

MILITAIRE LUCHTVAART
KONINKLIJK NEDERLANDSCH-INDISCH LEGER

**Oproep voor
Vliegers**

Op de 1 Juli a.s. aanvangende cursussen voor
Officier- en Onderofficier-vlieger kunnen nog

eenige wakkere jongens

worden geplaatst, leeftijd 18 t/m 27 jaar.

Voor de aspiranten-officier zijn eindexamen H.B.S. 5 j.c.
en voor de aspiranten-onderofficier eindexamen MULO of
daarmede overeenkomende diploma's vereischt.

ZIJ, DIE IN VERBAND MET STUDIEPLANNEN a.a. BEZWAREN
HEBBEN TEGEN HET NORMALE KORT VERBAND VAN 7
JAAR, KUNNEN IN DE HUIDIGE BIJZONDERE TIJDSOM-
STANDIGHEDEN EEN TIJDELIJK VERBAND AANGAAN VAN

TWEE JAREN

OF ZOOVEEL LANGER ALS DE OORLOG MOCHT DUREN.

Binnen die twee jaren ontvangen de aspiranten een VOLLE
DIGE OPLEIDING TOT MILITAIR Vlieger.

Aanmelding (schriftelijk) is mogelijk tot 15 JUNI a.s. bij den
INSPECTEUR DER MILITAIRE LUCHTVAART TE ANDIR
(BANDOENG) onder overlegging van een paspoortfoto, bewijs
van goed gedrag loopende over de laatste 3 jaren, waaruit tevens
de politieke gezindheid dient te blijken; geboorteacte (-bewijs),
een bewijs van Nederlanderschap; diploma's en cijferlijsten en
eventuele verdere gegevens omtrent opleiding, werkkring enz.,
In 1932 I started into the priesthood, we lived intern and care home.

I went home for 2 weeks on Holidays, 2 weeks for Christmas, 2 weeks for Easter and 6 weeks
for the school Holidays, everything went alright until 2 months before the end of year 6.

My spiritual leader advised me that I was not suitable for the Priesthood.

I had a very difficult decision to make, my parents, relatives and friends were very disappointed.

My spiritual leader could not force me, he explained to me, what could happen.

After a fortnight of praying, I decided to leave the Priesthood.

There was no work, the depression was very bad, the world's economics was in tatters.

In 1939 I enlisted in the Dutch overseas forces, to be trained as a pilot.

Netherlands East Indies Army

Source: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Military_Aviation_of_the_Royal_Netherlands_East_Indies_Army
Updated: 2015-06-23T08:18Z

The **Military Aviation of the Royal Netherlands East Indies Army** (*Militaire Luchtvaart van het Koninklijk Nederlands-Indisch Leger*, ML-KNIL) was the name used by the air arm of the **Royal Netherlands East Indies Army** in the **Dutch East Indies** (now **Indonesia**) from 1939 until 1950. It was an entirely separate organisation from the **Dutch Air Force**.

The unit was founded in 1915 as the "Test Flight Service" (*Proefvliegafdeling-KNIL*, PVA-KNIL). In 1921 it became the "Aviation Service" (*Luchtvaartafdeling-KNIL*, LA-KNIL), before finally receiving the designation of ML-KNIL on 30 March 1939. In 1950, following Dutch recognition of Indonesian independence, its bases and facilities were handed over to the **Indonesian Air Force** (TNI-AU).

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On 1 January 1942 the Dutch forces joined the **American-British-Dutch-Australian Command**, but at the onset of the Japanese assault the ML-KNIL was not up to full combat strength. Of the aircraft that had been ordered, only a small number had been delivered, and many were obsolete models. There were five groups, three of bombers and two of fighters, each of three to four squadrons.^[1] A sixth depot group provided support, transport and training. Reconnaissance aircraft were placed directly under command of the Army to give support to ground troops.

Despite stubborn resistance the **Japanese occupied the Dutch colonies**, though numbers of aircraft found their way to northern **Australia** to continue the fight.

Four Dutch squadrons were formed in Australia. The first of these, **No. 18 (NEI) Squadron RAAF**, was formed in April 1942 as a **medium bomber** squadron equipped with **B-25 Mitchell** aircraft. The second joint Australian-NEI squadron, **No. 119 (NEI) Squadron RAAF**, was also to be a medium bomber squadron. No. 119 NEI Squadron was only active between September and December 1943 when it was disbanded to form **No. 120 (NEI) Squadron RAAF**, was a fighter squadron. In 1944, the KNIL formed No. 1 Netherlands East Indies Transport Squadron, later absorbed by the RAAF as **No. 19 (NEI) Squadron RAAF**. Both No. 18 and No. 120 Squadrons saw action against the Japanese during World War II.

From late 1945, Nos 18, 19 and 120 squadrons fought against Indonesian nationalists, during the **Indonesian National Revolution**. The squadrons were disbanded in 1950.



Air Vice-Marshal Conway Pulford greeting pilots of the ML-KNIL in Singapore, January 1942.

Royal Netherlands East Indies Army Air Force

update

From Wikipedia

The **Royal Netherlands East Indies Army Air Force** (*Militaire Luchtvaart van het Koninklijk Nederlands-Indisch Leger*, ML-KNIL) was the air arm of the **Royal Netherlands East Indies Army** in the **Dutch East Indies** (now **Indonesia**) from 1939 until 1950. It was an entirely separate organization from the **Dutch Air Force**.

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I Left for Java on the s.s Jan Pieterzoon Coen in 1939.

Which was the last voyage for that old steam ship, it was scuttled in 1940 when the war broke out with Germany, before embarking, I said farewell to my Father and Mother. leaving my girl behind was more difficult. My Father came to Amsterdam, a hour before sailing I met him on the gang plank he had tears in his eyes, I had to be strong said goodbye to Dad, and to give my love to Mum, I will be back.

We sailed through the Suez canal and the Red sea to Colombo. I ate too much food and was sick all the way to Java. We started our training in Kalidjati on a double decker Kool hover aircraft (they have a factory in Rotterdam) Kalidjati is on the other side of the Mountain Tangru Banperahul (the sleeping woman because of its shape) from Bandung direction to Java Sea. Bundung is 400 meters high and the mountain is 2064 meters. After 4 months we were issued with our provisional license which allowed us to fly solo in a radius of 100Km. This was also the time that we were going to wear the official Air Force uniform, which we had to buy ourselves, because we were paid extra for flying. We also were promoted to Corporal, the title was not used for us as pilots, but instead we were given the title of " Brigadier "..



Johannes Bakker Top Left K.N.I.L Prince Hendrik kazene Nijmegen 1939

I enlisted in the Dutch over sea Forces to be trained as a Pilot.

Physical as well as mental test 100% I was the second to pass and was No502.

We had to do basic military training for 3 months in Nijmegen, I signed on the 17 Jan 1939.

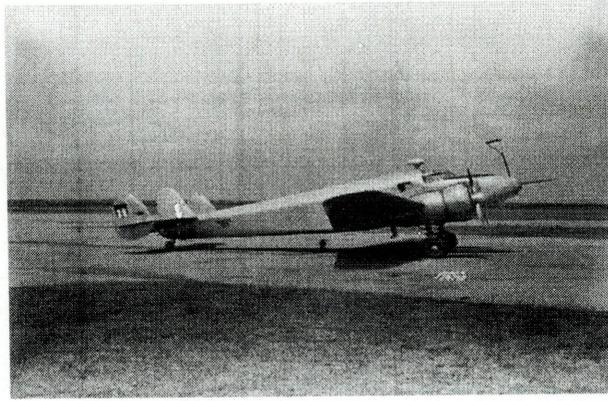
walking through the City one evening with an other Pilot we met the girls, he talked to one of them and went with her, not being interested in girls I felt compelled to be Polite and asked the other girl to join me for a cup of cocoa, which was the going drink in the winter, sitting down and talking about odds and ends something started to click and we started to meet regularly and so I learned to know your Mother.

I had to meet her Papa and that was something else, a Militant Person and specially the ones going to the Colonies. The day of integration was set, we were talking, he didn't ask to many questions.

I was welcomed into the Family, which was later thanked with a few extra kisses from your Mother, (p/s your Grand Parents on your Mothers side were always addressed as Papa and Moeke (oe=u)).

Before I was send overseas, I introduced your Mother to my Parents in all the excitement They all started talking in the local dialect, my dear Girl could not understand a word.

I had to come to her rescue.



The greatest military user of the Lockheed 12 was the Royal Netherlands East Indies Army Air Force, which bought 36.^[6] Sixteen of these were the **Model 212**, a specialized version created by Lockheed for training bomber crews, which had a .303-caliber machine gun in an unpowered, partly retractable gun turret on top of the fuselage, a second .303-caliber machine gun fixed in the nose, and bomb racks under the wing center section that could hold eight 100 lb (45 kg) bombs.^[1] The other 20 aircraft were transport versions based on the Model

Our training on twin engine aircraft started in Bandung, the Headquarters of the air force and training center for mechanics and Telegraphists.

Andir was the name of the airdrome, we started training on the Lockheed 12, the same plane the Americans used.

After 20 hours training we went solo.

In the mean time I had applied and got Permission to get Married, under Dutch law (even now) you have to get married in a civil ceremony before you get married in the Church, so on 1-2-1940 I got Married by Proxy Harry Degen stood in for me.

