



STICHTING INDISCHE DOCUMENTEN



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1946-1947.

At morn - at noon - at twilight dim -  
 Maria! thou hast heard my hymn!  
 In joy and wo - in good and ill -  
 Mother of God, be with me still!  
 When the Hours flew brightly by,  
 And not a cloud obscured the sky,  
 My soul, lest it should truant be,  
 Thy grace did guide to thine and thee;  
 Now, when storms of Fate o'ercast  
 Darkly my Present and my Past,  
 Let my Future radiant shine  
 With sweet hopes of thee and thine!

Alan Archie,

Wien ik roo heel  
 veel te clanken heb.

11 Mei 1946.

ROMANCE, who loves to noel and sing,  
 With drowsy head and folded wing,  
 Among the green leaves as they shake  
 Far down within some shadowy lake,  
 To me a painted paroquet  
 Hath been - a most familiar bird -  
 Taught me my alphabet to say -  
 To hush my very earliest word  
 While in the wild wood I did lie,  
 A child - with a most knowing eye.  
 Of late, eternal Condor years  
 So shake the very Heaven on high  
 With tumult as they thunder by,  
 I have no time for idle cares  
 Through gazing on the unquiet sky.  
 And when an hour with calmer wings  
 Its down upon my spirit flings -  
 That little time with lyre and rhyme  
 To while away - forbidden things!  
 My heart would feel to be a crime  
 Unless it trembled with the strings.

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24 April '46.

yes Darling, my heart will tremble with the strings you gave me - Oh, how glad I was when you told me that knight how to manage things in my future. I was hurt by his words - very much indeed - but how true they were. I promised you dear, to change myself utterly and I certainly will. If I will I can, because if I won't I definitely can't! Oh Darling, I wished you could love me, but I know I shall never be happy in love and Marriage. Am I not my Mother's daughter, she too loved once a man sincerely, who was quite fond of her, but who simply could not love her.

Yes, I understand it perfectly well my boy that you can't love me. But I do love you, D'Oyley Darling, and I'm so happy at the moment in spite of all...

To-day you moved to your room in the Mess, which will be ours in future. For how long? Oh please, don't take him away from me so soon! Let me have these days of perfect happiness, for when my darling will be away some of these days I at least will have my memories of these heavenly, beautiful days...

Beloved! amidst the earnest woes  
That crowd around my earthly path -  
(Dear path, alas! where grows  
Not even one lonely rose) -

My soul at least a solace hath  
In dreams of thee, and therein knows  
An Eden of bland repose.

And thus thy memory is to me  
Like some enchanted far-off isle  
In some tumultuous sea -

Some ocean throbbing far and free  
With storms - but where meanwhile  
Serenest skies continually  
Just o'er that one bright island smile.

Oh boy, my heart will break when the day will be that I'm a brave little girl these days and try hard not to think of it, otherwise the tears will roll in an endless stream down my cheeks, but my heart does pine....



How wast all that to me, love,  
For which my soul did pine -  
A green isle in the sea, love,  
A fountain and a shrine,  
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,  
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!  
Ah, starry hope! that didst arise  
But to be overcast!  
A voice from out the future cries,  
"On! on!" - but o'er the Past  
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies  
Mute, motionless, aglast!

For, alas! alas! with me  
The light of hope is o'er!  
"No more - no more - no more -"  
(Such language holds the solemn sea  
To the sands upon the shore)

Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,  
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,  
And all my nightly dreams  
Are where thy blue eye glances,  
And where thy footstep gleams -  
In what eternal dances,  
By what eternal streams.

And when you will be back in your Argentina, dear,  
you maybe will think sometimes of a little girl  
somewhere in the East - Indies. Oh she is brave now  
she will be brave at the day you will leave her also  
she won't show you how you broke her heart in  
pieces. She will smile at you with bright green-brown  
eyes, kiss you for the last time, kiss the lips she loved  
so much, she will keep a smile till the very last  
moment, so you, Archie, will never see what you  
did with the heart of a poor little girl...



Tuesday, 7 May '46.

To-day I got the shock of my life when Archie asked me if I should like to move into his room! Imagine! I simply couldn't believe my ears but it was true. Oh, how extremely happy I was. I never tried to ask him this seriously, because I knew perfectly well into what sort of troubles he could get. But to-day I had again the most terrific troubles with seeking a room. Ellen has come back from Singapore so I had to try again. And now at last Archie himself suggested it. Luckily, Ellen is taking it quite easy. We have of course to keep it quite a secret, however I know that nothing can be a secret in Palembang.

The same night of the day on which we made up our minds we moved ~~out~~ my stuff over and now I am the most happy girl who ever lived. So, never I will forget what Archie has been to me these days. And my poor darling is looking so terribly pale and he's getting thinner and thinner every day. Gosh, I wished he wouldn't drink so much beer and eat a little bit more instead. —

Wednesday, 8 May '46.

I received a letter from Frans at lunch-time in which he wrote that "Regindra" had asked him if it was true that I was living in Archie's room. Imagine! Just last night I'd moved and all those days I'd lived in Ellen's. Sure, it was the limit! And knowing Frans too well I knew that he definitely had not given a proper answer. The fool! I got furious. Why can't people leave us alone. Well, the only reason I can think of is they can't see two people happy in this terrible place. Anyhow! We considered it seriously and decided that I should take a room somewhere, bring some of my stuff over there to quiet a little bit other people's gossip. It was my fault Regindra got suspicious for he couldn't find my address. I told Peter Pearce not to give it to him, that snake! That afternoon I fixed everything and moved over to a filthy small room luckily upstairs (what a one good thing!) with plenty of windows, but obviously never been cleaned.

But we had more troubles that day... That night we should go to the Ensa-show in the fort with



Henry and Bill, Ellen and Bob. All of us in the P.O. car. But after that show there should be a party in Buys and the Birma-off. were not in vited. Pearce told Archie that two chaps of the Lincoln had been chasing me for taking me to that party. I really got the shock of my life knowing the Lincoln off. just too well! But Archie wanted me to go for my sake and I decided to go for his sake! Yolly good! Well, everything was considered untill we discovered that there was something more to arrange, and well: Where should these chaps fetch me?? I couldn't possibly say: Well chaps, fetch me at the Birma-off. Mess. At last after lots and lots of suggestions of dropping me at Buys after the show and Archie leaving his car at my place at least I should drive back to the mess after the party and more of all sort of silly things we roared with laughter. It was too ridiculous, wasn't it! And the best thing to do was to drop me at Buys after the show, then the chaps who had to see me home should drop me at my place and I should stay there. I don't need to

tell how desperate I was! But I am a brave girl! I kept a smile and decided to make the best of it. Anyhow, it should be only for one night. One night lonely and what about the thousands of nights which are coming as soon as Archie has left you? Ask me my heart merciless! Blast! I answered, won't think of that. Maybe "blast" is a wrong word too for girls, like "bloody" and "shut up", I've to ask Archie. Well, so I was the most desperate girl after having been the most happy just the day before.

That evening he came home after his work and I could hear him from far away, whistling and singing and I wondered why he could be in such a cheerful mood. And what did the darling tell me? He couldn't find the chaps who've been chasing me, but he found a sort of a type for me called by a certain name like a plim! My heart jumped and I was happy again. We did all our duties in a rush. saw Henry and Bob to tell them they would be fetched at half past six at which both of them got the shocks of their life, saw Ellen to tell



her the same, dropped my lonely suit-case in my filthy room, rushed off again and had a jolly good night to yether. The show was dammed good, the party damned foolish: exactly a Linedra's like, but the six of us enjoyed ourselves jolly well and we had lots and lots of fun. Regindra's leg was pulled by <sup>three times</sup> us as hard as we possibly could and after refusing this invitation to come up-stairs and drink beer, Bill, Archie and me decided to go back after having seen the girls home and accept his "pleasant" invitation.

That night we came home together for the first time after having enjoyed a party together. Archie, if you only could get the slightest idea of how much I love you. It doesn't matter dear. You're not in love with me so you think I'm not serious about that at all. Oh darling, if you knew...

But don't let me fuss about it. At the moment I'm taking my happiness, my scarce days with my darling, and to-night will be mine again, and I will say softly for myself to him:

I'll tenderly kiss you; I'll fondly caress,  
And you'll fall gently to sleep on my breast.  
Deeply to sleep from the heaven of my breast...

When the light is extinguished, I'll cover you warm,  
And I'll pray to the angels to keep you from harm.  
To the queen of the angels to shield you from harm

And you'll lie so composedly now, in our bed,  
(knowing my love!) that I fancy you dead.  
And you'll rest so contentedly now, in our bed,  
With my love at your breast that I'll fancy you dead.  
That I'll shudder to look at you - thinking you dead.

But my heart it is brighter - than all of the many  
stars of the sky, - for it sparkles with you...  
It glows with the light of my love for you...  
With the thought of the light of the eyes of you



Thursday, 9 May '45.

Oh Darling, why must you always make me so desperate by saying things of which I know you don't mean them at all. We were talking about my hair: it was definitely finished, I said, after that permanent, the first I had in my life. You answered carelessly: Never mind, I'll give you another one later, a better one! After that we were talking about letting grow his beard. Yes, you said, I will if I'm back in Argentina and you will put your fingers in it and stroke it. Oh boy, don't say such things to me. I can't help my heart always jumps at the very moment you say these things and afterwards I'm getting inconsolable because I know you don't mean it.

Here I'm sitting now in my filthy little room. The house itself, my room, everything's most depressing. I'm should go to be crazy if I knew I had to stay here. At lunch time I had the most serious troubles in not going to cry. I felt so lonely, so desperately. I was hungry and couldn't eat. The food was worse than a dog's. At last my darling came to fetch me at five o'clock. How glad I was to be able to leave that horrible place at last!

I hate to have my boy in that room. I can't bare his feeling sorry for me. After all, I'm happy and that's the main thing. I don't give a straw for having such a room. Isn't my real home Archie's place? So, why worry? Frank will go to Batavia within a few days and I'm going to take my old room back. Jolly good. Everything will be all right then.

You know Diary, my darling is really a funny boy. After having played bridge last night he told me suddenly not to want to play again for he was going to take it too seriously. He would lose his temper one day because he couldn't bare somebody would correct him. Douglas did and made after all the same fault afterwards. I was quite surprised because I really thought Archie never played seriously. And so do I! I can't only bare to make stupid faults. And we are both just the same. We simply can't bare somebody correcting us if we're sure we're right. I do understand my boy so perfectly well. And well, I certainly won't play bridge without him. Imagine! What a bore it would be.



Friday morning, 10 May '46.

At the moment the situation is ridiculous! I've been to my room this morning and my heart is already beating like hell, because every time when I have to rush into the Mess to get into our room I'm scared to death somebody would see me... Till now it didn't happen, but I'm sure it will one day! However, it doesn't matter. This morning it was alright again, but walking into our room I got the shock of my life seeing three big lights in the room. Fixing Crickets! Of course they had to be there at the very moment I walked in. Blast! They're fixing a telephone....

It is strange Diary, but sometimes I can't get rid of the feeling there are strings between my darling and I which keep us sometimes far away from each other. I don't know what it is, but I do know they are there. For instance this morning. I can't find the words to say them. I know there are strings which "hold me down" and I wished sincerely to know why and how they're coming between us. Oh, I know how disappointed my boy is every time he only gets a letter from

his mother. And I wished I could do something about it. Oh, how can she make my darling so unhappy.... Why can't she write just a simple letter to cheer him up! Oh yes, sometimes I know Archie is happy with me but I want to see him happy always and always... Why can't I make him happy Diary? Oh please Archie, be happy with me these days. Don't worry about letters. At this moment I know I can cry for hours and hours. (Don't worry, I certainly won't!) But to think of it that I'm giving him everything I have: whole my heart and all my love, to think of it I'm giving up everything I had: my proud, my friends, my future... My future, actually, was outlined already. I didn't need to care for it. Now I have to and I simply don't know how, and Archie can talk so easily about it. Asking me why I ~~should~~ <sup>should</sup> not try to find a job in Switzerland for instance because Hetty is living there. I answered I wanted to go to London. That's all right! But how the hell does he suppose I can come into a strange country. However what will happen, does happen!



So, for goodness' sake, why worry? I certainly don't  
I only can't bare his talking carelessly about these things,  
which after all do matter to me. It hurts me a lot,  
it does! A few days ago I said to him: Some of these  
days I will be lonely. We were talking about loneliness  
and he answered, why think of the future, of what will  
happen? Take it when it comes! Oh sure, he can talk quite  
easily about it. He knows what he's going to do. First a  
splendid time on leave somewhere, spending all the  
money he earned these years; second: go back to  
Argentina to his pre-war job! How perfectly easy it is  
to speak about your future if you're sure of it!  
I definitely won't marry soon again. I want to marry  
with the man, whom I'm able to love! And I promised  
Archie to live my life in a quite different way than I've  
done and I know I will keep my promise and I  
really can. But can't he see how it hurts me so  
deeply everytime he's speaking about it. I love him,  
Oh, why shall I to love him? Why's life so complicated.  
I am a girl taking things quite easy. I never worry

about peculiarities, I definitely don't! And I will  
succeed in making something of my life. Oh Archie,  
how much I have to thank you. How many things  
you taught me. My only light in future is your promise  
to write me constantly. And you know how desperate  
one can be, if one's in love and doesn't receive letters  
anymore. She did that to you, so please, darling, don't  
do that to me. Do write me every week, and I'll be  
happy a little bit at least.

Hell! I think I have to stop to talk to you now,  
otherwise I will cry in a moment, and it's already  
half past one, and ~~he~~ I don't want him to see me cry  
for nothing particular. —

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,  
The very eyes of me,  
And last command of every part,  
To live and die for thee.

Herriek.



Saturday, 11<sup>th</sup> May '46.

Received a letter from Frans enclosing £15.

Frans is really the most silly fool I ever knew before. Writing such letters like this. He told me he had to pay our divorce case and would be quite short of money this month. Still he was very pleased to offer me £15. He would help me with everything I wanted, asking me too why Archie couldn't give me some money. Imagine!! Oh, if I should have seen him at that moment I should have slapped him right in his face, the damn silly fool! I only asked him the money I should get here for my living, which everybody receives once a month. I don't understand a bit of all these money-business. I have to ask Bob, because I'm sure L.O.C. office still pays Frans my money.

Anyhow I'm not yet divorced and I'm still wearing Frans' name. Hells, bells! If I think of that letter I'm getting furious. Of course I didn't accept the money.

This morning I was a silly girl again. Jimmy! I couldn't stop crying. Archie was talking Spanish and suddenly I had to think of the day I shouldn't see him any more. As he asked me why

I was crying I couldn't tell him, knowing I should seem such an utmost silly girl to him. So I pretended to having a dream last night <sup>which</sup> makes me desperate. It was the day he would leave me for ever and ever and the plane landed and Archie jumped in and the plane with Archie left and I had not yet said goodbye to him! Oh, I hate myself if I start to cry. Seems as if I feel sorry for myself. Well, it doesn't seem; it's true, I am feeling sorry for myself if I think of the day he will leave me and I shall not have an Archie anymore. That's the reason why I hate myself crying. I have such a wonderful time with my darling! I'm so happy. Won't let me be silly and think of that sad day which will come.

What is love? It is not here after;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty,-

Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.



Saturday afternoon:

Well diary, you must admit that I succeeded perfectly in <sup>leaving</sup> making a mess of my life at the present. First I couldn't stay in Archie's room, had to seek another to pretend I was living there and making a mystery of myself in the eyes of the other members of my bungalow. - Second happened today that I'm not allowed any more to stay during the day in our room, what means to me ten hours of sincerely loneliness in my horrible room upstairs without breakfast and a terrible lunch - Ten boring hours - For I have to leave our room before seven o'clock in the morning in future and I'll <sup>be</sup> my darling at tea time. I shall produce more gossip about my person by coming home every day early in the morning, <sup>leaving</sup> going away at tea-time and not coming back at night. Yes, Tillwys said: I don't give a straw for tales, but sometimes it can go too far and I know perfectly well I am going too far at the moment. After all I can't help to be a well-known girl here as well as in Batavia. It doesn't matter to behave like I do in P'lang, but it does matter for

me in Batavia, where to I've to go and make, rather start a new life after ~~all~~ <sup>everything</sup> will be finished with Archie. Why can't I find the strength and courage to leave him now! Why shouldn't I go to Batavia? Why to stay! It's leading me nowhere. It's giving me nothing but a poor happiness for a few weeks. Archie can't realise what this all means to me. It makes me so nervous, and the only thing he could say about these new arrangements was: I'm sorry for you, but cheer up! It makes no difference at all and after all I will be out of the Army in a few months. Does he really expects me to stay and live this horrible, nervous life a few months yet? Oh, I can't! I will be crazy in a few days, if I shall not get quickly Ellen's room. I'm writing quite easily at the moment, but how can I decide to stop it and go away? Tell me diary, how can I possibly do it? I love Archie! My life will be nothing without him! And now my heart says softly: But you will be without him one day! So why not to start it now, at this very moment. How can I be so foolish for



few weeks of happiness. So foolish to run my life for the future, because maybe I do! And it should have been alright if he only had said a few words of sympathy, if he only had showed me a little bit of understanding how damned difficult the situation for me is going to be. Hells! Bells! Luckily I am quite annoyed at the moment so I won't cry, but I am desperate. I don't understand myself.

Where's my pride? my selfishness? I can't believe it's gone. Do I really love him so much that I can bare these things so easily? Well, I think so Diary. My pride and selfishness were two main things in my character and I never knew I could lose them for a man. Archie, what have you made from me? What are you doing to me? Oh my darling how can you be so cruel to me? And at the moment I'm sad, but in a few months you will come back and we'll have our siesta and you'll make love to me and I shall be happy again. Isn't this a strange, strange world?

Wednesday morning, 15 May '46.

Oh Diary! I simply can't tell you how extremely happy I am. It's raining outside, and it seems to rain on and on, but it can't make me sad as it usually does, because the sun is shining in my heart and it's raining sunny sunbeams from above! Sunday, Monday and Tuesday have passed by before I noticed it. Monday was the day, on which I'd get up at six o'clock for the first time and of course we awoke both at half past. Archie dear was in the most bad mood and funny enough I didn't mind at all. I had no feeling at all. I simply dressed, kissed my darling goodbye and walked away with such a light heart, that I was really surprised at myself. At home, no I won't call it "at home", in my room I opened all the windows and started to clean it up thoroughly. Gosh, how it needed a good cleaning. I crept on hands and knees over the floor, climbed on chairs to reach the cobwebs, anyhow I succeeded to make the room look just a little bit better. In Trans



house I pinched a picture and a piece of red cloth, hang them both in my room, changed my bed <sup>under</sup> the big window, pinched a chair from downstairs and voilà! my room looked much and much better.

I arranged flowers too and started to read in "Athalia takes a chance" and all the time I was feeling as happy as I possibly could be. Even the fact Archie didn't turn up at lunchtime to see me a few moments couldn't depress me at all. I went to bed at 10 o'clock, awoke at 4 and was just ready when my darling came at about 5, apologising for being late because he had dinner with the Lindsays. I was so happy to see him again. Tuesday was the same but Archie told me I could choose...

----- Jimmy Christmas! Just a minute! Gosh! What a breakfast I had: toast with an egg and a piece of spam and toast with jam and butter and a cup of coffee! I do like a good breakfast and those two days in my room I ate simply nothing. Well, I had my breakfast and arranged my flowers,

now I'll start again. Yes, Archie <sup>balchus</sup> told me I could choose: either stay in our room the whole day or leave before day light. My heart jumped with joy when he told me that and as I don't mind a bit to spend my whole day in our comfortable room I choosed the first of course! So I'm here now, writing down all the peculiarities which are so interesting and ever so important to me. And as miserable as I felt yesterday, as happy and healthy and grand I'm feeling now. My "business" started yesterday! Hell! Why has it always to start so soon. Luckily I've got no pains at all this time.

Last night we went with Bill to the dance in the Club. My darling, can't you realise at all that I don't like to do a thing you don't enjoy at all? Of course I like to dance. I'm fond of it, but only if you enjoy it too. You yourself, I'm sure, wouldn't do a thing if the girl you loved wouldn't like it, would you darling? Just the same with me. I love you and simply can't enjoy something if



know you don't. I love to stay home with you and talk and listen to beautiful music. I do, Darling.

Sunday the 12<sup>th</sup> May we were both exactly five months in Palembang. Funny, isn't it, we both had to arrive at the same day half an hour after each other. You from Singapore, I from Batavia. And yesterday the 14<sup>th</sup> it was exactly 5 months ago our love-affair started. Five months together. I shall never forget these months with days of happiness, of sadness, of yearning. Every day I didn't see you was a sad one and I kept on hoping you still would turn up. Sometimes I didn't see you for four days. And how desperate I felt then.

And now he got his release-orders and he is free to leave the Army but he wants to stay till his Battalion will go too. I'm so glad he wants to stay a little bit longer. Oh Archie I'm lost if you're gone. So, I won't think of that day. I'm happy now, extremely happy and I'll take things as they are when they'll come. Yippee!

My heart is like a singing bird  
Whose nest is in a waterlily shoot;  
My heart is like an apple tree  
Whose boughs are bent with thick red fruit  
My heart is like a rainbow shell  
That pebbles in a lagoon sea;  
My heart is gladder than all these  
Because my love is come to me!

Thursday, 16 May '46.

I'm still the most happy girl of the world. I'm sure I am, Diary! No clouds to make my happy days cloudy. And this little "prisoner" loves her "prison" so much! Oh Archie Darling how happy you can make me. I can sing and laugh the whole day... Last night we went to an Ensa-show in the fort again and I enjoyed it so much. In the evening we played badminton, oh, shall I ever get back those days of perfect happiness? I'm <sup>sure</sup> I shall not. This is too wonderful to be true, and I'm so afraid one day I will awake and come to know it has all been a wonderful dream.



Friday, 17 May '46.

Days are flying by, hours of completely happiness. I've not even been bored for one minute. The mornings hurrying by, my darling coming to see me every possible hour of the day! Before I <sup>can</sup> realise it is lunch time again. Then the afternoons: maybe he will come back soon, escape from his office... Teatime, badminton, Oh! every minute of the day we are both two happy children. I know he is happy too, and sometimes I'm afraid I'll burst from all this happiness. Oh Diary he is so sweet to me! I wish so sincerely I'll be all right again. I'm not feeling as grand as usual. Those blast business, when for goodness sake will it be over again. I'm feeling so tired and I want to feel grand and look grand because I'm so happy!

Oh Darling, what a hell of a time you must have had in those terrible war days in India...! I can't realise, if I see those horrible pictures that you too have been there. And to think of you laying <sup>wounded</sup> maybe for hours before you got first aid. My big child

quite alone in that strange and terrific land. I can't think of you killing other men, you, who are always so gentle, so sweet. Am I making you really happy dear? I'm so afraid sometimes I'm boring you. I haven't noticed it till now. We've always big fun together, haven't we darling? And be sure I really am the most happy girl of the world.  
Friday afternoon.

