

**ZONLIGT FAMILY PAPERS, 1916-1947**  
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**Diary translation**

The following translation of Gerard Zonligt's UNRRA diary is housed in the donor file.

**Saturday, June 23, 1945**

Bon Voyage!!!

Where will I be one year from now. It does not matter where, wherever I will be I will long for you, darling. Did I do the right thing to go away?

**Sunday, June 24**

Puf, puf, puf (indicates the noise a train makes)

**Monday, June 25**

Change trains in Chicago. Puf, puf, puf

**Tuesday, June 26**

Arrival in Washington, DC. Sworn in – leaving for University of Maryland for 3 weeks training. Room-mate John K. Rourk, nice fellow – was before with Red Cross 2 years in Pacific.

**Wednesday, June 27**

From 27 through July 14 training

*Dina here it is confusing because I think your father made a mistake in the dates. For instance, Sat. July 8 should be Sat. July 7. So I'm going on his writing of the days which then are the wrong date. The date in [] is the date in the heading. On the page after June 30 with the heading Memoranda the writing I surmised to be for 1946. It says: Still 1300 miles. There is no end in sight! This makes sense considering the entry for June 30, 1946 when he is on the boat.*

**Saturday, July 7 [8]**

To New York, visited the family. I'm not feeling well. Had 6 injections yesterday. Went tonight to the Lewison Stadium. Beautiful concert. Pianist Alex Templeton

**Sunday, July 8 [9]**

New York. In the evening back to College Park, Maryland.

**Saturday, July 14**

Assigned to H.Q. to Mrs. Wadsworth's office.

**Sunday, July 15**

2209 Mass. Ave. – I have taken care of the mail so that everybody from

College Park assigned to H.Q. will get their mail regularly.

**Saturday, July 21**

Had a conversation with a negro taxi driver, who asked, when I got in the taxi, what does Unrra on your coat mean. After I had explained he told me that he had heard of the organization and that Unrra does so much good and he followed it with: "once the war is over I hope to go to Russia, that is a country where there is no racial discrimination, there even a negro could feel at home" – it made me think.

**Thursday, July 26**

Happy birthday darling! A delivery of kisses. Lovely to have spoken with everybody. One feels so close together. Two years ago I was also alone. Hans in New York. Children in Hebes (?) City. Next year I hope to be back in time to have a fine day together. It is not pleasant to always be alone celebrating a birthday.

**Friday, August 3**

Papers okayed

**Saturday, August 4**

Since there was no news on Friday I went to New York early. Arrived at 12 o'clock and had an restful day. Didn't go out.

**Sunday, August 5**

Today I went to Dina's grave in Brooklyn. The stone had just been set. Pitiful so far away. She rests with refugees. It was nice to have been [to her graveside] she was a sweet good woman. Went back to Washington, DC late.

**Monday, August 6**

At 9:15 arrived at H.Q. Alerted, leaving tonight. It's a mess. So much to do, getting ticket, income tax clearance, sailing permit, pack all my belongings. Hans will not be happy, so much dirty clothes but I had no time to do the laundry. I'll give her a kiss when I come back (probably more than one)

Left at 8 o'clock in the evening. How I did that I don't know. In New York left everything at the station. Arrived in New York at midnight. Slept at Margot's.

**Tuesday, August 7**

Called Hans at 9 o'clock and apparently I was *uitgevallen tegen*<sup>1</sup> Deena. She is such a sweet girl – if she doesn't *beter op haar benen komt to staan*<sup>2</sup> she will have difficult times in her life. I was happy when she called me back 10 minutes later. From now on I will be without them for 1 year. How will our marriage go? I love Hans so very much, she is a part of me and I believe that once I will be back our life will surely be richer and we will have a better understanding of each other. I wish the year was over already. I went to sleep with my darling wife in my thoughts. I was asleep before the first on board. *This last remark is not clear. I think this means he was the first on board and was asleep before anybody else came on board.*

**Wednesday, August 8** 83° east

This morning at 6 o'clock the Ms Carley left. At 8 o'clock wrote letter and hoped to give it to the *loods*.<sup>3</sup> When I came on deck the bell rang and there went the *loods* without my letter, what a pity. – The captain thinks we are going to Southampton. Trip takes probably 11 days, so I think to be in England on August 19. We went by Staten Island and a big sign said: Welcome Home – Job Well Done! I hope that after a year I can say the same about me.

1. *Uitgevallen tegen* means was nasty to, critical of, but not necessarily angry with.

2. *Beter op haar benen komt to staan* means literally stand on her legs better. Figuratively change her behavior.

3. *Loods* means pilot, but is in this case the pilot of the boat that directed the Ms Carley out of the harbor. This usually is a small boat which goes in front of a big steamboat.

**Thursday, August 9** 83° east  
Got up at 7 o'clock. Rainy weather. Cold – sea is calm, we are going about 12 knots (1 knot is 7/6 mile). This morning taught French 1 hour. Students [are] Leon Berger and Doet Juan Gambus of Caracas, Venezuela. Get another student tomorrow, Captain Bressler, whom I met yesterday. He is stationed in Antwerp and I found out that he knows the Prins family very well. Met in the synagogue. A nice fellow and I talk with him frequently in his cabin. Some members of the crew are exercising with a 45 cal. revolver, shooting at an empty can in the sea. Nothing for me

**Friday, August 10** 83° east  
Approximately 600 miles at sea. It's raining. No ship to see – nothing – water. Today might be the day, I just heard on the radio (Domei news), that Japan will surrender. The condition is that Hirohito stays on. I think that that will not be accepted. He is a war criminal and should be punished. Reaction of one of the Unrra boys – dismissed from the army to continue in the Unrra – was characteristic. We better go back now. I have enough of all that. It was just to get out of the army that most ex-soldiers became Unrra men. That kind of people will not be very helpful in helping people in need. I am worried that Jarrett will want his house back fast. What about Hans and the children? Rotten. . . .

**Saturday, August 11** 60° east  
*l.l. nacht wijzers*<sup>2</sup>[?] 1 hour forward. It's about time because it's dark already at 7:30 p.m. I'm teaching now every day. 1 hour in the morning from 10-11 and in the afternoon from 4-5 and I have 3 students, the third is Captain Harry Bressler. Life is very boring. Get up at 6:45 and have breakfast with Doet Gambus, Leon Berger and Putzel at 7:30, after that we have discussions

or rest or read. Then we eat at 11:30 after that we sleep for an hour or rest or play cards, then teach, eat, read, rest, play cards, sleep. No ship to see at the horizon. No news– news today that the allies, it seems, are not accepting the Japanese offer, so the war will last months longer I think.

### **Sunday, August 12**

It's raining. Sea is very calm. 63° east. We are now about 1000-1100 [miles] at sea. No ship to see. No news. I was thinking this morning about Teeneke, I miss her sweet little eyes. Again one hour ahead, am now 5 hours ahead of Salt Lake. A "hot discussion with 7. Racial discrimination, anti-semitism, Poland, Russia and the rest. Narrow-minded ideas one finds all over the world." Poor Poland, forgetting that Poland was one of the first total countries in Europe. (?) At 10:40 (6:40 in the evening in S.L.C.) we heard the false news that Japan had surrendered. The same starts now like with Germany. I think that today there will be a joint declaration in the four capitals. What about our house?

### **Monday, August 13**

The ship is rolling – 70° east. Dark weather, heavy winds – unpleasant. The captain thinks we will be in Southampton next Sunday. Tonight looked at the stars. Jules *mankeert*.<sup>2</sup> Beautiful, but I don't know much about it. Saw many falling stars.

### **Tuesday, August 14**

*Above the date is V.J. PEACE V.J.*  
Open sky. Northeastern wind, ship is rolling. Until now not been seasick. Today at 2 o'clock 1 week on the boat. Are about 1600 miles out. 63° is the course. Still no definite news about Japan's surrender. Worries about Hans and the children when Jarrett comes back.

2. *mankeert* means missing. I interpret this to mean that he wished that Jules was there with him. Apparently Jules knew a lot about stars etc.

Hope they will get help with finding a new home. I hope they will stay in the neighborhood of the U[niversity] Ship is rolling a lot and it is cold, although in the sun it is nice. Taught French today out on the deck. The war is over . . . it is now 9:15 in the evening and I first heard Big Ben ringing from London and after that the *communiqué*<sup>3</sup> and then the 4 national anthems. Nobody stood up, nobody was much interested and I thought how nice it would have been to be together with my wife, Martin and Deena– it was not to be., I am very far away, although not with my thoughts. Did I do the right thing to go away for a year? I hope with all my heart yes, although there is not much place for idealism in this world.

### **Wednesday, August 15**

Very bad weather. Southwestern wind. Cold, boat is rolling very much but I am not seasick. I'm even hungry. Still 1200 miles. We're going direct to Antwerp instead of Southampton says captain.

### **Thursday, August 16**

Next Saturday we might even see land. It's raining, windy, but the sea is less rough than yesterday. The ship is doing about 11 knots (8/7 mile). I'm reading Pattern of Sorret [?] Power (E. Snow) very interesting. Taught French. They are improving, but American accent. It will be very interesting to land in Antwerp but who will be left to visit? Prins  
Legein . . .

### **Friday, August 17**

Bad weather – rain – wind – still 700 miles from England. Probably next Tuesday in Antwerp. I hope to be just in time to send Tini a telegram for her birthday and to announce my safe arrival.

1. *l.l. nacht wijzers*. I don't know what that means but must be the ship's clock.

3. *communiqué* is an official news communication, probably the official declaration of the end of the war.

### Saturday, August 18

Well, next Tuesday evening we will be in Antwerp. It is now sunny but there is a sharp northern wind. Makes it impossible to walk around in shorts. Wrote a lot of letters. At 10 o'clock taught French. Just this minute the captain told me that instead of Antwerp we leave the ship at the "Downs," this is a shallow water in the neighborhood of Folkestone or Dover, there the pilot will come on board who will bring them (meaning the people who stay on the ship and the ship itself, I think) to Vlissingen [Dutch town in the province Zeeland] with that little boat we will land. So next Monday we will land in England. Tonight we will change the hour for the fourth and last time.

### Sunday, August 19

We are now in the "mouth" of the Channel, are going along the south coast of England but we are too far at sea to see land. The sea is very calm, the sun is shining, a little bit of mist. A typical early morning at sea in Coscijde . . . [?]

We're now passing historical ground. From here France was invaded, just one year ago and already so far away. Hundred of thousands of boys left from here, full of courage with a prayer in their heart to come back safely. It is strange to think that at this moment I'm eating my lunch, while you all are not even having your breakfast. Difference of 6 hours. I aged 6 hours but I'll be 6 hours younger when I come back. Probably I will feel 10 years younger when I enclose Hans in my embrace.

### Monday, August 20

8 o'clock. Here we are close to Dover. Beautiful weather. Far away in sea you see Cap Gris Nez. An *uitgelezen*<sup>1</sup> day. What time we leave the ship we don't know yet.

1. *uitgelezen* literally means finished reading. Here it means select in the context with beautiful like especially beautiful.

12:30 we will be picked up by a small motorboat, first will pick up 5 other passengers from an other ship and then we will land at 1:10 in Ramsgate, England.

Passports, customs, send you all a telegram, thought it was the 21st, but now it will arrive in time. At 5:15 train to London, arrived at Victoria Station at 8 o'clock, to hotel. London is dark, rainy, cool, people are shabbily dressed, but as always very gentleman-like. Went out for dinner then to bed. My legs still feel a bit like "sea legs."

### Tuesday, August 21

First contact with H.Q. Unrra, a big building. Looks at first glance like an organization for refugees, like Margot had in Brussels. No mail for me, for most of the others yes, but S.L.C. is so far away. Found out that today is the 21st and not the 22nd. Had to fill in a lot of papers, papers and more papers. It is here more a big clearinghouse from where the different missions leave, real United Nations, all kinds of nationalities, the Americans are now more in the minority. Was enlisted into group 29, about 18 people. At 10 o'clock we have to come in and sign our signature and then we will get information about what programs there are, not much. The rest of the day I spent in a chair, dead tired from all that *rondsjokken*<sup>2</sup>

### Wednesday, August 22

*On top it reads Congratulations Tineke's birthday*

Today it is our Tineke's birthday and *heb ik er eentje genomen*<sup>3</sup> *Proficiat* [latin for congratulations, commonly used in Holland] many happy returns, next year all of us together. *Omiijn*. [Dutch spelling of Hebrew amen) Lise's note: I think it is interesting to see your father us-

2. *rondsjokken* literally means drudge around but I would translate it with running around.

3. *heb ik er eentje genomen* means literally I have taken one but means here he drank an alcoholic beverage usually it is dutch gin.

ing the Hebrew amen and not the regular Dutch amen.

Did a sightseeing tour of London. Westminster Abbey, London Bridge, Tower, curiosity shops, etc, etc, etc. and I saw the bombed parts of London – terrible and still not very much if you think about the large area of London. The group got together and that was all the business we had. After that walked around again, looking for rooms – that is the most important thing here, a roof over your head. England has become much poorer but is still the same: dignified.

### Thursday, August 23

Good weather, today walked around the town to get to know it. Tonight went to Albert Hall. Beautiful Wagner concert, then had dinner at Kempinoli (formerly Berlin). A boy from Vienna was my waiter. Excellent pianist, too expensive to go again. Tomorrow I'm going to Dumfries to Celine. Leave in the evening.

### Friday, August 24

Walking around in London. Visited the Tower of London, very impressive. Saw the place where Hess was imprisoned and Ann Boleyn was beheaded, and where she is buried. Depart from Euston Station at 9:25. I saw the king, queen and the princesses at the station, they looked good. A long trip to Dumfries, first class, 6 persons, no space to stretch. Change trains in Carlisle, arrived Saturday morning at 7:30.

### Saturday, August 25

First shaved in hotel, breakfast and then to Chrichton Royal. At 9 o'clock I met Celine. At first glance she looked good, but during the conversation you notice that she is sick. Foggy mind. Doctor later told me that comes from the treatment. 50 percent chance on complete recovery, 25 percent chance partial recovery, 25 percent chance recurrence (persecution mania). Terrible. She has to stay here for 2 months more. I don't know. She acted aloof about us not seeing each other for

41/2 years. Her total constitution is sick. Later on I saw Mon and Jet and Willy and Mary Linton with whom they live. Went with them to their home, extraordinarily nice people. Mon and Jet look good, Jet is a clever child. It is good for them here. Good food and rest.

### **Sunday, August 26**

Got up late, 9 o'clock. Went on a long walk to the dam, where all the electricity for the surroundings comes from. Willy is a very nice, open-minded man. They have 4 children, 2 boys are away in the service, Machel 14, and Gretta 13. Tonight I'm leaving and will be in London on Monday morning. I hope to see Leo before I leave England. Only solution I see is that Ma takes the reins of the household, but that can never go right. I am worried to death. Am very down and sad. Terrible for Leo.

### **Monday, August 27**

15 Unrra people have arrived. It is very busy. Beautiful weather. Letter from Leo was filed under L instead of Z. I hope to see him here this week. So Ma is in Amsterdam. From the family is left Ali, Charles Wier, his 2 children, Ma, Marja and Les in Holland. In Belgium brother Boom, Gerard Madeleine 2 children, Maurice Jeanne, Didi, Sis Boom – Gone are Arie Griet, Gerard, Anneke, André 2 children, the 4 Goudsmits, Groenman Abram, Cato Zonligt. And then one speaks of fraternization –

### **Tuesday, August 28**

Visited the old London. Time is creeping by, not worked for 2 months, paid vacation, I love to work, not walking around. Weather is beautiful. 75°

### **Wednesday, August 29**

Beautiful rainy weather. Wait for passport. I think we will leave next week. Visiting noteworthy things is all you can do. Moved – am now at the YMCA, very pleasant – calm – not expensive and seems much better than what I

first had – Only for officers.

### **Thursday, August 30**

Slept well, quiet neighborhood close to Green Park and St. James Park in Piccadilly – S. Audley 76 YMCA. Walked around.

Had for the first time a very interesting meeting with the leader of the East mission. Now I better understand the set-up. After that Ballets Jooss. God that was beautiful. Especially "La table verte" was very meaningful. A formidable artist Kurt Jooss. What a shame that Hans was not with me. It is so lovely to see something beautiful with the person you love.

### **Friday, August 31**

Missed Leo. Came back late (in the middle of the night) from Ballets Jooss and there was a note that Leo had phoned around 6 o'clock and would be leaving for Scotland at 9:30. What a shame, but I hope to see him Monday.

Passport meeting. Things go faster now. They want us to go away before Wednesday. That day they will move us from Granville to Brussels. – Hope to go there. – No mail – miserable.

### **Saturday, September 1**

The first of the month. Where will I be on 1 October? In Brussels, Frankfurt, Bonn, Vienna? People are very nice here. I have the feeling that the English have become freer, although they go for 100% for tradition. My friend and I were walking around in London somewhere and we wanted to have tea, asked a lady in a fashionable neighborhood, where there was a tearoom. After thinking for a while she invited us both to her home and set a tea table for us. Very sweet. My roommate is leaving today. I have had a lot of roommates already. I think I will leave Tuesday or Wednesday.

### **Sunday, September 2**

A very quiet day. In the morning stayed quietly at home. In the afternoon a concert in Cambridge. Lon-

don Symphonic Concert. In the evening ate at the officers club and went to bed very early. Actually should have left today for France but when I told them that Leo was coming here they gave me one day delay.

### **Monday, September 3**

At 8 o'clock Leo knocked on my room door, surprise. He has gotten fat, his uniform looks good on him. Have to leave today, but at the last moment I was taken off the list, which I liked, because I only had 1 hour with Leo. Now I have a chance to stay here for 8 days more.

### **Tuesday, September 4**

Today all of the sudden it was decided to send a group to Haaren, Holland, the new base is there now, is being directed from BXL (stands for Brussels) I think. I was selected with a couple of others. Carmine, Hart, Horowitz, Reed, Sawyer, Adrians, Larsen are the others. We have to prepare to leave on Thursday. A real scouting trip.