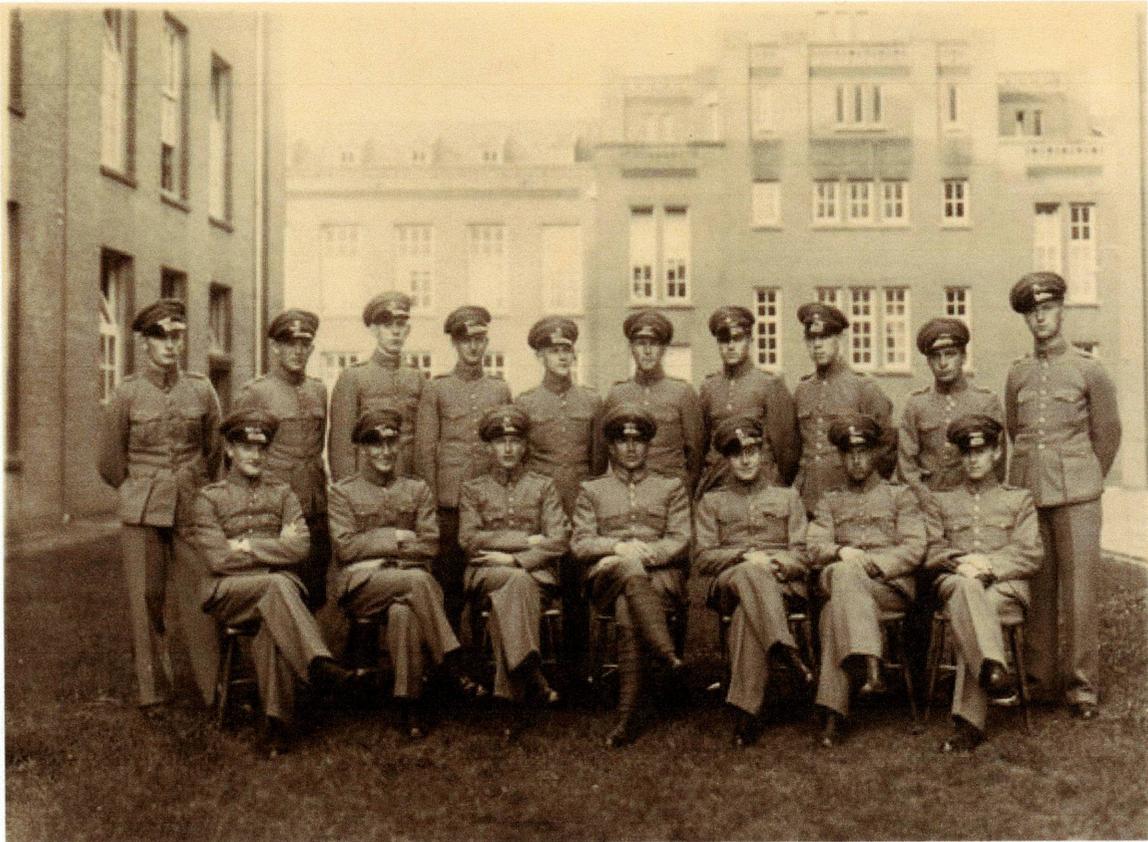
Your Mother straight away got an allowance paid by the Government, I asked the Government to send my wife over to Java, once married the Family is looked after by the Government, every thing is free transport, medical and dental.

So you Mother was on the high seas near Colombo when Germany invaded Holland.

In April 1940 we got married in the Pansh Church Andir. I got promoted to sergeant in 26-10-1940, and also got the military license with the distinction of belonging to the top 5 out of a class of 25 originally, we started with 40 men for about one and half month and was assigned to one of the fighter squadrons, by the end of december I was send to Malang in East Java to the 2nd bomber base, we patrol an area from Java to Celebes, Ambon Timor, and Bali 6 weeks home and 3 weeks on patrol in the beginning of may 1941, Anna was born I was there with the birth which is a most beautiful experience. .

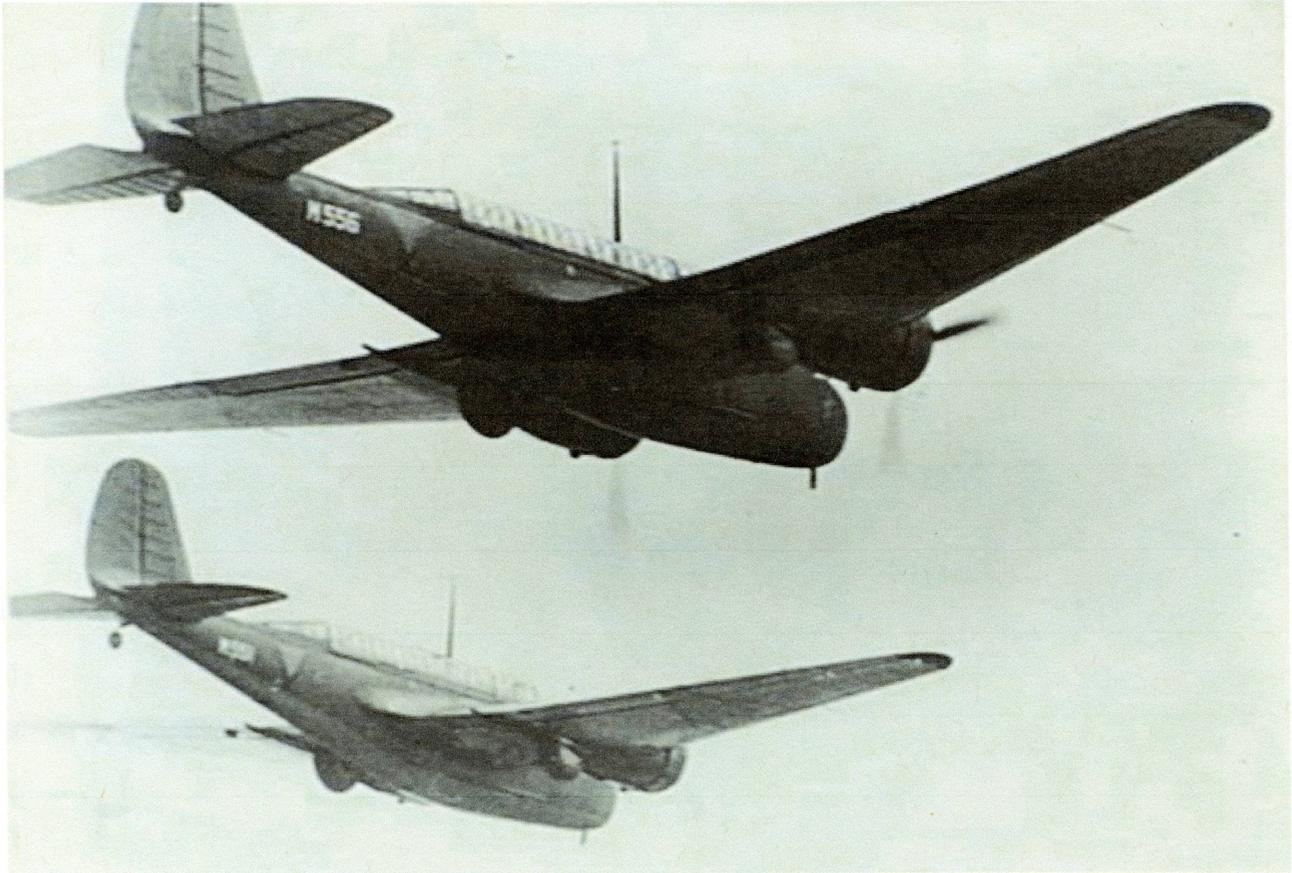


Malang in 1941 top right is Anna 4 months old and bottom left Anna is 11 months. In the follow months we flew for many hours, and also training in bombing, on the 8th December 1941 we were in Ambon for about a week, and I was wondering why. When the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor we entered the war, that is why we were in Ambon waiting for the Australian air force to relieve us, on the,11th December one of the Australian planes disappeared, and we were searching the surrounding area for 2 days for many hours, the plane disappeared without a trace. We went back to Java to get some of the engines changed, they where getting overhauled every 500 hours. I went to Borneo on a bombing mission over the Jap fleet and demolished oil tanks in Bouerpapan. We were sent to Sumatra when Singapore fell to the Japs we retreated to Kalidjati, I was sent to bomb Palenbang air field in Sumatra .



Dad is the 4th on the left in the back row

Not being told to turn back because the wireless was not working, and being in a cloud bank, I did not see the rest of the squadron turning back, I arrived at Palenbang air field. I instructed the bombardier to concentrate on the Jap planes near the runways dropping the bombs, next second I saw oil spurting out of the left hand oil tank with 4 Jap zero's fighter planes around us, it was like a moment my heart stood still I prayed very fervently Holy Mary help me and she did, I made manoeuvres I never thought of. The left engine had stopped working, the propeller was in a vane position my right hand engine was on full power, I started to attack in stead of going for my live, the bombardier was a very good shot and shot down 2 Japanese fighter planes, I descended to tree level. I could hear my engine starting making noises I flew for one and a half hours. The area was all covered with thick bush, I saw a open space of 50 meters the tree stumps were 1 meter high I landed the plane between the stumps, I was flying 150 km per hr and stopped with in 20 meters, we were lucky we had seat belts on that saved us going through the wind shield, we all got out of the plane without a scratch, Thank God for that. The Japanese flew over, I was out of bullets, the Japanese pilot was a gentle man, he flew over and dipped his wings in salute and let us go.



Glenn Martin -166 from the ML-K.N.I.L

This was the airplane Dad was flying to bomb Palenbang airdrome in Sumatra, they shot down 2 Japanese Zero's Fighters. After we crashed we got picked up by people who were nearby, who gave us food to eat and helped us through the Japanese lines, and arranged transport to the Sonja Strait, to a place called Bakauheni that took us one and half days. I never slept because I did not trust the driver, we went over by Ferry to Merakju West Java we were lucky, I saw a Mercedes Benz with the key in the ignition all four of us hopped into the Mercedes Benz, there were no high ranking officers to stop us, we drove back to Kalidjati. We were debriefed, and brought to Bandung to report to the General of the Air force who arranged for me to be flown back to Malang. I arrived after 80 hours with out sleep, by this action I received the Flying Cross.