The most happy girl of the world, yes, I was indeed! How desperate I'm now! As long as he not let me know I'm only playing "second fiddle" it is all right, but now he got a letter from Pat. He told me it was hers while I noticed it from the very first moment he came into the room. I was so happy for his sake and feeling so sorry for my darling at the same moment because she has gone to England the 6<sup>th</sup> May. I didn't even get a kiss and my heart turned in my breast for I saw how desperate he was. He came back after his lunch and how I hate myself I could not keep my tears back. Diary I do hate crying!



I don't want him to see how sad and desperate I am. Why did he ask me the reason of my sadness? Does he really suppose I can be cheerful and happy if I see how sad he is learning Pat went back to England? I should have been glad if she should have changed her mind and wanted to marry him. She doesn't realise what a darling my big child is. She doesn't realise at all what she's throwing away. And here am I, longing desperately for what he is offering her, his love! Is it so funny I cry because I can't get it? So funny that I simply can't stop crying, thinking of that what he offers that girl and she refuses?

Oh, and to think of it he wanted to cheer me up and asked: "Oh please, don't cry! It makes me sad. Can't I get you something nice from the canteen. I want to scream! Imagine! Something nice from the canteen, as if something nice could possibly give me that what for I'm longing with whole my heart and life. Archie, please!

I know you can't help it you love her and not me. But please I ask you, don't be rude! I can't bare it! I love you darling, so much! When I saw you with Pat's letter I tried hard to be cheerful and glad. But darling you can't blame me for being sad, can you? I know you don't realise how much I love you, otherwise you shouldn't say these things. You shouldn't ask then why I was crying, should you? I'm feeling such a fool, such an ass if I cry. But I want to scream it out to you. I love you! I want to hurt you in the same way you're hurting me. Second fiddle! yes! That's all what I am, what I possibly can be for you. I am your funny little girl, ain't I? I amuse you, and sometimes maybe I make you happy too. Oh darling! I won't think of it anymore. I'm happy with you, what doesn't matter what I am to you! You are everything to me, and when you'll come back in an hour I shall be cheerful again. You shall kiss me! What more do I wish?



Saturday, 18 May '46.

After what happened yesterday I succeeded quite well to be cheerful again. My darling gave me the shock of my life to ask if I wanted to go to the dance in the club, but I had to promise only to dance with him. I was so glad! I love to dance with him. Why? How can he possibly think I shouldn't like it. After all it was quite disappointing, for the band was damned lousy, Archibald was quite annoyed when we tried to dance at last and the band played some silly tune, ~~at~~ on which we couldn't dance at all, and I was quite happy to push off and be alone with my darling again. You know why, I didn't even get a nice kiss last night. He said he wanted to talk and I wanted to tell him everything of my feelings, but when he asked me: Tell me all about you! I could only say: You know all about me. Sometimes I want to tell him so many things, but I simply can't find the words then. It won't be surprising if he thinks me only a girl: quite sweet and charming with nothing in it! How did he call it? I think "a

stiffed shirt"! Why can't I speak his language in such a way I can tell him everything and ask him everything I want to! We never have a serious talk about something interesting. I wonder what Pat should have meant in writing: "I suppose you're right. Only one man can suffer a.s.o." What could he have written her that she wrote this back? And did he tell me everything about his plan in the future, which she called: an elastic plan. I wonder. I know so little about my darling. He didn't even tell me what his job really is in Argentina. Why won't he tell me everything? Does he think I'm not interested or I'm too stupid to be interested? I know I must seem unintelligent and dull to him, but I'm not. It's only that damned language which always comes between us. Last night he said something quite funny I didn't understand very well, but he called me his sweetest little girl and said afterwards: Now you see what a high - - - I have understood it was like: what a high opinion I've got from you. Maybe I'm wrong, but



I'm sure he was sarcastic. I cried myself asleep and this morning I'm not feeling cheerful at all and every moment I look at him I want to cry, but I decided definitely not to cry again before him. My heart breaks if I think of what Pat wrote in her letter: She will see one day a sleek looking person reading F. S. Eliot, and she'll give a shriek of "Baldu" and they'll go and have lunch together --- yes, she will see him again, my darling! Oh why is life so merciless! I shall never, never see him again. I'm just a common little Dutch girl. She's the daughter of a general and --- rich! What am I --- nothing! Nothing at all! A common girl which maybe can be sweet and amuses him. I'm not rich and all sort of other silly things, but I'm proud of my father, however he isn't a general, he's one of the most important men of our East Indies and every Dutchman can tell every body who is "de la Barra"! Oh pish! Why am I writing this? Well, I think I'm jealous. That's it.

What's Archie? Is he so important only to wish to be married to a rich girl? Maybe, you never can tell, anyhow he never told me!

If Archie shouldn't have met her and should not have fallen in love with her, would he have been able to love me? Oh Diary, I wonder! No, I think I'm too common for him. Sometimes I wonder what he thinks of me. Would he really think of me as a girl with nothing in it? Oh Hells, Bells! Let me stop writing about this all. For goodness sake let me be cheerful when he'll come back at lunch-time.

Oh, how horrible life is here in Palembang! Of course I must seem dull and uninteresting to him after the girls he met and the life he lived in Kashmir. If he only could see me dressed as usual, could see me in other circumstances at big dinner parties, dances and all sorts of other things. Things, which make life wonderful, bright and worth to live! If he only could see me in the house we had before the war, in my beautiful room. Oh where are those times? Shall I ever get



them back? Shall I ever be able to get the life back I had before? To dress myself as I used to do before? I had everything I wanted, everything a girl possibly can want to have. What do I have now? What sort of a life will I have in future? No prospects at all for me! I don't want to go back and live again with Daddy and his horrible wife. I must find a job somewhere, which pays enough to keep a few rooms of my own. That terrible war! Why have people always to fight and make a mess of the world.

In a few years there will be war again, I'm sure of it. What's the use of going on with this horrible life. I can't see any good in it! Here we are: four children of life's fate: Pat and Archie, Trams and me! Trams is in love with me, I'm in love with Archie, Archie is in love with Pat, Pat is in love with somebody else. Hell!

I have never loved before, and I'm sure one can only be in love once in his life, and if one doesn't succeed in marrying the person one really loves, well, I'm sure one can't find his happiness in life anymore!

And that's exactly what Archie and Pat do think, I'm sure! Oh yes! You can find some sort of happiness, of course, but will it not always be a rather poor sort of happiness, if you think of what could have been? No, I'm sure I definitely can't love again, so the only thing left for me, is to marry a man, rich and handsome. And I wonder if Archibaldus will be able to fall in love again. I do hope sincerely he'll keep his promise to write me always. I do want to know what will happen to him. Oh why can't I take care of him for the rest of his life. He's so sweet, so childish my big child and sometimes I'm feeling like a mother who wants to take her child in her arms and kiss it and comfort it, till she ~~she~~ knows it is happy again. Oh Archie darling, life is cruel to me, isn't it?

Well, I seem to have lost now all my cheerful-ness! Jolly good show indeed. Come on girl, it's lunchtime and Saturday! Imagine! In a moment he will come back and you'll have a splendid afternoon, evening, night and the whole sunny Sunday!



## The Anatomy of Indecision.

"Because these wings are no longer wings to fly  
But only vane to beat the air..."

T. S. Eliot. 'Ash Wednesday'.

And part of me will say:

Command what you require. That man's  
unborn

Who'll not receive his dearest wish, his  
heart's desire,

Or through the body's flame

Or through the strong mind's fire.

Speaks then will-sapping thought

Sucking my strength

Sapping my strongest wall of confidence  
and power:

This then in you, creature of sense.

Whose strongest tower is surely Reason,  
Logic your greatest power.

First weigh your chances, counting the pros and cons  
The odds are long against you.  
How should you win what better men have lost?

The molten-metal tear of passion

Burningly slides and falls.

Hissing it drops into cold Logic's moat,  
And sinking, dies.

A third self stands outside, observes,  
Contemptuously reminds:

A man of greater will than you would know  
That white-hot metal swiftly falling

Sinking in silvery depths - hardens, unseals,  
Is tempered by that very element which cools  
And quenches down its glowing fires.

And so with you, who could emerge a man of  
steel

Re-tempered by this conflict of your selves



The jig-saw-puzzle. He is not complete.  
Flutters out a weak thin-piping whine.  
(Not newly-born; not that weak-powerful.

Earth-inheriting cry.)

But cowardly with the quailing  
Of the old, of the defeated,  
Of those who yield before they strive,  
Retreat before advancing, die before they live).  
Sighs and whispers: Think  
Do you want this enough? Reflect,  
Must you make up your mind? Consider,  
you may regret.  
And is it worth it then; and  
Are you sure you're sure?

And hesitating thus the impetus has gone, the  
virtue's  
Gone from action.  
This shell, this hulk, is left. irresolute and  
Empty, desolate.

Parlembang  
Sumatra  
Feb. 1946.

Diary, I don't know how many times I read  
this poem over, and I can only make this conclusion  
that my darling is disappointed in his life he lived  
till now. But don't you think Diary, that 90% of  
the people who live, would wish to live their lives  
again and make something better of it than they  
did? I'm sure of it! My heart breaks every time I  
read his poem. How desperate, how sad it is!  
"This shell, this hulk, is left. irresolute and hollow,  
"Empty, desolate." Oh why is he feeling like this. Why  
can't he find his happiness in life? Why must he say:  
"How should you win what better men have lost?"  
It's not true Archie! You, too, can win that what  
you want in life, if <sup>you</sup> wouldn't think of yourself  
so much. You can be happy with a wife and children.  
You think you're selfish, but you're not my dear!  
If you'll go on with thinking of this, you'll ruin your  
life completely! I thought I was selfish too. I was  
always only thinking of my self in the first place,  
now, you can see it yourself how perfectly meek and  
mild



you made me. I'm sure this <sup>two</sup> can happen to you! But if you'll insist on being selfish, if you'll insist on not being able to make a girl happy, oh Archi, you shall never be able to make something of your life. And if you will, you can! you still have a whole life before you; you can make the best of it, if you only will!

I, myself, think life is not worth to fuss about! you never said a more true word than those you wrote down that day in the Guest-Book of the H. 100!

"Love is too short

"Life is too long!"

I'm glad that the greatest part of me is light-hearted, and that, how desperate I sometimes can be, I still keep on thinking: keep a smile, and make the best of it! Oh, I know perfectly well, it does not always work, but maybe, it depends on my youth that I still have hopes for the future. I can't fuss and worry about

things, which will happen perhaps. I certainly do, sometimes, but however, never for a long time.

If only my Archibalds could take a little bit of my "light-heartedness", if I only could take care of him for ever and ever. I know I'm able to make him happy. I don't need a rich life, luxurious and comfortable. I can make the best of it, if I only could stay with my darling. I should know how to take him out of one of his glorious bad moods.

Last night I wasn't hurt in the least, only seriously annoyed! I was quite angry and could have slapped him, for I can't bare his taking things <sup>so</sup> seriously, that he can ~~be~~ <sup>get</sup> annoyed with peculiarities. I think it's stupid to think of what other people put into silly, empty remarks, just to say something. And I'm sure, if Balbus only wants to try he can be more happy than he is now. My Balbus, you are a big child! And you don't realise how angry I can be sometimes with your silly remarks about "selfishness". You don't need to be! If you only should not want to! And you certainly do



To day it is the 20<sup>th</sup> of May, exactly a month ago I decided to divorce Frans and I'm living now with Archie a whole month! The days have flown by. I can't realise it is a month already we are together. Days of such a happiness! and sometimes too of sadness.... But I always know that the sun will follow the rain...

yesterday I received a letter from the old people at home: silly and foolish, but I'll not blame them as they are old and can't realise anymore what love really means in one's life. I'm very annoyed only, Frans wrote them I was going to marry an Englishman, however I told him a thousand times Archie does not want to marry me. But Frans can't imagine believe, simply won't believe! Anyhow, let him think. I only wished he wouldn't write these stupid things to everybody. Hells, Bells! Why isn't he more reasonable!

Tuesday, 21 May '46.

Last night I went to see Frans and talked things over, which we still had to arrange. I don't want to write down what he said about certain things. It makes me furious. It's funny men always got the opinion about me I should be easily to get. Yes, quite sure I am a flirt, but still, if you imagine I could have had plenty of love affairs here if I should have wanted to, I never had the slightest intention to start one. It has nothing to do with Archie. If I shouldn't have met him, then too I shouldn't have wanted to start any relation here for the only reason, I think no man can interest me enough here! Well, Mac Hoeklin could have interested me, to be true! But then I met Archie already and if you think Diary, that I've only kissed a few men, it is rather surprising they still got such an opinion about me. Let me see, it's quite fun to tell you who they were, if I can remember them. The P./Lt. Berry was his name I think, the man who shot at Archie at the aircoadrome! It was a silly party



in Hotel Smith. The poor boy was desperately in love with me and I felt sorry for him and let him kiss me. Another was Peter O'Harey at a party in Buys H. We were dancing together with spotlights and both in a crazy mood. Anyhow, sometimes it can be great fun and I liked childish Peter very much! But I never hissed in dark corners in Buys as Archie told me I did. I definitely did not! And well, the last one I hissed was Bill Shelton, a jolly nice boy, who arrived at the same day as Reggy Ball and left a few days afterwards. There there are the only men of Palembang I liked to kiss once and so I did. Of course quite a lot tried to, but never succeeded. And I shouldn't have been a real woman, if I shouldn't have liked to see how very easily a man was able to fall in love with me. Peter Pearce told me once I had too much "sex-appeal" ---! Jimmy Crickets! But you wait and see Wiary, that I really can be a girl who knows how to behave and I will keep my promise

to Archie, my darling. However you shall not be able to see the results. Balbus, you can be sure I certainly will be a girl, from whom men never can say anymore "I'm easily to get!" I will keep a "respectful distance" between men and I in future. (How did I say that?)

Wednesday, 22 May '46.

you know Wiary, sometimes I get the funny feeling I am quite able to conquer the whole world! And this feeling I've got this morning. I'm so light-hearted, so cheerful that what ever will happen I'm able to meet <sup>this</sup> with a cheerful face! you know what I mean. I got this feeling while arranging the flowers. I love flowers and I was so glad Mohabert brought my most favourite flowers: Bougainvilles. I can look at a vase with flowers for hours and if I'm sad, I always get my cheerfulness back again. Archie said my flowers were beautifully arranged the



morning and I must admit they are, though I chide myself. If I think of our beautiful garden we had at our bungalow up in the mountains. How I can long for getting those peaceful days back! The marvellous mountain-air and mountain-sun, and days of perfect happiness. I think I can spend my whole life in the country. I don't like cities with overcrowded <sup>with</sup> bungalows and dust. Actually I hate them. Every two months of the year, June and July, I was the most happy girl living in our beautiful small, wooden bungalow, brown with red windows. You could see it from far away already, before you arrived, up on a hill, surrounded by deep valleys and high spurs. The morning sun was always shining into my bed-room, which I parted with Hetty and Vera. My early morning walks, when it was still quite cold, were wonderful! To see the sun rise, to feel the fresh morning wind in your hair, the early sun-beams on your face, to hear the thousands of

mountain birds singing their songs, Oh, everything everything up in the mountains in Java I loved. Our bungalow was dubbed: "Sans Souci" and it was true. We never had troubles and every day was a happy one. Now I haven't seen it anymore for six long years. What happened with our little "Sans Souci"? God knows! My heart breaks if I think of my lovely flowers, especially the dark roses and orchids in all sort of colours. And the mimosa-trees, which perfume one could smell from a hundred miles away. I wonder if it all will still be there. I am indeed a real child of the sun. I love the sun, I love the fresh and smelly country-air. Why shall I be able to be again for a few days only in the mountains? I'm getting sad thinking of it. And <sup>as</sup> I can do nothing about it, it's awfully silly to fuss about and I can only hope I will be somewhere in the country soon again. My lovely sister of mine to be in Switzerland now! Finny Crickets! What a terrible injustice there is in this world!



Monday, 27 May '46.

It's a long, long time ago since I wrote Diary. You know that <sup>my</sup> terrible boy of my read my book a few days ago and I was so annoyed, because I know too well how damned silly I sometimes can write. Anyhow, it's mine and I'll hide it in future so I'm sure he won't read it once more. He thinks I want him to read this, and well, to be true, sometimes I do, and the trouble is I'm annoyed if he does. Funny girl I am! He said I was as transparent as glass! Am I, Diary? And he said too, my English is improving! Jolly good! That's why I write down my secrets and thoughts in English to have a good exercise. Today I'm so happy! I got a golden watch from my darling! A beautiful one, a lovely one. A small golden watch. I'm so glad with it. And I got his old fountainpen. That's why I'm writing so much more comfortable. He really is a selfish creature. Imagine I could change my pen for a better one and when he came back he gave me his old one and kept the new one himself. Don't you think it's the limit Diary?

But he's such a darling too, my big child, you simply can't be annoyed with him. Anyhow I'm jolly glad with his old one. Especially with his golden watch.

You know I've taught him my favourite song "Drie kleine talentjes, die zaten op een hek!" And you should see his face if he's singing that song. Goodness! you simply must embrace him and kiss him, looking like a little schoolboy trying hard to remember the lesson he learned. Oh, he is a darling.

Saturday night we had a party in the Mess, which Peter Scarce gave for his birthday. I enjoyed it very much and so did Archie. The best part I enjoyed was my dressing before. I wanted badly to wear my pink dress, my most favourite one, which everybody does like, but Archie of course. I had to try the pink one with a black skirt and after lots and lots of troubles my pink shirt was tied up, but when I sat down I was showing my whole pink skirt under the black one. Jimmy Trichets, I really got bells and bells of it! Archie did his



Haven't you got something more to give me  
as big a moral shock as you did? Goodness! I re-  
ceived your letter the day before yesterday and I really  
got the greatest shock of my life. No darling, I don't  
blame you or disgust you or what sorts of <sup>more</sup> silly things  
you supposed I'd do! We <sup>are</sup> all of us ~~as~~ just common  
human beings, everybody with his own faults, so I have  
got <sup>even</sup> the right to judge. I understand you perfectly well.  
Everything is clear to me. I am, however, still a child  
concerning love, but I read a lot about it and I talked  
it over with my Fritz. I've always been interested in  
some problems, so I can imagine you had to do this.  
I only doubt if I should treat in your case like you.  
But we are of course two different characters, and you  
with your temper clear, shall always dare to do more than  
I should. I'm so sorry however this had to happen to  
you. I really am damned sorry and I do worry about

I always thought you happy and to hear the truth is  
rather painful. I can imagine you didn't even like  
Frams anymore, also you started to hate him of late

and life is a hell indeed, to be together by persuasion with  
love only from his side. I, myself, had this very experience  
when I didn't love Fritz yet, but he was in love with me.  
I could scream if he came every day and tried to be  
careful. Sure, I was getting crazy those days. Anyhow  
it all turned out right and now I'm sure, I shouldn't  
get a better man. I can <sup>also</sup> imagine you've been irritated  
by Fram's <sup>un</sup>decided treatments. He didn't take the  
leading as he should do. And so I can think it reason-  
able you wanted to divorce him. But - - - I think, the  
affair you started with Archie, was a very stupid one!  
I'm so afraid you will regret this later on, darling.  
Please, don't be offended! I'm giving my opinion as  
your best friend, who only wants to see you happy.  
The best thing I'd like to do is to fly to Fram at once  
and take you away from him! Well, answer me  
honestly: don't you think you're in love with Archie?  
Don't you think it's a feeling like love, but which really  
is: desperateness and disappointment in the life you  
lived till now? Aren't you feeling a bit lonely, dear?"



Try to understand Thel, this can't be true. you'll get over desires quite soon and what will happen then?

you know that in marriage the very first places are to be occupied by good, honest, real friendship and a moral feeling for each other and understanding. Don't forget dear we're all quite hot-tempered after these four years! If Archie indeed is so fond of you, then he has to understand what you're giving up for him at the moment. And you've given him too every thing which a woman possibly can give to a man. And if he accepts this without giving you in turn the place in his life which is meant to be yours, then Thel, I sigh heavily and can only think of him as a terrible egoistic man and weak... Remember! The same thing you hate in Frans: weakness. (Sorry dear! but I simply must give my opinion!) He says he hasn't got any prospects at all. So leave him! He can't make you happy... Nonsense! you're in love with him, so whatever would happen, you should be happy with him. If he should marry you, he'd know perfectly well, you

should be happy, because you could stay with him for ever: For better and for worse. This is what he ought to know, but he will not realise these facts and <sup>says</sup> think it is too easy <sup>for him</sup> to think you're not really in love with him. Thel, let him in the hurch, go to Batavia and start a new life. He's not worth at all to be unhappy about. He is disgusting! (Sorry dear!)

your relation with Frans was perfectly fault wrong because he was your slave! Now you're in the same position: you are now Archie's slave! Don't forget when two people are in love with each other they both want to serve. But if only one's serving the other, it is perfectly wrong. Look at Frans and you: an excellent example! Please be real Thel! Don't be less than him. you gave already so very much.

Thel, this all seems very hard and rude, but I thought of this a very long time as a perfectly real girl. you know it is one of my bad customs to be realistic, because I really am sentimental and I torment a lot about it! Anyhow, I hate to see you unhappy and to see



somebody playing with your life and future. How could you go as far as this! This is and will always be an unacceptable point. Why couldn't you be stranger? I always thought you were. And now I'm sure you'll say: "But I love him so!" Rubbish! That's not an excuse. This, what you're giving him at the moment is he not worth at all. This you have to give to him you'll love and marry one day, not to a man, who only wants you, to spend a pleasant time and who'll throw you away afterwards. Really Thel, I can't understand you. I thought you more sensible. Think of your life, you're not yet 25, and you're throwing away your self already. You've always longed for lots of children. Don't you want them anymore? Imagine you'll have a child from him! What shall you do if he does not marry you? You'll be responsible! I'm not a preacher my dear, I'm only trying hard to persuade you. I do believe how terribly desperate you are. And remember: my home will always be ready for you. Don't forget that! I wished I could do some-

thing more ~~at~~ for you at the moment. I do hope sincerely everything will be all right and I'll pray every night he'll change his mind and will marry you. You deserve so much to be happy Thel! You, who make so many people happy in those terrible years. How marvellous you were always in making the best of it! How women always believed in your sunny smile. No, you don't deserve life's treating you now like this. I think life is much more difficult to live at the moment than in the years, which lay behind us. So many impressions together, that sometimes I think I'm getting crazy. Anyhow: Long live the Republic!

