

Das Tagebuch der Internierung [Internment diary of Harry Seidler], 12 May 1940 - 4 Oct 1941

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Sunday 12 May 1940

Today was the most dreadful day that I ever experienced in England. The whole thing began in the afternoon. I got home at lunchtime and Lady MacAlister told me that a policeman had been there and wanted to see me. As I wasn't there, he said that I should come to the police station immediately. At first I thought it was something to do with my post.

Straight after lunch I went to the police with no idea of what awaited me there! I noticed that there were several other refugees as well as me. They told us that we would be taken to the Guildhall - why, they didn't say. So, five of us were put in a police car and off we went to the Town Hall. There were two plain-clothes policemen in the car with us.

At the Town Hall there was already quite a crowd of Germans, almost all of whom I knew, at least by sight. Only now did I begin to understand what it meant - WE WERE ALL TO BE INTERNED. I was greatly upset by this and then also noticed that we were under guard. All the exits were guarded by policemen. There were about 100-150 people in the hall and every couple of minutes new people were brought in. It was now about 2.30. I started to think over the whole situation. INTERNED. I was immediately convinced that the new government must have done this. That meant that they thought we refugees were spies, or believed that there were spies among us. Us - spies! Isn't that ridiculous? We, exiled from Germany, are suspected of being spies for our deadly enemies! Nevertheless the situation seemed quite serious. We were being watched and were considered dangerous. If you tried to talk to the policemen, you got no information - they knew nothing.

Some people began to work out all the things that they wanted to have with them. They even began to send us home one by one, under guard, so that we could pack some necessary things. I worked out what I wanted, too, and then I had to wait. At last, at 5, my name was called. A plain-clothes policeman came with me; another refugee who lived near me came in the same car.

I asked the policeman to wait in the hall while I packed my bag, but he said that he had to go everywhere with me, that he could not let me out of his sight. Isn't that something to make you laugh? Or should it make you cry? He had to guard me as if I were a criminal, so I wouldn't escape. The situation embarrassed me. Here was Lady MacAlister and everyone else in the house and my every move was being followed by a policeman! I packed all my things and said good-bye to Lady MacAlister; then we drove back to the Town Hall. There were far fewer people there now: all the others had already been taken away. I had to wait again.

We left about 7. We were now only about 50 people and we were loaded into a double-decker bus. None of us knew where we were going. We chatted, told each other jokes and forgot that we were prisoners. At 8.30 we arrived at Bury St Edmunds. Here we parked in a street and saw two other buses in front of us in which were all the other refugees who had arrived earlier. The streets were full of inquisitive spectators and now we had a military guard. A soldier stood in the doorway of each of the three buses with a fixed bayonet. If you wanted to get off the bus for a few minutes, you had to do so under military guard. This amused the spectators on the streets. And we waited . . .

About 10 we became impatient - we all wanted to go to bed - but that would not be possible for some time. It was dark and hours went by and they seemed to have forgotten about us.

In this situation you get terribly tired. This morning we would never have believed that in the evening we would no longer be free and would be prisoners of the English. Time passed dreadfully slowly. We were hungry and tired. It was 11, 12 ...

Monday 13 May

And even 12.30 before we were allowed to get out (under guard) to be taken to a cleared-out garage. It was horrendous. There were already many refugees there who had been brought from other towns. They were sleeping on the cold stone floor, just with a blanket. There were older men among them, which upset me most. I would never have believed this of the English! They could act like Nazis of a kind, too! (for I can't describe treatment like this any other way!)

First we are taken into custody and then we have to sit in a bus for 4 ½ hours and then we are searched - for that's what happened next. Our bags and each of us were searched (they felt all over me as if I had a weapon) and then, at 2 a.m., we had to get back into the bus. Nothing to eat, nothing to drink – we were, in short, prisoners! That old garage was already full of people so we drove off to an old shack. Here, too, we were guarded by soldiers as we got out. By now I was only half-awake: I was so dreadfully tired that I could scarcely keep my eyes open and did everything as if I were in a dream. Everything I had recently gone through had quite finished me.

We went into an old shed. Inside, it looked even worse than in the garage we had come from. The roof was so bad that you could see the stars through it. What if it started to rain? We would get soaked through. The floor was horribly dirty. Finally we got something to drink: tea. That is, they said it was tea but it seemed more like dirty water to me. Nevertheless we drank it as we were awfully thirsty. This choice beverage was served in tin cups. Then they said we had to hand over all our money. People were taken in groups of five to the commander's office and we got a receipt for the money that we handed over. Everyone then got a blanket and, at 3.30, was allowed to sleep.

I couldn't get to sleep for a long time. First the floor was so terribly hard and, second, everything that I had gone through in the last 24 hours kept going round and round in my head. The light was on all night, and many people didn't lie down to sleep at all but walked up and down and talked the whole time. It's quite amazing that I finally got to sleep! ...

I woke at 6. Soon afterwards everyone went to wash themselves in the big buckets that had been put in the middle of the room for general use. For breakfast we got dry bread and a piece of meat. Afterwards came assembly: our names were called and then we could walk around the yard. I immediately wrote a letter to Lady MacAlister. We had to hand in letters unsealed for censoring. We felt like animals now: soldiers were guarding the shed and the yard and stood around everywhere (one of us could, after all, try to escape!). There was a little patch of grass in the yard where we all lay down and rested ourselves after that night. I woke up around 1, just when lunch was being distributed. You had to present yourself and you got tea, dry bread and a piece of cheese. You really couldn't stuff yourself with this!

The mood of the camp changed considerably in the afternoon: people realised that they were all in the same boat and became much more cheerful. They lay around together in groups and talked to each other. Then there was an early evening meal which was scarcely edible. Soon after the meal we got back the letters we had written earlier: letters couldn't be sent out of this camp. We were now completely cut off from the outside world. Everyone wanted to send word to their families!

Tuesday 14 May

I slept quite well. There was dry bread and a hard-boiled egg for breakfast. Afterwards we lay down again on the little patch of grass in the yard. Lunch was very sparse again. In the afternoon there was a compulsory walk. Everyone in the camp had to get into 3 rows and march through the town under heavy guard to a field. On the way we were again objects of curiosity to the towns -people. I felt like a criminal, marching under guard and being stared at by people who didn't look at all kindly! At the field the soldiers who had come with us made a big circle around us, inside which we were supposed to exercise. We stayed there for 1 ½ hours, then we went back to the camp and lay around in the sun. So ended a very boring day.

Wednesday 15 May

Some people in the camp have managed to buy a newspaper from a soldier. Things look bad. Holland has surrendered to the Germans. That little country has been dreadfully battered during these few days of war. English and French troops are already fighting in Belgium. Apart from that this newspaper brought us very unpleasant news. We interned aliens will probably be transported to the Isle of Man where we will have to stay for the duration of the war. All the hotels and other accommodation have been emptied to make room for us. Isn't that awful? To remain a prisoner, indefinitely, perhaps for years! And on these dreadful rations as well. And the newspapers say that we are marvellously well-off and live in comfort. Why doesn't the English press tell the truth? I thought there was a free press in England! . . .

Among the soldiers guarding the camp there are two who went to my school (they recognised me because I was wearing my school blazer). I chatted to them about teachers who had taught them as well. In the afternoon we went for a walk again. When we got back to the camp there was welcome news: straw mattresses had arrived! Everyone immediately filled a sack. From now on we'll certainly sleep better. I got a letter from Marcell. He has also been interned and is at another camp in Bury. With the letter he sent me a little package with an apple and biscuits. He hopes that he will join me or I will join him: in any case we must be able to be together.

Friday 17 May

Early this morning the sick man next to me was taken to the infirmary. Everyone's getting dreadfully grubby here in the camp. It's dusty and the washing facilities are very primitive. You have to queue at the two water taps which are used by 250 people. As well as yourself, you have to wash your clothes - since no one has sufficient changes of clothes. Almost everyone is completely unshaven, like a real criminal.

I keep hoping that those who have been categorised 'C' by the tribunal will be set free. If not, we'll all be put on the Isle of Man. I can't believe it at all - it's ridiculous! Never in my life until now has anyone taken away my freedom. Not even in Germany! Yet, in the land that has offered us hospitality, they imprison us. Of course, we understand the reason for our detention but there are people among us who were in concentration camps in Germany and are now suspected of being Nazi spies. Isn't it absurd to imprison such people? Here are people who have been torn away from their new lives as office workers, students, etc, people who should be doing exams, who have to support wives and children. But we are resigned to our fate. They'll soon realise that we've been imprisoned unjustly and then we'll be free again - that's what we're all hoping.

Since there are teachers among us the students are attending lectures. Most people, like me, read books and I also write my diary. Of course I don't have a typewriter with me so I write in pencil: I'll type it out later. But when will 'later' be? How long will it be until I'm back

at home typing? Otherwise, today was like every other day here: in the afternoon, the walk, and at night a religious service.

Saturday 18 May

You can arrange to get some food by giving an officer some money for chocolate etc. We have all been returned some of the money taken from us on the first day. I and many others scarcely have any left. So they will buy for us on credit.

We've been here almost a week. People only really learn to value freedom this way: longing for it unites us all. Young and old, rich and poor, all want to be free again. Here people from comfortable backgrounds queue behind people from the poorest backgrounds, with tin cups in their hands, and are grateful for the dry bread and tea that is handed out. We young people bear these degradations much easier than our elders - our powers of resistance are greater. But everyone finds comfort in thinking of freedom. We calculate the chances of being freed. But everything seems very hopeless. We all wait for the news since our fate is bound up with political affairs.

We found out something very important this afternoon: tomorrow everyone under 30 will be moved to a tent-camp nearby. This means we'll be separated from the older men with whom we've gotten on so well. So the students will be deprived of their lectures. Very unfortunate. But it's said that this new camp is not permanent. Anyway, I hope to meet Marcell there.

At 6 we young people marched to the new camp. It is in the middle of a football field and consists of a few large and small tents very close together and surrounded by a BARBED WIRE FENCE. Now we're really prisoners of war. The young people from the other camp came soon after we arrived -among them MARCELL. We were both very happy to be together. Anyway I like this camp better than the other one. It reminds me of my last holiday trip when I also slept in a tent. It's also not as dusty and dirty as the first camp. We'll still have to go back to the old camp to eat and to wash. I am sleeping in a tent with 10 other men. It was quite friendly when we all sang a song this evening.

Sunday 19 May

We were told today that we'll be leaving tomorrow for Liverpool and from there to the Isle of Man. I felt awful when I heard that. If it's true then we won't be set free before the end of the war, and that could take years.

We went for a walk in the afternoon - Marcell too, of course, and we lazed in the sun. A soldier even bought us 'ice creams'. Then I talked to a man who had been in Dachau. He told me ghastly things. Those poor people were brutally tortured to death. Very few managed to survive and go to England. This man is naturally dead against the NAZIS. He was almost tortured to death and now he has been imprisoned because they think he's a Nazi spy.

Monday 20 May

We had to get up at 5.30 this morning. At 6 we went to the old camp to wash and eat breakfast. Then we took our bags and marched to the railway station, heavily guarded. Again the inhabitants of the town stared at us as if we were amazing. They did not look at us in a friendly way. They think we're Nazi prisoners of war - they've long since forgotten the word refugee.

We were in a special train which only had saloon-cars. That was great - you could believe you were going on holiday. Only the soldiers with their fixed bayonets didn't fit the scene.

At 9.30 we left. We went through Ely, Peterborough, Rugby and Stafford to LIVERPOOL where we arrived at 3.45. We were disgusted at what now happened. There was a large crowd of people looking at us at the station. We had to carry our bags and march through the town in three rows. There were older men among us who couldn't carry their bags. We younger ones took theirs as far as we could. But we couldn't stop. The traffic was stopped and everyone stared at us. We went on like this for more than an hour until we arrived at a large hall. On the way we were photographed and people shouted at us 'Down with the fifth column', 'down with the spies'. We are certain that this march was nothing but English propaganda. Otherwise our bags could easily have been brought in buses. But we had to carry them through a big city for a whole hour. If you slowed down a soldier urged you on with his rifle. The English were now acting almost like SS and SA troops. They shouted at us 'Faster' ...

We reached a large drill hall where there were camp beds and where we were given food. Here, too, we were able to shower. For the first time I've been able to wash myself properly since I left home. Then we were allowed to write letters. We sang again before we went to bed, and a man played the accordion.

Tuesday 21 May

We slept quite well. The only disadvantage of this hall is that it has no windows and no ventilation. There is an enormous entrance but it is kept almost closed (after all we could escape!).

So, we are locked up all day in bad air. At least the food is much better than before but you feel as if you're in prison. People walk up and down between the beds the whole day. There are about 1000 men here.

After many people complained to the officer about the stuffiness they let us go up on to a little roof in groups of 50 to get a breath of fresh air. This was a great help but as soon as you got back in the hall you almost suffocated in the stale air. This lack of fresh air made us lifeless: people lay about on their beds all day and slept. I read most of the time. Marcell has a bad cold. There are many doctors among the prisoners and they are very willing to help anyone who is sick and give them medicines.

Wednesday 22 May

We haven't seen the sky at all today. It has been raining outside so we couldn't go on the roof. But we've become used to the stuffiness. Marcell and I washed our clothes in the morning. We got hot water and a brush to do so. By midday we had finished it all and had hung the shirts up. At least we killed time by working - otherwise it goes so slowly. Meal times are a fight not to get less than the little food allotted. We're all in a bad mood - this life, squashed together under electric lights, is dreadful. Marcell and I slept in the afternoon. When we woke the meal had begun so we had to sit at the last table where we got scarcely anything. So it goes here. Food is very irregularly distributed; there is an overall lack of organisation. On Saturday, we are to go to a permanent camp near Liverpool. We're told that each of us will go before a tribunal there and will either be set free or sent to the Isle of Man.

Thursday 23 May

Today, again, was dreadful. It's now impossible to breathe here. The hall has become hellish for us - you don't know what to do with yourself. There's no room - one bed next to the other and so no opportunity to move about at all. The feeble electric light has almost blinded us: at first when you go out into the sunlight you can't see anything at all. But the most upsetting thing remains the loss of freedom. All of us suffer from that more than from the physical hardship. I'm ill with the longing to be free again. I can stand by the entrance (about 10 metres distance from it) for hours and watch things going on outside. Now and

then a tram goes by, and sometimes people. I feel like crying then. I'm in prison - indefinitely. I think I'll go mad after a few months of such imprisonment!!! God forbid that it lasts that long. The endless lying on beds turns you into a physical wreck. The constant musing, the bad news of the war that we only partly hear, have turned us quite dumb. An older man today went into hysterics. He shouted: 'Why have they locked me up? I've done nothing! I'm innocent.' He lashed out and they locked him up in a little room. He'll probably go to an infirmary. The man had been in Dachau and his nerves had been ruined there.

#### Friday 24 May

Things went badly in the hall today. Two people were taken to the infirmary. One had a heart attack during the night and the other has kidney problems. Other people lie on their beds, can't eat anything, have colds and shout for fresh air. It's horrible!

In the afternoon I met a man who has also been studying architecture in England. I had a good talk with him about what we've learned. Today I was asked to put together a Camp Diary by a member of the camp committee: I got a typewriter to do it. With another man I wrote up the first two days of our internment using my own diary, then I typed out my own diary.

#### Saturday 25 May

We were going to the permanent camp this afternoon so everything was packed ready in the morning and we had our midday meal at 12. Buses arrived to take us at 1. We drove through the city and soon came to a place called HUYTON. There's a large building estate here, part of which is surrounded by barbed wire. We went into this section.

Two thousand refugees from Scotland and other parts of England were already there. It took a long time for us to be checked off and then taken into a large tent where we were medically examined. Healthy young people under 25 have to sleep in tents. It was raining awfully hard at the time and the earth was soaked. Marcell was allowed to sleep in a house, as he had a cold, but I was fit for a tent. Of course, I wanted to be bunking with Marcell, regardless of the fact that it's much more comfortable in a house. Since there was plenty of room in the house that Marcell was sent to, I simply went in with him. Many young men who were supposed to sleep in tents were doing the same, since no-one checked. There's a sort of administration in the camp, conducted by the prisoners themselves; the kitchen, too, is manned by volunteers. So everything that happens in the camp is our own affair. Roll-calls take place only when the officers come on inspection tours, otherwise we don't have any contact with the military. After we'd put away our things we two went for a walk. It's really strange, this German village on English soil! You meet so many people you know from Vienna. I met some school friends whom I haven't seen for years. You don't know whether to laugh or cry at seeing them again.

Life in this camp is quite bad: you get very little to eat. In this respect it's the worst of the 4 camps I've been in so far.

At the first meal we got so little that I could eat it all in three spoonfuls. How can a young person exist here? We've been told that we'll be searched again and things like knives, scissors and razor-blades will be taken away (I'll have to grow a beard) as well as writing things and paper that has been written on. Letters are to be on official paper and will be posted free. You're only allowed to send two letters a week. There's no furniture at all in the houses: the houses are new and you must sleep on the floor. We can't get any straw, since it's raining, but everyone else is sleeping on straw mattresses. Some of the older men had fits when they saw the double row entanglement of barbed wire. Sentries march up and down between the rows . . .

#### Sunday 26 May

I was arrested two weeks ago today. We got special letter paper and were allowed to write

4 letters.

Marcell and I are wearing out the floor in our room. We're sleeping in a little room at the top of a house in 'Parbrook Close' (naturally the streets have names). We got straw today, so we'll sleep better than before. There's a rumour that all young men under 25 will be freed - no one knows if it's really true. I tried to borrow the typewriter again but the guy it belongs to won't lend it any more, as too many people ask him for it. So I'll have to keep my diary in pencil.

Again we got dreadfully little to eat at midday. The camp commander (a German) calmed us down by saying that we might get more soon. Marcell and I still have a piece of bread from Liverpool. It's hard as stone but tastes good. Morale is very low throughout the camp. Everyone is worried and in despair. If we ever get out of here and tell the English how we've been treated, they will never believe us. Three men have already gone into a psychiatric asylum from here.

We know that perhaps there are spies among us. But why don't they put us in front of a tribunal? Surely they could thus find out who was and was not a spy. This is the way they should find their spies - not by making 1000 men suffer! But nothing at all has been heard of a tribunal.

Monday 27 May

I was on duty with another man today: we had to wash cutlery in the eating huts (not crockery, since everyone has his own) and sweep out the huts. In the afternoon we were told that all those newly arrived (that is, us) must have their baggage searched. Marcell and I packed and went to the big tent where there were already 300-400 people waiting with their bags. And each one was supposed to be searched! I heard that pocketknives, etc, would be taken away. If you wanted to keep such things all you had to do was leave them back at the house and no one would know. Isn't this yet more proof that the English can't organise anything? If they'd searched us straight away when we arrived, it would make sense. But now - when we can simply pack whatever we don't want taken away from us and leave our pocketknives (and revolvers) back at the house - it's ridiculous! It's so absurd that I can't believe that they're serious about it -after all any fool could figure out how to conceal things before he was searched. So we left our bags there and went away. Three hours later Marcell simply went back and picked up our bags. Very few people had been searched and the others' bags were untouched. We wanted to go to bed then and no one stopped us from taking our bags back to the house! Again - no organisation - the officers order in 400 men, and search 40 or 50!

Tuesday 28 May

A group of officers came on inspection through the camp today. From now on they'll do so every day. So I, and many others who are really supposed to be sleeping in tents, took our straw mattresses into the tents since the sleeping areas were to be inspected as well.

Wednesday 29 May

There's an infirmary now in the camp: the many doctors among the prisoners have set up a house as a hospital. This will help the many sick.

In the morning I took my bag back to the house, though the tent remains my official residence. One of the officers is supposed to have said that it didn't matter to him if we slept in houses if there was room. Marcell and I are arranging our little room as cosily as possible. We have a chest for an armchair.

Quite by chance I went past the Post Office and saw posted up that there was a parcel for me there. I was tremendously pleased and had the parcel given to me straight away. I hoped there was food in it - though Mutti could not have received our letter yet! So I rushed to the tent and, with trembling hands, opened it. How disappointed I was! The box was full of clothes. There was a good suit, shoes, linen. They came from Lady MacAlister; she

meant well but I don't need these things here. Everything you wear falls apart here - the dust and the few opportunities to wash! Lady MacAlister clearly believes that I'm comfortable here and it's clothes that I need. What I need is FOOD. We're all hungry! A piece of dry bread would have been more welcome. But I was pleased anyway with the parcel: it reminded me of the real world outside the barbed wire fence. I took just one pullover and some handkerchiefs out of the parcel and packed it up again. I'll try to send it back - it really is no use to me.

This evening I saw something very strange. Two men have had their hair completely shaven - they think that we'll have to stay here for some years and by then their hair will have grown again. So they've already completely given up hope! They've resigned themselves to this dreadful fate. That's absolutely not the case with me! I still keep hoping to be freed before the end of the war.

Today everything in the houses that was not fixed down had to be handed over - garden doors, iron door-mats, accumulated next to the commandant's house, which is also surrounded by barbed wire. We had to hand these things over because we (dangerous Nazis) could use them to construct barricades! Isn't that completely crazy? Do the English really believe that we're dangerous? Wooden shooting platforms have been erected over the barbed wire. They're afraid that the 3000 of us will attempt a mass escape. As we observe these precautions our hopes of liberation dwindle even further!

Thursday 30 May

Today again we got scarcely anything to eat. I can't stand it any more! I'm terribly weak and have a headache from sheer hunger most of the time. What will happen now? We're wasting away physically and mentally in this mass imprisonment! I keep asking myself -why is all this happening? Has the whole world gone mad? What on earth have I done to be treated like this? I lie around almost the whole day - in the tent, in the house, unable to do the slightest thing. I'm really miserable.

Friday 31 May

Before the evening roll-call we in the tents elected a tent representative. That is, every 4 tents were grouped together and their occupants had to choose a person to represent them to the camp authorities. I was elected tent representative in this way and now wear a white band on my arm. So I'll have a lot to do in the future.

I saw something new this evening. The platforms over the barbed wire fence were illuminated by searchlights and on each platform there was a lamp that lit up the fence on both sides. In this way the whole length of the barbed wire entanglement is brilliantly lit up; so it's impossible to escape. Whoever enters the illuminated area is shot. The military authorities must be worried that we'll try to escape! Why do they treat us like real prisoners of war? The NAZIS who are captured are guarded like this but get more to eat and better treatment (they sleep in beds and are allowed books). But we have to live like pigs!

Sunday 2 June

At the tent representatives' meeting in the afternoon I learnt that 250 more tents have to be put up. It seems they want the young people to do this. The tents are to be for 1000 people who will arrive soon. That will mean a whole day's hard physical labour for 100 men. Do they want us to work with such insufficient nourishment? Besides, isn't it the military's responsibility to set up tents for the prisoners? I call this exploitation! I and some others at the meeting put forward the view that this should be made clear to the officers and that we should only work on condition of increased rations. But the officers are counting on our goodwill for they know that we'll do anything to remain on good terms with them.

This evening, for a long time, I watched life going on in the outside world. From one spot at the barbed wire fence you can see a part of the estate where people are living. There,

children play on the streets, people cycle about, there are cars in the distance and many curious spectators on the other side of the barricade watching us. These fortunate people stare at us, whom they take for enemies, just as I stare at their everyday life.

Monday 3 June

One hundred names of people who have to go to the Parade Ground at 7 were read out at tea. They were told that they'd be going to the Isle of Man to join their wives, who have been imprisoned (all women who have been categorised 'B' by the tribunal have been imprisoned). As well, all the orthodox Jews who only eat kosher food are going with these people. They say that we'll all be sent to this island. I don't know why I'm positively afraid of going there - I think just because there's probably no way of getting back from there before the end of the war. We've still received no news from Mutti - I'm sure that she wrote a long time ago.

Tuesday 4 June

All the people whose names were read out yesterday left early this morning. Now everyone knows that all of us will be taken to the island. The further I get from Cambridge the more I lose hope of being set free.

Wednesday 5 June

I'll probably soon be going to lectures: they're trying to give classes in all subjects which means architecture as well. If this happens I'll have to resign my position as tent representative to someone else.

Today someone told us of the awful things that are happening in France (he'd by chance seen a newspaper). The English have been defeated in Belgium and the survivors of the British Expeditionary Forces have returned to England. What will happen now? Will Germany win the war? But that's unthinkable! That couldn't and mustn't happen! If only they'd allow us newspapers! We too want to find out what's going on. Even though I've been badly treated by the English I would be very willing to fight for England if they'd let me and if I were old enough! No, there can't be any other end to the war but the victory of England. I don't believe all these horror stories: is it possible that the Nazis are in France already?

At tea it was announced that a performance would take place on the Parade Ground this evening. At 7.30 we were greatly surprised to see how wonderfully everything had been arranged. A stage had been built from tables and other bits and pieces; chairs had been brought from the eating huts and you felt as if you were in an open-air theatre. Some of the commanding officers, many of the soldiers as well as all of the prisoners, made up the audience. The programme was partly in English, partly in German; there was music, dramatic pieces and acrobatics. It lasted 2½ hours. The camp orchestra played 'God save the King' at the end and we (Nazi spies) sang along.

Thursday 6 June

I went for a walk through the camp in the morning and hit on the idea of drawing a plan of the camp for my diary. That will take the place of the newspaper photos that I can't get while I'm interned here.

It has been dreadfully hot in the camp recently. You get very sluggish and don't want to do anything in this weather. I passed most of the time in the tent with some friends: I spoke as little German as possible so as not to forget my English. If this imprisonment lasts long, I'll completely forget English.

Friday 7 June

I went to find out about the architecture lectures - unfortunately they haven't been arranged

as they can't find a teacher. But there have already been daily lectures in other subjects.

Very pleasant things occurred this afternoon - a lot of mail was delivered today and I got my first letter since my arrest. It was from Lady MacAlister, dated 27th May - it had apparently been sent with the parcel. It appears from the letter that Lady MacAlister had not yet received any mail from me, though I'd written to her from Liverpool. Anyway I'm very happy about the letter as it proved that the outside world remembers us.

During the afternoon Marcell was presented with a little lard and meat by one of the kitchen hands; we had picked up a few raw potatoes, too. We placed the fat in an old tin pot and fried ourselves some potatoes, thinly sliced; we cooked the meat in the fat and so made ourselves a marvellous evening meal. We threw ourselves hungrily at the food and for the first time in 4 weeks we were full. It's quite unbelievable how a full stomach transforms me! I see everything much more clearly, as if I had had a cold shower. Hopefully we'll often be able to get things out of the kitchen.

Saturday 8 June

Today Marcell and I did four laps around the Parade Ground - every day a lap more up to 10 laps. You can't set any records on our diet, but we'll keep running every day.

This morning I picked up a book that Marcell had lent to Crown Prince Friedrich of Germany, the Kaiser's nephew. He's still quite young and calls himself Count Lingen or rather Friedrich von Hohenzollern. He's interned just like us and has to sleep on the floor just like us, though one day he might become the German Kaiser.

In the afternoon we were presented with leftover meat from the Officers' Mess. We made ourselves a great evening meal once again. We had so much that we couldn't eat it all by ourselves and so we invited a few friends from the house. Over this meal we forgot that we were locked up and everyone was very cheerful.

We received our first letter from Mutti during the afternoon: she seems to have been in despair that she hadn't received any of our letters yet - the letter was written on 30th May. The post is so unpredictable. Letters get lost and even if they are sent, they take 14 days to reach their destination.

There was a nice singalong in the evening - in fact singing and harmonica-playing went on on both sides of the barbed wire fence. There we prisoners were, behind the barbed wire, and in front of it there were the soldiers who usually guard us but who were off duty right then. It was indescribable: we and the soldiers took turns to treat each other to songs. We applauded each other and were very friendly. But when the soldiers have to go on duty again they stand guard on the watchtowers, their weapons loaded, ready to shoot us if . . .

Monday 10 June

During the morning they inquired for people who spoke perfect English and who were prepared to give lessons; so I went straight to the designated office and registered myself as an English teacher. They told me I'd soon get a class.

Recently I've been having a terrible toothache: two fillings have already fallen out and I can scarcely eat at all. It's no use for me to go to the military dentist here as he only pulls teeth out.

During the afternoon we were visited by a friend who works in the military office. He finds out some very interesting things about the running of the camp in his job which he told us. He said that some people had already been released from this camp: influential people

outside had intervened with the Home Office for them and had been very successful.

Tuesday 11 June

There were a lot of rumours today: they say that Russia and Turkey have entered the war on the side of the Allies. The Italians are supposed to have taken the German side and declared war on England. No one knows if this is true. Someone had a visit from his wife who is said to have told him this news. It's quite unbelievable how such things spread around the camp - within an hour everyone in the camp knows about it.

My toothache hurt so dreadfully today that I went to the dentist anyway. There were already around 30 people there who also wanted to be treated -so I had to wait for 2 hours before it was my turn. The dentist told me he couldn't do anything for me as he had no equipment. He can't make fillings. In order to fill up the big hole in my tooth he put a kind of wax in the tooth: in 2 minutes it was over.

This evening I received a list of people who want to have English lessons from me. I'm supposed to find these people and settle a class time with them. So I walked around the whole camp trying to find these people. Three of them had already gone to the Isle of Man last week and I had to find replacements for them. That was easy. Every class has to have a certain number of students: there are 10 people in my class. They're not beginners. I'm pleased that I'll have something to do.

Wednesday 12 June

At the house we received a slip informing us that a parcel was waiting for us at the Post Office. Marcel I went down and brought back a big box. We knew it was from Mutti by the writing, but the parcel looked very wrong inside. Everything had been thrown all over the place - the tea had come open and everything else was full of it. I saw something strange: the parcel wasn't really full - it appeared to have been opened already before we received it. When we found the container of some kind of cake but couldn't find its contents, we understood right away where we stood. Others, too, have said that things were stolen from their parcels. It happened while the parcel was being inspected. Many people have complained to the commandant's office and have managed to arrange that from now on one of us will be present when parcels are inspected.

After the midday meal my students arrived, doctors and professors among them. All of them were already proficient and it was not easy to teach them. Straight after my class Marcell's students arrived. He has beginners. Our room very much resembled a school-room with all the benches and the teacher's place.

While we were eating today, for the first time, they gave us an official news report. Someone from the commandant's office came to all the eating huts and read out the following: ITALY HAS DECLARED WAR ON THE ALLIES. Malta has been bombed and the RAF was over Libya.

Thursday 13 June

Early this morning we were told that tomorrow a large transport will be leaving here for the Isle of Man. We are all to be taken over there within a few days. This camp is going to be enlarged and used for Italian prisoners. News also came that the Germans are still pushing into France and intend to encircle Paris! I can't conceive of such things! It seems like a nightmare. What will this lead to? Will it get to the point where Hitler also conquers England? I can't think about these things for too long, otherwise I get a headache. I keep telling myself that it can't be true.

In the afternoon we began to pack and while doing so I remembered the clothing parcels that I had received from Lady MacAlister. Under no circumstance did I want to take them with me, so Marcell and I took them to the commandant's office and, luckily, managed to have them sent back. I'm eternally grateful about this as they would only have become

unnecessary ballast on tomorrow's voyage. While we were packing I got a bad headache and had to lie down. I stayed in the room during evening mealtime as I had no appetite at all. I've probably ruined my stomach. If I have to take a sea voyage in my condition . . . About 1000 people will be sailing tomorrow. This evening at 8 we had to go to a house where we each received a registration card. So tomorrow at 5 am we're off to the Isle of Man.

Friday 14 June

We got up at 5. It was still very cold and misty outside. We had to hand in our straw mattresses and blankets at 5.30. At 6 there was roll-call on the Parade Ground; our bags were loaded onto a truck and we were checked off. Breakfast was at 7 and then we lined up on the Parade Ground ready to leave. We looked like a whole military division when gathered together. Soon the gates opened and the long columns marched out through the barbed wire fence. Farewell, Huyton camp!

It was strange to be outside the barbed wire fence. Of course we were still under guard. Thus began our march through Huyton. As always, we were objects of curiosity for the inhabitants: they stared at us like animals in the zoo. We arrived at the railway station at 8, boarded a special train and left | hour later. The journey to the Liverpool docks lasted an hour. There was much lively activity there - you could see ships, cranes, warehouses. We got out at an empty station and, after much waiting, boarded a small ship, the 700-ton 'Rushen Castle'. We were below decks and were not allowed to go on deck. We left at 12.

Unfortunately, we could see very little of the harbour from the small portholes. The weather was beautiful and the sea as smooth as glass. As soon as we were further out we were allowed to go on deck. On the way we saw the wrecks of ships that apparently had been destroyed in the war. The voyage was really nice, peaceful, and my worries about seasickness disappeared. We each received a piece of dry bread and a piece of cheese for dinner. After a few hours you could see mountains in the distance. Once again I became very unhappy. All hope of being set free during the war - now lost: no-one would be released from this island.

The place at which we landed was called 'Douglas'. The island looked beautiful in the sunshine - we could see the whole town from the ship, a real health resort. Unfortunately we weren't going to a resort.

Disembarkation took a very long time; we were checked off again - one of us could have leaped into the water during the voyage! Now, again stared at by the inhabitants, we marched along the promenade. A block of big hotels was surrounded by barbed wire - this was our next abode. We were allowed into the enclosure in small groups and assigned to the hotels. As soon as you were inside you raced up the stairs to secure a room for yourself. The front rooms were taken straight away as they had sea-views. There were beds in the rooms - a very pleasant surprise. We hadn't slept in beds since we were arrested. You only needed the bedclothes to feel at home. Marcell and I got a double bed in a room for 4-2 older men are in the room with us.

There are great advantages to this camp - you can see people, since the main street passes by the camp, and you can see the sea and sleep in beds. Each house has to take care of itself; people who, back in Huyton, had already worked in the kitchen have been assigned to each 'hotel' to cook. The only thing we don't have here is space -the barbed wire stands right in front of the house so that we 1000 people have no room to walk. Yes, everything has its advantages and disadvantages. There's also a piano in the house - we played on it right away: we hadn't heard music for 5 weeks. We're going to bed tonight very tired and full of new impressions.

Saturday 15 June

Roll-call was at 7.30 - the 67 people in our house had to stand out in front of the house to

be counted. The townspeople looked on inquisitively.

One large room serves as the dining room; otherwise the hotel has been cleared of all not absolutely necessary furniture. The first thing that ran through the minds of us young people was - to swim in the sea. How nice it would be if they would let us. Perhaps we'll be able to arrange it with the officers. The midday meal was quite good and above all there was more than we're used to. Our cook seems to be quite a master of his trade; of course he's a prisoner too and works without pay but he takes the trouble to prepare appetising food. After the meal lists of the house inhabitants had to be prepared; we have chosen a house representative from among ourselves and he arranges everything.

There are rumours about France. It's even said that Paris has been taken by the Germans - which I can't believe. I simply don't know what to think about the Allies - this situation in France is evidence of military weakness. Will France now be completely conquered? Will England, in order to prevent an invasion, make peace with Hitler (I would then lose all respect for this country) or will Russia enter the fight against Germany after all? It's time the USA actively helped the Allies. If only we could have newspapers! This knowing-nothing about the state of the war is awful for us. Don't the English understand that their fate is closely tied up with ours? We hope to persuade our new commanders to allow us newspapers.

In the afternoon Marcell and I lay down to sleep, as we were very tired from the sea air and as, anyway, we had beds, didn't we! At 6 this evening it rained very heavily. We saw another 1000 people from Huyton arrive. The poor devils had to march along the Promenade in the rain. They were soaked. The camp is now full to overflowing; going for a walk in front of the house is not at all enjoyable as we're so crowded. Our camp is not the only one in Douglas: we can see barbed wire fencing further along the Promenade - some of our people will probably go there too. The imprisoned women aren't here in Douglas after all but somewhere on the south coast of the island. Those whose wives are there aren't yet allowed to join them.

Sunday 16 June

There was early roll-call again today. During it I noticed that the English officer who was marking us off spoke quite perfect German. Our people were present in good order at the correct time in front of the house and so it was soon over and we could go into the house for breakfast.

Douglas is beautifully situated: we can look out over almost the whole town from our camp. It all reminds me of Abbazia in Italy. This evening it was fine again and the entire population strolled up and down in front of the barbed wire fence. Now I know how a lion must feel behind its cage bars when it is stared at. Again there was a concert this evening, both for the whole camp and in our house, too. Music was played from a balcony and everyone on the street listened - prisoners and the English people. And in our house the pianist played for us again. At 6 one of the British officers brought a radio into one of the houses. One person from each house was present - they were allowed to hear the news and then were supposed to inform their houses. We were told that the Germans have really taken Paris and are now 140 miles south-east of the city.

Monday 17 June

After breakfast I volunteered for potato peeling. I and two other men were at it for 2 hours. It wasn't very pleasant - there were large piles of potatoes that had to be peeled for 67 people. Afterwards I walked around the camp to take a little exercise. It's dreadful how small our cage is - the young feel this much more than the older people.

At midday something interesting was announced: a list was supposed to be made of everyone under 18. The rumour that accompanied this order said that they would be set

free. Since I've been on this island I've become far too pessimistic to believe such things, but, nevertheless, I began to hope again. I pictured my release in the most beautiful colours - perhaps there's something in it.

This afternoon the officers let us down badly - that is, they didn't arrive in the camp with the radio. It seems to have been forbidden to give us any news. They had also promised us newspapers - this was now taken back. Our rations are getting smaller than they were on the first day; we even get less bread than in Huyton. Our cook is taking pains to make the little meat that is available appetising. Despite this, we're hungry again. Marcell and I are gradually eating the things we received in the parcel from Mutti, but we're very careful about it. We don't know when the next parcel will arrive. Again this evening there was a roll-call. This meant standing for a long time as the officer finished all the houses before we were allowed to go in.

Tuesday 18 June

Today was beautiful: the sea was calm and the sun sparkled on it. How nice it would be to go swimming! We hope to get a sports field soon and they're discussing swimming as well.

The postal facilities in the camp are awfully bad: no letters at all have arrived yet and the officers have made great difficulties over the few parcels that have arrived. Everything has been minutely inspected in the presence of the addressees, tins have been opened, bread and cakes broken open. I find it really absurd for them to treat us like spies while refugees in London and other parts of England walk around free. For example, my father is in London and can do what he likes. I, his son, however, am suspected of being a German spy since I lived in Cambridge. There are other ridiculous cases caught up in this imprisonment of ours. Yesterday I spoke with a man who couldn't speak German at all. He's a poor worker from Manchester (you can hear it in his accent) who has lived in England for 28 years. He has two sons fighting in the English army. Is it any wonder that this man has fits of hysterics and screams out for justice? And he's not the only example - there are many such cases here.

Everyone is very tired and has been since we've been imprisoned. Up to now it was only a rumour but now we all know for sure: we're getting BROMIDE in our food. It's either in the tea or coffee or baked into the bread. The doctors among us say that it is a tranquilliser and makes whoever takes it very limp physically and mentally. That's why we all sleep such a lot here in the camp, though we're not doing any work. Our food keeps dwindling, though it's very well prepared. I keep thinking of the list that is being made of the adolescents - perhaps they will be set free.

Wednesday 19 June

Roll-call now always takes a very long time - I don't know why this is but it means standing with an empty stomach for an hour or more. The older people among us can't easily endure it.

This morning I went to the infirmary as I had a toothache once again. The dentist here is a civilian and takes more care than the military dentist in Huyton. He took out the temporary filling from Huyton and told me that the root of the tooth has become infected. The tooth has to remain open and I'm to go back in two days' time.

Before the evening meal someone from the English Committee came and said that 3 English teachers had been decided on for our house. These were Marcell and I and a man who had taught at a school in England. He is to take conversation classes, Marcell and I will teach the advanced and beginners' courses.

Today a youth representative was elected in every house. One out of the 34 representatives will then be elected and will be allowed to attend the house representatives' meetings to safeguard the interests of youth. They hope that we'll be

allowed to go swimming soon; also they hope that something positive will be done with regard to the canteen. Of course that's bound up with the question of money.