Your Mother was in formed that I was missing after 2 days or more, that was done by the wife of someone in the Squadron, the woman who brought the bad news started crying, but your Mother told her not to worry because I would be back.



Many people died in Japan, I was never sick I kept my strength pretty well, I did not lose much weight from the starvation diet, I was always skin over bone any how. The trip to Japan was on the deck of a Liner with Japanese troops returning home. The arrival speech was very encouraging we were told that we will never leave Japan alive, because they work us to death, my comment was, that is what you think you.....

We were put to work in a ship yard building tankers, I got the honor of riveting, 50 died out of 200 of us, enough about that episode.

Thank God, I always managed to keep my spirits up, which saved a young bloke's life instead of kicking himself, he realized that was a stupid thing to do when he saw me with a bag of rivets on my shoulder and heard me whistle .

I don't know where that shipyard exactly was, the Japanese had a badge (hiroshinh) on their caps, 3 months before the surrender we were moved to nearby Osaka by train all the windows were covered, so we could not see outside, proof for us that it was not going to well for the Japanese. We were put to work preparing a rice field on reclaimed land from the sea, the area was full of sea shells, we were given less food than before. A lot of us suffered from Beri-Beri some were so bad that they could not walk any more, with their testicles swollen to 20 times their normal size.

The war ended on 15-8-1945 the Yanks dropped food, clothing and tins of DDT powder.



PERSONALIA

Name: Bakker, J.
Date of birth: Unknown
Nationality: Dutch

VLIEGERKRUIS (VK)

Rank: Sergeant-Vlieger (Flight Sergeant)

Awarded on: January 9th, 1948

Action: Awarded for aerial combat in February 1942 with a Glenn Martin bomber, during which two enemy planes were shot down and a successful emergency landing was executed.

Details: 539th Award.

Royal Decree No. 63.



I came home at 11 pm after 86 hours, I knocked on the bedroom window and your Mother said is that you Jan, I had not slept for all those hours , I woke up the next day there was no pillow on bed, the mosquito net ripped to pieces, no sheets any were. It was after 10 am already, I went into the lounge, saw your mother, she said that I went crazy shortly after I fell asleep, she went and slept on the sofa or at least she tried to. It must have been the reaction of what I went through, through this happening I got decorated with (Het vliegers Kruis) Flying Cross after 5 days I had to go back to Bandoeng and managed to get an other crew together, I asked permission to go back to Palembang, because I was still mad about what happened there, but they said use your brains instead of sentiment. After some more bombing missions, we retreated to Tasirmalaya in Central Java, and not long after the order came for Capitulation on march the 8th 1942, we were send by train to Surabaya where we slept on a tiled floor ,then in August we were all visited by our wives for 2 hours, this was the last time I saw Annke, this was the only time I saw little Johnie, he was only a couple of months old. In November 1942 we got put in the hold of a freighter, spend 3 days in a closed hold until we arrived in Djakarta, after a couple weeks there, it was repeated, we arrived in Singapore and spend 6 weeks in Changi, there were a lot of sick people. I thought back what my Mother said when I left Holland, you will never be sick , you had everything how true she was.



The sleeping quarters were covered in D.D.T. Powder, and every one slept undisturbed for the first time in years, the amount of lice in those Camps you have to see it to believe it, no one knew how dangerous D.D.T is but it killed all the lice.

Every morning at 9 am, the Baker came with Breakfast, a dive bomber plane would at the exact time drop a parcel down to us by parachute, with fresh bread butter and ham until the day in September we boarded a train to the Harbor, we got on a ship to Manilla, we saw the destruction of buildings along the way. The 2nd morning at sea, we got pancakes with syrup that was the only thing the cooks were Baking until 3 pm, never mind said the Captain, just keep on baking until they cannot eat any more. We spend 3- months in Manilla we came in contact with some Yankee officers my Sargent stripes were the same as on their uniforms. They invited me to join them on the Tramuros in Manilla, they even supplied me with a Jeep. In October I got news about your Mother, she was still alive but our little ones are with God. What a suffering that must have been for her, they both died with in one week, by praying she came to accept it, and thanks to that, I also accepted it, but a loss like that will always remain with us. The Nuns put your Mother to work with sick children, which helped.



Building 161 surviving wartime hanger Bundaberg Airfield

On the 9 December 1945 was I send to Bundaberg

We flew from Manilla in a D.C 3 we stayed over night in Cloncurry, next morning we got a plate of kidney and beans for breakfast, I saw millions of fly's in the out back, scores of dead fly's were swept up after spraying (now days people are getting counseling for all kinds of traumas) .

Ours was as follows, you were not expected to return alive.

Here are the procedures, learn them and when you know them you will pass your medical, and you are allowed to go up in a B25 with a instructor, I past my medical no sign of Beri-Beri.

Some of us were not so lucky, and will never fly again, one of them was a flying instructor at the flying school before the war, Beri- Beri got to him.

It is getting close to Christmas, we were send for a fourth night to Brisbane, the Morington Hotel was taken over by the Dutch Air Force, where we could stay for nothing, only Breakfast was served in this Hotel, it was opposite the old Museum near the Ekka. The first breakfast was a large steak with bacon and eggs, that lasted me for a full day, 24 December I went out for dinner at the Dutch Club which was in the Irish Club in Elisabeth street, when someone called me over and said your wife is here, I could not believe it, yes she is in Wacol Camp, next to the Morington Hotel was the Moroten hotel their was a room free. I got a taxi to Wacol he went to slow for my liking when I told the driver why I was in a hurry, he put his foot down, he could only get 70miles an hour out of it, arriving their I went direct to the one in charge of the Camp, he told me that I could not take your Mother with me, I asked him whose wife it was and told him to mind his own business.

Ex P.O.W were always treated with care, I can not describe what an elation it was to be united, after all those long years apart.

But seeing her face and the suffering she had endured was very painful for me, the cabin she was in was in a mess from all the clothes from some body else, they were all over the place, we left the rubbish behind and went back to the Hotel. The taxi I had hired, the driver did not want any money. All your Mother was wearing was some cloth's she made out off parachute materials and sandals made from Flax by herself. We went to the corner store for something to eat.

On Christmas day your Mother was wearing one off my uniforms.

A day after Boxing day we went shopping for dressers, not like in other places in the war torn world, here in Australia is everything available.

Mum letters

Translation of your Mothers first and seconds letters I received in Manilla in the beginning of December two days apart. Both letters received through Red Cross.

Ambarawa 20th September 1945

My Dearest Man,

At last the end of this terrible time. What have I longed for this for a long time dearest. I hope that you received the news, and know that God has tried us very severely by taking away from us, little Anneke and Johny. It has been very difficult for me. Last year in February we arrived in camp in good health, and in March Diphtheria spread through the camp. Both darlings were the first to perish, darling Johny on the 22nd and Anneke on March 29th. In the beginning there was no serum.

I was beyond myself with grief, and missed you more than ever. But I prayed and prayed and started to realise that it was Gods will.

The nuns were very good for me and gave me a job in hospital. I world very hard and became a Red Cross nurse.

Last month I was put in another camp, because I needed a change not knowing the end was so near. But I have no regret because we are next to a church and I go to Mass and receive Holy Communion regularly, and I can bring flowers to the graves, which is 5 minutes from here.

I received 2 letters from you, which made me very happy, I hope that everything is alright with you and that you did not have such a bad time, especially hunger, because that was very here and caused the death of many people.

Did they smuggle where you were? Here very much so. But not without punishment, several have been badly bashed.

I had to sell odds and ends, but I still have your suits and shirts, I hope you soon will be able to wear the again.

I hope we soon get some food. They are busy with transport of food and it is getting better. Now we have men to do the cooking for us. I had my share of kitchen duty too.

Also unloading trains, I have done just about everything, sometimes from midday till midnight without out food, but for a small piece of bread with tea at 4 o'clock, and got really burned at that time.

Darling I hope we will be together very soon, then we can start again afresh. As you wrote, God knows best. By taking Anneke and Johny from us he will have his reasons. Darling have trust in God and let us keep on praying that very soon we will be together.

Lots of kisses and love from yours Rie

(This letter was written on a bit of toilet paper)

Second letter.

27 September 1945

My dearest man,

Did you receive a letter from me? I hope you did.

I long to be united with you .

We will miss our little darling, but it has been God will.

We will start again darling and trust in God.

All is well with me. Plenty to eat like meat, milk, cocoa, fruit, cigarettes and today we even received 7 eggs.

More any more people are moving away. Regularly somebody's man arrives.

Those meetings make me feel sad and happy at the same time, let us pray that with Gods help and his blessing we can start again.

This is what I long for.

Lots of kisses and love

Yours Rie



Queen street 1945

We went shopping at Curzons the dress shop was in Queens street, where sports girl is now, after purchasing 4 complete of outfits, we went to a shoe shop opposite and bought some shoes, the first time your Mother bought high heels she said it makes her look a little bit taller next to me, we spend a week and a half in Brisbane. I had to go back to Bundaberg for a refreshing course, this was the counseling we got after all those years in prison camp. Sorry boys, we expected no one to come back from those camps alive, never mind here is the procedure for the B25 Bombers study it, and when you think you are ready we will get some one to go up with you, this were the counseling words of the C.O.

I started sitting in the cockpit studying the procedures.

We were booked in at the Bundaberg Hotel, the first day before I went to the airdrome

I gave your Mother a 20 pound note, I said to her here you go and buy yourself a swimming suit because we were close to Bargara Beach, not understanding a word of English, I was wondering how she was making out, no trouble she said, look what I bought, she got a 2 piece swimming suit, and how were you going with the money, she said I know all about the money, pound, shillings, and pence the shop owner who only spoke English explained it to her, very clever.

After 3 days of studying the procedures in the cockpit, I went up with a instructor, the excellent training we had in 1939-40 came in very handy, after several landings and flying on instruments for one and half hour, I passed, it felt like I have been flying the B25 for years, I really felt at home in it, I past my medical with flying colors, and joined as a pilot of the 18th Squadron.

