. We had to cut

the grass along a ditch and also trim a hague down to the roots. It was a hard job and we were all boiling hot, but the Jap thought that we didn't do it right and let us stay behind. Finally we were allowed to go home at 2 PM after a long reprimand. We all had gotten a bad sunburn.

For the longest time we have been without sugar, but today the kitchen handed out 1 ounce per person and tomorrow we may be able to get some from the Toko. This month we will be more careful with ordering, because if not, we may be short again.

Woutertje has been very ill again. About a week ago he suddenly got high fevers which persisted. On the fifth day Mom decided that it would be better to take him to the hospital after all. Something we all resented. But fortunately, by the next day the fever dropped somewhat. Red spots appeared all over his tummy. People said that it had been the "five days illness" (whatever that may have been). He was much more upbeat now, but still weak. At everything he said: "No". But we are so happy that it was nothing more serious.

19-2-1945

I am now being assigned to the patjol squad (a shovel which can be used to hack as well), which consist out of 100 women and girls. Each morning we are on duty between 9 and 12 o'clock. Roeli is by the weeding squad and is on duty in the afternoon between 2 and 5 o'clock. It is tiring, but healthy work out in the open and in fresh air.

We all feel very weak and slow lately, which is obviously caused by the lack of enough food. For a while we have had no bread, only porridge. Two new doctors have arrived: Dr van de Broek and Dr de Haas, the brother of Dr. Hennequin, which is very nice for her. A while ago he has been in Tjimahi too and talked to Daddy, but he didn't remember much of it. His next assignment was in a women's camp in Semarang. He told us that the lodging there was much better, but the food was way worse. To live in a shed like ours was really very bad he said. Lately we are infested by rajaps (= white ant, termite). Every day we have to feel around the supports of our bunks to find out whether or not they climbed up and got into the mattresses yet. Lately we found an entire mouse nest in our backpack complete with 5 tiny little mice babies. They made a nice soft nest out of Mom's beautiful shopping bag. They had been chewing on other things too. That was a real pity. During one night they hauled away half of our supply of lomboks and ate them on Mrs. Van Nie's shelf. Only the seeds were left.

28-2-1945

I do my patjolling now in the afternoon, because that suits Mom better. Today we were off, because at 11 o'clock the siren went and we had to retreat back inside the sheds. But fortunately, the alarm didn't last too long and soon we were allowed to go outside again.

Today no sambal, because no lomboks (=Spanish pepper, the main ingredient of sambal) arrived. But the soup was very tasteful, complete with pieces of meat and potatoes. Bread we are still not getting, only porridge, porridge and porridge.

A while ago I devised a nice little plan: to draw Woutertje's portrait for Mom's birthday. Roeli will hold him still while I do the drawing. It is very difficult, but I think I will manage.

Aunt Chris has started a small Sunday school in our barrack, for which Roeli, Heleen, Henny Giese Koch, Corry Lieneman and I will act as teachers. Last Sunday Heleen had influenza and Paula has taken care of her class. Luckily she is better now, but she still looks very pale, especially in comparison to our tanned skins. Woutertje is now better again and Mom, in general, feels good too, but is often weak and tires quickly. But that is something we are all feel.

12-3-1945

Time flies! In about 3 weeks it's Eastern again. Yesterday it was Sunday and together we went to the church service on the Tjemara field. At those services are always a Jap and a translator present. Aunt Chris read a sermon and thereby she read a beautiful piece about the time of suffering Jesus went through. In the afternoon we had our Sunday school. Because it was raining cats and dogs, we sat down in the aisle of room B with the children. We talked about the last supper. My pupils understood what was being said, but Heleen thought it was a little hard to understand for her little ones.

Normally we have got that hour in the morning, but today all female garden workers had to report for work. The roster had been changed again. First we had to work 3 hours a day, either in the morning or in the afternoon. Now it is: every other day 2 ½ hours both in the morning and in the afternoon. Roeli is among those people that have been working today and tomorrow it is my turn. We are all off on Sunday, Wednesday afternoon and on Saturday afternoon and that is nice. The patjolling is not too bad. At first I got blisters on my hands, but they have turned into callus now. Lately, while I was rinsing the patjol off next to the well in the Boemi camp, I heard a burst of very loud cracking. What happened: a Jap had been cutting away at one of the large rain trees in front of our barrack. When one branch came down it took a number of other branches with it. The Jap was not in such a particularly good shape. His arm got caught in between two branches and was probably brused or fractured. When he finally climbed down his arm was hanging limp. Once off the ladder he fainted. Another Jap caught him.

Last week we were allowed to send another postcard to Daddy, even one with a date on it. We wrote:

"9-3-2605" (Japanese year).

Daddy, dear Friso,

After much illness we are all ok again. We hope that too for the Friso's. No card received yet. Each evening we think about our two Friso's. Keep faith in the Lord. Woutertje is very smart. In the train he was very sweet, slept well. Earlier we were here by Kapa, now with Jack, Bertha, Christien. Our greetings for the peace of the Friso's, family and friends. Kisses from... Anneke, Roeli, Heleen, Paul Woutertje, Landa".

When will this card arrive? Woutertje turns into a real betoel (smart \*ss). When he has gotten a treat, and we close the box and say: "It's finished Woutertje", than he says: "No, no, cookies, more, more!" He has a cold now and comes every time obediently back to us and says: "Nose, nose!" And we'll blow his nose again. Yesterday I taught him to say: "Sst!" with his finger in front of his lips. He had to laugh his head off at that one. Also he can play so nice "peekaboo" with Bernie Beckman, who is staying with us now while his mother is in the hospital. That boy still has long blond curls. His mother finds it a pity to cut them off, before his father has seen it. He looks just like a girl. At night he sleeps next to me. He turns and tosses a lot. Sometimes, in the morning, I find his little head right next to me on the pillow. When he wakes up at night, he reaches out to feel if I am still there. Poor little boy, he misses his Mommy very much. Fortunately she has almost recovered and it looks like she will be back soon.

A while ago Mom had some red spots on her legs. Dr. Hennequin prescribed her some yeast which helped right away. Yesterday some Papaya's came from the Toko and among the 6 of us we could share one. Delicious! Today we ate half of it and tomorrow we are going to eat the rest. Yesterday, for Sunday, we made stir coffee again. That was very tasty. One thing is rather disturbing though: every time when we have some treat, the Mulder family on the other side of the aisle sits there staring at us. The mother is ok, but she raises her children the wrong way. Those children are jerks, they beggar for treats wherever they can get them. They also cry at least once a day. Especially John is the one we don't like. Mom thinks he's mentally challenged. The whole picture looks to me like something a family shouldn't be.

Last week, for a few days, we got pancakes instead of porridge. Very tasty! Complete with sugar and cinnamon. But Toean (= Master) Nippon decided that we had used too much flower and oil and the fun was over. Now it's back to 2 table spoons dedek-porridge (=porridge made from poor quality ingredients) in the morning and in the afternoon some rice with sajoer and sambal. Lately I started shaking uncontrollable from hunger and quickly drank four cups of tea. It helped somewhat.

Last night we played some games together, among them "Pit and Quit". Mom, during the evenings, often reads from the Bible and from the song bundle. And in the morning from my booklet: A prayer for every day. Woutertje can already fold his hands so sweetly, while we say grace before a meal. This morning there was a meeting between all block-leaders from the camp and a high ranking Japanese officer. Many topics have been discussed, because they were allowed to bring all complaints forwards. Of course the food has been discussed as well. They asked for more rice and bread instead of porridge. Further they asked for: oil, beans, sugar, fruits and milk for the children. Dr de Wolf was called into the discussion as well. He said that the garden labour was way too hard in comparison to the food supplied. The women would go "antjoer" (= break down) from it, he said. Further was asked if the coffins, made from old bunk beds, could possibly be made by others

than by our girls. The Jap was surprised to hear that and seemed not to have known about it.

Also a request was made to get school instruction for the children. "No, that's impossible", he answered. Then he asked if we knew something about the progress of the war. "No", was our answer, "We read the last newspaper 3 months ago. That one said that fighting was going on at both the Filipinas and on the Salomon's Islands".

"Yes they are still fighting there as we speak", the Jap answered. "America is strong, but so is Japan. In case the American Army would arrive here, how would you comport yourselves?" "We would remain calm", was our answer. "And in case our army would have to retreat, how could we possibly protect you? Are you then coming with us, or would you prefer to stay behind in this camp?" "We prefer to stay behind, but under the protection of some Japanese, until the American occupation arrives". Further he asked if we were willing to stay eventually under an Indonesian government. "No, that would be unthinkable", was our answer. "Because, as a matter of fact, we have been occupied by Japanese and not by Indonesian forces". The discussion kept going on for a while longer and than the meeting was over.

I don't know if he could give us some more hope. We all are so looking forwards to an end of this occupation, without Daddy, without Friso, but with hunger, anxiety and hopelessness. Let's hope that it may be a happy ending and not an ending as Hall Caine described in his book: "Love above hate": "The first years of peace maybe worse than the last years of war".

Daily roster: (aside from the garden duty):

08:00 AM. Roll-call.

08:30 AM. Making toast for Wouter and pick up the porridge.

09:00 AM. Get hot water for coffee or tea.

10:00 AM. Do laundry and place bath water for Wouter outside into the sunshine.

11:00 AM. Pick up the bread.

01:00 PM. Pick up rice, kedele (=highly nutritional yellow bean) and some fruit.

01:30 PM. Pick up Wouter's milk, rinse laundry and hang to dry.

02:00 PM. Pick up soup and sambal.

05:00 PM. Pick up hot water, toasted bread and porridge.

06:00 PM. Pick up laundry and bring inside.

09:00 PM. Roll-call.

10:00 PM. Lights out.

14-3-1945.

Today has been very quiet, because I had no garden duty. Roeli was on a shift and Mom had to stand in for someone's shift this afternoon. It was her first time, but fortunately it wasn't too hard on her. It left her with a nice sun tan. I thus took care of both the little monkeys this afternoon. While they were asleep, I made some stir coffee for both hard working garden workers. They were deliciously surprised and we, of course, had to taste the coffee too.

