

clothes in their back yard, and "Licks" - brozed in the gate to say hello, and they all started back in fright and some ran away altogether. Not content with that he charged a hen and chickens and watched delightedly as they flew in all directions. I managed to get them all home without doing any damage however.

~~Saturday~~ Saturday 29th November 1941.

I let the dog go today and she has stayed, so that is that! We have decided against moving to Slater's bungalow. I like this place and the lovely view which we enjoy. Today I was at home all day, and we did not go out in the evening.

Sunday 30th Nov. 1941.

Jack managed to spend part of today at home, and I always enjoy Sunday when he can do that. I think he enjoys his work though, except when heavy rain causes some problems. It is like being a farmer, you are at the mercy of the elements.

Monday 1st December 1941.

A new month, with the East waiting and watching the movements of the Japanese. What shall the month bring? I have been so happy here, but one can not ignore the feeling of unease, and of course the war against Germany still goes on.

I had a quiet day at home. Jack had more "susah" on the mine at night, and had to go along and sort things out.

Tuesday 2nd December 1941.

This evening we dined with Rosa and Jim. Rosa had a fine roast duck (one she had fed and kept in her yard. Having plenty of space it is possible to keep a few hens etc in a yard, and it means home fed poultry and fresh eggs.) and this duck was really delicious, with all the trimmings. We are lucky to be able to obtain wonderful sea-food (for the first course) and we also can buy lovely fruits, and imported

cheeses, making it easy, with the aid of a good cook, to provide fine meals.

Rosa and I plan to go to Ipoh Tomorrow.

Wednesday 3rd December 1941.

I enjoyed our day in Ipoh. The sais follows us about in the car, and takes our parcels every time we purchase something. We lunched at Pritchards - a poor old lunch too, we thought. Maybe we ate too much last night!

We arrived back in Malim Nawar about 3 p.m. and I had a sleep, and rose and showered and changed before Jack arrived home.

Thursday 4th December 1941.

I spent a rather lazy day at home.

Friday 5th December 1941.

I did not go out today. The Japanese situation seems no better. The talks with America are still going on, but so far we do not know what the result will be, but everyone is uneasy.

Saturday 6th December 1941.

Last Tuesday Jack was called up (the Army) but Jim who is in charge here, obtained leave for him. I have been too miserable to write about it, and although he is still here, I am worried that he may have to go at any time if he is called again. He is very busy with his work here, and did not return home until midnight.

Sunday 7th December 1941.

I enjoyed today. Jack spent most of it at home. We had tiffin and a rest in the afternoon, and then took a walk to the mine later. In the evening we played bridge with Rosa and Jim until 11 p.m.

Monday 8th December 1941.

Last night Singapore, Manila, Honolulu and other places were bombed by the Japanese. The fact that negotiations were still going on between America and Japan (for peace!) during these raids shows

the type of enemy we have in the Japs. As if there is not enough trouble and unrest in the world! - now this we will now have to go on to a war footing, and that means black-outs for a start.

This morning I went to see Mrs Munro, and while I was there Mrs Davies arrived. We drove back to Mrs Davies' bungalow just as Helen Yew dropped in, so we had morning tea.

I spent the afternoon at home. Rosa called in on her way to Ipoh with Joan Miles. Stan (Miss) is in camp. Jack was home early, and we sat quietly talking, had a stengah or two and dined in the dark. The bungalows are built for coolness, not wars, and any light will show outside. Jack had to go down to the mine, and I went with him as he did not have to stay there long. I have never seen so many fireflies before, but I think it was because everything was so dark.

Tuesday 9th December, 1941.

Last night was peaceful and quiet, but of course very dark! I did not like going into the bathroom in the blackout, and wondered if there could be spiders or a centipede crawling about!

This morning I went to Kamper with Helen and enjoyed the outing. I bought a few extra stores in case we need it later, and some whisky.

Wednesday 10th December 1941.

Today brought some very grim news, as England has lost two of her greatest battle ships in the Gulf of Siam; off Kuantan, sunk yesterday by the Japs. It is a great blow, and everyone is feeling bewildered and depressed. It is difficult to know exactly what is happening.

Thursday 11th December, 1941.

Our way of life here is beginning to change. We are no longer having dinner served at night, as it is to

dark. There can be no lights on as the bungalows are open, to keep the air cool within doors at night. So instead we sit and eat sandwiches or rolls of an evening, and I do not mind that at all, a nice change from a late and often heavy meal. I went to the knitting session this morning with the ladies, who are looking worried, and wondering what is to happen next.

Friday 12th December 1941.

I was at home all day. Jack went to work as usual, and we had a midday meal. In the evening Mr Latimer, + Roy and Jean Williams came in for a while. I shall call this night "Dampened Spirits", as we were all feeling extremely worried and depressed, especially as we are not getting very much news of what is happening.

Saturday 13th December 1941

War has formally been declared on Japan, and the United States has come in also. We have as yet not heard what damage has been done by the Japs, and I think there is a lot of confusion because of the suddenness with which our peaceful world has been turned upside-down. God help us all out of this mess!

This evening Jack and I went over to see Rose and Jim for a while, and we also called in to hear Roy Williams gramophone - radio-gram I think. He is always tinkering with radios.

Sunday 14th December 1941.

Jack spent most of today at home. I have a bad cold. We went for a walk to the Rombong in the cool of evening, and I went to bed early. Jack made me a very hot whisky and lemon drink, and I took three aspirins.

Monday 15th December 1941.

I went to Rosa's bungalow this morning, although the day was fairly hot. She was sorting out clothes to send to evacuees. While I was there we had our first air-raid warning. We put cushions on the dining-room table, and waited almost an hour. I don't think the table and cushions would have been much use if a bomb had dropped! The "all clear" siren went and I returned home. Jack was calmly reading the paper, and hadn't moved from the cane lounge upon which he was reclining!

During the afternoon I wrote to Bora Bateman, a friend in Perth to whom I owed a letter.

At 5 p.m. the air-raid siren went again. Jack was at home, and wouldn't get out of the bathroom where he was having a shower, so I decided not to get "rattled", but it is not a happy feeling! After a while the "all clear" sounded, and the weather became very overcast and thundery. Jack now has received (today) a supply of bullets for his rifle.

Tuesday 16th December 1941.

Mrs Davies is having an air-raid shelter made, and she asked me over to see it, so that I would know where to come during a raid. We were having morning tea at her bungalow when the air-raid alarm sounded, so we made our way to the underground shelter. Helen Jews joined us there and we sat there for about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. Eric Davies came along then and told us that it would be safe to come out, but told us that the "L.D.C." had issued orders for women and children to pack a weekend case, and drive down to Kuala Lumpur "until the situation had cleared". We were told to be ready to leave in 20 minutes!!!