Darling, keep strong and keep your head high! And don't hide your troubles for me, but please, write them all to him. Secrets are hidden well with me and I'm too glad if I can help you neither with deeds or advice. So long little fool! Be happy, my best wishes and don't forget: I'm always yours!

Bangkok, 17 Mei 1946.-



Wednesday: 29 May '46.

How wonderful it is to know I still have a real friend somewhere in this world. Lily's letter was exactly what I expected to be. Straight, and I can't blame her, because everything she said was true. She's perfectly right, but it's not so easy, if you're in love to let the person you love in the lurch! But I do appreciate her feelings.

And now again, after a few days of perfect happiness, of course there must happen again something to spoil it. The words he spoke this morning were so intensely rude and mean, that I had indeed a strong desire to slap him as hard as I could. It's not fair to play with my feelings for him like he does. He knows perfectly well I do love him so much. He shouldn't hurt me deliberately as he did last night and this morning. Oh yes, I've to face the facts: he does not love me, but he's happy with me, and I do deserve then rudeness and complete ignorance of my feelings which he knows too well. He does not respect them at all!

"I have to get over my feelings for him now!" that's what he said. How can I get over them? How can I, being so much in love with him, how can I possibly say: Well, I don't love you anymore!

Last night we had a grand time together, but since he's feeling irritable. When we went for a drive and I put my arm round his shoulder he said: I'm not feeling a bit affectionate! With other words he had what he wanted to have and I was nothing more than just a girl sitting beside him. We went to the Club and he didn't want to dance. I could almost feel his irritation and I felt miserable. We came home again, played policy-rice and received the most silly remarks. I went to bed more desperate and cried myself asleep. He didn't even say good-night nor did he give me a kiss...

But when I <sup>once</sup> woke up last night I found myself in his arms and felt his kisses on my lips, while he said: Please darling, speak to me again! I don't remember anything else and I must have fallen asleep from again.



Maybe it was only a dream, but something's telling me it was not, anyhow, I can't forget it. This morning he was sweet again, but suddenly I felt his irritation once more. I said I was so fond of his mouth, his face and then he answered it was time I should get over these feelings now. Well! It was a very, very cold morning - shower included.

And the things I'm going to do the next days are these: a) I shall not show him my fondness of him anymore. b) I shall not kiss him first, but wait till he kisses me. c) I shall not show him my desperateness, in fact, I'll show him I got over it at last. How? I simply don't know.

At the moment you can't realise how I hate him. Hate him as much as I love him. Oh God damn! Why did I meet this man? Why did I fall in love with him? I'm making him happy! Pish! Rubbish! I can only make him feel irritable. I bet he's quite fed up with me at the moment. God damn! What a life!

Thursday, 30 May '46..

Everything's all right again, thank God! It's quite ordinary sometimes something must happen between us, and, till & now it has always turned out right. Last night I told him everything I thought, and I was so extremely happy to hear he's even much fonder of me than before. He promised me too, to tell me when he should be tired of me, but he was sure this never would happen. Oh yes, Diary, I do believe him! He is fond of me, and everybody sometimes has his times of bad moods and tempers. I was only so terribly scared yesterday he was fed up with me. But he is not, and I went to bed as happy again as I possibly could be. I still am at the moment.

I shall not think these silly things again. And what I told you yesterday about my waking up and thinking it has been a dream perhaps, that he said: Please, speak to me again, that hasn't been a dream at all. I asked him last night and it was true. He said: "Never let the sun go down ~~about~~ over your anger!" So, I'll never fall asleep again, without saying goodnight and a kiss!



Friday, 31 May '46.-

I'm very restless to-day, Diary! I didn't know at all why I should be, until Archie told me that it was becoming more and more dangerous my staying the whole day in the Mess. I quite agree! It has lasted for a whole month now, and all the officers and servants are knowing this fact. One day the C.O. simply must discover and... we've had it then completely, chum! I wished Ellen would leave soon, but I don't think she will. So I think, the best thing I can do at the moment is, to ask if I still can have the spare room in Officier's bungalow. I'll never forgive myself if Archie will get in troubles by me. And this very morning, before he came in, I had a funny feeling something would happen either this day or the next one. I simply don't know why I got this feeling, but I'm nervous and not quite my usual self! Anyhow what will happen, does happen. One can't prevent things, which have to happen. I only do hope it won't be too bad for my darling. I couldn't bear that. Oh my dear! I hope I'll soon get over this restlessness. It is terriblement!!!

Monday, 3 June '46.-

I told you Friday I was so terribly restless, didn't I, Diary? Well, Archie didn't make it easier for me by being irritated as I hadn't shut properly doors and windows. I nearly lost my temper then, but when he came back after lunch he was so sweet to me and said I shouldn't mistake him, because he thought running this risk was worth while. I was so glad and happy again.

We had a grand week-end this time.

Saturday we made a bargain: I promised to go to the dance in the Club with Harold, he had to promise ~~to go~~ to swim with me on Sunday. I didn't like at all to leave him that night and to enjoy myself with Harold. Oh yes, he's all right, Harold, but sometimes quite a bore and extremely stupid. Anyhow, I went with a sad little heart, but I must admit I did enjoy myself. It was a hell of a crowd and I was so glad some of my friends greeted me cheerfully. Most of them don't even want to look at me and though I pretend hard not to mind a bit,



still I can't say it's a very pleasant feeling to be ignored by those I once used to know very well. Ellen & Frank passed me that evening without looking at me knowing perfectly well, (I saw him looking at our car!) I was sitting in the car he passed quite closely. He is an ass! Goodness, he promised me to be friends, and this happened. Never mind! I don't need his friendliness.

Yes, I did enjoy my dance that night and Sunday was absolutely "div"!! I love to swim and to be in the sun a whole morning is absolutely perfect. I simply loved sailing down the river, in fact, I enjoyed every minute of the day! And when we came home, we had first a drink with the Colonel and his guests. Everything very pleasant and I enjoyed this too. Afterwards lunch and at last at half past four we were able to leave. Gave Ellen a lift home and we spent a marvellous time in bed till Douglas came at 7 o'clock to disturb our wonderful "siesta"! Then, half an hour later,

I got the shock of my life because Archie got a call to go and see the Colonel---! We were both quite sure we'd had it! I was so sure he would tell Archie the facts. My poor darling! I felt terribly sorry and my heart was beating like hell. It was absolutely miserable this had to happen just after such a wonderful day and had to spoil everything. I was desperate and didn't know what to do when he was gone. I asked him to deny, for goodness' sake, I was living in his room, but I appreciated in spite of all his answer, that, if the Colonel should ask him straight away, he didn't like to lie. He didn't mind to reveal the truth, but he wouldn't lie, and for the rest, he said, all the servants know! My sweet how desperate I was! Luckily Douglas came and we started a game of chess. Archie was away already for an hour and I was getting more and more restless. At last he came back and how extremely relieved I was, when the first thing he said, was: "It had nothing to do with us! No, I simply can't tell you



what I felt that moment! And when Harold and Douglas left at last, he told me what was the reason he had to go and see the Colonel. Archie will become Commanding Officer, for the Colonel will leave at Tuesday!!! Oh, isn't this absolutely grand for my darling? I was so glad for him and my sweet wasn't in the least interested! Imagine, I was so thrilled by this news as if I was becoming a C.O. instead of him! But the trouble is, that he will only be a C.O. till the new one will arrive. So it was put down by the Brig. Hq., but I hope sincerely they won't take the trouble to find a new one for the few months the Battalion will stay here. My sweet a C.O.! He deserves it so, Diary, and I'm so happy. He doesn't want to move over to the C.O. bungalow for the reason, if the new one will arrive we only get the troubles to move over again. But I should like terribly to live in a bungalow. I do love this room, but shouldn't I be much more free living in a bungalow?

Ellen will leave on Tuesday and I'll have to-night, if I'm allowed to take her room. I know my darling wants to spend my days more in freedom. He wants me to take that room, but I'm simply desperate thinking I have to leave him again early in the morning. I hate that! So, if he would like to take the C.O.'s bungalow, everything would be grand. The trouble is he doesn't like to believe he'll keep this C.O. job! Anyhow, I don't mind. Everything will be all right.

Oh, he has been such a dear these days, Diary. He is so wonderful, so sweet and gentle, if he only wants to be always like that. And I'm so happy when he says, it is wonderful too with me. So, I'm sure, never in my life I'll meet a man like Archie. I do love him so much, sometimes so much, I think I'd better die than to start a new life after he'll be gone. And now he'll always be very busy and I'm so afraid we're not able to live any longer, like we did till now...



Tuesday, 4 June '46.

I knew there was something on his mind yesterday. Definitely! Of course I asked him, but he said nothing was worrying him. Oh yes, these C.O. business were of course on his mind, but I saw in his eyes something different too. When he came home at last at half past four I was playing chess with Douglas and Archie came in, saying, that he wrote at last his letter to his mother. But now, before starting to write I saw in his mail-tablet the letters of his mother he had to answer and Pat's letter. It's 18 days ago he received her last letter and I'm not so sure, but I think ~~it~~ he did not answer it till now. And I can't help to be sad, Diary, to think of him, writing at last about what just happened to him. Why didn't he say he did answer her letter too! Hells, Bells! Ain't I the most silly girl? I don't even know, if he really did, and I start already to fuss about. You coon! Anyhow, she is the girl he is in love with, so I have not the right to fuss about his writing her. What an ass I am, Gosh! Gosh!

It's half past two and I simply must tell you how happy I am. My dearest was in a jolly good mood and seems a lot more interested in his new job. I'm so glad Diary, because I was so disappointed his feeling not a bit interested. I think it's absolutely wise! and I am looking forward to our first drive together in the C.O.'s car! Finishing Crickets! And we had lunch together and we played chess and this evening we'll go and see the C.O.'s bungalow. Yes, everything is grand; it's raining sunbeams in my heart! Especially, when my sweet is in a good mood and makes me happy, I simply can't feel ~~otherwise~~ different. Oh, what a happy, happy days I have!

Now I'm going to put pins in my hair, because I want to look as grand as I'm feeling. Can't I have to look grand, if I'll drive for the first time with my C.O. in the C.O.'s car? Oh Darling, how funny it is, that you can make me so extremely happy by only being happy yourself! I wish you could always be like this, my dearest, dearest darling!



I almost forgot to tell you, that Frans received a letter from his advocate in Batavia, stating everything was over now. So Diary, now I am a divorced woman....! Now I'm starting again as Thelma de la Parre! What will be the next name? I don't think that it sounds so bad, if I should wear his name: Thelma Duplin! It even sounds damned good. Let me try this funny little trick, which I always used, to when I was a girl of seven to find out, what the girl, and what the boy was feeling for the other. It can only be one of these four feelings: Love, Friendship, Passion and Hate.

First we'll write down my name, then his one. Afterwards we'll put out the same letters we've got in both our names and we'll reckon the letters, which are left, to see what will be the result. Right? Here we'll start:

Thelma de la Parre.  
Archibald, D'Ozly, D'Amvargne Duplin.  
(Gosh! what a name!)

Oh! It's not fair! Archie's terrifically long name is putting out all my letters but two, so the result of my feeling for my darling is only "Friendship"! Dish! Absolutely rubbish! Well, the letters left in his name are: e i b o y u r g n, which make: "Love".

Silly trick, isn't it? I think, I must come to this conclusion, that it doesn't give the result of the feeling for each other, but the feeling got from the other. That's it! And then it is quite true. Archie got my Love and I his Friendship. That's what I know already but too well! Ain't I silly?!!



Wednesday, 5 June '46.

I don't know how to tell you, what happened yesterday, Diary! I can't find any consolation for my darling. Oh! what have they done to him? How could they humiliate him so deliberately. I'm so sure, that everybody must know what an utmost dirty trick this is. To tell him Sunday, he would take over the C.O.'s job temporarily, to send an order secretly to the 2<sup>d</sup> in Comman. in Peking to take over old Mike's job, not to warn my darling the new C.O. would arrive ~~Sunday~~ Tuesday, the same day Michael left S'hang. Oh my dearest, my heart breaks seeing you so sad and disappointed. And they won't think of you incapable for that job! No, I can't write about this. Every moment I see his face before me, this face which is so dear to me, I see tears in his eyes, his lips trembling, I was so desperate last night and I couldn't do anything for my dearest. He said I need not worry about him, but how I do worry about everything concerning him, who's everything to me in this world, the only person I really care for, the man I love with <sup>all</sup> my

heart. How can I do anything else but to worry about him. Seeing him happy, makes me the most happy girl! And what I simply can't stand is seeing him unhappy. I wished so sincerely I could do something for him. If I should not have been here, he would have left this place already for a long time and everything would be alright. No, I must stop, I can't do anything but cry the whole day, if I think of his dear, sad face, and I'm seeing it before me, every second...

I got a letter <sup>from</sup> the old folks at home, a very sad one, which didn't do me any good. Old Granny didn't write down more true words in her life, than those she wrote in this letter: "A man can't love a woman, who humbles herself for him, who gives up everything for him! A man has to fight for her!" Oh yes, I know, I know it so well. I've always known this deep in my heart. He knows Pat will definitely not marry him and he won't fall in love with another. He knows too that he means everything to me, he's fond of me, Oh why can't he marry me? Because, though he probably



won't admit, he knows deep in his heart he can't marry a woman, who was so easy to get! And I was, yes I know. Never, never in my life. I shall regret more what I did: giving myself to him, knowing him scarcely. I'll always blame myself for having done this.

How I do love him with whole my heart. My dearest with his sweet blue eyes, full of tears last night.

I don't know how I managed not to cry last night, not to scream! If I only could think of something else, for I'm getting crazy to see his sad face every minute before me. It does break one's heart, if one sees the person one loves crying sadly and desperately. Doesn't it? So it did break mine! My dearest, my big child, how for God's sake, could they do this?

Thursday, 6 June '46.

Archie is a Planter! yes Diary, he is!

I guessed but too often, what his job in the largest possibly could be, and all the jobs I thought of were all not likely to be his at all. And funny as

it may sound, the only job, of which I thought of and which would be likely his, was a planter's. I never suggested this, because it would be rather silly, if he should have one quite different. And I know certain men, who don't like to be called a planter at all. So I never mentioned it. But it happened to be always ~~in~~ in my mind, and I was quite hurt when he said I must have got this information somewhere, showing me a letter, ~~from~~ <sup>in</sup> which I could have read this. Imagine Diary! To think of me peeping in his black case to read his letters. It's incredible, and I really was quite angry. All sort of things he said sometimes made me come to this suggestion. He told me for instance he didn't live in the city, but outside and he described the surroundings there, when we once sailed on the Messie, to be just the same, only the borders were much higher and rough. First I thought he had a farm, for he told me he used to keep horses, but I don't think there are farms in South-America.



and all sort of different things made me think more  
and more, that this could be the most possible job  
for him. Besides, I've always liked so very much  
planter's work for a man. If I were a man I should  
not have done anything else, and my heart broke,  
when I heard he had a fruit-plantation of his  
own with oranges, grapefruits and --- apples!  
Imagine Diary! apple trees! To think of the blossoms  
of the apple tree makes me sad. How I'm longing to see  
them again! And to think of it, that my darling this  
all had to sell, when he had to join the Army  
and nobody was to be found to look after his position.  
Everything he made himself, his whole plantation  
out of the jungle, and now he has to start all over  
again. Oh my darling, I know it must make  
you sad and disappointed to think of that, you could  
once called your own and now to have to start  
again on an other's plantation. My dearest, I  
understand what you must feel. But isn't it  
marvellous to be able to go back, that they want you

overthere: "a man like yourself," and you never can  
tell what will happen. Oh Darling, please be cheerful  
think of what possibilities the future may bring.  
He is indeed a planter! I can't almost believe it.  
Yes, it is woman's intuition, and besides I <sup>am</sup> myself  
a real child of the country and something, deep in my  
heart says: He was a child of the country too, that  
why you liked each other at once, that's why you  
both felt the contact at once, from the very first moment.  
"And as you are a single man according to our  
records, I should say your prospects here are good."  
was written in that letter from Buenos Aires! Yes  
he has to be single to have good prospects! Life is  
cruel. A married man is only a nuisance, isn't it?  
A wife is a string to holding down her husband.  
How I should love to help him starting a new life  
a new career. I shouldn't think of these things, it  
gets me nowhere, but I can't help to dream of what  
possibly could be, to dream of a life with Him in a country  
as Argentina, to dream of a happy life with loads of



children growing up between oranges and crapefruits, and under apple trees... yes, we call them in Dutch: air castles. Dreams, which never will come true, but which are such lovely, happy dreams!

"I'm not looking forward to the next days at all, I'm no longer interested in my work," said he suddenly last night. Oh Darling, you can't realize, how my heart breaks, when you say these things. And I decided strongly, not to let him give way to these feelings. I must answer cheerfully: "Nubbist!" or "Go on!" I must try to cheer him up, although I want to cry desperately and my heart turns round in my breast, I must! I will also! He must get over this disappointment, otherwise life will be a Hell for him and I want to be happy with him, and I can't if he's not.

He has just been with me. It's half past two and I'm sitting as if I've got a big piece of ice in my heart. I'm feeling all, and I hope I'm able to keep my heart like that the next days. He does not

want to stay here any longer. He's going to ask not to be deferred any longer. He can't be happy any more in P'bang, with everybody thinking him incapable to suit the C.D.'s job! And now I've ice in my heart. I'm not able to make him happy, because he is not happy anymore in his work. Yes, again second fiddle, keep a smile and make the best of it! I don't want him to stay. What for and why? I should only be unhappy. He's going to have an interview with that old pig, the Brig! And he said, we'll <sup>wait</sup> what I'll do after this <sup>task</sup> I don't hope anymore. I don't want him to stay. I only hope I can keep my heart as icy as it's now. Don't let me think of his leaving me. Why should I? I mean nothing to him but a body, which comforts him and which can make him forget his sorrow for a moment. That's all. Now, that even this can't comfort him any more, well, now the best thing he can do is leaving it behind and finding happiness somewhere else. Oh please! Don't let me think! Don't let me cry! He's not worth to cry for, but I belong to him. Dear I love him, I love him so much. Don't let me cry!



Tuesday, 11 June '46.

My little friend, the sparrow, is looking at me with small, round, surprising eyes. Yes my dear, I know you wonder at this moment, why such a big thing as me can possibly lose so many tears. Maybe you don't even know what they are: tears. I don't know myself, sure I don't. Little sparrow, you too saw him kicking that ash-tray and pushing off in a bad temper, didn't you? But you shouldn't mind, dear friend. Oh, you don't? You feel sorry for him? So do I, brown little bird. The trouble is I shouldn't show I do. That's why I give way to my bad temper. I thought it was the only thing to do, but it got me nowhere till now. It made things only worse. That's why I'm crying now. It's not so easy not to mind his bad moods! How I envy you sparrows: no trouble at all, happy every moment of the day. Oh yes, he did assure me last night his moods never concerned me. I know they don't. He can't help it, but he knows they make me so sad. He doesn't give a straw for me. If I should leave him, I bet he'd only say: I'm sorry

for myself! Yes, he should. Thinking of himself, that's all he can do. Three holidays we've had, and I can't think of one happy moment together. I did my utmost, anything he wanted to do, but there it was, always, that sign of his irritation. I know he's very deeply hurt by what happened last week, but is that a reason to be in a bad temper every minute of the day? Can't he consider my feelings? He told me he has always been like this, whole his life. Pish! Absolutely rubbish! The trouble is, he doesn't want to quiet them, he'd rather give way to these moods. Haven't we been happy, extremely happy, together, before this happened to him? Quite sure he had his funny moods too, then. But he didn't give way to them. Now, he does, and makes himself and me unhappy. What can I possibly do? I'm feeling so sick these particular days, so miserable! My tummy always aching and no sweet caresses, no sweet kisses from him to comfort me a little bit. So, I have to get out of bed, I have to walk, I have to play mayong while I almost faint of pain



Wednesday, 12 June '46.

yes, he's in a bad mood again, to-day. I don't know what to do about it, I simply don't! A few days I tried with being in a bad temper too. It didn't help much, not a bit! Half past one he was off in bad temper about our game of chess. Good Lord! I'm getting grey hairs these days! Well, I thought he could be back at about two and I would kiss away all his wrinkles from his forehead, but who didn't turn up, was Archie. He came at the very last moment. I could only get a few kisses and off he was again. But still I don't give up my courage and I will remain in a jolly mood, whatever he'll do or say. Be sure I will! Oh when will he be the same old darling again? My silly, funny badtempered little boy!

I simply daren't to ask him a favour these days. A favour I've thought of already a long time. I know he's able to exchange one piece of gold for 300 Dutch guilders. Now I want to ask him to give me one piece of gold and exchange this for me

for these 300 guilders. I don't want to accept money from him, but this is different, isn't it Daisy? I don't get any money here and it doesn't matter because I don't need it. But when I've to go back to Batavia I shan't have one penny and these 300 guilders would help me a lot then. I wanted to ask this already a few days ago, but I simply daren't. To-night, however, though he'll probably be in a bad mood again, I will ask him and the worst what can happen is he says no! So, I'll try and see. I should be awfully glad if I could get the money. Something to start my new life with something more in my pocket than a penny is a little bit more pleasant.

It is to-day exactly half a year ago we both arrived in D'blang. Half a year together! Our secret appointments, our drinking-parties, our drives, how happy we were those days! How extremely happy the first month of our living together was! Oh my dearest, I wished so sincerely you could be the old Archie again. I was so happy those days, how sadly happy I'm now.



Friday, 14 June '46.

It seems to me as if my Diary is nothing else, than a regular report of my up and downs in my happiness, because I'm going to write down again, that I'm once more as happy as I can be. For the first time since almost two weeks, my darling hasn't been back-tempered for one minute since last night. And for the first time he went away to his office this morning in his usual mood. Oh, I'm so glad and for the first time I arranged my flowers again with happiness in my heart!

Last night we had a party for the King's birthday in the Brig.'s Mess and I did enjoy it! I danced wonderfully with my dearest. How I do love to dance with him! I'll never forget the first party we had in his Mess, when I danced with him for the very first time. I noticed at once he wasn't a good dancer at all, but how heavenly it was to dance with him, ~~because~~ <sup>and</sup> I could follow him in every move he made. It was, as if I had always danced with my dearest darling.

Yesterday, early in the morning I went to the fort to watch the parade. It was absolutely grand and I was jolly glad I went. Of course I had to be an ass to come back straight to the Mess, while the whole parade was still there and all the officers with the G. L. D.'s were sitting in the Mess. Archie got the shock of his life and so did I, when I realised my stupidity. I did not think of it at all.