Mitchel B25 Bombers in Bundaberg. The next day I was send to Melbourne, Essendon was the airdrome, we stayed over night. In the morning breakfast was serviced on the plate , in front of me was a blob of some greyish looking stuff, I was told by the crew that it was Oats, well that cement looking stuff did not appeal to me, I went down to the corner store and bought myself some sandwiches.

I flew for a short while in Australia.

Osaka 7D

Harima

Japan

Transporten

datum	binnengekomen uit	vertrokken naar	aantal per transport	aantal in kamp	type personen
11-12-1942	Singapore (1)		400		kr (2)
31-07-1943		Hir 1B, Zentsuji	35		kr (3)
25-03-1944	Osa 0A, Ichloka				kr (4)
25-03-1944	Osa 13B, Tsunomi			338 (5)	kr
20-05-1945		Osa 0B, Kobe-Hosp.	13	0	kr (8)
20-05-1945		Osa 2B, Kobe-House	40		kr (8)
20-05-1945		Osa 8B, Noda	200 (6)		kr
20-05-1945		Osa 9B, Notogawa	75 (7)		kr

Date Arrived from Going to camp How many Prisoners Detail of Prisoners

- (1) 400 Prisoners left Singapore 30-11-1942 On a ship Kamaburg Maru I bound to Japan they arrived in Nagasaki on the 8-12-1942.

395 Netherlanders (35 navy officers 2 military doctors 358 under officers and soldiers) + 5 English Harima is on the South Coast about 30 km on the West Side from Kobe.

The Camp was on the Harima shipyard property, it was a old factory building in 20-2-1943 they started using a new Building, built on higher ground.

Works on the shipyard, they worked in the machine factory, welding, putting in rivets, stacking up pipes, spraying sand on metal sheeting to clean and remove rust.

It was very hard work, and there were many accidents.

The Harima camp was closed 20-5-1945 they run out building materials.

200 Prisoners were sent to Osaka 8b Noda Camp.

Here is a list of the 200 prisoners Names and ranks by D.A Visker

The 2nd Names and ranks List by major J. Theunissen.

Osaka 7D

Harima

Japan

13-8-2011

Andere benamingen

Harima Branch camp (sinds 8-12-1942)

Osaka 6B (sinds 18-2-1943)

Osaka 6D (sinds 15-10-1943)

Osaka 7D (sinds 8-1945)

Ligging

De plaats Harima lag ook aan de zuidkust, ongeveer 30 km ten westen van Kobe. Het kamp bevond zich op het terrein van de Harima-scheepswerf: eerst was er het "oude kamp", een oud fabrieksgebouw; op 20-2-1943 werd het "nieuwe kamp" in gebruik genomen, barakken op een in de baai opgehoogd terrein.

Kampcommandanten

luitenant Takenaka ("Jacob"); xx-06-1944: luitenant Mori; xx-12-1944: vaandrig Kinari; sergeant Oshima

Kampbewaking

eerst Japanse militairen, later Japanse burgers

Tolk

Ishiba

Kampleiding

luitenant-ter-zee Scheltema; sinds 1-3-1943: luitenant Van Rhee; sinds 12-2-1944: sergeant Visker

Transporten

datum	binnengekomen uit	vertrokken naar	aantal per transport	aantal in kamp	type personen
11-12-1942	Singapore (1)		400		kr (2)
31-07-1943		Hir 1B, Zentsuji	35		kr (3)
25-03-1944	Osa 0A, Ichioka				kr (4)
25-03-1944	Osa 13B, Tsumori			338 (5)	kr
20-05-1945		Osa 0B, Kobe-Hosp.	13	0	kr (8)
20-05-1945		Osa 2B, Kobe-House	40		kr (8)
20-05-1945		Osa 8B, Noda	200 (6)		kr
20-05-1945		Osa 9B, Notogawa	75 (7)		kr

kr = krijgsgevangenen; Hir=Hiroshima, Osa=Osaka

(1) met *Kamakura Maru 1*, vertrek uit Singapore 30-11-1942, aankomst Nagasaki 8-12-1942

(2) 395 Nederlanders (35 Marine-officieren, 2 militaire artsen, 358 onderofficieren en soldaten), 5 Engelsen

(3) officieren

(4) o.a. dokter Arends

(5) 333 Nederlanders en 5 Engelsen

(6) de eerste 200 van de alfabetische naamlijst o.l.v. Visker

(7) de overigen van de alfabetische naamlijst o.l.v. majoor Theunissen

(8) 11 zieken en 41 zwakken

Werkzaamheden

werken op scheepswerf (3 dokken) en in machinefabriek: lassen, klinken, pijpen stapelen, zandstralen, enz zware arbeid, diverse ongevallen

najaar 1944: loopgraven maken (6 stuks, overdekt)

Gebeurtenissen:

20-05-1945 sluiting van het kamp i.v.m. tekort aan materialen

Omstandigheden

voeding slecht: rijst met dunne soep, zelden vlees op vis; enige tijd Chinese kool uit eigen tuin; keuken in bijgebouw

7-11-2010

Naamlijst (399 namen, allen Nederlanders)**Bron: D.A.Visker – 400 Nederlanders in Japanse gevangenschap**

KNR=Kampnummer

STB=Stamboeknummer

OVERL=Overlijdensdatum

<i>NR</i>	<i>NAAM</i>	<i>KNR</i>	<i>RANG</i>	<i>STB</i>	<i>OVERL</i>
1	Alberts, W.V.	203	sold KNIL		
2	Alderden, M.	52	sgt ML		
3	Alexandre, R.	326	matr KM		
4	Algera, H.	26	Off GM		
5	Allart, J.P.	204	sold KNIL		
6	Andela, E.	366	sold KNIL		
7	Andoetoe, D.J.	345	sold KNIL		
8	Andreas, J.M.	92	sgt KNIL		
9	Arps, A.	6	Ltz II KM		
10	Aspeling, D.J.	298	sold KNIL		
11	Austin, A.	396	Eng		
12	Aveling, H.A.	311	matr KM		
13	Avis, P.M.A.J.	258	sold KNIL		25-1-1943
14	Baars, Th.	244	sold ML		
15	Baier, H.C.C.	61	sgt KNIL		
16	Bakker, J.	109	sgt ML		
17	Banke, E.J.J.	309	matr KM		9-12-1943
18	Barbier, L.	266	sold KNIL		
19	Barkmeyer, C.A.H.	392	sold KNIL		
20	Bartels, J.J.	68	sgt KNIL		
21	Barthelemy, W.Ch.F.	240	sold KNIL		
22	Bats, M.M.de	224	sold ML		
23	Beck, M.M.	141	corp ML		
24	Bense, A.C.L.	93	sgt KNIL		
25	Berens, L.H.	208	sold KNIL		
26	Berg, J.R.van de	75	sgt KNIL		
27	Berg, N.van der	262	sold KNIL		
28	Berkholst, G.B.	81	sgt KNIL		
29	Berkholst, J.P.	66	sgt KNIL		
30	Best, J.C.	198	sold KNIL		
31	Beth, G.	248	sold KNIL		5-5-1944
32	Bethbeder, L.F.	378	sold KNIL		
33	Bettinger, H.C.P.	90	sgt ML		
34	Bies, W.N.de	157	corp ML		
35	Bilderbeek, G.W.	114	sgt ML		
36	Bilderbeek, J.H.van	389	sold KNIL		
37	Bimmel, J.	39	sgt-maj		
38	Binkhuysen, G.E.	372	sold KNIL		
39	Blankesteyn, A.	7	Ltz II KM		
40	Boer, G.L.de	361	sold KNIL		28-3-1944
41	Boer, B.	167	corp KNIL		
42	Boertje, L.	64	sgt KNIL		
43	Bong, S.C.	397	Eng		5-6-1943
44	Bos, E.	218	sold KNIL		
45	Bosdijk, B.J.	79	sgt KNIL		

My mother and her three daughters.

Bamboo Baskets

And then one day at the end of October 1942, when my father and I walked back home for lunch, we heard a lot of noise. It was the sound of trucks coming in our direction as we were walking on a main road. So we quickly walked off the road and hid behind some coffee bushes. We saw five trucks coming and we heard people screaming. When the trucks passed we could see and hear everything, especially since we were sitting higher than the road. What we saw came as a real shock to both of us.

We saw that the open truck platforms were loaded with bamboo baskets, a type of basket used to transport pigs. But the bamboo baskets we saw that day were not used for pigs but for men. They were lying crammed in those baskets, all piled up three to four layers of baskets high. This sight shocked us deeply, but the screaming of all those poor men, for help and for water, in English and Dutch, shocked us even more. I heard my father softly saying; "Oh my God?"

We walked home without saying a word. We had just come out of a nightmare. Even today I can still hear the harsh voices of these poor men crying and screaming for help and for water.

At lunch time my father told my mother the whole story -- she could hardly believe that people could do such things. She asked who were driving the trucks. My father told her that in each truck he had seen a Japanese driver and another Japanese sitting next to them.

This tragedy that I saw together with my father happened in the mountains of East Java.

It was only much later on the 11th of August in 1990 that I read in the Dutch newspaper, *De Telegraaf*, that many more people had seen what my father and I witnessed that day in 1942. Other people had seen many of these men transported in bamboo baskets not only in trucks but also in trains. The article said that the men had been pushed into the bamboo baskets, transported, and then, while still in those baskets, thrown into the Java Sea. Most of the men in the bamboo baskets were Australian military.

I have often wondered: Did my father learn what happened to those poor men we saw that day? Did the local people see it as well? I shall never know.

Come! Let's walk home

It was strange that we didn't get Japanese military visitors at Sumber Sewu since they went to Wonokerto the head plantation and other plantations as well, and asked many questions there. My parents were of course more than pleased that the Japanese hadn't visited Sumber Sewu yet.