I packed a few things into a case just as Jack

arrived home for teppin about 11.30am. We both felt upset and confused. I did not pack very much - a few changes and some toiletries. I hated the idea of leaving Jack, and left most of my clothing, and my new dressing table set which he bought me in Singapore - I left on the dressing table so that he would feel that nothing was different, and that I would be back after the weekend.

Rosa arrived in her car to pick me up, and she was in tears, which did not make parting from Jack any easier, and I'm afraid I also became upset. However, Jack said it was better to go, because if things worsened the men would have a better chance on their own.

I felt ill because of my cold. Mrs Davies and Helen Jews set off ahead of us in a small car, and Rosa and I picked up Mrs Huxphories and her baby boy, John, at a Rest House on the road to K. L., and other cars joined us as we drove South, until the road was one long convoy, and we crawled along at a slow pace in the heat of the day, and each smelly village made me feel worse - and sick in my stomach, as well as upset and worried. At one stage of the awful journey we saw Jap. planes flying over the road but they did not attack us - they probably had other targets. We at last arrived at Kuala Lumpur at about 6 P.m. feeling very tired, and we found upon arrival about 50 women and a lot of children, all from mines in the North, and all standing around wondering what to do! Rosa decided to ring Mr Bill Warren the Company's No 1 man, at his home, and we were astounded to find that no one in K. L. office knew anything about the evacuation!! So then began the task of finding accommodation for all those people, and Mr Warren was very helpful, and arranged for K. L. personnel to take them into their various homes. He also

provided Rosa and I with a room to ourselves in his very large home, and also there were rooms for Mrs Davies, Mrs Humphries, Helen, and a Mrs Barton and her mother. Rosa and I were feeling so very depressed, and it was midnight before we could get to sleep. This has been one of the worst days I can remember, and I wonder when I shall see Jack again.
Wednesday 17th December 1941.

This morning we began trying to sort out our situation. There is a general air of confusion and anxiety. Rosa and I went out and had lunch at the Hotel Majestic and I was able to see something of this beautiful Eastern city, which has some glorious buildings, and wonderful homes set in lush gardens. Mr Warren's home is very luxurious, a fine big place which is to me, more like a hotel than a private home. He has been very kind to us, and his phone has been ringing all day long, and the situation is not yet clear. Some of the women talk of going back home, while others wish to go to Australia.

Thursday 18th December 1941.

Another day of worry. Jack and I have been married 3 months today, and now we are apart, with no idea what is going to happen, and I feel so sad and worried about him, and when I shall see him again. What a lot can happen in three short months - alas!

And so today's stay in beautiful Kuala Lumpur has not been one which I shall remember with joy, but Rosa and I are trying to make the best of things.

Friday 19th December 1941.

Rosa and I spent the morning in town, and Mrs Cameron, Mrs Barton, and Mrs Humphries came with us. I went and had a photo taken, and applied for a Passport, and later in the morning Rosa and I went to Anglo-Oriental office and were able to see Mr Warren and Mr Coates, both are directors of A.O. and told us that they thought we

had better go back to Australia, and said that they had already sent their own wives back home. So Rosa and I have decided to go to Singapore tonight, we have very little money, and although we tried to contact our Ipoh bank, we were unable to do so, and are at a loss to know what is happening back there, or what has happened to our men-folk back at Malim Nawar.

Rosa, Helen and I lunched at the Majestic Hotel, and talked over our plans. We are going to take a chance in the hope of getting on a plane or boat, and will go home for a while. Anglo-Oriental has given us an open O.K. to get any means of transport, and we ^{have} papers to say that they will pay all our expenses. If I go back to Penang I will probably take a job until everything is settled. I do not want to leave, but Jack and Jim will be better without us. I have only a few clothes with me, and all my good clothes I left behind, because I thought I would be going back after a few days, but this is war, and at such a time one must think of lives, not possessions. I have loved the time spent in this country, and have been so happy with Jack, but if my leaving means that he will have a better chance without me, then I must go.

Saturday 20th December 1941

We left last night after waiting an hour on the Station platform in Kuala Lumpur. Helen Jews came to see us off. We all felt miserable. People stood or sat on luggage, the lights glowed dimly with their black-out shades, soldiers streamed everywhere and one was carried along on a stretcher. I thought of Jack and wondered where he was and what he was doing. He used to say "It is a hard cruel world", and I would laugh and say "No it is a lovely world". Now I am beginning to agree with him! When our train at last pulled in it was blacked out,

and Rosa and I had different compartments. I shared a small compartment with two Chinese Amahs, and had to climb into the top bunk, which seemed higher than most train bunks, or perhaps I was very tired! We arrived in Singapore over an hour late, and were met by Joan Miles, who had booked a couple of rooms at the Station Hotel.

We spent today visiting the Shipping Companies. It seems that they are giving priority to women with children, and we may have difficulty boarding a ship bound for Australia. Rosa has her daughter Shirley living with Mrs Brennan, her mother, in Perth, so we have no idea if and when we may leave, but I shall have my Passport, or at least a Certificate to leave by tomorrow morning. I am leaving my few belongings packed and ready, and I bought two little jumpers today as I have a navy blue skirt which should be useful.

When I first saw Singapore three months ago I thought it rather dingy - strange - smelly!! But after my time spent up country, becoming familiar with the sights and smells, I now find so much that is exciting - interesting - wonderful! here in Singapore, and I feel so very sad and sorry to have to leave it all behind me, and indeed I would not leave if I was not sure that Jack will have a better chance without me.

Both Rosa and I feel so very depressed and sad, as well as feeling so uncertain about everything. We can only hope and pray that Jack and Jim will get home safely. I shall be forever grateful to God if this can happen.

We had afternoon tea with Mrs Munro and Joan. There is no milk available now, so we drink our tea or coffee black, which does not matter at all. What shall tomorrow bring?

Sunday 21st December 1941.

It is Sunday. A week ago I was at home with Jack. What a lot can happen in one week!

I am sitting on my bed in the early morning light and from here I can look upon the Singapore Station - long beautifully built platforms, and in Singapore, Kuala Lumpur and Ipoh the Station Hotels are very fine buildings. Here, beyond the station there is a hill in the background dotted with houses. - Here is Rosa knocking on my door - time to rise!