You know diary, my sweet read you again Wednesday night, and I'm extremely happy if I think of the things he said that night. He said he has not been more happy in his life with a girl, than he is now with me. Oh Darling, I do realise how true the words are you said! Yes dear, one can't marry, if one's not in love, and till now he couldn't be able to fall in love with me. Well, these things happen but too often, don't they, and it's only too bad for me I wouldn't give anything in the world for just only to be with him for ever and ever. I'm so sure I'm able to make him happy for ever, I'm so sure whenever he



will go to another girl he will always come back to me, and I'm sure too, that it shouldn't be always a happy married life. We ~~will~~ <sup>too</sup> have our ups and downs then, but how I know my darling through and through, and I shouldn't mind a bit, I should know how to make him cheerful again. But what's the use of writing this down? He doesn't love me, and I'll never be able to take care of him for ever. He's sure he'll make me extremely unhappy, but how can this be possible, if I'm married to the man <sup>whom</sup> I love with whole my heart and soul? And ~~should~~ <sup>more</sup> it matter to be unhappy with him, whom I love so much, than to be unhappy with a man I don't love at all? How heavenly, wonderfully it was last night again! So heavenly it is sometimes with him, that I sometimes can wish sincerely, to die the very moment afterwards in his arms, because I know so perfectly well, no other man will be able to make me as happy as I'm with my dearest these moments of sheer heavenly happiness!

Monday, 17 June '46.

You never can realise Diary, what an ass I sometimes can be! Really, I have been an ass Sunday morning, thinking that my darling was bad tempered again and rushing off without leaving any message, only for the reason I thought him bad tempered, and he wasn't at all! Luckily I came back at about two o'clock and didn't stay away any longer, what I first intended to do. I thought he would come and fetch me in my bungalow as soon as he'd come to know I was away. But he didn't come and a little girl in a most depressed mood tried desperately to read in "Persuasion" waiting for her dearest darling, who didn't come. And when she decided at last (what was at least a good thing!) to go back to him, she found him laying in bed and hearing the truth that he had indeed much work to do in his office, that he hadn't been in a bad mood at all, she could only wonder, how for goodness sake she could have been so terribly mistaken. She had left their room in a desperate mood, because it was a sunny Sunday, the sun was shining, the sky was so blue.



and he went to his office, was already away for three quarters of an hour and he had not told her before he had to go. She had not expected this at all and it was quite a surprise, and that's why she felt desperate and miserable and rushed off without waiting for him. And how did she regret.

But still I think she was not so very much mistaken in him. She didn't get this feeling about him only for the reason he went to do some work without telling her before. She certainly did not, because his conduct of the night before made her think already that there must have been something on his mind.

Saturday night I was quite happy. We went to see a picture, a jolly good one, and we played mahjong afterwards. He was in a happy mood too, but only a bit absent minded and as I felt him slipping away from me I talked and talked on and on the most nonsense I could only think of at that moment, only to keep him with me and not to let his thoughts escape somewhere I couldn't reach him...

That night he didn't want to take me, Diary. And though I <sup>know</sup> perfectly well that it is a "man's nature", I am definitely sure that wasn't the matter with him. I knew, I could almost feel, there was something on his mind he was thinking of. He can't mislead me. I always know at once when he's got something on his mind, either to think of or to worry about.

I wish he would tell me what the matter is, for it is still there. It never happened before that for two whole days he has not wanted me at all. I don't mind a bit but about what is worrying him!

Is he thinking of England, now that he received Pat's first letter there from? Maybe he begins to regret he didn't go when he was able to leave the Army. Maybe he's thinking now of these days he could spend with her in England. Oh Darling, I hope sincerely it's not true, but I do wish you would tell me.

I wonder when he'll get an answer on his letters written about the C.D. business. I do want to know what they'll write back.



Tuesday, 18 June '46.

I was arranging my flowers this morning, when I suddenly heard voices speaking my own language. I need not tell you what sort of a shock I got! All the doors widely open of course, because Mohamet simply won't shut them every time when he comes in. I can keep on telling him to shut them till I'll see blue in my face. I couldn't prevent the two Dutch men getting a glimpse of me, and when Archie Baldwin came in to warn me it was just too late. He was so annoyed and I felt miserable, because it was my fault. Why am I always so careless! Baldwin told the men to come back at two o'clock so I had to leave before. When he didn't turn up after wards I came to the conclusion he was terribly angry and I couldn't blame him. I had been stupid! So I decided to leave a note in which I would write to come and fetch me after his work, if he would forgive me. But as soon as I started to write that note I heard his footsteps and my heart was beating terrifically when he came in. Oh Diary I can't tell you how relieved I was when I saw he wasn't angry at all! Isn't he

a darling? How extremely glad I was and with what sort of a light heart I left! He said to me: "Come back at three o'clock. Don't come back later!" Oh, I can cry of sheer happiness. I can't tell you how miserable I was when I thought he wouldn't come to see me after breakfast and now I'm here in my "apartment" and I just came to remember I didn't put away my clothes in the little room ---! Jiminy crickets, they're all spread over the chair. I do hope sincerely Baldwin will notice this in time. It would be too bad when they would see girl's clothes in Major Cylin's room. Goodness! I really am a ass!

It's twelve o'clock now. Three hours left before I can go back... (and she sighed heavily!) ... And to night he has to go to the Lincolns and I shall not see him for many long hours. I do wish and hope he'll not drink too much beer. I'm going to the Club to night with Harold and I wish Douglass would like to come too, because I'm sure it will be big fun then. Harold is so dull, for the rest he's a nice boy, anyway.



I know he couldn't understand me at all last night and it was so terribly difficult to explain what was worrying me, but, my dearest, never in my life I had that feeling, I which I had last night. I really thought I would get crazy! I do hope for you Darling, you shall never lay down beside the girl you love with whole your heart, the girl you desire with whole your body without getting what you're wanting so badly.

I do hope sincerely you'll never get this terribly feeling. I never thought I was able to undergo this. You said: "Time only will cure it!" yes darling I know, it's true concerning my mental feeling, but what you've done to me physical will never cure. Never again I'll be able to get the heavenly satisfaction you're giving me.

I didn't think me able to have such a strong desire for a man as I used to have for you. I'm blushing terribly when I think of this, but it is the truth, darling. But not one man ever let me feel as I did last night.

Since Saturday afternoon you kept on making me excited and leaving me unsatisfied! Oh Darling,

you don't realise, perhaps you can't, how cruel it is! It was the same that Saturday night, Sunday and again last night. yes, it could be, there was something on your mind those days, but not, certainly not last night! Weren't we happy before that game of bridge? I was wrong to point out again your mistake or whatever it was, but for heaven's sake, why do we need to ~~come~~ <sup>let</sup> a game of bridge come between us, while we have been happy a few hours before. And I could almost scream, when you tried again to excite me, in which you succeeded but too well, and not willing to give me what for I was longing with whole my heart and body. Well, afterwards I came to know you did desire me, but then I was sure you didn't. That's why I had to smoke a cigarette, darling. I'm sure you'll probably laugh at me, that you'll probably roar with laughter when you read all this one day, but I don't mind a bit! I had to write <sup>down</sup> this feeling of mine, because I'll keep this Diary of the most happy days, the days I spent with you, ~~all~~ <sup>through</sup> my life, so I can always read again and



what I felt for you. It will be one of my golden treasures, one of my dearest treasures, no, the only dearest and so I had to write down these most delicate feelings. And I can't tell you how happy I was, when you did take me last night. How sweet it was to be once again one, completely one with you! What is your power over me, that you can succeed in making me completely powerless? What shall I be without you? I do wonder.

Of all the men I slept with, you're the only one who could give me, could awake in me this powerless desire. It wasn't passion at all what I felt for them. I've never been passionate with any man; it was sheer curiosity. Curiosity only and nothing more let me sleep with them. The only exception was Steve Purcell, but how disappointing it ~~was~~ has been. Quite curdled I was after that first and luckily last time! He was the first man I met or rather came to be acquainted with after three and a half years of loneliness, so I wouldn't have been natural if I wouldn't have been passionate, knowing he did love me badly. Well, as <sup>this all</sup> it seems to be confessions of a

silly, funny little girl I'll go on and tell you, & why I told you, rather why I made that funny story about Steve and me in the very beginning of our acquaintance. I still wonder what on earth made me create such an utmost silly story, of which has not been true one single word. I tell you it was a sheer proof of my curiosity! I wanted to see your reaction and when I did see I was afraid of you; first, because I wasn't yet with Trans for two weeks, second, because you were quite different from the men I met before. And when you did take me the very first time, and the room was so dark, <sup>and</sup> I couldn't get one glimpse of your face, I couldn't even remember it, I really was scared to death.

I never felt this before and since <sup>then</sup> you woke up in me all sort of different feelings and when you left to spend a whole month at the aeroclone I knew I was desperately lost for Trans, desperately in love with you. It was then that I realised I wouldn't rest before you would have given me what I never was able to receive from any other man: an utmost satisfaction in



my, till then, untouched sexual feelings. The first time  
I couldn't get rid of my searchiness for you, couldn't  
get rid of a feeling, that I was so much to blame for  
what I was doing. I haven't known days of quite  
happiness till the end of April. I was getting crazy with  
Trans, couldn't bare his love any longer.

I've had three and a half years of restless Camp  
life. Every day expecting something new and great from  
the Japs, but it has been nothing with what I suffered  
these four months with Trans. After my Camp days four  
months of restlessness in Batavia, not knowing what the  
future would bring. Here after four months in Pa-  
lambang of even greater restlessness! Now at last I've  
found my home! Although only for a few months,  
I don't mind, not a bit! I've got it, at last, after  
years of restlessness I found my quiet happiness,  
days, which I'll never forget, for which I can't  
thank you enough! No more restlessness, no more  
pretending, no more fooling around. And when  
you'll be away, far away from me, I'll still have

my Diary, I can be happy with my memories, with  
reading over and over again what I wrote down about  
happiness, unhappiness, sorrows and joys. And the  
Diary I'll start after this period of happiness with you  
will be called: "Archi", a simple name, meaning  
everything in life to me, and I will tell you everything  
concerning my simple life with all those little peculiar-  
ties. <sup>and it will be, as if you're still with me...</sup> You don't realise I love you so much, that I'm  
able to take a dose of drugs and leave this world  
and uninteresting life for ever, the day you'll leave me.  
But that wouldn't be fair! We have to live our lives  
out, haven't we? And isn't it true, that as long as  
there's life, there's still hope. And I'll live with  
my hope on receiving sometimes a little letter.

Oh Darling, I think, no I'm sure, you're giving me  
the most wonderful days of my life. You're giving  
me, what I've sought for the last six or seven years.  
And so my darling, if and when you shall read  
this you'll know again something more about your  
little happy girl, and be sure she only wrote this down  
for her own Diary's sake and memories!



Wednesday, 19 June '46.

Last night I had a jolly good dance and in spite of no band, there were only records, I enjoyed it very much indeed. I was damned sorry my Balduin couldn't come with me, because he would have enjoyed it too. The records were absolutely wizz. All of them were tunes, on which we could have danced as professionals and there were only a few couples on the floor. Everybody admired my green dress. What a shame Archie doesn't like it.

Sometimes, when I'm enjoying a dance, or a picture, or a party, I'm getting such a funny feeling over me. A feeling, which I can't explain, but suddenly I realise that it is indeed me, who's enjoying these things, which were so far away from me during the last past years. I have to think back then of those days, how I could long for a bit of music, a dance and all sort of other things, which seem <sup>now</sup> so quite natural. Now it is quite ordinary to hear music, to see a film, to dance, to swim. And I, who are enjoying these things, I am definitely the same girl, who once cry

on hands and knees over the floor, to clean a Zep. officer's room, the same girl who stood in a kitchen once, before a great fire, keeping coals and with a face as black as the coals! Life is funny, indeed! How extremely endless that time seemed and how suddenly, unexpected came the end. And when I realise how I'm living now, with all the comforts I missed so long, I can only think life is wonderful and the wonders are not yet out of the world!

I ought to be thankful that I got back this life and how often, how very often I do forget those miserable days by being miserable or desperate these days. I really should not! Haven't I got everything what my heart desires? My love gives me everything I want, yes, anything but love. Still I shouldn't fuss and I won't in future, because I want to realise what I have today, and not what I shall not have in future. Yes, let me take every day with its sorrows or joys with a happy face and mood. There will be time enough to be miserable or to fuss once upon a day, when I shall not have everything my heart desires! So Carpe Diem and be happy, dear



Thursday, 20 June '46.

Oh Dary, how can I tell you what an absolute ass I've been these last days. Worrying about peculiarities, while such important things were worrying him! I can't find any words to describe what I'm feeling at this very moment. I knew perfectly well there was something on his mind, something that worried him deeply since Saturday. Now he has told me what it has been. Oh God, how terribly difficult these days must have been <sup>for</sup> how terribly difficult it must have been to make a decision. How afraid I am he will regret one day, although he assured me he will not. My darling, that you could <sup>do</sup> this for me: to decide to stay. I need not tell you what it means to me.

I simply can't think of you're leaving me the day after to-morrow already. I believe I wouldn't have survived. It is so extremely easy to say I can keep a smile and make the best of it, when the day will come you have to leave. But when that day will be there suddenly, unexpected, and it would have been a fact, God, I simply don't know what I would

have done out of sheer desperateness! And now... he stays - he stays - he stays for six more long lovely months! Six months more with Balduz! I believe I'll die yet in a moment of sheer happiness! And to think of it, that he walked around for six long days with this on his mind, not knowing what to do, not knowing how to decide. How glad I am he did not tell me about it. Now I haven't influenced him at all. He decided entirely alone, he decided to stay in spite of all his troubles here, of his not liking his work, in spite of all the things and persons he hates here. On the other side, by not knowing his trouble, I haven't made things much easier for my dearest. But you can't blame me, can you? I knew, I felt all the time, every minute of those days there was something. Oh my darling, I'm so happy, so extremely happy. At least I'm feeling now I must mean something more to you than a sheer "girl-friend", I must be dearer to you than I ever could suppose to be, that you want to stay with me, take care of me till the last



possible moment! What an ass I've been to fuss about peculiarities, while all the time he was considering the pro's and cons of staying. He had to give his decision on Monday but deferred every day till this morning 10 o'clock he made up his mind at last! How many conflicts he had to have fight with, while I ran away Sunday-morning and yesterday evening bad-tempered. Oh, could I've but known what the matter was, I should have comfort him, I would have been a sweet little girl, but though I think, in fact he has to go for his sake, I wouldn't have said so, because I don't want him to go.

Oh yes, I'm extremely glad he didn't tell me after all! And for once, since many, many years, I sent a thank prayer, an Ave Maria, up to Heaven for the first time. I don't know at which I'm to thank this happiness. Why do I get so much happiness, why do I get everything I want? I'm exactly two months <sup>now</sup> with the man, who's the most dear person to me in the world. I can't be anything but happy!

And when he would have decided to leave me, I would have been alone in this world on Sunday. A silly little girl, not knowing what to do, how to leave Palembang, a little girl without her Baldus, for Heavens sake, what would this little girl have done? Anyhow I've learned this, that I certainly have to be more prepared, although I think it's not necessary anymore now he made up his mind to stay. But I certainly would have been lost to be without my Baldus so unexpectedly. I must have been born under a great star, that life's fate is so extremely graceful to me! Otherwise I can't explain all the happiness I've got and which I'm still getting. Oh Darling, darling, six months. Oh Gee, I'm able now to start my "second quarter" of an age with you still here. And you will have your third "cross" with me! I simply don't know what to do from sheer silliness! Madness! Happiness! Oh mijn dot! I'll die of happiness in a moment. I will - - -



Friday, 21 June.

I wonder if he would have decided to stay,  
if he would have read my Diary yesterday morning,  
when he wanted to and I said: Not now, to-night!  
I bet he would have decided then to leave me.  
His manners are strange, I don't understand him.

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced or cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.

Saturday, 22 June.

I wonder, if it really is such a "hell of  
a gamble" his staying here for six months longer.  
That's what Bill told me. He can lose his rank  
and become a Captain again if the Regiment will  
move to another place. I take for granted that he  
knows all this of course and I can't believe he  
decided to stay with the main reason: me. I  
simply can't believe this. What are the other reasons  
of which he said they didn't matter? He didn't  
tell me. I can't understand him. I'm almost  
wishing he would go away from me.  
I wished I could read his thoughts. What's  
he thinking of?



Sunday, 23 June '46.

He's still the same. All sort of little peculiarities can depress him easily. I'm doing everything he wants and does he ever do a thing to please me, when he knows perfectly well I would be sometimes. It doesn't matter, I love to do anything he likes, but I only wished he would think of me a little bit more. Why does he stay, if I mean nothing to him!

Monday, 24 June '46.

I'm getting more and more desperate. Oh what, for heaven's sake, is the matter with him? I decided to play bridge with the others, only to be away from him for a couple of hours. Unfortunately we couldn't find a fourth one. He doesn't want to play with me anymore. He never felt irritated before. Gish! It was only the last time I was unfriendly, because he irritated me by feeling sleepy. Never before did I irritate him during a game of bridge. I proposed to play mahjong

then; he didn't want this either. We went for a drink and all the time he was miles and miles away from me. Where? God only knows!

Bill said: "Hall's able to do anything to send Archie away. It's not at all quite sure he can stay here." Would it be possible he knows this and is worrying about and perhaps... hoping for this? Blast it! I wished I knew.

Tuesday, 25 June '46.

He doesn't want to play chess, to bridge with me anymore. He didn't even want to dance with me last night, while he knew I've been looking forward to this dance. He doesn't give a straw for me. He doesn't even caress me anymore. It was always I, these days, who gave. Always I, who kissed him. Last night he was sweet to me, because he realised for once he disappointed me deeply. He spoilt my evening thoroughly, and the only satisfaction I got, was at least he kissed and



caressed me last night and that he's still sweet to me this morning. I even had the honour to have breakfast with him!

I don't care a bit to go to dances with another than he. Although they dance perfectly, I want to go with him. Is it so extraordinary? This, for instance, is one of the things he could do to please me, but I have to beg him every time. Well, the best thing I can do is not to ask him any more. I'll go to every dance either with Harold or Bill, and if he wants to stay, well, I won't stop him.

Why was it necessary last night, coming from the cinema to drop me at the back street; why couldn't he walk with me through the mess? Wasn't it quite ordinary, coming from the cinema, to walk through the mess to his room. He could at least have walked with me through the servant's entrance, which we always used to do <sup>at</sup> why has he always to hide me, while everybody knows I'm his girl. I can't tell you how deeply hurt I was.

I hated him last night as much as I love him. And then to ask me: "Are you feeling alright?" knowing perfectly well what I felt that moment.

Of course he would come in while I'm writing; he would kiss me while I just wrote down how I hated him last night. Oh my darling! you can be so sweet, such a dear sometimes. Why can't you always be sweet to me, and show me sometimes I am your little girl, for whom you do care a lot. I am happy again, I'm so happy if you will be sweet to me. I don't deserve to be put in a corner" sometimes, while you're worrying about God knows what sort of matters. I'm giving you everything I have my dearest, and you're forgetting this but too often. I'm not regretting what I'm doing with my life now. I will never regret this, and if I could live my life again, could meet you again, I would certainly do the same thing. I love you so much darling, that I must be hurt by your manners sometimes. I would have left you long



ago, if I wouldn't have loved you so much.

Why does he always think his opinion is the only one in the world, that every reasonable man or woman must share. He's treating me as a child, when I'm giving mine. The world would be quite dull with men and women, all having the same opinions. Every body has got his own taste, his own opinions, so I have mine. Why must he always argue. I don't want to change my opinions for his sake, because I don't want to be like so many other girls, who haven't any at all and, as we call it in Dutch: "turning with every wind!"

Always answering: "Oh yes the sky is blue", when somebody is saying: "the sky is blue", while it's perfectly grey. I do appreciate one's opinions, as long as they are not silly, and I can understand he doesn't like a radio, but why <sup>has</sup> he have to make me feel funny, because I do like a radio? I think it's one of the most wonderful things in the world and has nothing to do with being modern.

Rubbish, that I would like a radio only because of being modern. I know lots of old people, who are really terribly happy with one, because of being old, not able to go to concerts any more. And aren't they, the radios, far more comfortable than a gramophone, which you have to wind up every moment?

When Archie is irritated, I simply dare not to open my mouth, knowing he would argue about the most silly things. I wonder what he'll say about my new long evening-silk made from his white silk. I am looking forward to this dance to-morrow night, and being in a rebellious mood at the moment, I say: "he'll be clever if he's able to get more than two dances from me! I'm going to dance with every body I like, and little Woodcock said I am the most charming girl he ever met in his life (and he is already 32!) and he likes me very much, so I will try to make Archie feel just a little bit jealous. Oh Gee, I wished I could! Anyhow I will be the most charming girl of the party in my long, white-silk shirt with white flowers in my hair. How



Thursday, 26 June '46.

Oh Diary! He has been such a darling since he disappointed me at that dance. He is mijn liefste schat! I'm so happy this morning - everything's great! I'm looking forward to my dance to-night - my dress will be altered, so it will even look much nicer with a black ruche at the bottom. This evening I'll go again for a drive alone!! Oh life is simply splendid. How different I'm feeling, if my dearest is sweet to me. I can't tell you how I simply adore my drive yesterday-evening. To be able again to drive a car: quite alone, to feel the wheel in my hands, to feel the car doing anything you want to. I simply love to drive and I didn't make one mistake. Funny enough, I'm much better in driving when I'm alone. Archie makes me nervous.

Yes Diary, I'm so happy, that I simply don't know what to do. I almost sail: I'm not accustomed to these things! I almost forgot how sweet my dearest darling can be. How glad I was with the letter he received from India telling they

will take up the matter about this P.O. case. Jolly good. It is at least a fine encouragement for him.

Saturday, 29 June '46.

The trouble with Archie is, Diary, that he always thinks, everything he says is right. His self-confidence is sometimes too big. I often observed him speaking to Douglas, for instance, whom he calls his best friend. Always speaking in a way, as if he would like to say: "you're too young to know anything about it!" True. He doesn't want to be like that, I'm sure. Anyhow he does make life more and more complicated, because I know he does mind, thinking he is unpopular. He worries a lot more, than he wants to realise, about what happened the last time between him and the officers. I quite agree, an order is an order, and is to be given as an order, but I'm sure he could have done it in a more agreeable way. He shouldn't let them say: Archie thinks he is the C.O. himself.



And he can answer a thousand times: Well, that's how I am - I'm always like that! - Because I will say a million times: Rubbish. He can be friendly if he wants to. And I must admit that I am one of the main reasons the others don't like him anymore. They never believed this could happen between him and me. They always thought we were just "friends". Archie never showed anything and I got a big pang in my heart for a moment, when Peter said: "Archie is a snake, because I told him once I liked to go to bed with you, and he answered, I don't mind - I don't care about her."