Thursday 20 June

Early roll-call took place in the dining room. I slept in this morning and came down too late - but they had finished counting and apparently had come to the correct total without me.

Here again is demonstrated the precision of the British officers.

There was an awful rumour today: France is supposed to have surrendered and have asked Germany for peace conditions. I can't believe it. The war must have completely turned in Hitler's favour since I've been in prison. And so he's defeated one of his deadly enemies - France. But darkness has not yet fallen everywhere - England is still free - may it ever remain free. Now it will be England's task alone to defend civilisation.

Something very enjoyable happened this morning: all young people under 25 were allowed to go swimming in the sea! At 11 about 500 young men stood ready in swimming costumes and were inspected and soon afterwards the gate was opened and we crossed the street to the beach. It was high tide just then and we didn't have far to go to the water. Soldiers were posted everywhere guarding us. Everyone threw themselves very noisily into the water which was dreadfully cold. Nevertheless we all swam about a lot. We had to go back into the camp after 20 minutes. The whole time they watched us swimmers with binoculars and we were counted again when we got back. No one had escaped or drowned.

They say that the Isle of Man newspaper has printed an article about the 'ragged creatures that Chamberlain had allowed to come to England'. In the first place, it is a lie to say that we're walking about here in rags and in the second place, it would be the result of our treatment in the last few weeks (sleeping on the floor, no washing facilities). Quite simply, the English seem to have changed their minds about us refugees. Before, they allowed us to come here, they helped us in our need and always patted themselves on the back for doing so. And now they are locking away the 'Refugees from Nazi oppression' and treating them worse than real Nazis.

Friday 21 June

Early this morning I went to the dentist who painted my tooth and told me to come back in a couple of days. Then Marcell and I went to pick up the parcel for which we received the card yesterday. We were disappointed - no food, but a sleeping bag that some acquaintance of Marcell had sent. Marcell had written from Huyton asking for it, as, after all, we had to sleep on the floor there. Now we're sleeping in excellent beds. A piece of bread would have been more welcome.

After lunch we washed our dirty clothes; then we sat in the sun and mended our socks. I've never done anything like this before - but after I was shown how to do it, it went perfectly. What a lot of things you have to learn when you're imprisoned and have to do everything for yourself!

I gave my first English class at 4. Some of my pupils came late because they had gone for a walk. From now on there will be walks frequently: the people who went said the island is glorious. They walked for 2 hours in the hills behind the town. Next time I'd like to go, too. The lesson wasn't easy for me as some of my students were beginners and others knew a little. Nevertheless, I started at the beginning. After 1 had gone through some grammar I read a little story to them and asked them questions about it. They did quite well, as they had been in England for a while.

Saturday 22 June

It rained this morning so I stayed at home and read. Before lunch I received another card for a parcel. I went to pick up this parcel and had to wait until my name was called. Then I went to a table where my parcel was, with a British officer standing behind it. I had to open

it and he began to search carefully all the foodstuffs in it. There was bread, cheese, marmalade, hard-boiled eggs, dried fruit, a tremendously welcome consignment. The officer did not find anything suspicious and the parcel was handed to me. Famished as we were, we ate some of the food straight away. Only then did we notice that the parcel had been to 2 other internment camps - that's why it took over 2 weeks to reach us.

This afternoon a large ship arrived. Soon very long columns of prisoners marched past our camp. They were Italians. They were guarded just like us and were taken to the camp that we can see further along the Promenade. More and more files of men wound snakily along. Between them there was a small group of prisoners with handcuffs on, very heavily guarded. These men had probably attempted to escape. The Italians in one of the files greeted us with the Fascist salute of raised right hands. Our reply on seeing this was loud calls of 'shame'. If we were Nazis we would have called out 'Heil Hitler' to our bound comrades-in-adversity - but not 'shame'. No, I'm not sorry for those Italians. They deserve imprisonment. They're Fascists and enemies of the English. The English have a right to imprison them - but us? ...

#### Sunday 23 June

After lunch 500 men were allowed to line up for a walk. Marcell and I and our friends lined up too. They took us behind the camp to the top of a little hill and up the length of a street from where we had a marvellous view of the bay in which Douglas lies. The weather was so clear that we could even see the mountains, the first I've seen for 2 years. The many palm trees gave the area we were walking through a southern appearance. The Isle of Man is marvellous for a vacation. On the way back, from a rise, we saw another camp with a barbed wire fence, where, apparently, Germans are. They left Huyton before us. Quite intentionally we were not taken past the Italian camp - the long column made a great detour to avoid it. That was decided by the British officers. After the 2-hour walk we were very tired as we're not used to moving around.

#### Monday 24 June

Today a rumour went around the camp that we're all to be sent to Canada. It seems that they're afraid Hitler will invade and in that case they think we could be dangerous. I don't believe it. I'm sure that only prisoners of war could be deported.

At breakfast we saw 4 people being released. How lucky they are! The gates and the barbed wire were shut behind them and they were free. We watched them get into a bus, wave to us and -then they were gone. No one knows why they were released.

This evening there was a lecture on wood in our house. An expert spoke very interestingly about types of wood and their use and this interested me because I worked with wood for almost 2 years. The lecture was in English.

#### Tuesday 25 June

Today was my 17th birthday. I never thought that I would celebrate this day as a prisoner of the English. At the breakfast table a piece of bread spread with marmalade, butter (that is, margarine) and lettuce was waiting for me - this is the birthday cake of a prisoner. In any case, I was very grateful that the cook had been so attentive. After breakfast another large ship arrived; soon afterwards about 10 columns of prisoners marched past us along the promenade. All were guarded in the way familiar to us. All were Italians.

#### Wednesday 26 June

Once again I was very depressed - my position seems more dismal from day to day. If it's true about Canada I'll never get back to Cambridge, at least not in the next couple of years. That means forgetting my happy life at Lady MacAlister's - no more studies - no more drawing - above all forgetting all that is beautiful. When I think about all of this I could cry. You're not allowed to have books sent and so there's no opportunity to refresh any of your

knowledge.

Nazi elements have become obvious in the camp. They have organised themselves and hold secret meetings. Working against them are the communists who are also organising themselves. All this is being done very much in secret and the average prisoner doesn't notice anything at all. Many young people in our house are communists - they want to suppress this Nazi organisation. From them I heard a little about communism itself for the first time. The idea is in itself very interesting but I don't know whether I agree with it in any way.

Thursday 27 June

A list of all young people between 20 and 30 years old is to be compiled on the commandant's order - of course Marcell is on this list. They say that these people are to go to Canada -whether they want to or not. This shocked all of us. It means that I will be separated from Marcell. But for the moment we don't know anything officially.

Friday 28 June

Today something very unpleasant happened. The commandant told everyone between 20 and 30 years old that they would be leaving here and that they'll have to WORK. Where they're going was not specified. They're allowed to take with them only 40 lbs of baggage. I won't be with Marcell any more. However, we aren't the only ones being torn apart by this new order - fathers are going to be separated from their sons. If only they'd tell us what it is all about! Where are they going? Why is the weight of their baggage limited?

Marcell wasn't very well at all - I had to take him his evening meal in bed. The two of us decided not to let ourselves be separated - either we'll manage to get me to go with him legally, or I'll go under another name. I'll go as Klaus Marcus, who wants to stay here with his father - he can then stay under my name. They've taken our documents away from us and so they can't know who is who. Today there was a rumour that all adult male German citizens in England had been arrested. This means that Papa in London has been arrested. These two bad pieces of news put me in a very unhappy mood. Things are almost as bad here as in Germany - you're arrested, torn apart . . .

Saturday 29 June

We've been strongly advised against the idea of a false name, although I can't see any danger in it. Why should we allow ourselves to be tossed about like this? Up till now we've not been in any camp longer than 2-3 weeks - and it's obvious that the English haven't been able to organise anything properly anywhere.

This afternoon everyone who had received money by telegram was allowed to have it if it was not more than 10 shillings. So Marcell and I each got the 10 shillings Papa had sent us. Marcell has another £6 which was taken from him on his imprisonment.

Our house representative told us today that an important meeting between house representatives and the commandant will take place tomorrow morning. On hearing this someone suggested that a refugee should go with our house representative to the meeting because our house representative never lived under the Nazis so he clearly can't completely understand the position or problems of refugees. The mood in our house is very much against our house representative as he is on Germany's side and has frequently said that he wants Germany to win . . .

Sunday 30 June

At midday we heard the results of today's meeting at which the commandant was present. We were told that lists of all 16-20 and all 30-40 year-olds were being prepared. These people will probably be going too -they are allowed only to take 40 lbs of baggage. I was very happy because it meant I could go with Marcell. We still don't know when we're going

and where. An explanation for Canada is that the Germans are said to have carried out death sentences in Paris against refugees from Germany. Do they want to protect us from this in case of an invasion? If only they'd explain it all and not simply send us off like cattle.

With all the things we have received in parcels our baggage is far heavier than 40 lbs each. We'll probably have to give away or sell a lot of things.

We sold the things we had an excess of to those who hadn't received any parcels yet. Then we ordered a suitcase from the canteen - it's been arranged for them to get them cheaply for our journey. We'll pack our food inside it. Everything was very flustered today - everyone talked about Canada: why were they sending us there? Why divide us into age-groups?

Marcell's group will probably be leaving tomorrow morning. We support each other in difficult times: and separation will be hard.

Tuesday 2 July

First thing in the morning the 20-30 group was told to be ready with their baggage at 10 o'clock. I got the suitcase that I ordered yesterday from the canteen and then Marcell and I began to pack. We kept hoping to remain together - that's why I packed too. Then Marcell went to have his baggage searched with his group: their bags were weighed, searched down to the very tiniest thing and marked with their names and stored. Marcell came back with a few things he had had to take out of his bag as it was too heavy. He made a parcel out of them to take with him in his hands. I was very worried about my two little bags which certainly weighed more than 40 lbs. So Marcell was going to leave this afternoon. I was in a foul mood. Suddenly around 2 o'clock Marcell came into the room and said he had arranged for me to go with him. Without asking how or why I took my bags and ran downstairs. A few stragglers whose bags had not yet been searched were standing in front of the door. I stood with them and Marcell came and told me what he had done: he had gone to Pastor Hildebrandt, the camp leader, who assured him that I was on the list of people going away. Marcell couldn't understand how this could be. To convince himself he went to the commandant's office and got them to show him the list. There he found his name twice, once under the letter 'S' and once at the end of the list. Then he remembered that when the names had been read out the officer had not understood his and had looked for his name under 'Si' instead of under 'Se'. Since he hadn't found it there he had written his name again at the end. Marcell grasped the situation straight away and said that one should be Seidler H. - and so it happened that the officer himself put me down.

I was taken to have my bags inspected. First my bags were weighed and it turned out that they weighed more than 40 lbs. I had to take things out and put them in my pockets before my baggage could go with the rest. Meanwhile all those who were leaving had already come out of the camp and I marched with them into a large hall which may have been the ballroom of a large hotel. People's names were called in alphabetical order and they were taken to tables where all their money was taken away. An officer kept calling names of people to be examined - and as he did so Marcell noticed that this list wasn't the same as the one on which my name had newly been entered. Once again we were really terrified - now, probably, everything would come out and I would have to go back into the camp. We were literally burning with sheer apprehension. We had to wait a long time until they got to the letter 'S' - meanwhile we received tea and a piece of bread.

I was still dreadfully worried - would my name be on this list as well? If the officer found out that I was only 17 years old he would definitely send me back. Finally he called out - SEIDLER - I went. I heaved a sigh of relief as I was taken to the table where you had to give up all your money. Marcell and I had decided not to give up all our money - I had put £1 in my right shoe so they wouldn't find any money on us, because we were afraid that

this money would disappear just like the money they took away from us at the beginning of our imprisonment. Marcell was examined too and everything worked - now we would be leaving together. We still don't know exactly where we're going.

About 9 we marched off carrying our bags and we passed by the camp. Our friends stood behind the barbed wire fence and called goodbye. They wished us luck on our journey into the unknown. Then came a very arduous march to the harbour where a little ship was waiting. Marcell and I got 2 places in a room down low in the ship which was full to overflowing. We'll have to sleep here and so we've made it as comfortable as possible. For a long time we kept discussing our possible destinations and then we went to sleep in uncomfortable positions, tired out from the march with our bags.

Wednesday 3 July

I woke at 5 and saw why: the ship was rolling. Till then we had been lying in Douglas harbour and we had just got under way. Despite the rough pitching of the ship I slept for another 2 hours. Around 10 we arrived at the same dock in Liverpool from which we had embarked for the island. We didn't expect to be back so quickly. We disembarked and were taken into a large hall at the dock where we waited, jammed together like sardines. We were all dreadfully hungry - we hadn't eaten anything since yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock. At 12 o'clock we saw a very large steamer docking; we were let out of the hall and boarded the ship. And so, farewell England - when will I see you again? Where are we going?

There were a lot of soldiers on the ship. We were taken along the deck and down some steps. And there appeared something that made us all furious -barbed wire. Once again behind barbed wire and on a ship! We had to go through a small door into our cage. The air was vile. The ship seems to be a troop carrier. We were taken into the soldiers' dining rooms where we were again horribly squashed together. It was very hot and the air very bad. Our situation reminded me of that of the British prisoners on board the 'Altmark'. The descriptions given by the English press then matched what we were going through now, and they had called it Nazi brutality. Now they were doing the same to us, 'refugees from Nazi oppression'. A large number of people wanted to go to the toilet but they didn't let anyone go. It had been 22 hours since we had received anything to eat. This is treatment that you cannot call 'British'. People began to shout out and it looked very much as if the toilets would be stormed. This was not surprising since everyone's nerves were on edge. But we calmed down as people were allowed to the toilets in small groups.

I can't stop thinking about how I'm leaving Europe for an unknown time. When will I see my parents again and Lady MacAlister? Will I ever come back at all? I've not been as unhappy as I am now for a very long time.

They say that there are also German prisoners of war and Italians on this ship. Around 8 o'clock we got our first meal for 28 hours. Of course Marcell and I had eaten a little chocolate but we hadn't eaten any proper food.

This evening there was a dreadful fight to get hammocks. I was very lucky and managed to get us one each. There's much too little space to hang up all these hammocks - for each space where one hammock usually hangs, two of us have to fit. There were some very funny moments as we mounted the hammocks - a lot of people fell right out again. Peace only descended around 11.30.

Thursday 4 July

I slept very well. The first thing I noticed was that the ship was rolling, a lot of hammocks were already empty a their occupants were being seasick. Bu I was quite well and very hungry. I went for a wash to an upper deck where there was a large washroom. And there I saw something that amazed me - GERMAN PRISONERS were walking about among us.

Real Nazis in uniform! They have to get their food with us from the kitchen. This again demonstrates that the English don't believe us when we say we are DEADLY ENEMIES of the Nazis. They must believe we're friendly with these soldiers, otherwise they would never have allowed us to mix with them. I would have liked to fly at the throats of these Germans and a lot of other people around me wanted to do the same - but we controlled ourselves. There was no point. At any rate, I'll NEVER forget this English act. At least the Nazis sleep in a part of the ship separated from ours by barbed wire.

No-one knows how far we've come. We can see land on both sides of the ship. We're probably travelling north around Ireland. Throughout the day our middle-deck looked dreadful - at least half of us were sick. But we still weren't allowed out of this stinking hole. It will be nice if this goes on for another 14 days. Anyway, I haven't been seasick yet but it wouldn't surprise me if I were at any moment.

Friday 5 July

I slept very well again. First thing, I felt faint and my stomach hurt but I haven't vomited yet. I could eat very little for breakfast. I think I'll gradually get used to the rolling. At 12 Marcell and I went on deck - we were allowed to go into the fresh air in two groups. This was a great relief. Now we could see only sky and sea - the Atlantic Ocean. At the beginning of the voyage we had been accompanied by men-of-war but now they'd gone. So if a submarine comes. . . There's a rumour that the first internee transport to Canada (we are the second) was sunk. I refuse to believe such rumours. Marcell and I had a shower this afternoon in the washroom where the showers give only salt water. Very refreshing. At the evening meal I scarcely ate anything. The weather has become much worse, but I've still not been seasick.

Saturday 6 July

Last night I had a lovely dream. I dreamed that I went back to Cambridge and found everything there unchanged. It was a wish-dream in the truest sense of the word. But it won't come true for a long time, if ever. Here I am going to Canada for an unknown period. I ate very little for breakfast and felt quite well. Afterwards we went on deck. People who knew each other in Vienna keep meeting each other. A man who was on the Isle of Man with us allowed me to use his typewriter - I'm very pleased about this since at last I have the opportunity to type up the countless pencil-written pages of my diary. I went straight to work, feverishly typing away. The typewriter ribbon had already been much used so I used dark copy paper and typed very clearly with it. By this evening I had finished almost half of the internment record; by the time we get to Canada I'll certainly have typed it all.

On our deck the mood has brightened a lot since the first days. We've become used to living cooped up. In our corner of the room there are two Dutchmen with whom we've become very friendly. They don't know why they were arrested. I found out the name of our ship today - the 'Ettrick'. It is 18000 tons and belongs to the P and O line.

Sunday 7 July

I forgot all about my seasickness today. Most of the others felt very well too. The weather was beautiful and we went up on deck at 10. We had been divided into 2 groups, which were allowed to go up on deck by turns every 2 hours. The first group had scarcely gone up before it was our turn to go - we had to assemble on a lower deck and wait for the first group to come down. We had to wedge ourselves in a corner as there wasn't much room.

And then something happened that I would never have expected from a Briton, least of all from a Scot! A Scottish sergeant screamed at us to go back again. As we weren't going fast enough for him he started to lay into us, hitting heads with a rubber truncheon which he burst in the process. Straight away we all started to roar in rage - this was really too much! How dare he? Hitting us like animals for no reason, repeat none. He was doing it

simply because he knew that we couldn't fight back. He wouldn't have tried this sort of thing with the German prisoners of war. This doesn't reflect well on his Scottish uniform. These people seem to have respect only for those they fear. But we didn't let our good mood be spoilt. On deck a man played the accordion and we all sang.

As soon as I came back down I typed. Around midday one of us came below accompanied by a soldier. He asked for silence and made an announcement in the name of the officers. The sergeant who had hit some of us earlier had been reprimanded by the officers and was to be given a disciplinary punishment. Hopefully this will teach him not to hit defenceless people. It's proper that the officers announced this.

This evening an officer came down to us and inspected the room - he gave a few instructions afterwards about the hammocks and bags. Then I was very much in luck because I found someone who can type very well - he uses all ten fingers without looking at the keys. He's very willing to type my diary out for me. I dictated my manuscript to him and we proceeded marvellously.

#### Monday 8 July

Following the new arrangements our group had to go up on deck from 8 to 10 - we hadn't had breakfast yet when we went up. It was quite cold up there but the weather was fine. The sea looked marvellous - it was a deep blue and the sun sparkled on the water. We have to put our watches back half-an-hour every day - this happens at very irregular times and so I never have the exact time.

#### Wednesday 10 July

Very early this morning panic broke out among us. Hundreds of people were trying to get to the toilets - but they are outside our section of this ship. The barbed wire was only opened at 6 o'clock. Everyone had diarrhoea. I woke with a start at 7 o'clock and had awful stomach cramps - Marcell's hammock and a lot of others' around me were empty. I jumped out and ran as fast as I could . . . but things looked bad at the toilets. There were already about 50 people there who were all in the same state as I was. I asked them to let me go first as I was in an especially bad way. I was later told that my face was all white.

All day there was discussion about the reason for this panic. Doctors among us thought that it was food poisoning from tinned food which had gone bad.

I soon forgot this incident and went up on deck with my group. Just as we had to go below again we saw two dark birds - that's a sign that we can't be far from land. Someone even said he'd seen a sailboat when the fog lifted a little. We're apparently near Newfoundland.

This evening I read my diary from the day of my arrest. It's much easier to read typed pages. For the first time I had a real overview of what has happened to me. I had to keep reminding myself throughout that it all happened in ENGLAND, not in Germany! For me there's only one explanation: there must be two types of English people: the type with whom I lived for almost 2 years, whom I respect and like; and the other type, the military authorities who have imprisoned us, who don't want to understand that we're refugees and who treat us very badly. There is an excuse for this latter group: they've panicked in the difficult situation in which they find themselves. I consoled myself with the thought that the good English people can't do anything about the way we are treated and unfortunately have no further contact with us.

#### Thursday 11 July

By now we sleep in our hammocks as if we were in beds on dry land - we've forgotten that we're in a ship on the ocean. It was Marcell's and my turn to wash up after breakfast. For this we had to fetch hot water from the upper deck which wasn't easy. To clear a path through the crowd of people we called out 'hot water' or, to start off with, 'sick man'. When

we went on deck at 10 there was a dense fog and it was windy. The ship kept going very slowly. For the first time around midday we saw LAND! - on the right hand side of the ship very, very far away. We were convinced that it was Newfoundland. So this was our first sight of the new world. On the one hand I was pleased to see this new continent - who knows if, under normal circumstances, I would ever have come to Canada. But I am sure that we'll have to stay behind barbed wire here too.

Saturday 13 July

We were told that we were landing today. Both banks of the St Lawrence were near the ship and you could see houses and gardens. After breakfast we packed which led to a good deal of disorder. Things got lost in the commotion, someone tried to shout over the noise and tell us that a Lost Property Office would be set up. It was announced that we were all to go on deck. So we went on deck, where the German prisoners of war usually were. There we could see the scenery on both sides of the stream - wooded mountains and small settlements. The houses became ever more numerous and we saw some skyscrapers in the distance - QUEBEC. A police boat came up to the ship and flags were hoisted. So we sailed through the busy harbour of the city. Tugs brought us to a landing quay. Soldiers (mostly Scottish) were standing in long rows on the quay - they were waiting for us! But there wasn't any question of disembarking yet. It was dreadfully hot on the open deck. We took off our coats and lay in the sun. Soon we became very hungry - we would have liked lunch - but we couldn't get food up there. It was midday and still we waited . . . and waited.

Finally the prisoners of war were taken off. But we were only allowed on land at 8, in groups of 20 - and naturally this took a terribly long time.

At 9 o'clock our group went down the gangplank and then we were on American soil. We went through a large warehouse full of flour bags and were 'welcomed' at the exit. We marched out in a row and there everything we were carrying as hand-luggage was taken away from us by force. Some people had small bags which they weren't very willing to hand over as their names weren't on them, but the soldiers grabbed everything from our hands regardless! Marcell had a briefcase with him which held our most important things (for example, a few documents and my diary). That was taken away too. The English soldiers threw these things on a truck.

Many military people and a crowd of onlookers surrounded us. The civilians looked very American. Marvellous American cars drove up to a field nearby and a lot of curious people got out to watch from behind the soldiers. We were still standing together in groups of 20. Buses came and went again. We got into one of them knowing that our destination couldn't have been far because the trucks were soon back.

There were three guards in the bus - so they, too, think we're dangerous. There were police on motorcycles who looked exactly like the American police we know from films. We went through a slum-quarter where everyone was standing in the street staring at us. Many shook their fists whenever a bus passed, children yelled out. . . eventually we got into the city. The people seemed very temperamental - generally the city had a continental character; the people looked French (they speak a kind of French, too). The scene was more primitive than that of a big English city. It lies on a mountain up which we were then driving. All the time people shook their fists and screamed at us. Meanwhile it had grown dark and the lights came on. This seemed very remarkable to us: no blackout! Women were standing on a curb and one of them SPAT at the bus as we drove past. Everyone screamed ... it upset me dreadfully. I felt like a criminal. As always, I asked myself: why? What have we done that they spit at us?

When we arrived at the top of the mountain we saw barbed wire. The bus drove into the enclosure through a double gate. They shouted at us as we got out: Faster! In 2 rows!

(appalling English). We marched off between disgusting-looking grey barracks, guarded by soldiers who were dressed as if for the tropics - short pants and tropical helmets. They took us into a barrack-hut where there were rough tables and benches. Then we were medically inspected. It was about 10 o'clock. Then another wait. The windows were covered with barbed wire. I was so tired and depressed. Spat at and screamed at . . . this all went round and round in my head - a nice welcome to a British Dominion! I went to sleep with my head on a table.

Sunday 14 July

We hadn't eaten anything for 17 hours! Soon many loaves of bread were brought to the kitchen next door - our mouths watered, but they didn't give us any. At 2 am we were led off in small groups under guard to another hut. Here there were many tables to which we were taken one by one. What then followed is typical of how we are treated.

I went up to a table at which a soldier told me to put my name on a form and my signature on a blank piece of paper. I did so - then the search began. I had to undress and all my clothes were searched minutely. The contents of my pockets were put out on the table - my watch was there, too. Then the soldier began to write the names of the objects on the piece of paper I had already signed. Since my signature was already on it, all he had to do was to record what he wished. For example, if he wanted to keep my watch for himself he could simply leave it off the list and pocket it. No one would ever know that I signed the paper beforehand without understanding what for! EVERYTHING was taken from me - even my handkerchief. The most incredible thefts were perpetrated during this dead-of-night search. The things taken from us were put in paper bags if not in the soldiers' pockets. I was disgusted: they let us starve for 17 hours during which they stood us in the sun, they make us wait and then at 3 o'clock in the morning they rob us! And so 'welcomed' we were taken into another barrack-hut where we finally got something to eat.

Groups of 100 then went into huts with bunks on top of each other. I went straight to sleep as I was - we didn't have any nightwear. We had to get up at 7. There was a washhouse but we couldn't make good use of it as we didn't have soap or toothbrushes. We got little breakfast. The weather was beautiful. We lay out in the sun on a little hill behind our hut. It got terribly hot around midday - over and over again we would go to the washhouse and shower to cool ourselves.

We had already elected a hut representative who went to the meeting with the commandant. He told us that we had been sent here from England as 'dangerous people' - so here they believe we're simply 'fifth column' (and that's how we've been treated). Telegraphing to England is not allowed - they hope we'll be allowed to write soon.

Now it is official - the transport before ours was sunk. I can imagine what a state Mutti in England will be in when she hears about that!

This afternoon a crowd of German prisoners of war arrived in our part of the camp - they occupied one of the huts. They walked about the camp freely in their uniforms and were allowed to mix with us. So we've sunk this low: mixing with NAZIS. It was bad enough on the ship, where we were only occasionally together - but now we have direct contact! I was enraged and stayed well away from those uniformed figures. Do these Canadians or Englishmen know what they're doing to us when they keep putting us with Nazis? No - surely not - they think we're one and the same - all GERMANS. This evening the Nazis marched, singing, out of the camp - hopefully for ever! Tonight we had to go to bed unwashed again and sleep in our clothes - we haven't seen our bags since we arrived.

Monday 15 July

Early this morning we went to the eating hut for breakfast, still unwashed and our teeth still

uncleaned. Then we were told that we would get back what had been taken away from us 'that' night and also our bags. They handed out the paper bags and then we had to line up to have them inspected. People who had gone through the inspection said that money, knives, etc would be taken - so I took my pound carefully out of my bag without being seen by the soldier guarding us. My experience of money being taken has been bad! You rarely see it again. They only took my pocket-knife. I was one of the few who didn't lose anything - my watch is still with me. Other people had all their valuables stolen . . . then we went to the luggage inspection. The bags had been stored outside the camp. A soldier inspected my two little bags - he didn't take anything from me. Other people lost medicines, knives, scissors. We're feeling a little better since we've got our things back. Now we can wash and feel human!

This evening the camp was in uproar. People wanted to complain about how they'd been robbed - in all about 80 watches, £200, 20,000 cigarettes and 7 typewriters had been stolen (the machine I used on the ship had been stolen, too). The commandant said that the matter would be investigated under military law.

Tuesday 16 July

At breakfast Count Lingen (our Camp Leader here) announced something very disconcerting: during the night a prisoner had tried to climb out the window of one of the huts and had been shot. The man was a bit crazy and was in the hut to be used as an infirmary. He's said to have been wounded in the leg and is in hospital in the city. This incident will not improve their treatment of us.

The hut representative today reported the following: they hoped soon to be able to telegraph to refugee organisations which would inform our families of our arrival. Also, if possible we should send the letter we would be allowed to write tomorrow to family in the USA, who could then send the news to England.

Wednesday 17 July

Today we learnt that the prisoner shot yesterday had died.

We got letter-paper and envelopes today: on the envelopes it said, in large, heavy type, PRISONER OF WAR MAIL ... so we have sunk to being prisoners of war! No - we will not send such letters! Everyone protested. Count Lingen had a long interview with the commandant who finally gave way - we were allowed to cross out that caption and write over it CIVILIAN INTERNEE MAIL. I wrote to Miss Macalister as I still owe her a reply to her last letter. I didn't gloss over anything in the letter but told her everything.

Thursday 18 July

Whenever I remember that I'm in Canada I get upset. I would so like to see this country, for example I'd like to have a look at Quebec, get to know the people and generally get an impression of the place. The only thing I can see are the loathsome wooden barracks and the barbed wire surrounding them. In the distance we can see the gulf and a few mountains but that's not enough! Hopefully we'll get some work and will be out of here soon. If working on the land we'd see something and have more freedom.

There's a rumour that we'll be leaving here. It's so boring in the camp - most of our books have been taken away and no one knows what to do all day. I walk around aimlessly, and think of all the things I could be doing now! I can't imagine being free again - I may have a hard time finding my feet in everyday life.

This afternoon we got back the letters written yesterday. At first I thought we weren't allowed to write at all but it turned out that our relations are not to know where in Canada we are. So we had to cross out our address, Cove Fields Barracks, Quebec, and write Camp 'L' Internment Operations, Canada. Nor could we mention Quebec in the letter.

This evening I noticed that machine guns had been set up behind the barbed wire. A

soldier was sitting behind each gun with boxes of ammunition. Probably this is the result of the madman's attempt to escape. If this life lasts for long I doubt I'll be able to endure it.

## SEIDLER DIARY - ROUGH TRANSLATION

### Friday 19th July [1940]

There was news from the house representative today. The following was discussed during the meeting with the officers: we'll probably have some cigarettes rationed out to us (which I'll be glad to give away); it's hoped that we'll finally be allowed to hear some news about Europe; we're going to stay in this camp for some time - after one or two months we'll go to a work camp where we'll get special clothing and be paid 20 cents a day. A list was made of people with useful professions. I put myself down as a 'builder'. If I must work, then I'd rather do something I know about and enjoy doing. But nothing specific was said about this list. In actual fact the first news bulletin was published this afternoon. Each hut received a copy of a translation from a French newspaper - but the report only contained the leading article. All in all there wasn't much there today that was of interest to us. What would interest me would be the newspapers of a few weeks ago (about the war in France, etc.) Today it only said that the three Baltic states had finally been incorporated into Russia, that a major German attack on Great Britain was expected and that English children would no longer be evacuated to Canada. Otherwise there has been a lot of bombing on both sides - Haifa had been attacked by German planes...

The Commandant is supposed to have expressed the opinion today that after the war those amongst us who were hardworking and useful would be allowed to stay in Canada. Or we would all be free to go back to England. No-one knows if this is official or not -but it had a calming effect. I felt much better straight away - since I hope to get back to Cambridge again after all.

### Saturday 20th July

Today M. and I wrote a letter to Mummy - we had received writing paper once again and hopefully we'll regularly receive our two letters'-worth every week. I felt very ill today - I had a stomachache, apparently because of our constantly changing diet. This morning I went to the doctor who gave me two pills. In the afternoon we sat on the beds with our friends and talked. If we were only allowed to receive books! This eternal doing-nothing makes you quite nervy. We're hoping to go to the work-camp soon so we'll finally have something to do.

### Sunday 21st July

This morning I made a folder for the written pages of my diary out of a cardboard box that I got from the kitchen. I really had to put those written-on sheets of paper in a strong folder so they wouldn't be crushed. Those pages will go into the second volume of my diary which is at home.

A big theatrical performance was announced this afternoon: - a piano had been brought into the camp and an orchestra of all the harmonica players put together.

A large programme was planned and the commandant and his staff were invited. Closed rehearsals had gone on. The performance was going to take place in one of the eating huts, but since it would hold at most 300 people it was necessary to restrict the number of tickets, which were distributed in the barracks by drawing lots. I was unlucky in the draw and didn't get a ticket. But we were reassured that the performance would be repeated during the week. So, while the concert was going on I went for a walk about the camp. During this walk I passed by a guard at the barbed-wire fence (guard platforms had

been built at intervals behind the barbed-wire fence) who started up a conversation with me. We discussed the situation in which we prisoners found ourselves and I tried to explain to him that we were England's friends. That, he didn't want to believe: "But you're Nazis!" - He had of course seen us arriving in company with the uniformed soldiers. - This is a good example of the general opinion of the population. I took up the gauntlet and explained to this soldier why we had been driven out of Germany and why we were England's friends. Slowly he seemed to grasp it: yes, he'd already heard that Hitler had expelled Jews. But he hadn't known that we were Jews. I was very relieved to have finally explained all this to someone who didn't know. The soldier was an Irishman who had long lived in Canada - that's why he spoke English, unlike the other soldiers. The concert was not over until 10 o'clock and seems to have been a great success.

#### Monday 22nd July

After breakfast I had to help wash up in the kitchen - this meant washing up and drying 200 sets of cutlery which took quite a long time. The news was as follows - Hitler had made a speech in which he called upon England to conclude peace with him, otherwise Great Britain would be completely annihilated. Gibraltar was expecting a major attack by Italy; in order to strengthen the fortifications they'd dug a canal which now transformed Gibraltar into an island. Of course England had rejected Hitler's offer of peace. Otherwise today was again very boring. This having nothing to do is rotten - I've not felt it as badly in any other camp as I do here. It's been quite dreadfully hot in the last few days and we've been going around in swimming costumes. At lunch it was announced that we were not to drink any WATER as it had become dangerous because of the heat. Apparently there's a danger of typhus - two people have already become ill with it and are now in the hospital.

#### Tuesday 23rd July

Today everyone in the camp got 10 cigarettes: the people who smoke were very happy about this. They said it was supposed to be a gift from the Red Cross. - Today I gave a soldier 20 cents, which I had borrowed, and asked him to get me some writing paper which I will use for my diary. He took the money and a sample of the paper and promised to bring it all to me this afternoon. But he wasn't there at the appointed time. Perhaps he'll bring it tomorrow - if he doesn't simply keep the 20 cents. After lunch we were told that we were all to be inoculated against typhus. It was our hut's turn straight away. It was like a conveyer-belt procedure - one doctor swabbed your arm, the next injected you and the third [cut you a dressing ???]. By evening our arms had begun to hurt us all a lot. One man even collapsed unconscious at dinner. We all felt very weak and our glands swelled up. We went to bed early.

#### Wednesday 24th July

The total value of the objects stolen during the midnight search amounts to £902/7/7. People, who had lost their typewriters, etc, had to declare the value of their property and thus this enormous sum was calculated. They say that some of the thieves have been discovered by the military court. The injured parties hope to receive restitution or compensation for their property. In fact the objects were not stolen from us at all but from the Commandant, since we gave them into his custody when we handed them over. So it's the responsibility of the military authorities to restore our possessions to us. The commandant was informed of all of this in writing. Last night almost all of us had a fever. Our arms again hurt us a good deal - many people had headaches. We were told that we are to have another two injections. During the night as well there was a terrible storm which also prevented us from sleeping. Up to now I've only heavy rain like this in films (from the U.S.A.). We got letter paper once again. This time I wrote to the U.S.A., to a Viennese friend. A few times today I looked around for the soldier who was supposed to have brought me some paper, but I couldn't find him. The word honesty seems to be unknown to this fellow.

Thursday 25th July

This morning it was miserably hot again - mostly we lay in the sun and took cold showers every now and then. Today the first work-trousers were handed out to the kitchen-hands - and, in fact, they're prisoner-of-war trousers - blue, with a wide red stripe on the right side. They also got heavy military boots. We were told that we'll all get such uniforms in time. It's getting nicer and nicer here - now we're getting Nazi-style clothes. A few illustrated papers have been handed out in the huts -at least we've got something to read now. This evening our hut played a group game.

TRANSLATION OP CAMP "L" STANDING ORDERS NOTICE

(pasted in between pages)

Revally at 6 a.m. in Summer and 7 a.m. in winter.

Lights out at 10 p.m.

Roll-call will be held at revally and at bedtime and more often if necessary. All prisoners will be present at roll-call except hospital bed cases.

All prisoners must remain in their barracks or quarters from lights-out until revally with the following exceptions :-

Not more than 2 men at a time may go to the latrines if these lie outside the barracks or quarters.

Cooks should leave their barracks half-an-hour before revally to take up their duties, but they must attend roll-call.

Prisoners of war are only allowed to smoke in those places and at those times decided on by the commandant.

Smoking is forbidden in sleeping quarters.

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.....  
.....  
Prisoners are forbidden to have in their possession money, knives, pieces of wood, pieces of metal or other articles which could aid their escape and could be used as weapons. Prisoners who have such forbidden articles will be punished. Prisoners are only allowed to send letters out of the camp under the following conditions.

(a) Number of letters allowed.

Prisoners are only allowed to send two letters per week, including business letters and, in extraordinary circumstances, letters to neutral embassies. Only in special cases is a prisoner of war allowed to send two letters in one day.

(b) Writing paper.

Special writing paper will be provided for use. It is forbidden to use any other type of writing paper.

The provision of special writing paper is restricted to two sheets per prisoner per week. Letters are restricted to 24 lines on one side of the paper. This restriction may be eased in special cases at the discretion of the commandant, where it is a case of important business letters.

(c) The manner in which letters should be written.

(I) Letters from prisoners of war must be written clearly, if possible in roman characters.

(II) Letters must be simple, comprehensible and written in a clear way.

Friday 26th July

This morning I saw what looked like a few guys working on the rubbish tip of the camp: they wanted to clear away all the rocks and rubbish and level the ground, thus making a sportsground for us. I was very willing to help them with the digging - they gave me a shovel and I set to work. At midday our house representative asked me if I wanted to draft the plans for a storeroom and build it too. I was overjoyed to have found something in my own professional field to do. I measured the room together

with another guy who had also studied architecture and made a sketch. I got some paper and began drafting very enthusiastically. I made an overall plan and detailed drawings of the building. Toward evening I was finished and had even written out the list of materials that I would need. I gave the drawings and the list in to the camp office, where I heard that we could not get any more wood since a large quantity of wood was already to be found in the camp. Unfortunately, that's not all that I need: I also handed in a list of tools which we need in order to start work soon.

Today everyone in the camp received a razor, toothbrush and sewing-kit. Why we got these things out of the blue like this, I don't know. After all, almost everyone had their own razor - a lot of people think that later they are going to take all our things away and give us prisoner-of-war clothes. In the evening there was news from the house-representative: - none of the letters that we have written up to now have been forwarded. They've come back from the censor in Ottawa, the reason being that they will not allow us to cross out the 'Prisoner of War' caption. According to their definition we're prisoners of war and so may only write on P.o.W. paper. These Canadian authorities don't know anything about us being refugees from Germany but instead believe, as they were at first informed, that we are dangerous fifth columnists. Therefore we fall under the category P.o.W. - The camp was in great indignation - after all we must send word to our families in England, otherwise they'll think that our transport was sunk just like the transport before us. The lack of consideration the authorities here show can scarcely be believed. Our parents have heard nothing of us for 5 weeks and it will certainly be a long time until they do get news from us. We were all quite stunned by this dreadful news. Just as our house-meeting finished at 11 o'clock the officers came back in to take a second roll-call - probably someone was missing, we lay down and I went straight to sleep. After about another half-an-hour I was woken up again, as the officers were back and counting us off again. It's really almost ridiculous how these people can't even count!

#### Saturday 27th July

We were woken by soldiers at 6 o'clock - what for, we didn't know. We only got some peace at 12 o'clock and then today they wake us this early. I noticed that one of the soldiers was quite drunk - it probably amuses them to get us out of bed so early.