Later We have had quite a busy day again. I have been able to see more of the lovely building in this city. I wish I could stay here, and really sort out this maze of streets, but I suppose I shall be gone before I am able to do that. We are both packed and ready to leave at a moment's notice if need be. I have worn the same jumper and skirt for a couple of days, and most of my possessions are back in the bungalow at Malim Nawar, but at this time I refuse to worry about that as long as Jack can get away safely. Personal belongings become very unimportant at a time like this.

Monday 22nd December 1941.

Another day spent in Singapore. We spent the morning making arrangements for our departure. We are unable to obtain a direct trip to Australia, but a Dutch ship named the "Coemer" is going to Batavia in Java, and from there we may obtain a passage to Fremantle. The Station Hotel manager said that they are unable to provide accommodation for us for more than a few days, as so many people are arriving daily from up country, people who are having to leave their homes as we have done. The "Coemer" has no cabin space, but as we have no children we can sleep

on deck!

When our business arrangements were completed, we met Helen Jews in town and had afternoon tea, Mrs Humphries and her baby, John, were with us. They are also to leave on the Cremer, but are sharing a cabin with someone.

I enjoyed looking at the Singapore shops, which are so interesting, especially the curio shops. Of course we have no money to spare, and no space in our small luggage to take anything at all.

At the hotel we had dinner, and were in bed by 9.30 pm, and feeling very tired, but at 10 pm, just as I was dropping off to sleep the air-raid siren went, and the already dimmed lights in the hotel all went out. I jumped out of my bed, and called Rosa, and we put on some clothes and shoes, and I hurried to Mrs Humphries' room to wake her, and when she was ready we joined other people in the corridors, who were making their way to the air-raid shelter. One elderly lady had panicked and was running about holding a brilliantly shining torch, so I took it from her, and told her I would escort her to the shelter, which was under one of the railway platforms which had been excavated I guess for this purpose. There were wooden trestle seats along the walls where people could sit. We waited there, and we could hear distant dull bangs, ^{and the sound} also, of anti aircraft guns, the hum of aeroplanes. Rosa and I had a look out of the door of the shelter and saw search-lights, and a silver plane dodging the lights. After about 20 minutes we heard the "all clear", and went back into the hotel, but we were hardly back there before the siren sounded again and I found "my old lady" and hurried her along with me. To reach the shelter we had to walk along one railway platform, climb down from it and walk to the next platform, ^{under} which the

shelter had been created, and the poor old lady was so frightened she ran ahead of me, and before I could do a thing she went over the end of the platform, and I expected broken bones - but no she quickly rose to her feet and dived into the shelter. It was all very confusing in the dark, but after a brief wait, we were able to go back to our beds, but I must admit that I did not sleep very well at all, after the events of the evening!

Tuesday 23rd December 1941.

This morning we were up early, and sat down to an early breakfast, for today means "goodbye". Mrs Humphries, her baby John, Rosa and I were leaving. Helen Yews came to our hotel and accompanied us to the harbour and we boarded the "Cremier". Poor Helen was very upset and sad at the turn of events, and cried bitterly when we left. She is a trained nurse, and has decided to take up nursing in Singapore.

Our ship left Singapore during the morning, and I stood alone on the deck, leaned on the rail and cried my eyes out as we sailed out. To leave Jack my home, the country I had already grown to love - It has all been a kind of nightmare. I do not think I will ever forget how utterly desolate I feel today, leaving not knowing where or how Jack is, and he not knowing where I am. However, I know that if he can survive all this, he will come back to me, and he does stand a better chance on his own.

So our ship crept silently out of Singapore, and people began sorting themselves out. There are a lot of Dutch people on board, and we have found that the food is very good - the Dutch enjoy their food, and rich meals were provided at dinner time. At night, having no cabin, a number of us,

including Rosa and I will sleep on stretchers on the ^{open} deck. The ship is of course completely blacked out, and at first this is a bit frightening.

Wednesday 24th December 1941.

And onward — past all these enchanting islands in a calm sea, with nothing to do except for 10 a.m. life-boat drill, and to partake of a delightful lunch in the dining room.

It is Christmas Eve, but dinner was a quiet affair, and people are subdued. There is no music or noise or lights visible outside as we are afraid of being heard or seen by our enemies. I can not think of anything worse than being sunk by a torpedo, especially at night!

Thursday 25th December 1941.

It is Christmas Day. Last night I had a really good sleep, and only awoke once when it suddenly rained, and I had to move my stretcher under an awning. It had been quite pleasant sleeping on deck as the nights are warm.

This morning we arrived at Batavia, feeling worried because we only have what is left of our money which we had when we left Malim Nawar. We tried to get money through from our bank while in Singapore, but it seems that there is confusion everywhere, and we did not succeed.

Here in Batavia we went through the usual formalities of Passports and Customs, and we then drove to the home of the British Consul, who informed us that the Dutch Red Cross ladies had arranged to meet people who needed help. We had only to wait a short time, and then a very nice Dutch lady came in her car, and took us to her home. Mrs Humphries was taken by another woman to somewhere in this area. This Dutch lady is named Mrs Hockstra, and she and

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her husband and two daughters live in a most elegant double storeyed house set in a large area of garden. Rosa and I were feeling upset and depressed, but we felt better after a wash and an excellent tiffin. The Hockstras have several servants, all very well dressed, and the whole house is beautifully kept. We met the two lovely little girls, very fair, and perfect manners.

After tiffin we had a shower, and lay on our beds all afternoon.

Today was a little like Christmas after all.

The children had a tree brightly lit with candles and I shall not forget how pretty they looked, and the sight of their glowing fair hair under the lights. We were offered roasted hot chestnuts, something I had never tried before, and afterwards supper was served.

Friday 26th December 1941.

This morning Rosa and I went into the business section of Batavia to arrange a passage on a ship to Australia. The Hockstras provided us with a car and driver, as Mr Hockstra is a director in an Oil Company and they are obviously very well off, so we are very fortunate indeed to be so kindly looked after.

After tiffin a rest, and then we went with Mr and Mrs Hockstra to the Golf Club. They are very good at the game, and we went around with them for the walk.

When we arrived back at the house, the servants told us that Mrs Humphreys had called while we were out.

Saturday 27th December 1941.

We had a quiet day, but Rosa and I went for a walk in the afternoon, and in the evening the Hockstras had friends, and introduced us to a "Rice Tafel" which is an amazing meal which begins with rice

on one's plate, and then the servants bring in serving dishes of sea food, meat, vegetables and many amazing extras, and as each dish arrived we would take a little until our plates were piled with a little of everything. We had champagne with it, and it was a great feast. I think the Hoekstras are so kind, and probably doing all this to keep our spirits up. They too, are worried about the Japanese, and are afraid of what may happen in Java.