### **Wednesday, September 5**

Walked around the whole day to get maps and data about the roads in and to Holland. Finally I found a map hanging on the wall in the Civil Affairs department of the Dutch government. After talking to him very nicely he took the map off the wall, but I have to return it. Looks terribly interesting. We go by Dover, Ostende, BXL and Tilburg (town in Holland) to Haaren, an old cloister. We have to scout out the roads for all the others who are now waiting in London. Will be back probably next Monday. I hope to get mail soon, terrible without news from Hans and the children. I think Hans wrote an incomplete address.

### **Thursday, September 6**

This morning for the first time a letter from Hans and I was relieved. At 9 o'clock the 8 of the advance team got together, 5 USA, 1 Canadian, 1 Englishman (Mr. R. Hart leader) 1 Dutchman. Passports okayed and we left at 11:25.



This will be the first interesting assignment from Unrra and I am going to try to write an article about it. In the afternoon we arrived at Kearnesville, where we went by truck to the camp, close to the sea, from there in the night by truck to the boat "Princess Astrid" 600 soldiers on board, and 20 officers including us. We had no blankets and were the four of us to a cabin. We slept to keep us warm with our clothes on. It was cold. We will arrive at 10 o'clock, leaving at 5 o'clock in the morning.

### Friday, September 7

Arrived at Ostende at 10 o'clock in the morning. No board walk. From the sea one cannot see much damage. It was a strange feeling to set foot again on Belgian soil, although we had nothing to do with the Belgian customs; the British brought us to a transit camp and at 3:15 we took the train to BXL. Cows, horses one sees enough, here and there German prisoners of war normally at work. No cars. A glass of beer now 7.00 francs used to be 1.50, had no time to make comparisons, that will come later. We will arrive at 19:45 in Noord (?).

Quartered in Palace Hotel. The same service – prices sky high. Early to bed after having spoken to brother Boom.

### Saturday, September 8

Strange feeling to wake up in BXL. After breakfast, by truck to Haaren via Antwerp. In Antwerp eaten at Century Hotel. Antwerp looks horrible, miserable and cut up. Here you can get everything. One misses the J. (?) in front of the coffee houses. I did not meet a single one of the former acquaintances. Via Breda, Tilburg – no signs of the war - to Haaren, an old seminary, completely plundered by the Germans. In Holland there is completely nothing left. My heart is bleeding to see how the Dutch are traveling now, in the back of trucks, on bikes, for the lucky ones who have one, by foot. After that back again (in 2 hours!) late in the

evening in BXL, the porter remembered me, acquaintance of father-in-law. I did not feel like going out, depressed.

### Sunday, September 9

Had to wait the whole morning about transport news, benefited from it by walking around the *Groote Markt*<sup>1</sup> A beautiful sight – all the flags are out to commemorate the 1 year liberation. Old guild flags, colorful waving in the wind. A wonderful beautiful place. Prices sky high, while man in the street makes 50-100% more (which actually means half of or the same), the prices are 10 to 12 times higher. A cup of coffee 15 fr. – cigarettes on the black market 60 fr. – normally *op de bon*<sup>2</sup> 3 fr. – suits 18000 fr. – newspaper 1.00 fr., kilogram coffee 30 fr. – an *cadetje*<sup>3</sup> 0,60 - silk stocking 350 fr. – perfume from 100 - 500 fr., etc, etc. Donnay and Vasseur have things from us (*what I think is your family put things in safekeeping with these two people to hold until the end of the war*); spoke to Donnay, very bitter about everything – will send me documentation. At 2 o'clock via Ostende and Tilbury to London. A fish meal 140.00 fr.!!!

*Deena, it is a bit confusing but I think there are two towns. Tilbury in England and Tilburg in Holland. The handwriting is not always clear.*

### Monday, September 10

Had to sleep in Ostende, just missed the boat, with 15 in one room in English camp. Walked around in the morning. The *Kurzaal*<sup>4</sup> completely gone, blown up by

1. *Groote Markt*, literally big market, is name of the main square in Brussels.
2. *op de bon* means by coupon, meaning the ration cards people got for essential goods during and after the war.
3. *cadetje* is a special roll, outside hard but very soft inside.
4. *Kurzaal* is name of the building at the board walk. In Holland and I assume Belgium also, at most beaches you have a *Kurzaal* (German). *Kurzaal* is a very elegant building for concerts etc.

the *moffen*<sup>5</sup> for scrap metal, while they wrote the next day in the newspaper that the English had bombed it. Ostende looks terrible and still there were *badgasten*<sup>6</sup> Life is very expensive for the Belgians, while the Americans immediately convert (in their mind) everything in dollars, the Belgians can't afford to buy anything. At 3 o'clock on board of a troop ship, 60 in one cabin, warm, at 10 o'clock in Tilbury, train and underground and at 0:30 in bed after a nice bath. Glad to be back here, even with all the shortages of food it is 100% better here in England.

### Tuesday, September 11

My father's birthday. Sad no trace of him. I hope he did not suffer, that good man. Would be 67 now. I'll probably bring a group to Haaren at the end of the week. I'm dead tired, depressed, feel lonely and lost. It will pass, for a man who has been married so long it is difficult to conform to this life. Where is my cheerfulness? Friends? I am alone and feel it. Damn it!

### Wednesday, September 12

Report to H.Q. Rain – In the time that I was in Holland most of my friends – Americans – have traveled on. Some to Spain, Bucheberg (?), Belsen, Karlsruhe (in Germany). It could be that I am stuck here for a while, but it's worth it so I can visit Ma.

### Thursday, September 13

No news

### Friday, September 14

No news

### Saturday, September 15

Went to a soccer match. Old fashioned feeling. Chelsea against Newport. Excellent soccer. Went to bed early.

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5. *moffen* Dutch gutter word for Germans. We would say Krauts.

6. *badgasten* are tourists but especially at the beach. Literally means bath guests.

### **Sunday, September 16**

Went to Unitarian Church. Completely different than in S.L.C. A *sof*.<sup>1</sup> Will not say a word about it. A *sof* is a *sof*. In the afternoon I listened to Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (German soprano). That is art. "Ich höre a bechlein rausschen." (I hear the rustle of a small brook) Beautiful. A real artist.

### **Monday, September 17**

Leo is back from Scotland. Celine had a relapse again. He is so unsure. Made him feel better. I think it is best for him to take the children with him for Christmas and to bring them to Charles or Gerard Heusy. Celine will – if she ever gets better – probably never be able to take care of her own household and Ma cannot do it either. I have a feeling that I will go to the U.S. next year with Ma.

### **Tuesday, September 18**

Probably a week from tomorrow to Haaren, think I will not be back in London. First visit Ma and then I will get a field assignment. I will try to get one to the southern part of Germany.

### **Thursday, September 20**

Moved. I stayed too long at the club. Maximum is 9 days but I was there 16. Liberated English prisoners of war from Indië (West Indies) are arriving now.

### **Friday, September 21**

Sleep with 2 other officers in a big room. This used to be a big hotel, transformed into a YMCA club. It is proper enough but I am longing for a room by myself – formerly Hotel Rubens. A reproduction of Rubens hangs in the hall. On the other said of the "road" lives King George. A pleasant neighbor. He could invite me for tea some time.

### **Saturday, September 22**

I was asked to lead a group to Bad Geyenhausen (in Germany) from

<sup>1</sup> *sof* means disappointment, not good. It is Dutch slang, from Hebrew.

there to Spain, and by airplane to Brussels to find out what is going wrong with the luggage that disappears on the way. Looks interesting to me. The morning was passed with preparations for leaving on Monday. In the afternoon to soccer match. 50,000 people – In the evening talked for hours with 2 ladies who had just arrived from America and a director of the Inter. Labor Org. for Vrugnay (?), who didn't speak a word of English and a little bit of French, he had to go to Paris and I had to research everything for him through the army transportation system. In the morning I organized a big parcel of food for Ma. 20 lb and it will go per convoy to Holland.

### **Sunday, September 23**

Was lazy, slept long this morning. Then brought parcel to Batavier whom I met by accident in the Dutch offices. He is in charge of all the convoys and one of them was just leaving! Did put the parcel myself in the car and so Ma will receive it Tuesday morning. Good. And I hope to see her next week, if I'm lucky.

### **Monday, September 24**

This morning I prepared all the official papers and picked them up. Left at 2 o'clock, by bus to Tilbury, arrived there at 3:30 – went on board at 5:30, departed at 6. terribly bad weather. There are 15 of us. Canadians, New Zealander, Americans and myself. At 8:00 we dropped anchor in the mouth of the Thames and we left definitively to be Tuesday in Ostende. At least that's what we thought but we did not consider the weather.

### **Tuesday, September 25**

Half way in the Channel, everybody is seasick, me too. Went back, all the seasickness for nothing. We were back at the place we left from at 12 o'clock noon. For how long? Nobody knows. It's a violent storm. 20:00. Just this minute I heard we will be leaving at 12 midnight and then we hope to be in Ostende on

Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock. The radio is blaring: Don't Fence Me In and The Sailorsboy.

### **Wednesday, September 26**

7 o'clock still in Southend. A big disappointment for everybody. Again Spam, bread, tea, one gets sick of it.

10:40. We are leaving. Danger of floating mines everybody has to wear a life vest. I hope to be in Ostende at 4 o'clock.

At 5 o'clock we arrived. Very rough sea, now we are resting – Ostende transit camp 111. We are sleeping 15 of us in a hall – a cot with bag of straw. Good night. I am very tired.

### **Thursday, September 27**

We are not leaving today. Maybe tomorrow. It is raining. Hitchhiked to Ghent and visited an old client, Bruggeman De Scheppen. When I walked through the streets in Ghent I all of the sudden felt so lonely. I missed Walter. He was such a good friend.

The people were very friendly and I had to have a drink. They didn't suffer much from the war. Their liquor business was going on as usual and I think it did not matter much to him what regime was in power, as long as he earned a living. I hitchhiked back to Bruges.

### **Friday, September 28**

By train to Brussels to deliver a pack of stationery to H.Q. and solve the baggage problem. In the afternoon went to Wezenbeek. It was an strange feeling to take the little electric train. When I arrived at Leopold Station I made a call and in the telephone booth I thought about how many times I had called home and everything seemed so strange. Nothing had changed in Stichel (?). Nobody lived in De Zonnekloppers (name of a house I think). It looks dilapidated. I spent a couple of hours in Donnay, hope to have more time next week. Had to go back to camp. I am so glad that Hans and the children are in the USA.

## Saturday, September 29

*In the corner on the left is written "just over the border in Germany."*

Left at 7:12. Got up at 5 o'clock. We just left Gennep and are just in Germany (then a word I can't read). Children are standing along the train and are waving. In Holland I gave everything I had with me from my rations to the children. Although these children are also suffering, it is necessary so they will remember later what it meant to have had a Hitler.

## Sunday, September 30

*In the left corner— Spenge*

Arrived in Bad Geijnsdorp (same town as mentioned before I think but spelled differently) at 3:00 in the morning. Nobody at the train, cold, dark, rain. *Geen gehoor*<sup>1</sup> from H.Q. in Spain. Slept good on a hard bench in the *wachtkamer*<sup>2</sup>. At 7 o'clock finally got permission from the army (8th army corps) for a camion (I think this is an army truck) and left at 8:15 for Spenge. Bad Geijnsdorp is completely devoid of civilians and only people who work for the army are allowed and then from 22:30 until 4:30 no civilians are allowed on the streets. In Spenge, which is the HQ Unrra for this region, there are approximately 30 houses requisitioned for us. In 25 of those we sleep and the rest houses the staff. Normally one stays here for approximately 3 days and then goes on to a camp. Spoke with Colonel Jacquelin and I'm leaving for Brussels tomorrow in a private car. Talked to personnel dep (?) Hill. Impression: many disappointed people and a bit *wonderlijk gedoe*<sup>3</sup>

1. *geen gehoor* means nothing heard but specifically used in reference to a phone call meaning no answer.

2. *wachtkamer* is waiting room. In this case at the station.

3. *wonderlijk gedoe* literally, miraculous goings on but meaning things are done strangely, not in a normal way or an unexpected way. Negative inference.

*The next paragraph is written under the heading Memoranda*

Hope things are better organized in the field. It is now 3 months that I am with Unrra and I have not done any useful work. Have seen and heard much, but I think it's about time I myself *de handen uit de mouwen steek*<sup>4</sup>. When I'm back in London I will ask for a field assignment. And then I want to work hard to forget that I am alone — Have requisitioned the works of Goethe. I'm going to send them to Hans in London.

*The next paragraph is also written under the heading Memoranda on the next page.*

Where now are SS Hollanders. (no ? after this but I think he is questioning where to look for Dutch SSers). We arrived at Brussels via Antwerp at 22:00. We had trouble with the oil otherwise we would have arrived at 8:30. Big difference: in Germany chaos, desolation, but the milk man goes around and delivers milk, no civilians. We are loaded on military truck. In Holland — everything nicely cleaned up, civilians, on trucks — no chaos — no food. — Children singing on the trucks.

Address:

Col. E.M. Rivers McPherson  
United Service Club  
Pall Mall London S.W.

## Monday, October 1

*On left written Brussels*

This morning at 10:45 I left in staff car with Col. E.M. Rivers McPherson, area director for Brussels, we had 2 drivers with us. Via Osna-brück, damaged, Munster, Wezel (nothing left) and there I saw a poster of the C.P. (Communist Party, I think). Went over the Rhine at Xanten, a temporary bridge 6,000 feet long, from there to Cleve, nothing left of it and then at Beek over the border. That whole border

4. *de handen uit de mouwen steken* is Dutch expression meaning doing some work. Literally, stick the hands out of the sleeves.

area is completely demolished, trees broken on the ground, empty ammunition shells all over, graves here and there. You could see what destruction a modern mechanized army can do. The road full of holes, terrible.

From Beek I was driving until Breda. Via Nijmegen, Tilburg, den Bosch. We passed by Vught concentration camp.

*Vught was one of the camps for Dutch jews where they were sent before they would go on the trains to Germany. Westerbork is the other.*

## Tuesday, October 2

*Brussels*

After I was busy all day to get an airplane went to the Hague to go to Ma in Amsterdam to visit her. I did not manage it and tomorrow I will leave for London at 14:30 by plane. At 17:00 I went to Antwerp, visited the family Prins or what was left of it. The old gentleman has aged a lot and does not remember much. Bob and Willy not changed at all. I was so terribly melancholy. I miss Walter so much. He was too contentious and that cost him his life. He had orders to go to Mechelen (town in Belgium, which I think was used as a round up place like the Jewish Theatre in Amsterdam) but the *Joodse Raad*<sup>5</sup> told him it was not necessary to go, then he went with his suitcase to the station to go to Brussels to find out for sure . . . . At the station in Antwerp he was picked up immediately and put on the train to Mechelen. . . The end.

Willy will bring me tomorrow all data that will make it possible for me to search in the American zone.

5. *Joodse Raad* means Jewish Council, Board. It was the organization set up by the Germans consisting of the leaders in the Jewish communities who then decided who goes who stays, etc. In every major Jewish community there was a *Joodse Raad*. Very ingenious so the Germans could say the Jews themselves set up who went etc.



### Wednesday, October 3

At 14:30 in Grant Hotel (RAF HQ) at 15:00 to Evere and at 15:30 we flew away in a Dakota 2 motors. Above the clouds most of the way. First time in an airplane. Beautiful view. All snow below. Then all of the sudden an opening and there was the Channel and the English coast! At 16:45 we (22 passengers) arrived at Croyden. 75 minutes from Brussels to London! And on the *heenweg*<sup>1</sup> 3 days and nights. I was too tired to do anything and went to bed early.

### Thursday, October 4

Reported at HQ. They were satisfied with my work, that's o.k. Tomorrow another group goes to Haaren via Paris, Brussels and I am going with them as leader. Now is the last chance for me to visit my mother and Amsterdam and this time it will happen. What I want I'll do. All day long signed papers and in the evening ate at Kempinski. *Gezellig*<sup>2</sup> At 11 o'clock in bed. Where is Hankie?

### Friday, October 5

Had a meeting this morning with the director of the Austrian mission and maybe there is a chance I will go to Austria, which I would like to do. It seems things are better organized in Austria than in Germany. Have to talk to the personnel director in Haaren. The going back and forth has many advantages for me and gives me an insight into the organization. I just packed my suitcase again and tonight at 10 o'clock I will leave Victoria Station to Paris via Dieppe. 33 persons in the group, most of them British, a couple of Canadians, a Pole or two, 1 Czech (I'm not sure of the English spelling but it is a person from Czechoslovakia), 1 Frenchman.

1. *heenweg* is on the way to. In English there is no single word for this. The way back is *terugweg*

2. *gezellig*, sociable, pleasant, cozy. There is really no translation for this word. The closest is the German word *gemütlich*

### Saturday, October 6

#### *On the top Jetteke's birthday*

The boat overcrowded. "Slept" in a deck chair. Children crying all night. We sailed at 9 o'clock this morning., beautiful weather, at 13:00 in Dieppe, well-known because of the Canadian raid in 1942. Train at the quay and at 16:30 we left. Arrival at Paris at 20:00. We had to do a lot of formal things and went to bed late.

### Sunday, October 7

This morning a pleasant stroll through the heart of Paris. Here one can get everything, if you have the money. Louvre, arcades, rue de l'Opera, it is a pleasant feeling to walk around here. Tradition? Was invited by a journalist this afternoon. Have little hope that France will recover fast. Visited an exposition of French paintings through the ages, very beautiful. You notice that the French were very proud of it. Left again in the evening at 10 o'clock, now to Brussels.