He said Archie was always doing things like that, always behind their backs. Oh, it's mean to say these things. He doesn't! He can be dictatorial sometimes, and self-confident, but he is not mean. Oh my darling, I love you as you are. I love you as a dictator, I love you as a child, my big, big child! But most

of all I love you as if you're unhappy, if you're worrying and terribly in need of a little poppet to comfort you. Oh darling, can I make you happy enough? While others are making things so difficult. Please don't mind what others say. You are as you are. And so am I. We didn't make ourselves, so why worry? You will never see these people again. I've been so happy with you the last days. I haven't had one angry word and I felt that you were happy too with me, in spite of all!

Monday, 1 July '46.

Here we start a new week in a new month: July! What will it bring for me: Happiness, Sadness? Of course both. I wonder how long my paradise will endure last yet. Six months we've been together, of ~~from~~ which two we spent as two happy people in their honeymoon. Now we start the third one and hope sincerely my sweet will be more happy than he has been in June, which brought him nothing



but disappointments and unhappiness.

Archie said, he can take care of giving me a passage for Holland, even after having left me, he still can assure me a free passage. My heart is getting cold, if I think of small, provincial, cold, unfriendly Holland. yes, Vera will be there, but what next? Shall I be able to find a job at once?

Vera only receives f50. a month. Daddy is too angry with me that I divorced Trans, so I can't ever have the slightest hope of getting any support from him with his four children already. The old people has too little themselves. And I have divorced Trans, and although he told me I always can ask him for money, I, definitely, never will.

I'm not often thinking of these things, but sometimes I simply have to. It is a very big thing for me to decide either to go to Holland or to Batavia.

I can't imagine that all the Dutch people from Java, thousands of them will go back to Holland, after the British having left the Indies. Most of

my best friends are still there without any intention to leave. So I simply can't make up my mind. Sometimes I think Holland much more preferable. To live in a quite new surrounding: new people, new impressions! In Batavia every body knows me. Every body will know I've divorced Trans for an Englishman and they will say: He let her in the lurch! And I often wonder how many of my old friends still want to be. Luckily I'm not thinking of this very often. If they don't want to, they damn well won't. No, I think it's much better in steel to go to Holland. At least Vera is there and Emma Bakes and Harry. And blast it! haven't I learned to work these passed years? I can even work as a servant in a nice black dress with a white apron and a smart white cap on my hair! Ever nice it would be. And one day there will turn up a big handsome chauffeur and I'll lose my heart immediately and be his of course, and we will live together as the most happy married couple for aye!



Oh yes, I'm looking forward to this time I have to earn my bread, myself, for the first time in my life. There is, definitely, something fascinating in it. Not to know what to do, arriving in a strange land, to live a life I never lived before. Anyhow, I certainly was a spoiled child and I never knew I possibly could endure the Camp life, missing all the small and big comforts I was so used to. And didn't I manage that life perfectly well?? Goodness, not one girl thought of the possibility to earn money in those first Camp days, by washing clothes for mothers with many children. Those women had lots of work to do and were but too glad I wanted to wash for them, and I was kept one year, every day, for 25 women and children. How rich I was then, because of letting them pay as much as they could. Why should I worry then about the future? I can work and I will! That's it! I released my heart at least with writing <sup>this</sup> down. I need not be afraid. Life will

be indeed much easier for me than for my poor Balbus. My heart breaks if I think of how he has to start all over again. Oh my darling! Why do you deserve this? How I wish to help you, and how powerless I am. So, he certainly can't start his new life with a wife, but I could work with him. Oh Hell! I know perfectly well he wouldn't marry me, that he would have a good job. I'm talking rubbish.

He & still is such a dear to me. How happy I've been these days. The party at Thursday was splendid. Absolutely wise! I enjoyed every minute of it thoroughly, every chance, not noticing what Peter said to me. I don't want to know him anymore. My dress was marvellous. Every man said it was charming, lovely! Every girl envied it me. Reggie was more desperate than ever before. Derrick more in love with me, & more jealous. Archie Balbus much sweeter and I couldn't have possibly been more happy!



Tuesday, 2 July '46.

And I've promised so honestly to be a brave girl, if the day would be there. I have! Now the day is there. I know nothing will prevent it. It is the third time, and he must leave. What has he done deserving such a treatment! If he would <sup>have to</sup> leave me in a normal way, I would not have been so terribly desperate. But now I'm going to realise what life will be without him. I feel like having to plead for my life, to plead to be taken by him, to be kept and looked after by him for ever. He does not love me, but I'm clearer to him than anybody ever has been. He's fond of me, he does not want to leave me alone. I don't either, but I have no choice. You don't want to take me with you, so that's finished for me. But it is your own wish to leave me, because you don't love me. Oh why, why won't you risk to take me with you? I would promise not to be a chain. Darling, I'm lost, lost, when you're away. You'll ruin my life. Oh God, what can I do? Why can't he love me.

I've put all my eggs in one basket. Now my basket will drop and I'll lose all my eggs. Stupid as it may sound, I still carried hidden in my heart a very, very small beam of hope he would love me one day. I know I had no right to carry this. He always has been honest to me and I knew how matters were. Now I know he's going to leave me. Tears fill my eyes thinking of the long, empty, endless days without a Balchus to play mahjong, to talk to, to quarrel with. No Balchus to tell me what I have to wear. Oh, it may sound pathetic, but honestly, I'm getting mad thinking of those days. He can so easily say I'll get over it, but I know myself. I won't say: I never shall! Of course I'll get over it, but it will last a very long time. I shall compare every man with my Balchus and I know nobody will do. And I'm so sure he too, will be lost without me. I know how to comfort him, how to make him happy. Oh Darling, Darling, let me stay with you, don't leave me alone.



It doesn't matter you don't love me. you're fond of me, I'm so dear to you, and I love you so sincerely. Darling keep me with you. you don't realise how you need a little help to look after you. you need me and I'm yours for ever.

I'll never be able to forget you. you can't push me out of your life like this. Life is so terribly cruel. I wished we could face it together. Throw your principals away. They're not always right. Certainly not in this case. you don't love me, but you should, you should marry me, knowing what you mean to me and what I can be for you for ever.

Hell to everything people told you about marry without love! I am meant to be yours and yours meant to be mine. Oh dearest, you can't do this to me. Never to see your dear face again, never to feel your kisses again. What is the most terrible injustice. I am getting mad in a moment. I don't hear anything but that horrible drumming in my ear. Never more, never more.

Wednesday, 3 July '46.

I'm sitting here now for more than a quarter of an hour, simply not knowing how I can possibly explain what happened yesterday evening and what I'm feeling now. As it is too big an event, too dear to me and too important, I'm not able to write anything about it. But I shall never forget, how he came into the room after his bath, not yet even dressed, for he suddenly made up his mind during his bath, rushed out of the bath room, wet as he was and told me what he decided.

It was too much! After having tried to become used to the idea never, never more to see him again, after having tried this hard the very same afternoon, it was definitely, the greatest shock of my life which he gave me. And need I tell you now, Dicky, how I'm feeling? As light in my heart as this, I certainly have not been before. Of course he is not madly in love with me, but I am his darling and he will write me as soon as he's able to support a wife!!! I cannot think anymore. Now I think I'm getting



most of sheer happiness. Life will not be empty,  
hopeless and miserable, without any outlook  
I will have something to live for now, to think  
of. I shall live on his letters and I know, that  
once upon a beautiful day he'll write: Darling,  
please come! And I don't mind if I have to  
wait <sup>for</sup> years and years, I shall always know he is  
mine for ever and he will succeed in getting on  
with him. I shall always look forward to this day  
How miserable and dark life was a few minutes  
before, how different everything was then. How wonder-  
ful to hear he suddenly realised he wasn't worrying  
about the officers the last day, but only me! He  
suddenly realised he couldn't bear to think of a life  
without me. Oh Diary, it was the most wonderful  
moment of my life, I never expected this. Now I  
shall not lose him. Now I need not to say good-  
bye for ever. I shall always have an Archie, who's  
thinking of me. Oh Balanus darling, don't let me  
wait too long.

Thursday, 4 July '46.-

I'm down, terribly down to-day. Now the  
first emotions are over, my happiness passed by, about  
what he decided, I'm going to realise again he will  
leave me so soon. And how glad I may be to know  
he'll call for me if he finds a reasonable job, I'm  
still thinking of the lonely days which will come.  
And what, if I'm not able to get away soon from  
here. I've been here so happy, so terribly happy with  
him. It will be much easier in Batavia without Archie,  
than here in D'bang, where everything will remind me  
of him.

Saturday, 6 July '46.-

yesterday he came home from the Basas  
with a lovely ring, most simple, but just such a  
one I wanted. I didn't want to ask him one and  
still, as if he knew I would like one, he did bring  
a lovely small ring. Now I'll always wear my  
golden watch and brilliant. I'm feeling these  
days more happy, especially now everything turned



out allright for him. Sometimes, however, the future lays a heavy stone on my heart. I'm going to live my own life for the first time. I've always had somebody to look after me. The first 17 years of my life with Mammie and Daddy. Then came the three years with the old people, four months with Frans and then, indeed, I've been 3 1/2 years alone, but in a quite different way. Hereafter a period with Frans and the last two months with my darling. Only two months! How terribly happy these months have been. Now I'm going my own way, waiting for him, waiting and longing to start again my happy days with Keesie. But I'm so afraid, Diary! Anything can happen. He is such a darling and he's going so far, far away from me. There are so many, many other girls, much nicer than me. I simply can't believe I'll see him again. I only hope, if he would find another girl he would write me and wouldn't think of me. I hope he wouldn't be afraid to

hurt me, because it's natural that maybe he will fall in love, really in love! Of course it will hurt me, but I couldn't bare his being sorry for me. And in case I would fall in love again, I think is simply impossible! He wouldn't be as hurt as I. Oh, I won't think of all these things. Let me only think of that day he'll have found a job and will call for me. And being sure of this, isn't life not wonderful to live. Is it not worth while to spend a long time alone, knowing that afterwards I shall be able to stay with him for ever. Oh darling, if you only could realise how utmost happy you made your little poppet. How I shall be looking forward to your letters! And you promised to send me a record of your voice and, well, anyhow, I'll be "noticing the days hurrying by", because "when you're in love, Oh gee, how they fly!" At the moment I'm in such a mood, that I can be looking forward to start my new life! I'm longing to go back to Batavia, then to



Holland, and I'm anxious to know what sort of a job I'll be able to do. Good heavens! I'm sure I'm not able to steno anymore. One can't forget to type, but steno ... brer, has always been one of my most serious troubles. Never mind! Never worry, before the time is there.

To-night we shall have our last party together. Oh, how I shall miss you darling! At next parties, which will come, I'll need not to seek secretly amongst the crowd of men, for two clear green-blue eyes watching me dancing. I shall not find them anymore. How safe it always was to know there was a Baldus to go back to, to have a rest with, to ask if there was nothing wrong with my hair or dress. How can I ever thank him enough for what he did to me, for what he made of me! How different I am now. What a terribly fool I've been before. He changed me completely and never, never I shall be a fool again. I promised him this and how can I ever

break this promise to him, who is so dear to me? Darling, my dearest, I shall always be the girl, you have known these last two months. And so, when I shall be with you again, you will definitely find back your nice little chick. I can't tell you how terribly grateful I am for what you did for me.

Thank you for your sweetness and charm darling. You have made me a very contented and happy man lately - more contented and happier than I have been for a very long time.

May the future be even nicer than the present my pet -

Am. ever.

Arthur. 9 July 1946



Wednesday, 10 July 1946.

"Till we meet again", were his last words. Archie has gone, gone. I knew I would be so terribly desperate but that it would be like this, a feeling so incredibly, that I'm getting small. Oh Diary, shall I ever, ever meet him again? I can only live now with that very hope. I shall only live for him and I will not think of the possibility he'll change his mind or will forget me. One moment I simply feel nothing at all, the next one I'm crying as if my heart would break, and suddenly it's over again. How I managed not to weep one single tear since last night ~~and~~ until the moment I came home: alone, I don't know. I wanted to say something sweet to him, when the moment would come we had to say good-bye, but I couldn't. I wanted to press him against me for the very last time, but I couldn't. I only remember he said: "Darling, till we meet again", I didn't understand the rest. I saw his sweet blue eyes, terribly sad, I felt his lips for a little moment and... he was gone.

Will this horrible feeling be less next days? Oh please, I can't bare this any longer. I have to think of so many things, I simply can't. I sit in my chair, smoke one cigarette after the other and feel completely and utterly lost. How I'm looking forward to his letters. I read over and over again the few simple words with which he closed our utmost happy period together, the most happy I've ever had and shall be for ever, if I shall not see him again. But I will see him again. He can't forget his little bird. Oh when shall I get his first letter. How wonderful he arranged everything for me! My drive back from the airfield kept my thoughts away from him. Afterwards I saw Aunty Mien and learned I was definitely going on Saturday. Thank God! I arranged a few other things, then brought the car back to the mess, and when I came into my room at last, saw his shoes printed in the sheet of my bed, on which he stood last night to fix my radio, then I relaxed and cried at last, which definitely did me a lot of good. I only hope sincerely I haven't lost my spirit for ever.



I've just written my first letter to Archie. It was a funny one, but I'm glad I did. Relieved me a little, now I'm sure I am able to reach him. I wrote a long letter to Emma too, which kept me <sup>busy</sup> the whole evening and now I'll go to bed. I shall feel a lot better after a good sleep. No lime juice to-night, ~~well~~ I'm thirsty! No lime juice given to Baldus. Oh Hell! I can't sleep. I can't live without him!

Friday, 12 July '46.-

To-morrow I'm sailing off! Good-bye, at last. Everything is fixed. I'm getting mad here and the three days on board will definitely do me a lot of good. I'm still terribly desperate. It seems as if life is finished for me now he's gone. Some moments I'm stricken by a sudden terror that he only said to me I would follow him to satisfy me. I won't think of that. Archie should never say such a thing if he didn't mean to do so. Oh Archie, little poppet simply doesn't know what to do. Every minute of the day I see your sweet blue eyes

before me. I see you fiddling your spots, biting your fingers, I hear your footsteps, your voice. Oh why, why had you to leave me! Why couldn't I come with you. I'm longing for a sweet little word from you, a little kiss. I was so safe in your arms. Now it's finished, finished! For how long!! For ever... God only knows.

Last night I felt so terribly lost, that I simply had to talk to somebody. So I went to Dong and Harold. Douglas wasn't at home and I was so

Saturday night, 10 o'clock, 13 July '46.-

I'm on board. At last! We'll be sailing off to-morrow morning 6 o'clock. Yesterday morning I had to stop my little chat quite unexpectedly, as Syd came to fetch me for lunch on board of my ship. I had to go and so I had to last night, when we went to the cinema first and afterwards to Syd's place. Oh yes, everything quite pleasant indeed, anyway I had to do something. To-day I waited a long time for Harold, Dong and Bill, whom I asked to come at lunchtime to



say goodbye. They didn't turn up and I must admit that I'm quite hurt about that. I ~~didn't~~<sup>don't</sup> expect all this anyway. Well, it doesn't matter. I left Palembang. I shall never see them again. And although I am damned sorry to leave Palembang, where I spent the most happy time of my life, I am damned lucky indeed to be able to get away so soon. How I hate them, all those creatures, who make life impossible as well as for my Archie as me. How glad I am to leave them all. Now I start a new life. I'd rather say: back to my old way of living. I still wonder, how for goodness sake I ever was able to behave myself as I've done during those crazy months. Good heavens! What a fool I've been. Anyhow, that's finished. I can say I started my old life already two months before, when I decided at last to leave Trans. And I owe everything to Archie, because, if I wouldn't have met him, God only knows what would have become of me. Tuesday afternoon I'll be in Batavia and I definitely will find a letter from my Archie darling! Yippee! I'm so worrying

about the letters I sent to Calcutta, because a letter from me to the old people took 6 days. How long will my letters take to Calcutta then?! Maybe he's already in Bombay and didn't get one in Calcutta. Bay of Bay Well Diary, do you notice I'm in a quite cheerful mood to night. Yes, indeed, changes always do a lot of good. But that's alright for me. I'm scared to death for my sweet however. Getting so far away from me with thousands of nice English girls he'll meet. And he will meet Pat again in England. Now... stop it, please. I won't get sad to night. To-morrow I'm sailing off: 6 o'clock, so I'd better go to bed, to get up early to see the last glimpses of "beautiful" Palembang!!

"When we fix our eyes on the distant horizon  
"We never know what to expect!"

"Back home! I'll dare delight and drown  
Disaster,  
"But what I'll be? - The Devil knows."



Tuesday, 16 July '46.

To-morrow a new period of my life will start! To-morrow it will be a week ago my Archie left me. I am excited, when I think of Batavia. How shall I find my friends back? How long shall I be able to bare the lacerations of the old people? Shall I get a transport? I bet this Parel forgot all about it. I'm glad to get rid of these chaps here on board. Goodness, what a creatures. And they want to go to the Box Club with me! No, never in my life.

Wednesday, 17 July '46.

My first night in Batavia I spent with Capt. Parel. I had two many drinks: Beer and wine and port, but I still knew what I was doing. He tried to kiss me, but I simply couldn't. Archie was staring before me all the time and it simply happened I could although I like him very much indeed. It was good to see the Box Club again. Funny enough I had my last night in Batavia with Jackie in the Box Club and now I started my <sup>first</sup> night with Parel in the Box Club.

I was so longing for a letter from Archie and there was not one for me. Maybe one of the next days. There should be one anyhow after one week, if he has written soon after he arrived in S. pore. Oh Hells Bells! Why did he leave me!

Thursday, 18 July.

It was horrible, when I unpacked all my sweet treasures this morning. Everything reminds me of him. That music of the reel makes me cry. Oh, when I saw his bush shirt, his medals, all the things I got from him I was inconsolable. Oh please, when will I get a letter?

It's 6 o'clock now. I've just been to the Bazar to get a few things for Syet. Had a bath, am drinking whisky and ginger wine, and by Jove! I need it. I'm getting crazy here, simply completely and utterly crazy! I hate this most depressing bungalow, most of all my room. A bed, a wardrobe, a desk and two big trunks, on which I put a tablecloth to make it look a bit more comfortable at least! A chair and a "choter" table: that's all folks. People in the street



look at me as if I'm a world-miracle. I can't bare it. If I have to stand this much longer, they can carry me away to an insane-sanatory. I can't even play my radio, neither my fan or electric clock. No play in my room. On the big trunk beside my horrible old-fashioned bed, I put one of my nice table-clothes and arranged on it the bowl, in which I used to put flowers in our room. Further on my lovely electric clock, my blue nail polish-set, the charming blue hat with perfume in it, called "Mischief" (it would have a name like that!), my pocket-clock and the 2 photo's of Emma and Billy. On the second trunk, opposite my bed I put the real piece of cloth, which my darling fiddled to make a belt for my black dress. On this trunk I arranged a tray with all the drinks my sweet gave me and the two small lovely glasses, out of which we always used to drink. Further on a few magazines and the ashtray, which always used to lay on the table in our room, and in which I sometimes arranged those beautiful little yellow flowers, called "Butterflowers".

I put my radio on a very small suit-case, which has just the same size as the radio. On the radio I put the beautiful vase, which I pinched in the diningroom of the Mess. On the sewing-machine, which looks just like a smart table, I put a woolen table-cloth on which I arranged Mammie's photo, the green vase and the photo of the old people. Then comes the desk with a photo of Hicky, Douglas, Harold, Archie, me and the tiger, a photo of our lovely room and the photo's in my little set, which used to lay on our desk in our room in the mess.

I just gave myself another whiskey and gingerwine, put a pillow in my back: Archie's favourite "choter"-pillow and I feel a little bit better. For heaven's sake let me think of the entertainments I'll get in the next week: To-morrow: tea, flicks and dinner. Saturday: Box club. Sunday: a luncheon-party with beer, rice and curry! Tuesday: a party somewhere. Doesn't it seem jolly nice? And this all with my little Captain Parek, the one we met together at Byd's place.



Oh darling, if you only could see your little poppet with this Parch. He's at least 5 cm. smaller than me. (How many inches!!) Really, he is a funny boy, and I accept his invitations, because I like him and would get crazy, definitely completely crazy, if I wouldn't be able to get out of this place. He wasn't quite wrong, when he said: "I have at least four appointments with you, & before I have to hand you over to a handsome looking chap!" Poor old dear man. I'm sorry for him. He is so terribly ugly! When he tried to kiss me last night, he said: "Just one little kiss. It does not hurt, does it?" How could he know it would hurt! My own sweet darling's last kiss is still on my lips. How can I ever let anybody touch my lips again? It's simply impossible. And when I ever let another man kiss my lips in a so called "forgotten moment", I know how I shall regret for ever and ever. Anyhow, I've something to look forward to! The Boxclub was grand last night, but when I saw the many, many beautiful and pretty girls, I could

not help to think of the thousands of pretty girls in England and ... Argentina. How, for heaven's sake, will my darling keep on thinking of me, if he'll meet one much... and much more charming than me?! Those bars in my room, I mean iron bars in my window, they simply make me mad! If I look through my window I see a wall, and close to that wall the house next door. And I think of the room of my darling and me, I think of the lovely garden, where we used to fool around, playing badminton and deck tennis. When I arranged all my things on my trunk, of course Grandpa would look annoyed. But I did not mind. Didn't Archie say, it makes your room look more comfortable and pleasant? In my wardrobe I hang his bush shirt with the blasted lion-pals and his major pips. And I arranged his Burma-map, covered with his blood; I arranged too on that plank his medals, his old palls with the red ball, his grey socks, one of his silk-parachute handkerchiefs, his empty favourite hair oil bottle, his shaving-stick. Maybe it's wrong to put all his things in such



a way, that I always have to see them. Every time I see his dear, dear bush-shirt I simply burst into tears. But still, I do feel better after having talked with you, Diary. It does me a lot of good to put down, what I only should tell him, who is so far away now, tell him, who's so dear to me. I'm desperate, when I read the newspapers. God only knows how soon we will have another war, and ~~shall~~ would I ever be able then to see him again?! Oma said this morning, crying, that I didn't need to find a job so soon. She ~~wouldn't~~ be able to bear my leaving them so soon. But I can't stay here much longer. I can't write to my dearest anymore, because I simply don't know where I possibly can reach him. Where can he be at the moment? If I write to Bombay now, I'm sure my letter will arrive after he has left the place already. And when will he arrive in England? Maybe I better write straight to his mother's address and tell her to keep them until his arrival. I think I'd better do that. I put all my hope on to-morrow. Maybe there will be a letter!