We're all very worried about the fact that we're considered prisoners of war: according to international law, prisoners of war can be exchanged. So the English are in the position now to turn us over to Hitler in return for English prisoners of war. So, these are the prospects for us, refugees from Nazi Oppression! There are some people in the camp who left the P.o.W. on the envelope of their letter-paper - they don't care, they feel themselves to be German prisoners of war. Unfortunately it is quite true that there are a whole lot of Nazis in the camp - hopefully we'll be separated from such people. Next week the commandant is going to Ottawa and we are hoping that it will all be explained to him. We are also giving him a letter in which we describe exactly what is our situation and emphasize that we're in danger because of the possibility of being exchanged. That would mean certain death for many of us. This afternoon I was entrusted with the task of removing a large stand with shelves from outside our part of the camp and reassembling it again in the store-room. I did it with the help of some other guys. It was hard work getting the shelves loose from the wall and we had to take everything apart, otherwise we wouldn't get it all through the door. Quite near us there was a tennis court - people in white were playing on it, fabulous cars drove by - it upset me when I saw all this. It's absolutely true to say that the worst thing for a human being is to have to live behind a barbed-wire fence. I went up close to the barbed-wire to see more - then someone called out - it was the guard: I'm not supposed to go closer than 6 feet to the barbed-wire fence. By evening we had brought all the pieces of the stand into the store-room and tomorrow we'll put it together. Everyone in the camp who is a refugee had to sign a piece of paper today. It

stated that the person who signed was a genuine refugee and was in agreement if all pro-Nazis are separated from us. Of course I signed.

#### Sunday 28th July

In the morning I kept working on the stand - there was a lot to do before we could set up the shelves in some way or other - it will be a long time before the room can be used. Today each of us received a pair of woollen socks - that, of course, is a part of our uniform. When we have it all, then... yes, what will happen then? Will we go to a work camp? They tell us nothing at all. As always since our arrest we're left in uncertainty about everything. This afternoon I managed to get hold of a magazine (there's only a limited number) and read a few short stories. If only I could have a book. At night, in one of the huts, which serves as a 'Recreation Hut', a pianist plays. It's really relaxing to hear music.

I'm very depressed once again - I keep on thinking of the good times in England. It seems to me now as if all that happened many years ago - but I was still there 2 ½ months ago. Now I'm in Canada, and can scarcely believe it myself: the only thing I can see of this country is always the same landscape - the St Lawrence and the few mountains behind it. I think I'll be able to recognize this landscape even many years from now.

#### Monday 29th July

In the morning I worked on the store-room - by midday I had it all finally done. The stand can already be used and my colleague has finished the table. In the afternoon Marcell and I went into the kitchen to peel carrots - we worked for about 3 hours to peel a whole sack-full, then we got something to eat as reward. While we were working we'd also eaten some raw carrot, which is a sort of substitute for fruit (we haven't eaten any fruit since we've been in Canada, and we miss it greatly). This evening something very interesting was announced - all the papers that were supposed to inform the authorities here about us were on the ship that was sunk. So it comes that no-one here knows who we really are. If this news is really true then everything must change after the commandant returns from Ottawa: in the meantime the people at the capital will surely have found out about us.

#### Tuesday 30th July

It rained this morning. It was our day in the washhouse and all of us from the hut washed our dirty clothes. Then there was another session of registration -this time we had to state how much money had been taken away from us in England and as well every refugee had to fill out a questionnaire. In the afternoon we were inoculated again - the smallpox injection had already been done but we got a second injection for typhus. This time we were injected in the chest, which was very painful, less in itself than because of the reaction. Afterwards we all lay down, as it hurt us all badly. Again today there was news - Hitler is supposed to have quarreled with the other Nazi leaders. In the last few days he is supposed to have agreed with Goring that the attack should begin in the middle of August. They're starting to make preparations for it. The Germans are setting up hospitals in France and West Germany. I'm very worried about it, since I paint myself a picture of the bombing of England in the most ghastly colours.

#### Wednesday 31 July

Today we all felt quite wretched - we lay in bed almost the whole day. I really didn't know that a typhus inoculation was so painful! And we're still not finished with it - we're still to get a third injection.

This evening there was another great stir: the commandant had returned from Ottawa but had achieved just about nothing at all. They'd found out nothing about us in Ottawa and so we remain prisoners of war. Before anything can change they have to write to London for instructions. The most upsetting thing is that he didn't manage anything with regard to the post. We're allowed to write nothing but P.o.W. letters. The

committee decided on the following: we should all write the same text on a postcard - which also has the P.o.W. caption. The text runs: 'Civilian Internee Harry Seidler has arrived safely at Camp "L" Canada and is well! Everyone is supposed to write this text and thus inform their families in England. Of course this is considered to be an action of protest. - I'm in a miserable state. On top of all the physical pains comes this disappointment too. We are compelled to write on paper with a caption like that! I'll never forget this about the Canadians!

Before we went to sleep we heard some news that made us feel much better again: there had been much complaint to the Home Office about the internment and deportation to Canada and Australia of so-called Enemy Aliens, who, in reality, were the best friends of the English. As a result an 'Advisory Committee' was going to free thousands of such unfortunate people. - We heard this news as if in a dream. I can't believe it at all. First they call us prisoners of war and then we hear this news about being set free. You shouldn't believe absolutely everything in these newspaper stories - so said a lot of pessimists amongst us. But I'm overjoyed about it! Perhaps they're finally coming to their senses in England! The long article listed the well-known people amongst us who could have been very useful to England for the war effort. It's unbelievable how the general mood has changed! Now I am full of hope!

#### Thursday 1st August

Today's news went as follows: they hope that those internees can be brought back to England 'whose release can be properly authorized'. As well as this a report on our treatment and health has been demanded by England. I'm overjoyed at the prospect of going to England. But to a certain extent one is pessimistic - we're waiting to see what will really happen now. Perhaps they're only words that will never be transformed into deeds! There was much stir today because of this news. Also, we debated as always on the same old theme : should We stick to our protest and write no P.o.W. letters? Or was that pointless? Finally we decided just to send postcards with the agreed-on text of yesterday. Unfortunately we can't ensure that this is done by everyone, as some people simply must write! They are in some difficult situation and must inform their wives or children. Others want to write letters because it doesn't matter to them if they write on that paper. They regard themselves as prisoners of war. - That's always our difficulty here - the Nazis in the camp sabotage all our protest actions. All through the day there were hut-meetings, votes, etc. We can't bring our present situation at all in tune with the good news. I'm dreadfully nervous from sheer hope. I can just see myself arriving in Cambridge. I feel somehow much stronger. Yes, hope strengthens the unfortunate! In the evening we got back the three letters which we had written from here. The P.o.W. had been crossed out and so they weren't sent off. So, up to now, no letters have yet gone.

#### Friday 2nd August

This morning I made myself a shelf over my bed on which I can put my things. It wasn't easy to make anything with the few tools available but I managed it anyway. The great hopes of yesterday have deflated a good deal. In fact there's a rumour that we're going to a work-camp. Many people in the camp are already wearing the prison trousers. One man had covered over the red stripe and was reprimanded by a soldier for it. The guy said that he was not a prisoner of war and refused to wear such trousers (his own were torn). He was taken to the officer who forced him to make the stripe visible again. Yes, with force you can do anything.

In the news it said that a certain Lord Marley had come to Canada to investigate the case of some prisoners who were of use to England. For example, there are people who have designed aeroplanes for England. - In my opinion it's selfish just to free those whom you can use and simply abandon the others who have been imprisoned just as unjustly! This hits me hard. And so it's not true that all the refugees amongst us will go to England. In the news it said that Hitler is supposed to have put off his attack

on England...

This afternoon I saw a sergeant in the camp who was completely drunk. There are of course, always soldiers in the camp who walk around amongst us with wooden truncheons - so, one of these was staggering all over the road, which really looked funny. Such a thing can only happen in the British army. In Germany a soldier who did this would have been sentenced to months of prison and would have lost his rank. At the hut meeting our hut representative read out a letter that is to be given to Lord Marley when he comes on inspection. The letter sets out our situation in detail.

There's a great shortage of tobacco in the camp, which is quite dreadful for the people who smoke. They need their cigarettes just like they need their daily food. As there's no official tobacco delivery in the camp a black market has developed with the soldiers. Many have sold the Canadians their watches and other valuables to get tobacco in return. This bad state of affairs goes further still. Once one of these smokers has sold all his valuables, or if he never possessed any, then he steals anything and everything to exchange for cigarettes. Such a state of affairs is of course intolerable: morale sinks considerably as a result. In future such thefts are to be avoided through a special committee. In my opinion, it's cruel of the military authorities not to allow any tobacco supplies to enter the camp. The 10 cigarettes that everyone recently got have of course long disappeared. - I'm happy that I'm not a smoker!

#### Saturday 3rd August

Today we saw two large ships down on the river. It really looked pretty, the ocean-going ships with the mountains in the background. They say that English children and that Lord have arrived on these ships. The weather is marvelous. This morning I lay out in the sun and got myself burnt. In the afternoon I helped peel potatoes in the kitchen again and got a bowl of milk for it. At least this way I had something to do. Today the first letter from England arrived. In the text of the letter it is supposed to have said that the relatives of the man who received the letter got a telegramme from the commandant in Douglas, in which they heard about the deportation of their son. Hopefully all our families have been notified in this way.

In the evening we sat with our friends and talked. We described how it would be when we go back to everyday life. We joked about it - we would put barbed-wire in front of our windows and take down a little of it every day, bit by bit, so as to get used gradually to windows without barricades. Or, in a restaurant, we'd go into the kitchen with our plate to get something to eat, etc., etc. The general opinion about our release was that we would very quickly fit ourselves back into everyday life. We would forget everything within a week. Oh, if only we were at that stage now!

#### Sunday 4th August

The typewriter that I used on the ship was stolen when we arrived, so I keep on trying to get the official typewriter from the office. Unfortunately it's in use all day. While I was asking for it one of the people in the office asked me if I could do good 'lettering' (placard script). It seems that a card-index has to be prepared. M. and I went and offered ourselves for the job. So we had to write all the dates and personal details of our comrades on cardboard cards in block capitals. We're working along with another 5 guys and it will take another few days before we're finished.

This evening there was great disorder in our barrack. We haven't been happy with our house representative for a long time and today it came to a vote. The majority was for a new election - so Reinsberg (the present house representative) resigned. Tomorrow our new 'Papa' will be chosen.

At night the doors of the huts remain open all the time. We walk around in front of the

barracks before we go to bed. The nights are quite wonderful - from the hill in front of the huts the St Lawrence stream can be seen, with the illuminated lights of Quebec. I stand outside for a long time and stare at those lights.

#### Monday 5th August

Today we had to clean out our hut completely from top to bottom. In order to do so it was necessary to take the beds out of the hut. We carried all our things outside too and took up the floor of the hut. As we were putting back the beds we discovered a far better way of arranging them (so that we and our friends sleep in a little room which is cut off from the rest of the hut). At midday it rained very heavily. After lunch the election of our house representative took place. It went off comparatively calmly - a certain Mr Frank was elected. Hopefully everything will continue to go smoothly from now on.

This evening there was a concert - people who did not attend the first concert were allowed to go this time- so I got a ticket. The performance began at 7 o'clock and lasted 2 ½ hours. The programme was unbelievably full. Some of the officers were present. There was comedy, music, poetry recitation, juggling, etc etc. While a lovely piece of music was being played I became very sad - music always reminds you of freedom, whether you want it to or not. Lieder are really not appropriate in a prison camp at all. During a marvelous piece (piano and violin) I started to daydream: I saw the 'Drawing Room' in Barmore: it was winter time and a good fire was burning in the fireplace. To the left of the open fire sat Lady MacAlister and to the right, her sister (who was reading and knitting at the same time, which she always used to do). I was sitting between them and reading a book. I have to confess that tears came to my eyes when I saw all this in front of me. - How much has changed since then! Those same people, Britons, amongst whom I was so happy, now hold me prisoner behind barbed wire. I think I'll never be able to completely understand this. If I had tried to tell Lady MacAlister what I would have to undergo, she would certainly never have believed me.

#### Tuesday 6th August

There was a terrible piece of news today. The story goes like this : - On the ship as well as us, who came from the Isle of Man, there were also people who had been brought to the ship straight from Huyton. They left the ship before us and went to a camp 800 miles from here. In the process, some of the bags belonging to our group happened to go with this other transport by mistake. The owners of those bags reported this to the Commandant here, and he arranged for them to be returned. The lost bags arrived back yesterday. One of the owners found a letter inside one of the bags, which was from his friend who was over there in the Huyton camp. The friend had smuggled the letter into the bag to let us know about the terrible conditions over there. He wrote that over there they have to work, and sleep in tents behind electrified barbed wire, that they have to undergo military drills, only get fed stew and are generally appallingly treated by the officers. - Probably this is what awaits us too when we go to such a work-camp. - It's so strange how different the pieces of news we get are. On the one day we are offered hope of release and on the next day, news arrives of a camp which is not much better than a German concentration camp. - And there are prospects of us going to such a camp too.

In the newspaper reports it says that the invasion of England is imminent. German troops have been concentrated on the French coast; there are high tides in the Channel which could assist a Nazi landing - therefore such a landing attempt is expected in the next few days.

This afternoon I worked in the office as before, on the card catalogue. This time we had to write up very large registration cards. This evening the house representative confirmed the news about the people in the Huyton camp. It's really supposed to be

dreadful there. We are in luck not to be in such a Dachau-like camp!

#### Wednesday 7th August

I noticed that the machine-guns which were placed at various points surrounding the camp had gone. Why so? Is it because of Lord Marley's visit? Today everyone received one piece of letter-paper and a postcard to write on - but we stood by our protest and only wrote the agreed-on text on the card. It all grew into a large discussion, the topic of which was: was there any point at all in carrying on this protest? And doing so to the detriment of our relatives - for they are certainly worried about us and would certainly want to hear more from us than simply that we're 'Alright'. Therefore many people decided to write letters to them after all. M. and I decided this too. We can't let Mummy wait so long for news of us. So our letters went off with the P.o.W. caption on them. We didn't want to address them directly to Mummy but to Dr Oliver, in whose house Mummy was living in Cambridge. It is certainly better to address such letters to English people than to foreigners.

During the morning we went on with work at the office - the card catalogue is now almost finished. Each of us received a cigarette as payment for the work we had done - something which is as good as money here in the camp. I'll use it as payment at the barber's. There is an architect living in our hut who held a sort of discussion-lecture about modern architecture. He made the subject exceptionally interesting both for the professional and for the layman. We'll probably have another lecture from this architect.

#### Thursday 8th August

I have decided to take part in the gymnastics periods early in the mornings - today M. and I were up by 6.30 and did exercises with a lot of others from our hut. I was really tired afterwards, since I'm not used to it, after all. I took a cold shower before breakfast which was very refreshing. All the occupants of our hut had to go to a registration session where we had to write down all the objects that had been taken from us or stolen by the soldiers and then sign the list. I signed a blank sheet since I lost nothing of value.

In the news it said that we prisoners would probably be enlisted in the building of a trans-Canadian highway. But permission still has to be given from Ottawa. The whole thing reminded me of prisoners of war in Siberia in the last war - they too had to perform such forced labour. It also said in the news that Italy was preparing to attack Egypt from Libya. This afternoon we were told that the 'Director of Internment Operations' was about to arrive on inspection. So the commandant ordered that the camp had to be spick and span. Therefore, our hut will be cleaned from top to bottom. In the news there was also a report about articles in the Schwarze Korps (S.S. Newspaper). The newspaper writes of a 'Europe free of Jews' after Germany has won the war. All Jews (especially those from conquered territories) were to be sent to a remote part of the earth, there to end their miserable lives. Other things have been written too about the present ungodly treatment of the Jews in these lands (Holland, Belgium, France, etc). Compared with the predicament of these poor co-religionists, our situation isn't so bad after all. Now that there's little food available in these countries, they'll probably get almost nothing at all. It was mentioned that Jewish hospitals are not allowed to fly a red cross on the roof, so they'll be exposed to enemy bombing.

This evening a circular came around which said that those who considered their individual case to be important should make an 'Application for Release'. Of course everyone considers his own case important and so it turned out that almost everyone made such an application. M. and I too wrote an application in which we mentioned the possibility of our emigrating to Australia. I don't hold any hopes of this but we can't leave any stone unturned.

### Friday 9th August

Today we noticed that the soldiers had their best uniforms on - they were expecting someone. During the morning I went through the camp and drew a plan of it for my diary. Everything was all prepared in the camp - stones had been removed from the roadway, all the barracks had be scrubbed, the cooks got white uniforms, etc. In this way they want to make the camp appear better than it really is. Why not show the inspectors the camp as it really is? At 12 o'clock, at long last, came the Director of Internment Operations. This man was a General and walked through the camp with his staff of about 10 officers, having a very close look at everything. We had to stand to attention as he passed us by. Later we found out that this excellent man had made many decisions. For example, 20 people have to move out of each hut into some empty-barracks because there are too many of us packed in together. Two new huts are going to be made up in this way. Into one of them are to move all the people sympathetic to Germany. Up to now, while they lived among us, there has been a lot of friction. Also this excellent man ordered that from today on, walks should be arranged for us. Overall, the General is supposed to have been happy with the camp.

In the news a gigantic attack against England was reported : 800 Nazi planes are supposed to have been involved, 60 of which were brought down. This evening Mr Zunz, the architect who lives in our hut, gave his second lecture about modern architecture. Hopefully, he'll begin a series of classes on the subject.

### Saturday 10th August

This morning there was a lengthy discussion about the 20 people who have to leave our hut: only a few people volunteered to transfer to the other huts. The house representative had the power simply to decide on 20 people who would have to move and so he and 3 other representatives of the hut made up a list of people who did not have a circle of friends here and who thus had to go. There was a lot of noise about the whole thing but finally they did go. - Now we have a lot more room than before in our little room in the hut - there are only four double beds in the corners and so there's a lot of room. Today a new regiment arrived to guard us - it's composed only of veterans (all between 40 and 50 years old). Today, for the first time, the Quartermaster handed out shirts - they're grey and have a big red cross on the back. Now we've got the full uniform - the red-striped trousers and the shirts. - We're all looking forward to the walks we've been promised - at least I will see something of Quebec.

### Sunday 11th August

This morning we were not roused from bed as forcefully as before - these old soldiers seem to be somewhat more decent than the young ones that guarded us up to now. The latter were very temperamental fur-trappers and 'lumber-jacks'. A big relay race had been announced for this morning - in fact several runners started from each hut. Our hut ran the fastest but then lost the deciding heat because, unluckily, one runner dropped the relay-stick. There was a crowd of onlookers (officers too amongst them) and a lot of shouting. Barrack 1 won the race. Today I had the opportunity to speak to one of the soldiers on duty in the camp. He was about 50 years old and told me that he had been a German prisoner of war in the last war. So he could sympathise with us very well, especially since we're friends of England.

I've torn my trousers so badly in the camp that I can't wear them any more. So there was nothing else for it but to get myself a pair of prison trousers. I went to the Quartermaster and got a pair of red-striped trousers but they were far too big for me. I took them nevertheless and will have to take them in myself.

In the afternoon there was a kind of sports-meeting which the commandant attended: there were all sorts of gymnastics, acrobatics, etc. At the end the commandant distributed the prizes for today's relay race. The first 3 place-getting teams got a

packet of cigarettes each. Then he made a short speech in which he said he was pleased that we were doing a lot of sport and hoped that we'd all soon be able to win cigarettes.

In the evening a few comrades hung two big signs up on a hut that can be seen from the public street nearby. On them was written : We are refugees and hate the Nazis just like you do! (in French and in English). On Sundays there are always crowds of people passing by here and all of them read the signs. In this way we are teaching the population of Quebec about us and our attitudes. Apparently the commandant is supposed to have seen the signs but had no objection to their being hung up. Often people went by twice and looked at the signs and the activities going on in the camp.

#### Monday 12th August

There are a whole lot of interesting lectures this week : a big schedule was posted up in the street. I put myself down for those I was interested in and would attend. In the morning I went to a lecture on 'Strength of Materials' which was actually for engineers but which I could profit by a little as well. The D.I.O. has ordered that we have to do various camp jobs (planting grass, getting rid of stones, etc) in return for wages. The pay is 20 cents for 4 hours. We don't get the money paid out to us - it is credited with the commandant's office. We'll be able to use the money at the canteen which will hopefully be set up soon. Today was the first day any of us did paid work. In the afternoon I adjusted my prison trousers - I managed to make them smaller, so now I'll be able to wear them. Before the evening meal I heard a lecture on tuberculosis which was very interesting. Then I heard Marcell speak (he's running a course on photography). Today we were inoculated for the third (and hopefully final) time; this time it was comparatively less painful. Before bed—time shirts were distributed to our hut - everyone got those prison shirts with the big red cross on the back. Now I've got a full prisoner-of-war uniform.

#### Tuesday 13th August

Marcell went to work today - he has to work 2 hours in the morning and 2 hours in the afternoon outside the camp, digging and wheeling a wheelbarrow, etc. He got 20 cents credit at the commandant's office. In the morning I went to a lecture on 'Administration of Justice in England' - I'm very interested in this subject. The lecturer was a student from Cambridge.

The news was very bad - apparently the Blitzkrieg against England has begun. There have been air attacks on English ports (Dover, Southampton, etc) - 500 - 600 German planes took part. As well, there's supposed to have been a desert battle in Somaliland (against the Italians). - I'm very upset about the news - the air attacks will probably be aimed against other cities as well as London... Up to now Hitler has been successful in each of his Blitzkrieg attacks - and this last, most important one? Will he succeed here too? No, this must not and cannot happen!!!

This evening Mr Zunz, the architect, gave his third lecture, which of course I attended.

#### Wednesday 14th August

Today the machine-guns reappeared as before - now that the D.I.O. has been and gone! Apparently machine guns aren't officially supposed to be around the camp - and so they were taken away during the inspection. Now, after the visit, they're back again. This demonstrates the character of the officers, in my opinion.

This morning I wrote a letter to Miss MacAlister asking her to send me architecture books. The postcard (we're allowed to write one letter and one postcard per week) I sent to the Director of the Cambridge Technical School. In both of these I tried to describe our wretched situation without exaggerating in any way. I just hope the letters get through. Of course P.o.W. was on the letters. Today, several parcels arrived from

England. The commandant's office made a lot of difficulties about inspecting them. The result was a list of things we can't have sent to us - containing amongst them the most insane things. For example, it says you're not allowed to have any weapons sent. Before lunch it was time to wash our laundry again: - it was so hot that everything dried in an hour.

In the news further terrible air attacks were reported, always involving 5-600 planes. The situation in Greece has very much come to a crisis - the Axis powers are trying to force Greece to break off its friendly relations with England. But Metaxas (the Greek Prime Minister) has refused. It looks like this country will be the next victim of the Fascists.

This evening I heard another lecture about 'Administration of Justice in England'. At the house meeting a list of workers for tomorrow was read out - this time it was my turn. I'll have to work for 20 cents. Straightaway I borrowed a pair of military boots from someone (only some have received them), since you can't go to work in your normal shoes.

#### Thursday 15th August

This morning I and 14 other people from our hut went to the 'Office of Works'. There, our number was taken (everyone in the camp has been given a number - mine is 273) and 20 cents will be credited to it. It was very hot today and we didn't wear our shirts to work. We bound white handkerchiefs round our heads so as not to get sunstroke. So off we went out of the camp, just like real prisoners, in red-striped trousers, heavy shoes and naked from the waist up, equipped with pickaxes, shovels and wheelbarrows. We went to where there were a lot of little hillocks near the camp. Our task was to dig up those hillocks and take the earth from them into the camp, there to be used to cover the stony areas and to plant grass in. I was one of those who stayed outside and dug up the earth on the hill. The loosened soil was then loaded into wheelbarrows which kept coming. It was hard work, the sun burned hot and we sweated a lot. I enjoyed the work - it was good after all that long period of doing nothing. Of course we were heavily guarded by soldiers. After 2 hours we stopped - we had some cold tea and I had a cold shower as soon as I got back.

This morning the first walk took place. About 200 of us went for an hour's walk in the town under escort. We were told that they weren't allowed to wear prison clothes - why, we don't know - probably to avoid causing too much of a sensation. After lunch I slept a little - and work started again at 3. This time I had to wheel a wheelbarrow sometimes and help with the shoveling too. I was really tired at the end of the 2 hours.

In the evening I went for a walk around the camp with a friend and we talked about our situation. He said it was best to take everything very easily, not getting upset about anything and forgetting your worries. It is easier said than done. You keep getting upset anyway, in spite of your resolutions not to, and you keep on being unhappy too. But, anyway, I will try to take it all easily. The house representative announced to us that we were going to be visited by someone important in the government. He said that the camp would have to be put into first-class condition again - which of course means unpaid labour for us. Then the house representative read out excerpts from a debate which took place in the Lower House on 10th July. In them was reported a long speech about us internees: - one of the M.P.'s had moved the debate, since he was against us being interned. Various cabinet ministers had then tried to justify our deportation in the following ways: firstly (as one of these ministers said), only dangerous people had been deported (in reality there was no distinction made - all 20-30 year olds had to leave the Isle of Man). Secondly, this man said that only those went to Canada who had freely volunteered to do so. Again, this is not true, as we

were never asked and they never told us where we were going. They never even told us where we were going when we were on the ship, although we more or less knew our destination. Thirdly, as the justifications went on, only unmarried people were sent to Canada. That's not true either, since there's a hut here in the camp in which almost all the people are 50 to 60 years old, and all of them have wives and children in England. The report went on and on in this way. Nothing but downright lies - I am sorry to have to say it. Whenever anyone gets a letter from me now, in England, they'll ask themselves - but is he a dangerous Nazi? Why did he freely volunteer to go? etc. etc. - I'm positive that all this has been reported in the newspapers. We're all very upset about this news. If it's all true, and people believe these ministers, they'll never free us, since, after all, we're dangerous people. If anyone is set free at all, it will only be the un-dangerous internees in England. How I wish now that I'd stayed in England! Today a list of all 16 to 18-year-olds was made up: apparently they are to be freed. I'm pleased about it, of course, but I don't believe it. How often we've been promised this! I'm very pessimistic about such things.

#### Friday 16th August

It was again miserably hot today. In the morning I gathered myself some pieces of wood and started to make myself a little table. I had difficulties in getting the tools but the baby table was finished by midday. After lunch there was an alphabetical roll-call. We all had to post ourselves out in the street for it and wait until the sergeant called our names. It was dreadfully hot as we stood there. I covered my little table with wax-paper and am very pleased with it. My corner looks quite different straight away with a few flowers on the table!

#### Saturday 17th August

Today it was our turn to go for a walk. We assembled at 8 o'clock at the gate (about 150 of us) - all of us were in civilian clothing. Heavily guarded, we marched out past the barbed-wire fence. It was so strange to be walking down real streets! We went through a suburb full of villas which is right near the camp: marvelous gardens, pretty houses. To us it looked like Paradise. On the left we could see down to the stream and there above it was this lovely part of the city. We only met a few people. Fabulous real American cars drove past. We went past a museum and reached a big park in which old canon were placed. In the distance we could see an old tower. This part of the city, which includes our camp as well, is called 'The Battlefield Park', because in 1759 a battle took place here under General Wolfe. After about an hour we went back to the camp. I liked this walk very much. At least I have seen something of Quebec.

At 9.30 all prisoners had to assemble on a big field - the commandant wanted to speak to us. He gave us a quite friendly speech in a strong American accent. He said that in fact, though he had been told that we were dangerous, he had been convinced to the contrary during our stay here. Then he said that the work arrangements would temporarily cease as difficulties had emerged with regard to our pay. He wanted the camp to be as nice as possible for the approaching visit of the Under-Secretary of State. From now on he wanted to speak to us every week.

As soon as we went back into the camp a very happy thing happened to M. and me — a telegramme arrived from our parents, There wasn't much in it - only that they were pleased to hear from us. The signature said 'Parents' - so we hope that Papa hasn't been interned at all or has already been set free.

In the news it said that enormous air attacks have taken place on England, in which about 2,500 German machines took part. Bombs were dropped on the Thames estuary and the south-east coast. London had air-raid alarms almost without respite - a number of civilians were killed. In toto 71 German planes were shot down and 18 English planes were missing. The R.A.F. had been over Italy and had bombed military

targets.

In the afternoon I started to make myself an armchair designed by Mr Zunz. It took a long time for me to find the wood and cut it up for the task. Tomorrow I'll have to work hard on it. During the night the hut door stayed closed again - but for the past while it has been open and we don't know why that has now changed.

#### Sunday 18th August

Early today we were all called together, as the commandant wanted to speak to us again. This time he said that he was sorry the doors had to be closed again overnight - but he had to obey orders. Once again he asked us to help him make the camp as nice as possible for the coming visit. Some huts tried to make their immediate surroundings nicer: they dug up the earth, planted plants and put a stone border round the beds. There was really a lot of work done. I worked too - in fact I found myself some tools and built my armchair. It took a very long time to put anything together with the primitive tools; nails were hard to come by too. But the chair was finished by the evening and my work turned out better than I expected. So now I've made a real, comfortable chair. Many comrades admired it. Count Lingen even came into the hut to have a look at it. My corner of the room is now very nicely set up: the shelf over the bed, the table and the chair. If you have to be in prison, why not make it as comfortable as possible? This evening an obstacle race was run. The runners had to negotiate obstacles like hillocks, small huts, bedsteads, etc. It turned out afterwards that the race was very strenuous. The whole camp and even the commandant were all assembled to watch.

#### Monday 19th August

In the news it said that the attacks on England had come to a halt on Saturday and had only resumed today. This time even the suburbs of London were being bombed. A pact has been concluded between the U.S.A. and Canada to the effect that the two states will help each other in case of an attack. During his inspection this morning the commandant admired my chair. I added an armrest to it which made the chair even nicer. A very great deal of work is still going on in the camp. Right in the middle of the cleaning up a thunderstorm hit which lasted until evening. Despite this we washed down the inside of our barrack. All this is for the sake of tomorrow's important visit.

#### Tuesday 20th August

Feverish work beautifying the camp kept on going in the morning: huts were cleaned all over again, flowers were planted in front of the huts, etc, etc. One of the huts wrote 'Refugees from Nazi Oppression' on their flower bed with stones. The important visit came at 11 o'clock - the Minister went through the camp with a whole retinue of officers. He took a good look at everything (even my armchair) and then had a conference with Count Lingen and other camp representatives. It turned out that he understood very well that we had been unjustly interned. Hopefully this will be of some use to us.

In the newspaper it said that Somaliland is as good as lost and Greece is expected to become entangled in the war. The air attacks on England have stopped again for a day.

It's become very cold. Only a few days ago it was so hot we could scarcely bear it - but now comes the prelude to the Canadian winter. It will certainly not be pleasant living here in the camp in winter. Hopefully by then we'll already be free!

#### Wednesday 21st August

It turned dreadfully cold overnight. It's really incredible how the weather can change! We all froze during the night - and today we had to dress up warmly. We're officially supposed to be getting warm clothing. - Again today a registration session took place. It is supposed to have been ordered from England. The forms were printed in England too. The questions asked for all personal particulars and a clear declaration of the

pressing reasons for release. Today paid work was begun again - the wages remain the same (20c) but the work time has been raised to 6 hours. - Today the Swiss ambassador came into the camp. A lot of people wanted to speak to him as a representative of Germany (mostly Germans living outside Germany). The Ambassador also went on an inspection of the camp. Today another piece of letter-paper and a postcard were distributed. I'm very unwilling to write on the prisoner of war paper - who knows if I'm not harming the English people I write to because of it. This time I wrote to Lady MacAlister and Mrs MacAlister. I've got a very bad cold. This sudden cold snap has made a lot of us very ill. I lay in bed the whole afternoon.

In the news it said that Bulgaria has occupied the Dobrudscha - there had been a lot of negotiations with Rumania over the area for a long time now. Trotsky, the Bolshevik leader living in Mexico, fell victim to an assassination attempt. A prisoner has escaped from the internment camp in Ontario. Therefore the guard at all camps is to be strengthened. We notice that here already: even more machine guns have been set up and there is a sort of military police in the camp (soldiers move around among us in the camp). This evening we each got another blanket.

#### Thursday 22nd August

Early this morning I went off on the walk again. We were taken the same way through 'Battlefield Park'. By now I know almost every villa on the way. I've still got a cold. After lunch I lay down and only got up to have dinner. I think I've got a fever.

Air torpedoes have been dropped on England. The air attacks continue unabated, but they think the danger of invasion is over as the German troops have been pulled back out of France. They expect Hitler to turn in the direction of Egypt, with Italian help. All importation of English currency into England has been forbidden. This measure is aimed at making German-collected pound notes in Holland and Belgium virtually worthless on the international market. And so, in New York, the pound sank to 3.15 dollars but the official exchange still stands at 4.03. The escaped German officer is supposed to have been arrested in Montreal.

In the evening I went with Mr Zunz to a lecture on 'Reinforced Concrete Foundations and Piling'.

#### Friday 23rd August

I discovered that a typewriter had been sent to someone in the camp. I know the guy from the ship, where I typed something up for him on the machine. To return the favour for that he was very willing to lend me his typewriter. I am overjoyed for now, once again, I have the opportunity to type my diary up further. The guy who typed for me back on the ship is ready to help me here too. Tomorrow we start work.

The newspaper said that all those of 'C' category amongst the prisoners are supposed to be set free. But here people are very pessimistic. After all, have they in England got the time to trouble themselves with us now that a battle of life and death has begun? A certain Miss Rathbone is supposed to have taken up our cause in Parliament. I hope that when the danger is over in England they really will attend to us and then we'll have prospects of release.

Today it rained the whole day. I made a drawing of the armchair that I built. It was hard to draw as I only had one ruler; I made a few projections of the chair.

#### Saturday 24th August

I began to dictate my diary today. The difficulty is that I'm not going to have enough paper. I asked a lot of people if they could lend me such paper. Finally I found someone who could let me have a few sheets. But even with this I still don't have enough.

As a result of the recent decision, all English money outside England has become worthless. But I still have one pound! Now, there was the possibility of handing it in and in return being credited with dollars with the commandant's office. This was the only thing I could do with the money! So I have \$4.43 in my account (a very good exchange-rate). Letters and parcels have already arrived in the camp from the U.S.A. - but nothing has come yet from England.

#### Sunday 25th August

They say that all category 'C's in England are supposed to be freed and that all 'C' and 'B' people here are supposed to be investigated. Everyone is very excited and pleased about it. I am too, but I don't believe the whole thing. Words are all very well but deeds are much better! The typing-up job continues briskly. Unfortunately I can only have the machine for a certain period every day - we've still got a whole month to type up. This evening I got to know a guy who is actually really English. He was certainly born in Germany but came to England when he was one year old. He has always lived in England since then. His father was a German but died shortly after his birth. His mother is English. He is not yet 21 years old, so he can't be naturalized. He can't speak German and is dreadfully unhappy amongst so many Germans. I was really sorry for him. Anyway it was a pleasure for me to speak English for once - as it was for him.

#### Monday 26th August

After breakfast we went back to work on the diary. I'm very pleased that I keep getting the chance to type it up further. In the news it said that London had been attacked by German bombers. A lot of damage is supposed to have been done in the city. So the German planes must have broken through the balloons. One air-raid shelter is supposed to have suffered a direct hit. Hungary and Rumania have broken off the negotiations about Siebenbürgen without any result. Both countries are arming. Spain and England have made an agreement according to which Spain joins the British blockade and in return can look to the U.S.A. for oil. In the afternoon I helped Mr Zunz build a chair which he had designed - in fact it was an adjustable chair, the seat and back of which were strung with sackcloth. I really like making such pieces of furniture.

#### Tuesday 27th August

Today I went to Count Lingen in the office and told him of my difficulty with paper for the diary. So he gave me some paper from the office, but it is rather too thick - anyway I am very happy to have some. I can't buy myself any. Today the canteen that was set up a few days ago in the camp was very busy. You can already get goods for the 20 cents you earn by working. Since there were apples, I used all my 20c to buy apples alone. After all, I haven't eaten any fruit for over 3 months! Yesterday Dover and Foxton were bombed and as a result many civilians lost their lives. A clash between Russian and Rumanian troops and planes has occurred and at the same time another one between Hungarian and Rumanian planes. 300 men are supposed to have fallen on the Russian border. It's not known whether it was just a border incident or whether it is really to be taken seriously. The R.A.F. bombed the Fiat works at Turin.

#### Wednesday 28th August

M. and I were on the list of workers today (paid work). At 10 o'clock we (about 100 men) marched out of the camp to the small hillocks, complete with picks, shovels and wheelbarrows. Our task was to level these hills and the ditches in between - the end result was to be completely flat ground. It was very hot once again - the cold weather is gone. I was pleased to work as it is a welcome change in our monotonous life here. When I work away with the pick I feel like I'm in penal servitude and have to perform forced labour. The soldiers who surround us and the red stripes on my trousers fit this idea very well. In all we worked for 6 hours and were credited another 20 cents for it.

Today new personnel were working in the kitchen. There have been constant fights

because various people claimed that the job could be done better. It got to the point where, now, there's a new crew in the kitchen on 10-day probation. I must say that the food has become much better.

In the newspaper it said that a Russian-Rumanian Commission is to investigate the border incident of Tuesday. The Russian troops are supposed to have started it, in that they went over the border. Hitler is supposed to have begun discussions in Vienna with Ciano (the Italian Foreign Minister) and the Hungarian-Rumanian representatives. In London an 'Advisory Committee on Aliens' will be set up with Miss Rathbone M.P. at its head. Hopefully this will be of help to us.

#### Thursday 29th August

I'm still dictating my diary - we'll probably be finished tomorrow. The many air attacks now disturb Londoners by night as well - the population is supposed to be spending large parts of the night in shelters - but the R.A.F. is active as well - a large number of German cities were bombed. More and more letters are arriving in the camp from the U.S.A., Marcell got news from one of his friends too. If only we would hear something of our parents! They are apparently living in London, since the last telegramme was sent from there. A colleague received a telegramme from London dated the 27th, in which it says that the first postcards (just with the agreed-on text) arrived in London on that day. We wrote them on 31st July! Isn't it dreadful how long a postcard takes with a single, agreed-on text! When, then, will the first letter arrive here? And how much longer will it take until we get answers to the postcards? These mail arrangements really seem terrible!

#### Friday 30th August

Early this morning I was finally finished with the typing - it was a great relief to me! I've written 75 pages from my arrest up to now. How thick will my diary be if I have to remain in prison for years? In the afternoon I helped Mr Zunz finish his armchair; we were finished by evening. I never would have believed that it would turn out so well! We've made a really nice armchair with only a few tools. Over the last few days our food has been excellent: - the new cook does his job much better. Today we got a real cake! There was important news this evening: Rumania has accepted an ultimatum from the Axis powers which forces her to submit to the intervention of both those states for the transfer of Siebenbürgen to Hungary. In return Germany promised that German troops would defend the Russian-Rumanian border. The air attacks on London grow worse and worse.

#### Saturday 31st August

Some time ago now I put myself down on the boot list, as army boots were being distributed in the camp. Up to now only those who have ruined their own shoes have received the boots and their old shoes had to be handed in. But now anyone can get boots without handing in their own shoes. They were distributed this morning and Marcell and I each got a nice pair. They're very useful for our work outside. This afternoon there was a music recital in the 'recreation hut' - some really excellent pianists played in it. Music makes you feel much better straight away. If only we had a radio here in the camp!

A rumour is going around the camp that we're supposed to leave here by the winter (that is, very soon) - it's supposed to be impossible to live in these wooden huts in the cold. They say we're going into real houses in Montreal. Every day we hear of the ever-worsening air attacks on England. Thousands of German planes keep on coming and they're doing unheard-of damage. It makes me think of my parents over there; after all they're probably both living in London! If only we had some mail from them! Another two prisoners of war have escaped again from a camp in Ontario and have been caught by the American police at the U.S. border. They will probably not be extradited again. I'm sure that someone from our camp will try something if our internment continues for much longer. A large percentage of us have entry permits for the U.S.A.

These people would certainly rather try to escape than be sent back to England.