### Monday, October 8

Arrived in Brussels at 8 o'clock. Trucks at the train to transport us to Haaren. At 2 o'clock in Haaren. They have fixed it up good there. Hardly recognized it from 4 weeks ago. Have a chance to go to Austria, always better than Germany, if I go it will be Salzburg, but it is not sure yet. At 19:30 by truck to Den Bosch, and from there hitchhiked to Utrecht. At 22:00 arrived in Utrecht, wanted to go to Amsterdam but was impossible, so I slept in Hotel des Pays Bas. The first thing that caught my eye when I stepped into the room was "The Sunflowers." Nice. (reference to Van Gogh's sunflowers painting I think)

### Tuesday, October 9

This morning at 8 o'clock at the station, but the train to Amsterdam had just left. Could take a train via Hilversum and decided to do that. Left my suitcase at the station in Hilversum and went to Charles to visit him for an hour.

rang the door bell and Wieske opened the door and said: "Your mother is here." And there was Ma right in front of me. She has aged but still the same. Vitality. What an *toeval*<sup>3</sup> talked for hours, never at a loss of word. What Charles and Wieske and the children have endured.

### Wednesday, October 10

Went to Towmajor(?) (could be mayor of town) to see if I couldn't get extra rations and the outcome: transported home by jeep with lots of *levensmiddelen*<sup>4</sup> for the family! Their rations are still small and they can use everything, there is no salt, sugar, pepper, butter, eggs, meat, cheese, coffee, etc., etc. And for the 3 days rations I had asked for I got so much that they almost *omvielen*<sup>5</sup> *Fijn* (fine, lovely, nice!) I have a terrible cold. Coughing a lot, choking. Don't feel well.

### Thursday, October 11

Greetje's birthday. I gave her a book titled: "I Love You. The Life of Grieg." In the evening an old-fashioned Dutch birthday evening. A lot of young girls, played games, sang songs, and who had *het hoogste woord*<sup>6</sup>? My sweet mother.

### Friday, October 12

#### *On top Margot's birthday*

Left for Amsterdam this morning at 7:19 with Charles, my mother, and Ali. Visited Jaap Groenman in the repatriation house and those people have suffered a lot.

3. *toeval* means by accident, coincidence. "As luck will have it" would be a good translation

4. *levensmiddelen*. There is not really a good word in English for this but it is basically canned food, meat, sugar, all the staples, etc.

5. *omvielen* is past tense of *omvallen* which literally means fall over. Here it means that they were extremely happy and surprised, they hadn't seen so much food in a long time.

6. *het hoogste woord* means literally the highest word; meaning she couldn't stop talking, was the life of the party, kept things going etc., etc.

### Saturday, October 13

At 8 o'clock left for Brussels, the train: 2nd class: 3rd class old German railroad cars with most of the windows in tact. 3rd class: if you were lucky, same railroad cars with broken windows or luggage cars with benches or just *goederenwagens*<sup>1</sup> From Amsterdam to Tilburg via Nijmegen, 7 hours, from there I could take train to Roosendaal, then change trains to Essen (town in Germany), change trains again to Antwerp and there change trains to Brussels or I could hitchhike from Tilburg to Brussels, which I did. Arrived at 20:00, was dead-tired and went to bed without eating.

### Sunday, October 14

Walked around all morning in Brussels to get air transport to London and at 12 o'clock everything was organized. In the afternoon ate at brother, very pleasant, after that went to Wezenbeek, where I was embraced by Mrs. Donnay and Mrs. Vasseur – all of them were very nice. Now there are people living in the Zonneklopers. Name is gone. Vasseurs have our beautiful Ridder (?) and a stork. Donnay books. [Deena, I don't know what the reference is to stork, doesn't make any sense to me but apparently the families Vasseur and Donnay had something of your parents in safe keeping] I took the 2 beautiful (heavy) works about French literature and Hans' *poezie boekje*<sup>2</sup> with me and will send it from London. In the evening again ate at brother, had company and it was very *gezellig*. (See earlier footnote)

### Monday, October 15

Walked around a bit. Brussels is not what is used to be. Walked through the Galleries St. Hubert - Taverne Royal without Hans, Gru-

ber - without Prins –

At 15:30 Dakota DC3 Douglas - 22 passengers - at 16:45, no 15:45 in London, flew low, below the clouds this time - 1500 feet.

I still have a cold, my voice is disappearing and I cough a lot.

### Tuesday, October 16

Talked to Leo again. Celine is a bit better but *une affaire de longue haleine*<sup>3</sup> With God's will she will get better, but I have my doubts. Sent parcel to Hans. Received a lot of letters. It seems it is a nice place where "we" now live in. Mazzel, borage (I am not sure that it reads borage; I don't know what that means). Talked to chief of personnel and o.k. for Austria. There I will have a possibility to be reclassified. That can take a couple of months.

### Wednesday, October 17

What a horrible day. Everything went wrong. First, after I was on the list to go to Haaren next Tuesday, they found out I was also on the list to go to Italy, which was o.k. with me, of course. An hour later I was called to the Chief of Travel, who told me that I had done such a good job that he wanted to keep me here for 6-8 weeks to lead groups to Haaren and back! That made me angry. Two good positions open and then have to do such *snert*<sup>4</sup> work here. You are too valuable to lose you right now! he said. Tomorrow I will know more about it. And as the last "pleasant" thing a telegram from Hans that said she had not received **any** letters. Wrote most weeks 2 if not 3 letters. She must understand that. Who else is closer to me. Spend money for nothing. (reference to the telegram I think). When I am traveling and letters are mailed in Holland or Belgium it will take longer.

3. *une affaire de longue haleine*, French, literally a matter of long wind or breath meaning will take a long time.

4. *snert* has different meanings but here it means rotten.

Deena, your father was really irritated with your mother for sending that telegram and for not understanding that it takes time for letters to arrive.

### Thursday, October 18

Lost my voice - Am not allowed to speak for a couple of days. A bad cold.

### Friday, October 19

Well, everything is again rearranged. I'm going next Tuesday to Haaren after all and from there to Austria, Salzburg, I hope. Again, no mail from Hans.

### Sunday, October 21

Went to Westminster Abbey, this morning. Very beautiful. Went to the movies in the afternoon, Irene Dunn in Above 21. In the evening I visited Christophorus. Gave Mark's address.

### Monday, October 22

Went around to organize everything for my definitive departure from London, lunched the Dutch way with *een zekere*<sup>5</sup> Mary from Holland who lives here since the war. Friends of friends of Ali. *Heerlijk Hollandsche tee tafel*<sup>6</sup> – the only thing missing was Hans – At least a person to visit when I might be back some time in London.

### Tuesday, October 23

Well today is the day. Goodbye London, have been here 2 month, 2 months too long. Going on to work – leave tonight at 6 o'clock from Victoria as group leader: 10 women, 1 man. '*n mooie geschiedenis*<sup>7</sup> To Kearney, Dover, Ostende, train for troops to Tilburg – truck to Haaren.

5. *een zekere* means a certain but in Dutch we use this when referring to a person whom we do not know and/or have just met.

6. *heerlijk hollandsche tee tafel*. Delicious Dutch lunch, but meaning more than just the lunch, the company etc.

7. '*n mooie geschiedenis* means literally a beautiful history but meant ironically with inference to there being 10 women and only 1 man.

1. *goederenwagens*. Railroad cars to transport goods in.

2. *Poezie boekje* is that album from your mother with all the rhymes and poetry in it from her school friends and relatives.

### Wednesday, October 24

At midnight went on board the "Prince Charles" – no place to sleep, a mattress on the floor or on a bench. Didn't sleep. Terribly bad weather. It seems to be customary when I go over that it is bad weather. We were supposed to leave at 5 this morning, but that was impossible with the terrible storm, in the afternoon we were picked up from the boat in trucks to the transit camp where we were fed and housed.

### Thursday, October 25

We were awakened at 2:30 this morning. Breakfast at 3 – broiled tomatoes and fish and potatoes. (how can one eat that so early in the morning). At 5 o'clock, back on board and at 9 o'clock we sailed. *Op hoop van zege*<sup>1</sup> because it is terribly stormy weather. Most passengers were seasick. At 1 o'clock in Ostende. Sorted baggage. Truck to Town Major. Housed in "Coq d'Or." Finally a decent room and sheets. We hope to go on tomorrow but with the military you never know.

### Friday, October 26

Well, at 8:55 the troop train left. English train cars in Belgium – via Gent, Boom, Antwerp, Essen, Roosendaal – the station completely demolished – to Tilburg. I had called yesterday from Ostende so there were 2 trucks. In the streaming rain to Haaren. We ate there. It does look much better than in the beginning of September. Now one can survive for a couple of days. Cold and unpleasant.

### Saturday, October 27

My room has 2 windows with 6 panes – 3 broken and replaced by card board – stone cold. My "bed" is a piece of canvas stretched between 2 pieces of wood. The wind blows under the "bed" and that makes it very cold. I do have a sleeping bag but not enough blankets, I will look into it later on to see if I can't get a pair *op de kop*

1. *op hoop van zege* is Dutch expression meaning if everything goes well.

*tikken*.<sup>2</sup> Went by Processing. Probably leave next Saturday for Salzburg. By truck to Amsterdam to surprise Ma and then back tomorrow. Weather is still miserable.

### Sunday, October 28

Ma looks good. She is angry that Hans does not write at all. I have made excuses for you Hankie, but I think Ma is right. In the afternoon went with Ma and Ali to have tea in Park Hotel, a club for officers. Very *gezellig*!

In the evening at 7:30 went back to Haaren, arrived at midnight.

### Monday, October 29

This morning at 10 o'clock drove to Brussels with courier. Still had work there for Ero [I'm not sure that's what it says, and don't know what it is]. I think I'll be back in Haaren on Wednesday, then a couple of days filled with courses and then "in the field." Arrived in Brussels at 2 o'clock. Worked for Lines Communications. I'm going to Wezenbeek tomorrow morning. Went to visit *Zus*<sup>3</sup> but she wasn't home – *pech*.<sup>4</sup> Later in the evening visited brother. As always very nice.

### Tuesday, October 30

What a luxury to take a nice hot bath and to sleep in a well-made bed with white sheets. Slept like a *marmotje*.<sup>5</sup>

Spoke to Zus Boom the entire morning. Not very interesting. Went to Tea dansant [a place to have tea and dance] with mrs. Vasseur. Organized by NAAFI – very British. *Ongezellig*.<sup>6</sup> The hall much too big and the orchestra much too small. At 6 o'clock went to have dinner with Vasseurs and their friends and then had a very

2. *op de kop tikken* means to get some but usually not through regular channels – to "organize."

3. *Zus* means sister but a lot of women are called Zus like a nickname.

4. *pech* has different meanings but here it means bad luck.

5. *marmotje* is little guinea-pig. We would say slept like a log.

6. *ongezellig* is opposite of *gezellig*.

pleasant evening. Hankie was missing otherwise it would have been perfect.

### Wednesday, October 31

This morning went to visit an industrialist with whom I did a lot of business, Mr. Omnozez from Lecock & Srs. Talked for hours and he already gave me orders [meaning commissions like in business] now for when I will be back in the States. I have the feeling that I will better myself in a business sense. Before I go back to the States I'm planning to visit a lot of businesses and I think it will be easy for me to build up an export-import business. American goods to Europe and vice versa. *Nous verrons*<sup>7</sup> At 3 o'clock back to Haaren.

### Thursday, November 1

A lot of questions to be answered for the Training School. Worked on it all morning.

Go to Salzburg on Saturday morning and then the deeper [meaning real in this case] work will start, for which I long very much. Am now with Unrra 4 months but haven't done much interesting work.

Went to Tilburg this evening. Rose Marie musical comedy [name of the musical but I have never heard of it], in Dutch slang, which sounds so crazy. Hitchhiked back.

### Friday, November 2

Went to the Austrian supply base, and bought some warm things because I think Salzburg will not be especially warm. It's raining, like Dutch bad weather. Chilly, good weather to get rheumatism. I'm sitting here shivering. My room is very cold, stone floor, 6 windows from which 3 broken with card board in it, 3 beds (canvas without mattresses) and only mine is occupied. I've rolled out my bedroll and I sleep in that. Cold water. 2 wooden chairs no lock on the door. Brrr! How I wish to be with you Hans in front of an lighted fireplace.

7. *Nous verrons* is French meaning we shall see.

### Saturday, November 3

Well, with 4 trucks and 25 men and women we left Haaren at 9 o'clock and went via Eindhoven, Roermond (border Munchen Gladbach, Köln, Bonn, Bad Godesberg, over the Rhine) to Warth, where we slept in an English transit camp. First impression: All cities destroyed—people nicely dressed, all bicycles with relatively good tires. Today we did about 150 km, [abbreviation for kilometers] many detours. Went to sleep at 9 o'clock. Dead tired—

### Sunday, November 4

Again started early. Itinerary: Warth, Siegburg, autobahn [German, meaning interstate highway] was bombed heavily. Uckerath, entering the French zone, Konigstein (beautiful) Hoechst – H.Q. Unrra is in the I.G. Farben Industry – not bombed at all, through Frankfurt and Niederwald to Darmstadt, where we slept the second night. 200 km.

### Monday, November 5

Darmstadt, Worms, Mannheim, Karlsruhe, we then stopped in a village where I got apple cider for 25 people and 50 apples from a farmer in exchange for 1 pack of cigarettes, then through Phorzhheim, Ulm am Donau [Danube], where we stayed overnight. The evening was not very interesting, went to the garrison movies, where they showed a *snert*<sup>1</sup> movie and had a community sing-a-long which was nice. 250 km.

Impression through Germany: All big cities completely destroyed, still the people look very well dressed. Where do they sleep? Where do they eat? Köln, Darmstadt, Ulm look horrendous, nothing but "rubbish" Germany is bankrupt

### Tuesday, November 6

Autobahn again at Ulm. From Warth on all bridges on the autobahn were exploded so we had a lot

of detours.. Today we have to do 250 km and then we will have arrived.

Well, we did it. Departed at 8:45 and via Augsburg, Dasing and Munchen where we ate at H.Q. Unrra to Salzburg, arrived at 5:15 pm. We're well housed and it is now 9:00 pm and I'm going to sleep. Tomorrow I have to find out what our address is exactly and try to send a telegram to Hans. First impression: not destroyed. Friendly people. Old town. Socialist Democratic Party and Communist Party are making propaganda. [This is a literal translation but I think he saw pamphlets here and there]. Tomorrow present myself for assignment.

### Wednesday, November 7

Salzburg: a beautiful old little town, wasn't bombed heavily, people not as well dressed as in Germany. At 2 o'clock presented myself for assignment. First a speech by Brig. Gen. Parmentier, head of Austrian mission, then interview with Stowell – *aangeduid* [literally meaning indicate, which does not make sense here, so I think he means the appointee] from the American zone. Probably go to Wels close to Linz. Tomorrow at 2 o'clock I will know for sure. Send telegram to Hans and also to London for change of address. Tonight going to a concert.

### Thursday, November 8

A fine piano concert Mozart, Bach, Chopin, Bruckner. Yes, I am going to Wels, maybe Friday, maybe Saturday. I'm curious to see what the camp looks like. Went to Bertsgaden [I think he misspelled it, should be Berchtesgaden, a small town famous in Europe for skiing and all the rich people that vacation there including the Dutch royal family] by bus. High in the mountains, saw the destroyed house of Hitler, Borman, Goering and the villa where Mussolini stayed when he was a guest of Hitler. Also the barracks for

3,000 SSrs who protected those 4 wretches. Goering's bathtub was big enough for an elephant. Beautiful view from the enormous window in Hitler's front room!

### Friday, November 9

Have to leave hotel. Pack again and now I'm not leaving until Monday morning. It's over organized. They are a little bit *mesjokke*<sup>2</sup> here. There are 2 H.Q. in Salzburg: 1st: central H.Q. for Austria that will move next Wednesday to Vienna and 2nd: H.Q. for American zone in Austria, which relates to me. Walked around in the snow and mud. There is only 1 Red Cross club open from 10 to 10. They only serve coffee and donuts so I already feel like a coffee bean and a donut!!

### Saturday, November 10

Went last night with Doct. Dunsayer to *Double Door* a mystery and melodrama. USO and Hilda Vaughn in the starring role. Excellent! Splendid hall. Sat *loge*<sup>3</sup> Cost nothing. *Ouderwetsch*<sup>4</sup> I'm going at 1 o'clock this afternoon to Bad Gastein by bus with S.S.O.

### Sunday, November 11

It was lovely 1,500 meters high in the snow-covered mountains. Long hike from 9-1, ate, and at 2 o'clock we went back. Life-threatening, the way down to the valley was like a sheet of ice. It took 3 hours to go 15 km. The hotel was like a fairytale, a sort of Swiss chalet with wooden carvings. Pleasantly warm, a restful place for officers and soldiers. Cost: 8 o' sh. [Austrian shilling] 80 cents. Hope to have another opportunity to go again.

2. *mesjokke* means crazy, Dutch slang from Hebrew.

3. *loge*. In theaters (movie and otherwise) there are different prices for different seats. *Loge* is usually the most expensive and in the upper level.

4. *ouderwetsch* means old-fashioned but with the inference of also *gezellig*. The spelling of the word is also *ouderwetsch* because now in Dutch we don't use the "ch" after the "s" anymore.

1. see earlier footnote. Here meaning is terrible, not entertaining.



**Monday, November 12**

Well, now I am in Wels! Instead of leaving at 9 o'clock I left by car at 3 o'clock! At 5:30 pm I arrived but it was dark and the camp was difficult to find. The team is housed in a villa and we seem to have the o.k. for it. I came just at the worst moment: no water, no electricity, and no DP's! They all just went back to Yugoslavia. Why they send me here can only be solved by a Sherlock Holmes!

**Tuesday, November 13**

Examined the camp. Barracks good, clean kitchen, good recreation facilities. The camp can hold 1,000 people. There are now 18! Nothing to do but wait until the army send some. Our team exists of:  
 Act. Dir.: Mrs. Mitchell – Am.  
 Asst. Nelf [?]: Mrs. Carneiro – Braz.  
 Doct.: Feld – Belg/Pol.  
 Mess. Off.: Roberts (Tex) – Am.  
 Driver: Bruto – French  
 Myself.  
 A pleasant bunch I think.