This morning another inspection by some 10 high ranking Japanese was announced. Everything had to be in ship shape, of course. At 11 o'clock, 7 of them came trudging through the camp. They did not even look into our shed.

15-3-1945

Today is a big day for us because... sugar has arrived! We got 8 ounces per person and that is a lot.

Mrs. Beckman has returned this morning, so Bernie has gone back to her again. But Mrs. Wesley (across from us) is going to the hospital tomorrow and her little son George will get under our care for the time being. It's a real naughty boy, but he can also be very nice.

This morning I was on patjol duty, but I got next to no work assigned. The arrangements have changed again: First group A worked one day and group B the other, but now is it group A the morning shift and group B the afternoon shift. Thus both Roeli and I now take turns to be away on the same day.

Woutertje was so funny this morning. As soon as he noticed that I was on my way to the garden, he said: "Akoe tuin" (tuin = garden) and a while later he came up with my pocket knife and said: "Akoe mes" (mes = knife). It was so funny that he already understood that we take a knife with us when we go to the garden for weeding.

2-4-1945

Yesterday it was Eastern Sunday. In the morning Mom, George and I went to church. They told us that there would be a baptism ceremony too, but that was cancelled. Aunt Chris spoke about the three days: Good Friday, Silent Saturday and Eastern Sunday, as the sad day, the silent day and the happy day. For us these are the sad times, but if not followed by a time of silence and introspection, than no happy day will ever come afterwards. I thought she said that very well. Lately we are sitting a lot outside, behind hall B. It is very quiet there and so we can enjoy the beautiful weather. Mom reads us than something from the Bible. From between the trees, we can just see a part of the Goenoeng Marbaboe. Yesterday the evening sun shed a beautiful light on it. On that spot I often teach my Sunday school class.

Yesterday morning we got porridge again instead of djagoeng, which many people regretted, because they had wanted to fashion eastern eggs out of the djagoeng for the children. But not to worry, eastern bunnies, birds and little nests with eggs were created out of lobak, roots and laboe. That looked very funny. Roeli made one of those nests with a bird on it for Paul. Peter and Teun Groenewegen got from them a root-bunny with two buttons for eyes. For my Sunday school class, I made root-eggs with a little blue thread bound around it, some laboe-grass in it and some sugar as a border. They all liked it very much.

Roeli didn't feel well. We spreaded her class among ours. George is now with me. Luckily he was quiet, which doesn't happen too often. Especially in the afternoon, when he has to take a nap, he can be a pain. That is also because his mother spoiled him lately quite a bit and gave in on too many things. When I ever will have children, I promise that there is one thing I will never do: to

spoil them too much. Once in a while a little spoiling can't hurt, but never so much that they become annoying.

Yesterday we made stir coffee again for both the Sunday and the holiday. Mmmm! And in the afternoon we watched the pictures that we were able to take with us. Many memories bubbled to the surface. I also have been able to read some in a lovely book.

Here follow the names of the nurses in the big hospital:

Zr. Aalders, Zr. van de Voort, Zr. Wemper, Zr. Beer, Zr. Verdonk, Zr. Hogeboom, Zr. Prossman, Zr. Hen, Zr. Meier, Zr. Gracius, Zr. van Heusden, Zr. van Dijk, Zr. Bot, Zr. Hendriks and Zr. Suus.

My life mission:

"Going through life with courage, light hearted and love, paired with a deep trust and faith in God".

Some wise words I encountered:

If your face wants to smile, let it! If it doesn't, make it!

Giving, and being happy to give, makes ones life rich.

Keep your smile and make the best of it.

Answer with mercy, spiced with salt.

"Than, even than, I am rich in God!" cries my soul.

2-4-1945

For more than 10 days in a row we only get some kedele in the morning and some porridge in the evening.

In the afternoon with the rice we got a little djagoeng. The kedele doesn't go down well, every time I got a tummy ache from it. Now we have learned something new from Mrs. De Vos: we make peujeum (= fermented porridge) from it. That can be done from either djagoeng as from kedele, but with djagoeng it tastes way better.

Recipe: First in the meat grinder until fine, and then put away mixed with yeast, sugar and water. It works beautifully and it is better to digest.

In the garden we have an odd job to do, namely we have got to pull all kinds of hedges out complete with the roots. And we've got to do that with our patjols! I now have a blister on my hand again, which didn't happen anymore while doing the usual work. The hacking on those trunks is extremely tiring and also the patjols are suffering. Only when coffee arrives, nobody is tired anymore.

10-4-1945

Luckily the Toko is open again, although many items have become more expensive. Toilet soap: 58 ct, laundry detergent: 45 ct, kwee boloe, (= cookie) 16 ct, a columbine 37 ct, 1 ounce of onions, 36 ct, 1 ounce lombok 36 ct. Fortunately sugar has arrived today: 1 pound per person. Delicious! It is terrible not to have anything around here. This morning I was so weak again, that I couldn't do much. Mom also suffers the same thing.

Last Friday there was a search covering the entire camp (Money, radio's, electrical appliances, etc.). As nervous as I was before, so indifferent I felt now. We just started our work in the garden when three kleponners came running by. A little later a lady from the office came telling us to return home. Soon we saw more kleponners and also Japanese. All sheds were secured. At our shed they were all busy putting the opened suitcases on top of the bunks. A Jap came running in and while shouting: "Keloear, keloear!" (= out, out) we were chased outside. Outside under the two rain trees, we had to wait. Our shed was first. They didn't even find much. A small basket full was the entire loot. Then our bodies were frisked. Luckily we were handled by Mrs. Van Dalen and Mrs Groenewegen, but at all the other blocks it was done by a kleponner.

Brrrr! Finally, finally we were allowed inside again at about 3:30 PM, all very sun burned and hungry. Inside it was a mess; everything was piled and mixed up. Heleen's piggybank lied broken on a shelf, but the half cent coins were still in there. We didn't miss anything. They almost seized our warm water bag, but both Mrs. Van Dalen and Mrs. Groenewegen were just able to avoid that. All the food stood prepared in the kitchen and was ready to be handed out. That tasted good!

29-4-1945

Sunday. Unfortunately a church service was not allowed today. Hearing that, we went and sat down behind hall B on a quiet spot with our sandwiches. Mom read us from the Bible. Yes we had a real sandwich again, because Toean (= Master) "Nippon" had already for a week the "grace" to send us some real bread. The yeast is made here in the camp and than sent to the factory. The djagoeng portions are getting smaller and smaller. Our Sunday meal consisted out of extra thick porridge and half an ounce of sugar. Mmmm! Corrie, Roeli and I went this afternoon again to the club formed by Miss Kerling, who talks about all kinds of interesting things from the world of biology, among other things, about bacteria, injections, vaccines, sera, contagious illnesses, cowpox etc. I love it, because there is still so much I don't know about. Both Corrie and I have agreed with Katrien Miedema, to start French lessons. We want to try to repeat the third part of the "Cours Pratique" again and to read once in a while a story from my book. We have asked Mrs. Wesly to both help us a little and to explain some things to us. She does it with pleasure and that is very sweet of her, because she doesn't feel too good yet, after her illness.

Jopie van Nie is staying with us now, because his mother is in the hospital with angina. He is quiet and doesn't have as many tinka's (= whims) as usual. I now have three jobs simultaneously: I have to wash the djagoeng, I am a spare patjol person, and I am the assistant of Mrs. Viegeler, the hall nurse. My nursing wish is starting to take shape already, because I now have to take care of Mrs. Wesly, Bakker and Leefers. Making beds, bathing children, preparing warm water bottles, picking up food, and so on. It is not too bad. I like it to help and to take care of things. And later I could work nicely in a big hospital, alongside other nurses. And who knows, with Daddy as the doctor?



Within a few days a 1000 kilo's oebi has been harvested from the gardens. That is now regularly being mixed into the sambal, very tasty. The garden-Jap was content with our work. Further each of us was allowed to submit a request. Many didn't do it, because they didn't know what to ask for. We wouldn't get any more food anyway and other requests are perhaps going to be ignored as well.

2-5-1945

Mrs van Nie is back from the hospital. Our peace is gone!  
Further notable news: We are allowed to order eggs and pisangs (= bananas) at the Toko. 1 ducks egg: 47 ct, 1 chicken egg: 39 ct, 1 pisang 10 ct. A rip-off, but we still ordered an egg and a pisang for each one of us.

7-5-1945

20 Years ago Daddy and Mommy married! What would we have celebrated that differently in another time!

12-5-1945

Good news and bad news! A while ago the rumour went that more Red-Cross packages were going to arrive. But then we didn't hear about them anymore. Now, all of a sudden, the message came that they were here and ready for hand out. There was a hurray when we heard the news.  
Now the bad news: This afternoon Miss Bouvy called everyone in the block together to tell them that in the office it was announced that this entire camp had to move. It was funny to notice the different reactions. While one was laughing, another was crying, a third one looked puzzled and the children had visions of an exiting train ride. Further she told us that we didn't have to hurry packing, because it could still take a while. Where to and when, she didn't know. We don't mind it as much as before in Tjihapit. Now we just pick up our suit case and walk!

13-5-1945

This afternoon, to our big surprise, we received two postcards: one from Daddy and one from Friso!  
On the one from Friso a lot had been censored out. There were only 3 sentences left: "I am healthy, also Rob Krijger, many kisses".  
And then it was signed with such a disarming childish signature. From postcards sent by other boys we understood that he is still interned in the Bandoeng camp. Probably he's in a boy's camp headed by a lady. That is what Mom likes the most.  
Daddy mailed his card still to Rijpwijk 84, so he didn't even know that we had left. From his card nothing had been erased. He wrote:

2605-2-11

I hope that we all are still in good health. How are the children? Do you have enough money to survive? My thoughts are often with you all; especially for the moment we may meet each other again. I am content.