#### Sunday 1st September

It rained all day today without a break. A cold autumn wind howled outside. So we had to stay inside the hut all day. This got on everyone's nerves a lot. Most of the comrades played cards. Luckily I had a book in English and apart from this I sewed a few things to pass the time usefully. This afternoon I gave my diary to Peter Berg (a writer) who had expressed interest in it. Afterwards he gave me some advice about what sorts of things I should describe more fully to make the book more interesting. This evening he gave us a little lecture on how to begin to write a real book. In his speech he said that our common fate should provide enough material for countless books. I found the lecture very interesting.

#### Monday 2nd September

Everyone is very upset. In hut 14 (the more or less Nazi hut) a list of people was posted up who had to be ready at the door with their bags at 2 o'clock. Why, and where they are going, we don't know. All 30 people are 'Aryans' and suspected of being Nazis. Since we don't know anything about where these comrades are going, a lot of rumours sprang up all over again. The order is supposed to have originated in London - they want to separate us from suspected Nazis. If it's true that they're separating us out I think that the order looks very favourable for us refugees. But I'm sorry for some of the 30 poor fellows whom I know to be very decent and absolutely not Nazis. At 2 o'clock they were ready. We said good-bye to each other and wished them luck on their journey into the unknown. That's the horrible thing about our imprisonment - they scatter us all over the place without saying where we're going. Why not tell these people where they are being moved? They could be spared such a lot. I'm sure they have difficult times in front of them!

A whole group of technical courses are supposed to be set up in the camp and classes for the London matriculation exam are supposed to be held. All sorts of trades are to be taught - like joinery, locksmithing, bricklaying, etc. I put myself down for the matric., for bookbinding and bricklaying. Hopefully these courses really will go on.

Tremendous air attacks have been reported from England - 107 German planes have been shot down over England during the weekend. The R.A.F. was in action too - Berlin was bombed. In Rumania there have been uprisings against the coming transfer of Siebenbürgen to Hungary. There were anti-fascist demonstrations in Bucharest.

#### Tuesday 3rd September

The war began one year ago today. This brings up many different memories and makes me reflect a good deal. It is also one whole year since I began my diary and the second volume ends today. At 11 o'clock all prisoners were assembled on the larger field outside our part of the camp, where the commandant held a short commemorative ceremony. A couple of minutes before 11 o'clock (when Prime Minister Chamberlain announced the war a year ago), Major Wiggs spoke to us. He asked us to forget the barbed-wire for 2 minutes while we thought of our loved-ones at home. Then followed two minutes of reflection. At the same time the bells of Quebec rang out and canon were fired from the Fort.

There was no paid work done this morning (I was on the list), as the weather was very bad. In the afternoon it stopped raining and we worked in the camp. We had to make a flower-bed all around one hut. We got our 20 cents credited even though we hadn't worked the 6 hours.

In the news it said that a Jewish legion is being put together in England. But it's not made up of English citizens but mainly of American Jews. We all know that such a move is rather dangerous for the German Jews and for those Jews in the occupied countries. How will Hitler avenge himself if the Jews try something against him?

How did he avenge the murder of von Rath? What will he do then, when a whole army of Jews marches against him? He'll avenge himself on the Jews who are in his power. Another 10th November 1938 will certainly be the result of this. Don't the English know what the consequences of such an action can be? Why don't they call this army 'the American army' (in which only Jews are enrolled)? Probably they want to make propaganda with this.

This evening there was a debate in the camp. Some Cambridge students took up the topic 'Nationality is only surface deep' - 2 speakers for and 2 speakers against. My opinion is that nationality is more than surface deep, although one wishes that it were not! Many of the spectators thought that the four speakers had not dealt with the topic correctly at all.

#### Wednesday 4th September

The Axis powers are threatening to march into Romania if the uprisings are not suppressed. Hitler seems to want to proceed very carefully in the Balkans so as not to come into conflict with the Russians (I think this would be the salvation of England). Terrible bomb-raids continue to rage over England - hopefully this will not demoralize the population.

This morning the hut was completely cleaned; the beds were taken outside and the hut was washed down with a fire-hose. Luckily the weather was good today and the floor dried quickly. This evening a medical student from our hut gave a lecture about vitamins.

I still had time to go for a walk before roll-call. I've been very depressed recently. During the day one virtually forgets our situation, but mostly in the evenings I get sentimental. I luxuriate in memories of my lovely life in England. I feel as if I've been away from England for years. But of course I'm always still an optimist and hope to be back in Cambridge soon. I can vividly picture myself being released. Often I dream of it at night. I think I will cry like a tiny child when they say to me : now, you're free.

Other comrades received parcels from England today. It would make me happy to get a letter or a parcel - it would be a sign that I haven't been completely forgotten, though I'm so cut off from the outside world. But unfortunately I got no mail.

#### Thursday 5th September

About 2,500 letters arrived at the camp today - almost all of them came from the Isle of Man and date from the middle of June. It took quite a long time to distribute them and I was very excited throughout this time - and we were in luck. There were letters from our parents and from Miss MacAlister. I was overjoyed with these news bulletins although they were already over two months old. Mummy wrote that she was going to go and live with Papa and my uncle Leo (who has fled to England from Belgium) - she must have been there for a long time now. Further, she wrote that the reason she couldn't stay in Cambridge was that Mrs Turner had left for the U.S.A. with her six children. That she would flee shows how afraid English mothers are for their children. Miss MacAlister wrote about how pretty the garden at Barmore looked then, what Elspeth and Jean were doing, etc. I really became homesick then, with a letter like that. I am able to buy things once again in the canteen - the stocks have been much enlarged. You can buy not only foodstuffs and smoking supplies but also useful objects. It's always unbelievably busy there. Transactions take place just as in a real shop.

I've been very unsettled by the letters. What are my parents doing during the bombing? Has the northwest of London been hit as well? Worrying about this has made me very unhappy.

The Rumanian P.M. Gigurtu has been dismissed by King Carol and General Antonesku (the leader of the national opposition party) has become head of the Cabinet. He, however, demanded Carol's abdication in favour of his son Michael - this is supposed to take place by tomorrow; and so his 18-year old son will become King of Rumania. Hungary has marched into Siebenbiirgen. There have been anti-Carol demonstration: in Bucharest.

#### Friday 6th September

Soon there is to be an art exhibition in the camp - paintings, sculptures, pieces of furniture etc are going to be exhibited. A commission of architects and other experts are looking around the huts for possible exhibition pieces. My table and armchair are on the list. I went straight to work to put them in order. I managed to get some paint and painted them all over afresh.

Again today I got some mail. It was a letter from Lady MacAlister, which was dated 16th July and addressed already to Canada. I was very happy to finally have some mail from England.

#### Saturday 7th September

There was a walk again this morning. It was announced that from now on we were not allowed to wear anything other than our prison trousers on the walks. They probably want to make any attempt to escape impossible in this way. A few people did not go on the walk in those trousers on principle: - they didn't want the population to see them like that. Other people thought that our military escort marked us more as prisoners of war than our clothes - which was my opinion too. I went on the walk, but put on a coat, so that you could hardly see the red stripe at all. It rained a little. We went through the Battlefield Park again which looked completely deserted. Otherwise today was a very monotonous day. A rumour is going around that we'll be leaving here soon.

#### Sunday 8th September

This morning a Jewish Memorial Service took place in the camp. The commandant and Count Lingen were invited. One of the Rabbis in the camp made a very good speech in English which must certainly have "made a good impression on the commandant. Today a representative of the Canadian Refugee Organization came into the camp and had a discussion with the heads of the camp Refugee Committee. He promised to help us in various matters. Before he left he was presented with a memorandum in which all our difficulties were elaborated in detail. He promised to send this document on to Lord Marley (who is now in New York) and to answer it in writing.

This evening another 'entertainment night' took place in the camp. The commandant and some officers were present. The programme was almost completely in German, which, to my mind, was wrong because the commandant didn't understand it. There was also a lot of music which was especially good this time. I really enjoy such performances.

#### Monday 9th September

At 10 o'clock the first meeting of all students or the new matriculation school took place; about 50 people who wanted to take part in the classes and also take the English school Leaving examination here in the camp came together. The mathematics and English classes were divided into two groups by a (short) test. We got a problem which was easy to solve and so I was put into the A-class (Advanced course). After a discussion class we had an 'essay' class - for tomorrow we have to write an essay. Our teacher gave us an overview of the material we have to be able to handle for the exam. One of the set themes is: the first day of freedom after internment. Now I have the opportunity of writing down my wishes and dreams about my release.

I'm really pleased that the school has actually been set up. Apart from the fact that I'll have something so useful to keep me busy here in the camp, matriculating would be

very valuable for me. Of course it's not definite that we'll be able to do the exams here in the camp. But they say that exams are supposed to have been done in Douglas and Huyton. My subjects are English (Essay, Grammar, Translation), Mathematics (Algebra, Arithmetic, Geometry), German, Geography and Mechanics.

#### Tuesday 10th September

Early this morning I was able to use the typewriter again. I couldn't finish very much because this time I had to type by myself. At 10 o'clock I went to school. Today we had geometry, English grammar, mechanics, etc. For these subjects I had to buy some exercise-books from the canteen (out of the mere 20 cents that I earn per week). After lunch I already had homework to do for school and later in the afternoon classes were on again.

The news was very unpleasant. The Germans are bombing not only military targets but the City as well. The London docks have been damaged severely and freight has had to be unloaded at other ports. The climax of the air-attacks was an air-battle over Parliament House. German harbours too have been bombed successfully by the R.A.F. The new Rumanian dictator Antonescu has enacted anti-semitic laws in Rumania in order thus to emphasize his friendship with the Axis powers.

The rumour that we will be leaving here has now spread throughout the whole camp. They even say that we will be leaving in 14 days. Hopefully we will all stay together. In fact I will be sorry to leave here as I'm very used to this camp now and it's very comfortable here. Rumours sometimes turn out to be false.

I went for a walk in the camp by myself this evening. Once again I'm very depressed. Despite this I feel myself to be very fit physically - I was never as strong and healthy as this when I was free. It's no wonder really if we look well: - little work - lots of food - lots of sleep - isn't this physical relaxation? Unfortunately this relaxation is physical only, for here you have more troubles than usual. My friends even say that I have grown while I've been here. But that doesn't alter the fact that I am still very unhappy. At times I quite forget that I'm imprisoned but as soon as I remember former times, I could cry. Older comrades keep on comforting me - 'you are still young after all! so what are you missing?' But it always seems to me that I'll never be able to catch up again with the things I could now be doing if I were free

#### Wednesday 11th September

There was no school today - Wednesday and Saturday there are no classes so that we can do some paid work. I was one of the outside workers today - as always we were digging up the small hills and evening out the ground. Straight after lunch the commandant made a speech - he said nothing important. From now on we'll be able to work three times a fortnight so that we'll average 30 cents a week, From today on camp money is to be put into circulation. It will be paid out for work done (it consists of small coloured printed cardboard cards). With this money we'll be able to buy things in the canteen.

This evening a performance took place in the camp - in fact it was a 'Mock Trial' in which a prisoner supposedly absent at roll-call and arrested in the city of Quebec was to be tried. The trial was extremely wittily done and really well put together by law students. All the performers wore costumes and the usual white wigs. The accused was freed (the whole audience played the role of the Jury). Major Wiggs, the commandant, was present and enjoyed himself very much.

The bombings on both sides have now grown to tremendous proportions. The Reichstag and the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin, and Buckingham Palace in London have been hit by bombs (the Royal Family was not present at the time). Apart from this the Germans are obviously making preparations for an invasion. Flat-bottomed

boats have been brought down from the north to the French coast to be used as troop-transports. So now it's really on! Will England hold its own?

Thursday 12th September

Four months ago today I was arrested. Then it was the beginning of summer and now winter is at the door. For some, the end of imprisonment has come: four people were notified by the commandant that they are soon to be released. These fortunate people have been overwhelmed by their friends with addresses which they are to contact. One of these guys lives in our barracks and I too gave him the address of our parents and of Lady MacAlister and he promised to phone them. These people are going to be escorted onto an English ship by soldiers and freed there. Many people in the camp do not envy them at all - for it is a paradoxical fate to be travelling back to those dreadful bombings. Nevertheless I would be happy if...

I went to school again. The classes are certainly very good for my English, You get very out-of-practise with all this constant German-speaking. After five lectures today I started to think in English again.

The attacks continue. A time-bomb has fallen in the neighbourhood of St Paul's Cathedral and they expect it to explode soon. De-activating the bomb seems to be unbelievably difficult and very dangerous. All houses in the vicinity have been evacuated. Artillery-fire has begun across the Channel. The Prime Minister made a speech in which he warned the population of the imminent invasion attempt - but he said he saw no real danger as long as England retained air-superiority.

The camp exhibition was opened this evening. My furniture was already taken away for that purpose yesterday. There are some quite marvellous works of art exhibited - it's unbelievable what artistic achievements have emerged considering the primitive materials and tools. The commandant opened the exhibition with a few guests from Quebec.

Friday 13th September

A brigade of candidates for suicide has stacked sandbags around the bomb at St Paul's Cathedral. This historic building is in great danger since the bomb could go off at any moment. The R.A.F. is avenging the attacks on London ' - the German capital and many other German cities as well keep on being bombed.

I had a lot of classes at school today. In some subjects the class went past so fast that I have to revise them at home too. On top of this we got homework to do so that I have plenty to do.

The four comrades who are to be released are very nervous already. They haven't yet heard on what day they are to leave, but probably it will be some time yet before the next troop transport leaves for England and they are to return to England on one of those. Hopefully from now on people will be released more frequently. Once a start has been made, it will continue - therefore we hope that the release of several more people will follow.

Saturday 14th September

There was no school again today. The news reports keep on mentioning air-attacks. Once again historic buildings in London are supposed to have been hit. We think the whole situation is very black. Will England too fall victim to Hitler? Or is fate about to turn in another direction? Perhaps the Germans will tire soon and everything will turn out well. Every time those bombings are mentioned I have to think of my poor parents who, after all, live in London. They must now be spending nights in air-raid shelters. Perhaps Marcell and I should consider ourselves lucky rather than unlucky to be in Canada. But I personally would much rather be exposed to bombs in England than live here behind barbed wire. Today again guests came into the camp with the

commandant to visit the exhibition. The commandant is supposed to have remarked that the cleverest people in all Canada are to be found here in this camp.

#### Sunday 15th September

This morning I made myself a pair of wooden shoes out of wood, sackcloth and waxcloth. These are very good to use for house shoes and to go to the showers in. Since they turned out very well Marcell and Henry asked me to make them slippers like this too. So I turned into a shoemaker and made three pairs of shoes. At least I had [bellows?] and a [cutter?] on hand - but I had to use a stone as a hammer. The exhibition closed this evening. It was heavily attended in the few days it was open. It is hoped that it will be able to be reassembled in the officer's mess outside the camp. The commandant liked it so much that he wants to exhibit it again for some of the public (the officers and their friends).

#### Monday 16th September

I got my furniture back from the exhibition today - I missed it straight away and throughout the couple of days it was away - you get used to having such things very easily.

In the news it said that the Nazis are tirelessly continuing to destroy London. Bombs have again fallen on Buckingham Palace and other historical buildings. They expect an invasion attempt at any moment. But England seems to be ready and well prepared. There is fighting in Egypt and the Italians are thought to intend to invade the country.

I'm very quickly getting used to going to school - it's certainly good that I'm learning something. Apart from the fact that the Matric. would be very useful to me, it gives me something purposeful to do. This evening I got a letter from Lady MacAlister. The first card that I wrote from this camp had at last arrived in England and this letter was already addressed directly here. A letter like this makes me very happy but at the same time I become very homesick.

#### Tuesday 17th September

By now we regularly get homework to do for school - so I'm busy almost all day. I have to write essays and do mathematical problems etc...

A big revue was announced for this evening; the commandant and two officers were invited, an astonishingly good stage was built in one of the eating huts. The marvellous thing about it was the lighting which illuminated the performers from below - and the colours could even be changed. I thought that the whole thing was quite amazing given the circumstances under which the stage was constructed. The performance itself was a very great success. The programme was extremely full; both the musical and acting standards were high. During the intermission the commandant handed out the prizes for the last sports meeting. The major climbed onto the stage with all his pockets full of cigarettes and handed them to the winners, with their certificates. It looked very funny to see such an already fat gentleman with all his pockets full of little packets.

#### Wednesday 18th September

I worked outside the camp today; the weather was very good. Most of the time I was taking wheelbarrows full of earth into the camp. After a while I stayed outside and worked on the hills. We didn't do very much work in the afternoon as we weren't supervised. Wasn't it enough to work half a day for our miserable 20 cents? Apart from this real prisoners of war get their money without having to work for it. Why should we not get the only real benefit of our P.o.W. status?

#### Thursday 19th September

Uniform jackets were handed out today - they are of the same material as the blue trousers and have a big red cross on the back. I only wish my parents could see me in

these clothes. A letter from Miss MacAlister much amused me. It was written before they had any news of us and at that time people in England thought that we were being accommodated here with families. She probably believed that we had been brought here as refugees. Isn't that funny? It shows that our English friends have no idea of how we've been treated.

Someone in our hut has been sent a gramophone which has naturally aroused great interest. For four months now we haven't really heard any music, since we had no radios in any of the camps. Straight away we had a concert. The wonderful music put us all in a strange mood - people became very sad - those lovely sounds don't belong in a prison camp like this at all. We sat around on our beds and dreamed of good old times while the gramophone played.

#### Friday 20th September

In the newspaper it said that to prevent further escapes by internees everyone was to be photographed and have their fingerprints taken. The photos and prints will be sent to every police station in Canada.

In the afternoon we received some mail from our parents. What they wrote confused us a lot. Mummy and Daddy have got 'Exit -Permits for America' - but we don't know if they are real entry visas into the U.S.A. or not. It is scarcely to be expected that they have received affidavits within such a short space of time (they've never planned to go to America). It bothers me a lot that they didn't write anything precise about this. Apart from this Mummy wrote that our uncle Leo who fled to London from Belgium had already arrived in Brazil (Rio de Janeiro). She said that he would eventually get us visas for Brazil. Alternatively we could follow them to America as well - so Marcell and I are supposed to choose between the U.S.A. or Brazil. We are both very astonished at this letter. We can't work out how they could have received such permits. Other people have to wait for years for their quota number and have to have good affidavits as well, etc etc. How could they have received an entry permit so fast? Our parents also wrote that we must not under any circumstances come back to England in the event that we are released. On the one hand I'm happy that my parents are leaving but on the other hand, this way, I'll never go back to Cambridge after all! This is a great blow to me. I must say that I'm willing to go to the U.S.A. but I'd still like to go to England for a short while before that. Mummy sent us the address of Mrs Turner who is in the U.S.A. with all her children and through whom we should now send important telegrammes to our parents.

This evening we were told that tomorrow the Secretary of State would be visiting the camp - therefore the house representatives' committee decided that the exhibition should quickly be reassembled so that we would have something to show this important personage. Mr Zunz and I helped to construct the wall for the pictures. Everything has to be ready for 10 o'clock tomorrow - and so there's a lot of work going on.

#### Saturday 21st September

The exhibition was actually ready by 10 o'clock. The Secretary of State (who is also Foreign Minister) appeared around 11 o'clock and inspected the whole camp.

As with all these visits a whole swarm of officers accompanied him. After their tour Count Lingen and other camp leaders held a conference with the minister during which it became apparent that he knew virtually nothing about our situation. He submitted himself to a tide of information and promised everything... Well, these people always promise everything but keep none of their promises.

The air-attacks on England are still going on: dreadful damage has been done in London to this point. People from the East End (which has come under heavy

bombardment in the raids) have been spending every night in underground stations as it is not safe to stay in their homes. I got some terrible pictures of the devastation in London to look at.

Sunday 22nd September

As I was studying in the barracks today I noticed that I couldn't really concentrate - you keep on thinking about something else - about the categories of people who are supposed to have been released ( according to which I should now be free), about my parents in London etc . However I forced myself to study properly after all. You really have to do something, otherwise you go mad.

Today we wrote to Mrs Turner and asked her to telegraph to our parents to tell them to go to the U.S.A. as soon as possible. We also wrote directly to our parents and asked them for details about their permit.

Monday 23rd September

We were all photographed today - it was like a conveyer belt - each person had a plate with his prison number hung around his neck and was photographed like that. I felt that this was very Dachau-like. Our fingerprints will be taken as well, shortly. Once again there was a visit to the camp :- the Earl of Athlone's representative came to confer personally with Count Lingen. While he was inspecting the camp he also took a look at the exhibition, which, after he had left, was finally disassembled.

The bombings keep on going and going; the danger of invasion is still great. They say the Londoners are supposed to be very hard pressed, since they can scarcely sleep. The Italians have made some progress in Egypt but nothing significant. It is possible that Spain will enter the war on the side of the Axis powers.

This evening the commandant's office requested a list of Aryans and Jews, which has been apparently ordered from Ottawa. There is great uproar about it because we are to be separated on this basis.

Tuesday 24th September

Once again a period of bad weather has set in - it's been raining uninterruptedly all day. It doesn't actually bother me, since I'm either at school or studying in the barracks. I find some subjects quite hard: the teachers cover things very fast and I don't grasp the material well enough. It will definitely be difficult for me to progress further in mechanics. And on top of this comes the fact that you can't concentrate properly while you're studying.

We're all preparing ourselves to stay here through the winter. We'll have to stay inside the huts for weeks as we have done today, because it will get brutally cold in a few months. We're already very cold at night now. How will it be then?

Wednesday 25th September

Today was our 'payday' - we got our 20 cents for our work last week; so a lot of business was done in the canteen. At the same time today was my work day. I didn't exert myself at all to do this camp work: during the work hours (we worked inside the camp today), I and some friends went into the recreation hut where we played the piano. But we were back working diligently by the time the work roll-call was taken.

At midday there was bad news - the aeroplanes of the Vichy Government have bombed Gibraltar. General de Gaulle (the French leader) wants to occupy Dakar (in French West Africa) with British help. Vichy troops are resisting strongly. I don't think it is very good that former allies of England should now have turned enemies. But you have to remember that this Petain is under German control and influence. Dakar is supposed to be an important strategic point in the south Atlantic. Cambridge has been bombed in the last few days - those magnificent colleges in ruins - it's not to be imagined! My air-raid shelter in the garden at Barrmore is certainly being used.

This evening a comrade read out an article from an English magazine which contained part of the diary of an internee who had been in Huyton. He described the conditions of various things as they really were. Hopefully many people will read this magazine. In the latest news it said unofficially that Dakar had been taken. That is I think the first English success.

Thursday 25th September

Last night was quite dreadfully cold: I could hardly stop my limbs shivering early this morning. But autumn has only just begun - how will it be, then, in the winter?

Early this morning in the newspaper it said that the English hadn't taken Dakar after all, as they didn't want to fight against their former allies. Berlin has been bombed for 5½ hours, causing much damage. It is possible that Japan will enter the war on Germany's side in the event that the U.S.A. comes to England's aid.

All day today I had bad pains in my joints from last night. There's no heating in the eating huts and I absolutely freeze during classes. This evening I walked up and down the street for almost two hours since I had little exercise all day.

Friday 27th September

Today as usual I was at school the whole morning. When I came back to the barracks at midday there was important news: we're leaving this camp on October 8th. They said also that we are to be separated according to our religions. We still don't know anything at all in detail about the affair but we're certainly leaving. We're all sorry to have to leave here in a way because by now we've become so well accustomed to it after all. The canteen is working, we've settled ourselves in nicely (I'll have to leave my furniture here) etc. It's quite possible that we'll each get about another 50 cents paid out to us from the canteen profits before we are dispersed. Marcell and I want to furnish ourselves with plenty of provisions for this new move so we won't have to go hungry again. Apart from this I'll take some money out of my account to buy things from the canteen.

After lunch our fingerprints were taken. I had to dip my index finger in some dye and then a print of it was put on my arrest warrant. We were all issued today with certificates of vaccination for our inoculations in July.

This evening something very exciting happened to M. and I - we got a postcard from New York, from an uncle who had up till now been living with our parents in London. He and his family arrived there from England two days ago. He wrote that our parents would also be in New York in 4-6 weeks. This explains the letter from our parents about the 'permit for the U.S.A.'. As well, he went on, he will be sending affidavits to the U.S. Consulate in New York for Marcell and I in the next few days.

I'm terribly excited about this news. Is America to be our future home, then? I can't understand who is going to issue these affidavits - you need a lot of money for them after all, which my uncle does not have to my knowledge. And how about the quota number? Usually you have to wait for this for a long time, after all.

Anyway I'm pleased that our parents are going to America and won't be exposed to Nazi bombs in London any longer. But I'm only half-pleased about the news so far as the two of us are concerned - no matter how happy I'll be to go to the U.S.A. on the one hand, I'd still like to go back to England. Is this to be my final parting from Lady MacAlister, Cambridge and Europe in general? I'd already found a second homeland in England and now I can't go back there again either. Must this wandering keep on going for ever? I would so like to have a 'home' finally, once again! But this is the fate of my race. I couldn't get to sleep for a long time: I was conjuring up life in New York in

the most vibrant way and, right in the middle of the bustle - there I was.

#### Saturday 28th September

This morning each person in the camp received 60 cents from the canteen profits - with this we are supposed to cover our needs during the move. Also a list has been made available of all those people whose money had arrived here from England. - To my great joy I saw that my 14/6 too had arrived from Douglas. Now I'm really rich. The canteen was open for business at 11 o'clock. A long queue of people had already been waiting there for an hour so they could spend their 60 cents. I took \$2- out of the bank and went shopping with Marcell. We laid in good stocks for ourselves - chocolate, fruit, toiletries etc etc. I found it enjoyable to really go shopping for once, after such a long time. I have been very nervous since the news of our change of abode. I don't have the patience to study any more. The school will certainly be dissolved in the next few days.

#### Sunday 29th September

I had a dreadful toothache last night and throughout the day today - this demoralizes you a lot. On top of all the other worries here - toothache as well! And no possibility of going to the dentist. They've been discussing the possibility of having dental work done at people's own private cost for a long time now - but nothing positive has come of it as yet. I've been trying to borrow the typewriter again in the last few days but it has been incredibly hard because the machine has been very much in demand. But I have the chance of typing on another machine, though it has smaller letters. I scarcely think that will matter. Also today you could put yourself down on a list ordering things you really need. It is hoped that these things will be able to be procured through an officer before our departure. A lot of people need, for example, suitcases etc. I requested a fountain-pen (I lost mine on the journey from Huyton to Douglas), photographic journals for Marcell, etc. A lot of people ordered things because almost everyone had received money from England.

#### Monday 30th September

Our friend Planer's birthday was celebrated in our hut today: we surprised him with some presents in the morning, with which he was very pleased, and in the evening there was a real party in his honour and in fact there was even really something to eat this time. The canteen was unbelievably busy the whole day since everyone was shopping with their money from England. So we bought the things for this evening. But unfortunately I scarcely took part in the festivities since I had the use of the typewriter.

A few days ago Germany signed a pact with Japan apparently directed against the U.S.A. It is supposed to be aimed at weakening the friendly relations between the States and England.

#### Tuesday 1st October

I've got a very bad cold; we're always terribly cold at night since we haven't enough blankets. During the morning there was a rumour that we're supposed to leave here even before October 8th, so M. and I bought ourselves a stock of apples so we'll be covered for fruit for a while. Before lunch I made a sketch of our corner of the hut which I want to keep - it will be put into my diary as a souvenir. I didn't eat anything for lunch today but lay in bed because I felt very feverish. I only woke up just before the evening meal but I didn't feel better.

This evening some of the things we had ordered on Sunday arrived in the camp. Of course not everything could be procured: only my fountain-pen came for me. Before I went to bed tonight I took every possible medication (amongst them Amoniated Quinine, the same thing I always got at Lady MacAlister's).

#### Wednesday 2nd October

The canteen was open for the last time today. You keep on finding things you want to buy after all: - I bought a lot of other things. It was just as busy as if it had been a shop

in the big city. By midday the stock had mostly been bought up - everyone had provided themselves with tobacco and chocolate for our uncertain future.

This morning all teachers and students of the leaving-certificate school met for the last time. The head made a speech to the school for the occasion: - he hoped that, if we stay together, we'll be able to continue the classes in the new camp. Then we had a prize-giving ceremony - I got prizes in three subjects - an exercise-book, a pencil and a ruler (they are very expensive items here).

A camp newspaper was available for purchase today. It consists of a number of articles from authors here in the camp: there are articles from the head of the Popular University, the Refugee Committee, etc. It was duplicated on an electric copying machine. On the back there are a few caricatures of 'famous' personalities of the camp. I collected the signatures of my friends on one page of the newspaper: it will be a nice souvenir of this camp.

At the hut meetings heated debates continue about the separation of Aryans and Jews which is going to take place. I think it is very low of the authorities to use 'Nuremberg Race Laws' here. Do they always want to keep on reminding us of Germany then? Many of the Aryans amongst us hate the Nazis exactly as much as we do. Why should they go into a Nazi camp? This evening the first sacred service of the new year took place; everyone put on civilian clothes and went to the camp synagogue. The Rabbi's robes and prayerbooks were donated by a Canadian Refugee Committee.

#### Thursday 3rd October

The press is of the opinion that the danger of invasion in England is very slight. They assume that the theatre of war will be shifted to Africa for the winter. German troops are supposed to have taken over the command on the Egyptian-Lybian frontier. Chamberlain has resigned for 'health reasons', Sir John Anderson has taken his place (a very unimportant position); H. Morrison has become Home Secretary. Many of us think that this is very favourable for us as Anderson was not very well disposed towards us.

Pierce discussions are still going on with regard to the separation which is about to take place in the camp. A list of 'Gentiles'(Aryans) and Jews has been made and great disorder has occurred because of this. All of a sudden many Aryans seem to have found Jewish grandparents so they would be able to go into the Jewish camp. Ottawa has declared that the number of Gentiles was 141 but only 80 people have put themselves down for the Aryan camp. Jews now want to volunteer to go into the Aryan camp in order to make the whole idea of separation impossible. This evening news came from the commandant's office that the whole separation has been postponed for the time being.

#### Friday 4th October

We got 'kit-bags' for our move because we've received so many new clothes in this camp. They say that all the equipment from this camp (beds, blankets, work equipment, wheelbarrows, shovels, etc) is going to be taken with us into the new camp. We Jews are supposed to be going to a camp called 'N', 70 miles away from here. The Aryan camp 'S' is supposed to be situated on an island in the city of Montreal. Since everything will be taken with us I hope to be able to take my furniture as well. Captain Barras (the Intelligence Officer) has been in Ottawa and came back today. He had it announced that our move had been postponed for 10-14 days, so at the moment there's no reason to be upset - nevertheless violent discussions continue at hut meetings.

#### Saturday 5th October

The commandant had it announced that all the lists of Aryans and non-Aryans that had

been made up to now were invalid and that he had to wait for further instructions from Ottawa. Hopefully this will calm the general nervousness.

This evening we finally got a letter from our parents, who received our first card from this camp on 30th August. Mummy wrote that she had been completely in despair during the 7 weeks without news and with the news of the sinking of the 'Andorra Star'. She gave us the address of our uncle in Rio de Janeiro, whom we are supposed to contact. Perhaps he will be able to get us visas.

I got a letter which was, it is true, addressed to H. Seidler, but was not for me. My namesake has been in a Scottish camp and was requested by a building society to issue an authority to his wife for some payment or other. Such are the mistakes that occur during our internment! This other H. Seidler has probably been waiting for months now for this important letter.

#### Sunday 6th October

Today was a very boring day. Quite by chance I was able to borrow quite a good book and read almost the whole day.

This afternoon I saw a lot of people going for walks on the footpath near the camp. All of them were dressed in their Sunday best and looked so happy. They looked at us with such contempt, as we stood behind the barbed-wire fence in our wretched uniforms... This made me remember the good old days when I too would go for a walk on Sundays, all dressed up. What an enormous change! This made me very unhappy once again. There were too many people in the hut for me - I don't like this when I'm in such a mood. I wanted to be alone with my thoughts - I had to go outside, into the open. I walked around, brooding gloomily... Other camp comrades didn't seem to take it as emotionally as me - I'm convinced that the only reason for this is that I'm much younger than most others. A 17-year old cannot bear this sort of imprisonment as well as an adult. Until I was arrested I had always had a home and was used to being in a family group - then suddenly I was torn forcibly from that everyday life and have now been imprisoned for five months already.

Music was being played in one of the eating huts. It went faster and became more cheerful - some of the guys started to do a folkdance - I looked on and after a while found that the cheerful music made me much brighter.

#### Monday 7th October

Today all lectures and the school as well began again. I went to classes as before. The disturbance of the past few days has calmed down and normal life has resumed. In any case we are prepared for a sudden departure - rumours are circulating about when we are to leave. It is generally believed that we'll be off in the next few days.

#### Tuesday 8th October

In the last few days the weather has changed a great deal - it has become unbelievably warm. There was a real storm today. We all feel very dull because of the change in temperature. Not everyone is coming to lectures - they probably think that it is no longer worthwhile to start all over again before we leave. I only went to school in the morning. Accidentally, I met two brothers who are very interested in architecture. They asked me to start a private course on 'Building Construction' for laymen. This awoke in me the desire to draw something once again. With great difficulty I got a piece of real drawing paper, a board that could be used as a drawing-board and some coloured pencils. The only thing I still need is a triangle. Unfortunately I can't track one down anywhere. I designed a little house and made plans and a profile section of it. I'll illustrate the course using this. I was very pleased that I had made a 'working drawing' without a set-square and triangle.

In the news it said that German troops had marched into Rumania 'in order to secure

the oil fields'.

#### Wednesday 9th October

I kept on working at my drawing for the whole morning and by midday had completely finished it. Mr Zunz took a look at it and gave me some advice as to how to improve several aspects. I would like to have him teach me but don't want to ask him to do so.

It is generally believed that we are leaving tomorrow. Bags have been distributed for our blankets, the crockery has been collected from the huts, etc etc. Everything points to our departure. In the afternoon I washed all my dirty clothes so as to be prepared for our journey.

M. and I received important letters this evening. Mrs Turner who is in the U.S.A. with her children sent us \$25- and a telegramme. I think this was marvellously kind of her. Also I finally got a letter from Peter Schwartz. Although I wrote to him even from the camp in England he still hasn't received any post from me. He is still in Cambridge and has just got a new job. Like everyone in England he thinks that we are unbelievably lucky to be locked up. This annoys me very much. How much I would like to write him a 10-page letter and describe our situation and feelings in detail! You can't say much in 24 lines, even apart from the fact that we haven't received any letter paper for two weeks now. They say that no official paper has arrived from Ottawa. - I think, rather, that it is to be ascribed to the laziness of Captain Barras who has had enough of censoring them. We got another letter from Uncle Leo from Rio de Janeiro who wants to arrange for us to go to Brazil if we are in agreement. We will of course write to him in reply that we will be happy to go to him. I'd rather live in freedom at the North Pole than stay here in prison!

#### Thursday 10th October

The worst bombardment of London took place yesterday. I can just imagine how it must look now Warsaw, Amsterdam etc were only bombed for a few days and those cities won't be able to be rebuilt for decades. What then will happen with London, which has been the target of Nazi bombers for several weeks now? I keep on having to think of my parents; after all they have had to live in the middle of the inferno. Are they even still alive?

This afternoon I dictated my diary up to today's entry. It's a great relief to me to be able to use the machine regularly to type it up.

#### Friday 11th October

The Under-Secretary of State, Peake, announced in the Lower House that an unspecified number of internees from Canada would be sent back to the U.K. Overall there are supposed to be 4,000 internees in Canada and 11,000 in the U.K. The internees who are to be sent back are supposed to be 'refugee-types'.

I prepared new drafts today comprising of details of the cottage that I've already designed. It is now certain that I will hold this course on building construction in the new camp. I want only very few people to participate. I showed the sketches to Mr Zunz who corrected some proportions for me.

After lunch there was a football match played by two teams from our hut. I was a member of the winning team. I haven't played for a long time now and so found it very enjoyable. Tomorrow is the 'Long Day'. This afternoon at 5 there was a big meal since we are going to fast until tomorrow evening. The opening service took place after the meal.

#### Saturday 12th October

I went to the camp Synagogue this morning. At midday there was important news: a suitcase search was going to take place this afternoon. The most important things, toiletries, etc, were to be put in the kit-bags which we were allowed to keep but

everything else had to be handed in to be searched. So now it's getting serious! We'll definitely be off in the next few days.

In the afternoon I felt unwell because of the fast: I lay down to sleep and only woke up at 5 o'clock. In the meantime many comrades had had their suitcases searched and had a lot to tell. Somehow they found out that those whose suitcases are put to the right hand side in the hut are to go to camp 'S' (the Aryan camp) and those whose suitcases are piled up on the left are to go to camp 'N' (the Jewish camp). I didn't fully believe this since it seemed that the bags of some Jews were put on the right-hand side and vice versa. From amongst our friends, Bob (the Dutchman) is probably going to camp 'S', which I am very sorry about as we all like him very much. This evening I went back to the Synagogue where I could hardly stand up any more. Fasting is very hard for me although this isn't the first fast-day since our internment. At 7 we were saved - there was a really excellent dinner.

I only went to have my suitcases searched late in the evening. I had to wait in line for a long time before it was my turn. This time an officer was present at the 'search'. You could see that the military authorities had learned their lesson well after the thefts when we arrived. Actually I thought it was ridiculous to search us again, when we've been imprisoned the whole time, after all, and have had no opportunity of getting any forbidden objects at all. It's more likely that they were looking-for camp property in our bags. They probably want to stop us from appropriating plates, blankets etc. Only one of my suitcases was looked at fleetingly and then - both went to the left.

Our mood is really cheerful - we are pleased that, after all, there is to be a change after these three tedious months. I am looking forward very much to the journey as well.

There was some more post this evening - I got a card from a friend in Chicago which was sent to England on June 6 (to Barmore, since my friend knew nothing of my internment) and had been sent from there here to America after me by Lady MacAlister. M. and I got another very nice message from Mrs Turner who wrote that various influential people were going to try to have us released.

#### Sunday 13th October

This morning I carved out a model of an 'arch' (that is, an arch over entrances, doors, windows etc); I want to use this too, to illustrate my course. I had great difficulty in finishing this model since there was not one saw to be found in the camp (all work tools had already been loaded and partly taken away). Our bags too were also loaded on trucks and taken away before midday.

A speech by the commandant was announced for this afternoon. We all assembled on the football ground and Colonel Wiggs (he has been promoted to Colonel) gave a very nice farewell speech. He spoke especially about our departure which will be on Tuesday morning. We will be divided into two groups, going to camp 'A<sup>1</sup>' (not 'S' as we had thought) and 'N'. These are supposed to be newly-built camps, 5 and 6½ hours by train from here respectively. There, as he said, some of us would be released and the others would have the opportunity to work. Then he thanked us all for our co-operation and the carrying-out of all orders from the military authorities. He almost had tears in his eyes while he was farewelling and thanking us. This man has been really well disposed toward us. He wished us good luck and was convinced that we would be very well taken care of in the next camp too.

#### Monday 14th October

We had to get up as early as 6.30. We had to take apart all the beds and pile the pieces up at the door of the hut. They will all then be loaded onto trucks. So, tonight we will have to sleep on the floor.

Finally, after breakfast, the list which separates us into groups was made public. In all about 140 people are going into the Aryan camp 'A' (they were previously supposed to go to camp 'S'). Only 8 of the 79 men in our hut are to be sent to the Aryan camp; our Bob is one of the friends who must leave us. Naturally Count Lingen is going into the Aryan camp.

We were very uncomfortable all day. The mattresses had been taken away also and then you couldn't sit anywhere any more. The floor of the hut was still dusty despite the fact that it had been swept many times, so that you got yourself very dirty. This afternoon M. and I slept on the little landing in front of the hut. We took our blankets out since we just couldn't bear the dust in the hut any more (it couldn't be washed down because we have to sleep on the floor).