But then one day in November 1942 my parents received a phone call from the police in nearby Ampelgading. My father had to bring his car to the police station. It was summarily confiscated. Still, he was happy to have my company on this very difficult afternoon. We went by car but- a real humiliation - we had to walk back home.

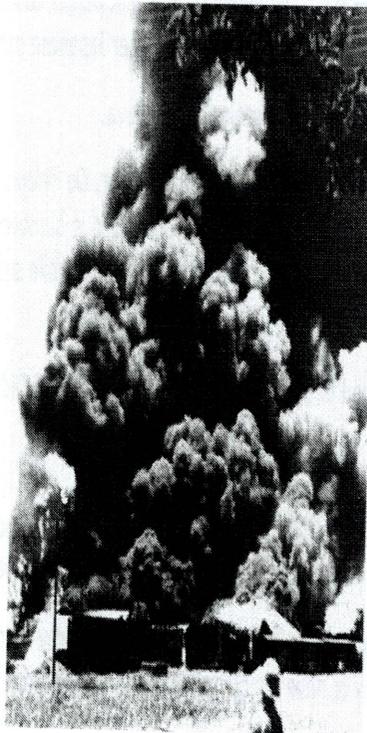
When my father came back from work, he said that he really hoped that the Americans and Aussies would come soon to rescue us all from this Japanese occupation of Indonesia. Many Dutch civilian men were now interned all over Java, but not only men, as the Japanese had also started to open camps for women with their children as well.

Christmas 1942

My mother did her utmost in the kitchen to prepare a nice Christmas meal. And then at last it was the 25th of December, 1942. It must have been around 12 noon when we started our delicious Christmas meal, sitting there all six happy around the table.

All of a sudden we heard Pa Min calling; "Orang Nippon, orang Nippon." (lit. Japanese). My father stood up and went to the front door, my mother took little Jansje by her hand and they went to the living room. Cora went to our bedroom with a book; she was very scared. Henny and I stood at the back of the house and so we could see that there were about six or seven Japanese military getting out of two cars. One of them was an officer. Directly approaching my father, he said that his men had received an order to search the house for weapons. My father told him that there were no weapons hidden in the house.

It was our last Christmas as a whole family together. I can still feel the special warmth of that gathering we had that day because, notwithstanding the Japanese military visit, we were still together.



A Japanese soldier outside oil tanks near Jakarta destroyed by Dutch forces in March 1942

Jungle and Indian Ocean

Soon it was the New Year. We had no more Japanese visitors. There were not many Dutch or other Europeans outside of camps. In Malang there was already a camp for men called Marine Camp. And another camp, we were told, called De Wijk, prepared to house women and children. Taking a long, last walk through the rubber plantations and jungle, my father and I beheld the Indian Ocean. My father looked at me and said, "I have to ask you something, you are almost 16 so you are old enough. I want you to look after Mama and your sisters when I have to leave Sumber Sewa. Will you promise me that?" I remonstrated, but he insisted and I agreed.

And so, at the beginning of February 1942, my father received a phone call ordering him to leave our home in Sumber Sewu within six days and report to the Marine Camp in Malang. This would be a fateful separation. By now, most Dutch men were internees.

A Japanese visitor

My 16th birthday passed. We missed Father terribly and it didn't look as if he were coming home any time soon, although he always wrote us optimistic postcards. My mother was much less optimistic; she was very worried about the future.

One morning in May 1943 my mother received a phone call from Mrs. Sloekers, who told her that she just had a Japanese visitor who was very polite and friendly. The visitor had asked her if she could play the piano, she told him that she couldn't play well but that Mrs. van Kampen (my mother) played wonderfully. The Japanese gentleman was on his way to our house, she told my mother.

My mother was not pleased at all. She was very angry with Mrs. Sloekers. Cora and I tried to calm her down, because it wouldn't do us any good to be so angry before our Japanese visitor.

A tall Japanese officer stepped out of his car when his driver opened the door. I can still see him walking up the stairs greeting my mother very politely and saying that he liked her beautiful living room.

Luckily my mother wasn't angry anymore so she asked him what he would like to drink and I remember that he asked for a lemon juice. While he sat down he looked at us all and asked my mother if we were all four her daughters.

"No," my mother said, "she (pointing at Cora) is my eldest daughter's friend staying with us for a while. I have three daughters."

He then asked my mother if she would mind very much playing something for him on her piano. "Yes, I hope that I may keep my piano, I have had this piano since I was 8 years old," my mother answered. Our visitor just smiled and my mother started to play as beautifully as always.

While my mother played the piano our Japanese visitor closed his eyes now and then. He really seems to like the way my mother played. But he also looked at Henny several times and that started worrying me. After a while my mother stopped playing and our Japanese visitor stood up and applauded her. He said that she really played very well, and thanked her.

Then he wrote down something in Japanese on a piece of paper and gave it to my mother. He said that he advised her to go to the Lavalette Clinic (that was our hospital in Malang) with Henny. My mother could then hand over his note and they would call for him because he was a doctor working at this hospital. He told my mother that he wanted to examine my sister, as he found her abnormally skinny.

My mother asked when she could come and he told her that he would phone her.

He gave my mother his hand, thanked her again for the lovely music she had played for him, stroked Jansje's hair, waved good-bye to Henny, Cora and me and left us all astonished, just standing there.

Within a week my mother had a phone-call from the Lavalette Clinic. They told her that Henny had to stay two weeks in the hospital, and that the Japanese doctor, our visitor, had arranged that Henny should get artificial sunlight since he had diagnosed my sister as suffering from rickets in an early stage.

My mother was advised to stay in Malang during these two weeks, and so she did. She also visited my father several times while she was in Malang.

Before Henny left the Lavalette Clinic the doctor spoke one more time with my mother and gave her a small box with all sorts of medicines, such as quinine, aspirin, iodine, and so on. I didn't know this of course, but she told me that many years after the war, when I once mentioned that I had found our Japanese visitor that day in May 1943 a nice and friendly man.

This kind Japanese doctor has given my sister a chance to get through the war. By giving her those two weeks of treatment and giving my mother a small box with medicines, he most certainly helped us a little when later the Japanese occupation became a real hell on earth. I have often wondered whether the Japanese visitor knew what was coming. Did he know that we were going to suffer terribly and that many Dutch children were going to die?

I don't know his name, but I would like to say: "Thank you Japanese visitor, thank you very much for your help Japanese doctor."

"De Wijk," my first internment camp

In early June 1943 my mother received the bad news that we would have to leave Sumber Sewu on the 11th. Even my mother had hoped that the war would be over before we had to leave our home.

The truck that drove us from Sumber Sewu to Malang stopped in front of Welirang Street 43A, a street I knew very well. Our luggage was put on the pavement and my mother, Henny and I brought everything inside.

We received one room for the four of us. It didn't look too bad in my eyes. Before the war, the house had belonged to the Hooglands. Mr. Hoogland had been sent to a camp in Bandung. We shared this house with several families, occupying all the rooms of Mrs. Hoogland's pretty home.

It was nice for my mother because now that she had several women around her she could talk with, she was no longer lonely as on the plantation. A good point was that my father also stayed in Malang, not far away from our camp. He was still writing us but we couldn't see or visit each other.

As for me, I was quite happy to be back in Malang, I had found some of my friends back, but I missed my father and I missed Sumber Sewu where I had felt so free, so happy.

"De Wijk" camp consisted of many houses with barbed wire all around and some sentry-boxes with Japanese or Indonesian soldiers here and there, to take care that we didn't try to escape. There were about 7,000 women, children and a few men interned in "De Wijk" from Malang. The Japanese called the camp a protection camp against the local people who saw the Dutch as their "*musuh*" (enemy). The Japanese used lots of propaganda against the Dutch, British, Australians and Americans. It worked, especially among the local Javanese and Madurese youth in Malang.

De Wijk camp was in hands of Japanese civilians, Japanese "economists" as they were called. That meant that there wasn't too strict a policy towards the Dutch prisoners. But Malang had a very strict and very cruel Kempeitai management. We all knew that we had to stay out of the hands of the infamous Kempeitai. Sometimes we heard the most horrible stories from some of the Eurasians who were still outside the camps. Even the locals were very scared of the Kempeitai. Malang became completely different from the town I previously had known.

In November 1943, my mother had a visitor. He came by bicycle from the "Marine" camp where my father stayed. He told my mother that he was bringing bad news. He had been sent by the military at the marine camp to tell my mother that my father had been taken by the Kempeitai. It seems that my father had hidden weapons and ammunition at Sumber Sewu. This was a nightmare. Would my father have to stay at the Kempeitai prison Lowok Waryu? Were we ever going back to Sumber Sewu? Sadly enough there were many true rumours about how the Kempeitai treated their prisoners.



Welirang Street 43A

My prison in Banyu Biru

There was no more news about my father, no more letters. The complete silence was very frightening. He had written us so many letters while he was in the Marine Camp and most of those letters had been quite optimistic.

Christmas came, New Year came and so it was already 1944, almost two years since I had seen the first Japanese troops walking into Malang. To me it seemed many years ago and while I had felt absolutely safe at Sumber Sewu, I was now beginning to feel quite insecure at Malang because more and more people were transported to other camps.

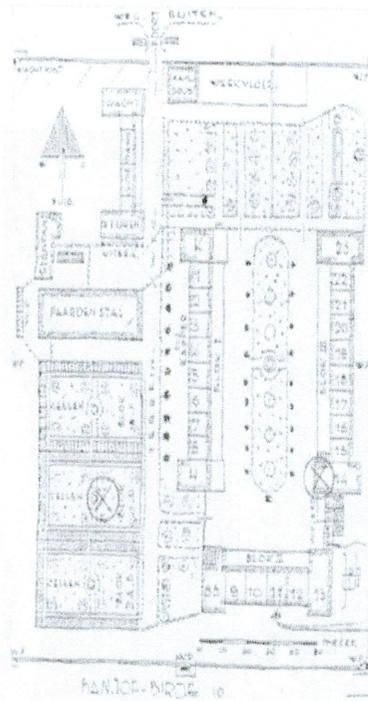
The rumours were that we would all be transported to Central Java. But since my sister Henny was ill, the four of us could not go until she was better again. Alas, on the 13th of February 1944, we had to leave Malang. We had to pack our luggage and my mother, Henny, Jansje, and I had to stand with many others on a truck while being driven to Malang station.