**Wednesday, November 14**

*On top of page it reads: Congratulations with your son's birthday*  
 Tijn's birthday. Last Thursday I send a telegram, hope it arrived on time. Far away from home! Wels a rotten place. There is nothing!

**Thursday, November 15**

Went to Linz yesterday afternoon by truck. Went as far as the bridge where the Russians are. Hope to go over it some time, am very curious. Linz is also nothing special. Very much bombed, there are a couple of cinemas, one PX, and one APO. It's snowing and raining.

**Friday, November 16**

We will get back about 800 Poles. When? In the meantime nothing to do. Have rearranged my room a bit. It now looks a little bit more like home, but cold since the heating does not always come on. Water is also not always running, but it seems that our team is better of then many others, so don't complain.

**Saturday, November 17**

Absolutely nothing to do.  
 It's snowing.

**Sunday, November 18**

The first beautiful day. The sun is shining. I took advantage of it by going on a nice walk.  
 Little river: the Traun  
 Did buy some fresh eggs from a farmer with cigarettes. The first fresh eggs in months.

**Monday, November 19**

There are now 4 DP's. Yugoslavs. Nothing to do. Again went on a beautiful walk by myself.

**Tuesday, November 20**

If this nothing to do goes on I will become stir crazy.

**Wednesday, November 21**

Walked to Wels to mail a letter

**Thursday, November 22**

Thanksgiving day!  
 I could imagine so well the table at home with an empty plate for daddy! Gee how I long for you all.  
 Went to Linz this afternoon, we were guests of team 337. Thanksgiving dinner in a D.P. camp. There were about 25 people. All kinds of nationalities. We had turkey with all the trimmings. Organized by the army. After the meal we danced and I played bridge. Still I was in a melancholy mood, without my *stelletje*<sup>1</sup>

**Friday, November 23**

Tbday to Salzburg by truck to pick up supplies for the DP's, whom we expect to be here soon, and to pick up clothes for Unrra personnel that was accepted on the main land [? This does not make sense. I have no idea what he is referring to]. I took advantage of the opportunity to stay in Salzburg for the weekend. I became acquainted with Doct. Applegate, a very interesting man, Asplin, a team doctor, and we talked till deep in the night about racial discrimination, Poles, Jews,

1. *stelletje* means little set; in this case his family

negroes, etc. I went to sleep content.

**Saturday, November 24**

To Bad Gastein by bus. There are here a couple of Jewish DP's housed in the finest hotels and these Rumanian and Hungarian Jews were first in Wels. I heard so many bad things about them that I wanted to check it out for myself. Staying at Hotel Grünen Baum and I have a knotty pine attic room. Very *gezellig* and when I look out the window I see a little stream and high snow-covered mountains. An ideal place to spend a vacation with you Hans.

**Sunday, November 25**

This morning went on a long walk to Bad Gastein, where there is a Unrra team (320). There are 1,250 Jews from Rumania and Hungary there housed in the best hotels. The 42nd Rainbow Division is there. The team is hard at work and if no DP's show up at our camp I will ask for a transfer to where they can make good use of me. They have about 1,250 f: [meaning families, I think] who cook, eat, there is a school, they have their own "dressmakers" and shoemakers and so acclimate themselves slowly to a normal life; but most of them want to come to the States!

**Monday, November 26**

This morning came back from Salzburg to Wels. Was just in time to see 300 Poles arrive. They hoisted the red-white Polish flag and were immediately very busy to arrange their barracks. Drove around to get gravel and coal and received from the "Burgi" [maybe short of Burgomeister meaning mayor] the necessary requisition orders. Will I now be more busy?

**Tuesday, November 27**

I was busy all day. First filled out the necessary papers, then went to town to look for padlocks, finally found at a sentenced-to-death Austrian (by the Nazis) for 16sh. or 1 pack of cigarettes!

In the afternoon to Linz, registered the car and motorpool to see if our 3 vehicles were ready. Our cars are a *sof!* [see earlier footnote] All old material, cast offs. And to know that the army has so many thousands of jeeps and trucks not being used—

### Wednesday, November 28

I'll give it 14 days to see if I really will have work to do here, if not I want to go to Bad Gastein.

### Thursday, November 29

Was busy today to see that the gravel (7 trucks) will get to the right place. I gave 4 DP's cigarettes and they worked all day to get the road opposite where we live mud-free.

### Friday, November 30

To Linz to get supplies.

### Saturday, December 1

At the end of the month I will have been 6 months with Unrra, still 6 "to go" and then I hope to be with you Hans and with the little ones who gradually are not so little anymore. It will be an unpleasant winter, long and cold and lonely, brrr.

### Sunday, December 2

Visited an old church in Wels. Beautiful organ music – Bach.

### Monday, December 3

Tex, our mess officer is leaving. He went through the entire war and all of the sudden he is fed up. It seems it is not so easy to leave here. That has to go by our Linz area officer (Messley) and then Salzburg (Kennedy) and then by Frankfurt. If he leaves within 1 month he will have done o.k.

### Tuesday, December 4

Now we have 350 DP's in our camp, named Lager Lichtenegg 1001. All Polish nationals. The "lagerführer" is a Pole named Adamzcyck, a very neat man, speaks fluent German, French, English and Polish. Went to Linz. Send telegram to deliver flowers. 8 December.

*leuke*<sup>1</sup> surprise. Hope that Hans will receive it in time. Red roses. Love.

### Wednesday, December 5

I organized wood for the DP's. The PW's cut wood in the forests and the DP's cut it in small pieces. They all have a stove in their rooms and they are nicely warm.

### Thursday, December 6

*On top of page it reads*

*Jules' birthday*

Where is Jules? I couldn't write because I didn't know where he actually was with his family, my dear father-in-law's fault because he once wrote me in London that Jules was coming to New York the next month, I will let you know. . . . It's starting to get cold. Organized a *Sinterklaasfeest*<sup>2</sup> in the camp. About 4-8 children. There was a "real" Sinterklaas with a beard of rope and a broom stick as staff and a cardboard miter (also spelled mitre). Somebody played Polish folk songs on a violin and harmonica. Every child received 1 pack of lemon drops, 1 pack of hard candy, 1 pack of raisins, and 1 fruit bar. Deena, those children were so happy with so little. You were missed there, darling.

### Friday, December 7

Spent the entire day in the warehouse to get everything in order. Inventoried everything that was there, a lot of captured enemy supplies like Hungarian goulash, Dutch cocoa, French cigarettes and tobacco, Red Cross packets from all countries, America, Belgium, France, Poland, Switzerland.

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1. *leuke* is another of those Dutch words that is difficult to translate. It has different connotations and it depends on the circumstances. Literally-humorous, nice, pleasant, jolly.  
2. *Sinterklaasfeest* is a party to celebrate St. Nicholas day which is officially on December 6 but mostly celebrated on the evening of December 5 when Dutch people exchange gifts and make rhymes. It is especially for children. It's similar to Santa Claus.

### Saturday, December 8

Married 13 years. Did you ever have any regrets? A *fijne* [see footnotes from the letters] kiss, Hans. Opened the box of chocolates and gave everybody one praline in celebration of our anniversary. If everything goes the way I think it will you will receive beautiful red roses today Hans. With this a *lekkere*<sup>3</sup> kiss. Mazzel tof with such a husband. Far away.

### Sunday, December 9

Again went for a walk. Slowly one sees the shops getting decorated for Christmas.

The rest of the entire day spent in the camp writing letters. In my office in the camp it is warm and I am alone which I like from time to time.

### Monday, December 10

*Geweldig opgespeeld*<sup>4</sup> at *Verpflegungsamt* [German, literally meaning nursing department] which supplies the food for the DP's. It [the report] will go to Strength – report. B.V. 500 DP's. Everybody receives 2319 calories. The *Verpflegungsamt* then calculates what food and gives it to the DP's who pick it up by truck, but the food is below standard, so I went there and the result is that they will get better food.

### Tuesday, December 11

Today *verzorgt*<sup>5</sup> that the workers get 1450 calories in stead of 500. That's how I make myself useful each day, and realize I did the right thing by coming here. I like to help these poor people and they do things for me that they won't do for others. I get along real well with them.

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3. *lekkere* [*lekker*] means delicious. Usually used with food like in English.  
4. *geweldig opgespeeld* means literally terrific speak angrily. He means he got very angry with this organization—threw a fit.  
5. *verzorgt* means take care of, caring for somebody like nursing. Here it means made sure that [very sure].

### **Wednesday, December 12**

Again went to Wels. Had to surrender the money just like in Holland. The Austrians give all money back and receive then 150 shilling. Later they receive 40% of their money, 60% stays blocked, and everything gets investigated, how they got that money. After France, Belgium and Holland, now Austria. I now have 2½ sh. in my pocket till next week.

### **Thursday, December 13**

Food for 1 month nothing than pork. No beef or chicken. Our rations (Army S4) are excellent, although we don't have potatoes and vegetables. Next week I'm *ga de boer op*<sup>1</sup> to see if I can get some. The population of our camp is now 570 and is growing every day. By open truck—it's an outrage—they are transported here from Linz or Steyr, 25-40 km in the icy cold. The army is rude to them.

### **Friday, December 14**

The toilets are all frozen. Lt. Cottrell, the c.o. of the camp couldn't get the wood, but I did, that means I'm going Monday to Attersee. 50 km from here to visit the saw mill, It is amazing how the weeks now go by quickly. I'm really working hard now and I like it.

### **Saturday, December 15**

Today I ordered for our Deena a cradle and a doll. Decorated and made by hand and a beautiful little doll. I'm busy organizing a package for my 3-leaf-clover [meaning his family of 3 at home]. For Hans, books and some art objects, and for Tijn war souvenirs. I was also gone with a DP to find a radio in exchange for cigarettes, but the man was not home. I'm curious if I will get the radio.

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1. *ga de boer op* literally – go up the farmer but it means go to farms far and nearby to see if there isn't any food you can find. In Holland in the war people traveled days on bikes to find food—potatoes, milk, etc. in exchange of goods like linen tablecloths, silver, shoes. So *ga de boer op* became synonymous with getting food.

### **Sunday, December 16**

Visited Ebensee. Altitude of 600 meters. From there by skilift, 1000 meters higher for a total of 1623 meters! God, how beautiful. Snow and snow and snow-topped mountains! Walked in snow up to my knees. By truck 50 km. Had taken with me fried chicken and bread and ate it by hand somewhere in Ebensee [I guess he had a picnic] Was back at 5 pm. For a change I was really hungry again.

### **Monday, December 17**

By jeep 55 km to Attersee to order lumber to make outdoor latrines for our camp. The Austrians are talking as if they were the first victims of Hitler. The first "invaded" country. There were no Nazis here! There are only 2: the one is looking for the other. Irritates me but our politics encourages it: the minute Austria was recognized as a free country it meant that the citizens were no longer former enemies but friends. Fraternization!

### **Tuesday, December 18**

Again more Poles arrived in the camp. It [the camp] is growing steadily. I'm doing my best to get all sorts of things for them and am known here as the "biggest scrounger of Wels." Well, as long as I get what I want, it's o.k. with me. I love to jump red tape and channels, they make me crazy [written in English]

### **Wednesday, December 19**

*On top it reads Ma's birthday*  
Far away from my dear mother. Maybe next year her birthday with us in Salt Lake? I hope it [written in English]. To Linz to organize the finances of our little group and to get PX, consisting of some candy, cigarettes, soap, etc. It will be difficult for the Austrians with 150 shilling. That's all they will get back from their money and after a couple of weeks 40%. The rest stays blocked, somewhat like in Holland.

### **Thursday, December 20**

Doct. Feld (our team doctor) is all

excited. He takes his leave and is going to Brussels. My leave is now 16 days. I'm thinking of not taking leave until the year is over. By then it is 1 month. Can then discuss with the Am. [I don't really know what he is referring to American Embassy?] to take Ma with me.

### **Friday, December 21**

At 1 o'clock this morning dropped of Doct. Feld by truck (that is all that's moving) to the bombed out station. God help him! He is supposed to be in Paris in 27 hours [written in English] and from there to Brussels. I wish it was that time for me!

### **Saturday, December 22**

This morning at 7:30 with 2 trucks and 10 men drove off to Attersee to load the wood circa 150 m<sup>2</sup>! [this is symbol for square meter which is what is used in the metric system. 1 m<sup>2</sup> is 10.76 square feet] We were gone all day. At 4 o'clock we ate here. I am now busy wrapping up the package for the family. I'm already seeing your delighted faces. Our camp now exists of 725 Poles. I'm doing so many things in the camp. The days fly by. I just love to help those people. It is a shame that we (Unrra) have nothing to give them special for Christmas. [4 sentences written in English] There's no excuse for that. I'm trying to get a radio for myself, a difficult job!

### **Sunday, December 23**

Wrote letters. Went to try to "buy" a radio. I have a good chance to get a beautiful radio for cigarettes and a few bars of soap which I still had with me from the States. I will know tomorrow. Dropped off 10 children for a dinner in town, invited by GI's. Went to bed at 8 o'clock.

### **Monday, December 24**

Brought 5 people to the hospital in Wels, including 2 children, 11 and 8! The same age as my little ones and how they looked, probably T.B.C. [tuberculosis], terribly white.

After that by camion to pick up greens with a couple of men. Set up one Christmas tree outside, put lights in it.

I have my radio . . . I'm alone in my room all evening listening to the most beautiful music, Bach, Mozart, Dvorak, Schubert, the ninth. . . . Lovely. It's almost midnight. I'm going to the midnight mass in the camp. The other members of our team are sleeping. . . . There were about 300 people in the chapel of the camp. The singing was beautiful, the priest was below zero. Still no regrets that I went.

### **Tuesday, December 25**

Christmas. Peace on earth. . . but there is no peace when people are dying from hunger and cold. The French frank is being devalued [depreciated] I just heard. The French say: I only knew three Americans since the war is over: The first carries much in his arms and gives it to me. The second carries much in his arms and sold it to me. The third carries much in his arms and took it with him, took everything from me. The American soldier here in Austria: *Schnapps*<sup>1</sup> and women.

### **Wednesday, December 26**

Second Christmas day [in Holland you have 2 days for every Christian holiday, like Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, etc.] Like in the old days in Holland a festive day. Yesterday afternoon we had 25 people visiting us and we ate turkey. We had a Christmas tree which I had chopped in the woods nearby. The decorations: colored paper, long slivers of silver paper from the chewing gum wrappers, and some decorations made in the camp for us. Our dinner was delicious. I had arranged for ice cream. I had gotten ice cream powder from the army and found a bakery that made it. A real surprise. All kinds of nationalities at hand, American, English, Canadian, Dutch, French, Belgian, Polish, Brazilian.

1. *schnapps* is an German alcoholic beverage like gin.

### **Thursday, December 27**

I'm trying to outfit the shoemaker, tailor, school. I'm running around all day to get the necessary machines and supplies. A difficult job. I'm very grateful that I speak 4 languages. It helps a lot. Our kids have to learn languages as soon as possible. One of the first requirements in life.

### **Friday, December 28**

Had a visit of a Polish lieutenant (liaison officer from Warsaw, woman). Within 14 days the old Polish liaison officer, the attaché of the London Poles, will be send away and we will deal from time to time with the real delegates from the Polish government. Wrote Cope [?] a letter about the situation now in Poland. Completely the opposite from what one hears via the other side. Listened all evening to symphonies. How lovely it is to have music in the house again.

### **Saturday, December 29**

Went to Lambach (15 km) to see if we couldn't get beer for our DP's for New Year's Eve. Got 50 liters [1 liter is about 1 liquid quart] for 713 DP's. Will try Monday through another source.

### **Sunday, December 30**

A strange end of the year here in Austria, or better said Wels. No snow, almost spring-like weather. Higher up there is snow but here is just plain thick mud. Woke up at 6 o'clock this morning and read a long time in the *Guide to the Peace* from Welles. I hope to send the package for you kids next week.

### **Monday, December 31**

*On top of page it reads Happy New Year!!*

On the last day [of the year] today went to Gmünden by open truck to get beer for the DP's so they will have something to drink [for New Year's Eve]. It was 50 km but during the night it had snowed heavily and without chains, brakes and light it was a dangerous undertaking. I came back with 400 liters.

Tonight was very quiet. First to the cinema with Mrs. Sewell, listened to the radio at 9 o'clock and after that went to the DP camp where I celebrated the New Year with the people. The first speaker collapsed after his speech and died before anybody could help him. 5 years in a concentration camp. . . .

### **Tuesday, January 1 1946**

A happy new year for you all, darlings. I'm with you in my thoughts. This morning at 9 o'clock it was midnight in S.L.C. and I had a drink to toast on your health. Went on a 3-hour walk along the river and over the hill. Beautiful. I feel fine and able to start a new year.

### **Wednesday, January 2**

I'm busy to get everything to outfit the shoemaker but it is very difficult because there is absolutely nothing and besides, our 2 trucks are out of order. The camp population is now 726, and still growing.

### **Thursday, January 3**

It's starting to get icy cold. Small snowflakes in beautiful shapes are dancing all day in the air.

### **Friday, January 4**

Haven't received any mail from Hans in 17 days. Probably because of bad weather over the Atlantic but unpleasant.

### **Saturday, January 5**

Went to Linz to day by enormous ambulance, 13 feet high, 8 wide, an enormous monster, that's all the means of transport we have for now.

Why did Hans select Pleasant Grove for a place to live? I have a feeling she has her *evenwicht verloren*<sup>2</sup> Did I have the right to leave? [Should I have left?]

2. *evenwicht verloren* means literally balance lost. I guess your father did not like her selection of Pleasant Grove. The inference being "is she crazy?" He then doubts his decision to leave for a year.



### **Sunday, January 6**

Today from 11 to 6 o'clock been in the camp. Interesting. Dinner for 100 people, all concentration camp guests from Linz, Salzburg, Wels, after that a Christmas play was performed and children's dances. It is amazing how much those people did with nothing, I take my hat off for them.

### **Monday, January 7**

To Linz - organized leather per requisition - 160 kilograms - top leather is difficult to get but I did it and now they can make shoes for children. There are about 25 little ones who have no shoes at all. Where are the Unrra supplies?