What a pity that Friso is not with him. Both the husband and son from Mrs. Kok are together instead, because she received one postcard from both of them. Daddy had to put "Blanda" at the "from" spot and he has written the "B" very thin and the word "landa" very fat. So funny is that. At first we didn't understand what he meant with the last sentence, but now we think that he hopes that we will be together again for the next birthdays. We hope that too!

14-4-1945

Woutertjes second birthday! It was very busy and a lot of presents at our spot. This morning almost all children from the shed were grouping around the birthday boy and his presents. From almost everyone he got some little something. It was so nice. Wouter didn't become shy in the least and he was not overwhelmed either. Joyfully and nice he unwrapped everything and while opening a package he shouted: "Ai, Ai!" Especially the djahe's (=ginger) he liked.

And to add to the festivities some of the Red-Cross packages were already handed out. We were suddenly immersed in an unknown luxury, because we got: cigarettes, cookies, pie, candy, raisins, soap, milk powder, chocolate, chewing gum, corned beef, cheese and plum pudding. Of everything of course only very small portions, but hey, it was delicious. And more to come tomorrow!

15-5-1945

Now came from the land of milk and honey: bacon, sausage, jam, ragout, marmalade, plum pudding, pie, salmon, coffee, custard, for the children and one plum.

My, my, what were we thankful to the people who had been organizing those packages! It was so good!

The block-hen has laid her first egg today, an egg without a shell! It was raffled among the children and Wouter won it!

Just now it was announced that the move will start May 25. The sick will leave first.

We can now pick up our books from the library. And also the big aluminium pot, they borrowed from us for use in the kitchen. We did a good trade: for a good amount of soap, we got a big red pot and a plate in return.

16-5-1945

There was still no end to all the good gifts. Today we got evaporated milk, kitchen syrup, sugar and margarine.

22-5-1945

Today is the birthday from both Aunt Mies and Grandfather Bosman. Muruwi visited our shed; he is still as fat as ever. Among the transport of the sick will travel: Mrs. Wesley, Bakker, Leefers, Beckman, Parree, Koek, Aunt Willy Giese Koch and Aunt Christien.

23-5-1945

Mom's birthday! We ate a small pudding at Aunt Christien's. It was very comfy. A kleptomaniac woman stole handkerchiefs from the cloth line, also some of ours. A few of them we were able to get back.

25-5-1945

The people belonging to the first transport have to hand in their suitcases and barang, among them are Mrs. Beckman and Mrs. Parree.

26-5-1945

Tonight at 1:30AM the first transport, for the major part consisting out of sick people, has left for an unknown destination. People whisper: to Moentilan. It was full Moon.

27-5-1945

Sunday. Hauling mattresses to the front gate and load them into trucks.

28-5-1945

Daddy's birthday, not spent together again. How long will all this misery still last?

Today Mrs. Wesly, Bakker, Posthumus, de Geus, Leefers, Aunt Willie Gise Koch and Zr. Ziegler left. I am block nurse now and have to report everything out out the ordinary to Zr. Snellen.

30-5-1945

Wednesday. At 5 o'clock Aunt Aaf Graafstal left. We moved to block 18 and are lying down on bare bunks. We will probably leave on Sunday or Monday.

31-5-1945

We are leaving Sunday at 5 PM. Our travel numbers are: 308 - 314. We are getting a lot of both djagoeng and kedele and we are making cookies out of them.

I have been scavenging on the garbage dump behind the camp and salvaged some usable pieces of cloth. I earned some cigarettes for hauling suitcases. Smoking I find disgusting, but cigarettes make good trading items. Woutertje is running around through all the mess and has a great time.

**Lampersari**

**Semarang**

(3-6-1945 --- 2-11-1945)

3-6-1945

Departure for Semarang! Under the supervision of Mrs. De Blot.

There our entire luggage was loaded onto trucks, whereafter we had to walk for three hours along boiling hot streets. At 4 o'clock we arrived in camp Lampersari, a camp consisting of houses this time. There was both checking and frisking. Many women were beaten with a stick or a sable. I successfully hid my silver "rijksdaalder" (= Dutch silver coin worth 2 guilders and fifty cents) in the grass and it remained undetected.

Our address is now: Hoofdmangga 64. A front porch of about 2 to 4 meter wide and use of 1/3 of the adjacent room. We live with 22 people in a very tiny little house!

For comfort we got a plate with "hutspot" (= kind of stew).

4-6-1945

The second transport from Solo arrived.

7-6-1945

Roeli's birthday! We found a few old acquaintances back: Mrs. Vink and Bep van Wijk. A sad message: Mrs. De Weeger had passed away. How very sad for her children in Holland.

The people, on whom money was still found, had to stand in the blazing sun for the entire day, as punishment. Fortunately they didn't find the money that Mom hid in the head of the little Negro doll. Further, already for some time no sugar has been handed out, as punishment for the smuggling. Here we get tiny little portions of djagoeng, rice and porridge. Woutertje gets a half portion rice and a half portion nassi-trim.

19-6-1945

Today I had to go "sprieten" for the first time, which means to work a piece of land, located about three quarters of an hours walking distance from the camp. I was assigned to the patjol squad again. Hard, heavy physical labour, with as only advantage a little extra food.

For both Wouter and Mom we have been able to find a bunk bed. Now at least they don't have to lie down on the humid dirt floor anymore. At Miss de Bruin-Ouboter's we held a church service. The Toko is closed for the time being. From acquaintances we heard that both Aunt Hettie Dake and Het are interned in the Halmahera camp, the second women's camp of Samarang. Both Jaap and Maart Dake are in Bankong, a large boys and men's camp.

26-5-1945

There are rumours that the Americans are near both Soerabaja and Madoera and have put forwards an ultimatum that has to be answered within 36 hours. The "Sprieten" have gotten a 2 days rest. We were allowed to write another post card again. It is very cold in the morning. Both Paul and Wouter have got bacillary dysentery.

Instead of porridge we got tapioca flower, from which we are supposed to stir up some kind of porridge in the kitchen, by adding some hot hot water, "glass porridge". Mrs. Poulus recently died of diphtheria. Poor Siebke!

8-7-1945

The "Sprieten" now have gotten 2 ½ days off. Is it because of military exercises?

Now we've got porridge twice a day, further a little bit of rice and water soup. The Toko is open again, fortunately. We could get some onions, lomboks, pisangs and tea.

The Asia porridge is disgusting. Once in a while we secretly (very much prohibited) bake a tapioca cake on a small fire behind the house. Lately we made a broth from a little bird that had fallen out of its nest. On the "Sprieten" field there is a regular hunt on both frogs and snakes. Lately I have been hit, together with a few other people, because we took home some greens.

17-7-1945

Heleen's birthday. Both Bep van Wijk and Mrs. Vink dropped in to congratulate. We were able to offer them some miniature cookies made with Red-Cross raisins and also some whipped coffee.

Both Mrs. Jansen van Raay and Heintje joined the party as well. Heleen got from Bep a spoon, from Mom a handkerchief complete with an embroidered H on it (Both Roeli and I got one each too), from me a spoon crafted out of bamboo, from Roeli a mug warmer and from Paul a wooden fruit bowl. We had saved some rice and fashioned a "nasi goreng" (= fried rice) as good as we could. Mmmm!

The rumours are good again: Before August all of Indonesia will be liberated. Juliana will be crowned in September. Queen Wilhelmina has returned to the "Loo" palace. And everywhere in Holland big field kitchens have been set up.

22-7-1945

Seven "Flying Fortresses" flew over. They bombed the harbour at 1:30PM. Everyone had to go inside. Everything had to be locked up. Jan de Mepper (= John the Clubber) walked along the back of the houses to check on it. The "Sprieten" who were in the field at that time, told us later they had seen the bombs being dropped. Further, some insisted, they had seen the words "Rescue is near" painted on a guard post.

A funny habit has started: When the "Sprieten" return from work, and while marching through the camp, you can hear them sing from street to street: "The Sprieten are coming home, the sprieten are coming home". And that sounds so funny.

23-7-1945

Last night another bombardment, tracer fire and machine gun fire.

28-7-945

Air raid alarm again, the tension rises.

4-8-1945

We got 1 egg, 1 pisang and some onions. During the hand out a lot seems to have been stolen. Mom has yellow fever. Roeli has to go "Sprieten" now too. Wouter fell into a deep ditch across the street lately. Covered in dirt and with a big lump on his head he was escorted home. He is now on the rope again. Heleen has gotten influenza.

Once in a while I drop in at Joop Bouman, a nice gal. Many people have swollen oedema legs and red spots because of the lack of vitamins. While walking, from some their knees bent unexpectedly. That is a horrible sight. In our garden we now grow also krokot (= a Japanese kind of purslane), gondola (=a strange kind of leaf vegetable) and oebi. The soup vegetables are now enriched with papaja flowers and young pisang bark and sometimes the bud. Brrr!

Mrs. Groenewegen, some time ago, fashioned a nice hotplate for us out of a hollowed brick and a spiral wire that Mom had taken out of a blow dryer and smuggled in. It is very handy and we use it a lot. In the morning early, at 4 AM, Mom turns it on with a big pot of water on top and at 6 AM the whole house could drink a nice cup of "koppie toebroek" (cup of Toebroek = ground, unfiltered coffee, prepared in a mug with sugar and hot water).

13-8-1945

Today the "Sprieten" left as if nothing had happened. We didn't get any porridge, only djagoeng. In town, a guy on a bike rode by and he shouted something which I couldn't understand. But some said he shouted: "The war is over". The work was not interrupted by the sound of sirens, but something else happened that was kind of strange. All women, who had relatives among the boys and the men who were also working on the field, were allowed to walk over to them to speak to them for a minute. That created a happy consternation. Mothers talked to their sons, brothers to their sisters and so on. And that was all because of the "goodness" of the Jap, of course.

14-8-1945

Birthday of Grandma Willie Bosman. How would she be doing?