Invincible Japan. Poster demonstrating Japan's military strength to Indonesians

Along the roadside many young people called us all sorts of names. They shouted at us that they were happy that the Dutch had been captured by the Japanese. Tears welled up slowly in my eyes and I bowed my head.

This was happening in Malang, the town where I had been to school. Now I had to leave this beautiful mountain town, "my Malang." I had to leave my wonderful father behind in a Kempeitai prison. I couldn't stop the tears falling on my cheeks.



Banjoe Biroe 10

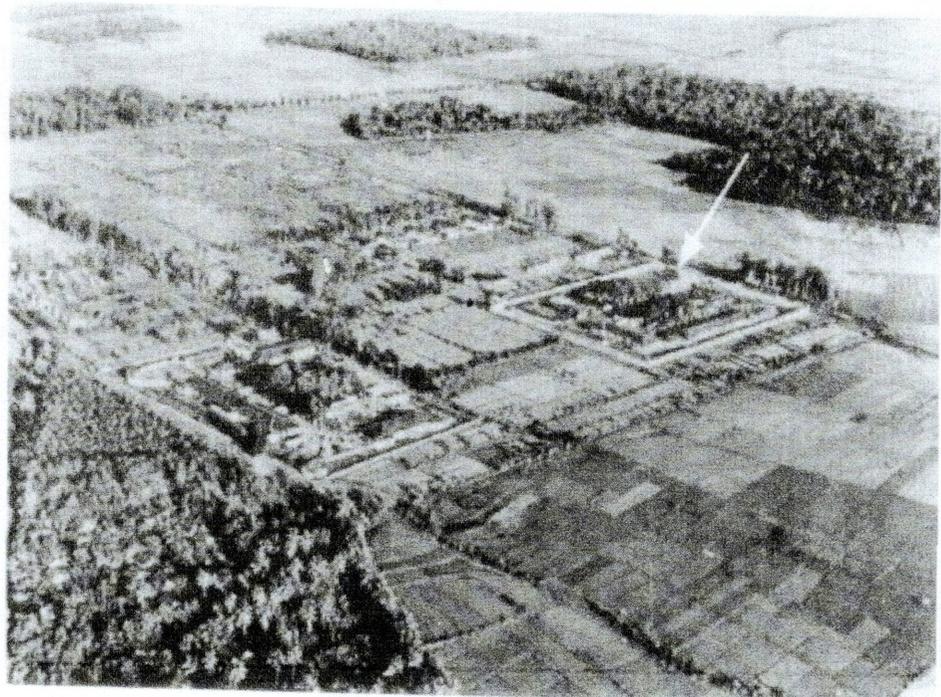
The Banyu Biru camp menu

Every morning we had roll call just after we had received our tea. We were allowed to eat our starch, our breakfast, before starting our various daily jobs. At the prison Banyu Biru, camp10, the menu was always the same from the 15th of February 1944 right until the end of November 1945.

MENU

Tea early in the morning before roll call

Breakfast: a bowl of starch



My prison

The Banyu Biru bed-bugs and other horrors

The gate was opened by a group of shabby looking Indonesian men who were very surprised when they saw all those Dutch women and children. Slowly we walked into the prison, into a new nightmare. It was a very old and very dirty prison. Later, when we lived there with 5,000 women and children, we learned that this prison was built for just 1,000 prisoners.

My mother, Henny, and little sister Jansje and I were brought to ward 14, an empty ward. We were told to wait for our mattresses so we just stood there, tired as we were from our horrible journey.

Thank goodness our trunks arrived, so we found some clean sheets to cover those stinking mattresses. We lay down, Henny, my mother, Jansje and I, the four of us close together. We were very hungry by now and frightened because the Japanese had barred the door of our ward and that had made an elderly lady, Mrs. Schaap cry. She kept saying that her heart was hurting her and that she couldn't breathe well. We all felt very sorry for her, but we couldn't help her. She looked so helpless on her mattress, the poor woman.

At last the door was opened and locals, also prisoners, brought us some sort of a soup in a big barrel. Everybody in ward 14 said "good night" to each other but hardly any of us slept that night. The elderly lady was dying, and she kept on crying from pain. She died around 5 o'clock in the morning and was the first dead woman in this prison. It was all so terribly sad, and made a deep impression on Henny and me. I was half asleep when Mrs. Schaap was taken away from our ward.

Another nightmare: everybody in our ward was bitten by thousands of bed-bugs! So we all started killing those bugs and when we went outside the ward while the sun was rising we saw that the whole camp had had the same type of visitors that night.

I looked up at those high walls around me. Was this going to be our life and for how long? Luckily for me and everyone else, we didn't know yet how long we had to stay in this place. It was the 15th of February 1944, for the Japanese the year 2604.

Three days later, the 18th of February, we heard a lot of noise and people talking outside the walls and then when the gate was opened, we saw 950 more women and children walking into our prison. They came from Kediri and Madiun, in East Java. One of them was our aunt Miep. She told my mother that my uncle Pierre had been taken to the Kempeitai prison in Batavia, now called Jakarta.

This meant that both brothers were now imprisoned by the Kempeitai. I felt very sad that day.



Kempeitai in Indonesia

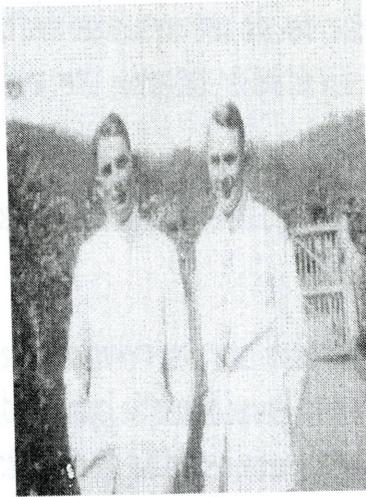
Adieu Daddy, adieu Malang.

At the station, we were pushed into long blinded goods-trains, we had to sit on dirty floors, and there was no toilet either. There was no food and, worse, there was no water to drink. Luckily my mother had taken some bananas and something to drink with her for the four of us. She also had taken a toilet-pot with her and that was a great help for several of us. Little children started crying, especially when the train stood still (sometimes several hours) and that while the sun was shining on the roof; it was unbearable. We didn't know where we were being brought; we could hardly see anything at all. This horrible journey took more than 24 hours.

It was in the late afternoon of the 14th of February that we arrived at the station of Ambarawa, in Central Java. A transport of 680 Dutch women and children from Malang stepped out of the train, happy to get some fresh air. The Japanese military yelled at us, and that yelling was translated for us by an interpreter. We all had to climb in the trucks, waiting for us outside the station. Everybody panicked about their luggage, my mother too. She hoped to find our four mattresses, so that at least we could sleep well that night. But we didn't see our luggage at all.

The trucks drove through a beautiful landscape. At least this time we didn't have to stand as we had to in Malang. We were all dead tired, hungry and thirsty.

When we arrived at Banyu Biru, we saw a place surrounded by very high walls. What could that be? When we walked towards the entrance I read: ROEMAH PENDJARA, which means Prison. My poor mother almost fainted and she said; "Oh my God, oh my God, how horrible!"



Two brothers Pierre and Theo in better times

My first Banyu Biru camp job

All of us age fifteen and up had to work. I was almost 17 years old so I had to join the group of grass cutters in our camp. It was not a heavy but a very tiring job. A Japanese soldier, Mr. Ito, stood there with a whip in his hand watching us. We were not allowed to talk or to sit on the ground. We could only squat on our haunches, and that was painful after a few hours. In the beginning we had to work three hours only, but after a while it became four to five hours a day.

The boys of our age had to do the hard work in the kitchen, and they received some extra food. The boys also had to empty the poop-barrels, an extremely dirty job. The boys had to empty the sewers coming from the toilets into those poop-barrels and take them outside the camp. Later on, when the boys had to leave our camp, the work was taken over by the young women and girls. In the afternoon our "lunch" and then our last daily meal of "starch soup" was brought to us by the boys and dished up by one of the kitchen ladies.

Our home was now only a bed, planks on the floor and the dirty mattresses on top of them and then those bed bugs. We often tried to clean the mattresses and air them for a short while outside. Every morning we killed some bugs. Many of us had mosquito nets but that didn't protect us against the malaria mosquitoes. Banyu Biru was a real malaria region, we later learned.

Because we were living so close together, people began to quarrel, mostly about the children.

On the 10th of June that same year, 400 women and children were transported to Banyu Biru camp 11, which was a military complex. The camp was behind our camp 10, not too far away. Of course they were happy to leave this prison with those high walls and it gave us, who had to stay behind, a little more room.

transported to our prison Banyu Biru 10.

Many girls of my age had to take over the jobs the boys of 16 and 17 used to do, and so I came to be in a toil and moil group. We had to work outside the camp ploughing the fields, or walk to Ambarawa with several old Dutch cavalry carts loaded with all sorts of luggage, or we had to carry stones from one place to another, just to be kept busy.

It was often very hard work but I was also happy that I could walk outside of that prison every morning after roll call and after eating that sickening small bowl of starch. At least we had fresh air, a beautiful panorama and we could see the real world again with all its wonderful colours.