### **Tuesday, January 8**

It's starting to get cold again. Organized wood for DP's by PW's. The Poles get 8 pounds per person per day.

### **Wednesday, January 9**

50 carloads of gravel requisitioned, but the big problem is transportation. In total in Wels the German motor pool (C.E.M.) has only 12 trucks and there is very little gasoline. 1 carload got in and in the camp they started to divide the gravel. Long [meaning hard] work.

### **Thursday, January 10**

Everything is going wrong today - And those unpleasant rotten days. Headaches, I'm in a bad mood. I miss you so much, Hans - What's the use. Go to Vienna tomorrow and it's for sure, since H.Q. refused to give me travel orders. Received a driver's license from Major Sokalaris - Major Sokalaris is the military governor of Wels.

### **Friday, January 11**

This afternoon went to Vienna with baron Gablenz and his little daughter by car, 220 kilometers. Left at 12:45 pm, and we arrived at 17:30 pm in Vienna. It was a bit interesting for me to cross over the bridge at Enns and to be

stopped by the Russians. "Amerikanski?" he asked? Offizier? And a beautiful salute and everything was OK. By the side of the road innumerable anti-aircraft artillery from the *moffen* (see page 5 footnote) everything wrecked, not yet cleared away. It was dark when I arrived in Vienna. Transient hotel and eating. After that some conversation and taptoe.<sup>1</sup> It was a beautiful spring day.

### **Saturday, January 12**

All of the sudden the weather changed. Terrible snow storm and very cold.

The population has nothing or almost nothing to eat. 1 dry piece of bread and ersatz<sup>2</sup> coffee for breakfast, peas (since 6 months) for lunch and the same as in the morning for supper. No fuel. Very sad situation.

### **Sunday, January 13**

Went to the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Beautiful. London symphony and the first symphony of Brahms. Delicious music. It was too cold to stick your nose out the door. Could not walk around. Went to a dance in the evening and I have to say honestly: waltzed heavenly. Now I can teach Hans the real Vienna waltz. Oh I miss you darling.

Rations of the Viennese:  
per week: 2 1/2 kilo bread  
150 grams peas  
100 grams fat  
per month: 50 grams coffee  
100 grams sugar  
and that is all!

### **Monday, January 14**

Went to the consulate to find out for a couple of DP's how to get to the U.S. Walked around in the afternoon, much destroyed, but Vienna is definitely not as destroyed as German cities. Much suffering tough. The strangest

1. *taptoe* is evening taps. At the end of the day a soldier plays the trumpet.  
2. *ersatz* is German, it means imitation. In the war we all had ersatz coffee, ersatz sugar etc.

thing is there are no Nazis! Wrong!

In the evening went to a performance of Don Pasquale by Donizetti and after that went to the U.S. club to dance a little. Honi soit qui mal y pense. [This is a French expression, and used in Holland, meaning I believe, but not sure, "one does what one is used to."]

### **Tuesday, January 15**

Today back to Wels. I'm happy to get out of that artificial atmosphere. Vienna stinks. I detest it. For a meal a girl is already interested. They are all little prostitutes. At 12:30 pm we both left. At 17:30 pm back in Wels after a hell of a drive. Snow, slippery, arrived frozen. Still very interesting.

### **Wednesday, January 16**

Been lazy - didn't do much. It is so very cold here and no coal.

### **Thursday, January 17**

Coal requisitioned and received also for Unrra team. Bad coal. Doesn't burn. Hell! Sleeping with underwear on, pajamas and socks and sweater and still we are cold.

### **Friday, January 18**

To Linz. Visit Red X [Cross, I think]. Requisition for pullovers [sweaters], pajamas, socks, nightgowns, jackets, shirts, etc. See what we will get. Also discovered where the Austrian tobacco region is. Next time if I have time I'll go in and see if I can get a report for Mark. I already have 10 cigarettes from different countries, will be interesting for him.

### **Saturday, January 19**

No wood in the camp. The DP's are undisciplined, they have used up 250% of the wood. [This is impossible of course, but he means to say they used way over their rations] They are allowed 8 pounds of wood per day and 4 pounds of coal, but the last is being used for the showers and there is very little

left. A new director has arrived. A Dutch man named Hoefen from the Hague. Seems like a pleasant fellow. The old acting director, Mrs. Mitchell is being transferred to Reg. office as a welfare worker. She will be excellent for that.

### **Sunday, January 20**

It's so cold it is better to stay home. Spent the whole day writing letters and listening to music on the radio. There is one warm room in the house and we all are sitting in it. I have taken a very little room in the house, where it isn't so cold and I sleep there. There is a small stove and I have lit it. Reminds me of Ambert. We had a very nice party this evening to say goodbye to Mrs. Mitchell. For the first time in my life . . . I was drunk, but it was over in half an hour, and after that I was OK. Went to bed at 3:00 am, danced, performed, and danced.

### **Monday, January 21**

Went to Linz today without any results. Car broken. I lose about 3 days a week because of the rotten transportation problem. There is change in the air, but when? Reinstalled our garage in the camp with Antoine Brouthose, our French driver. Antoine was volunteer captain in the International Brigade fighting against the Germans in Italy, in the Spanish Civil War. A fine fellow, get along well with him.

### **Tuesday, January 22**

Came back from Linz with 2 trucks full from the American Red Cross. That Red Cross is amazing and I will honor it always when I'm back in the States. Very well organized. It is actually not right for the Unrra to receive things from the Red Cross since that is being paid by the American people and on the other hand Unrra has enough money to its disposal (also from the America people) to buy its own things. 250 warm pull-overs, 200 nightgowns, 150 wool

dresses, 600 pair of socks, used children's jackets and trousers, snowsuits. Pleasant feeling to arrive at the camp with these things.

### **Wednesday, January 23**

Our welfare officer, Miss Sewell, and I are setting up a system by which people first have to work 6 hours per week before they will receive their daily rations and after that they will receive points for their work. Administrative workers will get 125, nurses and teachers 100, and common laborers receive 75 points, with that they can buy in our "camp store" what we have in stock. A pullover "costs" 100 points, socks 25 etc. next saturday the store will open.

### **Thursday, January 24**

Spend the whole day helping to install the warehouse. I already know 5 Polish words:  
Gin dobra: good day  
Pan: man  
Pani: woman  
Tak: yes  
Nje: no  
maybe I will learn other words. Polish sounds barbaric in my ears. I don't think I can ever learn it.

### **Friday, January 25**

Went to major Sokalaris, the military governor of Wels, to try to get wood. Next week we will receive our requisition for February, but in between we must have wood for those couple of days otherwise ice cold in the hospital and the kitchen, never mind our offices, where we haven't had a fire the whole week. The DP's alone have enough wood in their rooms but the poor American Unrra DP's are cold!! Tomorrow morning I hope to get some wood.

### **Saturday, January 26**

Received 15 round meter [I don't know what that is, maybe a amount of wood]. The worst is now over but I had to fight for it. Today the "store" opens. Full of customers, this afternoon many

people, thanks to the American Red X, walked around with warm pullovers, proud that they had, for the first time, earned something with their work. Today Unrra officially took over the camp from the army and now we alone are in charge. That will mean more work in the future.

### **Sunday, January 27**

This morning, all morning, I was in the ice cold office setting up a thing for the warehouse and later translated it word for word in Polish. This afternoon I tried for the fun of it to reach Amsterdam by phone via Salzburg, Frankfurt, Brussels, the Hague. Within 1 minute I had Amsterdam on the line but Ma was not home. Heard de Vos's voice very unclearly. Next time try again. Our doctor was more fortunate. I got Brussels for him and he talked to his wife. Was he happy! This afternoon listened to Concerts Lamoureux [I think this is a program of romantic concertos since the words are French and that is the meaning of the words]. Violin concerto by Mozart and the Unfinished by Schubert.

### **Monday, January 28**

Drove around like a madman today. First 5 truck loads of wood received with difficulty and then requisitions received with difficulty from the "Burgi" [probably means mayor] then cars *gedeponeerd* [there is a Dutch word spelt *gedeponeerd* which means deposited; maybe he means that]. Terrible – all Unrra cars and trucks are terribly bad. Mr. Mor-dawski, the president of the Polish Residents Committee told me today that our camp is the best he has been in. That gave me a pleasant feeling–

### **Tuesday, January 29**

Worked this morning at my monthly report. It was so cold without a fire in my office (Room 18, barack 14) that I took all my papers and went home.

In the afternoon by truck to Efferding [to pick up a full truck load from Reg. HQ 83d. 180 pair of ladies shoes, children's shoes, coats, underwear, socks. Back in a terrible snow storm. 18 kilometers in 1 hour and 25 minutes. Had a visit in the evening from a *gezellige* fat Dutch man (30 years and living in England), D. Bogaert, chief supply officer for Austria. Presented 3 pages of requisitions. See if something comes out of it.

### Wednesday, January 30

There are rumors that we will get 2 more lagors [? I can't read this word] in Lambach. That will give us a lot more work. In the afternoon to Linz with the chief shoemaker of the camp. Back with 200 kilos fine shoe leather and other repair articles. Presented requisitions to Siemens for heating elements for us since it is very cold here in our sleeping quarters. Temperature gone up here today from -10° to ± 12°. Result 1 centimeter ice on the ground.

### Thursday, January 31

The last day of the month. No light, no water. The power station is out. This morning finished my monthly report. Then I did a good deed: drove a crippled man and his wife by truck to Settlement Klanmunchen and talked to the lieutenant so long that he finally then and there registered them so I could take them back with me; otherwise they would have had to wait there 14 days. That camp is terrible: specially built for slave labor by Herman Goering works in Linz. Deep moat around it. Double barbed wire fences loaded with electricity. Miserable. Was happy to get out of there. It is being used as a transit camp.

*On the next page – memoranda – is written  
Again a little month closer to my darlings*

### Friday, February 1

Today got stuck in an enormous snow bank in Efferding where Reg. S 4 is. Picked up a lot of stuff. Excellent. Received much for men. Shoes, trousers (G1. dyed) underwear etc. In the evening I was visited by the librarian of S.S.O. Miss Briggs, who . . . doesn't love books and is completely lost, has no taste, and an old maid and what more do you want.

### Saturday, February 2

Linz. Picked up mail. Nothing from Hans and I long so for that. Called Ma in Amsterdam -3461 - via Salzburg, Munich, Frankfurt, Brussels, the Hague, Amsterdam. Nobody home, then Hilversum, talked to Charles and Wies, who told me that Ma had just left for Brussels. I called Brussels at 23:00 and . . . joy. Hans, I think it's terrible that you never write. Not nice.

### Sunday, February 3

The first spring day. I'm in my room with all the windows open. The sunlight is streaming in. Sun inside my heart. Wrote letters and walked around and finished my reports. Tonight there will be a big Polish dance in the camp. Went to Paris Underground, then to the dance. Have to get up at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning to go to Salzburg. 100 kilometers. Leave at 7:30 am. Dance was very nice. First went to Paris Underground. Excellent movie. From 22:00 to 23:00 danced with a couple of Polish ladies. Waltz, mazurka, polka! Did a sort of *stoelendans*<sup>1</sup> for prizes (cigarettes).

### Monday, February 4

Salzburg. Picked up supplies. . . for 70 people . . . 25 toothbrushes,

1. *stoelendans*. We do that here as a game on birthday parties. I've forgotten what it is called. There is one less chair than there are persons and when the music stops the person who doesn't have a chair is out, and so on.

soap, handkerchiefs, etc. received. Very well organized. It's good that we now start to receive some goods from the army.

### Tuesday, February 5

In the morning - conference - papers - in the afternoon walked around to try to get bulbs. By the grace of God 17 40 watt and 8 60 watt received. Austria "liberated": on the wall in the office Electric Works Wels 3 documents: 1 German Wehrmacht get. Keitl - 2 - : Heil Hitler!!! Tableau . . . [this is a bit confusing, maybe he is describing what was on the walls in the office. There was a . after get so it must be some German title or so]

### Wednesday, February 6

Point system works very well. administrative staff 125 p. week  
rest personnel 100 p. week  
laborers 75 p. week  
pullover: 100p.  
handkerchiefs: 10 p.  
cigarettes: 20 p. etc.  
We've started a small store in the camp and now the people are more interested in doing their work. This afternoon picked up in S.S. camp Lambach little chairs and tables for kindergarten. The SS is now making toys for "my camp children. *Vergangene Grootheid*."<sup>2</sup>

### Thursday, February 7

To Efferding (25 km) from here the biggest r.t [rotten] road you can imagine. S4 Reg. is there and I picked up a lot of stuff there.

*From february 8 to 20 nothing*

2. *Vergangene Grootheid* is a mixture of Dutch and German. *Vergangene* is German; same word in Dutch is *ver-gane* meaning lost, perished. *Grootheid* is Dutch meaning greatness. So the translation is something like lost glory but stronger. Both are capitalized and that is one way the Dutch emphasize like we italicize. So it is stronger yet than lost glory.

### Thursday, February 21

Many days not written in my dairy. Not that I didn't work a lot but was completely depressed. It is now over but many things are much clearer in my mind now. We had 2 Polish liaison officers in the camp, attaches of the Polish government in Warsaw. They visited the camp to screen the DP's to see in what class the Poles belonged. The Germans had, in their splendid organization, done some things too well, namely dividing the Poles in classes. Class 1 and 2 were the "so-called" *volks deutschen*<sup>1</sup> who had about the same rights as the Nazis themselves, then

*He goes on under the heading  
Friday, February 22*

class 3 which were the doubters who helped them a bit and were not too hostile to the *herrnvolk*<sup>2</sup> and class 4 that were the Poles who were *tout court*<sup>3</sup>. Our director Hoefen is completely under the influence of his secretary, whom he had transferred from Braunau, where he used to work. This young lady is completely against the W. [Warsaw, I think] regime and only knows the London Poles and the Italian Polish army. Result: Hoefen was ice cold toward the 2 ladies and let them know that they were not welcome at all here and although they had the oral O.K. from H.Q. Linz, he wanted everything in writing. Since I

1. *volks deutschen* is German. *Volks* can be translated in 2 ways, national or native and *deutschen* is Germans. So it can mean Poles originally from Germany or Poles acting like Germans. I think it means the latter.  
2. *herrnvolk* is German for a nation of gentlemen, meaning they are better than anybody else—to rule etc.  
3. *tout court* is French. *Tout* means everything and *court* means short, concise. This together does not make sense, but the meaning is everybody else who didn't fall in any of the before-mentioned classes.

*Again he goes on under heading  
February 23 Saturday*

knew one of the lieutenants from earlier days, I wanted to invite them home but that was not possible according to him. What would the camp say about that? So they were not invited at home. One can understand that our DP's immediately understood the situation and became more impossible. Well as a gentleman and sympathizing with the ladies I went every evening with them to the officers mess and had dinner. One of the two spoke a little bit of German the other one a bit of English. According to them and also according to me the DP's didn't want to go back, not because the Russians are in Poland, but because

*Again under Sunday, February 24*

they do not need to work here and we (Unrra) take care of them. Clothes, food, warm lodging, medical care, etc. I think the Russians are completely correct by not letting DP's in their zone. They think that these people should go back home and rebuild their respective countries. There is no DP problem in the Russian zone. As a mission Unrra is doing a good job, but in their DP operations they forget the second "R." Well another 2 months and I'll be on my way to my darlings. As an experience I will never forget this year. It made me 10 years wiser

*again he goes on under Monday,  
February 25*

and I feel more in balance. What will the future bring us.

### Tuesday, February 26

Presented a lot of requisitions. That will take about 1 month. It goes from Batt. to Reg. then to Div., everything by channels.

### Wednesday, February 27

5p [?] truck loads of gravel to make the camp again livable. The

paths and roads are a muddy puddle. It will probably take a couple of weeks before the project is finished.

### Thursday, February 28

Made requisitions for wood. We're using 8 pounds per person per day— that comes to 17,000 pounds or 190 round meter. In the earlier days I had it picked up in a couple of days, but because the Poles mismanaged that I decided to get 1/4 of it every week from the wood pool. So every Monday and Tuesday 2 trucks are getting the wood and the rest of the week the gravel gets picked up and distributed.

### Friday, March 1

Again a month has passed. Well, next month I can say that next month I will be starting my journey home. Prognosis: ± 15 July at home. What a beautiful word is that:

HOME!

I already feel Hans's lips and the delicious kisses of Tijn and Tineke. Just some patience. —

### Saturday, March 2

Now our team consists of the following people:  
F.A. Hoefen-act. director Holl.  
Turton Jones-dep. director Engl.  
Dr. Feld-doct. Belg.  
B. van Sluijvenberg-nurse Holl.  
G. Sewell-welfare Amer.  
Myself-supply Holl.-Amer.  
My opinion in a nutshell:  
Hoefen: arrogant snob  
a good administrator  
Jones: typical Englishman  
follows the chief- 28 years in the air force  
Feld: get along real well with him.  
A good doctor. Not a lot of work.  
Takes it easy.  
Sluijvenberg: Uien gegeten [I'm not sure about this. *Uien gegeten* means ate onions so that can be a reference to the following]  
cries at the least little thing  
an excellent nurse

*Goes on under Sunday, March 3*



Sewell: sleepy head. When she is drunk she *lals* [sings, the way drunk people do, not in tune etc.] French songs. Not a big intellect but a big heart.

Myself: a displaced person right now. It has been enough now. Long for all of you. What will the future bring me? Today on duty. Written a long letter to you Hans.

A wedding was to take place but the groom was nowhere to be found. Called all authorities—couldn't find him anywhere. Finally just in time he showed up: *sasul comme un Polonais* [French but I don't know the first word, the rest means like a Polish person] is a correct saying.

#### **Monday, March 4**

Spend many evenings with Lt. Putchaloka, Polish liaison officer from Warsaw, a very nice and interesting person. She is also disgusted with the Polish DP's and would like that Unrra went to hell and the worst part is that she is right. What can I do to change it?