Sunday 28th December 1941.

I am eating far too much, and feel very lazy. Life here in Batavia must be very pleasant, and the influence of the Dutch is very evident in the spotless streets and beautiful shops.

Mr Hoekstra let us have a car and said today to go and see Mrs Humphreys. We found her living in quite a small house with Dutch people who cannot speak English, so they have to converse in Malay - Indonesian, the languages are similar, but it would be hard to converse on general topics, and I don't think Mrs Humphreys is too happy.

In the late afternoon Rosa, Mrs Hoekstra, Tom and myself went for a drive. We are going to the museum tomorrow.

Monday 29th December 1941.

We are unable to visit the museum as it is closed because of the war. Instead Mr Hoekstra, Rosa and I did some shopping in Batavia. I enjoyed seeing the shops very much, and I think one could buy anything at all. I even saw a "beauty salon".

In the afternoon Rosa and I called on Mrs Walsh, wife of the British Consul, and we enjoyed tea with her in the garden. Mr Scott, head of McClane-Watson called while we were there. In the

evening we dined with the Hoekstras only. They have had guests most evenings while we have been with them, and we have found them most friendly and entertaining. It has been so pleasant to stay with such good people. How can we repay such kindness?!

Tuesday 30th December 1941

An extremely lazy morning. I sat reading "Oil for the Lamps of China", and read at least half of it. I have been reading a whole book almost every day.

During the afternoon Rosa and I walked over to see Mrs Humphreys. She was so pleased to see us, and her Dutch hostess insisted on us being driven back in their car. The days we are spending here have been made very pleasant, and I shall never forget the kindness of Mr and Mrs Hoekstra.

Wednesday 31st December 1941.

The last day of this very eventful year. What a lot has happened since the evening I first met Jack on January 29th!!

We learned today that we are to leave tomorrow. The Hoekstras are becoming increasingly worried about the movements of the Japanese. Mr Hoekstra said that he would like Mrs Hoekstra and the girls to leave also, and she became so upset, and could not bear the thought of leaving him. We even offered to take the two girls with us to Perth, but poor Mrs Hoekstra began to cry, and so it was decided that she could fly down to Australia with the girls if things became worse. There have been one or two air-raid warnings, so there are strange planes about.

In the late afternoon Rosa, Toni and I went for a walk. The girls as yet, cannot speak English, so we are unable to converse. They know "goodmorning", "goodnight", "Thank you" etc.

When we returned we all had supper on the verandah. It was so nice; asparagus and assorted

rolls, soup, sherry and then coffee.

At 9.30 pm. the air-raid siren went, and the "all clear" sounded about 1 hour later. Just after that the New Year guests arrived, and at midnight we had a small party. It began with glasses of champagne to toast the New Year, and the servants brought in a large platter of pate de foie gras, and an amazing selection of beautifully arranged hors d'oeuvres and more champagne, and then to follow, a lovely dish of sliced pears, set in vanilla ice-cream and topped with strawberries. It was beautiful! We had coffee in the lounge and some time around 1 a.m. we all decided it was time for bed.

This is our last day here, and I shall never forget this week, and the kindness of this good family. We arrived on Christmas Day, and we shall depart on New Year's Day. May the New Year bring Peace and happiness in the world - goodwill towards men.

Thursday 1st January 1942.

This morning we rose early, as we are leaving. We all had breakfast together, which was quite unusual, for Rosa and I have been rising late each morning.

The servants have a very charming custom here, it being New Year's Day, they served breakfast and then gave greeting to us all, addressing us in the familiar Malay. They wished us happiness in the New Year, and victory and peace. To Rosa and I they wished a happy and safe trip.

It was somehow terribly moving and sad, and I tried vainly to keep back tears. Mrs Hoekstra broke down and went from the room; however she was back in a few moments to apologise, and she was quite bright afterwards. She gave Rosa and I a nice box of chocolates each, and

Mr Hoekstra gave Rosa his card.

Mrs Hoekstra decided to come and see us off. We were to go to a station and catch a train to Tjilatjap. We said goodbye to Mr Hoekstra and the two lovely girls - two of the sweetest and most well-mannered children I have ever met. It was a highly emotional moment trying to thank them and say our farewells, for these good people have been so kind at a time when our world had suddenly turned upside-down.

I shall always see in my mind the father and the two girls standing in the garden, with the morning sun shining down on to those fair heads, their hands and faces raised in farewell.

But we did not go to Tjilatjap by train after all. There had been a change of plan we were taken to the H.P.M. quay, and there we said our goodbyes and thanks to Mrs Hoekstra and boarded a ship. We waved to her as she stood on shore, and once again we all cried!!

And so we sailed away, accompanied by twelve sea-planes, and about 8 ships of different kinds, and a couple of mine-sweepers and two battle-ships. The movements of our ship was puzzling, we sailed along and then stopped suddenly at a signal from a pilot-boat, turned about and headed back to Batavia, then we turned right around again and sailed on. We left Java and sailed into the blue.

Friday 2nd January 1942.

This ship has no name, ^{LATER FOUND OUT IT WAS THE VAN HOUTSZ (SEE PROLOGUE PAGE 105)} but it is old, and once was used along the coast of China. We have a most awful cabin with 3 bunks and Mrs Humphreys and baby John occupies one of the bunks. The smell of this cabin is so awful it put me off my food, and Rosa and I slept on deck.

Saturday 3rd January 1942.

The sea was rather rough today and I did not feel too well — it's that awful cabin I think! However I must not grumble, and will keep out of it as much as possible. Today we saw no sign of land.

Sunday 4th Jan. 1942.

We slept out on the deck again, and woke this morning to see mountains quite close, so we are again near Java. The mountains looked lovely and after tiffin we arrived at Sourabaya.

Monday 5th Jan. 1942.

It seems that we are to be held up here for a few days! This is a big naval base and an important one. The harbour is large and there are many big ships in port just now.

We went for a walk along the wharf with Mrs Humphreys, but soon returned to the ship as it was crowded with local people, and very smelly.

Tuesday 6th January 1942.

We sat on deck during the morning. There seems to be a few nice people on board — a mixed lot though. The news from Malaya has not been good, but today it is said that British forces are holding the gaps in Southern Perak. My home is in Jap hands — everything we own, our wedding gifts, my box of linen only partly unpacked which I brought from Australia — everything — and all this means nothing at all, for I am sick with worry about Jack. I hope and pray for his safety, for Jim too and all our men on the mines.