This evening we all went to sleep early because we have to get up tomorrow at 3 o'clock. The wooden floor was very hard, nevertheless I soon went off to sleep. I was woken by a torch shining right in my face. I thought it was early morning already. Still half-asleep I got up and stood in line with all the others for roll-call. I was so tired that I didn't even listen to what all the others were saying. Finally I realized that it was only 11.30 at night and that there was a special reason for this roll-call: there was a man missing. Someone was absent from hut 2 at the evening roll-call and he hadn't been found yet. The hut was searched all over. Some soldiers even climbed onto the roof of the hut to look for him there. The commandant was present during this search. He was certainly disappointed that something like this should happen as we are leaving. They didn't find anything in our hut and we were allowed to go back to sleep.

#### Tuesday 15th October

At 3 o'clock we were woken again. The word went round that the missing man had been found on the roof of a hut. It is not clear what he meant by this disappearance: I scarcely think that it was an escape attempt since he definitely could have managed that better. It is more likely that he meant it as an action of protest since he is on the list for camp 'A' but is non-Aryan (yet not a Jew). At any rate everyone is pleased that he has been found since it would have turned out badly for us otherwise. The unfortunate 'escaped' man got 28 days arrest and was personally punished by a sergeant as well.

We got up, packed up our blankets which were to be immediately taken away in trucks, and went to breakfast at 3.30. It was pouring rain outside. It annoyed me a lot that we would have bad weather for our journey. I tried to have my furniture put on a truck but it wasn't allowed. So I attached a card with my name and Camp 'N' on the table and chair and carried them into the Camp Store. Perhaps later they will be brought with the other things from there.

We still had to clean up the hut after breakfast and then we had to wait. Roll-call was taken in various huts at 6. We were divided into groups of 60 men (since each railway carriage takes that many). We finally left at 7. Out we went into the city in three rows. Farewell camp 'L'! We lived there for three months. All of us hoped that the next camp would be just as nice.

We made a very long procession which caused quite a sensation. We were each wearing prison trousers and had kit-bags on our backs, so we looked like real prisoners of war. There were some quite beautiful buildings in the neighbourhood of the camp: I think one of them was the parliament building. We were still on the hill on which the camp too was situated. Then we went downhill. The street was completely covered with fallen leaves and the rainwater flowed around our feet. The further down into the city we went, the more people we met. The city's appearance changed too.

Down there, there were no imposing houses; the main streets were full of delapidated old houses - you would think you were in a London slum-district. Also the people who watched us didn't look 'American' at all. They were obviously workers on the way to the docks. The only things that reminded you that you were in America were the splendid cars. The people down there stared at us more or less indifferently, neither in a hostile nor friendly way. Still, it's different from the reception we got when we were spat on.

We arrived at the railway station quite tired. There, soldiers were standing on both sides of the train with bayonets. We got on. It was very comfortably warm in the carriage and we both got good window seats. We were off at 8.30. We went uphill to a huge bridge over the St Lawrence that we used to be able to see from the camp. Then we went on through very flat land. Here and there you could see villages; I was struck by the many wooden houses in them with their verandahs. In general I would have expected more of Canadian houses. The countryside was quite varied - the young forests in their autumn colours looked quite magnificent. Many parts of the countryside were still entirely untouched and you could believe that no man had yet set foot there. I was very tired and went off to sleep in the comfortable seat. At 1.30 the train came to a halt. Looking out of the windows we saw a barbed-wire fence around two large buildings. Later we found out that we were somewhere in the neighbourhood of the city of Sherbrooke. We seemed to have reached our goal and they took us into the first of the large buildings. And now, once again, came a severe disappointment. Inside it looked dreadfully dirty and sooty all over. Surely we couldn't possibly be staying here. Maybe we only had to wait here for another train -

I looked around me more closely. It seemed to have been an old railway-engine workshop, since there were a few railway tracks and work pits on the floor. As soon as we were all lined up some officers started to shout at us, ordering us to do this and that. The atmosphere was extremely unpleasant. Camp 'L' was heaven in comparison. But the worst was yet to come the customary search began. We undressed, our clothes were searched, kit-bags emptied... handkerchieves, toothbrushes etc were thrown onto the dirty stone floor - then we were medically examined. Each person got a small number-tag and groups of 20 of us went into the next building, which was just as big and right next door. There I sat down exhausted on the stone floor.

Only then did I become really aware of our plight. Our transfer to this revolting hole was just about too much for me. Up to now they had, after all, behaved comparatively decently to us in Canada! And hadn't we been promised that this camp would be better than the one in Quebec? We were all completely enraged. Agitatedly, people discussed what to do next and in the course of this many came out in favour of our going on a hunger strike. - Were we going to have to sleep on this filthy stone floor, then? (the last time I slept on a bare stone floor was in Bury-St Edmunds). M. and I searched for some paper on which we decided to sleep overnight. We made ourselves beds with everything that we had in the bags, as well as we could.

Then, suddenly, we were told that we all had to go back into the other building: some officers were standing on a table and wanted to speak to us. The heating made such a dreadful amount of noise that you could hardly understand anything they said. A young officer said that we would have to put up with the present conditions and sleep on the floor for the moment, etc. Immediately a tremendous roar of rage broke out from us. I shouted too, with the rest - Boo! Hunger strike! - We would not stay in this pigsty. We still had one weapon: a hunger strike. The rations had been taken into the building where Marcell and I had set up our 'beds'. Some strong young fellows blocked the entrance and said that people would only go and get something to eat over their dead bodies. Everyone was in a rage. This time we weren't willing to

compromise. You don't even treat animals like this. The roof was leaking, the heating pipes were leaking, so that whole pools of water were forming on the floor (it was still pouring with rain). Some of us tried to make speeches. One man said that we should eat today, after all, and we could negotiate with the officers tomorrow. - He too was answered with furious cries of Shame! We would not compromise. - If we gave in now, we were lost. Then another man (who had held a leading position in camp 'L' also) spoke. He said that we should not eat until they took us to a camp fit for human habitation. Until then we would offer passive resistance - we would do nothing voluntarily. No-one ate... we waited...

Just before we arrived they had begun to construct latrines in the building - in our sleeping quarters! There were no cooking stoves anywhere, no laundry facilities. So, this is how 'Britons' treat their prisoners of war. Really, nothing like this would ever happen in Germany. In concentration camps you are given sleeping-quarters fit for human habitation, and clean, sanitary surroundings. But here, in the Empire that calls itself 'civilized'... they treat refugees worse than animals.

The young officer spoke to us and called for us to choose three men from amongst us who would have to go and confer with the commandant. We voted and chose three men whom we trusted completely. Again we waited - but no conference with the three camp representatives took place. Then most people went off to sleep and we too went back into the second building. The ration sacks there were guarded by some guys. No-one got anything. - I went off to sleep without a blanket, just on a sheet of paper, with my coat over me. The stone floor was dreadfully hard and cold (and on top of that we slept beside the big door, from under which came a draft).

#### Wednesday 16th October

I woke up at 5 o'clock. I couldn't move from sheer cold - my limbs were numb and I had a dreadful headache. It was quite still and everyone was asleep. I got up and noticed that almost all the other comrades were covered by blankets (probably they had been handed out after we had gone to sleep). I went into the first building and asked the soldier on duty there for blankets and he actually gave me some too. I immediately went back and lay down to sleep again.

I still had a headache in the morning and was very hungry. M. and I still had some provisions which we ate very sparingly. Who knew how long the strike would go on? Of course we could eat our own food-stocks - it was only the military rations that we were not to accept. So our breakfast consisted only of a half a piece of bread. For the 600 of us men to wash with, there were only 6 taps in the boiler house (this is about 100 metres away from the first building and contains two large steam boilers). So you had to wait a very long time before you could wash yourself.

A sergeant called for 100 volunteers to unload something or the other from a truck. No-one volunteered. - Then the soldiers began to force us. We had decided to cooperate if we were forced, but to do all the work wrongly and very slowly. Most of the time people ran away from the soldiers or said that they were sick. Abrahamson (one of our leaders) once again spoke to us. He had been with the commandant and the latter had given us the following ultimatum: if we did not start work on various tasks voluntarily by 12 o'clock he would telephone to Ottawa and report that the people who had arrived here were Nazi rebels, not refugees. At this news much loud discussion began again. Many people shouted that we should allow things to go that far - in Ottawa they knew very well who we were and at least this way the authorities would take some notice of us. They would send someone here - and then we would get some assistance. As well, the commandant had threatened that the heating and water would be shut off and all the doors blocked. During all the wild shouting everywhere, an officer suddenly entered the building and got up on the 'speaking

platform'.

He said he was there unofficially and wanted to speak in our interest. He introduced himself as a lawyer from Montreal and as the holder of a leading position in the Canadian Refugee Committee. He began by saying that we would achieve nothing at all by our protest, but on the contrary only harm ourselves. If Ottawa heard about the hunger strike this would create an extremely anti-semitic reaction and would set the attitude of officials against Jewish immigration policies after the war. As well, it would cause harm to all our fellow unfortunates in other camps. He mentioned various other results that a protest might create, and how everyone would be against us. We all became very quiet and listened to him intently - his speech certainly fulfilled its purpose.

After this officer left there were still a lot of people who wanted to make no compromises at all. But Abrahamson and Kahle (our two leaders) advised us to co-operate under the following conditions : Telegrammes are to be dispatched today to the D.I.O., the Liason Officer and Mr Hayes of the Refugee Committee (who visited us before in camp L). The telegrammes are to state that the doctors and architects amongst us have declared this camp unsuitable for human habitation. Within three days a reply should be received from these people or they should visit here in person. This ultimatum was agreed on by the camp and put before the commandant's adjutant by our three leaders. He accepted it. But we decided to resume our strike and our passive resistance if no positive result occurs by the end of three days.

So, the strike is off. People started to pick up rations, carry pieces of wood and unload luggage. We set to work. We fetched wood from the boiler house and made ourselves a floor to sleep on. In fact they do say that the beds are supposed to arrive soon but, nevertheless, we don't want to risk having to sleep on the stone floor again. Soon we had our first meal (for many people it was the first bite of food since yesterday morning).

In the afternoon a very roundabout roll-call system was arranged which meant a long time standing outside for us. Lists of 20 people each were made up and these people are supposed to form individual groups which are always supposed to stand, together at roll-call.

Immediately after the end of roll-call a train arrived - full of unfortunate fellow comrades. You could already see the red cross on their backs from some distance away. Only some of them got out to enter the camp. They all had prisoner of war uniforms on (even thick coats with the red cross on the back as well). For the time being they were not brought together with us.

Then a freight train came in and we unloaded a lot of things from our old camp: there were blankets, mattresses and even already a few beds. Unbelievable confusion reigned. Everyone tried to get a bed, but only some succeeded - and these too had to be given back again since they were to be used for sick and old comrades. So we'll have to sleep on the floor again.

Only then did the newcomers enter our building. I recognized some of them as Huyton people who had been with us on the 'Ettrik'. People shouted out, ran about, celebrated reunions - I too met some people I knew. They had come from camp 'Q' which was in north Ontario. They'd been in a very good camp too, only it was dreadfully cold (which is why they'd been given the thick coats). They'd journeyed 30 hours from there to here by train. The Aryans who had been in their camp had stayed there. They send us to a humanly uninhabitable hole like this but the Nazis get to stay in the

comfortable camps. Are Canadians also anti-semitic? No, the reason is probably that the authorities have to follow the law about the good treatment of prisoners of war. But as for us, who do not come under any protective treaty -they can treat us exactly as they wish. - And they do so, too.

This evening I walked around inside the buildings observing what went on. Everyone was preparing a place for themselves for the night, using some pieces of clothing. Suddenly I caught sight of a young guy sitting in a corner crying. I knew him from before and tried to comfort him, although I felt like crying myself. It's no wonder if people break down - the mood and whole atmosphere is so oppressive! Now we all long to be back in Quebec - there, only about 80 of us slept in one room. Here, it's about 400. I'll never forget the sight of this mass of men lying on the floor, in the dirt, where, previously, railway engines used to be repaired.

To our astonishment, the 'Post' service handed out notice-cards for parcels before we went to sleep - and I got one of the cards too! We would never have thought the post would be sent after us so quickly.

#### Thursday 17th October

I slept quite marvellously (in contrast with the past two nights). We're still getting cold meals since there have not yet been any ovens installed. At any rate we get a lot of bread. Since our numbers had increased, having a wash was once again a very hard thing to do. Roll-call this morning took a dreadfully long time : the groups were still not made up in their final form. Only about two hours later were we allowed back in the buildings (by which time we all had frozen feet). A lot of things arrived during the day from camp L: - it took hours before all the bed parts had been unloaded.

I queued up with several others for my parcel. We had to wait for a long time before some soldiers took us to the commandant's office (the soldiers held their weapons at the ready under their arms and had their bayonets fixed, so that you constantly had the feeling that you were going to be stabbed in the back. It was the first time since our internment that we had been guarded like this. Comrades who had been in Dachau said that they had been guarded like this there too). The parcels were opened and examined in front of an officer. I got a small box of sweets from Mummy.

The beds kept on being unloaded. I lined up a few times to carry something too. Once you got together the four pieces which made up a double bed, you mostly found that they didn't fit together - because it seems that there are different types of beds. Once again dreadful confusion reigned as mattress-inserts were exchanged. By this evening the whole building was full of bed frames that were placed so close together that you could hardly walk between them.

Captain Barras and other officers as well from Quebec came here to take a look at the new camp. Someone is supposed to have heard them expressing their disgust at the conditions here. This evening group leaders were elected (every 20 men chose a leader). Marcell was named leader in our group.

#### Friday 18th October

Today the ground outside was frozen and frosted over. Also, it struck me that all the leaves had already fallen off the trees here, which was not the case in Quebec. The climate seems to be much colder here.

We are still eating our meals standing up: there are only a few tables on which the food for the individual groups is placed, and from which it is then handed out. The kitchen is situated at the end of our building and has now received a few ovens - so we got our first hot meal since our arrival.

After roll-call the commandant made a speech. He said that he could understand our protests very well, but with our help he could transform the two buildings into an excellent camp. There were only a very few camps in Canada and the winter would be unbearable in wooden huts; so we would have to stay here, since heating was available here. He called upon us to bring our knowledge to bear on making plans for reconstructing the camp. He would provide all the necessary materials to complete this, our own project. We would be working for ourselves and could earn 20 cents per day. He also said that

Mr Hayes of the Refugee Committee was just about to visit us. After his speech we were all completely calm - neither calls of boo! nor of bravo! were to be heard (our leaders had arranged this with us). Then lively discussion of the major's proposals took place. Once thing was now clear: we had to stay here, even if we protest or go on hunger strikes.

This afternoon I felt calm, for the first time here. Up until then there had been constant dreadful upsets. I was finally able to read a book in peace. In fact, it wasn't exactly completely quiet - since almost all the 400 men in the building were speaking at the same time. But we had cotton wool in our ears, so we could put up with it one way or the other.

At the hut meeting the house representative (the same man as in camp 'L', because all the inhabitants of each hut were living together as they did in the old camp) announced the proposals of our experts for the reconstruction of the buildings. It will take some months before the camp will be put into even a half-inhabitable state. Also we voted on whether to accept or reject the commandant's proposals. The majority accepted.

#### Saturday 19th October

It's very hard to wash yourself adequately in this camp. However the boiler is a great help: you can warm yourself up very quickly with the steaming water. But I'd much rather have the shower-rooms in Quebec. This morning I began a new drawing - in fact it consisted of details of the cottage that I had begun in camp L. While I was doing it I had the idea of making a real drawing-board. There was enough wood available and it was well-suited to the purpose. Unfortunately I had almost no work tools to hand (only a fret-saw). But I managed it anyway. You can draw much better on a wooden board.

This evening I got a congratulatory card for my birthday in the mail - but it was over two months ago. This is how the postal service works here!

#### Sunday 20th October

This morning I worked on the drawing again; I borrowed some water-colours and coloured the profile section.

Something very interesting occurred this afternoon. From one part of the camp you can see a highway which is about 100 metres away from the barbed wire fence. Cars drive up and down uninterruptedly. People who were curious would get out of their cars to have a look at what was going on here in the camp: whole families (with small children, even) would line up and stare at us as if we were animals in the zoo. This was probably the first real sign of the war that these Canadians had ever seen : up till now they've probably only read about us in the newspapers. What were they thinking? - there they are, the Nazis, behind prison bars exactly where they belong. In their eyes we must certainly have represented those who bombed London. They must have been cursing us as we stood there in our blue uniforms with the red cross on the back. But it wouldn't have occurred to any of them to guess that we could be refugees. Of course those people knew nothing about that. All of us had the same thought - how could we let these people know that we weren't Nazis? Soon, someone

had a good idea: - each of us should chalk one letter on the red crosses on our backs - and all these letters together would spell 'Refugees from Nazi Oppression'.

So, eagerly, the letters were chalked. But for some comrades this was too slow so they made a large cardboard sign which had the same message on it. Just as we wanted to line up outside with our backs to the onlookers and also with the sign, a soldier walked in and forbade us to do so. At the same time, all the people outside were sent away - soldiers forced them to drive off in their cars. So it was all in vain. Those people would drive home to Sherbrooke and, over afternoon tea, tell their friends how they had seen dangerous Nazi prisoners of war today.

In the evening I made myself a shelf over my bed. It makes life here a lot easier for you if you are comfortably settled. Tomorrow, reconstruction is to begin with an emergency programme. First of all, proper washing facilities are to be installed and also a latrine is to be built outside. Approval from Montreal has to be awaited for all other reconstruction.

#### Monday 21st October

It snowed overnight and with this first snow it has turned miserably cold. We had to stand around outside for a long time this morning for roll-call and this slowly froze you completely, all over. What will it be like two months from now?

Roofing people, plumbers etc came into the camp today and set to work. The tradesmen amongst us also began work. Mr Zunz, who had too much to do with the rebuilding plans, asked me to make a detailed drawing of the tables and benches which are to be made for us. I set to work very eagerly, and my new drawing-board was a great advantage in this. My work was soon interrupted - some officers were visiting the camp and one of those important people wanted to speak to us. We all assembled out in the open and a major addressed us.

He criticized us for our 'rebellion' when we arrived and said that in future we would have to obey orders. He then went on to say that he knew we were Jews and wanted to show our loyalty. Fine, he said, if that is so, then you can show it by working here. It appears that workshops for making furniture and clothing are going to be set up in the camp - and so we are supposed to manufacture tables and battledress etc for the 'War Effort' for 20 cents per day. I didn't like this man at all. His whole speech was made quite contemptuously, as if he was trying to make fun of us. That we are very willing to work for the war effort is a matter of course - but not behind barbed wire! The major made some further unfriendly remarks, from which we gleaned that he was very anti-semitic. I went back into the building before he was finished and went on with my work on the drawing.

#### Tuesday 22nd October

From now on morning roll-call is going to take place as early as 7 o'clock. It's dreadful to have to get up so early and stand around outside in this cold weather.

Right after breakfast I handed in my drawing of tables and benches to Mr Zunz, who, once he had checked that it was alright, handed it over to the carpenters. Soon afterward I got something else to draw: I was supposed to design a ventilation frame. I had to take the measurements of the wall where the frame is to be built before I could begin the drawing. I was very proud to be entrusted with such a task. It took until the afternoon for me to finish it and then I handed in the drawing. A lot of carpentry work was going on in the boiler house - I had a look there and saw that already some of my tables had been constructed. I'm very pleased that I've been able to do some work here in my field. Hopefully I'll get more drawings to do in the future.

Some time ago we had another news bulletin - but scarcely anything seems to have

changed in the general situation. London is still being bombed and the R.A.F. is striking back on the invasion belt (the west coast of the Continent).

They've started to hand out rubber shoes here. The soldiers say that there is often 8-10 feet of snow here in winter - and then you can't go around in ordinary shoes. At intervals around the barbed-wire fence high watchtowers have been built and machine-guns have been put in place.

Kahle, the official camp supervisor, made a speech this evening. He said that we are definitely going to have difficulties with the commandant and his staff in the future, since almost all the officers and especially the M.O. are antisemites.

Wednesday 23rd October

I was an 'orderly' today - I and another couple of people from our group had to fetch food from the kitchen, distribute it and then wash up the plates. This sort of work is definitely not pleasant.

Something very unpleasant occurred this afternoon - the commandant got very upset during an inspection of the buildings. The M.O. is supposed to have been in a fury when he talked to the group leaders because he said that the camp was filthy. He called us 'foul swine' and gave us one hour to get the camp into spotless condition. In fact many of us had made little tables, etc, so we would be comfortably settled. But he said all these wooden things had to go. During the discussion he is supposed to have slapped one of the comrades in the face with his glove, because the latter wasn't standing 'to attention' while addressing him. Here, we have to call the officers and sergeants 'Sir' and stand in a military posture. So we worked - feverishly to arrange the camp. I was absolutely furious with the commandant and his Nazi methods - in general I can't stand any of the military here. Every one of them is badly-disposed towards us. Tables were broken up, chairs had to go, the beds were shoved right up close to each other so that there was hardly any space to move between them. It is quite clear what the officers are doing: after the strike they wanted to suppress us and show us who was boss here - and now that we've stated that we're ready to co-operate they've taken advantage of their opportunity. I much prefer old 'Piggy-Wiggs' (Major Wiggs from camp L): he understood us and also knew that we were interned unjustly. As always when I am depressed I started to think of the good old times in Cambridge. Without doubt, Lady MacAlister believes that we are doing very well here and that they treat us as refugees. If only she could see us here! And the Scottish officers (two of the officers are real Scots) who treat us so harshly ... She is a Scot too, but what a different attitude those two officers have towards me. I'm very unhappy,

Thursday 24th October

I had to peel potatoes the whole morning, which is an absolutely disgusting job - but everyone has to take their turn at doing this sort of chore.

Since yesterday the situation in the camp has been very uncomfortable. In the old camp we hoped for some change in our P.o.W. status but here they treat us worse than prisoners of war. At 5 o'clock roll-call the commandant again demonstrated his attitude: each person had to step smartly up in front of him and say their name. Just before me, a guy smiled as he turned around and marched off. The major's face went red with rage and he ordered him to come back. The poor guy's smile faded:- he went into the bunker.

This evening I got a letter from my friend in Chicago. It was written on 25<sup>th</sup> April, went to England and from there was sent here after me. I think this must be the record time ever taken by a letter to reach its recipient: exactly half a year. Nevertheless I was very happy to have the letter. Before going to bed I went for an hour's walk on the parade ground to get a little exercise.

### Friday 25<sup>th</sup> October

Nowadays a soldier keeps coming into the buildings at 6.30 in the morning to wake us up with a trumpet call. Nevertheless we stay in bed until just before roll-call (7.30). This morning I planed down my drawing board in the carpentry workshop and made myself a T-square for it. From now on I'll be able to draw much better. Today we got a telegramme from our parents in London, who are well but get little mail from us.

### Saturday 26<sup>th</sup> October

I did two new drawings this morning. As well as my tables there are others which have been built from another design by an architect. These new tables are very economical because you need much less wood for them. So I made myself a drawing of both types. By now I am able to work much faster than when I started -I hadn't drawn a line for 6 months! In the afternoon my eyes hurt because the lighting in the building is so bad and drawing strains them a lot. In the evening I got to know a guy who had studied architecture in Germany. We agreed to do designs together in the future.

Our camp leaders have had a discussion with the commandant who, astonishingly enough, behaved quite decently. But the worst one amongst the officers is the Medical Officer. He has given orders about various things which are very important to us - for example, only 15 of us are allowed to send a telegramme per week.

Questionnaires from a Montreal Refugee Committee arrived today - they are especially important for those comrades who want to emigrate to the U.S.A. It is a good sign that these papers have been sent to us.

For the first time today we ate in the new dining room in the boiler house. Already a lot of tables have been made. The kitchen will be transferred in the next few days.

### Sunday 27<sup>th</sup> October

Roll-call in this camp is very unpleasant. In our previous camps, morning roll-call used to be taken while we were still lying in bed. Soldiers came into the huts and counted us off while we were still asleep. No-one ever thought of a roll-call on parade. But here the whole day seems to be filled with nothing but lining up outside. It takes a long time and the officers are very unfriendly.

Today was an especially boring day. I managed to get a hold of a book and read. We were told that some important person would be visiting - therefore the commandant's office has undertaken many jobs to make the camp fit for human habitation - for example the new kitchen was painted overnight so that the cooking facilities could move in early this morning. All the largest suitcases have been put into a specially built luggage store so that there won't be too much baggage standing around the beds. Various other things are being done too - things which, otherwise, would have taken much longer to complete. At any rate it is obvious that the officers are worried about this important visit.

### Monday 28<sup>th</sup> October

I made myself two triangles today to complete my collection of design instruments. The washing benches that have been made by the carpenters are being covered with sheet-metal - and I got myself a piece of this metal and cut myself out the two set-squares. I finished them off with a chisel and file etc. It wasn't easy to file really straight edges. The only thing I still need for drawing is paper. There's enough small-sized letter paper in the camp but no large sheets for drawing. I'll probably have to wait until we can place orders through the canteen. Today construction plans for the camp arrived from Ottawa. These will probably be followed for the reconstruction, despite all the suggestions of our architects. The beds are to be moved, showers etc will be built in our sleeping quarters, the infirmary will be in our building, etc.

This evening there was very important news: Greece has declared war on Italy after

an Italian ultimatum of three hours demanding the transfer of territory. Greece has mobilized. King George VI sent a message to George II of Greece - Britain will of course help Greece. Crete and an island near Corfu have already been taken by British ships. The Empress of Britain, the ship in which the English Royal couple sailed home from Canada, has been sunk. Athens has already had two air-raid alarms.

#### Tuesday 29th October

This morning it was washing-day. It was hard to get the use of one of the few available tubs and also to find a place to wash. While I was washing Marcell, as group leader, was occupied with the moving of the beds. Following the new plans, the beds have to stand parallel with the building.

The commandant's office has ordered that the camp is to be arranged ready for the visit by tomorrow. The stone floor and the rails (dirt collects especially in these) have to be well cleaned. Improvements will be made in the kitchen, the cooks are getting new uniforms - you can see of course that these over-hurried preparations are unnatural. But at least there is the advantage that something gets done. Everyone got a razor-blade and has to be perfectly shaven by tomorrow. The visitor is the 'District Commanding Officer' (the old D.I.O. who already visited us in camp L).

This afternoon I got something to do from the architects : the official plans are to be publically shown and they have to be coloured in for this purpose. There was a lot of work for me to do because the drawings are very large and, for example, I had to colour in every single bed (I found out that I will be paid for all drawings that I do for the camp).

This evening something very gratifying occurred. For the first time here in Canada we got letter paper without the P.o.W. caption. How long we've been fighting for this - and now finally they seem to have understood that we are not prisoners of war.

#### Wednesday 30th October

Today we had to get up right at daybreak; we had to sweep the place out again and then there was a preliminary inspection. I finished off the plans which were then to be posted up. In the last few days I've been working on the design of a cottage, taking a lot of trouble, with the idea of doing a proper design for it.

In the camp people worked feverishly - Canadian workers started on the partition walls. Their work progressed amazingly quickly - they are quite marvellous at handling wood. But in any case it will take quite some time for the washrooms, etc, to be finished. Incidentally, the two buildings are also supposed to be connected by a building which is supposed to house the washrooms for our hut as well. Throughout the morning feverish work continued for the inspection. Everything was cleaned up so artificially in order to mask the real condition of the camp. Why don't they show things the way they were when we came and how they really are now?

Around 11 the much-awaited event occurred - a lot of generals and officers went through the camp. I recognised the leading General from the first visit to camp L. The result was that a lot of money is being made available for the future rebuilding of the camp.

This afternoon I continued working on my design and finally conferred with Mr Zunz about it. He gave me some good advice and corrected a few mistakes. Now I can start drawing it properly.

#### Thursday 31st October

I saw a quite marvellous drawing-board belonging to a comrade who has been working in the carpentry workshop and had made it there. My drawing-board, which I nailed only superficially together, has been coming apart somewhat recently. So I

decided to make myself a bigger, screwed-together drawing-board too. I have a friend who works in the workshop and together we picked one of the best planks and cut it to size. Then I took some tools into our sleeping-quarters and worked there (because you are not allowed to make anything for yourself in the workshop). It took a long time for me to finish it since I had to work on the floor. After work was over in the workshop, my friend planed down the surface for me - which he did excellently, then the sides had to be made 'square' - and then I had a drawing board that I am willing to use even when I am free. By chance I got some drawing-paper, so I can begin my design.

#### Friday 1st November

There's building going on all over the camp now - drains are being dug, new walls are being constructed, etc. Paid work is available for many of us because of all this. Today I worked on my new design. In the afternoon I received another packet of chocolates from Mummy. For the first time a canteen was open - each person got an advance of 5/- worth of camp money - but you could only buy chocolates and tobacco today. It is heartening that things are already getting under way here.

This evening an article from the English newspaper 'Manchester Guardian' was posted up in the camp. The article concerned us, the refugees who had been sent to Canada. In brief it said that they are 'sorry' and that everything possible will be done... Our situation here really was reported truthfully - the 20c. pay per day, etc. Also quite correctly it stated that the Canadian government had had no idea that refugees had been sent here instead of Nazi prisoners of war. And so they had not been prepared for us and treated us as dangerous people at first. The blame for our having been sent away is supposed to lie solely with the Home and War Office.

#### Saturday 2nd November

(This morning I woke up really early with a terrible toothache - it was still pitch-dark and I waited for the morning. I had a sore throat as well, apart from the toothache - I haven't felt this miserable for a long time! This morning a comrade daubed my sore tooth with some sort of liquid - but it didn't help. There is still no possibility of going to the dentist - being sick is definitely the worst thing to be in internment. I held my cheek against a hot oven in the boiler house - which helped a lot. This afternoon I lay in bed and got some aspirin from the infirmary for my headache, I scarcely ate anything at all today.

#### Sunday 3rd November

Today was Marcell's birthday - some friends and I prepared presents (chocolate coffee, biscuits etc) for him at the breakfast table. He was very pleased with them. Again it was my turn to wash dishes. This is disgusting work in the unhygienic conditions of the boiler house - and on top of this you waste almost the whole day with it. This afternoon Mr Zunz asked me to help with the building of the canteen which the architects want to do and not the carpenters. In fact the canteen, the Post Office and the camp office are to be built at one end of the boiler house. The work proceeded quickly - we worked for about three hours and set up most of the partition walls. Before I went to bed I saw someone washing himself in a self-made bathtub. The guy must certainly have taken a long time to make this object. The tub was lined with sheet metal inside.

I admired his handiwork and he offered me his bathtub! Quickly, I got myself some hot water and took a real BATH! - something that I haven't had for months.

#### Monday 4th November

Today I helped again with the canteen - it was hard work but I enjoyed it. By midday we had already finished the shop - There was only sawing and nailing left to do. This afternoon I got two letters while we were working. One was from Miss MacAlister, dated 12th October - she had only just received my first letter from camp L. She wrote that she could very well understand me speaking of injustice but then she said that it was a very critical time just then and that the British government could not make any distinction between Germans. Of course I understand her very well but just wish she

could see our conditions here - then she would certainly speak differently. The other letter was from Jennifer Turner who wrote a lot about the U.S.A.; she has been there for three months now, finds the Americans very 'informal' and misses her 'afternoon tea'.

#### Tuesday 5th November

Today I worked on the canteen again - we were very pushed because it was supposed to be open for business already in the afternoon. I had to make 'shutters' today so we could shut away the stock at night. About midday they started to arrange the newly-arrived stock; at 3 o'clock business began. You could say that this shop is a great achievement for our architects who not only designed but also built it. This afternoon I participated in a game of handball. It was very wild -all the players were strong young men who were letting out their bottled-up energies on this game.

The Greeks are supposed to have advanced a few kilometres in the direction of Albania. The Italians are supposed to have called this Greek advance 'ludicrous'. London hasn't had any air attacks for a long time - but bombs have been dropped on other parts of England. Today the presidential election takes place in the U.S.A.

#### Wednesday 6th November

Again today I continued working as a carpenter. Only the dining-room side of the canteen has been completed as yet - I was working on the post office. The day passes very quickly when you are occupied, and besides this is also the result of the fact that the two roll-calls and the two shifts at meal-times take up most of your time. The Canadian workers are making good progress - in the first building all the pipes and walls for the washing facilities have been set up. A hot-water tank is to be installed - and in a few weeks everything will definitely be finished in this building. This evening we heard that Roosevelt had been elected President for the third time - only 11 of the states elected Wilkie.

#### Thursday 7th November

It poured with rain the whole day today - you got completely muddy just going to the boiler house. In the morning I took my drawing-board into the dining-room and worked on my little cottage there - and time passed in a flash. This afternoon I began my long-planned course on building construction. My three students are very interested in the topic. I had prepared myself for the class in advance and managed to get through it quite well. I began with brick bonding and instruction about materials. Of course I spoke in English which was very good for me and which helped to reinforce my understanding of things. But I sorely need a textbook on hand to go by. If only I had books from which to learn something new and not just go over old things.

#### Friday 8th November

For some time now I have been trying to get into the group which fetches the rations. Every day, four guys drive in a truck into the city of Sherbrooke to a military depot to fetch all the provisions for the camp. The great advantage, of course, is that you drive into town and see something of the outside world. But you have to work hard in exchange (carrying sacks, etc). After much persuasion I managed to get the person in charge in the camp to allow me to go tomorrow. I'm very much looking forward to this trip into the world outside.

This morning I went to the hairdresser's. There, you had to wait for a very long time for a number and then further wait before it was your turn (there are 5 barbers for 750 men). While the good man cut my hair I read a book and didn't worry about a thing. But when I looked in the mirror after it was all over I scarcely recognised myself - he had shorn me almost completely bald. The barbers have orders from the M.O. to give us all military haircuts (for hygienic reasons). But I comforted myself with the thought that my hair will certainly have grown again by the time I am set free.

Amazingly enough the Greeks continue to make great advances towards Albania -

they have now taken some important strategic points and 2,500 Italian prisoners. The R.A.F. are avenging the air attacks on England in that they continue to bomb many German cities. Recently there has been a steep increase in the number of ships lost because of the German U-boats. This seems to be due to the favourable German situation on the Channel coast. A meeting of German, Italian and Russian representatives is expected soon. Unfortunately the relationship between the latter two has greatly-improved. Chamberlain is very ill.

#### Saturday 9th November

I stationed myself at the gate right after breakfast - three other guys were already there who were also going to fetch the rations, first of all we had to unload mail from the truck and only then could we leave. A soldier with a fixed bayonet drove with us. We went out onto the highway. The driver drove fantastically fast, so that you could hardly see anything for the speed. We saw little wooden houses very nicely laid out. After five minutes the road widened and we saw more people - we were in Sherbrooke - but the houses were still well spaced from each other. There were only a very few stone houses. We came to a stop at a traffic light so I could take a somewhat better look around. Everything seemed so unreal to me -cars, people - the hurried life of a town. Then we drove downhill and through a large gate into a military camp where recruits were just then exorcizing. The truck came to a halt at a wooden barracks and we went into a large food depot, from where thousands of soldiers and prisoners are provided for. We took off our jackets and began work: big sacks of potatoes and onions, eggs, meat, fruit - we had to carry all this into the truck. For us, who are not used to heavy work, it was sometimes really hard. Then we went back again. On one side of the road I saw a gigantic building under construction - the soldier said it was a hospital. Then on the right, down in the valley, I also saw a river. Once we arrived back in the camp we unloaded all those heavy things again. Despite the hard work I was very pleased that I had been on this excursion. I've seen 'life' once again after a long time.

#### Sunday 10th November

This morning a memorial service commemorating the 10th November 1938 took place. There are many among us who were put into concentration camps on that day. Once again I have been given a big job by the camp architects - I am supposed to make a drawing of a planned gallery which is to be built in the boiler house. For this I have to keep on going over there to measure various things.

This afternoon there was a gramophone concert - some people have bought themselves records through the canteen. A little music cheered us all up. I worked on the drawing again this evening too, but am still far from finished. After the evening meal I gave my second lecture on 'Building Construction': today I went over 'foundations'.

There was some very unfortunate news - Chamberlain has died in his 71st year. It is a pity that this man had to die at such a critical time for England.

#### Monday 11th November

Today is 'Armistice Day' - at 11 o'clock a siren rang (the same, in fact, that goes off if anyone escapes) - and we all stood in silent prayer for two minutes. I continued work on the drawings for Mr Zunz. It was afternoon by the time I finished and Zunz was very pleased with them.

The Intelligence Officer addressed us all: we were assembled in the dining-room and listened to his report about his visit to Headquarters. He had gone to Ottawa to find out about various things. There was unpleasant news for those of us who want to emigrate to the U.S.A. - it seems the American consul will have nothing to do with internees. Only free individuals can receive visas for the U.S.A. On top of this comes the further fact that we will not be set free here in Canada under any circumstances -

but only in England. Apart from this he talked about petitions for release which from now on must be made through a quite set procedure. Overall I think that this young officer wants to help us.

Today we farewelled one of our friends who is leaving, J. Arnhold. He had been told that he would be transferred to another camp tomorrow. We think he'll be able to emigrate to Brazil. This evening as I was having a wash in the boiler house I burnt my right hand on a steam pipe. I was mad with pain but got a good bandage in the hospital.

#### Tuesday 12th November

Half a year ago today I was interned. I have a feeling that I'll have to stay here as a prisoner for another few 'half years'.

This morning I got a letter from Mummy, part of which upset me greatly. She wrote that she knew very well that I fell within the categories of people who are to be released, but she had told Lady MacAlister not to arrange anything for my release in England for the reason that papa and she did not want me to cross the ocean all over again during the war. She said she would try everything to arrange for my release in Canada. This, of course, is impossible, as the I.O. told us yesterday. - So I'm supposed to stay interned here just because of the danger from the U-boats? No - if there's a possibility of going home, I'd risk my life gladly to go to England. I'd rather be bombed every day, but be free, than sit here in this damned hole. Why don't my parents understand this? They, like everyone else, must imagine that we're in a holiday resort here. Apparently Lady MacAlister already wished to try to petition for me but Mummy would not let her do so. Isn't this horrifying? I'm going to write to her as soon as possible and tell her what I think of this.

This afternoon I worked on my cottage design again and showed it to Mr Zunz this evening - he again corrected some things for me. Marcell today had a bad accident. He too burnt himself with steam (as he was heating some water), unfortunately, in fact, in the eye. Hopefully it is not serious.

In the news a dreadful earthquake was reported in Rumania. Most of Bucharest is supposed to be in ruins and the oilfields have also suffered great damage. Greece is still holding out heroically. This reminds me very much of the resistance of Finland against Russia. Molotov, the Russian Foreign Minister, has arrived in Berlin and has had a long discussion with Hitler. This is definitely very much to the disadvantage of England.

#### Wednesday 13th November

This morning I wrote a letter to Mummy in which I argued with her attitude toward my release in England. I asked her to petition for me immediately. Once again today I had a dreadful toothache. The cavities in my teeth are getting bigger from day to day. I can scarcely eat bread at all any more. It's really cruel not to give us any access to treatment.

#### Thursday 14th November

There was a pleasant surprise for me today - I got a card for a parcel from our postmaster. The I.O. came into the camp at 11.30 and handed out the parcels - as always I had to wait a long time and then I got two small parcels. Both were from Cambridge, from Lady MacAlister. In one was the second volume of the book 'Architectural Construction' and the other one contained typing paper (which the I.O. examined very carefully before he handed it over to me). I don't understand why I haven't been sent the first volume of that book, which I have at home. Anyway I'm overjoyed about the book - at last I'll be able to study some more in my own field. This evening I gave another class.

#### Friday 15th November

Marcell's face has already quite recovered - it looked worse to start off with than it actually was. The washing-up tables in the kitchen have finally been finished. From today the crockery and the food will be handed out all together, up until now each group had their own crockery and had their food handed out individually - and so there were always two people who had to wash up, which was a disgusting job in the given conditions. Now there are permanent orderlies and kitchen-hands employed so that everything will proceed smoothly.

I read my new book almost the whole day. I was full of enthusiasm at learning new principles, etc This afternoon someone asked me whether he could attend my course. I was very willing to have him and had to quickly discuss the things I had already covered with him so that he would be able to follow the next class.