Friday, 19 July '46.-

I can't tell you how relieved I was to find Corrie just the same as always. Not a bit changed. I have been afraid of this moment, when I would see my oldest girl-friend again, but I didn't need to be. She was as nice as ever and I am glad about that. So I'll have one girl-friend left at least. I learned from Cor the old Verstegh, head of the K.V.S. L. M., was working again in the H. G. of the N. E. I. Airforces and as I used to know him quite well before the war, I have a jolly good chance to get a jolly good job. Corrie told me too they were desperately in need of girls, who had an education and they payed fantastically. I was quite relieved when I heard this, and so to-morrow I'll have a talk with Verstegh. The next thing I have to do is to find another place to live. I really can't stay here with the old people. Simply impossible! Now, another girlfriend, Ann Sark, has a girls-mess somewhere in quite nice surroundings and I'll try to get there. Would there no place be left, then she can always tell me where I can try to find one. I think that's the best thing I can do. Actually,



my visite this morning, has been very satisfying indeed. I learned lots of things, of which I had not a clue! I'm so glad Corrie, at least, still is here. Maybe she is a bit optimistic about these jobs, anyway she gave me a bit more encouragement. I like to go to the flicks to night, but why would I have a partner like Parch, 5 cm. shorter than me! It is incredible. Well, my dear girl, don't fuss, but be glad you have got somebody to take you out. Oh! Isn't life empty and desolate without Archie? And I still haven't got a letter yet...

just back after having quite a nice night. I saw a picture, "The affairs ofbury", which was simply win! Afterwards we had a delicious dinner in the old famous place "Capitol" and a last drink in their mess. I wished I could enjoy these things thoroughly, but it just happened I simply can't. Oh yes! I do like to see all these old places again and I am grateful I at least have somebody to take me out. I need it badly, and I am awfully rude to wish Parch was looking a bit

more agreeable. He can't help it any how and he can be of some use to me. I made him quite clear to night, he should not expect anything from me. Not even a little kiss... because I won't give my lips to anybody else but Archie. He told me then he would not and only expected to be paid. Well, that was that! Anyhow, it certainly was a nice evening and although I had to think of my darling all the time, I did manage to be cheerful some moments. Maybe a letter to-morrow...!

Saturday, 20 July '46.

It is exactly 9 months ago I met Steve Purcell for the very first time. It was the 20<sup>th</sup> of October then! Now I met him again for the second time and I really got the shock of my life. I was so glad first, to hear Steve went <sup>back</sup> home 6 weeks before my arrival and now he is here again. I did wonder, when Parch was talking about a big surprise he ~~had~~ would have for me to-night, but I forgot all about it afterwards. When we arrived at the Box-club at last, after having dinner



in Capitol, Parch and I were dancing. Suddenly he said:  
"Remember I promised you a big surprise to-night?!"  
"Well, turn around and there it is!" So I did and,  
Good heavens I saw Steve. In fact, I was so terribly  
glad to see him again, while I thought him safe in  
England. At least one old friend back amongst all  
those strangers around me, although it's quite a  
dangerous one. But I do think he's cured about that  
and I do hope we'll be jolly good friends. Poor old  
Parch, he thought he would have had it now, but I  
won't let him in the lurch. He enjoys it so much to  
take me out, and if I'd haven't got him here in  
Batavia, I'd never been able to go to the Boxclub and  
meet Steve again. Steve was terribly sorry about  
Fran and me. But there it is! Now, to-morrow I'm  
having lunch in Parch's mess and 5 o'clock I have  
an appointment with Steve. Parch, Stevenson and  
me will go and see him at the Boxclub to watch  
the men play cricket. Seems quite a good program.  
I would be happy, if there only would be a letter from

Ten days ago he left me. Would it take such a long time  
before I'd get a letter from him? Not, when he wrote straight  
from S'pore. Oh Archie, what's the matter? I don't dare  
to write you these days, because I will not send a letter  
full of lamentations. Oh Hell! Archie and Steve  
must have passed each other on their way. One back to  
England, the other one back to the Indies. The one I love  
so badly back home, the other one in love with me back  
to me! If this isn't a funny world, then my name  
is certainly not Thekla.

Sunday, 20 July '46.

I'm sick of it! I'm sick of everything! I  
can't enjoy these parties. I simply loathe them. Why  
don't I get any letters. It drums in my head, the whole  
day: I will not get him back! I lost him forever!  
Did I Diary? I can't bear life any longer. I'm  
feeling too lonely, too lost. Oh Archie, come back to  
me! I can't live without you. Please send me a  
letter. I need it so badly. Archie darling



Monday, 22 July '46.

Well Diary, I've got a job. For a month. Could be better indeed, but still I think it's nice to start with. Tomorrow my life as "office-girl" will start. I wonder how I'll find it. Anyhow I'm glad they put me in a room with a certain Capt. Guillaume, 5 other chaps and one Eurasian girl. I would hate the room, where only girls are working. All of them Eurasians and looking at me as if I were a world-miracle. Brr...! These chaps looked quite agreeable and it was a jolly good show, when this Captain dictated me an English letter and he said: "gear" instead of "year". I don't know what he possibly could mean, until I said: Oh! you mean year! and pronounced it properly. Yes, he said, I mean year, and pronounced the y again as a g. Simply ridiculous and I almost roared with laughter. Well, I hope it will be a nice office. It's from 8 till 12 and from 2 till 5. Not bad.

You know Diary, that yesterday, after a boring lunch at Parel's mess, we went to Steve to have tea. But I was dead tired and as I saw, they were all

longing for a bath, and so did Steve, I suggested to push off after not having been there yet for an hour. I really thought Steve would take me out that night, but I was glad he did not. Actually, I was a bit disappointed, but I could understand, if he would not start all over again with me.

Now, just at lunchtime Steve came quite unexpected and asked me to go to the flicks to-night, and I must admit I'm quite happy at the moment, looking forward to my new job and my date with Steve for to-night. I'm rather tired of Parel as a matter of fact. He always looks as a sick dog to me. It was quite difficult yesterday, to keep my temper, when he tried to kiss me again. Imagine he's 42 and has a daughter of 17. The fool!

Sunday, 28 July '46.

I've let you in the lurch for a long time Diary, but I've been writing every night to Baldus and couldn't tell you something important. When I got Baldus' first letter I was so terribly happy that I wrote him back at once. But let me start from Monday-night. Steve and I had



dinner in the Box-club, danced very little and talked a lot. He promised to help me with anything he possibly could do, when I want to get away to Holland. I had a jolly nice night and felt a bit less lonely then.

Tuesday, the 23<sup>rd</sup> was my first office day and oh! my happiness to find his letter when I got home. Imagine! Written the 12<sup>th</sup> with a post-stamp of S'pore of the 13<sup>th</sup> and I received it the 23<sup>rd</sup>. Ridiculous!

"I am missing you very much. feel quite lost!" Oh my darling, if you only could know how much I am missing you and how ridiculously lost I feel.

He left Singapore: Saturday the 13<sup>th</sup>.

Arrived in Calcutta: Sunday the 14<sup>th</sup>.

Left Calcutta: Thursday the 18<sup>th</sup>.

Arrived in Deolali: Monday the 22<sup>nd</sup>.

In the following letter I shall hear from him if everything worked out as planned. He was looking forward to my letter in Calcutta, but I'm afraid my four letters never will reach him with these post-offices-strikes. Now I sent one to England already, because I dare

not send them to India any more.

Wednesday, the 24<sup>th</sup> I had again a very nice evening with Steve, Paddy and Jimmy and a Dutch doctor with his wife, who thought I was an English girl, but she was not quite in her senses. Dear Capt. Jones joined us too and I was quite happy, if Steve only would have been more sensible. I knew something was troubling him, something concerning me and I could not think of what it possibly could be. Monday night has been damned nice, Wednesday night he hardly spoke a word to me. He took me home, gave me a kiss, didn't even say good-night and disappeared. Haven't heard of him since. I am sorry about this because Steve is a man I like to be seen with and he can be nice. I like his friends too and I don't like Podge's mess-companions. There are magnificent concerts in the Opera house at Sunday nights and Steve promised to take me there. I have been looking forward to this. Now it is Sunday night. Hells Bells! What could be the matter with him! Thursday, the 25<sup>th</sup> I had a crazy night with a young



Dutch soldier. We went to the flicks and got a declamation instead of a picture. She was wonderful, but to hear these beautiful poems with the soldiers' remarks around you, was simply terrific.

Friday night, the 26<sup>th</sup>. I went to the flicks with Podge. (I spelled his name wrongly first.) We had dinner in Capitol and ate a real good meal: a big steak with a fried egg, fried potatoes and cucumbers.

Mmm! I do like little Podge, but he is so ridiculous. He would forget, of course, to pay his bill and let the servants run after him and make a ridiculous show "en plein public"!

Saturday night, the 27<sup>th</sup> was Corry's birthday. Has been quite dull.

To-day, Sunday, I went for a swim in Mangarai. It was lovely and I don't regret a bit to have refused Podge's invitation for lunch in the mess. I can't stick to those chaps any longer. I'd better cut off Podge's invitations; can't enjoy them and he's too sticky. Next Tuesday night there's a big party

in his mess; wonder what it will be like.

Now I'll tell you, Diary about my problems. There are many of them. First: I can get a room in a girls' mess in a jolly nice bungalow. Second: I want to get to Holland I have to hurry up, because the evacuation will be stopped in September. Now I am getting crazy about thinking what to decide. I've never been as irresolute as these days. Here I always have my grandparents, here I have a good job. Shall would I be able to make both ends meet in Holland? I can stay with Vera first. She's getting married in a few months. Oh, I am afraid. I am terribly afraid to start a new, strange life in Holland. But, for the rest, didn't I promise Archie to leave the S.I. Indies as soon as possible? Didn't I tell him I would find a job and look after myself? Isn't life horrible here at the moment for me? Yes, I think I have made up my mind by now and shall start to-morrow to do something about it: Central Evacuation Bureau and S. I. F. O. U. R.



so I will not move and stay with the old people. But to-morrow new problems will certainly start. I haven't a clue where I have to be. They will be suspicious why I'm coming so late with my request for evacuation. Well, Thelma, you're old and wise enough by now, at least you're supposed to be, aren't you? Yes, I am and now I've once made up my mind, I shall not rest, before I've got my evacuation-papers. Hooray!

Monday, 29<sup>th</sup> of July.

I am so happy to-night! I have fixed my evacuation-papers and I'll get away in the beginning of September. Hooray! Just received a letter from Vera and she's looking forward to having me in Holland with her. How terribly relieved I am, now I have made up my mind. Holland! A new life! New circumstances and new people to meet. Gosh, how sick I am of life here in the States. My happiness would be quite complete if I only could

get a letter from Baldus. It's ten days ago, he <sup>left</sup> Calcutta, so I could have received a letter by now. Oh Darling, where can you be at the moment...

Had a very busy day. Missed my train to get home for lunch, because I was too late, but I met Corrie and ate ice-cream with her in the Y. M. C. A. room! Now I'm drinking whisky & gingerwine to get sleepy, am longing for my Baldus and thinking of my future. I am looking forward to start my quite new life.

Tuesday, 2<sup>nd</sup> of August.

It is not quite right what I'm doing at the moment. I know I can get my call for embarkation any day and I'm still working. Haven't told them yet I shall be off to Holland quite soon. ~~Wickham~~ I'm so glad getting so much experience at the moment, but haven't arranged a damn yet and there is so much to do.

I'm sorry I did not ring up Bessie yesterday to take me to-night to their party in the mess,



for which I got an invitation via Podge. I told him I did not like to be treated as his permanent girl friend, so if Steve would like me to come to his party he should invite me himself and not via Podge. I certainly do not want to go with him after that last night, Tuesday the 30<sup>th</sup>, when he was quite drunk talking about Archie in such a way. Imagine he found out everything about us and I should not have left any hope to get him back. I was darned furious! He did not want to tell me how he knew Archie would not marry me and I do wonder. Need not to tell you how he hurt me. I asked him to come tomorrow to night and I will tell him the truth then. I do not want to see him any more. I do not want anybody will interfere into my own private business. He's a fool!

I rang up Paddy this evening but could not reach him. A pity! I would have liked to go with him. Well it doesn't matter. Have to go to bed early. Got my special "business" again. Uff!

Sunday, 11<sup>th</sup> August.

Tomorrow I've to go to the "sitour" to get my tickets and reserve a place on some or other ship. I have to start to do something about it, however, it just happened I simply cannot. What's wrong with me? What happened to me? Why am I as spiritless as a nobody's business! There are so many, many things to do. And here I am, sit in my chair, gazing, thinking, doing nothing.

I'm pondering about last night. Went out to the Off. Club, the Dutch one, for the first time with an old, old friend, whom I met a few days ago. Archie was Wil's best friend. He did not change a bit and I've been looking forward to that dance. How disappointing it was. Oh why can't I enjoy myself anymore. It was just about the bottom and I think Archie must have been wondering why I became so extremely dull! Today it's Sunday again. I would go to the Islands with my two soldier-friends, but they didn't turn up and I'm glad about that. Now I should go to see some friends. Doesn't do me any good to stay home. Smoke too much, I do! Very bad. Oh Blast it.



A letter I wrote to my Balbus:

4 August 1946.-

Dearest, I decided not to write you for at least a week to give you a little rest after having read my most "divergent" reports which you must have found at the day of your arrival. I decided to wait till I would have received one from you. But you see my sweet, it just happened I simply can't! you don't mind, do you? I am feeling extremely happy if I can sit down at my desk and talk to you. Only give you the advice not to read them when you're in a hurry to do something else, for I know they would be boring, then. I know but too well how my friend Monks used to read his letters. you can't realise how happy it makes me to talk to you about all sort of things. Really darling, my thoughts do find expression in writing to you and I am even neglecting my Diary.

Have had a very dull Sunday, slept till 9 o'clock, read a bit, slept again from 2 till 5 o'clock and lazed about for the rest of the day.

Ever so interesting! At the moment it's raining as a nobody's business. I am still wondering when for heaven's sake I possibly will receive a letter from you. Do you know I have been already twelve long days without one? It is simply terrific. Luckily I know I cannot blame you herefor, but it's unbearable! I'm not downhearted darling mine. I know I will get one as soon as you're able to send one, won't I? Have been thinking of you too much today. Shouldn't stay home a whole day, I know. Exactly 4 weeks ago we spent our last Sunday in Soengei Gerong. Jiminy crickets! what a lovely day we had. Balbus with the picnic-basket and the gun! Well my sweet I think I go to bed. Do hope I can sleep after having done nothing but to sleep the whole day. I always wear your blue "discarded" pyjama's and when I'm standing before my mirror, combing my hair, I always see you stand beside me, admiring yourself in the mirror! you self-conceited creature! How we loved our twin-pyjamas, didn't we? Night my Archie Darling, I'm



off to bed, much as I dislike to stop my little chat with you, but I'm afraid I have not anything more interesting to tell you.

7/8. Darling, I am a coon! Really! Listen to this.

(Follows the story about the golden pieces.)

7/8. you haven't got an accident, have you Archie?

Please Darling, let me hear soon, very soon from you. I'm terribly afraid something did happen. It is extraordinary not getting one single letter. Life is extremely dull. Every day the same. One good thing is at least, I've got such a nice and interesting job. I do enjoy the hours at my office, but for the rest -- Oh fuming Crickets! Wished I knew something about your doings. There you are: the only treasure I've got in this world, my dearest one, and I don't even know where you are. Can you realise it's simply terrific? Maybe you didn't even get one of the many letters I wrote to Calcutta and Bombay. Well, there it is! I should not fuss about it like this. I know

there must be something wrong with the mail, don't you? I shall not be able to bear this very long, this life with every day just like the other, without anybody at home to talk to. I must get away as soon as possible, but I'm afraid it will take a month yet, before I can go. I can't sit with my old people for longer than 10 minutes. Their interests are not mine. Well, you know what I mean, don't you? No young people around me. A house full of old men and women. Sometimes do feel rebellious. Silly, isn't it? In a few weeks I shall be off, shan't I? So why worry!

When I was rumaging among my papers a few days ago, I found a little school diary, in which I once wrote down all sort of little silly poems; I must have been 18 by then. Here it lays before me and I just read the words I wrote down the day before my 18<sup>th</sup> birthday: "I am a girl, who is loved by God, loved by anybody and has been borned for happiness only." -- "Ik ben een kind, door God bemind, bemind door iedereen, en voor geluk geschapen!" were the words in Dutch.



I must have been very happy indeed by then. I shall have my 25<sup>th</sup> birthday in a few weeks. Seven years afterwards. What a difference 7 years make! My first great sorrow was, when my Mother died when I was 17. My second was when I kissed you goodbye. You probably, will not believe this, but it is the simple truth. And, my sweet, I did not know how rich I was with you, I did not realise this, but I do know now, how poor I am! Am afraid I'm rattling on again. I do promise I shall not write again before I'll be in a more cheerful mood. Goodnight Baldu! Sweet dreams! Oh yes, I dreamed last night I received a jolly nice letter. Maybe that's why I was in such a bad mood, because I realised I dreamed when I awoke this morning. jolly good joke! Night my sweet.

918. Didn't write you last night. It's just the same every day. This evening, when I came back from my office, and the sun was shining so lovely, I bathed and dressed in a hurry to be able to go for

a drive on my bike, before it would be dark. I went to some good old friends, at least they were! There was one lady I used to know very well, but she left the room when she saw me. Didn't greet me. The rest of the family was quite nice, but all the time I felt something was wrong. Why is it like this Archie? What, for heaven's sake, have I done wrong? I didn't commit a crime, did I? Was it really unforgivable to leave Frans, knowing life would be unbearable with him, whom I did not and could not love? Oh darling I'm desperate!

Remember that letter I received from my girlfriend in Bangkok? She wrote wonderful, she did understand me then! Now she is here, just married, she also changed. Why? God only knows. Hate and jealousy between the Dutch and English people here are simply terrific. If one has or had any relations with an Englishman, one has had it. Can you tell me why darling? Are we not all of us human beings? Don't the Dutch realise how terribly much we owe to you Englishmen? I can't understand this. I know perfectly well, I did



misbehave to live with you. It would have been with any other man, but now, that you just happened to be an Englishman, it is unforgivable. I did not want to write you all this, but I'm spiritless at the moment and I simply had to tell somebody about my feelings and you shall know darling, how I felt. How happy I'll be to leave this place, to start all over again in Holland, new people, new friends, a quite new life! So, my sweet, you can't call life at best for me at the moment, but it doesn't matter a bit. In a few weeks it's all over, isn't it? I will not be downhearted, and maybe, I shall be happy, extremely happy one day! I'll go for nice long trips in the country in Holland. How I shall enjoy the typical Dutch country I'm longing for it with whole my heart. I can't understand why I hesitated to make a decision about going away. But my dearest old people was a very important point. I love to go and hate to leave them. Darling mine, it's bedtime again

Please, don't care about what I wrote you about all those unimportant people. I don't! All that's important to me, that's only you. As long as I know you're still thinking of me a bit, it's all right! Oh why had we to leave each other. -

"O. Sweetie! I'm excited! yes, I am. Because your little kid will hear to-morrow the date of embarkation. And the name of the ship, which will send her into a new, new life. I'll post this one to-morrow, so you'll hear in my next one big news. I hesitated to send this letter to you, but you have to know all about me, my sadness as well as my joys, haven't you? I'm glad I can assure you, to night at least I've got peace in my heart. It's useless to worry about a future, isn't it? Life is so simple if you only take it, but we, people, we make life as strange and complicated as possible, don't we darling? You know Archie, again it was Sunday today and again I started the day as sad as I possibly could be. Furious I've been with myself and I took my "School Diary" and I read over and over



again what I wrote down in those days, when I was still young with a happy outlook on life. And I suddenly realised then what a fool I would be still to lament about what has passed. Then I realised I had to change my mood. Last night it was, when I saw quite clearly I could not go on like this. I met an old, old friend of mine, we went to the dance in the Dutch Off's club and, good heavens, again it just happened I simply could not enjoy myself.

I thought it was just about the bottom that club and as it happened to be the day, you left me a month ago I just sat in my chair and felt desperate! My friend did wonder all the time what, for heavens sake, happened to me. Did not recognise me anymore, and must have had a very dull evening indeed!

That's why I started to think this morning and I'm glad Balchus I do realise now it's foolish. I've to be glad instead of sad, for I have known what it is to love somebody and always I shall carry this in my heart as the most pure truth I

have ever known. Can anything or anybody part two souls, which have been together as ours have been?

I don't believe so. I am, however, always prepared to hear from you one day you found the girl you can love with whole your heart. Sure Archie, I am. But you can't prevent me to carry the hope in my heart you will come to know you want to marry me one day. This letter will be the last one with lamentations.

Actually, I'm sorry you had to read them. But there it is! It was quite a "rubbish" letter, but, well, you know how your puppet sometimes can be, don't you? Will you forgive me Archibaldus? I do promise you, I will change, and --- if I will I can!! I still pray every night: "May the future be even nicer than the present", no, "the past has been my Archie!" I shall be happy with my memories of love and of sorrow - they will always be golden memories but I will look at the present at the moment. I have to. -

11 August 1946. -



30 August 1946. - g n 's avonds.

Hoe kan ik in een vreemde taal me op 't oogenblik witen? Het is niet mogelijk. Wat ik nu doormaak, op dit oogenblik is iets vreeslijks: het is wroeging. Wroeging over m'n gedrag tegenover de dierbaarste liefste oude schatten die er op deze wereld bestaan. Ik beloofde ze een rustige oude dag. Nu ga ook ik morgen de wijde wereld in. Ik laat ze achter om ze nooit meer terug te zien. Nooit meer, nooit meer. Ik kan nooit meer goed maken wat ik hun te kort heb gedaan al die jaren. Hen, die niets anders dan het goede met mij hebben voorgedaan. Mijn eerste levensperiode sluit ik nu af. Ik heb gefaald in het bluwelijk, ik heb gefaald in het geven van liefde aan mijn Oudjes, die mij toch zoo dierbaar zijn. Nu heb ik ze voor het laatste goeden nacht gekust. Die twee lieve grijze hoofden. Zoo oud zijn ze, zoo sterk zijn ze nog, nu, ja, maar voor hoe lang nog. Wie zal er dan voor hun zorgen! het Oudjes, vergeef me voor wat

ik jullie allemaal heb aangedaan. Ik ben jullie liefde verzorging en vertroeteling niet waard geweest. Ik kan alleen maar beloven, en hopen dat ik het volbrag mezelf te veranderen in de toekomst. We hebben lang elkaar geliefd, in plaats van voor elkaar. Jullie zijn oud, en ik ben nog zoo jong. Een heel generatie ligt er tusschen ons. Misschien is het groten deels dat geweest dat wij elkaar niet konden begrijpen. In ieder geval had ik dat moeten doen. Ik heb 't niet gekund. Mijn laatste dag met jullie heb ik nu achter de rug. Het is voorbij. Als nu ook nog maar het afscheid van morgen voorbij was! Dan stiet maar weer dat steel om m'n hart. Niet meer denken aan wat voorbij is, maar de toekomst tegemoet. Zoo heb ik deze laatste inaan bij jullie dat steel in m'n hart gehad, omdat ik niet meer wilde denken aan Archie. Dabrielvor ook misschien heb ik te veel lang je geliefd. Ik wilde niet toegeven aan m'n verdriet om hem. Hoe veel ik van dennen man hou, zal geen mensch kunnen begrijpen. Het is misschien altijd verkeerd geweest niet te willen toegeven



aan m'n verdriet. Maar ik heb't altijd gemien als me-  
delijken met mezelf als ik zou huilen. Toen Mammie  
stierf heb ik maar één nacht gehuild. Toen besepte ik,  
dat Mammie nu in rust zou zijn ergens heel ver weg,  
maar dat ik huilde, dat was om mezelf, meedelijken  
met mezelf dat ik geen mammie meer had. Het was  
m'n eerste groote verdriet, waarvoor ik ook voor't  
eerst de haat tegen't Onrecht in't leven lierde kennen.