Today I didn't have to go "Sprieten". The others returned home with exiting stories, though. That the war was over, that an important telegram had been received in the administration office, and that both the ladies van de Poel and Jaarsma had to report there. Anxiously we spent the evening, but we didn't hear anything anymore. Both Mom and I were on duty that night as the fushinban (= night watch).

15-8-1945

A European drove into the camp in a small car. Later he turned out to be Danish. A Jap approached him and barked something at him. The Danish answered something and was immediately slapped in the face. But the guy was not born yesterday and smacked the Jap back in his face. It was a delightful scene. He entered the office and left the flabbergasted Jap outside

in the dust. We were incredibly curious what would happen next, but everything remained quiet. After a while though, all Hantijo's (= Japanese block heads) were called together and then the big announcement was made: "Yesterday at 4 o'clock in Geneve the Japanese capitulation has been signed!" Incredible joy and thankfulness resonated through the entire camp. In the afternoon, a great quantity of both yellow and red candy was handed out throughout the camp. People said it was a present from the Chinese. Very kind and very welcome!

From the Halmahera camp some messages came through. Bep told that Aunt Hettie had died and also others received word of people having passed away. That spoiled our joy somewhat. The word was that the liberation troopers will arrive here at the 18<sup>th</sup> of August.

Mom read us a verse of thankfulness. I was very tired.

16-8-1945

We got 2 ounces of sugar per person. Yummy!

One of the Japanese head officers, nicknamed "Sientje", acted as if nothing had happened. He barked and hit as ever before. He insisted this whole thing was nonsense. Oh, those last little convulsions!

The "Sprieten" didn't have to leave anymore. Never again one would hear the song "The Sprieten are coming home" anymore. A relief indeed, because it was hard work.

The gedek (= fence) is overrun from both the inside and the outside, because many natives come and offer food and fruit in trade for clothing and old rags. As far as clothing concerns those people are in miserable shape. A few rags or goeni bags (= rice bags), is all they are wearing. We are being warned not to "bollossen" (= break) out the camp, but to wait for the liberation army, because of the danger posed by extremists.

The sick will leave first, for now to the large St. Elisabeth's hospital and later to Australia.

17-8-1945

6 Airplanes flew over, from which 2 of them flying several times over the camp at very low altitude. Clearly one could distinguish the red-white and blue on both the wings and the tails.

We were jumping up and down outside of ourselves from pure joy and laughed and waived vigorously from the street. Immediately 6, 7 or 8 carefully hidden flags appeared and were draped upon the street to show the pilots who we were.

Crazy, crazy, crazy we were! From the office came the order: "Stay quiet inside".

According to the rumours, tomorrow van Mook will arrive with the liberators. People from both the police and the state railway appear to already have been released. Soon more doctors will arrive for the camps. Mom will now get 2 ounces of sugar for her yellow fever. Heleen is still very weak and Roeli's tummy aches again. As for myself, I don't feel that weak anymore. I weighed myself on the big rice scale in the kitchen: 47.6 Kg.



We are cooking all kinds of wonderful dishes and eat, no we are feasting on them the whole day. Finally we've got fruit, finally meat and eggs and so much other delicacies, we missed for ages. The pigs, raised by the Japanese for themselves, will now be slaughtered in our kitchen.

22-8-1945

The rumours about the 18<sup>th</sup> of August turn out to be untrue. But a peace accord was signed on that day in Manilla though. There are some new rumours about an American-Indonesian republic, but that is perhaps to keep the populous quiet.

Today the seriously ill have been taken to the big Hospital.

Yesterday morning another airplane with red-white and blue on the tail flew over.

Today the Japanese occupation for this camp seems to have arrived, to protect us until the new liberation forces arrive. "Sientje" has already disappeared too.

Tonight both Mom and I have watch duty from 11 PM till 1 AM. During that time we cooked a bun made from Asia flower, au-bain-marie on our brick. It turned out to be very tasty. The last days a lot of flower has arrived. Yesterday we didn't get any porridge, but 50 grams of flower instead. Today we got 100 grams flower and porridge on top of that! Instead of the djagoeng, we got half a ration of rice more, thus 330 grams rice in total. Now we can eat rice both this afternoon and tonight. From our flour I have kneaded two buns and baked into a lobak cake (= raddish). Especially Roeli likes that. Paul brought a delicious soup from the kitchen made with vegetables, meat and broth.

Yesterday we got 1 ounce of white sugar and 1 ounce of brown sugar. What are they good to us!

A few days we got klappers (= coconut) for the entire camp: 1 klapper per 14 people. We got lucky with our big family, because we got almost half an entire klapper. The shell we have cut in half and raffled off. Both Mrs. Geisler and we had each a half. From the fruit meat we made santen (= coco milk) and used it partly with the porridge and partly with the coffee. Very tasty! From the ampas (= leftover from pressed coco) I made seroendeng (= fried coco), which tasted very good too.

Wouter just woke up. Roeli is feeding him both a pisang goreng (=fried banana) and a piece of lobak cake, which he likes very much. He already crawls out of his bed by himself and can also get on the potty, as long as his pants are not too difficult to open up. He talks already so nice. He can already say in his funny way: "Hello folks". But our little man can also be quite a character, which is a constant strain for Mom. He can also play "Nippon" with a stick. Further he is still very fond of flowers, buds, sticks and leaves. What will Daddy be surprised when he sees you back and what will he love you! We all are very much longing for that day.

But our primary wish is now that the Japanese disappear; totally disappear, so that we can be free again. But before that happens, we will still have to have some patience and keep our faith in God. Fortunately all of us are healthy again.

23-8-1945

Again two Lockheeds came over with red-white and blue on the tail. They dropped pamphlets. Again, in no time, the street was covered with flags.

Text of the pamphlets:

Deputies of the Emperor of Japan have arrived at Manilla at the headquarters of General Mac Arthur, to sign the documents for the ending of the war in the Pacific. Members of the Japanese Imperial family have left Japan for China, Mantsjoeria, and other fronts to oversee the obedience of the Japanese armed forces to the orders to cease the war. The Emperor has guaranteed the safety of all allied prisoners of war including those interned and promised the immediate distribution of food, clothing and medicine. On many places in the Pacific region the Japanese commanders have already begun to release the prisoners of war and the interned.

Balikpapan, 21 August 1945

At 1 o'clock we got 100 grams uncooked rice, onions and an entire pancake each. Mmm!

Bep dropped in also. Much smuggling is going on at the gedek, despite the danger from the extremists. In the neighbours bathroom they now raise a chicken. Once in a while you can hear hurrahs and singing, perhaps as a rehearsal for the upcoming birthday of our Queen Wilhelmina on August the 31<sup>st</sup>. That woman must also have some difficult years behind her.

Tomorrow we will get 400 grams of rice, 100 grams of flower, djagoeng, and 500 grams of vegetables, further lard, meat and sugar. We are out of ourselves from both joy and excitement. An internment office will from now on take care of us, as far as clothing, food and housing concerns. This afternoon everyone was making fires and cooking all kinds of delicacies.

This evening we dragged a pile of stashed gedek sections away. Thereafter somebody with an accordion walked down the streets and a whole bunch of people followed him singing and dancing. In front of Ds. Stegeman (8<sup>th</sup> Mangga) the line came to a halt. For a moment everybody was silent and then the national anthem "Wilhelmus" was sung. That was so beautiful. It was not so much sung from the lungs, as deep from the heart. So incredible emotional!

Thereafter the parade got going again. Just now we heard the Wilhelmus a second time. Tonight, Mom has read the verse: "Thank, all thank God now" and after that we sang the verse, together with Mrs. Geisler and Mrs. Jansen van Raay. A beautiful end of a beautiful day.

26-8-1945

Sunday. This morning Mom has read verse 107. Both beautiful and appropriate for these days. This afternoon we invited Bep to join us for dinner. Very cosy and very tasty. We are now getting enough to eat: rice, flour, sugar, oil, pisang and katjang. A stuffed stomach is a good feeling.

Since 3 days now the gedek is being invaded from the outside by aboriginals with all kinds of food. They trade that against rags, clothing and cloth. I also

joined the party enthusiastically. The old rags from the garbage dump in Solo were washed and came in handy now. I traded them for: goela djawa, coconut, a small chicken, bananas, onions, lomboks and one ketimoen. An old dress from Mom we traded for a fat chicken.

We enjoy all that food immensely, but we are also very careful, because many people are already sick from eating too much food and too much fat. Often some Indo and Chinese women come to the gedek, who hand out sugar, cookies, coffee, ketella, cooked rice and so on, without wanting anything in return. It is really nice of them wanting to help us too. I got some sugar from them, mixed with coffee powder.

Together with Bep we ate rice with baked chicken, ketimoen, seroendeng, broth and sajoer from waloe (= grapefruit) and Tempe. For desert we had a fruitsalad made from pisang, djeroek and mangga (= mango). Delicious! Bep enjoyed it too.

Our young, just born, pigeon sat on the table and ate some rice too. Such a lovely tame little creature! The baby down has gone and now the feathers are coming through. We call it Yksi, one of the bird names out of the book from Neils Holgerson.

Some other important thing: Yesterday we received a postcard from Friso, in which he wrote that Akka was still alive and with him. A wonderful surprise for all of us.

And we are also happy with the other things he wrote:

Dear Mommy, I am doing well and I am fat. I am here together with uncle Henk, uncle Giel. I don't work very much. Our bird Akka is here. Akka is doing very well too. I am not going to school. I feel pretty good here. Plenty of cloths. The food is good too. I am looking forwards to see my father and mother back soon. Bye! Many kisses from Friso Bosman. (May 21st.)

Almost all the other people living in the house have now received a postcard too.

They are still being handed out, so...who knows.

In almost every street a flag flies now, a beautiful sight. The last few days already a lot of Blanda-Indo people have already left through the front gate, at least those who are able to find shelter on the outside by family and friends. The new occupation forces have still not arrived yet, but the attitude of the Japs towards us has changed quite a lot.