#### **Tuesday, March 5**

From now on I will stay away from all political talk. Don't want to get excited. Some members of the team are so short-sighted according to me. I'm totally not a communist, have free thoughts and when you talk friendly and understandingly about Russia, you are a communist. Disgusting.

#### **Wednesday, March 6**

Tried to call Brussels today and got Jules on the line who could only say, your mother went back to Amsterdam. Then the line was broken. Amsterdam was impossible to reach.

#### **Thursday, March 7**

To Ebensee near Gmünden. Came back with used engine and typewriter and other little things.. Engine will be used to

cut the wood. Tomorrow I've to go and find out if I can't get other parts.

#### **Friday, March 8**

In Linz got circular saw and other parts. I also requisitioned wash tubs and shoemaking articles.

#### **Saturday, March 9**

Everything is nice but when are these people going back to their country?

The future looks rosy, because shortly, I hope, there will be an order that the DP's have to work, not any different then common laborers. An excellent idea—Now a lot of them will go back shortly.

#### **Sunday, March 10**

This afternoon went with other team members to Kremmunster. An old abbey and well preserved, but the roads are so bad that it is no pleasure to make a trip, nothing but big holes in the road.

#### **Monday, March 11**

The camp is looking better but the work is not done. Today went to Ebensee to pick up some articles from an old S.S. camp. Came home with a gas engine and an old typewriter. Both have to be thoroughly repaired, but I'm convinced the engine is O.K., to solve the wood-sawing problem.

#### **Tuesday, March 12**

Again a little DP was born. A big drinking party was the result. The father brought home-made schnapps to the dispensary to *trakteren*<sup>1</sup> his wife, the doctor, and the nurses. Of course he was thrown out.

#### **Wednesday, March 13**

The train from Vienna to Paris

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1. *trakteren* is to treat, but usually used in connection with birthdays or births. One brings something special to eat or to drink.

has to go through the Russian zone first and over the bridge by Linz, there is the control point. Had to arrive at Linz at 0:25 but was delayed at the Russian control. There was an artist in the train a juggler and 2 Russians took away his bullets with which he juggles and started to play with them in the hallway of the train compartment. Result: a 2 hour delay and they let the train go without controlling anything!

#### **Thursday, March 14**

Requisitions are stopped. In 1 week's time 3 times changes in the army. First 83d Division 322 Reg. 1st. Batt. then 42d Division (Rainbow) 233 Reg. 3d Batt. and now 42d Div. Field Artillery 1 Batt. Now I have to do the paper work all over again. That's the army!

#### **Friday, March 15**

To Linz conference. Much to do about nothing. Bla bla bla – took 2 hours and came away from it as wise as I was before.

#### **Saturday, March 16**

I've got a terrible cold. Bronchitis. The doctor says I have to be careful, otherwise I go to the Underground Army!

#### **Sunday, March 17**

Took 16 sulfa pills and 16 bicarbonate soda pills. I feel a bit strange. Hope that by tomorrow my cold is gone. Stayed home all day.

#### **Monday, March 18**

Woke up this morning at 4:00 am. Thought I was dying. I've never felt this bad in my life. Doctor gave me anti-migraine tablets and I became worse, my pulse was very irregular. In the evening I felt all right. My bronchitis as good as disappeared, but I didn't feel my legs, that's how weak I was.

## **Tuesday, March 19**

It's going better now. I hope to be completely O.K. tomorrow. I take it easy today.

## **Wednesday, March 20**

Did a lot of requisitions. I hope this time that I do not have to do them all over again, because I'm getting sick of doing that. Every requisition – 8 copies!

## **Thursday, March 21**

The first spring day. Beautiful! Hope today in 2 months to start the way home. I long so much for my little wife.

Send a big crate. 68 lbs. A cradle with doll, helmets, medals, books, handbags, vases, cups, etc. A pleasant surprise for everybody and it's worth something to me to see those faces when the crate arrives.

## **Friday, March 22**

Today worked from 8 to 8. The engine is going fine. Wood is being cut by 2 men for the whole camp. Better than everybody with a hand saw. Had an interview with the new Mil. Governor Capt. Robinson Burgi: Gurttner DP officer Lt. Koch. We have everything well in hand. Another day closer to my little wife.

## **Saturday, March 23**

Again a meeting in Linz about supplies. Bla bla bla. At end of meeting one knows as much as at the beginning, the only good thing about such a meeting is that you get to know the other people and that is worth something too. I've decided to stay where I am, it's not worth the trouble to change teams or position now. 2 more months and then I'll be on my way HOME . . . I hope. One can never know with Unrra.

## **Sunday, March 24**

Stayed in Linz. The 4 of us went to the theater. Barber of Seville. the 4: Mrs. Mitchell, princ. welfare off., Lt. Pochalaski, lady pol. liaison off., Doct. Feld and I. After

that a couple of drinks and to bed early . . . alone . . . a shame?! Made a trip by car this morning alongside the Donau [Danube], beautiful weather and pleasant company, after that went to eat and in the afternoon to Cleveland theater, a nice movie. Drove back at 8:00 o'clock to Wels.

## **Monday, March 25**

Again reports, after that to Lam-bach, a lot of pots and pans for the "patients" kitchen which was not that easy. Pots, pans and other kitchen utensils are not to be found, but I discovered a little store with a huge warehouse behind it, Nazi owners – now a commissioner is in the business.

## **Tuesday, March 26**

Drove to Salzburg today with doc. 100 km in 1 hour 45 min. Talked to chief pers. and what I feared is true. To get the trip back paid for one has to be with Unrra overseas for 1 year, *d.w.z.*<sup>1</sup> one year from the moment I went on board, *d.w.z.* 7 Aug. but will try to arrange it. If it doesn't work, I can only leave here at the end of June – damn it. I have hope that it isn't necessary. I have to write a letter and explain everything, that I have to be in S.L.C. on 15 July for my citizenship papers – will get an answer quickly (in appr. 3 weeks I think). *Nous verrons*<sup>2</sup>

## **Wednesday, March 27**

This afternoon got an interesting meeting together. In attendance - Dr. Riedl: Austrian administrator of the *landswirtschaftsamt*<sup>3</sup> Dr. Pillinger: Austrian administrator of the *wirtschaftsamt*<sup>3</sup> Wels Lt. Kech: D.P. officer for our area Zonlight: supply officer Unrra. From now on all requisitions go through Austrians not any longer through army.

1. *d.w.z.* is *dat wil zeggen*. Translation is meaning.

2. *nous verrons* is French meaning we will see.

3. *landswirtschaftsamt*, German for something like county, province, etc.

## **Thursday, March 28**

More and more everything is transferred from the army into the hands of the "liberated Austrians." I sincerely think that the army authorities are in too much of a hurry, nothing good will come out of it. Point of view of DP's that's not too bad, since they have to learn to stand on their own two feet and not be too lazy to work.

## **Friday, March 29**

All my new requisitions are in now. Have to see what will happen. It's the first time going through the Austrians. Finished a *krachttoer*.<sup>4</sup> Our pump and engine in *Schulstrasse*<sup>5</sup> are burned out - so no water, repair will take 14 days I was told, but I decided to take the engine with me to Linz where I got them to work on it Saturday and Sunday so that I can pick up the engine on Monday: 3 days: costs 300 shilling plus 6 packs of cigarettes.

## **Saturday, March 30**

Report day. The last of the month, weekly report, monthly report, supply report, regular report – The ration corporal is a Jewish boy, 21 years old, what a language he uses. Pro-kits he sold to the Moroccans for toothpaste. . . Telling about his combat experience, most of which is true – terrible! How will those boys manage back in the "civilized" world? Just heard a beautiful symphony. It's now 1 o'clock in the morning. Good night sweetheart.

## **Sunday, March 31**

Tomorrow I can say that next month I hope to leave for home, that is if my request is accepted. I'm in the director's office writing, am on duty. Hell. Beautiful weather. . . This afternoon races – not

4. *krachttoer* is combination of *kracht* meaning might and *toer* meaning turn or trip. Best translation would be the French expression *tour de force*.

5. *Schulstrasse* is German address – School Street.

for me today. I'm catching up on my correspondence. Listened to beautiful music this morning. Went to the races after all. Horse and buggy gambled 50 shilling got back 30 shilling. Won 2 times for 10 shilling got back 14 shilling. Still a pleasant afternoon. Real summer weather, after that from 4 to 6 writing letters in the camp to everybody. 12 letters –

### *Under heading memoranda*

The "boss" thinks he alone is doing a good job. Everybody else on our team is not worth anything. I had written a letter to U.S. zone H.Q. to see if they wouldn't pay for my trip back to Wash. even if I'm not 1 full year overseas – and I think it will be O.K. – and Hoeffen was going to write a little note with it. All he could find to write was that my work was satisfactory. Well I'm above that, I know what I'm worth and at H.Q. they also know it.

### **Monday, April 1**

Now I hope to say that I will travel home next month, if everything is O.K. I will leave here around 25 May. *Nous verrons*. [see page 21] *Vol verwachting klopt mijn hart*.<sup>1</sup> In any case time is going fast, I'm working very hard which gives me satisfaction.

### **Tuesday, April 2**

1001 things to take care of. An other team asked me if I could help them get a cooking stove. They had looked for 2 months and found nothing. I worked on it this morning from 9 to 11:30 and in the afternoon they could pick up the stove already.–

*On top of the next heading is written only 55 days? And this goes on until May 27 with the number 1 written over it.*

1. *Vol verwachting klopt mijn hart* is a sentence from a St. Nicholas song meaning My heart is full of expectation.

### **Wednesday, April 3**

Worked very hard today. Started at 8 o'clock with requisitions for dyed pants and shirts for DP's. Many of them have only x (?) merchandise military clothing and the MP's have orders to pick them up and throw them in jail and take away their clothes which is not completely honest, since the military doesn't give any dye – so these people cannot be held responsible. Fine, now through the Austrians – since 1 April transfers [requisitions] from military to the country's government – came back from Linz, with 400 shirts and 325 pants. In *one* day what otherwise takes 2-3 months. That gives one satisfaction.

### **Thursday, April 4**

Send letter to H.Q. with request and questions about my upcoming leave. I'm starting early because I know Unrra, if I want to leave here around 26 May I need to start now with my arrangements.

### **Friday, April 5**

Today again conferences that do not bring me anything new. Went to Lambach to see if the S.S. lager [camp] can make toys for the children. 26 kids in Pichl and 115 in the camp.

I gave them wood and paint, but I have the feeling nothing much will come out of it. Went to the movies tonight. Mystery thriller. Brr. I'm still walking around with an enormous cold.

### **Saturday, April 6**

The saw mill is running smoothly. Organized it myself, and the whole camp can have its wood cut there. The Austrians are . . . no backbone, one can't generalize but most of them bow down to the ground. "When do we get something from Unrra?" I hear regularly being asked. . .

*das herrnvolk geht zu fuss*<sup>2</sup> is what

2. *das herrnvolk geht zu fuss*. For *herrnvolk* see page 19; *das* is the; *geht zu fuss* is goes on foot (walks).

I always say on the way when people stop me when I'm in the car. Austrians – Germans, *éen pot nat*<sup>3</sup>

### **Sunday, April 7**

Spend all day outside with 3 Polish officers, Mr & Mrs Lt. Pochalski. Lt. Binkowski, and Am. Lt. Eddie. We went to Grunau at the bottom of *Totesgebirge*.<sup>4</sup> Beautiful. Wild crocuses, blue, yellow, white in the meadows, high above us the white snow-covered tops of the mountains, in the forest thousands of "*schneerosen*"<sup>5</sup> growing just through the snow. Beautiful. We ate our food that we had brought in a small *gasthof*.<sup>6</sup> It was a real pleasant day, one of the first I had in Austria. Pleasant company. A good-looking Lt. . . Decided to do it again next week if possible.

### **Monday, April 8**

Linz. Again a lot of changes in supply system. They better make up their minds.

All of the sudden ice cold. It's snowing. My throat hurts. Doctor painted my throat [this used to be a way to treat sore throats by stippling on medicine in the back of your throat]. Gargle - don't feel better.

Haven't received a letter from home for a long time. Everybody gets mail except me. Am I forgotten?

### **Tuesday, April 9**

Have to do requisitions. Run around like a mad man. Those Austrians are getting on my nerves. Still I get what I want, but "our" DP's are not really worth it.

3. *een pot nat* is Dutch expression meaning it's all the same.

4. *Totesgebirge*. German meaning Death mountains—name of mountain range.

5. *Schneerosen* is German meaning snow roses. I don't know the name in English.

6. *Gasthof* is typically German. The closest we have is a bed-and-breakfast place but in a *gasthof* you can also just stop and have something to drink or eat without staying overnight.

### Wednesday, April 10

Had a real adventure with getting 3 sewing machines (as difficult to get as gold). I've tried for the last 4 months to get sewing machines for my lager, but it was impossible. Yesterday, by chance, I read an article about Unrra in *Neue Zeit* [New Times] the comm. newsletter for Austria, when I finished the article my eye caught an article about Wels – and to my biggest surprise I read that there was a "Reichsdeutsche"<sup>1</sup> firm in Wels which had a lot of sewing machines but only 1 permit to operate them (one needs a permit for every machine to operate it). That gave me an idea. I went to *Bezirkshauptmanschaft*<sup>2</sup>, Dr. Pillinger.

*He goes on under heading Thursday, April 11*

Put immediately my cards on the table: wanted 3 sewing machines by tomorrow. Yes, said the *bezirkshauptman*<sup>3</sup>, I don't have any. Then I confiscate them, I said. Then we both went to *Landswirtschaft*<sup>4</sup> in Linz, Hofrat Hemmer whom I also bluffed. He gave me a *bescheinigung*<sup>5</sup> to pick up the 3 machines from the firm. But I miscalculated. They [the machines] were not at the firm. They were lent out. So I picked 3 names [I guess the firm had a list to whom they had lent the machines] and went by truck with 2 DP's to the addresses. The first was the most unpleasant one, woman crying, children screaming, man cursing, didn't let it bother me. The machine came with us.

*Again goes on under heading Friday, April 12*

The wife of one of the picker uppers was with me in the truck and when we returned from the first stop she said: yes, those rotten people are communists, what else can you expect from them. I immediately put her in her place. At the second stop:

"I thought that Unrra came here to bring things not to take them away!" Then I became angry and told her the following anecdote: A big and a small boy stand in front of a store in Berlin and throw stones through the window. The owner comes outside and very mad to the big boy: You can pay for that, you dirty boy. 20 cigarettes and 10 mark. OK the boy pays. Then the little boy

*Again goes on under heading Saturday, April 13*

comes up to the owner and said: mista, you have to give me 10 cig. and 3 mark of that. "Why?" says the owner, you also broke the window, didn't you?" "Oh yes, replied the boy, but I am Austrian. (This is now my standard joke to Austrians, who ask me when Unrra is going to provide them with everything. I shall be hanged if I am going to help those b. stards – The 3rd machine I got very easily. [The anecdote and following remarks are all in English]

*Editor's note: It used to be very common, if you wanted to use a bad word, not to write it out but put a . in between letters, like your father is doing here and there in his diary. b.stards is therefore bastards. This is an old-fashioned way, not done anymore.*

### Sunday, April 14

Went to Kremmunster today. A very old cloister. This is the second time, but this time an Amer. Lt. accompanied me who was stationed there already 4 months, and knew the *hoofd vader* [head of

the cloister], so that I was able to get a peek at the enormous library 100,000 titles, all of them very old. And a museum full with paintings and art objects. So much that I couldn't take it all in. The church very ugly but other beautiful halls. 16th and 17th century. You were missed Hankie Pankie. Again was together with the 2 Polish lts. and Amer. officer.

### Monday, April 15

Rumors that all Poles have to go to Germany I heard at H.Q. in Linz. That will take time, such an undertaking.

In the meantime did a complete reorganization. More and more everything is being given over from mil. authorities to Austrian authorities. From now on: Unrra supply– *bezirkshauptmanschaft, landswirtschaftsamt*, back to *bezirk*, back to me, even if not okayed. Believe me most of it will be okayed. Those Austrians – [last sentences in English]

### Tuesday, April 16

At the end of the week I'm taking off a couple of days officially for the first time. I'm going with major Czarnecki and the 2 Polish lts. (Mr. and Mrs. Puchalski and sha [?]) to Salzburg, St. Wolfgang, Salzoven, Godding, St. Galgen, Fucht, we're taking food with us. That is promising to be a beautiful trip. In the meantime a lot of work here. It is ever more difficult to get things for the school, shoe-maker's shop, tailor shop, carpentry, etc. How the hell do I get it! [last sentence in English]

### Wednesday, April 17

Not only that, but now other teams are starting to call me and ask me to help them. One team would like to find a stove, another team roofing paper and still another (oh no, that's H.Q., wants a new engine). Am very flattered, do my best. But how mediocre is our personnel.

1. *reichsdeutsche* means German.

2. *Bezirkshauptmanschaft* is not translatable. The Germans have very logn words for governmental offices and eveythignis divided by county, city, town, etc.

3. *bezirkshauptman* is the man who is the head of the *bezirkshauptmanschaft*.

4. *Landwirtschaft* is a step above the *Bezirkshauptmanschaft*.

5. *bescheinigung* is permit.



### Thursday, April 18

Now our team consists of:  
Hoefen – Dir. Dutch  
Jones – D.D. [?] English (and how)  
Schlumberger – welfare  
Polhaar - man – warehouse Dutch  
Polhaar - woman – messing [?]  
Dutch

Driver – driver U.S.  
Dr. Feld – doct. Belg-jewish  
Zonligt – supply Dutch-U.S.  
Not a pleasant atmosphere in the team. I'm glad it's only 6 more weeks, and then I'll be on my way. [after comma, in English] Bought the "Hands of Dürer." Beautiful. Hans will be happy with that.

### Friday, April 19

Had a real tough time to get light bulbs. There are just none in Austria, but I got them, with a lot of bluff. [last 2 sentences in English] The rumors are correct; the Poles are going to Germany on 27 April. That will give much work until that day. Am doubly glad that tomorrow I'm going away for a couple of days. Leave tonight. They are just coming to pick me up. I'm very honored.