The Japanese camp commandants

Our first camp commandant was Sakai. In November 1944 Suzuki became our second commandant and, in February 1945, Yamada became our third and last camp commander. They not only had the Banyu Biru prison under their commands but also camps 6, 7 and 9 in Ambarawa as well as camp 11 in Banyu Biru. The camp commandants came now and then to give some orders and to tell us what we had to do as well as what was not allowed.

Our first camp keeper was Ochiai; the second one from May 1944 was the very strict Ito; the third one from December 1944 was Hashimoto, who stayed with us just for the month December 1944. Then Ishikawa stayed one month, January 1945, and in February Hashimoto came back again and stayed until May. Our last camp keeper was Wakita, who left us in August 1945.

We were told that from January 1944, we were no longer Internees. From that date on we were considered Prisoners of War, even the youngest children. And so, from January 1944 we were treated as POWs.

It was a strange situation, because in Malang we had been told that the Japanese military had put us in camps to protect us against the Indonesians. Now in Banyu Biru we learnt a different story.

My malaria attacks came more often, more or less every two weeks. With each bout I had a very high temperature, which made my "job" much harder.

My mother and my sister Henny grew very thin, and my youngest sister Jansje hardly played at all. She had quite a few malaria attacks as well. My poor mother also began to lose some of her teeth, and I felt sad to see my family slowly become sicker and sicker.

In the meantime more women and children entered our prison. On the 19th of November 1944, 600 came from Kareës and on the 21st of November, 350 women and children came from the Tjihapit camp. The trouble was of course that when more people came to our prison, there was less food, less space, less water.

Everyone walking into our prison said the same thing: "What a horrible camp."

Elizabeth advises that only long after the war she learnt that Koreans using adopted Japanese names were also deployed as camp guards, especially as it was no great honor for the Japanese military to perform this role. Even so, the camp commanders were Japanese and all camps in her region were under the control of the Ambarawa-based Kempeitai.

Christmas 1944

There were many rumours in Banyu Biru camp 10. The Japanese were losing the war. The Americans, British and Australians were winning.

The Japanese camp keeper and his soldiers were quick to be angered about next to nothing. The yelling became louder, and more Dutch women were slapped in the face. That must be, we thought, a positive sign since it was very clear that our Japanese suffered from loss of morale. But of course we were not sure, as we had no contact with the Indonesians either, and the Heiho [Indonesian draft laborer-conscripts] were under strict control of the Japanese camp commandant and his soldiers.



Heiho conscripts

Christmas came, a hungry, filthy, sad Christmas in 1944.

How can you dream while you are locked up in a dirty, overcrowded prison, when you are lying on a filthy mattress full of bugs? How can you dream while your stomach cries for food? How can you dream without music?

I was seventeen years old, but I became a little scared to dream at all.



Banyu Biru 10 , our cells. I received the photos from Mrs.Wood.

Donata desu ka?

Everyone above 15 years old was placed on the list for night watch duty. I was on duty every fortnight between two and four o'clock at night. It was a horrible time right in the middle of the night.

There were always two of us walking together during the night, and each pair of watchers had their own territory. We were supposed to stop smuggling near the wall, but we usually did the opposite. We warned smugglers when Japanese soldiers were coming.

When a Japanese soldier would pass at night he would ask us; "Donata desu ka? [Who's there?]" We had to learn these Japanese words but I still have no idea what they really mean.

But most of the time there was no Japanese control at all. We only saw many women and children running for the toilets at night since so many of us had diarrhea. It was quite cold at night, especially in our worn-out clothes. There was nothing to warm us up either, no tea or coffee.

For me there was always a ray of hope when walking to Ambarawa with my working group. Of course it was a long walk barefoot right over the hot asphalt road, but still when we arrived at the station in Ambarawa we came into another world.

Today the Ambarawa station is a museum.

Elizabeth clarifies that, in contrast to the men's camps where some kind of pro-Japan indoctrination was the norm, there was no systematic education program at all in the women's camps. In fact it was strictly forbidden to teach the children. Even though orders were barked or shouted in Japanese, neither were the women allowed to learn Japanese. "No education at all, just hard work." Every morning, however, the prisoners bowed deeply toward the emperor in Japan.



Sixty-five little Boys

On the 16th of January, 1945, 65 little boys had to leave their mothers. The boys were 10 and some of them even 9 years old. They were taken to Camp 7, a camp for boys and old men. Their fathers were somewhere in Burma, Japan or elsewhere and, from that day on, they were also without their mothers. This was a real nightmare for their mothers. The Japanese turned more and more nasty. It was clear that Japan was losing the war.

A nightmare

When we came back from our work outside the prison, we saw some cars standing outside the prison, so we understood that we had important Japanese visitors. When we walked through the gate of our prison, we couldn't believe our eyes. Teenage-girls and young women stood in a queue, while Japanese officers were looking them over from top to toe.

We were ordered to stand in the line as well. I could feel a malaria attack coming up, so I started to tremble a little. I can't remember how long we stood there, I was afraid that I would faint and had only one thought; "Let me please lie down on my mattress." When the Japanese officers passed, I didn't dare look up. I kept my head down in despair.

The very young women who were taken away by the Japanese were crying. This was a real nightmare, after all we had been through so far. This was just too horrible for words. When we could go "home" at last, I found my mother very upset, but she was more than happy when she saw me coming back. She had been so scared that the Japanese would take me away. She had wanted to tell them that they could take her instead of me. But luckily some of the others had held her back, saying that she would only make things worse. And at last I could lie down. I had a high fever by then, but I was so tired that I fell asleep right away. Later on I heard that several of the young women who had been taken away had to leave their children behind. The children were looked after by other mothers. This was a real nightmare!

Not long after this drama, rumors went around our Prison: "All the girls from ten years old would stay in Banyu Biru and Ambarawa and the mothers with the younger children would be sent to Borneo." Luckily, this didn't happen.

On the 3rd of May 1945, 600 women and children from Ambarawa camp 9 arrived on foot, and on the 31st of May, 350 women and children came in from Solo. The next day, the 1st of June, 150 more women and children arrived from Solo. On the 4th of June, 21 women and children came in from Ambarawa camp 6 and, on the 3rd of July, 47 came in from West Java. Then, on the 3rd of August, 50 women left the prison and were transported to Ambarawa camp 9 and on the 8th of August, 2,094 women and children walked into our prison. (Data from *Japane burgerkampen in Nederlands-Indië*).

It became extremely crowded. We numbered some 5,300 women and children trying to stay alive in this rank, filthy prison. It was really disgusting. I think that it was just to torment us. I was absolutely convinced that Japan was going to lose this war against the Allied Powers. Surely this couldn't go on forever?

My mother and Henny looked ill. They had pellagra. Big red spots broke out, especially on their arms and legs, because of a vitamin deficiency. Jansje was completely apathetic, the poor girl just sat there in front of our cell, waiting until some food was brought to us. And I had beri-beri, also a vitamin deficiency disease. My face and belly were swollen, full of water, or at least that was how it felt. My mother was losing some of her teeth, which gave her lots of trouble, and there was nothing we could do to stop this.

My poor sister Henny looked dangerously yellow from jaundice, and my poor mother was a bundle of nerves. I was quite worried about her. My mother just had to be better by the end of the war when my father would try to find us. We really had to fight to stay alive, day after day.

Elizabeth informs that all the young women and girls taken from the camps were sent to Semarang, a large port city on the north central coast of Java, from where they were dispatched to brothels for up to two months at a time. From her understanding, around 200 Dutch women and girls were forced to work as "comfort women," alongside of course numerous Eurasians, Chinese and local women. One of the former Dutch "comfort women is an active member of the Foundation for Japanese Honorary Debt, as explained below.

The Japanese Surrender

Something strange was going on. We received a little more food than usual, and maybe it was just a tiny bit better in quality as well. It was very silent in the Japanese corner. We could see them moving, but for several days they didn't come anywhere near us.

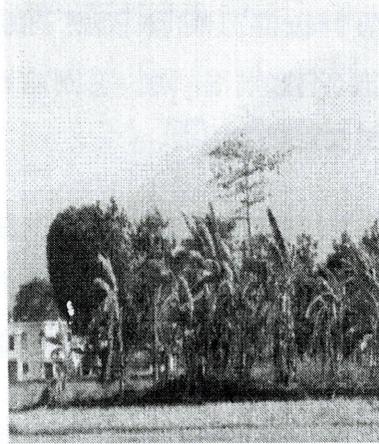
At last we were told that the war was over. Japan had surrendered to the Allies on the 15th of August, nine days earlier. Nine long days the Japanese had kept this wonderful news to themselves. They knew that they had lost the war and that they should have given their Dutch prisoners their freedom, but they didn't.

We were free at last and yet we still couldn't believe it.

In the meantime, several local women came into our prison, looking for work. Our neighbours advised my mother not to take one of the women to help her, because she wore a *merdeka* badge, which meant that she opposed Dutch rule. *Merdeka* means independence. Luckily my mother didn't listen, and she trusted this lovely Javanese lady who brought us all sorts of food from her home, because she felt so sorry for the four of us.

One day she asked my mother if she could take Henny, Jansje and me to her home in the nearby *kampung*. And so the three of us went with our very nice Javanese hostess who really spoiled us. Her whole family was so nice to us as well. We had a wonderful afternoon.

I can't remember the name of our Indonesian angel, but I shall never forget her kindness!



Fort Willem I My youngest sister took this picture in 2003

Again we are prisoners

Not long after, we were ordered to stay inside the prison because groups of *pemuda*, or youth defending the newly proclaimed Indonesian Republic, were trying to kill Dutch prisoners, or so we were told. With Sukarno now the proclaimed President of the Republic, his supporters among the *pemuda* and others refused to accept Dutch rule. Again the gate of our prison was closed. We now had Japanese soldiers protecting us against angry young nationalists. The lovely Javanese lady who had been so kind towards my mother, sisters and me was no longer allowed to enter our prison; we missed her.