This afternoon all the adults had to report in front of the office, awaiting an important announcement. People said that it was going to be the last order from the Japanese authorities, but that was completely wrong. It was about gratefulness, that we had been so well protected and that we had been able to weather the past times so well, thanks to all the good care we had received. We had to continue like this in the future. All nonsense, of course. We were happy that we had not taken the effort to listen to it.

4-8-1945

Via the Red Cross we finally received a note from Daddy. All good news. Tomorrow the new occupation will arrive; we are not allowed to leave the grounds anymore.

On August 3<sup>rd</sup> and also today, some airplanes flew over again.  
I feel a little sick right now, perhaps because of the Chinese food we got.

8-8-1945

We received another note from Daddy in which he wrote that we had to wait for him "at home" and not to go seek for him in Tjimahi. What would he mean with "at Home?" It was so nice to see both his own handwriting and signature again and to know that he is healthy and doing well. We all have written something in response, even Wouter.

Yesterday, finally the new occupation has arrived. Both Bep and Mrs. Platteel attended that moving ceremony. The Wilhelmus was sung and our flag was raised. There is also a message from the brother from both Mrs. Jansen van Raay and from Mr. Groenewegen. We received a Malaysian postcard from Daddy. Unfortunately there are also arriving announcements of passing and that tempers the mood.

10-10-1945

A lot of people are leaving already: Fam. Reddingius, fam. Geisler, and many Blanda-Indos.

Also the first official transports to Soerabaja have started. In a while they start heading for Malang and from there perhaps to both Batavia and Bandoeng. For the people from Semarang quarters have been set up in Tandji. They are moving today.

Daddy is now physician-director from the hospital in Hotel Homan in Bandoeng and he is waiting for us there, together with Friso! They already visited Mrs. Marzynski.

The Nationalist Indonesians have occupied the (government) headquarters from both Soerabaja and Bandoeng together with many other important locations and buildings. Everywhere one can see their dammed flag flying and they all wear their red-white pins. If a strong occupation force does not take control quickly, they are going to control everything. Sometimes there are shootings at the gedek as well.

Adele van der Klei, a girlfriend from Roeli, has been shot dead there as well. Very tragic!

There are now some English, Australians and British-Indians, but their troops are not strong enough to change anything. Ds. Van Heerden has also joined his wife and lives here now. A safe feeling: a man in the house! The night watch is now done by men. The food is good and plentiful. The last couple of days we even got bread. We are gaining a little weight again. At the last meagre episode I weighed 47.6 Kg at a height of 1,70 m.

Almost every day we received a note from Daddy, sometime accompanied by one from Friso. And twice I got a very long letter from Rietje Ensering. They were always welcomed with hurrahs. Daddy thinks that we should go to Bandoeng with the first organised transport. We are very much looking forwards to that. In the beginning it looked like we could leave soon, but now the Indonesians have taken over all the railway connections. They do not make any train cars available for the transport of Blanda's. So, that's why we

are still here. We had hoped so much that we would have been reunited again at Paul's birthday (October 8). Nevertheless we celebrated it as good as we could, and we had a delicious dinner. We will do it again as soon as the two Friso's have joined us.

For a while there was an opportunity to leave the camp on our own accord, but Daddy advised against it. The trip was dangerous and tiring. On top of that one would lose both the protection and the support from the Red Cross. Mrs. Kamerling, Wunderink, Breikers and Aunt Iny Loggers left for Bandoeng anyway and have taken notes from us with them. We sent Daddy 50 Guilders hidden in a little mirror. A few days later we received a letter containing 200 Guilders in Japanese money. We are not short of money because we have sold many old rags and old cloths, even an old mattress for 80 Guilders. Also money has been handed out by the street masters, the first time 10 Guilders, the second time 20 Guilders and the last time even 30 Guilders per person. Mom has now purchased brown sandals with rubber soles for all three of us. Those for both Roeli and Heleen cost 42.50 Guilders each and mine 55 Guilders. They fit well.

A little while ago I suddenly felt unwell during the afternoon, as if all the blood drained from my head and I felt like if I was about to faint. It didn't want to go away. Laying down flat on my back was the most comfortable thing to do. The next day I felt a little better, and as medication I got a small steak. Luckily it didn't come back since.

15-10-1945

This morning early, at about 5 AM, there was a shooting, by the sound of it, from both rifles and machine guns. It sounded very close to the camp. All of a sudden we were all wide awake. Mom advised us to get dressed right away. In the mean time she prepared a backpack with the most necessary items, just in case something would happen. We also noticed that the water tap was dry. The water supply for the entire camp was shut off. People said that the water had been poisoned. Fortunately last night, out of prudence, we had already filled all our water containers and also the mandibak (= concrete vessel used to bath in with a bucket) was full. Other people almost didn't have any. Here and there people were digging wells, but they filled only with some muddy groundwater.

From a few men passing by, we heard that the shooting came from the Japanese, mixed once in a while a rifle shot from the Indonesians. The Japanese were still in power here and luckily they still protected us, because at times the shooting sounded uncomfortably close.

From the radio news we heard that in Batavia, Bandoeng and Buitenzorg, the Japanese had taken the power again. The Dutch troops were focussing their efforts on Balikpapan, to organize a landing from there into Java. Tomorrow, (Oct. 16) the government will take its decision.

Yesterday, a number of men, including both Dutch and Indo-Europeans and also a bunch of Japanese have been arrested in town by the Nationalists and transported to jails in both Boeloe and Djoernatan. Yesterday it was also very tumultuous in the kampongs surrounding the camp: a lot of yelling and

screaming. A large quantity of Japanese left from Djatingaleh (Tjandi) for downtown.

16-10-1945

Again heavy gun fire. The jail in Boeloe has been liberated by the Japanese. And what happened to be the case? The rebels had killed and tortured all Japanese prisoners (83). 13 of them were even found in the kali. The Europeans received a terrible threat: "When we're done with the Japanese, it's your turn!" But fortunately it didn't get to that point, because one of the Japanese had played dead and escaped. He alarmed his friends in Djatingaleh and those set out to rescue the other prisoners. They were outraged when they discovered the massacre among their co-nationals and took revenge with a vigor against the Indonesians, in which they even used light artillery.

17-10-1945

The prisoners returned from Boeleo and were received with cheers. The women of Tjandi fortunately have not been attacked, as was rumoured earlier. They are well protected too. According to the Japanese, the entire territory of Semarang is now firmly under their control.

19-10-1945

Tonight the British-Indian occupation has arrived. We didn't notice much of it yet.

20-10-1945

This afternoon we noticed a beautiful car parked in front of the office, flying an American flag on each of the four sides. There were also a couple of British officers walking around and next to the car we noticed the first Gurkha. Shooting is still going on all the time. On the news was announced that Bandoeng has been occupied by the Gurkha's now. Finally!

21-10-1945

This morning we attended the service lead by Ds. Bakker. Mr. Groenewegen dropped by to tell us that his wife would return to the camp this afternoon. A while ago she left to live outside, because he had his work out there. But one day they had to flee for the rebels and she sought shelter with an Indian family. Unfortunately they lost everything. Mr. Groenewegen had been locked up in Boeloe too and told us horror stories about what happened there. It is sad that so many death messages are coming in. Today we saw already quite a lot of Gurkha's. They wear silly hats, which look just like little green ladies hats. The office was now flying an English flag. Neither last night nor today we heard any more shooting. The sorry goes that the British-Indians hadn't announced their arrival to the Japanese and that therefore they had come under Japanese fire at first.

Latest news: In Australia there are big supplies of both food and clothing waiting for us. Here we have got only enough rice to last until the half of December.

Woutertje has been ill for a few days, but now he is as healthy as two fishes again.

Today we are writing a long letter to Daddy again. I hope so much that the mail connections will be reinstated soon.

Our chicken, Bellakroontje, lays an egg faithfully every day!

**From Motherland  
To Fatherland.**

(2-11-1945 --- 30-5-1946)



2-11-1945

All of a sudden everything went into acceleration. We received a call to go to the airport. In an open truck we sat together among our meagre possessions. In town there was an ugly, anxious atmosphere and we had to keep our heads down as much as possible to avoid being noticed. At around 11 o'clock we arrived safely at the airport. Once there we had to wait for the airplane to arrive, which didn't seem to want to come. Finally, at 5 PM, we could leave for Batavia. It was a beautiful trip from an hour and a half along the coast line with both clear skies and a setting sun. From the Gurha's we got some food from cans to eat. After touch down they took us to the Tjikini hotel for the night.

3-11-1945

We couldn't leave yet and thus visited both Aunt Amy and Dr. Lim. Bellakroontje had to lay an egg and fulfilled that task sweetly in a hotel cupboard.

4-11-1945

In a silver Douglas we flew to Bandoeng with our joyful hearts full of expectations. And yes! On the Andir airport, we met our two sweet Friso's again. Both emotional and happy, we were finally able to hug each other again. Daddy had not much changed, a little skinnier and a little older perhaps. But Friso Jr. was a pale skinny boy with a fat oedeem belly. We heard that he had been sick for three months, but thanks to the faithful help of a few steph fathers, he had managed to overcome. If they were able to get something extra, they shared with him. If they smuggled something, he got a share. Unfortunately, Akka did not survive. But terrific, we were together again. For the time being we were lodged in Hotel Homan.

10-11-1945

We moved into house "Beatrix" our own house at the Beatrix Boulevard, which had survived the war time in reasonable good shape. We further met the family de Ridder, Mandersloot and Uncle Ies de Koning, who were lodged temporarily in the Ursulinen Monastery.

16-11-1945

Uncle Ies leaves for Batavia.

23-11-1945

Lately we received letters from Holland, from Grandmother Willie Bosman, Aunt Willie, Uncle Albert, Aunt Nonnie, Aunt Heleentje, Uncle Gerard, Aunt Annie and Uncle Maarten. They also had their share of difficult times during the German occupation. Both Grandfather and Grandmother Schrieke have passed away and also a few older Aunts. In Holland there was a possibility to be active in the resistance, something that was unthinkable here. Latest news: Semarang has been bombed. Here we only experience a boycott in the food supply.