### Saturday, April 20

Slept well all set to leave but it takes time to get everything ready. We left only at 11. [from all . . . in English]. Went to Godding and the Salzoven, very interesting almost under the ground. How the little river finds its way through the mass of rocks in comprehensible. Put down a sheet on the ground and ate, a sort of *huzarenska*<sup>1</sup> but Polish-like. Beets with horse-radish, very sharp. Slept in Salzburg. Had an interesting conversation with Major Czarnecki, who invited me and a couple of other people to come to Poland for 14 days. Hope something will come of it. I get along real well with him. We're sharing a room in hotel Gabelbrau [name of hotel I think]

1. *huzarenska* is the name of a dish. In dictionary it says Russian salad. It still is a very common Dutch dish with potatoes, beets, eggs, mayonnaise etc., and it is a cold salad.

### Sunday, April 21

Easter! I received hand-painted eggs, Polish custom. I'm saving them maybe they will last until home. Left at 10 o'clock for St. Wolfgang via Galgen. Beautiful mountains, lakes, people in very beautiful interesting costumes. I was the driver, 3 cars, 2 other Polish DP's, rich DP's, unpleasant DP's, annoying [boring] company. Lt. Pochalaski knew them and for Poland's sake we went together. In the evening to Atnen where they lived with farmers. They are not lacking anything, those poor DP's. Told them something.—

### Monday, April 22

Rowed on *Wolfgangsee* [name of lake], ate at *Weissen Rossl* [name of restaurant meaning White Horse]. Beautiful hike. Polish 1st lt. had nervous breakdown. Unpleasant. 6 years in the war. Partisan, was a DP in Germany, understandable. Calmed him down. The rest of the day was a disappointment. What a shame. In the evening he visited me in my room in Salzburg and apologized. Gave me 3 kisses, brrr! After that I had to have a drink with him. Vodka and cognac. I can take it.—

### Tuesday, April 23

Back in Wels.  
Meeting with DP's to tell them that they are going to Germany next Saturday. They took it calmly. I have an enormous job, have to try via national bank to get their money exchanged. A lot of their money was deposited on 5 Jan. and they all received 150 shilling then. That will keep me busy for the rest of the week.

### Wednesday, April 24

Meetings with directors of Oberbank and Nat. bank. Made lists; verify. What a horrible job.

### Thursday, April 25

Officially turned in my resignation to be effective July 6 in Washington, D.C. Mr. Roundtree (chief pers. Linz) thinks that I will cer-

tainly leave here before 1 June. Now it gets serious: at most still 5 weeks here.

### Friday, April 26

Well, I did it. Exchanged 100,000 shilling for R.M. [marks] even course [meaning one for one I think; this was in English] *Ausfuhr* *genemigung*, *steuer* *genemigung*,<sup>2</sup> and what ever else you want. Checked cars. What a debacle. All 40 men or 8 horses cars! [?; this was in English] Dusty and dirty. 26 cars for ±600 people.

### Saturday, April 27

What a day I've had. Got up at 4:30 am. At 5:30 *localbahnhof*.<sup>3</sup> At 6 o'clock it started. The Poles arrived by truck from the camp and I loaded them in. Such an amount of luggage, chairs, tables, and even beds did I have to *afnemen*.<sup>4</sup> At 10 o'clock without my permission a locomotive arrived and made from the 2 parts one and put the train on another track! I gave the chief 5 minutes to get the train back the way it was. . . and it happened. At 11 o'clock everything loaded and ready. The Poles had put sticks on top of the train. The Polish Red Cross was also there and I had installed a stove in their box car. Much to much food for a trip of 2 days. The poor DP's will not starve and what a quantity of schnapps.

2. *genemigung* is German for, I believe, confiscation. I think he is explaining here on what grounds he got the German money (and at such a good rate?), *Ausfuhr* is export; *steuer*, I don't know and *anti nazi* is self explanatory.

3. *localbahnhof* is combination of English and German; *bahnhof* is train station. The English *local* is spelled *lokal* in German; might just be a misspelling.

4. *afnemen* is Dutch meaning take away or unload. It is not clear here what he means, take off the trucks and put on the train or take away from the people.

### Sunday, April 28

It should have been a rest day today after the shipment of all the Poles. Hell no, for those 60 people in the camp there is more work! At night we would have to do 4 hour watch, according to Hoefen. 1 night OK, but he doesn't have to count on me for the following night. That man is crazy. That is a job for the Austrian police or MP's, to keep watch, that nothing is stolen. 1 month from now I'll be on my way I hope. The Polish Lt. gave me 2 beautiful *aquarellen*<sup>1</sup> because I was so good to his wife and helped her when she had such a terrible time. Very nice.

### Monday, April 29

Again something new. The status of our camp has changed. Now it has become a transit camp, "*Durchgangslager*"<sup>2</sup> That's not very *gezellig*. One day 100 people, the next day 250, etc. Difficult if not impossible to determine what one needs. We all feel dead tired. That was working.

### Tuesday, April 30

Last day of the month. Reports, reports. Papers many papers. When Unrra leaves Austria, the Austrians will have enough paper to make fires for the next 20 years.

### Wednesday, May 1

Now, this month I'm leaving here. Beautiful weather, it hasn't rained for ages. Divine. Next Saturday and Sunday I'm interned at Kitzbuhel. French zone. Army officers rest center. Fine. *Zit met mijn handen in mijn haar*.<sup>3</sup> How and what to order for a transit camp?

### Thursday, May 2

Oh gee, what a toothache. 3 hours at the dentist, Capt. Apton from New York. Nice man, still I have a

1. *aquarellen* – watercolor paintings.

2. *durchgangslager* is German for transit camp

3. *Zit met mijn handen in mijn haar* is Dutch expression meaning I don't know what to do. Literally, I'm sitting with my hands in my hair.

terrible toothache.

Got acquainted with the new director Mr. Cornwall. Wife and kids are also in S.L.C. He is going to try to see if he can declare me "surplus" so I can receive an extra month of pay in Washington. I hope he can do it. We'll need the money Hankie. [last 2 sentences in English]

### Friday, May 3

Got up this morning at 6 o'clock. Sitting in the sun and writing to you Hans. I don't feel too good with this unpleasant toothache. I long very much for Ma and Celine. Received a letter from Sauzedde [?]. Very nice, invited me to come to Thiers. Don't know if some business will result from it. Maybe I will do it.

### Saturday, May 4

Early this morning left for Linz by an old C.E.M. [?] Opel [this is a Ford model made in Europe]. Left at 8 o'clock and at 9 o'clock the first flat tire. I was stinking dirty after changing my tire. Lt. Puchalski was with me and at 11:30 arrived in Salzburg. At 16:00 the 2 Puchalskis and I left for Kitzbuhel. 70 km first through Germany. Then from the U.S. zone into French zone. That was nice to speak French again. In Kitzbuhel put car in garage and went by cable car from 700 meters to 1800 meters in 10 minutes, then walk for 1/2 hour and we arrived at the rest center *Chrenbanhöhe* [name of hotel] a beautiful hotel with wrap-around porch and then the view. . . it can't get any more beautiful. Sitting on top of the world. [last sentence in English]

### Sunday, May 5

Last night danced all evening, an *heerlijk* [see note page 9] Viennese orchestra. You were missed Hans; you're always missed with all the pleasant things that I now experience alone. Beautiful hike. 1/2 hour sunbathing, getting tanned. Wild crocuses

are growing through the snow. Around you nothing but high mountains, wind, sun. I just wrote you a *gezellige* letter. In Linz. Arrived at 9:00 pm again a flat tire. A couple of beautiful days. Unforgettable.

### Monday, May 6

Again fin.[?; maybe finished] transactions for the newcomers in our camp. Then again reports. Damn it! Why are you not any longer writing to me Hans?

### Tuesday, May 7

It seems that I have been declared surplus, that gives me a lot of advantages, also financial, much better than to resign. Let us hope and see because with Unrra one never knows.

### Wednesday, May 8

Now we have about 125 DP's in the camp. It is very difficult to order things on the strength of the camp [meaning fluctuating number of people]. A transit lager is never sure of how many people there are in the morning and afternoon. It's good that we have some provisions. I'm not going to order much for the few weeks that I will still be here. My successor will also need something to do.

### Thursday, May 9

Well 3 of our people are also declared surplus. The 2 Pothaars and Driver. The Pothaars are typical continental Unrra's. Interested in:

PX, clothing, liquor, where to go for dancing, where to go for weekends. I believe one can surely accept the following:

U.S. personnel: 60% incompetent. Should have never come overseas. Continentals: 75% in Unrra to get a job in uncertain times and PX, clothing and black market. Well, the Pothaars and Driver are leaving next week. Then 5 are left over. Schlumpie, T. v. Feld, Hoefen, and I. The next one will be me.

### Friday, May 10

Today 6 years ago the war broke out for us. It's typical that there was no mention of it in Stars & Stripes, no mention in the Austrian newspapers.

I'm leaving here definitely on 30 May. 31 May Vienna and 1 or 2 June on my way home via Paris, Brussels, the Hague, back to Paris, le Havre, New York, Washington D.C. and home.

It's a shame I turned in my resignation in April otherwise I would have been declared "surplus" and that would have given me an extra month of pay. Mr. Cornwall, the new area director was swell, but Vienna didn't accept it. By the way his wife is in Salt Lake City.

### Saturday, May 11

The weather is exactly like it was in Belgium 6 years ago. Don't have much to do anymore, but time passes with doing hundreds of little things. Getting money and papers in order for the people who are leaving for Poland on 18 May, probably the last transport.

### Sunday, May 12

Went outdoors with Lt. Puchalski and Lt. Benkowski to Sierling. At a farmer I bought 6 eggs for 6 cigarettes. They are not interested in money. At another farmer had them boiled. Had a picnic in the mountains. I have again a sunburn. Tomorrow to Salzburg to see what to do about financial transactions, because it seems that once you leave Austria you cannot do anything with your shillings.

### Monday, May 13

On the 15th there will be a new regulation for finance. So the trip to Salzburg was for nothing. Hitchhiked from Linz 120 km in 3 hours. Via truck, open jeep and Austrian car.

### Tuesday, May 14

Nuts to Hoefen. He was declared surplus and he is furious, and feels dishonored. He thinks he is the best director in Unrra. Doc

and I also had something to say. We had an interview with Lt. Puchalski and Mrs. Mitchell to see if the Poles who are in jail and want to go to Poland can be released and go with the 18 May transport. Tomorrow Capt. Fiedler.

### Wednesday, May 15

What a lot of work does such a transport bring with it. Working long days. It's not easy. We're counting on  $\pm$  150-200 people. The prisoners problem not solved yet, was sent to H.Q. Vienna for a meeting.

### Thursday, May 16

Finally I know for sure that I'm leaving on 30 May and 31 May in Vienna Central H.Q. Leave 1 June – Orient express: 2 June in Paris, make everything in order there for the boat trip  $\pm$  20-24 June. In the meantime to the Hague, Brussels, and if I have time Thiers. 6 July Washington, D.C. Prognosis 12 July home.

### Friday, May 17

Will we be ready for the transport? Every day groups of Poles are entering the camp, who also want to go back. Schlumberger, the welfare worker is doing a splendid job. So does Doct. Feld, my special friend [last 2 sentences in English] and I had the whole day to arrange the money with Nat. bank and Oberbank. Mr. Kokseeder and Mr. Spiegel. Those *ver-* [I think he means rotten] Austrians.

### Saturday, May 18

*Nous sommes tous a plat.*<sup>1</sup> Gee, what a day. From 6 on the station till midnight. [this sentence in English] 2400 Poles went back. *Dovazenia! Auf Wiederzahn.*<sup>2</sup>

1. *nous sommes tous a plat* is French. *nous sommes tous* is we all are; *a plat* Literally-flat but I interpret this as very tired.

2. *Dovazenia* must be Polish, so don't know what it means but after that is *Auf Wiederzahn* which is German for goodbye so by inference *Dovazenia* must mean the same.

Many promised to write. Adam-scyk, Litwinski, Zyncho were the staff members and we miss them really. Hope they will arrive safely. Lt. Puchalski went with them and he promised to bring back special stamps and other things.

### Sunday, May 19

Frauenstein! [name of town, hotel?] In the mountains, slept all day. We were the 4 of us. Lt. Puchalska, Doct. Feld and Mrs. Mitchell. We slept the whole day in the sun. We were all dead tired. Still in the evening to the movies. Laughing: Vacation from marriage [title of movie I think].

### Monday, May 20

Arranged thousands of little things. New director, new doctor. Now our team consists of Bernie Moulin – Belg. Doct. Feld – Belg: P who also leaves on 30 May T.J(ones) – British D.D. Doct. B. Drach – (Austr.) Pf. – [?]

myself.

Schlumberger went today to Ebensee. The Pothaars and Driver went back home today.

### Tuesday, May 21

I'm taking it easy now. Waiting for official papers. I will be replaced by Presburg (J.) from Brussels. Was in 3 concentration camps. Vernier, France, Buchenwald and Auschwitz.

### Wednesday, May 22

Now we have  $\pm$  100 people in the camp:  $\pm$  40 Poles, 40 Ukrainians, and some White Russians and stateless people. The Ukrainians and Poles hate each other and are continuously fighting. The first-mentioned have a yellow arm band, the Poles a red-white one and it's rough going. It seems that the Ukrainians were the worst S.S. and worse than the *moffen* [see note page 5] and Poles. That's what I hear from most of the Poles.

### Thursday, may 23

It's raining and sleeting, ice cold. Went the 6 of us this evening to the Spanish School [?; what comes to mind is the special training of horses called Spanish school in Vienna], the same program as a couple of weeks ago. It was interesting, but once is enough.

### Friday, May 24

Today the 4 of us to Kitzbuhel left by car, but car broke down and we stopped at St. Johan, 20 km from Kitzbuhel and we stayed at a farmer, who treated us to home-baked rye bread with sugar from before 1938 and cigars from before 1938. He only had 40 cows left and butter and milk enough. Those poor Austrians I thought to myself.

### Saturday, May 25

Going back home? (I wrote this April 25)

No not yet! But time is moving on. 31 May in Vienna! Kitzbuhel is heavenly. I would like to come back here with you Hans. From 700 to 1800 meters in 10 min. by *teleferique*.<sup>1</sup> Ehrenbachhöhe hotel [name of hotel] – tel 150 [?] Now only for American officers.

### Sunday, May 26

The car was washed beautifully by the French – Kitzbuhel is French zone. The Chasseurs, Alpens are there. Beautiful, elegant in blue uniforms. Drove back to Salzburg at 16:00 hours. Took the Mozart train there and back in Vienna at 21:00 o'clock in streaming rain without a raincoat, sneezing and wheezing. Still it was a nice weekend with Feld, Puchalska, Mitchell.

### Monday, may 27

Well Presburg is here and he can take my place now. I'm leaving next Thursday, via Linz to Vienna, I want to know more. Haven't received a letter for some time. Today sent a *gobelin*.<sup>2</sup>

1. *teleferique* is French - cable car  
2. *gobelin* is tapestry; originally a French word.

### Tuesday, May 28

Well, I'm leaving Thursday evening at 21:00 o'clock from here to Vienna and hope to arrive in the morning and leave the same day again with the Orient XP, 30 hours to Paris it seems. Send a telegram to Celine and Mon [?] for their birthday. Probably will be with them next week around this time.

### Wednesday, May 29

Today had to arrange all my papers from Unrra in Linz from there drove to Salzburg to buy things, picked up the Pol. Lt. there and was back here at 20:30 pm. Had a nice party in my honor. Present were: Lt. Puchalska, Lt. Katch, Turton Jones, Schumberger, Doct. Feld, Doct. Drach, Bernie Moulin, Lisbet Briggs from the S.S.O. (library from Wels) Presburg, Mildred Mitchell, princ. welfare officer and I. Was up until 3 o'clock, laughing and singing.

### Thursday, May 31

Packed. Started at 10 o'clock and finished at 14:00. Have 1 duffel bag, which I'm taking with me to Holland, 1 for the States and 1 sleeping bag, 1 handbag, 1 *havresack*<sup>3</sup> and that is all. At 21:00 the Mozart leaves. So long Wels. I'm entering a normal live.

### Friday, May 31

In Vienna: (in the train back to Wels) What a day. This morning at 9 o'clock at H.Q. First in the train breakfast, while many people looked on with hungry eyes (the train had arrived at 4 in Vienna but breakfast at 6:30. [there was no end ] ). At 7 to Post Hotel, to wash up. Well first I'm getting a merit increase then my orders are for Paris, the Hague, Brussels, Washington, D.C. I hope, if everything goes as planned, to be in U.S. between

3. *havresack* is French. Bag which is used to package oats for horses. Frequently used to pack things in. It's made from jute.

30 June and 4 July– I'm back in the Mozart already to Wels from there at 7 by Orient XP. We will see if everything is OK and if I will get my sleeper!

### Saturday, June 1

In the train to Paris.

*Het regent, het regent, de pannen worden nat.*<sup>4</sup> This morning left Wels at 7 by Orient Express. My reservation was there, although when I made it I didn't have any orders yet. Friends. Have a first class sleeping car, compartment for me alone, running water and a heavenly bed. *Ik baad in weelde.*<sup>5</sup> Was able to exchange my shillings for French francs in Vienna. Tomorrow morning in Paris. It's a shame it's Sunday, lose one day, because I want to know the date that I'll be leaving le Havre. It will be Monday afternoon before I'll leave for the Hague, don't know yet if I'm stopping in Brussels.

### Sunday, June 2

Arrived this morning at 8:00 in Paris. It was raining, no cab, took a porter with me and walked to Hotel moderne in Place de la Republique. 15 min. Wet through and through. Costs 300 fr. It seems life is very expensive here. offic. \$1 = 116 f. fr. In the afternoon visited Didy and Mario. What a lovely baby they have. Live on the second floor, furnished. Had something to eat there and then visited the Molina's, he is director of weekly paper *Economie politique*. Also a baby. In France it is only possible to live a normal live with black market, life is extremely expensive. For food alone 20000 fr. ± \$200 a month. Went in the evening with the Molina's to Club des cinq, the 5 of us 3 bottles of champagne. 6000 fr. Singer: world famous Piaff, probably will come to the U.S. [this is Edith Piaff].