Toen ging de man weg, waar ik nu in mij veel van  
hou. Ik heb geen traan gelaten dien dag. Pas veel later.  
Maar waarvoor zou ik meedelijken hebben met mezelf?  
Ik heb hem hoefde ik geen verdriet te hebben. Toen stond  
ik alleen in de wereld, maar had nog steeds de  
Oudjes, waar ik naar terug kon. Nu ga ik ook hun  
verlaten. Alleen de zijde wereld in. Het zou niet  
erg zijn, als ik dat gevoel van wroeging niet had  
gehad. Maar ik kan me nu eenmaal niet viden in  
woorden. Soms kan ik 't op papier.

Oh lieverds, lieve Oudjes, vergeef me wat ik  
jullie allemaal heb aangeleerd. Ik heb't niet zo ge-  
wilt!

Sunday night, 7 September 1946.

Well Archie darling, here I am, nearly crazy.  
We're sailing for a week now and everything is simply  
horrible. It wouldn't be as bad as this, if there would  
be some sort of a place to sit quietly and comfortably.  
But as it is there ain't no words to describe the situa-  
tion. Now it's raining and there's not one place where  
we can sit down but the holes. Luckily I've got Jan  
on this ship my old school friend. I wish that you knew  
him darling. He definitely is the only boy I'm feeling  
happy with after your leaving me. He is a darling.  
We're always together and I'm quite fond of him.  
Then I've got my work in the kitchen of the little hospi-  
tal: cleaning the dishes ---- (remember?)



14<sup>th</sup> of October 1946.-

Well Diary, arrived in Holland at last...!  
I'm in The Hague, living with Vera and hubby already  
for 2 weeks. Quite happy but still restless. As soon as  
I'll be able to get my own room and start to work  
everything will be alright. It's a pity I haven't been  
able to write on board. It has been a splendourous  
time; 30 days of perfect happiness which I shan't  
forget so soon. Nothing to think of, nothing to fuss  
about. I enjoyed my hard work and Jan has  
been a darling to me. I felt quite depressed when  
I had to leave this ship which became such a  
dear, safe and well-known spot these 30 days.  
I didn't know what to get, what to expect of life  
in cold and unknown Holland. I do hope to get  
soon a room somewhere. It will do me a lot of  
good to be independent at last. It will, definitely.  
I started already to be a member of the Swim-  
ming- & Polo club and yesterday I went to their  
clubhouse to play ping-pong. I enjoyed it very  
much. And this evening I'll go for a swim for

the first time. I do like it!

But why don't I get any letters from Archie? Yes,  
I got a telegram on my day of arrival which made me  
very happy. A sign at least he was still thinking of me.  
I got a letter too which one he wrote on board of his  
ship, 15 Aug. Opa sent it on to me. I didn't get  
a single one since. Hopeless! My first letter I wrote  
already a week ago. It's true I don't expect him  
to keep on writing me, but he won't stop so soon.  
Will he, Diary? Please Diary, not now. I need it  
so badly just now. I'm feeling so terribly lonely.  
Vera always with Wim, cuddling and caressing each  
other not noticing me. I don't care they do. Of course  
not, but I can't bare to have to see it right before me,  
always and always. That's why I'm longing so badly  
for getting a room of my own as soon as possible.

Vera certainly is a darling and I'll never forget  
what she's doing for me. I would have been des-  
perately lost without her those first days.

I don't understand at all what it possibly can



be, that feeling as if I'm far and far away, as if some-  
body else is standing in my place. Last night this  
feeling became quite strong while I was enjoying my  
self at the club. I felt lonely and strange, as if I  
didn't belong, could not belong anymore to this  
cheerful company. Silly, maybe I'll get over it.  
If I only receive a letter from him. Imagine!  
Exactly 2 months ago he wrote his last one.  
I didn't get any news for two long months but  
a simple telegram.

— It's 12 o'clock by now. I wanted to tell you  
a lot of things for already a very long time but didn't  
get the slightest chance till now. Oh Diary! First: I  
got at last 2 letters from him and the photo's of  
which I thought already they wouldn't reach me  
anymore. They are absolutely wix! I love to have  
at least a few photo's from my Baldu which are  
just as he really is. Well, the letters are very  
old indeed, dated 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> of June from  
Calcutta, but anyway I learned again something  
from him.

Second: Wim came home with big news about a room  
he got for me. Nice surroundings, one big room, a small  
one, a toilet and even a kitchen! Imagine! And all this  
for the funny small price of f 35.- a month. It's too  
nice to be true I said. I simply can't believe it.  
Anyhow I'll run to-morrow to have a look at these  
apartments and I'm very anxious to know how I'll  
like them. Third: Late in the evening I got a letter  
from a friend of mine and I can get a jolly good job  
at once at one of the Departments of Oversea affairs.  
I think I'll take it. It wouldn't be any good to wait  
and I can have lessons in the evening if I still want  
to learn my steno and typing again. I'll keep it  
a secret of course, I mean this job, because otherwise  
they'll stop paying me my f 100.- a month. It would  
be absolutely wix if I can be able to get this money  
and my salary. Jimmy Crickets, I'm quite excited  
at the moment. To-morrow, 3 o'clock I've to present  
myself. I wonder... Gee, wix! Photo's, letters from  
my darling, maybe a nice room, maybe a jolly job...!



Tuesday, 15 October.

Well, I got my room and I got my job! What more do I want now?! The room is splendid, but I have to wait a few weeks before I'm able to occupy this room because the people just moved into this big house and everything is still a hell of a mess of course. I'll get a room with two big windows, a small room with a toilet and which is a sort of washroom and dressing room too. Then I'll also get a lovely small kitchen and all this for the ridiculous price of £35.- a month. The lady seems a darling.

I can't say very much about my job. It seems to be a nice one but I've to wait and see what sort of work I'll get. Salary isn't very much, £125.- but he promised me I would definitely get £150.- after a while. I hope so! Anyway, it doesn't matter these first 6 months because I'll always, rather said these months I'll get my £180.- too. So I'll absolutely be alright for 6 months. Monday I'll start my new job and also my lessons. It will be quite hard work in the beginning. Work starts at 9 o'clock till half past 5, with one hour for lunch at 12. Then my

lessons will start at half past 7 till half past 9. Good lord! I'm glad to be able to stay with Vera the first weeks. So I'll get accustomed to this regularly.

Yes Diary, I do want to start. What good will it do to wait and do nothing at all, nothing particularly. Much better to start at once, isn't it.

No letter from Archie today. I did expect him to write me as soon as he would know I arrived. He must have got my letters by now. Why didn't he write me back at once? Oh I'm longing so badly for some new news. What could he possibly do at the moment? I can't put him out of my mind.

He's always with me. With everything I do I think of him. I didn't send his letter because I shall not send him one before having got one from him. How long have I still to wait? Maybe I'll get them nevermore! Rubbish! Isn't it? But I'm not even who could forget her John so easily with whom she even was engaged. Oh Archie, why can't I forget you.



Wednesday, 16 October.

I had a jolly good bath to-day! It sounds rather queer, doesn't it, but I had a bath of half an hour in a big tub. I absolutely felt grand afterwards. Then I did several duties and I also bought some nice fish for lunch. Good gracious! I definitely never at more than I do these days. Simply terrific! I ate 9 slices of bread for lunch. Imagine!

You know what I also did Diary? I went to an address somewhere to look at a room, just only to look at it, and the room pleased me at once. It's a small one with a big window in front of the house and in the centre of the town close to Vera's. The rent of this room is only £20. a month and I'll have a girl too, which I'll have also to pay of course, but who'll do my room and wash my cloth. I think I'd better take this one than the one I described before, because it's rather out of the city.

This night I went to the Febers. Jolly good old friends. They're still the same. It's nice to see old friends back. Now I'll quickly get a new

Thursday, 17 October.

Actually I shall a very nice day to-day, but I can't feel happy. I did enjoy this night I spent with Emma, Babes and Harry. Smoking, eating and drinking, talking and also bridging. It has been very, very nice indeed, but all the time there's only one thing I'm thinking of and that's if there would be a letter from me when I would come home. No, again there was not one. Why Diary? He promised me to write if he would change his mind about me, didn't he? It's so hopeless not getting anything. Yes, I did receive a telegram, but why not more? Hells, bells! And no cigarettes at all. If only those damned trunks would arrive. I'm getting crazy if I can't smoke. I paid the rent of my room for the month of November so that's settled. I'll get two jolly nice small rooms and I'm going to make them as nice as I possibly can. I'm looking forward to occupy them very much indeed. Now my money is finished and next month I've to look out a bit better. I'll try to change my Singapore dollars to-morrow, otherwise it would be too bad!



Friday, 18 October.

I did manage to change Archie's Singapore dollars so I've got again £00.-. Very lucky indeed. I've been quite desperate about this matter. This afternoon I went to the flicks with Vera, Len (her sister-in-law) and father-in-law. To-night I went to my swimming-club with Emma. Terribly cold it was! We had a nice hot cup of chocolate afterwards. —

I do wonder if I really have to start to work on Monday, because I would get further information yet but I didn't till now. My trunks arrived this morning at last so I'm smoking a nice Philip Morris again. Still no letters from Archie. What on earth can be the matter with him Diary? I simply can't understand. It's not at all like him. If he would stop writing me I'm quite sure he would write me so before. Well, there it is. Funny enough I'm still quite happy. Sometimes I do worry about the days I'll be alone in my own rooms, about the <sup>many</sup> things I'll have to do then, while I'll only be at home at 6 o'clock and then have to seek my food somewhere. But nevermind! I will fix it!

Saturday, 19 October.

This night I went with the girls polo-team of H.Z. & P.C. to Rotterdam. Thank God I didn't need to play because what I saw was simply terrific. I would have been literally exausted! I was already only by looking at them. Goodness, how they play. We never played like that in the Indies and then to hear it was only a second class match. I do wonder in what team they'll place me. I enjoyed it very much and I'm glad I did go. We went by train at 8 o'clock, arrived in Rotterdam at half past, jumped into a little club to have a glass of lemonade because we were as thirsty as a nobody's business while <sup>it was</sup> the weather was terribly cold! In the swimming-pool I couldn't believe my eyes. Everything about the matches was as strange as it could be. Not to compare at all with the matches we had in Batavia. Only to think of the time: Saturday night, 9 o'clock, one had to swim and polo! It seems very queer indeed to us straight from the Indies. Anyway, we too will get used to it. I was back home at a quarter past



twelf! would you believe it?!

To-day I wrote Archie a letter to ask him if he would tell me at least how matters are. I don't want to wait any longer every day, to wait desperately for letters which ones maybe never will come. I have to know and if he doesn't want to keep any contact with me any more, then the least thing he can do is to write me so. This waiting in vain is making me crazy, because the main thing is I simply can't believe he'll change his mind so soon. But there it is! Anything is possible.

Hells bells! I don't want to think of him anymore. Let me look forward to tomorrow. I'm going to the "hermis" tomorrow night with Emma, Harry and Babes. Jolly good! We'll have lots of fun. Goodly, goodly! Now I'm going to my bed. yes, I'm sitting already on my bed but it's already 10 o'clock and I'm already nodding. The fire is delicious but I think it's too hot. Booh! I don't like to think of the winter which is coming. Back home from the office I'll have to make my own fire then yet. I shouldn't think of these horrible things.

Tuesday, 22 Oct.

How glad I was this morning getting a letter at last! But how terribly depressed, disappointed I was after having read his first letter he sent me from England. I could almost cry, couldn't believe my eyes. Not one word about all the letters I sent from Batavia which ones he must have found at home. A hell of a difference between those he sent me from India and this first one from England. I can't tell you Diary, how desperate I am thinking of the words he wrote down about coming over to England. How different he should have written them instead of: "Could you come over to England from Hol.. land? If you can, why don't you come and stay with us a few days..." That was all. If I would be able to go I will not. Not again I want to feel this horrible feeling of saying goodbye to him. He didn't even write one word about the flowers he must have found. Not about the big photo I sent him. Oh Diary, why?? I wonder what he'll answer at my last letter. I wonder if he'll ever write again. There must be something wrong, otherwise he would not have waited so long with



writing me; he would not have written like this.

Oh Archie, if you only could know what you're doing to me. Well, anyway this day has been a very disappointing one indeed. I'll tell you from the beginning. Monday morning I was just ready to go to my new job, which one I don't like at all, at all! Just then I got a letter from a certain person to whom I had written a letter about a job, asking him £250.- I didn't expect at all any answer so when I got an answer I was quite surprised to learn this man wanted to see me to talk things over. I still wasn't quite sure about that job at the Department because I had not got yet a proper answer and I didn't know definitely when to begin. So I did not go to the Department but went to this man who would start a new office, but what he did not like was I had not got any experience at all in some sort of independent position. That was true, and I knew perfectly well my salary of £250.- which I had asked was far too high. He would send me an answer this evening and you can imagine how I've been looking

forward to this the whole day. But when I rang him to-night, his answer was no, so you can imagine what a terribly disappointing day this has been. Because if I would not have got that letter Monday morning, I would have known by now about my job already. I think I'll ring them to-morrow.

Last night I started my lessons. I don't know what's the matter with me these days. I haven't got any spirit left. I'm dull, don't like to do anything, have to force myself to go out of doors. I think I have to see a doctor but I can't find the courage to leave the nice and warm room. I'm hopeless. Blast it! I've been so full of spirit to start my own and independent life in my new apartments. Would you believe it if I say that I'm afraid now? It's true. I hate myself when I'm like this. Every beginning, start is difficult, isn't it?

I just read a very nice poem of Andrew Marvell: "The definition of home" and I want to take it over. Archie would say: "another rubbish poem," but I do like it.



## The Definition of home.

My home is of a birth as rare  
As 't is for object strange and high;  
It was begotten by despair  
Upon impossibility.

Magnanimous despair alone  
Could show me so divine a thing,  
Where feeble hope could ne'er have flown  
But vainly flap its tinsel wing.

And yet I quickly might arrive  
Where my extended soul is fixt,  
But fate does iron wedges drive,  
And alwaies crowds itself betwixt.

For fate with jealous eyes does see  
Two perfect loves, nor lets them close;  
Their union would her ruin be  
And her tyrannick pow'r depose.

And therefore her decrees of steel  
Us as the distant poles have place'd,  
(Though loves whole world on us doth wheel)  
Not by themselves to be embrace'd.

Unless the giddy heaven fall,  
And earth some new convulsion tear;  
And, us to join, the world should all  
Be cramp'd into a planisphere.

As lines, so loves, oblique may well  
Themselves in every angle greet;  
But ours so truly parallel,  
Though infinite, can never meet.

Therefore the love which us doth bind,  
But fate so enviously debarrs,  
Is the conjunction of the mind,  
And opposition of the stars.



Friday, 24 October.

It's half past 12, mid-night. I'm sitting on the floor with my back against my bed and stretched out before the fire. I'm going to tell you another disappointment I've got to-day. Diary came to know by ringing the Department that they still don't know about accepting me. Imagine! while I thought already to start at last Monday for my girlfriend who's working there told me so definitely. You can imagine how terribly disappointed I've been by ringing at last to learn he would give me a definite answer to-morrow perhaps. I absolutely want to start to work next month so if the answer would be no I'll try again on next Monday at the B. P. M.'s office. Funny enough I'm not worrying very much about this job-business.

It has been terribly cold today and when I came home this morning my feet were absolutely frozen. But to night the weather was delicious. I went for a moment to the swimming pool after my lessons to have a look. Wasn't very much to see. I wasn't able to swim so I went home again soon afterwards. Funny! I've just been looking back in my Diary at what I did 4 months ago. Four months only - would you believe it! Years ago it seems to me. How

could I have been fussing those days about all sort of peculiarities! Fussing and grumbling while I was still with him. Would he be asleep now Diary or would he lay awake listening to the murmur of the sea, thinking of his puppet he left so desolate, irresolute? I wonder.

Come on, I'll get a nice sound sleep. The best cure for thoughts like these.

Sunday-night, 26 October, 11 o'clock.

Haven't got very much to tell you Diary. Have been very quiet at home this whole gloomy Sunday, dreaming and thinking. Very bad indeed. Wished sincerely I could stop thinking of him every minute of the day. Is he worth it? Goodness, how I hate to be in a mood like this! Thank God I've got something to do to-morrow. My trunks have to be brought over to my rooms. Good! So I'll have to start to unpack them and arrange my new apartments. I do think I honestly can't count the "apartments" I've been "arranging" in the past year. Do wonder how long I'll occupy this one... Blast it! why can't I be more cheerful!



Monday, 27 October.

I did unpack my kits and I did enjoy myself thoroughly. So glad I was to see all those sweet nice things again. You know Diary I'm fond of beautiful things so I'll make my rooms as nice as I possibly can. Tomorrow I'll start to make something out of that mess I left today. How happy I'm now. Can't wait quietly until it'll be Thursday. The Department also rang me up this afternoon and inform me my "case" will be talked over to morrow before the Secretary-General, so I need not be afraid any more of not being accepted. I'll hear about it in a few days. Jolly good! Gee, I'm dead tired by unpacking all those big trunks and it's already half past 12. Would you believe it!

Tuesday, 28 October.

Oh Diary I'm so happy! What I did not expect at all I did get today. A most marvellous job at the same Department, but not the one I was first accepted for. I'll get a jolly nice room with a lovely writing-desk and I'll get most interesting work. I'll be absolutely independent and the work here will be much more

interesting than the job I should get first. I'm so excited. To-morrow I've to start and do hope I'll get through the first days a bit easy. But I do trust myself and I think I will do! Oh Jimmy Crickets! what a day I had!!  
Wednesday, 29 October.

I've never been quite so contented as I am at this moment Diary. My job is the best one I possibly could have desired. It's simply marvellous. As much as I my poor head is whirling about all those things they told me to-day, still I'm not afraid I shan't be able to do this work. It will be difficult, definitely! And I'm scared to death if I think of the day I'll be alone, when my girlfriend will be away. Imagine, after 5 days already! Would you believe it! When I came home to-night I found a small card from Jan. He's coming Saturday for the week-end and we'll go out together. Jolly good! It will be the first time since I'm in Holland and I am looking forward to Saturday! yippee!



Tuesday, 19 November.

It's terrific how I did neglect you Diary for such a long time, but I shall my up and downs in these most difficult days. To night however, I'm feeling as happy as I possibly can be for the moment. Don't know why. Most of these days I'm feeling terribly lonely and depressed, but to-night it's all over again. I'm so glad to know I'm capable for my work. I do like it and do work as hard as I can. Days are passing by as a nobody's business and even the fact I don't get any letters from Archie can't depress me at all.

Sometimes I get a feeling I've got to do something to get some friends to take me out. Just last night I decided to start to become a member of a regular dance club which would start to-night. I would have gone if my boss would not have turned up with a lot of work at half past five! The time at which the office officially would close. So you can imagine how late I was. As I promised Vera to have dinner with her I took the rest of my work with me to finish it at home. This was the reason

I couldn't go to that dance club. First I was a bit annoyed, but afterwards I was so glad something happened which "disturbed" my plans. Silly, ain't it? Well, after having finished my work at Vera's I came home quite late, had a delicious proper wash and suddenly felt very contented and happy. Now it's already a quarter past twelve. I've got to have a nice wink, because I'm absolutely tired and in the morning I've got always the greatest difficulties with getting up. My bed is so cosy and warm by then and my little room so very cold and dark... A very lucky thing indeed I've still got my darling's lovely ting-ting clock to wake me up as it used to do the last morning we had to get up together for the last time.

His last letter was dated the 29<sup>th</sup> of October. Very long ago, isn't it?

Thursday, 26 December.

There happened a lot this month Diary. So much, that I simply lost all my peace which I just found. I knew



Willy was sailing back to Holland. I didn't think of it a bit. But Saturday, the 7<sup>th</sup> of December, I knew he should have arrived by then, and I rang him up. I wanted to know how his feelings for me would be. He came to my rooms and it was as if he never had been parted from me. I was his again, completely.

--- So my restlessness started all over again. I'm in love with Willy again. I know he's still in love with me but he pretends very hard not to show it. I hurted him very deeply to marry another while he was far away and couldn't do a damn about it. And now that he sees I want to be his again for ever he's trying to hurt me. I'm not sure about my feelings. No, not at all! Got a lovely Christmas card from Archie on which he wrote the words "See you soon, Darling"! Now, what will happen when Archie will come in a few days to see me. Will I tell him I don't want to marry him any more? I know Archie doesn't love me, but I'm very dear to him. I'm sure he will

marry me as soon as he'll get his proper job. If I know, If I could be sure Willy really is in love with me I'm sure I would <sup>write</sup> Archie immediately. Every day I'm ringing Willy up. I want to see him every day, but he's always quite careless or does he pretend only? I don't know. The only thing I know is, it's making me crazy. Sure it is.

To-day it's second Xmas day! I rang him up again. O Hell! I will not do it once again. I could slap him in his face for the rudeness of his words and his carelessness. I'm sorry we've got a date for tomorrow night. But by Jove, he can go to hell! I shan't ring him up any more. This self-conceited creature. I'm desperate, because I know I can't help to love Wil, I can't help to want him to marry me. Archie, I had to promise you I would marry the man who would love me. I have loved you with whole my heart and body; you couldn't love me. There it was. Here's Willy again, but he changed a lot. Or did I? What a hell life can be. Blast it!



## The Love song of J. Alfred Prufrock.

Let us go then, you and I,  
When the evening is spread out against the sky  
Like a patient etherised upon a table;  
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,  
The muttering retreats  
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels  
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:  
Streets that follow like a tedious argument  
Of insidious intent  
To lead you to an overwhelming question...  
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"  
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go  
Talking of Michelangelo.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,  
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes,  
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,

Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,  
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,  
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,  
And seeing that it was a soft October night,  
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time  
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,  
Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;  
There will be time, there will be time  
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;  
There will be time to murder and create,  
And time for all the works and days of hands  
That lift and drop a question on your plate;  
Time for you and time for me,  
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,  
And for a hundred visions and revisions,  
Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go  
Talking of Michelangelo —



And indeed there will be time  
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"  
Time to turn back and descend the stair,  
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair -  
(They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!")