We would love to go to Holland too. Grandma Willie already has even offered the use of her house, as temporary shelter. But it seems that there are not too many transportation opportunities here yet. I went both to the church and the PJC again, but it has become a rather scary enterprise, because many robberies and kidnappings are taking place here lately.

24-11-1945

Friso Jr's birthday. Both Aunt Ank and Uncle Ben de Ridder dropped in with a photcamera. People are being murdered all the time. But we still found a way to go for a swim with Woutertje, which he enjoyed very much.

Now there are two Gurkha's sleeping overnight in our house, but we still keep our flight luggage ready, just in case. It is a stressful time full.

28-11-1945

This afternoon we were drinking tea with kwee-talem (= sort of cookie) on the balcony, when suddenly a shooting started. Gurkha's slipped by under cover. Cars were being shot at. A military vehicle with a machine gun mounted on it came from the Dago road and drove into the Irene Boulevard, but didn't do anything more than that. From the direction of the Kampong the shooting continued.

In the evening people fleeing from the outermost row of houses ran by. They saw the armed natives approaching. That was the moment we decided to put our suitcases downstairs to the ready.

The shooting intensified. A loud explosion bursted nearby. We fled to the high school at the Dagoroad. Our suitcases we loaded both on top and hung from a bicycle and Bellkroontje went into a basket. The bullets whistled around us. An orange package full with stuff was left behind in the garden and we forgot to lock the front door. Quick, quick, go go! Many others joined the flee. At the high school we were accomodated in the aula and there we got a spot to sleep on the podium, on top of some old curtains and the basket with the chicken on top of a chair.

29-11-1945

This morning early we went back to "Beatrix". Everything was still in order. Even the orange package was still lieing in the garden. Afterwards we could get a ride with the car from Dr. Stibbe to the pavilion of the Ursulinen Monastery. The de Ridder family moved to the Banda street and the family Mandersloot moved to Tjihapit.

Since yesterday I have yellow fever again and my appetite is almost gone.

5-12-1945

A real St. Nicolaas and three "Pieten" (= black skinned assistants), came along and poured candy from their bags. They even handed packages out. (Wouter, unfortunately, was just doing his afternoon nap). Our three boys got a beautiful American made miniature train together, complete with tracks and also a nifty flask, made out of a klapper (= coconut) shell. Roeli, Heleen and I received each a needlecraft and a buckle. Mom got a hand bag with a napkin

for each of us. Late in the evening we still got another two Australian packages filled with toiletry and other useful items. No shoes, unfortunately. For a few days all kinds of cans were handed out. Mmmmm! They included bacon, butter, herring, milk and some packages with biscuits.

22-12-1945

Today Grandma An Schrieke would have had her birthday. (22-12-1874). We received another long letter from both Grandma Willie Bosman and Aunt Willie. There was also a letter from Uncle Jack Schrieke (Mom's brother) from Bangkok. Grandma's house is ready and waiting for us. Roelie got another letter from Ot van der Brug.

Yesterday it was our turn to receive cans with corned beef, milk, margarine and biscuits. Roeli received also an Australian package.

In the newspaper we read that Uncle Bou Krijger departed from Batavia to Holland on December 5<sup>th</sup>. Both Aunt Amy and Uncle Ies hope to follow suit by boat soon.

Tonight there is a music performance from a sextet.

23-12-1945

Sunday. Ds. Woortman read the sermon. On other Sundays Ds. Van der Linde does that. He will start in January to teach catechismus and both Roeli and I will join those lessons. Two weeks ago, Paul fell on his butt two weeks ago and one of his back vertebrae has been hurting since. He had to lie down for 2 weeks. It is better now, but he still has to take it easy for a while.

Bellakroontje still lays an egg every day. She has run away once, but the next day we found her back across the street.

Again we received letters from Holland.

A few days ago there was a performance from a funny magician in the local community theatre: Leonardino, together with Miss Fatima. Lovely!

25-12-1945

This morning we attended a Christmas service with Ds. Van der Linde. In the evening there was a Christmas celebration for the children. We all got a little bag filled with goodies, chocolate bar and chocolate milk. Woutertje was very excited. On top of our table we had some candles as well. A real festivity!

26-12-1945

We attended a Christmas celebration for the elderly with a beautiful choir.

31-12-1945

News years eve, complete with real oliebollen! (= sweet deepfried doughballs). We all stayed up until 12 o'clock midnight.

There is an exposition about "How Holland lives, works and builds".

## 1946

1-1-1946

A new beginning. What will this new year bring?

During the evening there was a "Soiree variee" followed by dancing. Very nice!

Both Roeli and I work regularly in the sick ward. (Actually it is located in the Church hall). And we earn \$30 per day. It is pleasant work and not difficult. I wrote a letter to Linde, Roeli wrote one to Willeke and Heleen wrote one to Clara (all nieces).

8-1-1946

On January the 5<sup>th</sup> in the evening I got a fever, probably the flu. Too bad, because that fever kept me from going to the sick ward. We work there together with Zr. De Groot, Brughart and van der Poels. Only the afternoon shifts, for now.

Miss Wessels has been able to get both Latin and Greek books for me. She is going to teach me French. I am now reading an English book: "Ann is an idiot". A thriller!

From the "Jap" who stayed at "Beatrix", we got green curtains. They are being transformed into a couple of coat dresses right now. Those ment for both Mom and I, are already finished. Mrs. Zwaan (9 children) made me a matching English baret from it. Daddy treated her children while they were sick. Out of appreciation they sent us a basket full of fruit. Very nice! Now there are Chinese living in "Beatrix", who keep it very well, fortunately. Lately one of them brought us all kinds of vegetables.

The Ensering family still lives on the Lembang road and Mrs. Marzynski also still lives in her own house. Solveig Polner, my Highschool girl friend, now lives at the van Neck street number 6. Fortunately it is quiet now everywhere. A few days ago I received another letter from both Grandma and Aunt Willie. Grandma is a little sick and is caughing quite a bit.

We badly need some new pairs of shoes.

4 - 5 February.

I had the nightshift, together with Roeli. It was so quiet that we could take turns napping. During last month we earned 1,420 Guilders with this nursing job, a whole pile of bank notes! They are not worth very much though.

At January 31<sup>st</sup>, we had a costume party. Daddy as a nurse, won a silver soup spoon, Mom as a baker, Louk Woortman as a doctor (Prize: a spoon and a fork), Roeli as a gypsy, Heleen as a Parisian Apache, her gilrfriend Gertie Nijhoff as a Grand mother and I as a pilot. There were many nice costumes.

Although I cannot dance very well, I did it anyway with a soldier from the foreign legion. (Rob P.) We all got coffee and sandwiches.

In the morning there was a party at the fairgrounds for all school children, complete with all kinds of games, races with handicaps and all kinds of goodies. Both Firso and Paul had a great time.

In the afternoon there was a puppet theatre and for everyone cake, also in the sick ward.

We now regularly get white bread and all kinds of cans: wieners, butter, jam, corned beef, pears, milk, pork sausage, margarine, chocolate and candy. We enjoy those treats tremendously.

In Bandoeng everything is quiet now. We are awaiting anxiously the results from the talks from Dr. van Mook. Batavia has been cleaned up already.

On Saturday, February 2<sup>nd</sup>, we watched the movie "Uncensored" about the underground resistance activities in Belgium and the printing of the "La Libre Belgique". As introductory movies we watched both: "England's fastest plane" and "Peace on November 11, 1918 and in 1945", celebrated in London at the foot of a great monument.

We now write regularly to Holland and we also have already received mail in return. Linde is now in the 6<sup>th</sup> class of the Gymnasium and Willeke is in the 5<sup>th</sup> class. How far already!

Perhaps we will go to Switzerland for a while, because the Baselean missionary has a vacancy for 10 missionary families. That is something I'd like.

Almost all of our uncles participated in the underground resistance in Holland. Aunt Martha took Jews into her home. Many girls worked as couriers for the underground. Very courageous!

Grandma Willie is better now. Mrs. Zwaan wrote that she and almost all of her children were sea-sick and that the trip home was rather unsettling. Both Linda and Edda wrote that often they go ice-skating now.

January 17<sup>th</sup> was the birthday of Princess Margriet. There was a parade organized in front of the High school and both the English and the Dutch flags were raised. That makes one emotional.

Among the troops, except from the Gurkha's, are now also the Sikh's, big tall men with beards. There are a few of them among the guards of the Convent. The funny thing is that before they go to sleep, they roll their beards on a piece of rope and tie it onto the top of their heads.

1-3-1946

We have been swimming again in the Tjihampelas. Awesome! Afterwards we visited Aunt Nine van der Brug. Richt had already returned from Bangkok. Also Greet van Gogh, Jannie Koper and Els Smits we met over there. Els had gained quite some weight and she looked good. Unfortunately her mother passed away in the camp.

We took the bus and that was quite special, because that was something we didn't do in years anymore.

2-3-1946

Saturday. At 2:30 both Roeli and I went to watch a beautiful movie at the Fairgrounds: "Tale of two cities" about the French revolution. Very impressive! In the evening we went to a concert in the Pieters church.

Starting half February I will be in school again and I'll go to the Lyceum from Mr. Overweel in the 15<sup>th</sup> Bat. I am in class 3B; I am behind in many subjects,

but both in French and English I am ahead. From March 1<sup>st</sup> till March 10<sup>th</sup> we have a holiday. Afterwards perhaps I will be going to the Christian Lyceum at the Dago road, where I have also been previously.

I also joined the gym.

Tuesday I went to the rhythmic gym from Annie Veer. I liked that very much.

3-3-1946

Sunday. There was a youth service in the Easter church. Ds. Woortman read a good sermon about: "Standing your ground". I helped with collecting. (414 Guilders)

In the evening there was a dance in the Community Centre. Both Truus and Arie van Selst taught me the steps. Also an Englishman danced with me, but they have very different steps, which is confusing. I have difficulties understanding the English, because they speak so unclear.