The food on board has been rather awful, but today was a little better. The ship moved from the first wharf to another during the day, to continue loading. The "Tasman" was in Port with quite a lot of people from Kamper

and we were able to learn from them that our men have been sent to Kuala Lumpur, and they have removed key parts from the dredges, so that those damned Japs can not work them. The loose tin has been thrown back and the rubber burned.

This news has helped us a lot and we are even sleeping in this awful cabin!!

Wednesday 7th Jan. 1941.

Still here!! Oh I am so sick of this!! The coolies have worked all day again on the wharf. We did go ashore yesterday for a short walk, but I spent most of this day watching the workers from my chair on deck. I was interested to see them eating their tiffin of fish and rice wrapped in palm leaves.

Thursday 8th Jan 1942.

At long last we were away, and sailed from Sourabaya with a big escort, and left sight of the land, and saw it no more at all today.

Friday 9th Jan. 1942

Bali mountains looked glorious in the early morning tropical sun. The island is really beautiful and has a misty appearance, probably caused by the cooking fires. The mountains are really high and clouds obscure the tops of some.

We saw a ship just ahead of us, but our ship is faster, and we caught and passed the other boat, a freighter, evidently on its way to Australia. We have a lot of women and children on our ship, and it is quite crowded. We learned today that the First Mate aboard our ship is sick, so hope he gets over it. We sailed South of Bali and into the "blue horizon" all day.

Sunday 11th January 1942.

Last night the First Mate became more ill, and the Captain decided that we must return to Bali to a hospital there, and he turned the ship about and sailed for 12 hours back in the direction of Bali, but towards morning the radio operator picked up an S.O.S. signal. That unfortunate freighter we passed at Bali was sunk by a Japanese submarine and was calling for help. The captain decided that with so many women and children aboard our ship he could not go back to assist, nor could he risk taking the First Mate back there with a Jap submarine somewhere near. So he had to turn about and go full speed ahead in a Southerly direction.

The poor First Mate is even worse today. The ship's doctor is terribly worried, as the trouble is a twisted bowel, and needs an operation which can not evidently be performed on board. This ship will try and get him in to Perth, and Rose and I mean to make a bid to leave at Fremantle also. We are really bound for Sydney via the route South of Australia - a long trip, but maybe now we can leave the ship at Fremantle.

Monday 12th January 1942.

It was whispered today that we had another submarine in our area. ~~Today~~ The radio operator evidently picked up a warning.

It has been an awful day. The poor First Mate died about 3 P.M. He was such a nice man, so friendly, and only 35 years old. His wife and two children, also Dutch, have just arrived in Batavia from Malaya, and they shall not hear of his death until we reach Sydney - if we reach Sydney! We all sleep in our clothes, with a lifebelt, a coat, and a towel for a head cover ready to pick up at a moment's notice, and we have life-boat drill every couple

of days.

The crew are all very depressed and upset today, and show more emotion than a British crew would. They are also very worried at the danger which is lurking in these seas.

Tuesday 13th January 1942.

Today is my brother Ted's 19th Birthday, I hope he is well and happy. I cannot wire him or send him good wishes, but my thoughts are with him on this day.

I was awake very early - before 6 a.m. and left the stuffy cabin to quietly walk on deck, quite alone until I reached the other side of the ship and drew back into an obscure corner as I came upon the crew assembled for the burial at sea of the First Mate. I had arrived just as the final words were spoken, and the coffin was slid over the side of the ship. The ship was not moving, and was stopped for 20 minutes. The temperature was very low today, so I think we must be leaving the tropical waters, in fact I think we are a long way South as it is getting really cold and also the sea is becoming rough.

Wednesday 14th January 1942.

A very unpleasant cold rough day.

Thursday 15th Jan 1942.

We are still sailing South and evidently keeping well away from land. It is horribly windy and rough. I am hating this trip, and I think everyone on board feels as I do.

Friday 16th Jan. 1942.

The temperature is down to 60° and is falling, and a very cold wind is blowing. We saw a few huge birds today, they were albatrosses. We are a long way South, and heard "via

the grapevine" that we had another close call with ~~another~~^a submarine operating in the vicinity - fairly close to Perth and Fremantle, but we kept well out at sea, and saw no sign of land. The next one'll get us !!!

Saturday 17th Jan. 1942.

We turned East today thank goodness. We are very South of Australia, no sign of land - as usual. The sea is terribly rough and the cold is awful. Some of the blankets on board are being cut up to make warm clothing for the children, and none of us have any cold weather wear.

Sunday 18th January 1942.

I have been married 4 months today. Rosa, Mrs Humphreys and I are trying to keep our spirits up, and hoping that our men are safe. There is little or no news so we can only hope and pray. The sea is now wicked!! - a devil is mixing it up I think, and mountainous waves keep hitting the ship, and we are unable to go out on deck. It is really only an old "tub" and the waves are so huge that they momentarily block out the sky, and it is frightening. Everything has had to be tied down, and a great deal of china has been broken.

In spite of the weather I feel very well, although fed up with having to hold on to everything or get thrown about. True to form the Dutch are still serving good meals. We have "ketchil machan" and Sherry, or a brandy-ginger-ale every evening - it must be that which is keeping me fit! I eat no breakfast as we get up too late, but we are served a five course tiffin and dinner every day.

Monday 19th January 1942.

Today the seas were even more rough. The faces of the crew registered dismay at the huge waves which kept lashing the ship about. The radio-operator told Rosa and I - "This is an old boat - the engine is old", I think he was wondering how much longer we are going to stay afloat!! It is strange that I am so well, no sign of sea-sickness, but the size of the waves are quite terrifying.

Tuesday 20th Jan 1942 NOTE. The ship stopped engines for $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour.

Thank goodness! It was not ^{so} rough and it did not rain today. It is very cold, but with calmer seas we were able to warm ourselves playing deck games, and the sun came out and made us feel more cheerful.

News is coming through on the radio - awful news of Malaya, we sat at night in the lounge listening to the radio, and I will not forget the men's grave faces, and some of the women in tears, as we listen to the grim news, as the Japanese sweep down the Malayan peninsula. Whatever will happen to our men?

Wednesday 21st Jan 1942.

If we had been nearer, it is said that we would have seen the South Coast of Tasmania today. Instead we felt the South Pole!!