My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,  
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin -  
(They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!")  
Do I dare

Disturb the universe?

In a minute there is time

For decisions and revisions which a minute will  
reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all.  
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,  
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;  
I know the voices dying with a dying fall  
Beneath the music from a farther room.  
So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all -  
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,  
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,  
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,  
Then how should I begin  
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?  
And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all -  
Arms that are braceleted and white and bare  
(But in the lamp-light, downed with light brown hair!)  
Is it perfume of a dress  
That makes me so digress?  
Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.  
And should I then presume?  
And how should I begin?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets  
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes  
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows?...



I should have been a pair of ragged claws  
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!  
Smoothed by long fingers,  
Asleep... tired... or 'tis malingers,  
Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.  
Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,  
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?  
But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,  
Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald)  
brought in upon a platter,

I am no prophet - and here's no great matter;  
I have seen the moment of my great mess-flicker,  
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat,  
and snicker,

And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,  
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,

Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,  
Would it have been worth while,  
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,  
To have squeezed the universe into a ball  
To roll it toward some overwhelming question,  
To say: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead,  
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all" -  
If one, settling a pillow by her head,  
Should say: "That was not what I meant at all;  
That is not it, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all,  
Would it have been worth while,  
- After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled  
streets,  
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that  
trail along the floor -  
And this, and so much more? -

It is impossible to say just what I mean!  
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns  
on a screen:



Would it have been worth while  
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,  
And turning toward the window, should say:  
"That is not it at all,  
That is not what I meant at all."

So, I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;  
Am an attendant lord, one that will do  
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,  
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,  
Deferential, glad to be of use,  
Politic, cautious, and meticulous;  
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;  
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous —  
Almost, at times, the Fool.

I grow old .. I grow old ..  
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.  
Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?

I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.  
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.  
I have seen them riding seawards on the waves  
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back  
When the winds blow the water white and black.  
We have lingered in the chambers of the sea  
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown  
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

G. S. Eliot.

26/12 9 o'clock.

When I am honest to my feelings (what I should be),  
I must tell you diary, that I've got to have somebody  
around me, who's taking care of me. I'm sure, if Archie  
would come I would be his again with whole my heart  
and body. That's the trouble with me. If I had to  
choose between Archie and Willy, I'd choose Archie  
without any doubt. I'm not in love with Willy. I could



be when he would be in love with me. So it just happened I'm feeling lonely, terribly lonely, so that's why I'm clinging to him. I know too I would be perfectly happy with Willy for the rest of my life, but I would never be able to forget Archie and the perfect days of love and happiness we spent together.

Life is indeed getting more and more complicated to me! I'm looking forward to the day Archie will be here. I'm still longing for him. I promised him not to sleep with a man anymore. But I could not resist Willy. Fate brought him back to me. How will it turn out? I don't know. I'm quite dizzy about it. I promised my self not to marry once again out of security. But it seems I will do. I'm desperate. Oh Archie, please do come as soon as you can. If you only would take me with you, back to the land where you'll find your new life. Archie, the only thing I'm sure of I would be so happy with you. Oh I can't wait till I'll see my dearest darling.

The first of January 1947, Wednesday night 12 o'clock.

Well Diary, what do you think 1947 will bring to me? Happiness, sadness, both of them...? I wonder. Life is getting more complicated to me than I ever could expect. Here they are: Archie and Willy. I'm in love with both of them. But if Archie would be here at the moment I definitely would marry him. As it is impossible to think of this, maybe not even for years, not even sure, because he doesn't love me, I'm giving way to my feelings for Willy. He certainly is a darling and I'm quite fond of him. He's still blaming me for the fact I let him in the lurch 5 years ago while I promised to wait for him. Now he's trying to get sure of me. Can't blame him. Sometimes however he can be terribly rude. New year's Eve for instance, I rang him up, asked him to fetch me at the office at 3 o'clock so we could spend at least the afternoon together for that night he had to stay with family and friends. What did the damned boy answer? I can't, I've got to go shopping!



I was darned angry and, honestly, will not ring him up once more. If he wants to make a date, he darned well will ring me up. Still I've been disappointed and depressed for not having heard anything from him to-day! He could at least have phoned me to wish me a happy New Year. After all I don't want to worry about these things. I'll wait and see what he will do.

He shan't hear anything from me!

Gee, I do wonder if Archie will come.

2 January,

Can expect Archie in about a few weeks. Just got a letter and you can't imagine what I felt that moment reading that letter. I never would believe he would manage to pop over. He did! I'm the most happy girl at the moment: "because my love will come to me"! Willy is forgotten. It makes me quite clear it means nothing to me anymore. It is Archie, it has been, it always will be.

I've always been quite honest to myself and I must say I've been quite wrong thinking I would marry Willy. But I felt lonely, desperate about my "room-trembles", no one could help me and I used to know him such a long time!

8 January,

Willy rang me up this evening to make a date. Oh yes Willy, I do know by now he's still in love with me, terribly in love! I told him everything about Archie. He said: Do you really believe he will marry you one day? Maybe he will not even come to Holland! Oh why had he to hurt me like this. Then I felt I simply couldn't be meant for any other man than Archie. Although my feelings still betray me a few days ago I know there simply can't be another one than only my darling. Maybe he won't come. It does not matter as long as I'll only know he's still thinking of me and will keep on writing me.



10 January,

Diary! I can almost scream to every body. Archie is coming — Archie is coming to tomorrow already!! I simply could not believe my eyes reading his letter, in which he wrote those wonderful words: "I'm leaving Saturday the 11<sup>th</sup>!" Yes Diary, imagine: that means to tomorrow! How on earth did I ever dare not to believe it. And how fortunately I went to my apartments to get some clothes — so I found this magnificent news, otherwise I would not even have found that letter, for I haven't been at my rooms for days!

Now it is already 10 o'clock a.m. and I simply can't sleep. I've got to think of tomorrow! Tomorrow after ~~exactly~~ half a year I'll see him back, who is the most dearest to me in this world. He would arrive at Vera's birthday, so I've got to take him home with me! But we won't stay long!

Tomorrow I'll go first of all to Diens Waelen to tell them to write me up at once when Archie will have arrived. I'll phone of course the air-

field too, to ask when his plane will arrive. Oh Jimmy my crickets! Five hours left before it will be to tomorrow, the 11<sup>th</sup> of January, the day that I will see him back again.

What shall I wear?! He doesn't like plaid shirts. So I think I'll wear my grey suit. Now I've got to have a nice wink, otherwise I won't be a "charming poppet" to tomorrow. Gee! I didn't wash my hair for two weeks! Terrific! Have got an appointment with my hair-dresser for tomorrow afternoon. Now it won't look quite nice. Too bad! But ficker nay!!!

13/1

When you have not cried once in your life, when you have not had the silent sorrow, once in your life, when nothing ever broke completely in your short, short life, then — you never, never can enjoy pure and brilliant luck!



24 January '47, Friday night.

I had a really lovely day today. I'm so glad Harriet took this job I offered her. Now she's working with me at the same apartment and Babes, she and myself are having big fun every day. Last Saturday Babes and I went to have dinner first in a lovely Chinese restaurant, then we went to the flicks together. Last night we saw again a picture together straight after having finished our work. Afterwards we ate pancakes and drank a cup of chocolate in a snackbar, walked back to Babes' apartments, drank another cup of chocolate, smoked a cigarette and talked. You can't imagine Diary how I do enjoy these funny little things! Today, for instance, we were so terribly hungry that we started to have lunch at half past 12! Of course the boss (Fris) had to come in to bring back the letter-book and did look surprised! My desk covered with fried fish on oily papers, bread, butter, jam,

cakes and all sorts of other things! He definitely did look disapproving too! After lunch we went to the "Mountain lake" to feed the ducks, with their lovely green heads, fighting for their pieces of bread we gave them. The sun was shining bright, the weather was simply wonderful and I felt such a peace coming over myself as I never felt before in my life.

Don't you think it's strange Diary the way I'm living here in Holland? I mean the way I'm living for my work only, enjoying funny little things like those I just described, being happy -- yes Diary, I am happy! As queer as it may sound I am happy. My dreams I dreamed about my darling and me will never come true. They have been too happy, too wonderful. They never could become true. So this, what I've had with my darling will belong to the past. I shall never forget these most happy months with him, but I will succeed in not letting them overshadow my future. I'm grateful for the three



days more he gave me. So grateful he did come to tell me the truth himself and did not let me know by a cold letter. Words on paper can never express what one's really feeling. So it is at this moment. How emotional it would seem if I would write "my heart is broken" or something like that. When he told me the truth that Saturday night I really thought not to be able to face life any longer. I love him so much diary! I can't understand at all why he cannot love me. I can't put the idea beside me somebody has been talking to him. How could he possibly have been "far more emotional than I have been" (he said!) That miserable day he left me in Palembang? He has never been in love with me, only very fond of me; how could he be so terribly emotional? He is in love with me. I know! It's only fear for the future why he came to tell me he could not marry me. I may write and I will keep on writing him every week and be happy with my work and funny little things...

Saturday, 8<sup>th</sup> of March.

"As soon as you will have read this letter you will perhaps roar with laughter! It's alright. I've got to write this one. Well, when you met me here in Holland again, did you know I still meant something to you? Could mean to you? Why did you not tell me at once, if the answer really is no. Why did you only take me to satisfy yourself? But I simply can't believe this. I have to mean something more to you. You're not the sort of man to treat me like this. For days and days I'm waiting for a simple sign of life from you. I'm getting crazy. I simply will not run after you, that is the reason why I tried like hell not to let you hear anything from me, until that Saturday night. I knew perfectly well you would be there, still it has been very difficult to me to decide to go. I've been afraid to see you again, then, to notice you would not give a strand for me. Can you realise a bit how terribly glad I was when you asked me to go with you to your room? I did not think at all of "proud", could not think any more of the fact I still was "master of myself."



I only knew I could be yours again that night,  
yours, with everything in me and I did go with you.  
Will, you can't realise what you're doing to me.

Once again you're making me quite restless.

Once again I will wait day after day hoping for  
a letter, a phone. Before that Saturday night I  
did not, could not hope anymore. Now it starts  
again. Are you paying me back what I have done  
to you? Please, don't. Wil, I'm getting crazy of  
longing for you. Write, for God's sake, if I really still  
can be something to you. Don't use me only for  
those things. Promise me to write. I can't get on  
like this. And if I can't mean anything to you  
anymore, would you only do this last thing for me?  
Do write me back whatever your answer will be.  
Don't think: what for?! I've got to know."

That's what I wrote Willy about two weeks  
ago. I didn't get an answer yet. Am afraid I'm  
even not important enough to think of writing me

back. That Saturday night has been exactly a month  
a month ago by now: the eighth of February, the day  
before his 26th birthday. I saw him at the club dan-  
cing in an ordinary way with some girl. Next dance  
he asked me at once to have a dance and my  
heart jumped with joy when he pressed me against  
him. I simply had to go and stay with him that  
night. He promised me to see me soon again....

But I have not seen him since. -

Yes, the 19th of February he came to my office.

Again he promised me to see me soon. The 24th  
I sent him that desperate letter at which I did not  
even get a simple answer. Yesterday I wrote him  
I would come to see him this afternoon. I asked  
him to ring me up if he could not be at home. He  
did not, so I went. Of course he was not at home.  
But his hearth had a fire, his room was warm,  
still his housekeeper told me he had gone to Hil-  
versum. He knew I was coming but he had to go!  
Did not leave even a single note!



Well Diary, can this possibly be my punishment for wanting Willy back, while I'm still in love with Archie? I can't, oh I can't forget him. His sweetness, his face, his way to give me his visions of life... Still I can't stay any longer without anybody who can take care of me a bit. I'm feeling so lonely and even my most charming new room can't satisfy me at all. If I only could know what Wil is thinking of me, what he wants to do about me. I'm so sure I can be happy with him and I will love him again if I only could see him more. For when I'm with him I'm able to forget Archie completely. I've been so happy the scarce hours being with Willy. Why, for heaven's sake, can't he give me an answer? Why!

Oh bells bells and buckets of blood!! Thank God it's Sunday to-morrow, so you can sleep my child as long as you want to and forget all the sorrows of your little complicated life. —

28<sup>th</sup> of March, Friday night.

At last I know why Willy kept a golden silence on my letter. Met him at the swimming pool to night and did notice his "beaming" surprise seeing me again. We went to my room and he told me he simply could not answer my letter because it was ~~not~~ neither no nor "yes"! He still wants to be free and I should not keep on chasing him. He does want to see me some times, to take me out, only if I could see he didn't want to bind him yet.

I'm so terribly glad he told me all this and again I could see how extremely fond of me he is! Smells a date for the Easter holidays and I can be happy again. I did not loose him but I've got to try to keep him, and very hard indeed.

Bought a bicycle today, a lovely one for £120.— A lot of money but I'd got to buy this one. <sup>winning</sup> <sup>Indische</sup> <sup>Cricketts</sup> <sup>Cricketts</sup>, now I can go for long nice trips on bright warm summer days! Zipper, happy days are here again.



29<sup>th</sup> of March, Saturday night, 20 o'clock!

This day, diary, has been one of my most peaceful days & very rarely had these last two years. It has nothing to do with meeting Willy again last night. I'm sure about that! But I think it's getting used to things, that can make one feel so comfortable and happy. I'm getting used to my room, getting fond of it too....

Had an extremely busy day at my office, this Saturday morning - not even time to write my "weekly Saturday report" to the old folks at home. Two o'clock Babes and I were off at last, drank a cup of chocolate at "van Santen's" then I started my most necessary shoppings. With my Cinderella (that's my bike's name!) I passed the h.v. P. and left my "self-made" copy for the "telex", then I started to find a place to station my lovely Cinderella for I can't keep the poor thing home. Isn't that simply terrific? I quite nearly went desperate not being able to find such a place, so I asked a few little kids to show me one. Of course they didn't know exactly where to find one and luckily it is quite near my home. I was so glad that I gave each

kid a sweet! Hereafter I went to my room, smoked a cigarette to relax a bit for it has been quite a tiresome day! 4 o'clock I went to Ma to tell her Emma and hubby didn't want to play bridge to night, (nor did I!) and half past 5 I was home again where I made myself a delicious fried egg with fried ham, well I had indeed a most delicious lunch, which was just as well my breakfast and dinner! After having sipped a cup of coffee and smoked a cigarette I wrote my "weekly report" home. Half past 7 I dressed, got my Cinderella put round the corner and hurried to Babes. We went together to the flicks and saw "The white cliffs of Dover", Gee, ever so sentimental, but a very good propaganda indeed!

7<sup>th</sup> of April, second Eastern day!

I had a few jolly nice Eastern holidays. Friday afternoon 12 o'clock I pushed off by train with Babes for Hilversum. We would fix their apartments at the hotel before the family's arrival at Sunday night.



I enjoyed those days very much indeed. Friday night in Hilversum we went out to seek a bit of warmth somewhere, as our hotel was as cold as a refrigerator. 'Would you believe it!' We didn't sleep much that night, the cold room being simply too cold to sleep in! Next morning we got at least a fire in our hearts and that Saturday morning we spent the whole day with shopping. Saturday night we went to the flicks and saw a jolly nice one: The ghost of the Opera. Of course, going out with Babes, I had to put on a hat. Anyway, we enjoyed ourselves splendidly. Sunday, after lunch, I picked the bus at the station and drove to Amsterdam. Thought they would drop us at the station there, so I could take the train to The Hague, but they dropped the passengers at the Sarphatipark.

Being so close by Jan's house I wanted to see if he would be at home, of course he wasn't.

I picked the train of 5.30 then and decided to go to Vera first hoping to get some food....!

Well, who would turn up after 5 minutes? Jan Boome. Quite surprised I was! Not one hour ago I was at his house, now he turned up here at Vera's where I did not expect him of all the persons in the world.

So I had again a jolly nice night with Janus. We went to a dance somewhere, where the public was not quite allright, but we did enjoy ourselves! A pity he had to leave so soon, had to take the train of 11.30.

Tomorrow it's Tuesday! Can't tell you how I'm looking forward to this day for I've got a date with Willy, yes, I have! He came at my office Thursday. So I know I'll take the train of 5.30, at least, I've got to try to take this one. Want to be as soon as possible in Leiden to see him again. I'm so glad that he came that afternoon at last, for I didn't expect him any more. Well, though he promised to see me at the Eastern days. Well, I wonder how it will be tomorrow night!



Thursday, 10<sup>th</sup> of April '47: 9 o'clock.

Well, Diary, here I am: sitting on my bed and I'll tell you one of your last stories. Yes my dear old one, you're getting old, your pages are counted and soon I'll have to start an other one, one that will not be half as dear to me as you have been this whole year through. Seems to me as if I lived 20 instead of one short year. Incredible, isn't it?!

Now, listen. I did go to Willy that Tuesday. It has been a lovely night, still, all the time I was with him, something kept on drumming in my head: you don't love him! And indeed there is something between us, can't explain what, but we've got definitely strings between us. Why did I stay then? I wouldn't know old thing! I do know I would be able to love him as passionate and pure as I loved Archie, if he only would let me love him. He doesn't know what he wants, that's all. That morning, when I awoke in his arms, so comfortable, so good it was, I did feel happy, but discontented at the same moment.

That night we had a most wonderful time. I definitely wouldn't regret, not even a second of it, but still, that morning, there it was: just a feeling of being miles and miles away from him, to whom I'd been so near that night. Can't explain it at all.

I left him, not knowing how and when I would possibly find him again. I did not ask, did not notice then. It was like walking to the station in a dream, everything I did without thinking, without knowing what I was doing. Yes, one thing I knew: I could not go to my office, wouldn't be able to do any work, to have to face the others. Didn't think of poor Harriet, who would be alone at "Wednesday morning"! Good lord: she did fix it alone and pretty good too!

I went to my room, hadn't got yet anything to drink or eat. Suddenly I got the funny idea, a bath would do me a lot of good, so I went to have a bath at a most unusually hour of the day, while I in fact I had to be at my office. But I still didn't think of it.



This bath indeed was the best thing I possibly could have done at the moment. But then I realised what I was doing, then I realised I had to go to Babes in the afternoon. It was far too late to go to the office, and I hurried home to ring up Harriet. Actually I told Harriet the day before that it would be possible I would go to Babes early in the morning and so that maybe I would not turn up at all. Well, anyway I haven't got the slightest intention to leave Harriet in the lurch, certainly not on Wednesday morning so, believe me, Diary, I was quite furious with myself knowing at last what I had done. Imagine!!

As matters were, nothing more was to be done. Couldn't get Harriet, so got home again in a most terrible mood. Dressed myself and got the train of 12.30. As I could not turn things over, and the weather so lovely, the sun shining into my compartment on my hair, right on my face, well, I could not keep on grumbling about my lack of duty, about my most silly behaviour of that morning, so I felt

much and much better again when I arrived in Hilversum.

In the train from Amsterdam to Hilversum, which takes about half an hour, I did quite a funny thing. While I was sitting quite alone in my compartment, with only a little kid opposite me, I got quite suddenly a sheer invasion of about twenty young boys of the Air Force into my compartment. They occupied quite the whole thing and crawled beside and all over me, while there still was plenty of room. I didn't mind of course, but when their remarks became too rude at a moment I suddenly started a conversation in... English with them, at which the whole darned lot kept a deep silence at once...!! The joke was pretty good and I had not got to hear anymore funny remarks and other sort of things. I liked my joke so much, that when arrived in Hilversum, getting into a small snackbar, I still kept on pretending I was an English girl. Ain't I silly? I'm afraid I am, anyway, they can for me to get what I wanted. Funny, ha, ha!

I think this will do for to night. I'm getting sleepy-



Saturday night, 12<sup>th</sup> of April 10 o'clock!

Last night we got a lecture from our Minister, His Excellency Mr. Jonkman. Pretty good, but the old man couldn't... (what for heaven's sake is the word for "over-taken"? Forgot it!), well, skip it, I've got no blue in my eyes!! When we got time to get a cup of coffee I managed to wangle through the crowd and found myself at last quite near to His Excellency himself. Yes, I did!

I started a conversation, and, jolly good fellow as he is, we were talking together as if we had been old friends for a long, long time. All the boys of "Public Contact", standing together in a corner opposite were looking at us, indeed very surprised to notice their secretary starting an amical conversation with the Big Boss! This morning, entering their room, Osje said to Kris, who hasn't been at this lecture: "Well, your secretary entertained His Excellency quite well last night!" This evening I had to bring to Jonkman his interview with the Swiss Press.

Tomorrow I'm going to Warmonei, and tomorrow night I'm going to bridge with Emma, Ma & Mary. Nice!

Sunday night, 13<sup>th</sup> of April '47.

For the first time in my life Diary, I made a most lovely trip by bike, about forty km. long. Pretty good isn't it?! Went to Warmonei, to the vend & jells at half past 10. Arrived at 12, went back at a quarter to 5 and arrived at Ma's at exactly 6 o'clock, where we had a jolly nice game of bridge. Gee wiz! I'm very, very satisfied with my Sunday!

To night I have met at two lovely spring dresses, of which one I will wear to-morrow! I'm looking forward to to-morrow: nice to work in some sort of a new room. We changed ours completely and are sitting now opposite each other in a far more comfortable way.

The 25<sup>th</sup> of April 1947!

Diary, I waited a few days before writing your last story. I waited because I simply could not find any reason to write you a gay one for the last time.

Now I have got one, a very cheerful one indeed! I'm absolutely been literally finished, down and sentimental.



these last days. Not knowing what for to live.... For work only, yes, that's what I thought I was only living for. To night everything's quite different to me. Willy came to me again and again we've been so happy. So happy I was to learn he came to see me last week for three times and I would be of course not at home.

I got his promise to go with me to this dance at the 20<sup>th</sup> of May of our Club of the Overseas Territories, of which they asked me to become a member of ~~th~~ its leaders jolly good! And so again, I am as happy as can be. I will close this period of my most happy and my most sorrowful times of my life. Ain't I still quite young? Within a few months I'll be 26 and God only knows what time will bring to me, but I doubt if it will bring <sup>either</sup> more happy or sorrowful moments than I already got this strange past year. In a few days I will start an other one and I'll try, I will indeed, to make my new one as dear as you have been to me my old one. Wish me luck! I'll need it badly! !

Personal No.: EC 7248

5 October 1916.

Age and Service Group: 35<sup>c</sup> Roo

Parent Regt. or Corps: Indian Armoured Corps.

Unit in which serving: 1<sup>st</sup> Bn. The Burma Regiment.

Army No. 7945611.

"Persuasion" - "Emma" by Jane Austen.