4. *het regent, het regent, de pannen worden nat* is the first line of a song meaning it's raining, it's raining, the tiles on the roofs are getting wet.

5. *Ik baad in weelde* means I'm bathing in luxury. He really liked the accommodations.



### Monday, June 3

In contact with Unrra. What a *sof*. [see note page 6] Nobody knows anything. Probably a ship on  $\pm 15$  or 30 June. So I said I will first go to Holland and I'll be back  $\pm 13-14$  June. OK said one department. O, no, said another dep. because maybe a ship will go tomorrow, you never can tell here. OK I said. I go, I'll be back as soon as I can and I took off. [this was written in mixture of English and Dutch] Now I'm leaving tomorrow morning by Pulman and will arrive in the Hague at 12:30 in the night. Spent the afternoon and evening with the Lewis's and had dinner at Circle militaire. I was taken in the evening to another cabaret. Went to bed at 3 o'clock.

### Tuesday, June 4

Left by Pulman at 9:30, but I found out that I could get off the train in Roosendaal and go on by bus over the car bridge at Moerdijk to Rotterdam. Take the train again there to the Hague. A real adventure but brought me in the Hague at eight thirty in the evening. Difference 4 hours. Ma has aged a lot since last October. What a difference, it will never end well and I believe she is afraid to travel so far to the U.S.A. She doesn't want to go. Celine 100% OK, the same with Mon, Jet, Leo. They live pleasantly, close to Scheveningen. It was very nice to see them all. Who knows when I'll see them again?

### Wednesday, June 5

Slept long and then walked with Ma and Celine. The Hague is not so destroyed as all the other cities I went through in Germany. A couple of blocks are completely destroyed, but one can't talk about a completely destroyed city. Scheveningen also is not as destroyed as I thought it would be. No comparison with Ostende. Klara and her husband live very beautiful. They at least were lucky.

### Thursday, June 6

Talked all day with Ma, Celine, Leo and the children. Leo is pleasantly situated, all his old furniture and things, saved by the Legers. Well, we had luck with other things. I'm happy for them. I'm not satisfied with Ma. She should come to the States, she would surely like it, but she is afraid I think of the distance. *Nous ver-rons*. [see note page 21]

### Friday, June 7

*Next to date is written Hilversum*

Went to Amsterdam today. I was walking on my way to Ali, and a little girl stopped me in the street. Is your name not Mr. Sunshine? After I corrected her she said she recognized me: we had been in the same train from Amsterdam to Tilburg last October and I had shared my rations with her. What a coincidence! She wanted to take me home and share a meal – Together with Ali, who looks better and heavier than ever, had lunch in Hoolwerf at the Amer. Lunchroom. Tongue, potatoes, salad and *pannekoek*<sup>1</sup> and coffee, 3 pers. 15 fl.! Then walked around some and at 5:00 pm to Hilversum with Greetje. Greet has grown, Dineke tall, Wies and Charles still the same as hospitable as ever. In the evening talked in a pleasant atmosphere. They are not only family, but good friends!

### Saturday, June 8

Back today via Amsterdam to the Hague. What a rain. Had to wait 2 hours in the station. *Wolkbreuk*<sup>2</sup> after *wolkbreuk*.

People are much more content here in Holland than last year September, although certain items are missing like sugar and butter.

### Sunday, June 9

Still raining. Rode bikes to Scheveningen with Leo, against the

1. *pannekoek* is typically Dutch; a cross between pancake and crepe, served at lunch mostly at that time.  
2. *wolkbreuk* is literally cloud burst but means extremely heavy rain.

wind. It feels as if it is fall instead of spring. That's because during the last 2 months in Austria I walked around without a coat and it was not raining and very warm. And here, brrr!

### Monday, June 10

*2nd Pinksterdag*<sup>3</sup> Again rain and storm. We all went in the afternoon to Scheveningen but it was so cold that we sought shelter in the Kurhaus. In the evening a *gezellige radio avond*. *Holl. bonte avond*.<sup>4</sup> Kees Pruis and friends.

### Tuesday, June 11

Said goodbye to everybody and took the train to Rotterdam at 8:45 am. I'll probably will never see Ma and the others again or maybe not for a long time. Or am I going to rebuild my business? I begin to feel more like it and am walking around making plans – In Rotterdam via bus to Roosendaal, caught the Pulman there to Antwerp, where I visited Maurice. *Jemenikki*<sup>5</sup> how fat is Jeanine. [could also be Jeanne] Stayed only for 1 hour and then to Brussels. I'm staying at Colonies Hotel, rue Croisades. Cold and raining!

### Wednesday, June 12

To Wezembeek! Visited Palmyre: after 1/2 hour I wanted to say goodbye.

Palmyre: Well, sir, don't you want to take the silverware with you?

Me: What silverware?

Palmyre: I saved all your silverware by burying it in the ground during the war!!!

3. *2e Pinksterdag* is translated in dict. as Whit Monday; the second day of Whitsuntide. In Holland one always celebrates holidays in 2 days, like 1st day of Easter, 2nd day of Easter.

4. This indicates that they all together listened to the radio. *Holl. bonte avond* was a program that lasted all evening consisting of sketches, cabaret-type entertainment, etc. Much enjoyed in Holland. This program was still going strong when I was little. We also listened to it all together, and I remember Kees Pruis.  
5. *jemenikki* impossible to translate. Is expression like goodness gracious.

Tableau! [?]

The Dutch ladies of villa "the Mees" told me how the Mecklenburgs were helped and later on became Catholics. Understandable! At Donnay: all books back! How happy will my little wife be. Ate at Vasseurs, *reuze aardig ontvangen*<sup>1</sup>

### Thursday, June 13

Again back to Wezembeek to get papers to legalize the silverware. This way I won't have any trouble in U.S.A. Had lunch at the Donnays. Birthday 49 years old! In the afternoon looking for the furniture. Zaal [hall; meaning here showroom] Nova – Hammerman – Zaal Redding Ave. Torson d'or 18. The public auction took place on 19 Feb. 1941, have to find out what actually happened to it. It seems something strange happened to it.

### Friday, June 14

*Van 't kastje naar 't muurtje.*<sup>2</sup> I'm thinking of visiting Ramsy at the same time weekend at Heusy? In this way I will surely know more. [all of this doesn't make sense to me. Know more about what?] Ate at Boom [?; name of family?] very nice. They are all for me. Here in Belgium one can get everything but don't ask at what price. Still some items already priced lower in comparison with September. 1 cup of coffee now 5 instead of 25-30 fr., but Amer. cig. 50 fr. black [on the black market]. Butter 200 fr.

### Saturday, June 15

Went to Heusy today. Called Madeleine yesterday, she immediately recognized my voice! Arrived at 11 o'clock. Gerard was

1. *reuze aarding ontvangen* means they were very happy to see him. Literally very pleasantly received, but the intent of the words is much stronger.

2. *van 't kastje naar 't muurtje* is Dutch expression meaning he went from one place to another with no result—from pillar to post. Literally from the little cupboard to the little wall.

at the station. Went by Kancy [?]: nobody home. Madeleine had gained weight. A shame for Loulou: he *mankt*<sup>3</sup> furenculosis [?] in the bones. Penicillin could have healed him but of course was not available during the occupation in 1943. Pierrot is a nice little boy. Picked up Ali. She came unexpectedly. Very *gezellig*. Ali always brings such joy with her.

### Sunday, June 16

Rain – storm. Now already for 14 days. Fine climate . . . I'm sleeping at Mme [Mrs.] Petit. Very nice people. Susan and Marie Therese and children visited us in the afternoon. It was a success. Really a *gezellige* day. Bragard is congenial man. Stayed up till 1 o'clock. Ma called from Antwerp. She wants me to come and make everything in order with Maurice. Unpleasant. Made date for afternoon –

### Monday, June 17

Back again. 2 hours in Brussels. Arranged for tickets for Pulman to Paris and was in Antwerp at 4:00 pm. First conversation with Ma and Maurice – they made up and after that went with Ma to Zus who lives again in her old house, a house just like the one in *Grote Beerstr.* [address] How can one live in that. Restricted - no air, no light, terrible. – Again back in Brussels, tomorrow to Paris hope that there is news about boat. Longing for my *stelletje* [see note page 12] now. I'm sick and tired of all this traveling.

### Tuesday, June 18

Walked around a bit. Went by Mrs. Laughlin, head of Belgian mission whom I knew from Haaren, to say goodbye. She disagreed with Sir Morgan's statement of last year. I didn't completely disagree. At 4 o'clock Pullman. Gerard Heusy was at the train station and in the same train Gerard "ke" [Flemish; little

3. *mankt* can be either he is crippled or he walks with a limp.

Gerard, but " means tongue-in-cheek. Probably was a very tall man] and his sister-in-law and 3 children were traveling. – Does not make a very serious impression Gerard. Trying to start a business with Mario. At 20:30 in Paris. Ate K ration and now to bed. Dead tired –

### Wednesday, June 19

Well first went to Travel Section at 9:30. Leaving from Bordeaux on June 27, OK. Went back to my room to send you a telegram and letter, one hour later, I was just on my way to mail them, *klop klop* [sound of knock] at the door. Had to go back. Now I'm leaving 22 June from St. Nazaire. From Paris 21 June at 20:00. O.K. Liberty ship 7 passengers. Was out all day to make papers in order. Had dinner at Didy. Hospitable people and a darling little baby. What a serious person I turned into! At 23:00 hours in Paris. Still, *alléén* [alone, with a lot of emphasis] to bed! Without comment–

### Thursday, June 20

Hello Hankie. Congratulations 37th birthday. Hope you received my cable in time. Not too long before I'll be home. I now really feel like having a pleasant family life. Again went around to arrange everything. Big rally of communists to protest the breaking of windows at Humanité [?; name of organization?] Was just at Bd [Boulevard I think] Michel - quarter of hour later. Calm procession. Much screaming. Internationale! Students had counter rally at the end of procession. Typically French. Ate at Molina's. Really good friends. They gave me a bottle of perfume for your birthday. In the evening to Bal Musette. In bed at 1 o'clock.

### Friday, June 21

Well, adieu Paris. Just finished packing. Have to take a lot with me. It's now 16:00 and I'm going out for a walk. At 19:00 depart

from Hotel moderne. We went by little truck the 5 of us to Gare Montparnasse [name of train station], first class, departed at 20:40, arrived at Nantes at 3:00, had to wait there for *werkmans-trein*<sup>1</sup> (old German train, without light, only 3rd class, dirty, cold, miserable, [there was no end ]) coffee at French Red Cross. – And at 6:00 on our way to St. Nazaire. Such coffee - *ersatz* [see note page 16] - no milk - no sugar -

### Saturday, June 22

On board of S.S. N.C. Latta. This morning at 8:30 we arrived at St. Nazaire, at least what used to be St. Nazaire, nothing much left of it. After the liberation of France in Sept. 44 we left the *moffen* alone here in Nazaire and they held it until May 45! I visited the submarine pens [?; English?] with 20 feet of concrete. The heavy bombardments had totally no effect on the pens! The Latta is build exactly like the McCarthy. We already are having a fight to sleep in the officers cabin instead of the same place as last year. The 9 of us in a crowded cabin. I'm sleeping in the top bed but it isn't good, there is no place for your clothes – Food is OK. Hope I will not gain any more weight.

### Sunday, June 23

Beautiful weather. When you look outside you can see the submarines. Irony: the only thing not destroyed in St. Nazaire. Got up at 7 and had good breakfast. Now waiting for captain to see if I can't get a better cabin.

We left at 13:00. Last glimpse of France: the colossal submarine pens standing alone between the ruins of St. Nazaire [from standing on - English] . . . *met recht*<sup>2</sup> old sick Europe – will I ever come back here? If so, will I be able to do it well [?; maybe he refers to starting a business again here]

1. *werkmans-trein* is train to transport laborers.

2. *met recht* literally with justice; I would translate that as surely.

### Monday, June 24

First day at sea. Beautiful weather. Warm. Sunny – Food is good. Sleeping accommodations rotten, 9 of us. Captain is rotten person. Sea is like a lake, but since our ship has no load and so doesn't weigh much we are going up and down a lot, although the sea is almost completely still. What will it be if there is going to be a little bit of wind. We are going to pass the "southern route" the Azores, just like 5 [years?] ago but in different circumstances.

### Tuesday, June 25

Rainy weather. This is a dirty ship full of leftovers of the coal that was transported to St. Nazaire. Yesterday evening 9th symphony Toscanini and Scala Milan. Beautiful. –

### Wednesday, June 26

313 miles today. Calm weather. Some mist – weather not too nice. Had a headache, took 2 aspirins. OK now. Got up at 7 o'clock. 1 year with Unrra. It was an experience, learned a lot.

### Thursday, June 27

Beautiful weather. Got up at 7. Got sight of the Azores in the afternoon. Sunbathing. The whole day. Enjoyed the group of islands (total 5) which we passed within 1/2 mile. Prognosis: tomorrow in a week New York.

### Friday, June 28

Got up at 7. Shower. Beautiful weather. Not hungry, enough food. Waste enormous. I'm eating toast, coffee, jam, that's all. Played poker with chief, 1st and 2nd mate, purser (Barnett from S.L.C.), won 1:50. Captain is naturalized Canadian. The only thing you hear is BBC.

### Saturday, June 29

One week on the boat. Weather good. Rocking a bit. Boat is 7900 tons. Build in 1944. Specially designed for locomotives. 5 fit on the deck. Everything for France. We have already 4 times uur {?;

means hour, but I think he means changed time] and my stomach is completely upset. Eat almost nothing.

### Sunday, June 30

Wind is blowing the waves over the deck. Slept badly. The propeller sticks out of the sea all the time and makes the stern rock. It is impossible to sleep.

As passengers we have 2 French astronomers and a young French author, Claude Roy, who wrote among others *The 8 Days that Freed Paris*. He is going to Mills College for 3 months to learn French [?; this doesn't make sense; maybe he means to teach]

*Under heading memoranda*

### Another 1300 miles.

No end in sight!

### Monday, July 1

Didn't sleep—strong wind during the night. Now it's beautiful weather. Sat in the sun this morning.

Flying fish. Looks nice. Silver in the sun—Are flying 20-40 meters – Another 1000 miles!

### Tuesday, July 2

Now we are in the gulf stream. I just saw a big turtle. Water is ± 85° Fahr. It is hazy, but warm. You're burnt before you know it, because of the wind you don't realize that the sun is burning you. I'm tanning.

We hope to be in New York on Friday. I want to immediately reserve a ticket on plane from Wash. to S.L.C. on Thursday 11. O gee, how I long for everybody.

### Wednesday, July 3

Rain - *snert* [see earlier note] weather. It's raining and the wind is blowing. O there is no end to this trip. Still 500 miles.

### Thursday, July 4

Independence Day. Does not matter here on board. They didn't even hoist the flag. Will be in New

York  $\pm$  3 o'clock tomorrow. 1st mate says Pier 27. In the heart of New York. Send telegram to make hotel reservations. I don't know if it will help.

Fog. Fog horn every 3 minutes and from time to time the boat stops. Sun is trying to come through the clouds. Temperature much colder than yesterday. Feel the difference now from the gulf stream. Still 1 day, then leave this stinking ship –

### **Friday, July 5**

Dropped anchor in the mouth of the Hudson. At one side Fort Hamilton and Brooklyn at the other side New Jersey. It's now 6:30 in the morning and the yellow flag is hoisted (quarantine). Now waiting for the doctor. We will probably dock at 15:00 o'clock. It's misty, but in an hour or two we will probably be able to see the skyscrapers. At 14:30 we're sailing to Pier 28 New York, heart of the city. Very interesting. In the meantime the doctor was here, everything OK. Father Blitz is at the quay with Gerry and I see them. Finally at 17:00 we left the ship, through customs and at 18:00 finally out of the docks – Cab to Lefferts, beautiful apartment in a bad neighborhood. Margot looks bad father also not good Marianne also not gerwij [? can't read this] fat! I was so happy to hear Hans and Tini's voices. Well another couple of days.

### **Saturday, July 6**

Made reservations for plane from Wash.-S.L.C. for Thursday. Not sure yet. Have to call back tomorrow –  
Heat . . . humidity . . . stayed home the rest of the day.

### **Sunday, July 7**

Terrible climate. The only thing you can do is take a shower and then let yourself dry. Don't think that father is very good [meaning healthy].

### **Monday, July 8**

Got up at 5:30. Penn Station. Train at 6:30 coach. Half past 10 in Washington. A burning oven. 2 times as warm and humid as New York. Thank God had reservations in hotel. Sheraton. OK. Air conditioned room and private bath and radio. Started immediately to make all papers in order. Will receive an advance but final payment will be in  $\pm$  3 weeks. Room 918. Miss J. Preston will take care of that. Complete doctor's examination. I was OK. Long more than ever to be out of it. [?]

### **Tuesday, July 9**

Last day with Unrra. Insurance will go on until end of August. Was busy all day to collect papers, after that talked for hours about finances. Result with Fairchild:  
550 \$ Prov. Fund  
450 \$ vacation  
120 \$ 8 months at 15\$  
100 \$ expenses  
120 \$ 9 days July  
1340  $\pm$  will receive this in about 2 weeks.

### **Wednesday, July 10**

Received some money - salary and spec. expenses. Send 50.00 immediately to Hankie and also made arrangements that I will fly tomorrow morning hope to be in dear old Salt Lake City at 20:15, if my reservation in Chicago comes through. Tomorrow at about this time (midnight) I will be with Hans and this is all over.

### **Thursday, July 11**

Allons enfants de la Patrie  
le jour de gloire est arrive

[the first two lines of the Marseillaise - French national anthem]

I can't believe it – the last day.  
Hoera!