However we could at least eat our meals without having to hold our plates down - nothing would stay on the tables, our chairs kept falling over, the waiters kept falling on us! At one stage I fell on the floor, the chair on top of me and the Boy on top of it. When I regained my feet the other waiter had my white handbag on his arm, and was mincing about amusing the other Japanese waiters, cheeky

devil! but really it has been terribly rough and maybe a little light humour saved the day now and then.

Thursday 22nd January 1942.

A really lovely day. I played deck games, and finished reading "Gone with the Wind" which has taken me 6 days to read, and I loved it.

Friday 23rd Jan 1942.

A return to cold weather and we felt half frozen all day.

Saturday 24th Jan 1942.

It was too cold to leave our beds and we did not rise until noon, but we were in the dining room at 1-30 pm for our 5 course tiffin!

The sea is again rough, but not as awful as before.

Sunday 25th Jan 1942.

Not so cold today. There is still no sign of land, and indeed we have not seen a scrap of land since we left Bali, and I am heartily fed-up with this trip. Will we ever see land again?

Monday 26th Jan. 1942.

I came out of the cabin early this morning and came to the rail of the ship, and a Dutch officer pointed "There is the beginning of your beloved Australia", he said "and we shall be in Sydney at 10 a.m." So at last there was "land ahoy" and a great feeling of thankfulness. I went down to breakfast and ate stewed pears, bacon and eggs, and marmalade on toast, and just as I was finishing the Chief Steward said "Madame the Sydney Harbour Bridge is now visible above the coastline, a wonderful sight!" He accompanied me out on to the deck, a young fellow - Dutch, with curly hair, who told me during the trip that he had

been twice married, and early in the trip he offered to teach me to speak Dutch, giving me a book to study, but I gave it back to him as I think he had visions of cosy *tetes à tetes* in his cabin, so I did not accept his offer!

We reached the deck and there was no sign of the bridge, and I believe it is only possible to see it at a certain distance from land. Once the ship comes close the hills prevent it from being seen.

I shall not forget my first sight of Sydney. Before we neared shore many women born in England were visiting Australia for the first time, and I think they were expecting kangaroos and emus hopping around on land, and one asked me as we neared the shore-line whether it would be possible to buy some clothing - were there shops etc.!! So many of them lining the ship's rail looked quite stunned as we sailed through the Heads and saw skyscrapers and the wonderful arc of the Bridge spanning the harbour, that huge ship, the Queen Elizabeth was moored within the Heads, and we sailed in quite close enough to shout to their crew if we had wished to do so.

I felt many mixed feelings as we sailed under that huge span, excitement, awe, but also sadness, because Jack and I had planned to see it all, planned to see it together.

Luna Park is just by the bridge, and I am amazed at this huge city and its many skyscrapers.

And so at long last we reached shore, and took our very few belongings through Customs. Rosa and I booked in at the Sydney Hotel, and Joan Miles, who had already arrived in Sydney, was very pleased to hear from us, and she came and spent the evening with us at the hotel.

Tuesday 27th Jan 1942.

Rosa and I went into town, and I bought a hat

We met Mrs Humphreys and her sister and all had lunch, a lovely crab salad, at Cahills. It was so good to be on land once more. Rose and I went to the hairdressers for shampoo and set, and for dinner Joan had invited us to her Mother's lovely flat which overlooks the harbour. Joan's Mother, Mrs Watson is an actress Hilda Dorington - who is well known, and quite famous for her part as Mrs Danvers in the play "Rebecca". She has quite a "presence", and when she entered the room I felt she was making her "entrance" as if already on stage, a woman of about 60 years and fairly robust, I could imagine her in the part of Mrs Danvers. Anyhow she had done the cooking and the dinner was excellent. She left for the theatre at 7.30 pm. and Joan, Rose and I went to King's Cross to see Mrs Andrews of Malaya, and also to enquire about a flat, as our hotel is costing us £1-1-0 per day for bed and breakfast, which is quite expensive for us.

Wednesday 28th January 1942.

We took a flat at the Commodore today in King's Cross. It is quite roomy but needs a good clean, ~~but~~ accommodation is hard to obtain, so we were glad to have it. Water is severely rationed at present owing to a drought, and one is only allowed a few inches in a bath and NO showers so no one can have a decent hot bath!

We bought a few needs, and settled in.

Mrs Snaith from Singapore spent the afternoon with us - a very nice woman, and we are to have coffee with her tomorrow.

We have been trying to obtain a train booking to Perth, but so far no luck.

Thursday 29th January 1942.

One year ago today was my first meeting with Jack. I wonder where he is, and how he is faring. We have had no news of any kind yet.

Rosa and I spent the morning with Mrs Snaith at Cahills, drinking coffee — an old Dutch custom — and eating!! I have underlined "eating" because we have done nothing else of late!

We spent the afternoon in Town, and at 4.50p we went with Joan Miles to see "Suspicion", at the Plaza. It was just a show.

We came back to the flat for a "scratch" dinner, and the three of us talked until late. I received a telegram from Alice to say that there was money waiting for me in N.A., and also that Jack was well, thank God, but I am still worried as things are going very badly in Malaya.

Also I had a phone call from Clive Dabson, an old family friend. He was once engaged to be married to my mother, but instead of "tying the knot" he kept her waiting too long, and Dad appeared on the scene. Clive was very upset at the time, and when Mom gave him ~~back~~ the ring he boarded a ship ~~at~~ Fremantle, "threw" the ring overboard and headed for Sydney, and he has never married. Anyhow he has always kept in touch, and we had a long chat on the 'phone, and he has invited Rosa and I out to dinner next Monday evening.

I enjoyed today although rather upset to learn that we may have to wait another 2 weeks for a booking on the Trans. Train.

Friday 30th Jan 1942.

We visited Anglo-Oriental office (Sydney branch) today

and have decided to go on to Melbourne about Tuesday, as we believe that if we are on the spot, we may pick up a couple of cancelled reservations on the Trans. We are not very happy with this flat, and think it would be better to move on.

The shortage of water here is grim. The use of hot water for baths is prohibited, so we have cold ones, or a very short, ^{cold} shower, or hot washes. You can't keep a schoolgirl complexion all over with a law like that so it's Melbourne for us!

We went to Mrs Ick-Hewin's for tiffin — Mrs Humphreys sister, they have a lovely flat at Darling Point, and I bought myself a new dress for the occasion. Mrs Andrews spent the evening with us. She is a New Zealander who lived in Malaya until the Jap invasion. We are all very unhappy as news filters through from Malaya. The Japs are 4-5 miles from Singapore, the city itself is being bombed, and Jack? Well I can only hope and pray that he is well and unharmed, both mentally and physically, for it must be an awful strain. I hope the day will come when I shall be able to laugh at my past worries about our men who are probably still somewhere in Malaya or Singapore.