Our first musical evening has been announced for tomorrow - we were lent a piano from the soldiers for the occasion. As soon as it arrived in the camp we had some music. This made us all feel much better.

#### Saturday 16th November

I continued studying my book this morning - I think it is incredibly interesting. This afternoon I had to peel potatoes - everyone has to take their turn at doing this. We talked to each other as we worked so that the time would pass more quickly. We were all looking forward to this evening's concert.

It began at 8. The dining-room had been cleared out for it, since it is very well suited to this purpose. A stage had been created out of tables and covers and there was even temporary lighting provided. The programme contained almost exclusively musical items, amongst which one composer, who directed his own work, had great success. He used to play with the B.B.C. before, in England, and had also made a great hit in camp 'Q'. But - unlike previously, in camp 'L' concerts - today, there was no commandant present. The master-of-ceremonies reminded us of our good old Major Wiggs, and that he was well-disposed towards us. But here, unfortunately, several things have changed. At the end 'God Save the King' was played, as usual. The evening really was a great success and brought camps L and Q a little closer together (the relationship up till now has not been very good).

#### Sunday 17th November

There's a rumour that all the Christians are supposed to be leaving our camp. Kahle, the camp Supervisor, will quite certainly be going into another camp in the next few days. Therefore there was a new election, which elected a Cambridge student (Radomysier).

Once again Mr Zunz gave me something to do together with an engineering student. We are supposed to design a steam sterilizing machine for the crockery. We conferred together for a long time and completely worked out the thing in principle - now there are only the details to be worked out.

The showers in the first hall are already ready to be used - so everyone tried to use them, which led to a great crowd. The connecting building between the two major buildings (where our washrooms for building 2 are supposed to go) will not be finished for a long time yet.

#### Monday 18th November

I dictated my diary for almost the whole day today. Schreiner (the guy with the typewriter) had finally got a new typewriter ribbon through the canteen. We had about a month to type up.

This evening I gave another class during which I used my technical book a great deal. I also had to correct some things, the names of which I had not taught correctly in the first classes. I worked again with the engineer on our invention. Almost all the

details have been worked out now and then I'll be able to begin drawing it. This evening new winter trousers were handed out. They look exactly like our other trousers except they are warmly lined. The funny thing about them is that they also have a red stripe sewn on inside on the left so that no-one can wear the trousers inside out without the stripe.

#### Tuesday 19th November

This morning I got another card for a parcel. This time it was some books from home. Amongst them was the first volume of 'Architectural Building Construction'. One of the Penguin books, 'Why Britain is at War', was not handed over to me by the I.O. after he inspected it because he said it was a political work.

I worked on the plate-sterilizing machine this afternoon and finished it too. It was really not at all easy to do this design since, in fact, it belongs to the realm of engineering. Mr Zunz was very satisfied with it and hoped that it would be able to be built soon.

#### Wednesday 20th November

Today I studied my construction book almost the whole day. I am now going through parts of the first volume that I had not yet completely read when I was free. During the day two guys who had heard of my course and wanted to take part in it came to me. There was virtually nothing I could do but give an extra lesson. But now that I have books to use it is of course comparatively easy. You can illustrate a lot of things much better using the drawings to hand in the book. I managed to get myself some tracing paper from the architects, having the idea of making an ink tracing of my cottage. Recently I've decided to spend all my time here studying or drawing. In this way at least I will profit from my internment.

#### Thursday 21st November

For a long time I've been on the list of 'joiners'. I was sent to a foreman and had to help to construct a roof-platform for a coal-store. It took the whole morning for us to attach the main beam onto the hooks that had been fixed onto the wall. Our work doesn't proceed as fast as that done by the Canadian woodworkers. We worked on the platform in the afternoon as well; by the time we finished work we had all the main beams attached.

From today on we are allowed to send airmail letters and all sorts of telegrammes. I immediately wrote an airmail letter to my parents (which is in fact very expensive - 30 c ) so as to be sure, for once, that a letter would actually arrive. This evening I went for a long walk as the weather was very good, The air here in winter is wonderful. Nowadays I often play chess before going to bed - today I lost.

#### Friday 22nd November

I was drawing in the 'Planning Office' once again today. Mr Zunz gave me the task of constructing a wooden wall for the infirmary. In fact the 'partition' is supposed to cover the whole width and height of the building up to the roof. He gave me the main measurements, etc, and I finished the drawing in good time. Then Zunz had a discussion with the adjutant who approved the wall. I was very pleased that I'd done my job well. Designing here in the office reminds me a lot of the period just before I was interned when I and some others were designing in the 'Estate Management', (what good times they were!).

This evening I had to do the washing again. I very much hate this job, although it's really easier now that proper tables are available for it. Once you've begun it continues quite easily,

It is quite official - the representative of the H.O. in London will be arriving here in the camp on Monday. We're hoping for many good results from this visit. Today the second number of the camp's wall newspaper, 'Sidetrack', appeared. It contained good articles and poems about our life here. The name of the paper is of course very

appropriate since our camp is nothing but a railway side-track.

#### Saturday 23rd November

I also worked in the 'Planning Office' again today. Mr Zunz seems to be satisfied with me and is giving me a lot of things to design which are all connected with the reconstruction of the camp. During work this morning I got a parcel - it was a bag of sweets from Jennifer Turner from the U.S.A. I think it's very nice of her to think of us. This afternoon all of us received a pair of woollen gloves each. A lot of winter clothes have arrived and they are gradually being handed out. This evening I gave another class in which I now went into much more detail than at the beginning.

#### Sunday 24th November

As always on Sundays, roll-call was half an hour later today. Just the fact that we only had to stand outside in the cold at 8 o'clock was a pleasure. This afternoon I was on the list to peel potatoes (which is a very long and unpleasant job). I would much rather have worked further on my drawing but you shouldn't shirk from such tasks because that would harm the community. If you don't turn up to such fatigue duties you can be brought before the 'arbitration court' (the camp court). You can be sentenced to various cleaning tasks by this court - of course this is an internal punishment which has nothing to do with the military. If you don't fulfil the task set by the sentence then the case is transferred to the English military. So it's better to go and peel potatoes!

I worked feverishly this evening on a missing 'section' so that tomorrow I will be able to start tracing my house properly. This was definitely the hardest part of the whole drawing because you had to give all the details of the construction. Anyway I finished it with the help of the books.

Our camp office has written a memorandum for tomorrow's visit by the H.O. representative. It describes in detail what has happened to us since we left English soil.

Today I got a winter coat which, indeed, is very warm but does not even reach to my knees. Of course the coat has a bright red cross on the back.

#### Monday 25th November

Everything was all white outside this morning - this time it had well and truly snowed overnight - and it kept on snowing during the morning. Well, the Canadian winter has arrived. The day began as usual - boringly - but suddenly there was a wild uproar. Mr Paterson (the H.O. representative) had arrived in the camp and had immediately issued the following statement: 'A transport of 200 'C' category people will be sailing back to England within the next few weeks under light escort. It will consist of people from the various refugee camps, however they will only be people who freely volunteer to go back to England. They will go into an English camp and it is hoped that from there they will then be released to go home about Christmas time. Further transports will be leaving later as soon as room becomes available on ships (this applies to category 'B'). Internees to whom the above conditions apply should report to Mr Paterson immediately'.

Of course, immediately crowds of us ran to the luggage storeroom (where Mr Paterson had set up his office) so we could get back to England. Straight away I absolutely made up my mind to go back too. Numbers were given out for interviews and unfortunately I got quite a high number - 141. Right from the start Marcell was against it. He said he didn't want to go back to England - that the war is on, it would be difficult for him to get a job, the voyage is dangerous... that he preferred to wait for emigration possibilities. He said I shouldn't do anything on my own since our parents too are against us returning to England.

Yes, that's all very well and good - but you also have to look at the positive side of this opportunity - we would be free by Christmas!...FREE!... Just for that alone you could

give up anything, after all. The voyage over is indeed dangerous - but probably the 200 will not have a whole ship to themselves but be transported with troops. And they would surely be escorted by warships, etc! I myself would gladly face any danger! Lady MacAlister has often written to me that I would be welcome to go back to her house when I was released. I can either go to school at night and work during the day... but what is the use of making plans. I had a long discussion with Marcell who kept on advising me to wait here instead until we are able to emigrate to the U.S.A. or Brazil. Many other friends who have visas or affidavits advised me to stay here with Marcell - but I couldn't make up my mind. Here is the opportunity - and it won't come again soon. It would be different if we had definite prospects of going to the U.S.A. or somewhere else, but as it is now we still have no affidavits or other visas. Must we spend years here? It drives me mad to think that our friends will shortly be leaving, sailing to freedom, and I, who could go with them too, will stay here just because my parents are worried that I could be drowned on the way.

No, I couldn't take this decision alone - so I decided to telegraph them. I composed the following text to my parents : 'IMMEDIATE RETURN AND RELEASE POSSIBLE, ALTERNATIVE CONTINUED INTERNMENT DESIRE RETURN CABLE DECISION IMMEDIATELY HARRY.' I decided to wait for an answer before I made a decision. Nevertheless I decided to go to the interview with Mr Paterson to get my name put down 'provisionally' on the list of those to go back. What else could I do? I just hope that a positive answer will come quickly. But somehow I know that the answer will be negative. Parents are parents. They'd rather have me sitting here than have me exposed to German U-boats.

I was very nervous, ran around aimlessly, imagining, on the one hand, the departure of comrades for England, on the other hand, my arrival at Barmore. If only I could do what I personally see fit! - The telegramme was another problem: only nine in all can be sent and the post office is open after roll-call. Whoever gets there first has their telegramme sent. So I had to run after roll-call! Actually I was supposed to work with the architects today but I was far too upset and nervous for that. Comrades who had been to Paterson said that he was very friendly and had sent many who wanted to join the Pioneer Corps straight off to a medical examination.

By the afternoon only 50 people had been to him. My number was 141! I waited... and then fate dealt me a hard blow. We got a letter from Mrs Turner who sent a letter from Mummy. In this letter Mummy asked her to persuade us not to go back to England.-So, here was my reply to the telegramme. Despite it all I decided to send the telegramme - perhaps my parents would change their minds after all if it was a case of 'immediate release' (but I very much doubted it). They took my telegramme - but it was very expensive - two dollars. But it is worth that much to get my parents' final decision.

The 11 comrades who were officially released months ago are finally leaving tomorrow. This evening we had a party in honour of one of these lucky people who is in our group. How I envied this guy as he packed his bag!

Tuesday 26th November

I continued to be very nervous. I have only just realized what a tremendously important thing all this is. I keep on having the feeling that this is an opportunity to be released that perhaps will not come again. If only I was of age - I would go straight away.

I did some drawing for Mr Zunz so I wouldn't think about it all too much. I had to alter various things on a design for an entrance porch. While I was working I kept on thinking about the interview I was going to have with Mr Paterson today. From time to time numbers were called out for those whose turn it was. 100 - 125 - my heart was pounding - 125 - 150 - I put down my pencil, put on my 'school blazer', quite

deliberately, and went.

There were some people standing there in front of the luggage room. All of them were freshly shaven, wearing ties (which I haven't been wearing for six months now) and mostly civilian jackets. After about half an hour it was my turn. An elderly man, very characteristically English-looking, was sitting at a table with lots of papers lying in front of him and smiled at me. I said hello, he asked me to sit down - like in a dream - I haven't met such a kind person for such a long time. Still smiling kindly he asked me what the badge on my blazer meant - I told him the name of the school. 'You probably want to go back to that school again? - How long were you there? - What were you studying? - Who took care of you in England? - Where are your parents? - Yes, I think that this will be in order'. So he ended. Then I explained my situation to him - that I had to notify my parents first before I undertook the dangerous return voyage. He reassured me - 'I've crossed the ocean three times now during this war and nothing has happened to me. Your parents would surely be happy to see you again! It would be a pity if I had to cross you off the list.' I thanked him and left.

How pleasant and kind this man was! No-one has spoken to me so kindly for a long time. And I also noticed the difference between the horrible Canadian dialect and this gentleman's correct English. The man recognizes that we are refugees. He knows very well that we aren't P.o.W.'s and knows what we have had to endure over the last months. In a way I am very happy - if I get a positive answer then I can go back - I can be free. It's so strange that my parents should decide whether I stay here or not. I immediately told my friends about the interview. They all said I had done the right thing in leaving the decision to my parents. I feel very relieved now? I've done my duty - both paths are open.

#### Wednesday 27th November

This morning I finished the drawing in the office, since after the interview yesterday I did no more work. While I was working the head Canadian carpenter came to me and asked me to do him a drawing that he had to submit to the commandant. I was very willing to do this and finished the thing off quickly.

Today the Canadians began to build the wall that I designed between the infirmary and our sleeping quarters. This morning Mr Paterson was present at the inspection. He was accompanied by a new officer whom we all recognized from the 'Ettrick' (Captain Millne) - he was the Intelligence Officer of the Scottish regiment that guarded us on the voyage over here on the ship. It seems he has been appointed Intelligence Officer here now instead of the young Lieutenant Mackenzie (he speaks German).

There was little news in the newspaper. For a start, one section of the first page of all newspapers that came into the camp was missing. Apparently the I.O. has been doing some censoring. Amazingly, the Greeks continue to be successful -once again they have taken another Italian sector in Albania. They are really showing the 'spirit' of their ancestors. Scattered air-raids continue over England - mostly London has been suffering the bombings. The R.A.P. is hitting back on important German cities. In Haifa harbour a ship exploded with 2,000 illegal Jewish emigrants on board. They were supposed to be sent off to another colony by the British authorities. The ship is supposed to have sunk and apparently there has been great loss of life.

#### Thursday 28th November

This morning the camp was especially thoroughly cleaned; the cooks got new white clothes to wear... this is always a sure sign that an important inspection is going to take place. And, indeed, an important General, whom all of us had already seen, arrived before midday. He was the previous D.I.O. and had already visited us in camp L as well as in this camp. This time he was here to take a look at the progress made in rebuilding. I saw this important personage from right up close (he was really huge). His

uniform was quite unique - his officer's hat had a red band with a black badge decorated with a gold design; on his shoulders he had two crossed swords. I'm sure there aren't many people who have ever seen such an important military officer.

I wrote a Christmas letter to Lady MacAlister and Miss MacAlister - hopefully it will get there alright (if it is not sunk). Just as I handed it in I got a letter from her. Isn't that annoying? And in the letter I had complained that I hadn't heard from them for such a long time. As always, she wrote very kindly and said that they hadn't forgotten me in Barmore. She said she had wanted to petition for my release as early as July - but that my parents had stopped her from doing so because of the dangerous return voyage. My air-raid shelter (which Peter and I had built at the beginning of the war) is still good and dry but it is much too cold to be used at this time of year. During air-raids they are taking refuge under the stairs. The Bedford students from London have been evacuated to Cambridge again. Jean and Elspeth are in College again. Lady MacAlister even wrote that the two dogs, Rona and Kelpie, are well. I am very pleased about this letter! This evening Marcell and I decided to learn French - we'll take private lessons with some other beginners.

#### Friday 29th November

This morning, at last, a friend lent me some ink. I went straight to work and began my 'tracing' of the cottage. It progressed quickly. I worked very eagerly all through the morning. I feel completely happy when I can really work like this - then I forget everything - imprisonment and all the other unpleasant things.

I wanted to go on working after lunch but had to go to another 'registration' with all our group. We have already been photographed in camp L but now it was to be done all over again and done in a much more detailed way. A 'real American'-looking plain-clothes police officer scrutinized my face closely, dictated a description to a secretary, examined my hands, asked about scars, etc. Then another officer took fingerprints - but this time it wasn't just one finger but all of them - every single finger was 'rolled around' and printed. After this he took group prints of the four fingers of each hand and the thumb (like when you enter Sing-Sing). The third step was photographs: this time two pictures were taken (one from the front and one in profile). As in camp L you had a sign hung round your neck with 'Newington' (the name of this place) and your number and the date. What all this is for is a mystery. Afterwards I worked outside the camp with Mr Zunz. We are going to dig to install new drain-pipes and we were measuring their exact position. It was very cold weather for working in the snow.

#### Saturday 30th November

Again today I continued to draw eagerly - it went very slowly because I was then doing everything very carefully (and the drawing pen was bad). The drawing really took shape too!

This afternoon we had our first French lesson - we started learning some grammar and pronunciation through sentences. I like the language very much - I teacher seems very knowledgeable and has a good teaching method too. After the class I went on with my tracing and by this evening I had finished the drawing part. Now I have to do the 'lettering' (I'll use my new style for this). One of the architects saw my drawing by accident and examined it - he called it a 'well thought-out piece of work'.

#### Sunday 1st December

I was back at architectural work right after breakfast - I gave it some more 'finishing touches', wrote the title, 'design for a one-family house', and then the work was finished. Many of my friends admired the design and promised that they would only have me to construct their future homes. An architect from Cambridge whom I knew even before, gave me some good advice as to how I could have done the 'elevations'. Like other professionals he too said that the windows of the upper floor were somewhat too small.

#### Monday 2nd December

Some time ago we started to make small storage chests which were each to serve for four people. They were to be attached between each second bed so that everyone would have easy access to them for their washing things, etc. But our carpenters have had to stop work on them over the last few weeks because they didn't have a certain kind of wood. Marcell and I found another kind that could successfully be used for this purpose too and we made one of the chests just for ourselves. Most of the parts were already finished and stored away so that we didn't have to do anything much more than nail them together. We fixed the chest in place and arranged our things in it. Underneath it I nailed two ledges so I can put my drawing-board and drawing folder there. In place of the old ledge over my bed I built myself a small shelf to use just for books. - In short we rearranged everything. This sort of thing makes up almost the whole day but it is worth it. You feel 100% better when you can keep your things in order.

#### Tuesday 3rd December

I had a study-day today - I read for hours but am still only around the middle of the first volume. I will have study material for the next few months - it will certainly take me a long time to work through both volumes of the construction book. This afternoon we had our second French lesson. Our teacher makes the class very pleasant and interesting; we're progressing very quickly.

From now on roll-call will take place inside the buildings, which is much more pleasant. It has really become so inhumanly cold in the last few days that an outside roll-call would be impossible (today it was minus 28°). Roll-call inside is over much more quickly than before - now we really don't waste so much time any more with counting.

#### Wednesday 4th December

Today I was on the list of outside workers. Recently outside work has been made compulsory because not enough people were volunteering for it. It consists of the digging of trenches for the drains - and it has to be finished in the next few days because the weather is getting worse and worse. We dressed up as warmly as possible, got picks and shovels and climbed down into the trenches, which were already about 1½ metres deep. There, we first had to break up the frozen top layers before we could really dig. At first we were all cold but after we had moved around a bit we all grew warmer. In the afternoon it snowed heavily, but we had to keep going anyway. This evening, at dinner, I had a huge appetite from the fresh air.

I use every free minute to study. I want to profit from this imprisonment as much as possible. I also gave ray usual class on building construction and so reinforced various things in my memory very strongly.

#### Thursday 5th December

A very boring day once again. I worked, helped Mr Zunz again with measuring trenches. What everyone was looking forward to was the 'Mock Trial' arranged for this evening. It was put together and acted out as well by Cambridge law students, as in camp L. This time it was the case of a murder that was supposed to have taken place here in the camp. The accused was acquitted by the 'jury'. The general opinion was that this trial was not as good as the first one. Officers were present at the performance for the first time in this camp - the M.O. (which surprised me very much since he is otherwise very unfriendly) and the lawyer who spoke to us on the second day and who persuaded us to stop the hunger strike.

#### Friday 6th December

There was great excitement this morning - a list of people who can go back to England was made public. Everyone ran to see it, looked for their name - yes, I too was on the list. Mr Paterson had chosen 156 people for the first transport. For the most part they consist of people who want to go into the Pioneer Corps and of students. On the list it said that those named had to report to the commandant immediately to sign a declaration of readiness for the return voyage. So - what should I do? I still had no

reply from my parents (the telegramme has certainly got lost since other people received answers by five days later) - but I knew from the last letter from Lady MacAlister that they didn't want me to go back. Marcell didn't want to go back either. What could I do now? - Refuse to sign. Everyone else was happy, was already looking forward to their reunions with their parents and friends in England - and I, who, of course, would so wholeheartedly like to go with them, and who in fact could go with them too - I had to refuse to sign.

I waited until everyone had been to the commandant and was one of the last to go. The sergeant major had just taken his place. I started to explain my position to him: I couldn't sign because I still had no reply...he barely let me finish and roared at me that I would regret this decision. This was my last chance to be released before the end of the war. - He wrote 'refuses to sign' after my name. It was absolutely clear to me that they want to be rid of us here. - I'm totally miserable. How much I would have liked to sign! Why don't my parents know how unhappy they are making me by their decision? But I don't want to go against their will and should not do so. This afternoon I was incapable of doing anything at all. I feel like crying like a little child!

#### Saturday 7th December

For a long time now I have been sleeping very badly. I often wake up, plagued by dreadful dreams, and then I start to think about this England journey; and then, in the morning, I'm in a very bad mood. I prefer not to see or speak to anyone. I can't get over the fact that I had to refuse to sign yesterday, against my will. But how much I would like to go back! TO BE FREE! Even if it was a hard life for me there - anything would be better than to go to the dogs here. My dearest wish would be to go to the commandant's office now and sign. After some thought I have realized that this 'refuses to sign' could have bad consequences. In the circumstances it could mean that I have to stay here for the duration of the war. I don't know if they give you a second chance here if you don't take the first one. Then Marcell reproached me - I should never have gone to Paterson in the first place.

We decided to explain the reason for my refusal to sign to the Intelligence Officer. Luckily, we were able to get an interview with him this morning. We both went to the captain and Marcel began to explain the affair. The officer was really quite unfriendly. He didn't want to understand us. He said our parents should have been able to answer long before now (which is, of course, true) and also that I had not asked my parents whether I could be interned... 'There is a war on' - with that he cut off any further discussion. So, yet another upset and disappointment. I feel like a dog that has been beaten! This is definitely the worst period that I've experienced since my internment. With all my worries, I had to scrub tables today: in the morning and afternoon I and nine other people had to wash all the tables in the dining-room. I worked mechanically and thought of entirely different things. At Christmas I could be free! - this kept on going through my head.

The comrades who are going back are buying themselves provisions for the journey, electric shavers (which are especially cheap here in Canada) and medicines for seasickness. They are repairing their suitcases; some are even packing already, laughing, happy, arranging farewell parties. I really don't begrudge them their happiness at all, nevertheless I envy them so much! Yet another day full of sorrow and trouble for me. I was incapable of reading or studying - I just want to be alone -with my unhappiness.

#### Sunday 8th December

I dictated my diary and had it typed up again today - it was a lot of work to type up the last two weeks. I'm always happy when it has been brought up to date. After all, it will be a living reminder of the difficult times I am now experiencing. Today the 'England-bound travellers' were paid out their bank balances and their wages. They did a lot of

shopping in the canteen. They'll definitely get less to eat in England than here. Most of them have already finished packing their things and are completely ready to leave. They have to go on parade tomorrow morning.

The weather has changed considerably: it has become very warm. The snow is thawing out in parts which makes the ground very muddy. Today I wrote a letter to my parents in which I poured out my whole heart to them. They should know how unhappy they have made me because of their decision.

#### Monday 9th December

This morning someone from the Banking Office came to me and said that I could now withdraw money from my account in order to be able to buy things before leaving. After hearing my reply, that I wasn't going, he said that a new order had been issued to the effect that everyone who was on the list must leave for England - whether they have signed or not. For a moment at first I thought he was joking -but he seemed to be serious. Marcell came just then and said that the commandant's adjutant (the commandant is ill) had given the names of six people who had refused to sign to the camp Speaker and had said that they should prepare themselves to leave.

My feelings were very mixed. Was my wish to be granted after all? But Paterson said, after all, that only those who volunteered would be going to England - and I had refused to sign. What would my parents say? They had written quite clearly that I should stay here - and now was I to go back alone without Marcell? The whole affair was too much for my nerves! I couldn't eat anything at lunchtime from sheer agitation. In a way, I'm looking forward to it - but my parents - and Marcell is staying here. If they force me to go then it won't be my fault. (Marcell is reproaching me - I should never have gone to Paterson at all). But I have the feeling that they won't force me. Nevertheless I made preparations for the journey - I bought sugar, chocolates etc in the canteen (they're hard to get in England) and packed all my things. I went for a walk by myself and thought it all over a good deal. Who would have thought that an interview could possibly be binding? Paterson agreed, after all, that I should wait for my parents' decision! Gradually I accustomed myself to the thought that I would be going back after all. But inside I still doubt it - up to now no military personnel have yet personally informed me of it. I am already thinking of the return journey - a stormy voyage - perhaps we will be torpedoed - some time in an English camp, then released - reunited with my parents - with Lady MacAlister - all my other friends. I couldn't get to sleep for a long time. I was completely exhausted from the agitation of the day.

#### Tuesday 10th December

I woke up frequently, troubled by awful dreams. We six people who are in the same position decided to refuse to sign on any account. The others were sure that they wouldn't force us. Nevertheless I got ready, just in case. I had my shoes fixed, my suitcase repaired - all the time I was still terribly nervous. How I wished for a definite decision! It came in the afternoon - Radomysier, the camp Speaker, came to us and said that we six could stay if we did not sign. Perhaps it is better so! Somehow I really knew that it would turn out like this. I just hope that this 'refusal to sign' will not prejudice me in the future. Actually I'm quite pleased that it has turned out like this. I came to Canada illegally with Marcell so as to be able to stay with him - why should I leave him now?

Today an officer came into the camp who has already been here once before. He called together all the group leaders to confer with him and told them that machines were going to be installed here soon and that we internees were to manufacture various things for the 'War Effort' (tables for the army, cases, kitbags, socks etc). The work is supposed to be voluntary, but if we don't want to volunteer to work 'then we'll find ways to force you. You are Jews, after all, and want to earn money - this is a good opportunity' - such were the insulting things this officer said at the meeting. He had

already expressed his anti-semitic attitudes on his first visit.

Enormous Greek successes were reported in the newspapers. The Italians are supposed to be being pushed gradually back to the Albanian coast. There are supposed to have been uprisings in Italian towns and a general has resigned. Hopefully the English will soon finish them off,

Wednesday 11th December

This morning I got a parcel from Mummy in England - she sent us a lot of warm underwear which we don't need at all because we've been given enough by the Canadian authorities. They don't seem to know this in England. Here, we don't know where to put these things; we'll have to buy a suitcase in the canteen.

I have already somewhat recovered from the agitation and shock of the last few days. I'm studying again and trying to forget the whole thing.

Thursday 12th December

It is still not known when the transport is to leave with those going back to England. At first it was to go last Monday and now they think it will be the end of this week. Anyway, I will be very relieved when it has finally gone and the whole affair has faded into the past.

After a long time away, I went back to draw in the Planning Office, which has been almost completely closed down. Another architect (Rosenberg) has taken over from Zunz as head. He asked me and some other students to do some drawing for him.

This evening I went for a long walk. It gets dark very early now and today it snowed heavily. It was absolutely still out there in front of the buildings, in the area which is always illuminated by powerful searchlights. The whole place, I thought, looked like an artificially-lit stage. Many comrades were walking around. All of them are now wearing full winter uniforms (we have been given warm caps, etc) in which everyone looks exactly the same and you can hardly recognise anyone.

Before I went to bed I was informed that I had been summoned to see the commandant's deputy tomorrow morning with all the others who have not signed. Is the affair still not settled, then? What on earth does he want with us now?

Friday 13th December

At 9.30 we six comrades-in-adversity were standing at the door; along with the camp Speaker, Radomysler, we were escorted to the commandant's office. There, we waited in an ante-room. Officers came and went - it was full of activity. Then they took us all into a room where the adjutant and another officer were sitting. The former had a letter in his hand and seemed to read its contents out to us: 'Initially you gave your consent to being transported back to England and then you refused to sign. Therefore you will lose the right to reconsideration of your cases and will remain interned in Canada for the duration of the war.' - these were his words, approximately!

We left. I felt completely crushed - INTERNED IN CANADA FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR! This statement seemed like a death sentence to me! Did they just want to frighten us? Was this official? What was really in the letter that he had in his hand? - Horrible! And it's all just a mistake! If the war lasts for five years... no - I'll certainly go mad before then. Back in the camp my friends reassured me that it was all just blackmail and that a Canadian officer can't decide how long I'll remain interned. If an emigration possibility came up I would certainly be released. Once again I was very unhappy and railed against myself bitterly for ever having gone to Mr Paterson. The next time he comes I hope to clear up the whole matter.

There was some very good news in the newspapers - the English have won an

enormous victory in Egypt - the Italians who were threatening the Suez Canal have been dealt a crushing blow, as a result of which 40,000 prisoners were taken by the English.

#### Saturday 14th December

A large plan had to be drawn for the officers' use. Rosenberg (the head architect) wanted several people to work on it because one person would have taken far too long. Each of us four people had one section to draw - then we put them all together and traced them. After we finished work a fifth architect came and finished off the drawing. This 'process line' making of plans is very interesting.

This afternoon the camp Speaker told me that the threat of 'internment for the duration of the war' was nothing but a lie. He had found this out from another officer who said that the letter said nothing about this. I am very much relieved.

#### Sunday 15th December

I studied almost the whole day today; soon I will have completely finished the first volume. I intend to resume giving my classes - they have been cancelled for the last few worrying days. The people who are leaving for England are terribly nervous. Their departure has been postponed from day to day. There has been a competition to make a Chanukah candlestick - today the candlesticks were exhibited. They showed some really wonderful hand-craftsmanship.

#### Monday 16th December

At about 7 o'clock, before roll-call, the sergeant major announced the following : 'All those travelling to England must be ready with their bags in the boiler house by 8.15. Nobody who is remaining here is to be in the building at that time.' So now things were getting serious. It was again typical that they only had one hour to get ready for the journey to Europe. There was much excitement and the people who had to get ready started to pack their things in feverish haste, to shave, write last letters... half an hour later the first of them started to take their belongings into the boiler house. Everywhere, people were shaking hands, handing over addresses of relatives in England, giving instructions about news for them... wishing each other luck for the future. I too went around dutifully and said goodbye to Mr Zunz. I wished Frank (our hut representative in camp 'L') and many others the very best of luck and a good voyage. I was very deeply moved by the whole thing - deep inside me I longed to be able to leave with them too. But recently I've become so used to the idea of staying here that I see it as a matter of course. As always in such situations I had to go outside and take a walk.

Outside there was a thaw. I thought about the commandant's words - 'interned for the duration' - and as I was doing so I saw how those who were leaving were taking their bags into the boiler house, laughing and happy. If I could have followed my own inclinations... then I would be right up with the first of them. In our sleeping quarters everyone started to shift around. Days ago lists were made of who would now be placed in which group. The groups of 20 have of course shrunk considerably and were to be partly dissolved and reorganized. Six new people came into our group. At 12 o'clock everyone ran outside: - a train had arrived and those who were leaving were just coming out of the boiler house. Everyone was smiling - the soldiers made a barrier so that we couldn't come in contact with them any more. There was a lot of shouting here and there! 'Goodbye, auf Wiedersehen, the best of luck.'

They left the camp in groups of 60 and boarded the train. It took a long time for them all to get on. We stood behind the barbed wire in the rain and waited. As the train started to move off we sang the camp song: 'You'll get used to it, the first year is the worst year, then you'll get used to it, you can scream and you can shout, they will never let you out...' We waved, threw our caps in the air - then they were gone.

They say they are going to Halifax and there they'll go straight onto a ship. The cooks,

who were the only people staying here who had been in the boiler house, then told us that those leaving for England had been searched very thoroughly. They had been allowed to keep only the most necessary P.o.W. clothes and they all got new shoes, everything looked dreadfully chaotic in the boiler house - pieces of paper were lying all over the place. This reminded me of the ballroom in Douglas where we were searched before we left for Canada. I'm glad the whole thing is over. I'm sure I will see several more transports leave... but when will I leave?

#### Tuesday 17th December

The lower section of our building was cleared out because the rails are going to be covered over with cement (a lot of dirt had collected in them by now). About four groups had to move over to the first building (which left a lot of room). Our group stayed. It has grown much quieter in the camp since yesterday - it makes a great difference when there are about 150 people less. There are plans to set up a 'recreation room'.

In the Planning Office we have been given the job of designing special tables and other fittings for the new workshops. Today I sketched a cutting table for kitbags. The design was only destined for the carpenters and didn't have to be especially nicely done but nevertheless I made a 'first class drawing' of it. In the first place I enjoy doing a drawing which looks good and in the second place I stay in practise this way.

A group of people (who have a lot of money, apparently) have bought themselves foils through the canteen and are now learning to fence from a fencing teacher in the camp. It is a very beautiful but expensive sport.

#### Wednesday 18th December

Today I designed another table like yesterday's one which is to be for knitting (small knitting machines are to be attached to it). In the afternoon I started on something else again - we have a great deal to do in the Planning Office. I hope to be working regularly for some time and so to earn myself some money (of course I get paid 20c. per day). I am hoping to buy an electric shaver through the canteen. At the moment I have about \$6.50 in my account - I need about twice that much.

Marcell has not been feeling well since yesterday. Today he went into the hospital with the 'flu. As he is our group leader, I have to take his place. At roll-call I gave the report: 'Group four, Sir, 19 men present, 1 man sick'.

This evening a piano was brought into the camp - this time not just for two days but permanently. It was placed in the dining room. It's not new but despite that it's good enough for our purposes. It has been donated by the Y.M.C.A. Music was played on it straight away - there are some really good pianists amongst us.

#### Thursday 19th December

A limited number of people have been permitted to study in the luggage storeroom - which is the only room in the camp in which it is comparatively quiet and in which you can study. I had myself put down on the list of people interested and today got an entry card which allows me to use the room every day from 9 - 4.50. At the moment I'm not using it very much because I'm busy the whole day with drawing. Today I did a profile section through a workroom, in which I drew the details of a very interesting 'built-up' support. We have to construct supports out of lesser materials in order to avoid using wooden beams (which are uneconomical).

Marcell and I got a parcel from a friend in the U.S.A. with two rubber mattresses and cushions. Marcell wrote away for them a long time ago. These things are really marvelously soft. From now on we'll never again have to sleep on the hard stone floor when we are moving, etc. M. feels better; his temperature has come down. Nevertheless he's still in the hospital.

The Intelligence Officer Captain Millne called all the group leaders together to a conference today. I sent someone else from our group since I had no time. The officer (who is an Englishman but spoke to the group in German) made objections about the whining letters that some people from the camp have been sending to the U.S.A. and England. These people have been complaining about how unjustly they have been interned. He said that there was no injustice about it, that it had to happen (he gave some examples of betrayals in Holland etc) and besides, he said, we should be happy that we don't have to live in England at this moment. This officer clearly understands nothing about how we feel. I can understand very well why people would write 'whining letters' to their friends. However he might be right about the necessity of our internment.

#### Friday 20th December

There was a lot of work in the planning office. It turned out that we would be using too much wood in the built-up supports. We avoided the problem by suspending the ceiling of the workroom from the framework of the roof (roof trusses) by steel bands. I found the problem very interesting and learned a lot from it. After work was over I and Eckstein (another designer) made a few necessary work instruments - for example, folders for the drawings, a quite large T-square, etc. We at least want to have usable instruments since there is still a lot of work to do.

M. felt worse today. He had a fever again and was sweating almost all day. I bought him a lot of fruit because he was always thirsty. A real 'flu epidemic has broken out in the camp - the hospital is full.

#### Saturday 21st December

The officer responsible for the construction of the workshops urged us to finish our work as quickly as possible. I worked overtime and finished the 'suspension' of the ceiling, with detailed drawings. I've worked every day this week and so have earned \$1.20. If things continue this way, I'll soon be able to buy my electric shaver.

#### Sunday 22nd December

This morning I used my entry card for the study room for the first time. Some tables have been placed on the second floor of the 'luggage room' where you can study. It is really restful to be in a completely quiet place for once.

Marcell is still not feeling better. He used to have the 'flu often before, too, when we were free, and had terrible frontal sinusitis. Last night he had bad pains in the forehead.

#### Monday 23rd December

First thing early this morning I was given a job - an exact full plan had to be made, with all the beams of the ceiling of the workroom. I was often called away from the table to deal with various things as deputy group leader. Once it was because I had to distribute the canteen profits to the people in my group (today everyone received 35c.) and another time I had to make out lists for the 'Spitfire Pond' (the camp wants to hand in a donation for the building of English fighter aircraft to the commandant). This afternoon I had to take delivery of donations from the U.S.A. Jewish Refugee Committee and distribute the chocolates, fruit, tobacco etc amongst my group. Hopefully Marcell will be well soon so that I can be relieved of these duties.

#### Tuesday 24th December

I've become quite used to working now; it's as if I had a job in a real architect's office. How pleased I am about this good opportunity to stay in practise. This afternoon the head of the 'Office of Works' came to me and said that an exact drawing of the boiler house with the new fittings was needed. I'm supposed to do an ink drawing of it so that prints of the 'tracing' can be made. Today, for the first time, the authorities haven given me paper and some pencils (up to now I have had to use my own materials). Apparently the commandant's office needs this complete plan very

urgently.

Today is Christmas Eve. We internees don't usually give each other presents since none of us has a lot of money. Nevertheless I was presented with a pair of house shoes by Erich Klementschtz (who once fought in Spain). He wanted to show his appreciation for the English classes and the help that I usually give him in writing letters. I think this was very nice of him.

This afternoon an army chaplain came into the camp and held a service for the Christian comrades. This evening there was a Jewish service to celebrate the beginning of the Chanukkah feast. Everything was arranged very festively and almost everyone put on civilian clothes. People did a lot of shopping in the canteen for 'parties'. Our group planned a party too. Some friends started to prepare various dishes, chocolates, fruit, etc - but we only started the festive banquet later because today 'lights out' was not to be until 12.30 and tomorrow morning's roll-call at 9.45!

We put four beds together in a square, hung covers from the sides (for some 'privacy') and made a table out of two benches with a cover as a tablecloth. We made coffee in the kitchen while the table was being prepared in the middle of the beds. Marcell, who is feeling better now, came out of the hospital to join us. We ate 'patent pudding', drank, ate some more... we all had a good time. Some amusing short stories were read out, which I enjoyed very much. We stayed together until midnight, enjoying ourselves marvellously. We only went to bed at 1 o'clock.

#### Wednesday 25th December

We were allowed to sleep in late and I took full advantage of this. Breakfast was before roll-call which seemed very inconvenient for me. I was much too lazy to get up and asked a friend to bring me breakfast in bed. Don't I have a good life in internment? (in comparison to the Londoners who are spending Christmas in air-raid shelters). The whole day was spent lazing around - we read magazines, people fenced in the free part of our building (which they do every day too anyway). I got a postcard from Mr Emery (the building-construction Master at the Technical School). He had somehow found out my address and was pleased that I was well. I think it is very nice of him to have written to me. The card made me remember the good old times in Cambridge. Who knows if I'll ever return there.

#### Thursday 26th December

Marcell finally came back from the hospital today. Now I am free of all the worry or running about that I had deputizing for him as group-leader. But I had to move to the lower bed again (while he was sick I slept on the top bed). This morning I was handed a complete sketch of the boiler house - I'm supposed to make an exact 'tracing' of it. As I looked over it I found that everything had been drawn free-hand and inexactly. There was nothing else I could do but take someone else with me to check the most important measurements on the spot. Then, by midday, I had the whole thing finished in pencil. This afternoon I started to go over it in ink and I worked until late in the evening. Ever since I've been able to work in a professional way and since I've had more books the whole experience of internment has not seemed so abominable to me at all. You can put your time here to very good use. Recently the days have passed for me in no time.

#### Friday 27th December

I finished going over the drawing in ink and began labelling it. I had never done such a large drawing before and so found it hard to write the huge title letters. By evening I had finished the whole drawing except for a few minor details. Even under normal conditions I couldn't have done it much better.