5-3-1946

We have started packing. Our suitcases are toast. We are trying to get some stuff back from Tjihapit.

Ton Woortman dropped by. He hasn't changed much; perhaps he looks a little older.

28-3-1946

At the Lyceum Heleen can get into class 1F and I go to class 3A, Roeli hasn't been placed yet.

South Bandoeng has been liberated now. Many buildings have been burned down by the extremists. Once in a while still some shootings occur. A few days ago (Sunday night), very close, just behind our place; a mortar bomb hit the road. It was a tremendous explosion! Thereafter some more followed, but not as close anymore. We were all shaken. That night we could see fires everywhere in the city. That was the night the extremists were driven out of South Bandoeng.

In Holland it is still very cold, but Aunt Willie has started the spring cleaning already. Both Uncle Ben and Aunt Ank de Ridder, who want to go to Heemstede too, just received a call for the ship "Klipfontijn". Tomorrow they will both fly to Batavia and the day after tomorrow they will be leaving. Thus soon it will be our turn too.

Daddy is together with both Dr. van Soest and Dr. Schrok on top of the list. Both Hettie and Wiem Feith, who are both in my class, are probably going as student-cleaners (also heading for Heemstede). Further there are: Inge Buyn and Paul de Vries, Marit Koopman, Mollie Popken (just left for Holland), Hanna Carmenjole, Henny Zon, Pim Burlage, Jan van de Let (also gone), Paul Engel, Hans van Ommen, Otto Liesendaal, Henk and Cor de Liefde-Meier, Bennie Wijsman and some Chinese boys.

Solveig Polner has taken the liberty to place herself in the 5<sup>th</sup> class. She is engaged with a Russian guy and will marry before she goes to Australia. In the 4<sup>th</sup> class I know: Maaïke Versloot, Henny and Titi Ensering. Rietje Ensering and Look Woortman in class 2D, Hannie and Wim Woortman in the

1<sup>st</sup> class. Because I was in the 3<sup>rd</sup> class before the war, I can get a 3 years diploma. Therefore I have to go to Prof. Esbach. Once in Holland I want to go to the 4<sup>th</sup> class.

If we are still here on April 14, both Roeli and I will be confirmed by Uncle Ot van der Brug in the Easter church. We now follow confirmation classes for that event by Ds. Woortman, together with both Miss Hamstra and Miss van de Zwan. It is planned to take place during the youth service. Lately Ds. Van der Linde has read a beautiful sermon about Peter. This coming Sunday Ds. Corvinius will arrive.

We have gotten a couple of sturdy cabin trunks from Mrs. Wunderink out of Tjihapit. Mrs. Oliviera is already in Batavia. The Krijger family has arrived in Heemstede. The Zwaan family is also already in Holland and are freezing. Both Ot van der Brug and Henk Offereins are in Bali, Ot is in the infantry and Henk in the staff. Richt is going to join them there soon.

I still know my French teacher (Miss Stempel) from the laundry shed in Solo, where she did the Hospital laundry. Both Janneke and Ruth Maier left recently as student-cleaners with the "Boschfontijn".

Woutertje can be so naughty and so funny at the same time. He looks good on the two family pictures we had made (for 300 Guilders in Japanese money).

2-4-1946

Still no call yet. The weather is beautiful. Yesterday some more people arrived here from Tjimahi. Still there is quite some shooting at a distance, but luckily here around us everything is relatively quiet.

Roeli is now better, but Heleen is a little sick.

In school everything goes well, except with math. I am doing both Latin and Greek again, because in Holland I want to go to the Gymnasium.

13-4-1946

Last week Thursday the confirmation classes were rounded off by uncle Ot. Representing the church council Mr. van Ommen came over, Hans' Dad. Hans still remembers Daddy from Tjimahi and praised him. Tomorrow both Roeli and I are going to be confirmed, together with both Tineke Kuylaars and Honny Krijgsman. I already am looking forwards to it.

Richt is pregnant again. I hope so much for her that this time everything goes well.

On April the 16<sup>th</sup> another transport leaves, unfortunately without us. But after that, it's our turn. We'll try to smuggle the bicycle from Uncle les with us.

14-4-1946

Today the confirmation was done in a festive atmosphere in the Easter church. Afterwards we joined an acceptance service held by Ds. Van der Linde. Everything was very special and joyous. It makes me feel all warm and fuzzy inside.

17-4-1946

This morning after the 4<sup>th</sup> hour we had an Easter service in the Aula. Mrs. Homan recited a few poems, among others: "Oh time that comes..." A choir sang beautiful Easter songs. Ds. Kuyper read from the bible. It was very beautiful.

19-4-1946

This morning we joined the celebration of the last supper in the Juliana Hospital. Uncle Ot led the service and both Roeli and I were allowed to participate for the first time.

21-4-1946

Easter! Ds. Oberman spoke for the last time in the Easter Church, because he'll leave on Tuesday.

22-4-1946

There was a big PJC reunion in the Pieters church lead by Ds. Keers. I saw many acquaintances back. Two soldiers from Holland told about their experiences. One told us about his escape from prison and the other about his work in the underground.

24-4-1946

I am placed into the 4<sup>th</sup> class by Mr. Overweel, because otherwise I won't get my 3 years diploma. With both English and French it will be OK, but I will have to catch up with the other subjects. Ieneke van Dijk, (room 12A) will help me with that.

When we got home, Roeli shouted: "We are leaving Sunday at 2 PM!"

Finally! Finally! Hurrah! Now we got to get packing!

This afternoon Frank Pelling dropped by again. He returned from Tjiandoer shortly, where fighting had been fierce. He nearly escaped death twice and looked all yellow from the obat against malaria.

Ds. Van der Linde came to say good-bye already.

28-4-1946.

Sunday. For the last time we went to the Easter church. (Ds. Jens). We said good-bye to a lot of loving and friendly people. Frank Pelling took us to Borromeus so we could visit Mrs. Wessels and say good-bye to her too.

A little past 2 PM the trucks and the busses arrived. Wouter got, when he said good-bye to the English nurses, 2 chocolate bars. Also he had to say good-bye to Ruth Wurbig, Mieke Beuker and her father (Mr. Portier). They regretted that their little "son" had to leave now. Still more hand shakes and we were waved farewell by many. Zr. Van der Sluijs Veer left at the same time as we did.

On our way to Andir! Once there we heard that only tomorrow morning we would leave for the airport. We were lodged in comfortable rooms (Room 21). Both Daddy and Friso now got a taste of the "bunks" life. A pessimistic man



took a concerned look at the mattresses and mumbled: "Will we lie on those all by ourselves?"

Fortunately we didn't pick any bugs up there.

Last Friday, I received 2 statements from Mr. Overweel:

One was for Heleen, certifying that she was in the 1<sup>st</sup> class, and one for me, certifying that I had been in the 4<sup>th</sup> class. My 3 year diploma will be sent to Holland by mail.

"Emotional and with a tear", I thanked him and said good-bye, followed by both Miss Stempel and Mr. Bos. Both Hanna Carmenjola and Hans van Ommen are leaving for Holland too. Both Paul de Vries and Inge Buyn I have been able to help with some school books.

29-4-1946

Brrr! It was cold this morning. I woke up early, because some children were so loud. At 8 o'clock our luggage was picked up. Friso, Paul, Heleen and I got our last Bandoeng ride in a fun yellow-black checkered coloured jeep. Daddy, Mom, Roeli and Wouter followed in the distinguish car from Dr. Lay.

Thereafter: wait and more waiting. Our luggage was weighed and turned out to be way too heavy. The two least important cabin trunks we had to leave behind, together with four packages. After July 1<sup>st</sup> they will be sent after us. Finally the plane arrived around 12 o'clock noon, a large Dakota. Even then there was still too much barang. The left over will be sent later today. The package containing uncle les' bicycle was among that.

The airplane ride went swiftly, but with a lot of turbulence, which made my stomach turn funny once in a while. I was happy when we finally landed in Kemajoran, despite the rainstorm going on there. We took shelter under the aircraft until a truck picked us up. We had some tea in the office and thereafter off to ... camp Adek! We would never have imagined that. It is known as both a transition house for koelis and an infamous women's camp. But it turned out OK: We got 2 neat 4 person rooms and a good meal. There was also both light and running water.

30-4-1946

Princess Juliana's birthday!

There was both a children's parade and games organized. Wouter got a flag too. In Batavia city there was a big parade complete with tanks and troops.

Mom and I could get to the city too, thanks to getting a ride twice. We purchased some beautiful, sturdy pairs of shoes there.

This afternoon we have done some writing and this evening we have been dancing. There were many Dutch boys. (One was very tall). Also Hans van Ommen together with his sister, and both Mientje van der Plas and Hanna Carmenjola I saw again there. The musick sucked though. And it was hot, hot, and hot!

Tomorrow we'll leave for Tjandjong Priok at 1 PM.

1-5-1946

This morning, after a lot of effort, we got some clothing at the NIGEO. We bought some more pairs of shoes and also 3 more suitcases. I was also able to get some Indonesian post stamps.

At 3 PM a drive with the truck to Priok, but the weather was beautiful. The lists were checked. We received a pink card and could board the "Boissevain".

Daddy got, together with other doctors, a beautiful stateroom. We were lodged into hold number F4, about 4 metres above the water line. There were long tables (12 people) and many cleaners. We sleep in large hammocks. Wouter got one too, a very funny sight. Two blankets per person. Luckily there were also portholes and fans, because it was very hot in there. The food is tasty. We are allowed to use the bathtub in the cabin from the van der Leest family (Salt water, of course). On deck it's fantastic.

2-5-1946

I slept very well in my hammock. I offered myself as an assistant nurse and had my first shift from 2 o'clock till 9 o'clock. It is not busy yet. Everything looks very modern. Many children are sick. We all eat together. In the evening I took a bath and afterwards I wrote to Mieke Beuker, Ruth Wurbig, Adelheid Schieferlie and Jacky Supit.