Pro-Independence Rally, August 1945

I also began to worry how my father could find us now that the prison was locked again. But then I saw several Dutch men walk through the gate and so I understood that the Dutch could freely travel around Java to make contact with their families, although this was very risky. I also saw some women leaving the prison, saying that they were going "home," and that sounded really good. After the war we learnt that thousands of ex-prisoners were killed by the *pemuda*, not regular soldiers from the newly formed Indonesian army (TNI).

One morning Henny and I saw one of the Japanese soldiers who was protecting us against the *pemuda* crying his heart out. Someone asked the Japanese why he was crying. They told us that a terrible bomb had killed his whole family. We felt very sorry for him, but we didn't know anything about the big bomb they were talking about. Only much later did we learn about the atom bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Another day my mother and I were carrying our washtub to fetch water from our prison well, when some *pemuda* hiding in the tress outside the wall started shooting at us.

About two weeks later the Japanese soldiers left and Gurkha soldiers, serving in the British army, came to protect us.

Yes, life was definitely better than before. The only trouble was that we were still living behind walls even though the war was over.

I started helping to clean up the *gudang* (store) where the Japanese had dumped all sort of things. We found out that there were many boxes full with anti-malaria tablets, quinine, and several other medicines that could have saved the lives of the many who died in this prison. We were really shocked, even more so when we found a few cards that had been written to some of the women staying in our prison. In fact, they had never received their cards during the war. This was disgusting and very sad.

Our father didn't come yet, and we had no news from him. But of course he was in a Kempeitai prison in Malang, which could make it more complicated to come over to Banyu Biru. He also had to travel alone. The other men came from camps in our neighborhood and they usually came walking in a group. Maybe my father was trying to organize something to get my mother, my two younger sisters and me to Malang.

Maybe my mother would soon receive a letter from him.



Banyu Biru 10. This picture was taken after World War Two.



Banyu Biru 10 , our home, the cells were meant for 1 person only, but all 4 of us stayed there.



Banyu Biru, picture was taken after the war

We become refugees

It became far too dangerous in the prison at Banyu Biru. The internees from Ambarawa and the two other camps in Banyu Biru were evacuated before us. Perhaps because our prison had high walls, we were the last to be rescued.

In October 1945 the British Gurkhas started evacuating the first women and children from our prison, and of course they were more than relieved to be able to leave this prison behind them.

It was only at the end of November 1945, that the four of us finally left with the last group of women and children the horrible, dirty, foul-smelling prison. And so this last small group walked through the gate into a world of freedom, of fresh air.

But once again there was no news about my father.



My mother and her three daughters.

The Story of Elizabeth Henny and Jansy Van. Kampe

Her parents had a plantation at Sewu Malang the Japanese took the plantation and her Dad was put in the Marine camp near Malang.

Elizabeth her Mother and 2 sisters were put in a house in the Van Wijk camp.(Malang)

Your mother Annke and Jhonnie were also in the Van Wijk camp.

They were put on a train from Malang to Bunyu-Biru camp no 10 13-2-1944.

it took 24 hours to get to Bunyu-Biru Camp.

EREVELD KALIBANTENG



Erevelde Kalibanten is between Semarang Airport and Jalan-Siliwangi

Home	Zoeken	Actueel ▾	Over ons ▾
Achternaam	Voornamen	Geboren	Overleden
Bakker	Anna	21-04-1941	29-03-1944
Bakker	Catharina Maria	03-08-1880	17-06-1945
Bakker	Frits Jan	10-06-1935	01-08-1945
Bakker	Johannes Jacobus	18-05-1942	23-03-1944



* * * * **Damian John THOMPSON (2751)**
 Born : 31 Aug 1972 Brisbane

* * * * **Kristen Ann THOMPSON (2752)**
 Born : 18 May 1975 Brisbane

* * * * **David Paul THOMPSON (2753)**
 Born : 29 May 1980 Perth

* * * **Margaretha Maria BAKKER (2731)**
 Born : 15 Sep 1954 Brisbane
 Birth name : Marga, Margaret
 Spouse : Raymond Roy LUTHER (2754)

* * * * **Katherine Maria LUTHER (2755)**
 Born : 30 Oct 1986 Brisbane
 Spouse : Paul (714)

* * * * **Daniel Roy LUTHER (2756)**
 Born : 30 Oct 1986 Brisbane

* * * * **Nicholas John LUTHER (2757)**
 Born : 05 May 1989 Brisbane

* * * **Theresia Anna BAKKER (2732)**
 Born : 01 Nov 1956 Brisbane
 Birth name : Therese
 Spouse : Steven John DAVIES (2758)

* * * * **Selina Ann DAVIES (2759)**
 Born : 14 Nov 1995 Brisbane

Familie van Rijswijk

* **Johannes Bernardus Van RIJSWIJK (81)**
 . Spouse : Anna Margaretha Van HOOGST RATEN (82)

* * **Hendrika (Riek) Maria Van RIJSWIJK (3)**
 . . Spouse : Henricus (Harrie) Antonius Arnoldus DEGEN (2)

* * * **Josephus (Jos) Henricus Johannes Antonius DEGEN (1)**
 . . . Spouse : Catharina (Toos) Maria Gabriella BEIJERBERGEN van HENEGOUWEN (4)

* * * **Wilfridus (Wilfried) Petrus Bernardus Johannes DEGEN (8)**
 . . . Spouse : Louisa (Loes) Wilhelmina Hermina STERENBORG (11)
 . . . Spouse : Evelina (Evelien) Adriana Maria LEIJTEN (12)

* * * **Eligius (Eloy) Hendrikus Theodorus Johannes DEGEN (10)**
 . . . Spouse : Mauricette Marie Joseph EMERIAU (85)

* * * **Bernulphus (Bernulf) Theodorus Antonius Josephus DEGEN (9)**
 . . . Spouse : Mary-Jane HUGUENIN (83)
 . . . Spouse : Wilhelmina Agatha Elisabeth (Elise) Ten HAAF (84)

* * * **Jeron (Jeroen) Gerardus Gertrudis Petrus DEGEN (17)**
 . . . Spouse : Margaretha (Margot) Maria Mieke Van den BOSCH (91)

* * * **Gerlacus (Gerlach) Petrus Catharinus Paulus DEGEN (18)**
 . . . Spouse : Cornelia (Corry) Elisabeth WOU DA (88)
 . . . Spouse : Barbara VISSER (90)

* * * **Lidwina (Lidewij) Anna Maria Gerarda DEGEN (19)**
 . . . Spouse : Christopher (Chris) Allan DOLLING (93)

* * * **Renildis (Reinilde) Johanna Elisabeth Laurentia DEGEN (20)**

* * **Maria (Marie) Johanna Van RIJSWIJK (2725)**
 . . Spouse : Johannes (Jan) BAKKER (2726)

Jan BAKKER (2962)

* **Arien BAKKER (3028)**

* * **Arnold BAKKER (2965)**

* * * **Johannes Gerardus BAKKER (2967)**

. . . . Spouse : Elizabeth C.M. MORSCH (2968)

* * * * **Geertruida S.M.J. BAKKER (2969)**

. . . . Birth name : Gertruud

. . . . Spouse : Franciscus Cornelis HAZENBERG (3034)

* **Jacobus BAKKER (2960)**

* * **Johannes BAKKER (2726)**

. . . Birth name : Jan, John

. . . Spouse : Maria Johanna Van RIJSWIJK (2725) zie hieronder de familie van Rijswijk

* * * **Anna BAKKER (2785)**

. . . Born : 21 Apr 1941 Malang. Died : 29 Mar 1944 Banjoebiroe, kamp 10

* * * **Johannes Jacobus BAKKER (2786)**

. . . Born : 18 May 1942 Malang. Died : 23 Mar 1944 Ambarawa

* * * **Maria Theresia BAKKER (2727)**

. . . Born : 20 Oct 1946 Nijmegen

. . . Birth name : Marijke

. . . Spouse : Frederikus van BREEMEN (2733)

* * * * **Marianne Lisa van BREEMEN (2734)**

. . . Born : 27 Nov 1966 Brisbane

. . . Spouse : Brad STOREY (2738)

* * * * **Cassia Marie STOREY (2739)**

. . . Sex : Female

. . . Age : 20

. . . Born : 03 Feb 1992 Brisbane

* * * * **Lars STOREY (2740)**

* * * * **Raymond Fred van BREEMEN (2735)**

. . . Born : 01 Nov 1968 Brisbane

. . . Spouse : Meg (2741)

* * * * **Chloe (2742)**

* * * * **Johanna Cornelia van BREEMEN (2736)**

. . . Born : 16 Aug 1971 Brisbane

* * * * **Steve Peter van BREEMEN (2737)**

. . . Born : 13 Mar 1973 Brisbane

* * * **Elisabeth Gerarda BAKKER (2728)**

. . . Born : 05 Mar 1948 Djati Negara

. . . Birth name : Elisabeth

. . . Spouse : Jeffrey Robert ELWORTHY (2743)

* * * * **Blake Raymond ELWORTHY (2744)**

. . . Born : 18 Sep 1980 Brisbane

* * * **Franciscus Gerardus BAKKER (2729)**

. . . Born : 01 May 1950 Tjililitjan

. . . Birth name : Frank

. . . Spouse : Robyn Penelope TYDEMAN (2745)

* * * * **Adrian Gerard BAKKER (2746)**

. . . Born : 26 Jan 1974 Brisbane

. . . Spouse : Elizabeth (2748)

* * * * **Alicia Maria BAKKER (2747)**

. . . Born : 06 Apr 1976 Brisbane

* * * **Veronica Allagonda BAKKER (2730)**

. . . Born : 17 Oct 1952 Brisbane

. . . Birth name : Vera

. . . Spouse : John James Michael Peter THOMPSON (2749)

* * * * **Jason Joseph THOMPSON (2750)**

. . . Born : 06 Mar 1971 Brisbane