I received a telegram from Jack's Mother, and also we have a message asking us to call at the Govt. Tourist Bureau tomorrow.

Saturday 31st Jan. 1942

A good day for us. In the early morning we went to Anglo-Oriental office, or "Allevial Jim" as it is named, and they had two railway tickets for us, and advised us that two vacant first class passages to Perth will be available for us on Tuesday. We felt so relieved, and we were received very kindly by Miss Mostyn at the

office. They had pulled a few strings with the
Agent, Tourist Bureau ~~to~~ to obtain our passages.

We met Joan Miles at 11 a.m. and had morning
tea at a place Joan knew of, and while there
we had our fortunes told for 2/- !!

To me ^{the woman} ~~she~~ said "You are always trying to catch up
on Time. You make appointments but often cannot
manage to keep them, through no fault of your own.
You make arrangements well ahead, and they are
carefully thought out, but usually you are prevented
from carrying them out."

She asked me if I was married, and I told her
"Yes". "About 2 years?" she said, and I said
"No". "But the experiences you have had during
that shorter period are enough to make it seem longer
- much has happened hasn't it?" Well she is
right there! - much has indeed happened!!

She asked whether my husband was away,
and I replied "yes". She said "It is hard to
say what is to come in these strange times,
but I feel that he shall be back in about
2 months - say March or April, although
April is such a rocky month, don't you think?
- anyhow," she continued "you shall see or hear
of him - a cable or communication which shall be
as good as seeing him". I hope she is right!

She spoke of the future. "You will probably
have children, but not for about 3 years. You
would probably like about 3 children."

"Your parents were in accord with your marriage
but did not approve the haste. One of your relatives
was against it, but probably never told you."

She said I would probably hear about it though, but
that whatever this person said it was not worth
worrying about in the slightest, and that I must
let it mean nothing to me.

She said "Whatever your life is, you shall be happy, for you are like that."

"I see money!" I laughed at that, but she said "You will never be short of money, even if you never have a great deal."

Well! What more would one ask from life!?

"You are very particular about your personal appearance," she told me, "Always keep it up, although I have no need to tell you that, for you always shall."

She asked me whether I was in business. "No", I said.

She then told me that I would be, although it would probably not belong to me. "You are really very capable, and I can see you in a position of responsibility."

She said she could see me in some work where there were young girls of 14 to 18 years of age. "You will feel peculiar when this job first confronts you but shall get over that, and find you can do it quite well."

I think that is all she told me, so I am waiting to see if it all comes off, especially the part about seeing Jack in 2 months time!

I wore my new blue frock to Seddons in the afternoon. I had not met Mrs Seddon before, and she has a very nice home in Military Road. We also met her daughter Mamie - 14 on Monday. They have 3 boys also. Noel the eldest, and Bill and John, who look real rascals, with eyes always dancing with fun. Mrs Seddon's mother was also there. We had Christmas cake and champagne "to celebrate our safe arrival". It was very enjoyable, the time spent there.

From Seddons we went to Darling Point Road, ^{to visit} the Joyce family, descendants of Jack's father's brother I think. I am afraid that there were such a number of them that I did not catch all the names - or remember them anyhow! They made

us very welcome and insisted that we stay to tea, and we enjoyed the evening very much. It was midnight before we arrived home. We are going to see them again if we can find time.

Sunday 1st February 1942.

A beautiful day. Rosa wanted to go to church so I went along with her. We went to St. Mary's Cathedral and it is a beautiful building.

At 10 a.m. we went into town on a tram as far as Castlereigh Street, and caught another one to Circular Quay, where we caught a Mosman Ferry to Cremorne, and upon arrival we met Clive and Eric Dabson. With petrol rationing Clive had not used his car for some time, so he had saved his coupons, and today was a real treat, as he took us on a "Cookes tour".

We drove through Lane Cove to Ryde, then through Eastwood and Carlingford and on to Koala Park, stopping frequently in order to view the city. I at last received some idea of the size of Sydney and I never dreamed that it was so big, and indeed very beautiful. Koala Park was fun. As we entered the gates after parking the car Clive and Eric bought bags of potato crisps for the animals. They gave Rosa and I ^{me} a bag each and we were hardly inside before we were mobbed by about 15 kangaroos and a large emu, and the largest kangaroo tried to grab the whole bag, but really they were lovely gentle creatures, and there were hundreds of them asleep in the sun on the side of a hill. I patted lots of them and fed them. The emu nearly ate Rosa's finger as well as a potato chip!

After dinner we went back to the flat for our luggage with Clive and Eric to help us, and we then went by taxi to the Station all four of us, but upon arrival Rosa found to her dismay that her new string-linen suit which had been delivered but of course not packed in her case, had been left in the taxi! She had paid almost £8-0-0 for the suit, and was most concerned but Clive said he would get in touch with the Taxi Company, and would post it to Perth.

So we arrived at the Station a little late, and found Mr and Mrs Seddon waiting to see us off. Rosa and I really laughed about it after we were on the train, but we distinctly got the feeling that George Seddon thought we had "picked up" a couple of boy-friends, although I introduced them to Clive and Eric as old family friends, which indeed they are! Anyhow we had only a short time to say goodbye, and indeed nearly missed the train! Eric gave us a basket of fruit and a stack of magazines, and Clive thrust a "fiver" into my hand, shunting "Wedding present!" just as the train pulled out of the Station. So it is goodbye to Sydney, and it was fun while it lasted.

Wednesday 4th of February 1942.

So once more we are a "going concern". Travelling in the right direction at last, and we slept quite well on the train, arriving at Albury this morning where we changed trains at 7 a.m.

Mrs Martin and Mrs Skye (off the ship) are also on this train.

We arrived in Melbourn at a little after 11 a.m. Another two women (also were on the ship) were on the Station and they informed us that the stewardess

on the ship had told them that there was a "force" on the casualty list. Of course this upset Rosa and I very much, and in Melbourne we spent a very miserable number of hours walking the streets to various offices to try and obtain information. We visited the Red Cross and several Military centres trying to find out whether Jim or Jack had been killed, and a Captain Horden told us that he had heard of no list having been given out regarding casualties in Malaya.

In the end Rosa and I decided to go and have a drink and at 5.30 pm we had dinner at "Toby's".