4-5-1946

We sail! We sail! At 7:30 we left. By a small tugboat named "Conny" we were carefully pulled out. Then out of the harbour into open water.

For the longest time I looked backwards and for the longest time I kept my eyes locked on the slowly disappearing coast line. We left with sunny weather. Bye-bye, beautiful and lovely Indie! You have been my Motherland. Both love and sorrow I shared with you. Yes, sorrow too. I will remember you often, your beautiful mountains, landscapes, your scents and your colours.

The ship moves fast and we navigate among countless little islands covered with coconut trees. Beautiful contrasts that white foam on top of those green waves. Here and there is a light house. Luckily there is too much swell. In the sickbay I met Lies de Kroes, a nice girl, who also works there as an assistant nurse.

6-5-1946

The ship is rolling quite heavily. Fortunately it doesn't bother us much, except for Paul who stays in his hammock the whole day, which makes him less subject to all the rolling.

We held a life boat drill. Until we arrive in Colombo we have to keep wearing our life jackets, because of the danger of mines.

9-5-1946

Thursday. This morning we arrived in Colombo. We saw many beautiful houses, many ships, but none of them Dutch. On the extremities of the two long piers, two lovely towers were built. Slowly, very slowly we entered the harbour. Both water and fruits were loaded. A few guys from the crew swam

around the ship, which was not without danger. We were not allowed on shore, of course. And it was hot, very hot, especially in the hold.

10-5-1945

We left at 10 o'clock in the morning. Luckily it became cooler almost immediately. The sea was quiet. During the night we saw several ships passing by. Once in a while the clock is set half an hour backwards. That makes us often wake up very early and the sun is already high up at that time. Bathing in salt water is not so nice, because afterwards one feels sticky, but we rinse ourselves with a little fresh water. Fortunately we are allowed to use the bathrooms from both Mrs. Beeuwkes and from the van der Leest family.

14-5-1946

Wouter's birthday! I gave him the chocolate bar which I got last night from Jan Dievenbach (nurse). Further he got a bunch of little stuff and all kinds of candy, which disappeared rather quickly. But every time he got something, was excited and happy again! Everybody was charmed by it. In the end he collected a can full of candy. Then he could say, just like Paul: "But I still have some".

At Cape Guardafui the sea was quite rough and both Lies and I got sea-sick. We spend some time sitting on deck and that made us feel better.

After the Cape, in the Gulf of Aden, everything was quiet again. We passed the island Perin, with a big fort on top of it, a light house and big stretches of yellow beach. Good to see some land again after so much water, although I think the sea would not tire me quickly. The heat in the Red Sea is not too bad. It feels even cool here.

18-5-1946

Saturday. We arrive in Suez. Just now I have become somewhat sick. After the night shift I felt very tired this morning, I had a cold, a sore throat, and a fever. I fell into my bed and slept like a log. Afterwards I felt already a whole lot better.

Tomorrow the first groups go on shore to get clothes in Ataka. I hope I am allowed to go with them too. We have a beautiful view: proud bare rocks in colours, which vary between yellow, red and dark brown. It is interesting to be able to see the layers from which it all is built up. Unfortunately, there is not one green spot in sight.

Evening: Hurrah! I am now free of fever and I am allowed to come along tomorrow.

19-5-1946

Sunday. This morning we left at 7 o'clock. In two flat barges we sailed to the coast, a lovely trip. On the bank we stepped into a cute little train. Both Friso and Paul had fun because of the long dresses-type clothing worn by the Arabs. We also saw wagons drawn by beautiful horses. I also saw a camel with an Arab sitting on top of it, proceeding in a swinging motion. A real "ship" of the desert. We also passed an oasis. That small green spot was in such a

contrast with the barren face of sand and stone. From close by the rocks looked even more bold and bare. After about a 10 minutes ride we arrived at a couple of big sheds dressed up with flags.

A guy spoke to us through a megaphone. He welcomed us and gave some advice. A nice band played some merry tunes and then we were allowed inside. It sure looked like the land of Cockaigne. There were cakes, cookies, candy, sandwiches, pisangs, djeroek and coffee. And you could take as much as you wanted.

Further there was a playground for the children. Before the handing out of the clothing, everyone had to be x-rayed first. We had gotten some high numbers and thus we had to wait for a long time. Wouter found the X-raying quite unnerving. You were not allowed to bring any metal object in there. Finally we were done. Mom first helped the boys fitting and therefore got at the very end of the line with us, but she was able to finish everything in time. We all got beautiful warm clothing and toiletries, which made us very happy. In the mean time the band kept playing joyful music. The director himself played masterful an accordion. He watched me all the time, which made me shy at first, but later I started to enjoy it, and I looked back at him. He had not a particularly handsome, but a real masculin face.

Because of all the time it took for the clothing to be handed out, we missed the first train back and stayed to wait for the next one, which arrived at about 3 o'clock. "He" was also standing in front of the shed when we left and waved back when I waved good-bye. Thereafter we had the lovely trip back to the boat again, where we arrived both tired and hot, but satisfied.

20-5-1946

Monday. I have been back to Ataka! Namely to pick up cloths for Erie Fournier who was just sick. We both are about the same size. Everything went swell. When the orchestra played the welcome tune, I made sure not to show myself. Once inside I sat down on my old spot, diagonally across from the band. "He" noticed me right away and had to smile. I smiled too, of course. The others saw what was going on too, I think. It turned into a delicious morning. When the first group left, I didn't join them, but purposely stayed behind. Both the boy who served djoeroek juice and also a funny Arabic djongos understood what I was up to and laughed. I also had pictures taken of myself, four pictures for 6 Guilders. They will be sent after me. Since I didn't tell Mom anything about all of this, it will be a surprise. There was also some dancing going on. I danced twice with a MP (Military Policeman) and once with an Englishman. Rather difficult, because the floor was covered with mats. Ankie Zelis, Zr. Van der Sluis Veer and Rob Polderman were there too. Finally we had to go. "He" came to the exit too and gave me a hand. Then I thanked him for everything and he wished me a good trip. When the train left, I waved good-bye again. Most likely we will never see each other again. "Ships that pass in the night". I am very tired, but I still feel both happy and exited. Would this be what is called "Love on first sight?" It was for sure a special experience.

During the evening we sailed deeper into the canal. There were a myriad of lights, much like a picture from a fairy tale. Slowly and carefully the boat slid forwards.

21-5-1946

This morning early we arrived in Port Said. I had the night shift. The entire night we continued sailing. There are a lot of modern buildings around here. Many people offer leather crafts, dades etc. for sale. I laughed my head off observing Rob Polderman negotiating with those guys. He does such an excellent job imitating them.

The entire mornig I slept in. This afternoon Mom could still buy some delicious oranges.

Too-oo-oo-oo-oot! There we went again. Exiting the canal we sailed through quite a large part of the city. A curious sight: all those houses and shops so close by! We also passed two Dutch vessels, to which we waived enthusiastically. Lovely!

We also noticed the big green statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps, of course, who stretches his hand so elegantly inviting towards the canal. Thereafter two long piers and than a beautiful flat and calm sea. The temperature slowly becomes already quite fresh.

23-5-1946

Thursday. Mom's birthday! Daddy brought some presents and ate with us, very nice! The sea is rather rough today. That is funny while dancing. One moment you seem like running and the other you seem like climbing a hill. It is very funny though!

We passed a few islands, Kreta, perhaps?

27-5-1946

Today we passed Gibraltar. A lot of ships passed by. There was a church service organized.

28-5-1946

Daddy's birthday! Wouter gave away that there was brillantine in the present. Again we had a cosy meal together. Thanks to his advice to go work in the sick bay, I barely feel any sea-sickness. I am thinking: that's because of the distraction. That comes in handy right now, because the ship stamps quite heavily right now and a lot of people are sea-sick.

We could buy both soap and sugar.

29-5-1946

The English coast is in sight. There is quite some fog. Again we had a life boat drill, because here is also a mine threat. A ship passed by very closely. We waved at two Dutch vessels. There is now an English pilot on board.

30-5-1946

Thursday. At about 5:30 PM both piers came in sight, further some bare gray fortifications and the dunes of IJmuiden. The de Ridder family got a surprise for us. They stood there with a big banner: "Bosman Eric". And we laughed and waved!

Soon we were inside the locks, again many waving people and another sign reading: "BOSMAN". It was not possible to see who those people were, but it was so heartwarming!

Further we proceeded through a lovely Dutch landscape filled with many pleasure craft and much waving. At our arrival an orchestra played all kinds of national tunes. The sick went down first on stretchers. In the arrival hall we were welcomed with sandwiches, cookies, coffee, milk and piesoup. Wouter was carried to the railway station by soldiers.

From Amsterdam Central station to Haarlem we went with the electric train, a new experience. Finally two passenger cars took us to Heemsteedse Dreef 105, where Grandma Willie and Aunt Willie welcomed us with open arms and where a new begin waited for all of us.

My motherland I had to let go. I had a happy youth over there. But the pain suffered during the time under both the Japanese and the extremists, made my farwell easier. It is over now!

Now I stretch my arms out to this Fatherland with peace, freedom and new opportunities. Thank God!



1945

From left to right: Friso, Heleen, Paul and Anneke holding Wouter

## Postscript

After reading the book some people ask: "Well, what about the life of the girl Anneke Bosman after these stories?"

Here follows a summary of the main events in her life.:

She finished her studies at the grammarschool in Haarlem and started nursing in the Academic Hospital in Utrecht. After getting several degrees she worked during one year in the Academic Hospital in Brussels. In 1956 she married Wiebe Feenstra, an interpreter/translator of Spanish. They got a daughter and three sons, which grew up prosperously. They also married and got their children. (now 7 grandchildren!)

Later on her husband studied theology and they made their entry into the Old-Catholic Church, which is related to the Anglican Church in liturgy and communion. He served as a priest till 1997. After his retirement they had a good time and they enjoyed rest, making visits and having fun in their hobbies. If it is Gods will, they hope to keep it like this for a long time.