Today Captain Milne (the I.O.) published a written statement (in German) saying the same thing that he had said to the group leaders - that he couldn't understand why

many of us had written unpleasant (not exactly hostile) letters to England. Many people (as he said) had written to the U.S.A. that they had not expected to be interned by the English, that it was unjust, that they wanted to have nothing more to do with England after the war... etc etc. I know only too well how the people who have been writing such letters feel - but Millne doesn't understand this and can only see his Own point of view : that we should be pleased to be interned.

#### Saturday 28th December

This morning I finished off the plan of the boiler house and handed it in to Bamberger (an architect who heads the Office of Works) and he in turn handed it to the responsible officer. The beams and steel bars ordered for the ceiling of the workroom have arrived. Our workers started to attach the bars to the 'trusses' of the roof straight away and to set up scaffolding. It progressed very quickly. The drawings that I had made for this work were hanging on the wall of the workroom.

This afternoon I received a letter from Miss MacAlister who wrote, amongst other things, that our parents and Lady MacAlister had petitioned for our release in Canada and hoped this would be successful. Of course, here we know that all that is absurd and that we'll never be able to be released here in Canada. Nevertheless I'm tremendously pleased about this nice letter.

#### Sunday 29th December

A big celebration is supposed to take place on New Year's Eve - a fancy-dress competition, a raffle and a big variety show have been announced. I very much want to take part in the fancy-dress competition, so a friend (who is a tailor) is going to dress me as a maharaja. This afternoon I helped him to prepare a few things already (wooden shoes with high, curved metal points, a huge belt with big points, a turban made out of a big towel, etc etc). People have the craziest ideas for costumes - but no-one has anything to make them with, especially fabric. One room has been reserved for the preparations for New Year's Eve celebrations. Pictures of funny figures are being painted in there and animals are being put together to hang from the ceiling. The whole place is very busy and looking forward to the day after tomorrow.

#### Monday 30th December

I worked uninterruptedly on our table from early this morning until this evening: ink tracings of the cutting and knitting tables that I drew a while ago have been requested by the responsible officers. Prints are going to be made of these ink copies so that the same tables can be constructed in other camps.

Towards evening came another great disturbance - something which we haven't had for a long time. The group leaders were given two kinds of forms for everyone in the camp to sign. One of them gave consent to being sent back to England and the other was a refusal to go back voluntarily. The forms came from the D.I.O. headquarters and are supposed to precede a second visit from Mr Paterson. One of the two forms is supposed to be signed and handed in by 10 o'clock tomorrow morning. It is significant that on the 'refusal' form the signature is to be placed above the grounds for refusal. This sort of thing has clearly been done deliberately and could do you unbelievable harm if the bottom part were simply torn off. Then, there stands in black and white the signatory's refusal to go back, and he could then be considered disloyal to England. To avoid this we are trying to get permission to add a clause on before the signature, for example 'for the time being' or 'pending receipt of definite information re direct emigration' or something similar.

So now it's a matter of taking a crucially important decision. If you refuse now it can effectively mean internment for the duration of the war in the event that there are no opportunities to emigrate. I felt immediately that there would be no going back to England for me. I already gave in last time, I refused to go - and now I can't start it all

over again! I am, and remain, only 17½ years old and my parents want me to stay here. Alright, I will comply, although I know that I could perhaps remain interned for five years. I would really prefer not to hear about the whole thing any more.

Tuesday 31st December 1940

I feel exactly like I did after Mr Paterson's first visit. If only my parents could understand - but they certainly never will. The group leaders have decided that for the time being no-one should sign the 'refusal'. In this connection a list of people is going to be made up who are waiting for opportunities to emigrate. In the case that there are no opportunities, of course, anyone who wants to be released before the end of the war will be forced to go back. This decision is a great relief to me. If you sign it means you are disloyal to England - and I'm really not - despite everything I've had to and have to suffer.

This afternoon I received a letter from Mrs Turner with a receipt for \$10 American (= \$11 Canadian). Of course the money has been taken out and the amount deposited in my camp account. Now my dream of an electric shaver will come true faster. I think it's unbelievably nice of her to be so generous ( Marcell has already received some money from her).

Feverish preparations were made in the camp for this evening. My costume was finished and I put it on. I had a large moustache (pencilled on me), a fat belly (stuffed with a pullover), a silver star on the turban, a white cloak, a sword - and I went with the other people in costume to the stage entrance in the dining-room. An incredibly genuine-looking stage had been built there (with coloured spotlights from high up in the roof). The whole room had been hung with funny figures and paintings - like a New Year's Eve celebration in a big theatre. Everyone in the audience was dressed up in their best clothes and the invited officers were present. Each of us was called up to the stage by the name of our costume. I named myself the 'Maharaja of Punjab'. I went slowly onto the stage, with a festive look on my face, bowed on this side and that in an oriental fashion (everyone roared and cheered) and went off again. Other costumes were much better than mine. It was a amazing what fabulous costumes people had put together with makeshift, primitive materials. An 'Indian Dreams' group of costumes and a man who was the 'Rosenkavalier' were very popular.

After this first event followed an excellent programme composed of music, serious and gay, short theatre-pieces, operas, songs - definitely the best programme that I've seen while I've been interned. During the intermission there was a lottery in which you could win a sleeping bag, pyjamas, cigarettes etc for a 2c. ticket (about 1d.) There were 70 prizes but unfortunately I didn't win anything. At the end the three best costumes each received a prize and all the others, about 20, received consolation prizes (me amongst them).

Wednesday 1st January, 1941

We received three parcels today - two were from our parents; one contained chocolates and the other, technical books. The book 'Architectural Student's Handbook' was sent especially for me. The third parcel was from Lady MacAlister, who sent a bag of very useful toiletries. I was very glad that these loved-ones in England were thinking of us. This makes you feel somehow so secure.

I lazed around almost all day. This afternoon I made up for last night's lost sleep. I thought often of my last New Year's Eve at Barmore - how good things were then! It has become clear to me now that I will probably never go back to England (since I'm supposed to go to the U.S.A. or Brazil from here). Who knows where I'll be celebrating the New Year next year.

Thursday 2nd January

The newest rumour that was quickly doing the rounds of the camp was that Mr

Paterson would be visiting the camp in the next few days. Another official is supposed to be accompanying him who is to investigate The cases of those wishing to emigrate to the U.S.A. Everyone is supposed to have decided clearly about what steps they want to take with regard to this coming visit- so the half-official announcement said.

So, now things are getting crucial! No-one has filled out the refusal form and now, hopefully, it will not be necessary at all. Marcell and I discussed the situation. He made his attitude clear to me: if he were to go back to England now he would have to go into the Pioneer corps just simply in order to be released. He would have to risk his life on the voyage over and then have to serve for the duration of the war. He could not make this decision. According him my case was, however, different. The minimum age for the A.M.P.C. is 18 - but I would most probably be called up in six months. So it will all end up with the Pioneer Corps again. It is very tactless of the English to 'force' us, as it were, to fight for them after we have been interned for several months (as some English magazines have also admitted). Marcell is very optimistic about emigration possibilities. He said that we have an uncle and many friends in the States who could issue 'affidavits' for us.

Today we wrote letters to the U.S.A. again, describing our situation: either A.M.P.C. or emigration. We also wrote to our uncle in Brazil who promised to get us visas in an earlier letter. Writing these begging letters reminded me so vividly or the time in Vienna when such letters were written to France or England in order to be able to emigrate from Nazi Germany. And now we are indeed out of Germany but our migration goes on. Who knows where we will land next?

#### Friday 3rd January

Straight away first thing in the morning, to our astonishment, it was announced that the two officials, Mr Paterson and Mr S. Goldman, had arrived in the camp. Each of them set up a room as an 'office' and immediately began to give interviews. Numbers were given out. People ran off from working parties to hear the news. Paterson, of course, is handling only the cases of those going to England (this time 'B' category people too) and Goldner (who is a representative of Mr Hayes from the Canadian Refugee Committee) is dealing with those going to America. Both were giving interviews first of all to 'C' category people; Goldner, temporarily, was only seeing those going to America who already had 'blood relations' (father, mother, brothers and sisters) in the States. Others had to wait. They said that Goldner was also going to grant interviews to people who wanted to go to other countries apart from the U.S.A. M. and I wanted to have interviews with both gentlemen. With Paterson we wanted above all to clear up the question of 'internment for the duration of the war' and also explain our situation to him. We wanted to speak to Goldner about Brazil. Unfortunately we got quite a high number and will most probably only get our turn tomorrow.

I personally would prefer the U.S.A. to Brazil. I know that we might well not stay permanently in either of those two countries but I could perhaps work in the U.S.A. -this would scarcely be possible in Brazil just because of the language. The great difficulty, however, is in registration: in order to immigrate into the States you have to be registered for at least 1½ years (at an American consulate). Only after your quota number has come up and you have obtained an affidavit (guarantee from a friend or a relation) can you go. I can remember very well how, shortly after Hitler marched into Vienna, I sent a form in to the U.S. Consulate (at that time we were getting ourselves registered for countless countries). But I went to England a few months later. Marcell, who at that time was already in England, was probably not registered (if not, our parents did that for him later on). In any case we are arranging the transfer of our papers (if there are any, or not) from Vienna to the U.S. Consulate in Montreal.

#### Saturday 4th January

Marcell and I were on the list for interviews with Mr Paterson this morning. Like last

time, he was in the luggage room. We went in, nicely dressed, and with our hearts thumping. We told him about our case, about our parents who already have affidavits, about my bad luck with the lack of reply. Like the first time, Paterson was extremely friendly and called us by our first names. To me he said that I shouldn't take the affair with the commandant here at all seriously – 'don't worry at all' were his words. When he heard that it was not our parents' wish that we return and that they want to emigrate to the U.S.A. his opinion was that we were quite right to stay here for the time being. It would take a few months. At the end he said to M. that he should see to it that I did not get too upset ('he should not worry so much'). Apparently I must have looked very anxious. We were both absolutely charmed by how pleasant this gentleman was. His words have calmed me down a lot. It seems that there will continue to be possibilities of going back to England.

This afternoon we went to Goldner along with ten other people who had prospects of going to Brazil. We asked him questions of great importance to us - about documents, visas, travelling expenses etc. Unfortunately he could give us no exact information, but promised to go to the Brazilian Consulate and then inform us further. He wanted us to fill in forms and put down all our 'particulars'. So, there are prospects of going to Brazil as well! It is always good to keep two paths open. Tonight I am going to bed with a somewhat lighter heart - thanks to Mr Paterson.

#### Sunday 5th January

This morning Marcell and I wrote a letter to our uncle in Rio de Janeiro, telling him all the necessary details. We want him to reply to us very honestly, as to whether he thinks it is possible for us to get visas. We also requested him to get in touch with Mr Goldner in Montreal. In a letter to our parents we urged them to emigrate as soon as possible to the U.S.A. because that would help us greatly.

Mr Paterson mentioned in a statement which he left behind him that we could sign the Refusal form without any danger at all. He said they were only to be given to the Canadian authorities to give them an overview; they would never be sent to England. And so we filled out the forms, but added in the clause before the signature anyway (see page ). This afternoon I dictated my diary once again. I am already looking forward to the time when I am free, when I will read over this present period.

#### Monday 6th January

Today Bamberger, the architect, did a very interesting drawing in order to reckon up the load on the framework of the boiler house. The ceiling of the workroom, which we are suspending from the framework, is supposed to be used as a 'timber store'. For this reason it has to be figured out whether the roof construction will bear such a load. The graphical method used to calculate this was very instructive. I completely finished two drawings today. Recently I have become very adept at drawing.

#### Tuesday 7th January

The day goes by very fast when you work uninterruptedly - all the comrades who work regularly find this. The Office of Works has arranged work groups, for example, to cut down trees near the camp, to dig and to work on the manufacture of cases. But people have a lot of time to read and study because the work hours are not too long. When the rebuilding of the camp is finished, I'm going to occupy myself solely with my text books.

Marvellous new machines have arrived in the carpentry workshop, and munition cases have been being manufactured for a week now. An officer who came into the camp on an inspection tour is supposed to have been very satisfied with production.

This afternoon I received an airmail letter from my parents, again urging me not to go back to England under any circumstances at present. They still have the illusion of a 'release in Canada'. I don't understand why people in England seem to know nothing

at all about our situation here and so can picture our internment in a completely false way.

#### Wednesday 8th January

A rumour is going round that the commandant has said that for the time being nothing will be done to improve the camp. Many people surmise that this means that we are going to leave here. I scarcely think so - otherwise they wouldn't have built workrooms like ours. We in the Planning Office were very busy planning a second floor in the boiler house. We are supposed to leave that alone and just do drawings to be used for production. Hopefully the plans will be accepted at a future date because we very much need a recreation room and a study room.

Happily, the English have been victorious in Lybia - first they took Sidi Barani and now Bardia too (an important point for the Italians, where 30,000 prisoners and many 'supplies' have been captured). Now the next goal is Tobruk, which is quite far into Lybia. The British troops consist mainly of Australians and New Zealanders. I'm very pleased about the news - it seems as if England will soon finish Italy off. Germany will soon be invading Bulgaria, according to an ultimatum that Bulgaria is supposed to have received. This information, however, is not entirely official.

#### Thursday 9th January

Today there was a long article in a newspaper about Count Lingen, who left for England with the first transport. He was interviewed by a reporter before he left. According to this, he too is supposed to be going into the Pioneer Corps. This is certainly very unlikely that he, a German nobleman, should fight against Germany, especially when his father and brothers are fighting on the German side.

We received a letter from our uncle in Rio de Janeiro. He is confident that he will manage to get us visas soon. If worst comes to worst, he writes, it will take several months but, with a lot of money, he'll definitely be able to manage it. I'm very pleased about this news. So, there appears to be a way to be released, after all, that does not mean going back to England (assuming that direct emigration will be allowed). On the other hand I'm not at all happy about going to South America because I've always had a certain antipathy toward that continent. Besides I'm worried about the language. If we ever get there we will certainly have to stay there for the duration of the war. During that time we'll have to earn our own livings, which isn't possible without knowing the language. Marcell and I decided to learn Portuguese here.

This evening I roped off our working area in the sleeping quarters with string. Up till now our drawing tables have been used by a lot of people and in the process our drawings have been smudged and crushed. Now we have received permission to separate off the area. I wrote a sign - 'Do not enter- By order' and hung it up. Hopefully we'll be left in peace in the future.

#### Friday 10th January

Because I'm always working in the building I'm also present during the morning inspection when all the others have to leave the building. At 11 o'clock a soldier pipes a signal and the officers, the sergeant major and some soldiers go through the building. Mostly, the officers find everything in order. It is only the sergeant major who shouts about this and that in a very coarse way. For some days he has had a particular point of aggravation - his targets of attack have been the chests between the beds. I have watched him as he opened almost every chest, threw everything that he decided was 'forbidden' - underwear, food and other things - into a sack which a soldier behind him was carrying, and so confiscated them. But it was never announced before this that you weren't allowed to have these things in the chests. In the case of several chests which apparently really were untidy he informed himself of the name of the owner who, as he said, would have to do 30 days unpaid work (fatigue). At roll-call, if anyone is unshaved or their hair has not been cut short enough, the same

thing happens, or \$2 is deducted from their bank account. These are not orders from the commandant's office - they are the sergeant major's own invention. The man is very much detested both by us and by the guards.

A dentist's assistant amongst us has been 'fixing' teeth for free for a few days. I went to him in the hospital immediately and had the opportunity of watching him work. He has almost no instruments or materials available at all but seems to do his job quite well. He filled one of my many cavities with a kind of cement. Although I didn't get ideal treatment (he has no drill and so could only disinfect the tooth before he filled it) I'm pleased that I went to him anyway.

There is another pair of brothers in our group who have prospects of going to Brazil - and both have been learning Portuguese for some time. Today one of the two began to teach us. I must say that I'm not particularly enthusiastic about learning this language.

#### Saturday 11th January

Today we received a telegramme from our parents which told us that we are both registered for the U.S.A. and that the papers have gone to the U.S. Consulate in Montreal. This information pleased me more than it did Marcell, who would prefer to go to South America. I had a long discussion with him and he thinks, quite correctly, that people like us will have more chance of finding work in Brazil than in the U.S.A. I quite agree with this, since I know how high unemployment is in the States and therefore I would also prefer Brazil if I knew that we would be staying there permanently. But it is reasonably certain that after the war we will be going to Australia with our parents. And so, why should we go to a country which has a language foreign to us for a comparatively short time - since we will have to earn our own livings there? How could I ever find work in my field without having been in the country for some considerable time and without fully knowing the language? I would have to start right from the beginning, learning technical terms in Portuguese - which I don't have the slightest interest in doing. I want to progress further in my professional studies, not begin all over again. In the U.S.A. I could study further, go to night classes, even if I had a very basic job. They speak English there. All my efforts, after all, are being put into becoming competent in my profession as fast as possible so as to be able to earn my own living. But to this must be added that of course I would rather go to Brazil than stay here. However if I had a choice, then I would prefer the U.S.A. But Marcell has a different attitude. However, to be prepared in any case, we are taking regular Portuguese classes.

#### Sunday 12th January

Nothing was done almost all day today - it was a typical interment day. People lay about on their beds, read illustrated magazines (many of which are available in the camp) or slept. And that's why you get so fat here - a lot of eating, a lot of sleeping and little exercise.

#### Monday 13th January

Last night there was a terrible diarrhoea epidemic - I had a particularly bad case of it and so didn't sleep much. Those who had been affected only got tea for breakfast. Nevertheless work continued. There was still a lot to do in the Planning Office - we did drawings of work tables, shelves, store sheds, etc. I find the work very interesting.

I received my first letter from Barmore for a long time. Lady MacAlister and her sister, unlike my parents, are in favour of me going back. Mummy is supposed to have gone to Cambridge with my telegramme (the one in which I asked them for their decision as to whether I should go back) and discussed the matter with Lady MacAlister. The latter said that, if it were her son, she would allow the return journey to be made. But my parents continued to stand by their original decision to have us stay here 'for the present' (they thought that you could go back to England at any time). Miss MacAlister

hopes that they will change their decision when the sea is less dangerous. She wrote that I will always be welcome.

This letter made me very unhappy once again. I've had to let two chances go by - and now it's too late. I've already resigned myself to Brazil or the U.S.A. - but now again I feel very homesick. People like us seem doomed not to be allowed to have any home. If we find such a home, then we're turned out again. But how lucky many people are, people who live their whole lives with their parents in their home.

#### Tuesday 14th January

This morning I went into the workshop and took a look at the work going on there. My knitting tables and cutting tables are already being built, military cases are being manufactured - there is really a lot of work going on. This afternoon the officer responsible for their manufacture came into the Planning Office. He brought sketches of a building from camp A and several measurements with him. Now we are supposed to design a similar workroom here. The drawing, with details of tables etc, is supposed to be finished by midday tomorrow. It turned out that we had to draw an enormous number of shelves and chests, etc. Bamberger (the head of the Office of Works) wanted to start on the job straight away with me. We worked the whole day at high pressure and did drawings one straight after the other. By lights out this evening at 10 o'clock we had finished most of it. We had done eight drawings in all. The two of us will of course be paid double for today.

#### Wednesday 15th January

We continued to work from very early in the morning and finished the required drawings by 12 o'clock. The officer was very pleased.

The atmosphere has been very unpleasant for some days. The sergeant major and the soldiers have taken exception to this or that and have locked people up for complete trifles. The most ridiculous reasons have been given. Today three comrades went into the bunker (very small cells which have been built in the luggage room). Everyone is greatly upset and indignant at this injustice. But what can we do? The sergeant major does whatever he wants in the camp.

#### Thursday 16th January

Already some time ago we began to build an ice-skating area outside the inner barbed-wire fence (there is an outer barbed-wire fence that surrounds the whole camp, including the soldiers' and officers' quarters). Since the canteen has about 30 pairs of skates available for hire by the hour, and since the big rink outside is not yet finished, a smaller area has been set up inside the camp. You can go skating for 5c an hour. I was immediately one of the first at the hiring office and received a quite new pair of skates. It took some time for me to get used to skating but then it went wonderfully. The weather was beautiful, the sun was shining, it was cold and the air was completely clear. I found it a nice change in the monotonous life of internment. Also skating gives me a good opportunity to move around more than before.

This evening the first rehearsals took place for a puppet-show, 'Faust', which is to be performed in the next few days. For months now some people have been working on making the puppets and the stage. Today the free area in our building was partitioned off, using hanging sheets, and the little stage was set up. I looked on through a gap during the first rehearsal and was quite enchanted. It was set up just like a real marionette theatre.

#### Friday 17th January

The officers have given Rosenberg, the head of the Planning Office, the task of working out a proposal for a gallery in the first building. In fact, recreation rooms and a real synagogue are supposed to be built. Up to now we have had to hold religious services in the dining-room or the luggage room. After some thought we decided that it would be cheapest to build a second storey over the new washrooms. The present

ceiling will have to be braced, etc. I was given the task of making an exact plan of this end of the building and working out the proposal. We are taking Portuguese classes every day - but I must say that I'm learning this language very distastefully. I have never liked South America.

#### Saturday 18th January

Today I began doing the drawing for the planned gallery. Often I had to take measurements on the spot, look at details - I really liked doing this job. As I climbed up on the ceiling I saw that the Canadian workers were enlarging an air-shaft which is to be removed according to our proposal. It was only with difficulty that I could get the two of them to stop. Only one of them spoke a little English but eventually they understood me and stopped. Straight away I arranged for them to be officially notified of this.

There is a lot of pressure to finish the plans before Monday and hand them over to the officers early in the morning.

#### Sunday 19th January

I worked hard the whole morning and finished the design for the second storey. It will be put before the executive first (our own camp administration) before the officers get it.

This evening the first performance of the puppet theatre took place. Because the room available in the theatre is only limited, only one section of the camp can see the performance. So from now on, every evening, a series of groups will take their turn. Our group's turn is tomorrow.

#### Monday 20th January

Today I worked on a cupboard that is to be built for the officers. For the first time here in the camp I'm supposed to put together a proposal for a really good construction - everything that we've been doing up to now, of course, was rather primitive work. But as soon as it is for the officers- it has to be the best.

They are leaving me quite free and I can design to my own pleasure.

We are told that tomorrow a lot of new people are coming here from another camp. Perhaps we'll meet old acquaintances from Vienna or from our previous places of internment.

This evening it was our group's turn to see the performance of 'Faust'. The affair was quite marvellously done. The puppets were all made here in the camp but look like real marionettes. I'm mystified as to, for example, how the costumes were made, since we have absolutely no fabric available. The stage settings, too, were really first class. A performance like this could be given in a real marionette theatre out in the free world.

#### Tuesday 21st January

This morning the previous occupants of the free places in our building returned. This was because beds were being rearranged in the first building for the newcomers. Ever more beds kept on being brought in until there was no more room for our office. I looked around for a new place but it looked quite hopeless. Finally I remembered the ceiling of the washrooms, where the second story is to be built. With considerable effort, we carried our things up there. It is quite hot up there but at least we have room and can work on in peace.

I received a parcel from a friend of Marcell's from the U.S.A. We asked him earlier for a sleeping-bag and now it has arrived. It's something you very much need here because the army covers are very uncomfortable and unhygienic. With the rubber mattresses and these sleeping-bags, M. and I can sleep under any conditions - even out in the open.

At evening roll-call the sergeant major saw our tables on top of the washrooms and

said - what else would he say - that everything had to come down. There was no use going to any of the officers and asking for permission because the sergeant major is virtually the commandant. So we moved back to our old place, squeezed in between the beds.

Our camp was mentioned today in a newspaper. They stated that camp N had donated \$50- to the Spitfire Fund. It is certainly good for something like this to be seen in public.

#### Wednesday 22nd January

This morning something very unpleasant occurred - Marcell got three days' arrest on completely ridiculous grounds. He used a fire-extinguishing bucket to have his morning wash with. This bucket is not supposed to be used for this purpose and so he was caught by a sergeant who saw him. He tried to explain that there was no other bucket available and that up till now everyone had used it to have a wash.

But the sergeant was very angry that M. had 'argued' with him. He took him to the commandant who gave him three days' arrest. News about this sort of thing goes round the camp in no time and everyone was angered by this mean trick. The whole affair, in itself, was nothing out of the ordinary, since, recently, many comrades have gone into the 'bunker' for such trifles. The whole atmosphere between the soldiers and us is very tense. This can only be attributed to their great anti-semitism.

At midday I took Marcell his lunch in his cell and along with it smuggled in a rubber cushion (there is only a wooden plank bed in that dark cell), chocolates, cigarettes, etc. This afternoon I had a good idea: the cells are in the luggage room over which there is a second storey. Classes are held up there, usually. From up there I cut a crack in the floor right over Marcell's cell. I pushed a letter down to him with a small stick - and it worked. Marcell picked up the letter. Of course I couldn't speak to him because a soldier was on guard in front of the cells. This postal service functioned very well (he sent letters back too) and he told me all the relevant details. In general M. is taking this imprisonment as a joke. The three cells on the lower floor are in a condition completely unfit for human habitation. There is no daylight in the cells. The prisoners are not allowed to read or write because not even the electric light in the hallway outside the cells is sufficient for this. They are not even allowed to read a bible. The cells would certainly be better in a Nazi camp - they would come up to the standards of the Convention. There, they are inspected by a Swiss Consul. But in our case we are refused a 'protecting power' and so they don't honour the Conventions.

#### Thursday 23rd January

There was very good news in the paper today - Tobruk in Lybia has been taken by the English. The whole camp is overjoyed about it - hopefully many more such victories will follow.

Marcell came into the dormitory hall this morning to get his washing things accompanied by a soldier. I took this opportunity to slip him a book which he had asked for in his letter yesterday. It seems he can read after all. He slept quite well, really, on the wooden planks with the rubber mattress and the two blankets he was allowed. I continue to take him his meals and when I do I manage to slip him some fruit and cigarettes. I have to be very careful that the guard doesn't see me doing this. I have worked out that I should always hold these things under the plate so that he can take them as well when he takes it.

A telegramme arrived from Mia Deutsch (an old acquaintance from Vienna who married an American) from Florida, U.S.A. She hopes to be able to get us affidavits within a short space of time and asked for our personal particulars. I was very pleased and took the cable to Marcell in his cell (I persuaded the guard to allow him to read

it).

#### Friday 24th January

Five of our friends whom we had long believed to be in the U.S.A. arrived in the camp today. All of them were previously in this camp and were transferred to a camp near Montreal to make it possible for them to discuss things with the Consul. Their exit papers seemed completely in order and so they were in camp 'Z' in Montreal, which is an Italian camp. But apparently the American Immigration Laws' provisions state that emigration from countries bordering on the U.S. is only permissible if emigrants from those countries arrive on a normal passenger ship, having paid their passage. However this is not the case with us. A decision about the possible abolition of this provision is still pending. One solution - which Mr Paterson worked out - might be that the internees be taken to hostels in Newfoundland where they would be released. Then they could immigrate into the U.S. by taking ship to New York, according to the American provisions. They were informed of this by the Consul but he also said that it was within the bounds of possibility that the American law would be changed to allow us to go directly to the U.S.A. from here.

I am taking a lot of things along to M. with his meals. Sometimes the soldiers are very nice and turn a blind eye when they see what's happening.

#### Saturday 25th January

Marcell was 'set tree' right after breakfast. He looked dreadful: his hair had been shorn off almost completely, according to the rules - he only had some short hair left just right on top of his head. In this case it really was a mean trick to have cut off his hair as well since it was only done yesterday afternoon. I think it is all the fault of that sergeant-major Mackintosh - he makes our life here as much more unpleasant as he possibly can.

This morning I received a late Christmas present from Miss MacAlister in the form of some nice Penguin books.

#### Sunday 26th January

We were allowed to go skating for the first time this morning on the big skating rink inside the outer fence. Until now we've only been allowed to use the small rink within the camp. There was much crowding and pushing as skates were hired since there were only a limited number available. After a great deal of trouble someone else and I were finally able to borrow a pair together. We were taken out under guard to where the soldiers were standing around the ice rink (it seems to me that we've grown quite used to their fixed bayonets now). My partner went first and in the meantime I went for a walk. The rink is gigantic and the ice first class.

Someone lent me a book, 'Introduction to Modern Architecture' which is tremendously interesting and gives information about a lot of things. I feel a kind of thirst to see buildings again: I've scarcely seen any houses since I've been interned. I know almost every single stone in our three buildings. Luckily there are a few architectural journals in which I can see building designs.

#### Monday 27th January

Roll-call today was earlier than usual because various preparations had to be made for the expected newcomers. For some time now we have been told that a group of people from another camp are going to arrive - but their train only came in just before midday. About 80 new comrades arrived in the camp and underwent the usual procedures - they were searched, had roll-call, were divided into groups of 20 each and the sergeant-major 'appointed' a deputy from their number (he didn't ask them at all when he did this but just pointed out whoever he pleased - they call this democracy). Only after dinner were they allowed to join us in the dormitories. Almost all of them have been interned since the outbreak of the war, although most of them are Jews. This is because many of them arrived in England illegally just before the

outbreak of the war, and some of the others were imprisoned because of their communist activities. But many of them simply do not know why they were interned right from the start. Until last July they were interned together with Nazis in England and none of them were able to get transferred to the mass refugee camps because they were classified as 'A's. The Nazis who were interned in England (mostly merchant sailors) were the first people to be deported to Canada; and so it came about that these few Jews came here with the first transport. They said that on the ship there was an attempted mutiny by some Nazi sailors; it was defeated but a few Nazis were killed during it. They arrived in Canada on July 1st (13 days before us) and were taken into a huge camp where they lived with all those Nazis until a few days ago. Of course this comparatively small group of non-Aryans disappeared in a gigantic camp of 1,200 men - but nevertheless serious fights developed, which often ended bloodily. This small group has really had much to endure. Some of them were in German concentration camps for years and were forced to leave the country. And the English forced them to live with Nazis for over a year. The authorities definitely don't understand what they have done to these people - they are refugees exactly like us.

#### Tuesday 28th January

The latest thing is that the sergeant-major himself is electing representatives for the camp - for example he has removed my brother as group leader (because he was under arrest) and chosen someone else from our group to hold that office. M. is not really upset about this because the office only caused him far too much trouble. Until now posts (for example, membership of the executive, the hygiene inspector, etc) were usually filled by group vote - but now the sergeant-major is dictating to us.

Our uncle in Brazil wrote that he considered it quite impossible to get us to Brazil because it would be enormously expensive. He advised us to go to the U.S.A after all.

#### Wednesday 29th January

Once again there is a lot to do in the drawing office. I have to do some calculations to work out wall-and floor-space areas in the buildings, part of which are to be painted and made dust-resistant. Another big job is waiting for us in the near future - a recreation hut is to be built.

Today we heard from our parents that they have sent our affidavits to Montreal- but they didn't write the names of the people who made them out. Apparently they have found out that it is no longer necessary to have a quota number to go to the U.S. Hopefully this really is so.

#### Thursday 30th January

Totally unexpectedly, the sergeant-major called Marcell to see him and asked him to serve in the sergeants' mess because one of the internee waiters was sick. Of course the soldiers' and sergeants' food services are provided by our people who get the usual 20c. pay. The sergeants have their own waiters (who have white coats to serve in). Why it was precisely Marcell that he sought out is not clear but it seems he wanted to show that the 'detention' was not meant in a hostile way. Marcell came back this evening tired, but said that it had been very interesting to have a glimpse of the life of the soldiers here. The s.-m. is exactly as rough out there as he is to us. He shouts at all the soldiers too.

I got a postcard and a parcel (containing a scarf and a game, Bezique, that I always used to play with Lady MacAlister) from Mrs Duncan from Cambridge. On the postcard is a picture of King's College chapel. How often have I stood there and admired that marvelous building. I would very much like to be back there again. It is clear to me that I actually look on Cambridge as my home town and not Vienna, which I have already almost completely forgotten. However, as things stand now, it is not

likely that I will go back to England in the next few years.

#### Friday 31st January

Since we were not allowed to work on top of the washroom, our table stands, of course, once again in the dormitory as before. I was very sick with a cold today and felt ill. Before inspection the doors near which our table stands were constantly being opened and shut so that we were always sitting in a draft. Hopefully we will soon be able to move to the second storey of the boiler house.

We received a telegramme today from our parents which informed us that our affidavit was on the way here; but they didn't say who made it out and how it got to England. It is probably from our uncle in New York and we also have prospects of getting one from Florida - so we have good grounds on which to await opportunities to immigrate.

I have worked every day in the month of January and therefore received \$6.20 in my account. If I remain interned like this for a year I will be a rich man on my release.

#### Saturday 1st February

Once again there is a great 'rush' on in the office. For a time we had little to do and then everything comes at once. We are getting two new colleagues in the next few days. One is an engineer from the group of newcomers who wants to keep in practice; the other is also a 'structural engineer'.

#### Sunday 2nd February

Life here is very monotonous. The only thing that makes my existence here bearable is work. There is just no variety at all - every day, roll-call, meals, another roll-call, bed. You completely lose your sense of time. How long have we been here now? Two months or a year? If there were no calendars you wouldn't be able to tell.

#### Monday 3rd February

Today was a great day - a registered letter arrived from America containing AN AFFIDAVIT OF SUPPORT for M. and I. It was so surprising and unexpected that I am quite beside myself. I wasn't allowed to take the document away but could only look at it in the Post Office. It is made out by a certain NATHAN SEIDLER who apparently is one of our cousins - I've heard of him once before but I've never seen him, since he has been living in the U.S.A. for decades and is an American citizen. Our uncle probably asked him for it. The affidavit amounts to \$5,400 (in the bank account of the guarantor) and he earns \$50 per week. Hopefully that is enough to allow us to get a visa from a Consul. This affidavit is only a copy - the original is already with the Consul in Ottawa. I'm very optimistic and can already see myself in New York. Sooner or later we will definitely be able to go over there alter all. At any rate we can now count ourselves among those who have good prospects of emigration.

#### Tuesday 4th February

The second storey in the boiler house has now almost been finished and we moved up there with our worktable. We set up a temporary wall there and made ourselves some furniture: so now we have our own office - but this has its drawbacks as well. The machines make things very dusty and all our things became dirty very quickly. Nor is it enjoyable to work in the midst of the dreadful noise of the circular saws. Hopefully proper walls will be constructed in a while so that we will have more peace and be less exposed to the dust.

The second storey of the first building has already been accepted and will be begun immediately. This second storey is to be used as a recreation room until the recreation hut is finished.

The plans for the cabinet (that I drew up for the commandant's office) have also been accepted and one cabinet is to be built straight away. We are also allowed to go to our

office in the evenings (which is allowed only to those who work there - so we can read in peace or do private work).

The English have won great victories in Africa. British troops are already marching on the important seaport of Benghazi. The U.S.A. is helping Britain a great deal with aeroplanes and consignments of weapons. There is certain to be an all-out invasion attempt in the spring and both sides are now preparing for this. Fresh troops are being sent from Canada to England once again. In general the military situation is quite favourable to the English.

#### Wednesday 5th February

Work is proceeding quite smoothly. The recreation hut has already been finished on paper and will be sent to Montreal in the next few days. My cabinet is being constructed and today I explained some important features of it to some carpenters.

This evening it was M's and my turn to have a medical examination. This is because a short while ago a complete medical inspection programme was begun for the whole camp. Our doctors are carrying it out very thoroughly: a record is being kept of every internee. They said I am completely healthy.

#### Thursday 6th February

People are spending a tremendous amount of money in the canteen. This big shop is the sole attraction for us prisoners. You can get yourself practically anything. Of course the turnover is enormous and the profits are distributed from time to time.

Our office is now quite officially on the second floor: the officers now always come up there on inspection (some makeshift stairs have already been made). Actually the dust is not too bad and in general I like this working area much better than the one that we had before in our dormitory.

#### Friday 7th February

There is a semi-official report that the German quota is supposed to be open: this means, then, that registration is not necessary for us at all and that anyone who has an affidavit can theoretically go to the U.S.A. However the difficulties created by the immigration provisions have still not been removed. It is cold comfort that almost everyone else in this camp is in the same position as we are. 90% of those who stayed here want to emigrate to the U.S.A. - and precisely because there is such a large number I believe that we will be allowed to do so after all. Many comrades have received affidavits from relatives like us. I have been thinking a lot about my future. Life there certainly cannot be an easy matter. I will have to support myself - but I'm not afraid of that. It will certainly be difficult to get a job when unemployment in the States is so very high. Anyway, I will never make use of our cousin's guarantee.

#### Saturday 8th February

Today I was given an urgent task - I had to have a design done by 12 o'clock - which was definitely not easy. However I made an effort and got it done, although not for the stated time, nevertheless by early afternoon. Things like this are good practice for me.

Benghazi has been taken by the English. The progress of the English has been completely amazing: they seem to be complete masters of the situation in Africa. They have been victorious in Eritrea and also in Abyssinia. The 'Aid to Britain Bill' has been accepted in the American Senate - now England will be supplied with still more war material from America than before.

#### Sunday 9th February

For some time now we have been negotiating for a radio. We have been allowed on principle to have a radio in the camp and the question of cost is quite unimportant because the canteen has a large amount of profit which can be used. A radio was

delivered today but it turned out to be far too weak for the big dining-room - from about 10 m. away you could hardly hear anything. We listened to a speech of Churchill's at 4 o'clock but you could understand it only with great difficulty. I remember his voice very well - a voice I have often heard before in England. He gave a general account of the victories in Africa but kept on reminding us that they were not in fact decisive, but that the coming invasion had to be defeated.

#### Monday 10th February

The authorities seem to be very interested in a speedy upgrading of the camp: almost all the suggestions that we have made recently - for a new second storey, etc - have been quickly accepted.

There was a tremendous amount of mail this afternoon from England. I got a letter from Mrs MacAlister, who wrote to me for the first time. Every time I read a letter from Cambridge I get very homesick. Things do not seem to have changed much and the bomb damage seems to be light in Cambridge. With this post arrived letters from comrades who have already been released. They said the transport was completely unguarded on the voyage back. Apart from Captain Barras (the Intelligence Officer from camp 'L') there was not a soldier on board. Right after their arrival 70 were released, and allowed to go back to their former homes. The others apparently went to Huyton. And so I could be free by now. I was on the list of those to go back and would certainly have been amongst the 70. But I shouldn't think about that. Fate just did not decree it.

#### Tuesday 11th February

I helped the carpenters who are making my cabinet for a change today. The machines they have available are of course a great help. We used scarcely any hand-tools; sawing, planing etc was all done by machine. Only now do I see what wonderful things machines are and how much better and faster they work than the handworkers.

The Germans are threatening the whole of the Balkans. German troops are already in Bulgaria and are apparently going to move against the Greeks. Of course Roumania is already practically in German hands. Yugoslavia will certainly be the next step. I'm not at all surprised at this Balkan offensive. Of course Hitler has to keep on 'taking' ever more countries to stay alive.

#### Wednesday 12th February

I was imprisoned 9 months ago today. When you think back on it like this it is a dreadfully long time. The many camps that I've already been in, and the many experiences I've already had - how much longer will it last? Are we now only halfway through or is our release just around the corner? A criminal who is sentenced knows how long he has to wait and prepares himself for that. In our case the uncertainty has a dreadfully wearing effect. For 9 months I have no longer been a civilized human being, I have not seen white bed linen, I have not worn any proper clothing - how much longer?

#### Thursday 15th February

A completely normal day. I worked as usual and this evening I read and went for a walk. Recently I've become accustomed again to going for an hour's walk every day. It is often very cold outside and so you stay inside the whole day. I think this is the only reason that we are all getting so fat. Exercise is the most important thing. I walk around the ice-skating rink with a friend and we talk. He is Erich Klementschtz who fought in Spain. This young man has already experienced a lot in his life and says that internment is not the worst thing. He fought for two years against the fascists in Spain and is going back to England to fight against the fascists again in the Pioneer Corps. This is what I call an idealist!

#### Friday 14th February

Suddenly it has become quite warm, all the snow and ice is melting and it looks just as

if spring were here. I must say that the Canadian winter is not at all as bad as people in Europe think. In Vienna it was often much colder. With this thaw all of us have fallen into a kind of lethargy that makes us very lazy. Almost all of us lay around on our beds.