I suppose the two women who gave us the bad news thing they were doing the right thing, but on this train journey there is little we can do, and it has increased our worries about our men and the Malayan situation.

Thursday 5th Feb 1942.

We boarded our train last night, and today we have travelled through some terribly dry and dusty country. The scene coming into Adelaide was very pretty though. There are mountains and lovely green trees - it made me think of Malaya.

Adelaide is quite close to the sea, and there is no shortage of water such as they are experiencing in Sydney.

We breakfasted on the Adelaide station at the restaurant there, and then we were on our way, and the next stop was Port Pirie, where we were met by Rosa's "Gentry Rosa" and a Mr and Mrs Martin.

We had a three hour wait in this funny dusty-looking town. It reminded me of those western movies you see of outback towns - everything sleepy and battered-looking, and during the 3 hours we waited there nothing happened to change my first impression of it. I felt it would have taken a lot of "rookin' shakin'" cowboys a great deal of furious action, and even that would not have stirred the

place up!

We had a drink with the Martins and "Auntie Rosa" and afterwards some afternoon tea, lovely fresh-cut sandwiches, which we enjoyed.

We then changed trains, and this time boarded the Trans. train at 3-10 p.m.

Rosa's Auntie came as far as Port Augusta with us - to her home. Her husband and daughter met her at the Station. During the journey we had a fine view of the Flinders Range and Spencers Gulf.

And now ~~was~~ ~~are~~ on our way to the crossing of the vast desert.

This evening we had a fairly good dinner. There were a group of "commercial travellers" in the lounge who seemed to be having a lot to drink and a high old time with whoever they could "pick up", also the Conductor on the train, an old chap called "Jimmy" appeared to be "under the weather", and by the look of him I do not think he will be sober during the entire journey!!

Rosa and I had a shower and went to our bunks quite early.

Friday 6th Feb 1942.

I had very little sleep because of a bad cough, which I evidently picked up in Sydney.

The small "village" of Cook was our first stop this morning, at least I thought it was a village, ~~and~~ until we journeyed further on, and saw a few of the others - then I decided it was "quite a town" - in comparison. The houses at Cook were made of weather-board - red-looking with dust and no gardens. The best of the houses boasted a few shrubs at the front of them.

We reached Gauthus - a few houses in the middle of the Plain, about dinner time, and

more bad news. There were wash-aways further along the track and we would be spending the night at the station!

Saturday 7th February 1942.

I enjoyed a really good night's sleep in a stationary bunk, and we awoke to the call of bush-birds. I do not know what kind they were, but there certainly isn't any bush at Zanthus!

The train went on this morning to Karonie, and there we waited another 3 hours. On the station we saw an old man who was not an aboriginal, or we did not think so. He looked like an Indian, and reminded me very much of the old "Kebun" (gardener) who tended my garden in Malim Nawar - in fact Rosa came up with "Kebun!! - Pergi Kuala Kampar - bawa chantek bunga!" We had to laugh, but we are beginning to feel fed up with all the waiting. I have been knitting myself a blue jumper to pass the time. I began it in Sydney.

At last the train pulled out of this lonely place and we began our journey to Kalgoorlie. The long straight, ^{stretch} treeless plain at last changed to a belt where there were shrubs, then trees, and not very long afterwards we reached the great Golden Mile where so much gold was mined in the early days, and then we pulled in to the station at Kalgoorlie. We were given a nice dinner at the station. Rosa's brother Tom was to have met us here, but we received a wire instead to say that he was in Perth.

We left Kalgoorlie at 7 P.M. and went to bed early.

Sunday 8th February 1942.

This morning I was awake early and as the train was stopped I took a peep at the window to see where we were. It was Cunderdin, with only a few officials about

at this early hour. The rest of the journey was very familiar to me, having travelled this line many times by train or by car in the past.

And so at last we arrived at Perth Central Station to find Mom, Jack's mother, Ewen, Mrs Brennan, Shirley, Tom and Ruth Brennan all waiting to greet us. It was wonderful to be met after all the times we have arrived off boats and trains with no one to meet us.

For me too, it was with a feeling of loss that I parted from Rosa. We had come through so much together, and I shall never forget how kind she has been to me on this trip. I have learned to love her so much, for she is so genuine and so goodnatured.

Mum, Ewen and I went to Miss Ewing's, Ewen's present home, and the phone rang just as we arrived there, and it was my brother Ted, and he came around right away to see me. He is in the Air Force now.

Later Mom, Ewen and I went to Aunt Maud's (Gibson) for tea, and we sat afterwards and listened to the Lux Radio Theatre, as I did many times before I was married. I spent many a Sunday with Uncle Is. and Aunt Maud, and we always listened to the play on Sunday evenings.

But now I found it painful, for my thoughts and my heart are with Jack, and I can hardly bear to think about it all, because Singapore is now under heavy bombardment and the situation is very very serious indeed.

Monday 9th February 1942

This morning I met Rosa and Shirley in town. We sent a cable to Jim and Jack to tell them we ~~were~~ ^{are} home. Whether our message will reach them I do not know. We had to send it to Lingie -

Oriental Office, and there probably is no one there to receive it for all we know.

We had lunch at the "Rosebud".

I had Clive's £5 0-0 which was a wedding present, and I added another £5 0-0 and bought myself a gold watch. It was Jack's wish to buy me one - a nice watch and I know he would be pleased. There seemed to be little else I could do with Clive's money as we may not have a home of our own for some time to come.

We met Mrs Brennan in town and went out to Nedlands to see Jack's Mother, Auntie Kate and Alie. They are all well. While there Jack's Mother and I went over to Alice's home and collected a whole pile of letters re-addressed from Malaya, including a precious one from Jack, a short note written to me from Kuala Lumpur. He joined the Voluntary Force and was in Armoured cars in Perak. He could not tell me very much. I can only hope and pray for him, but I know from Rose that he and Jim have reached Singapore, thank God! But now that the news is so bad - whatever will happen??!!

Tuesday 10th February 1942.

Mom, Jack's Mother and I had lunch in town. I opened an account at the Commonwealth Bank today with money which Jack sent to me. Mom and I went back to Gwen's for tea, and then spent the evening at the home of Mrs Patterson.

Wednesday 11th Febr. 1942.

I went into town this morning and bought a winter suit at Lane's. Afterwards I visited Boesiers and had lunch there. Dorothy called in while I was there. I then went back to Gwen's for a rest in the afternoon, and later Gwen and I had dinner at Rene's, and from there we went to see the picture "Bitter Sweet" with Mom