#### Saturday 15th February

Every now and then I have been taking great pleasure in working with the carpenters. I want to see to it that my cabinet really is constructed as I conceived that it should be. This work very much reminds me of the C.T.S. in Cambridge.

An important letter was put on the notice board at midday. It was from the representative of the Canadian Refugee Committee and contained the following important information : In principle, emigration is possible for interned refugees. For this purpose a particular committee has been set up in Montreal, solely to deal with our emigration. It is now completely official that the discussion about us between representatives of England, Canada and America have produced positive results. The Committee already has to hand the first lists of those people whose cases are especially pressing or cases which have already progressed especially far. Amongst these are numbered people who already had their U.S.A. visas in England but could not leave because of their internment. Furthermore, it said, people who had first-degree blood relatives in the States and young people under 21 would have priority. It said over and over again that the affair would take a long time, but that sooner or later it would be possible for all those who had a 'good case' to go to the U.S.A.

This news very much raised spirits in the camp. Everyone congratulated each other and hoped to be able to meet each other soon in New York. According to this information I might actually have better prospects of going to the U.S. than Marcell (I am under 21). But since we have a joint affidavit we will surely have to go together.

#### Sunday 16th February

This morning I wrote up the last week of my diary on the typewriter. While I was doing so I remembered the time of my arrest. I thought then that my internment would last two weeks at the most and took 10 sheets of paper and a pen with me to make a few notes. But I've written almost an entire book now - and am most probably far from finished.

We had some entertainment this evening - performances were given by amateur actors and in general anyone who could present or sing anything at all. Of course most of them made fools of themselves in the process and this led to quite ridiculous scenes. I don't at all like this sort of entertainment where the public amuses itself at the expense of the performers and makes their efforts impossible.

Today, finally, the new radio was tested. The radio is quite small and so it will be absolutely necessary to buy loudspeakers and amplifiers. All the groups voted on this matter. The only drawback of such an investment is that everyone in the camp will have to have 15c taken out of the next canteen profits because all the apparatus together costs \$102 -. Nevertheless the majority was for buying the apparatus.

#### Monday 17th February

There was very little work to do for our group. The only thing I could do was to help the carpenters. Under no circumstances do I want to become one of them because their work is completely dull. And so I helped the carpenters with the cabinet that I designed for the officers. During the day I got a job completing measurements on the roof of the first building. I and another guy climbed up onto the roof. I'm not very willing to do such things - the building is tremendously high and the ladder was wobbly and I must confess that I got thoroughly dizzy. But even climbing up was easier than coming down. I descended to the ground after my work on the roof only with great difficulty. So, I could never be a roofer.

A new commandant inspected the camp today. Until now Major Griffin's adjutant was the head of the camp. The new major appears to some extent more humane although he reminds me a lot of Griffin. Hopefully he will control the sergeant-major a little and take over the camp himself. But even if he too is dominated by the s.-m. it can scarcely get worse than it is already.

#### Tuesday 18th February

It looks like the drawing office will slowly be broken up: nothing at all is going to be built now. Most of the staff are working part-time with the carpenters. Hopefully we will get another job in the near future.

Two new people came into the camp this evening. They were originally in camp 'I' which consisted almost solely of young people between 16 and 20 years old. The conditions in that youth camp seem to have been even worse than here. Most of those young boys' parents are in England. The two newcomers, who have good prospects of emigrating, were taken to the Italian camp in Montreal where they were able to see the American or the Brazilian Consul, as appropriate. However like everyone else they both still have to wait on decisions on the emigration question. It is very unlikely that the one of them that wants to go to Brazil will get a visa, since they are only given out to Aryans and also he does not have the \$500 - fare for the voyage.

#### Wednesday 19th February

Getting up early in the morning has always been a difficult business. The camp orders state that you have to be dressed by 7.15 - but at 7.20 I was not yet ready. A soldier happened to come past: 'What's your number?' In any case I'm not the only one he caught today. 10 minutes later, at roll-call, the sergeant-major called me out. As usual he roared at us late risers - why did we not follow camp orders - and gave us all three days of fatigue duty. Report at 9 o'clock at the gate. Actually we were quite lucky since other people have been given 20 days for the same thing. Legally the s.-m. may only hand out punishments -if a formal crime sheet is filled out and signed by an officer. But in this camp the s.-m. is the commandant...

Two or the people punished and I were sent to the guardroom to clean it up. That little room, which is outside our compound, was dreadfully filthy. Some of the soldiers are negroes and their beds were real dirt-pits. But there was nothing for it - we had to work. We swept out the place, washed it, cleaned the tables and benches, cleaned out the stove heater and filled it afresh - really disgusting work. At midday I accidentally found out that a person with a permanent job like me does not have to do fatigue duty, but can go on with his usual work and simply not get paid for three or more days. Of course I took advantage of this and went to the sergeant and told him that I was permanently employed and he really did let me go back to work as a designer. The affair was settled for me really more by luck than by my own intelligence.

#### Thursday 20th February

Great excitement - a list was made public of 47 'C' category people who reported to Paterson later than the others. They are to leave for England in the next few days. As with the last transport, they are getting paid their money and must get together their bags... This time I'm no longer as envious of them as I was of the people in the last transport. However it is quite definite now that I won't be going back to England - and I've already resigned myself to this too. There still remain many 'B' people, some of whom also want to go back to the A.M.P.O. but there seem to be very great difficulties for them. I find this very unjust since they are all refugees exactly like the 'C' people. It all depended on the whim of the Tribunal judge what category you got.

Paterson and Goldner (from the committee) are supposed to be in Newfoundland arranging for our transfer there. Things really do seem to be progressing in the affair.

Today two guys were released here in Canada. Both of them already had Canadian visas before they were interned and their release was achieved through the intervention of their relatives here. One of the two is a Roumanian citizen, everyone was very envious of them as they were released in front of the gate.

#### Friday 21st February

The people going to England are already very excited. They have been shopping (sugar, etc, which is difficult to get in England), packing their things and many of them are making their wills. Officers have been coming into the camp especially to witness them.

The Germans are penetrating ever further into the Balkans. Roumania and Bulgaria are as good as theirs and they will probably get Yugoslavia soon as well. It's really incredible that Hitler dominates almost all of Europe.

#### Saturday 22nd February

The whole camp had to get up at 6 today because those 47 people were leaving. The procedure was exactly like last time - they were searched in the boiler house and none of those staying here were allowed to be there. Work stopped - and about midday they left. Soldiers surrounded the area from the boiler house to the gate. As they all marched past, people called out, shouted and sang until the train left. Some good friends of mine went with them.

Inside the buildings people moved around a lot. I transferred my residence to an upper bunk near Marcell's. You get more light and air up top than underneath and I took advantage of the opportunity offered by this now-free bed. From now on I will have regular exercise since you have to jump up onto the top bunk. One great advantage is that I have a lamp right above me and can read more easily now.

#### Sunday 23rd February

As always on Sundays we lazed around today. I spent most of my time studying. For some time now I've been working on the second volume of the construction book that was sent to me from England. Now I'm doing things that I've not learned yet in school. If only I could have proper lectures!

#### Monday 24th February

Once again, after a long time, I had a design to do - but it didn't take long. Things that I designed weeks ago are mostly just now beginning to be made. Now I have to see to it that the cabinet, cupboards etc are correctly put together.

The walls have been finished up in our office on the second floor of the boiler house, so at last our office is finally finished. We share a big room with the construction office (camp repairs). The wall keeps out the dust and noise.

I received a letter from Miss MacAlister, from whom I haven't heard for a very long time. Lady MacAlister has not written for months now and is said to be ill. However she still hopes that our parents will change their minds and let us go back because the voyage over is now supposed to be less dangerous. But I'm sure that we won't get to England in the next few years.

#### Tuesday 25th February

Already the floor of the second storey in the first building is almost finished. The big new area will be used as a recreation room until the hut for that purpose is allowed to be built. Then, when that is finished, the upper floor will be a new luggage room.

Paterson is supposed to be coming here next week. The question is only whether he will be seeing those who want to emigrate or those who was to go to England. The latter is the more likely since there are still many 'B' category people and everyone from camp 'R' who want to speak to him. In any case it is very unlikely that the 'A' category people from camp B will be able to go into the Pioneer Corps.

### Wednesday 26th January

The cabinet is progressing rapidly - almost all the frame is done which means the hardest part is finished. I had to take care of most things myself since only one uneducated carpenter has been working on the job regularly. I had to explain every step to him beforehand and had to have pieces cut on the production machines. This was not always very easy as all the machines have been set for the production of boxes and you couldn't use them for anything else for weeks. Every now and then I had to do drawings for other things here and there, but mostly I worked with the carpenter.

The sergeant-major addressed us this afternoon, very pleased with himself. He said he had managed to arrange the introduction of two and later perhaps even three work shifts per day from now on, because it seems that complaints have arrived from headquarters about unsatisfactory production. They are quite willing to allow more people to work, but no one person can be paid more than 20c. per day. Over and over again he repeated his favourite phrase: if you are really loyal then show it by working. In future uniforms, kitbags and lots of other things are going to be manufactured for the Canadian soldiers who are going to England as well as boxes and socks.

### Thursday 27th February

There are a lot of arguments going on about the radio. The loudspeaker has already arrived and been installed but as soon as any music at all is played some people cheer and others protest because they want to read or play ping-pong.

This really surprises me since they should all be pleased, after all, to be able to hear a radio at last. The camp leaders are going to appoint a radio committee to choose the daily programme, allocating certain hours for serious and light music, news, etc. It certainly is difficult to satisfy all 600 people but with some discipline it can surely be organized.

It is a very great shame that our office has only now been really finished when we have almost nothing to do. We could have used the room much more in the beginning, when we started the rebuilding plans - but then we had to design on our beds.

### Friday 28th February

There are supposed to be two work shifts from next week. People will have either the whole morning or afternoon free, as each shift only works for four hours. Rosenberg has already said that he is prepared to give various lectures to the three of us architecture students in the camp. I had already thought about this and wanted to ask Bamberger to do it.

We were allowed to skate around on the big ice-rink outside the inner barbed-wire fence this afternoon. We got together a hockey team and were allowed to play for two hours. I played with one group and we enjoyed ourselves very much. I was very tired from skating around so I lay down for a nap before the evening meal. When I woke up there was much uproar and shouting - I was very scared and was told the following: a man from camp 'R' is supposed to have offered himself to the sergeant-major as a camp spy. Somehow this became known to someone else from the same camp who complained about the first man to a meeting of group leaders. Then it almost developed into a fight in which the military became involved. The result is that the man who made the complaint has been arrested and put in a cell. The whole story is known all over the camp and because of this everyone is tremendously disgusted. People are close to lynching Fischer (the would-be spy) - but it hasn't happened because he is in protective custody. The incident was debated and argued over far into the night. Everyone hopes that the affair will be cleared up tomorrow in front of the sergeant-major. In fact the s.-m. is supposed to have said quite openly to people who work in the soldiers' mess that he has enough informers in the camp.

### Saturday 1st March

Both of the people put into detention yesterday were released already first thing this morning. Discussions continue but nothing will be said officially in the camp for the time being.

We heard news on the radio for the first time today. It reminded me of the good old days in England when you often listened to the news on the radio. German troops are supposed to have arrived in Bulgaria in civilian clothes. They are expected to fight with the Italians against Greece and so Bulgaria will be forced to join the Axis powers in this way. Almost all the Balkan states are German by now: Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria are under German control. In my opinion you could scarcely have expected anything else. I think the spring offensive is far more important. The Greeks are still holding on in Albania; Eden is with the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Dill, in Turkey. Hopefully Turkey will enter on the side of the Allies since she is also exposed to the German troops.

This evening we got a letter from our uncle in Australia containing \$14 -. This gift is most welcome. It seems he is doing well and the firm 'Seidler Brothers' is making good progress.

### Sunday 2nd March

The German troops are no longer wearing civilian clothes but are marching in uniform on the Greek border. The question now is whether the Greeks will be able to withstand the pressure from both sides, Albania and Bulgaria.

This morning I tried to study in the so-called Silence Room (the old luggage room) but I think anywhere else at all must be quieter than this room. A water pump was operating very loudly in there, a soldier was talking to someone, etc. It really is time for a recreation hut to be built but the plans have still not come back from Montreal.

### Monday 3rd March

It has been arranged for the construction as well as the production department to work in two shifts of four hours each - it was not at all definite until now I am always going to be on morning shift. Today, Rosenberg gave us the first lecture on Professional Practice, an important topic on which I knew virtually nothing until now. We talked about fees, contacts, specifications, etc.

Something very disturbing occurred suddenly this evening: we heard a lot of shots and then the alarm siren rang. Soldiers encircled the camp at five foot intervals from each other so that the whole garrison was deployed. We had a very thorough roll-call with our names called out. They say that a sentry post outside fired 30 times with a machine gun - it seems to have been a mistake because everyone was present at roll-call and so no-one can be out there.

### Tuesday 4th March

The radio is now completely organized - the programme is posted up every day so that you only have to go into the dining-room when you are interested in a concert or a lecture. The radio is not on during meals. We feel somehow that the radio has brought us closer to the outside world.

As there is so little work to do in the planning office I am doing a few private designs outside working hours - for which you have to get special permission because no-one is allowed to enter the production area after roll-call. So, there I have the peace to do my practice-work.

The money for the salaries for the month of January has only just now arrived from Ottawa. It always takes a very long time for the required salaries to be granted because the authorities check everything over before we are paid the money.

Everyone has been waiting eagerly for their pay so they can buy things in the canteen.

Wednesday 5th March

This morning a telegramme arrived from one of the people who went back to England on the last transport. They boarded ship straight away and landed in Liverpool only eight days later. They have Paterson to thank for all this - he really is incredibly important.

German troops are assembled on the Greek-Bulgarian border and they are expected to attack at any moment. If this happens, then I think that the Greeks, with their limited army (which is almost entirely concentrating its activities in Albania) have a very poor chance of prevailing against the Germans. However one really must admit that the Germans do dominate the situation over all of Europe. Yugoslavia will definitely be forced to join the Axis powers soon.

In the canteen they accidentally discovered that there were pictures of our entire garrison in a French newspaper, including all the commissioned and non-commissioned officers. The pictures were taken during the awarding of epaulettes. Many people in the camp ordered their own copy of the newspaper to keep the picture as a souvenir for themselves.

Thursday 6th March

Paterson arrived first thing in the morning and gave out the following statement : this time he wanted to interview that people from camp 'R' and hoped it would be possible for them too to join the A.M.P.O. As far as emigration to the U.S.A. is concerned, he hoped that the first transport would leave here for New-

(Translation of caption in French to pictures from newspaper referred to in entry of Wednesday 5th March, and included in diary)

110 Veterans receive their épauletttes (= title at top)

(Beneath photos :-)

In the presence of the civilian and military authorities and of the Protestant and Catholic chaplains, [major?] George Machum of Farnham, commander of the number 4 Company of the Veterans' Guard of Canada today here awarded épauletttes to some 110 veterans from Sherbrooke Camp. The photo above was taken during the ceremony which was [accompanied?] by short addresses from the mayor, Joseph Labreque, or Father P.-E. Morin, chaplain, and of Reverend Edward Moffat, the Protestant chaplain and of major J.-G. Bryant, president of the local branch of the Canadian Legion. All congratulated the veterans for the honour which had been conferred on them and expressed the wish that they would always wear their épauletttes with dignity and courage. The officers participating were captains J. Thibaudeau, commandant, J.-B. Conroy, A.-A. Ayer, C. P. Lavigne, adjutant, lieutenants A.-G. Ruddy J. -R. Ryan, R. Normandin and Dave Lathner as well as sergeant-major W.V. Macintosh. In the photo can be seen a group of officers from the camp and their guests, the Reverend Edward Moffat, magistrate J.[???] major Joseph Labreque and captain-chaplain P.-E. Morin; in the lower photo from left to right, captain J.-B. Conroy, captain A.-A. Ayer, captain J. Thibaudeau, commandant of the camp, captain C.-P. Lavigne, adjutant and the sergeant-major of the camp, W.V. Macintosh. foundland at the end of March. The voyage and our stay there will be paid by the army and the committee but each of us who can will have to pay \$57 for the voyage from St John's to New York. However the committee will have to pay for those who do not have the means. He said that the arrangements for the emigration would take a long time to complete but that it would mostly be done within 6-8 months. Categories will be selected or people who have the right to go with the first transport - as an example he mentioned young people under 21 whose parents are in the

U.S.A. The camp's reaction to this statement is very favourable. We have been given some hope and that is all that we need to be able to be patient.

An officer came into the office today and discussed with us a new project to build a kitchen for the soldiers. He took us out with him to the present soldiers' kitchen which is too small and which he wants to tear down completely. But after some thought Rosenberg told him that the existing building could be used and a proper kitchen built onto it. He immediately agreed to this as this would much reduce the cost. We took the most important measurements and promised him to work it all out; then, in the camp, we did a great number of sketches which we kept on changing as we found better possibilities. We think to use the present building as a vegetable scullery and store and to build on a big concrete room as a kitchen.

#### Friday 7th March

I received a letter from the American Consulate (in reply to my inquiry as to whether our registration papers from London had yet arrived) which informed us that no papers had yet come from England but an affidavit from Nathan Seidler, N.Y., was there. Also, a letter came from Lady MacAlister, who is still hoping that our parents will change their decision and allow us to go back. She has heard of our Brazilian and U.S.A. prospects and thinks that it makes absolutely no sense to bother ourselves with such things if we are still thinking of going to Australia. 'That will just make you aliens once more', she said. She's very right about that but who's thinking about Australia yet! Nevertheless I think she's right about a lot of things and that it would be more natural for me to go back. I definitely have better prospects in England than in the States, where I know no-one, where I will have to earn my own living from the first day. On top of this comes the fact that foreigners have very little chance because the States themselves already have 10 million unemployed. Yet despite all this - if only I were there now.

#### Saturday 8th March

I did the first proper drawing of the soldiers' kitchen today, but scarcely was it done when further alterations were made. We keep finding things that we haven't noticed before. The job reminds me very much of a mathematical puzzle - you just always have to keep in mind the function of the kitchen as a whole.

Mr Goldner, the head of the committee which deals with us is expected in a few days. Lists and registrations have been made of us here so as to have all cases ready for his visit. Apparently in his letters he has asked for details of all of us to be held ready to facilitate his work.

#### Sunday 9th March

Everything was slow today, as usual on Sundays. We lay around, many of us listened to music in the dining-room, but in the afternoon the whole camp slept. I noticed how peculiarly ordered life here in the camp is: we work all week and on Sunday we sleep. There are many of us who have still not become used to life in internment and who do virtually nothing at all. Most of these people play cards all day (something which I have only rarely done since I have been interned). But if you work and study you can blot out a great deal. Man is a creature of habit. As it says in our camp song: the first year is the worst year, then you'll get used to it. And the first year is now almost over.

#### Monday 10th March

The officer responsible for the rebuilding plans came into the office today and discussed the soldiers' kitchen with us. We showed him the final draft and he was very satisfied with it and even took it away with him. I really do think we took everything into consideration before we did the design. I don't like these alterations to other buildings - I feel as if you have to rectify other people's silly mistakes. In real life outside, an architect gets more for an 'alteration job' than for a 'new erection'; but here there is no difference - everything is paid at 20c. per day.

I have heard that we might not be allowed to have bags sent from England to the

U.S.A., but it might be easier to send them to an internment camp in Canada. If this is so then I'll have all my things sent here because otherwise we will be without clothes for the duration of the war in America. However it has not yet been decided whether it really is forbidden to send things to the U.S.A. In any case they will just be a lot of deadweight here, but we would willingly put up with this. In order to be sure, we telegraphed to our parents asking them to send two suits each to us here.

#### Tuesday 11 March

The atmosphere is very tense: everyone is waiting very impatiently for Goldner. There are some rumours that America will soon enter the war - which would take all our hopes of emigration away from us. On the other hand, this would not affect me much personally, since we would simply have to go back to England - but I scarcely think America will become involved in the war in the next few months. I have now become used to the thought of emigration to America and have been thinking about New York a lot recently. It certainly will be interesting to see this new land and especially that great city. So long as it is possible for me to work and live there, perhaps it would be more sensible than going to England. However, nothing is certain - perhaps we'll all end up in the A.M.P.C.

#### Wednesday 12th March

Recently my cabinet has not been progressing very fast. The framework is now done but it has to be covered with plywood. I think the cabinet will be too good for its surroundings but I'm just doing it for myself so I can learn from the experience. Up to now my designs have worked out precisely - I'm curious to see how the finished cabinet will look.

People are spending a lot of money in the canteen. There are new attractions all the time, like afternoon coffee or sausages, etc, and most people earn enough money to be able to afford all these things, after all. The good thing about the canteen is that you can order yourself everything you think really necessary -like suitcases, clothes, etc., for example.

#### Thursday 13th March

More and more German troops are being gathered on the Bulgarian and Greek border - there is definitely a big attack coming. England is still suffering German attacks - 400 German planes attacked Liverpool; but the R.A.F. has not ignored these attacks. Berlin, Hamburg and the western ports of France are being bombed almost every night.

The Works officer has issued a call for all engineers to put themselves down on a list in order to get a general impression of how many there are, as he said. They say these people are supposed to go into a separate camp to work in their field for the war effort. After some consideration, I decided not to have myself put down on that list. It is impossible for me to risk being sent to another camp when I now have prospects of emigration. If you were to be employed in anyway in the war industry it would certainly be difficult to get out of it again. So only a fraction of the number of engineers here have put themselves down on the list. And all of these insisted that a statement should be appended to the list clearly stating that all their names had been given on the understanding that nothing would be allowed to destroy their plans to emigrate or to return to England. It was also added that there are still a lot of qualified people in the camp who will only give their names after they find out about the work in store in more detail.

#### Friday 14th March

Working on my cabinet is really a pleasure now because it is rapidly nearing completion. You can already see more or less how it will look at the end and I must say that I am very satisfied.

Bamberger, the head of the Construction Office, began a series of lectures on building

today - in fact it is supposed to cover several subjects, such as theory of structures, planning, construction. He began on the first topic this evening. He is an excellent lecturer, as, after all, he was an instructor at the Architecture School in Cambridge. I already knew most of the things he went through from my first year of study - he went through about two terms' worth of material in 1½ hours. Afterwards, an architect from camp 'R', Bamberger and I discussed many well-known buildings in England, especially in Cambridge. It was incredibly interesting for me to hear these two experts talking. There were a lot of people at the lecture and Bamberger plans to begin a separate course for 'professionals' and to work through everything much more precisely and in greater detail.

#### Saturday 15th March

The sun has been very strong in the last few days. It is still quite cold but although the snow is still rather deep the sun is strong, as it is in the high mountains. Many people sat outside the whole day and got themselves burnt. The wheelbarrows that are used to work outside the camp served as deck-chairs. Many are already dark brown from a morning in the sun.

I've only received two letters from Peter Schwarz since I've been interned. I've answered both of them several times but received no reply. Today I wrote to him for the last time and will wait from now on.

This afternoon the opera 'Carmen' was broadcast on the radio from New York. The broadcast was quite marvellous. Listening to this wonderful music, you completely forget your surroundings.

This evening we were allowed to stay up until 11 to hear Roosevelt's speech - but I went to bed at the usual time since we will doubtless be able to read the content of the speech in the newspapers.

#### Sunday 16th March

Roosevelt's speech was a great success; all over the world, the press is full of it. In general he said that America would assist England in all ways to win the war against Germany. From now on war materials will be going to England in ever-greater amounts. He also thoroughly denounced Hitler.

This morning I got two parcels or books from Miss MacAlister which I find most welcome. This afternoon Bamberger began his lectures for 'professionals'. He said he hoped he would be able to bring us up to the standard of the middle-level exam of the R.I.B.A. in the subject of Theory of Structures ; but though this would be very desirable he hoped that our internment would not last that long. Today he went through quite elementary mechanics to set a solid groundwork.

#### Monday 17th March

Bamberger finally left the Construction Office today; he wants to study privately from now on. The position was taken over by Fraenkel, an engineer who worked with Zunz earlier.

I transferred my lecture-notes into a proper exercise-book this afternoon, in order to have everything together in an orderly fashion. Later if I ever have to do an exam it will definitely be a great help.

It is becoming ever-clearer to me that I really should write my diary in English. Although we are indeed in a German camp, German is not often spoken in general and especially not in our group. However since I've been writing in German for 1½ years I don't want to introduce English in the middle of it.

#### Tuesday 18th March

We received a letter today from Marcell's friend whom I asked a while ago to get me

an electric shaver, because he had some money for us which our uncle in Brazil had sent to him for us. We got the rubber mattresses and my sleeping-bag through him as well. He wrote that the shaver is far too dear and that he no longer has enough money left to buy it. It really is a great luxury to buy yourself something as expensive as this here in internment.

The war in Africa is continuing to go very well for the English. British troops are penetrating into Abyssinia from all sides. British Somaliland is once again in British hands (at the beginning of the war it was occupied by the Italians). Abyssinian troops are co-operating with the English. Yugoslavia's and Turkey's positions are rather unclear but it is to be anticipated that both will be forced to enter on the side of the Axis. It is rumoured that 200,000 British troops are stationed in Greece.

#### Wednesday 19th March

Ottawa will be cutting out a lot of construction work. They complained that far too many people were employed in construction work - this only comes from the fact that many kitchen workers and cleaners are entered on the pay lists under construction work. But the effect is that a lot of carpenters will be laid off. In our office no-one will be recognized as a permanent worker any more, but we will only be paid by the day. However as almost all of us work every day, things will stay the same. Of course it was obvious that the authorities were going to object as they have - in fact there is in reality comparatively little being built in the camp. The officers inspected the whole production and construction area this morning. While doing so the commandant praised the cabinet highly and said that in fact it was too well-made. Cabinets like this are going to be built for some other officers too but they are to be simpler and quicker to make.

#### Thursday 20th March

Today I worked almost the whole day on a small wooden box for M's electrical shaver. I made the tiny box from very thin wood which made fastening it together very difficult. I am tremendously fond of doing such handyman jobs because they make a pleasant change. Production is now going 'full-speed' ahead. 200-300 wash-bags are produced per day in the sewing section and 100-150 military boxes in the carpentry section. I am sure that such production (which has not yet reached maximum levels) is a great gain for the authorities.

#### Friday 21st March

There are constantly new things being offered in the canteen. Recently you have been able to buy coffee with whipped cream for 3c. every afternoon at a certain time. The dining-room then looks like a café - music is playing, people are talking loudly - you feel as if you were free.

Bamberger gave another lecture this evening. He jumped over a lot of material and is now going through quite advanced material. I learned some very good formulae for calculations for beams.

#### Saturday 22nd March

Surprisingly there was a lot of work for the Drawing Office today (which momentarily consists of just me as everyone else is employed on work outside). The new construction manager gives out little instruction slips to the various branches of the construction department on which he writes a person's task for the day. Today I got 7 things to do. Of course I set to work happily and finished most of the tasks this morning.

Every Saturday now there are opera broadcasts from New York. Today we heard 'Aida' which was again quite marvellously beautiful.

A rumour is circulating that the Newfoundland plan is sunk. The news spread like wildfire in the camp and caused great dismay. Was Paterson wrong after all when he

spoke about the end of March as the departure date of the first transport? Amazingly, however, a statement was issued from the camp emigration office this evening saying that the rumour was only based on a misunderstanding which had no importance at all. Such things are very wearing on the nerves.

#### Sunday 23rd March

This morning a third person from our camp was released here in Canada. This lucky person also had parents in Montreal.

Today was a very wonderful day. Right after breakfast people started to argue over wheelbarrows to use for lying on and sunning themselves. I only got a wheelbarrow later on in the morning and then lay out in the sun with some friends. Wrapped up in blankets we lay there in the piercing winter sun. If you closed your eyes you could imagine you were lying on the terrace of a hotel in the alps. The surroundings of the camp are really lovely in such weather. Trains pass every now and then in the distance, there is a busy highway... you can see that the world outside exists - it is only we that are banished.

#### Monday 24th March

The soldiers' kitchen is supposed to be started on as soon as possible, Rosenberg is sick in hospital so I kept on having to run over there and back when I wanted to ask something. At last I did the final draft. I drew the thing to scale in colour and hope that it really is final this time.

Countless posters advertising the Palestine Fund were put up today in the camp. Money is being collected all over Canada for the building up and defense of Palestine. Part of the funds are also to be used to enable refugees from Germany to go to Palestine. Most of the posters say 'Give one day's pay for Palestine'. I think this is a very good project - surely everyone can work for Palestine for one day.

#### Tuesday 25th March

A lot of mail came from England today. At last I heard from Peter Schwarz, who has apparently already written to me several times, but none of the letters have come. He is now earning about \$5- per week at a new job as a radio mechanic. As well as this, he has moved and says he has a quite marvellous room. He wrote that he only ever heard about me from Lady MacAlister until now. I really don't understand why some people receive letters and others do not. He wrote that Cambridge is completely unchanged; there are many more people than before, things are quite dear, but he is very happy.

A letter came for our group from one of the people who was interned with us before and went back with the first transport and was immediately released. He described the return voyage in detail and how he went back to Huyton for the second time in his internment and could scarcely recognize it. There were only comparatively few people in that camp, previously such an enormously big one, and all of them lived in very good conditions. There was a cinema and all sorts of other amusements to make the life of a prisoner in England much more pleasant. He wrote that the officers were quite indignant about the prison clothes that the internees from Canada were wearing; they thought these were only given to military prisoners-of-war. This 'Fancy Dress' was exchanged for civilian clothes for free. His account pleased me very much, for it shows, after all, that we would never in our lives have been treated in England as the s.-m. here treats us. After all, in England they know who we are even if they treated us badly to start off with in this crisis. But now they have recognized their mistake and are trying to make up for it. However, here we are completely at the mercy of the Canadian authorities. Personally, I still very much regret that I did not go back to England - I would have been free for about two months by now. But all that lies in the past now I have accustomed myself to the thought of the U.S.A. and am in a way looking forward to New York. What use is it to cry over things that happened in the past. 'Happy

is he who accepts what cannot be helped'.

#### Wednesday 26th March

From time to time packages of pyjamas have been arriving from various committees in America. They are always distributed to the groups, where they are raffled. Today I was in luck and won a pair of pyjamas.

The sergeant-major has organized unpaid work-groups to put the camp in order. Such groups are in fact justified since the prisoners themselves are supposed to have to keep the camp in good order. So, 100 men were chosen for this job this morning and did their work well. At roll-call this afternoon the commandant appeared, quite unexpectedly, and said how much he appreciated our co-operation and how happy he was to see the workers today. He also announced that from now on there would be a cinema show every Friday evening. Loud clapping and shouts of hurrah immediately broke out. This is the first time he has spoken to us and by the same token you could see that he had won us over. He was pleasant, laughed, brought good news; and I am sure that he will be able, with these methods, to get from us everything that the s.-m. has tried to get by force.

Something else very astonishing happened today: everyone got a white mail envelope. None of us have seen such a thing for a long time. They are so beautifully white... something we'd already completely forgotten. You can't compare your handkerchief to them.

#### Thursday 27th March

There is good news from Yugoslavia : pro-Nazi cabinet members, the prime minister and the foreign minister have been imprisoned. The Prince Regent, Paul, has fled; the young king Peter has formed a new government. There have been pro-British demonstrations all over the country. England has promised to help Yugoslavia in case she is attacked. I'm very curious to know what will happen now. I think Hitler will take over this country too. If there is an attack it will come from Austria and Hungary - this will make Austria a military target for the allies. Perhaps the English will then bomb Austria. There definitely are important sites which could be destroyed by bombing - for example the Semmering railway. But hopefully things will not get that far.

This afternoon I was on the list for fatigue duty and had to shovel snow for four hours. It was really a waste of time.

#### Friday 28th March

You can see the spring is coming everywhere : the snow is almost all gone and everything is muddy. All of us have been attacked by a peculiar tiredness which is a sign of the change of temperature.

Everyone was looking forward to this evening when the first cinema show was to take place. Already this afternoon we had found out from the people who work in the soldiers' kitchen that the film was called 'Lion has Wings'. I saw this film a long time ago in England. They were good times then. I find it quite funny that they are showing us a British propaganda film like this (not a particularly good one) in a prisoner-of-war camp. But as the film rolled and Hitler was boo'd and King George was cheered you could immediately see who we were. A clergyman from the Y.M.C.A. personally operated the small film projector; he showed us two cultural films as well as the main feature - the films presented very beautiful views of nature in Canada. Although I had already seen the main film it made a very welcome change. Everyone enjoyed themselves and at the end we thanked the clergyman by giving him a loud 'cheer'.

#### Saturday 29th March

The plans for the soldiers' kitchen have been given to the Canadian workers and they have already begun construction. No-one even asked for a detailed plan, which led to the fact that already they have laid wooden foundations instead of a concrete bed (as

we wanted). Everything happens like this here: first they demand every possible design and project from us and then they do everything entirely differently.

Mail to England has been working very badly - I have written to lots of people in Cambridge but have received no reply at all. Only from Lady MacAlister do I get a letter now and then.

#### Sunday 30th March

Again a really marvellous day. After breakfast people fought for wheelbarrows on which to lie and sun themselves on a day like this. I was in luck and got one, but after a couple of hours it suddenly turned quite cold so you couldn't bear it outside any more. What a peculiar climate! I spent the day doing little jobs that an internee has to do from time to time. It is very important to keep your things in order, to cover your books, to make folders for your letters, etc, otherwise everything gets lost in this communal life. You also have to do your washing every week, darn socks and do other jobs that almost everyone here hates. You fritter away a lot of time on such minor things.

#### Monday 31st March

\$107.70 has been collected in the camp for the Palestine Fund; the money has been given in to the committee who will pass it on. It is really a very large amount if you take into consideration that it is all honestly earned money from 20c. wages.

There has been an extremely important sea battle in the Mediterranean: approximately 7 large Italian ships have been sunk but the English have suffered no losses at all. The newspapers are full of descriptions of this big victory. America has confiscated 66 ships from occupied countries and the Axis powers and the crews have been interned. This act is very hard to explain since the U.S.A. actually has no right to such requisitions. Perhaps it is a preliminary to their entry into the war. Yugoslavia is in great danger - all the Germans and Italians have been expelled and the attack seems to be imminent.

I studied almost all day. I have written to Miss MacAlister for the third volume of the construction book, as I'm almost finished the first two volumes.

We've also ordered technical books from M<sup>1</sup>'s friend in America who still has some money for us.

#### Tuesday 1st April

A lot of silly April Fool jokes were played today - above all there were a lot of funny messages on the notice-board. Many people were sent to the sergeant-major, people he didn't want to see at all.

This afternoon we had a visit from General Panett, the previous D.I.O., who came to look over the camp. There have been several visits from high military officers over the past few days. Rumours are spreading that we are going to leave here - but that is surely nonsense. They wouldn't have handed out so much money to build up a production centre if we weren't going to stay here permanently. But something or the other is definitely going on - you feel it somehow.

Rosenberg gave another lecture this evening, on planning of agricultural buildings. He has a lot of experience in this area in particular and has even written a book on farm buildings with wonderful illustrations. He has the manuscript here and read out parts of it to us. If you take all the rules that he set out into account when you do a design, you definitely can't go far wrong.

#### Wednesday 2nd April

I had a terrible toothache during the night. Right after breakfast I went to the hospital and talked to the head doctor. I was prepared to pay for private dental treatment myself, however he said that this was quite out of the question. Apparently there is

supposed to be a dentist coming to the camp soon who will not only extract teeth but do fillings. I can hardly eat bread at all. I should have gone to the dentist a year ago.

Thursday 3rd April

Roll-call will be outside from now on; it is very warm already and this way you regularly get out into the fresh air as you have to wait quite a long time while they count you off.

I got very upset when I accidentally saw the framework of the new soldiers' kitchen today. The roof has been built entirely incorrectly so that the lower floor of the main building is right out of place. My design specified it all in the most exact detail - it did indeed come late but it has after all been given to the workers. There is no use in complaining since you are dealing with the army.

A statement from Mr Goldner arrived in the camp today - which basically contained nothing new except a sentence which has already often been repeated : 'The procedure is bound to be slow'.

We got a card from our uncle in New York today. He gave us a short account of how very hard life is in the States and said that refugees have very little chance of making something of themselves. He himself has been unemployed for months and doesn't know how to help himself. In general he said that we should not expect anything from the Seidlers (by this he also meant our cousin who sent us the affidavit). We will probably have to ask our uncle in Brazil for the money for our journey.

I received a wonderfully nice letter from Lady MacAlister, but unfortunately it is now well behind the times. She is still trying to persuade my parents to let us go back - of course, however, unsuccessfully. She has sold the car because there is too great a danger of air-raids and has put the money into Defence Bonds. She hopes that our parents will change their minds when the situation improves a little. I have already written five letters since she sent this one - a letter to England now generally takes somewhat more than a month.

Friday 4th April

Once again there has been a great uproar: there was an article concerning us in the 'Montreal Star'. The American Legion has proposed a 'Bill' in Congress which would forbid people interned in Canada going to the U.S.A. They said that up to now it has been theoretically possible for any P.o.W. to get an American visa and that this must be stopped. At this time they do not want to let in people whom England considers dangerous and has even deported, etc etc. Of course this has only been moved and is far from being passed - but in any case it is highly probable that the American Legion has a lot of influence. But that was only the beginning. This afternoon Goldner himself arrived in the camp and talked to some people. 'The plan is not yet completely destroyed' he said - but apparently close to it. The whole camp is very disappointed. Now it really looks as if nothing will come of our plans to emigrate. What can we do now? Go back to England? There is probably nothing else left for us to do. Before Goldner left he made the following statement: the plan has been worked out by the committee and has been put before the U.S. Visa Department. The Secretary of State, Sumner Wells, has indicated that it looks 'O.K.' This was the situation until the American Legion intervened in the Senate. Until the U.S. government's position becomes clear the committee will stop its activities, but if the difficulties are removed then everything will resume its planned course.

We are all very pessimistic. Somehow we feel that they misled us from the beginning. Earlier, the committee and Paterson were very optimistic, and so we could all count on the possibility of emigration with some certainty. Only now has the real state of affairs become apparent. Nevertheless, as was said, the project is still not yet completely dead.

We had movies this evening: once again the nice clergyman from the Y.M.C.A. came and showed a few cultural films of his own as well as the main movie. This sort of show made us forget many of our troubles.

#### Saturday 5th April

Much discussion about our emigration. Of course everyone is very disappointed but we look on the funny side of the affair as well. We are, after all, used to bearing disappointments. Everyone is still hoping for a favourable decision on the move to the U.S. - and if that doesn't work then we'll first have to go into the A.M.P.C. Marcell also thinks that this is the only way out if the U.S. doesn't work.

The weather is marvellous: for weeks now it has not rained and has been warm. Everyone lay in the sun. Unfortunately we have been forbidden to use the wheelbarrows as deck-chairs but the inventive genius of an internee has devised new ideas, putting planks together until they virtually form a terrace on which you can put a mattress and sun yourself. In weather like this it is quite unbearable in the buildings - it is especially bad in building three where in addition to the heat there are also the dirt and noise of the woodwork machines.

#### Sunday 6th April

They said on the radio that the Germans have already begun to bomb Yugoslavia and Greece however no more details are known as yet. The English have been very successful in Abyssinia and have already advanced to the capital.

The camp sports leader has now organized a training run and exercises every morning - I have resolved to take part as often as possible. As it was the first time today we all had muscle pains since - we have done almost no exercise at all apart from this.

#### Monday 7th April

I got a new job in the office - I am supposed to draw in the exact position of the barbed-wire fence, the watchtowers, etc, onto two quite old plans of these railway buildings, because they want to see if the outer barbed-wire fence goes over the 'Boundary Line'. Hopefully I will get proper measuring instruments to use since the terrain is very hilly and uneven. Today I went out with a guard (this time inside the outer fence) and did a provisional sketch to get an idea of the land. This is the first time that I have gone walking outside the inner barbed-wire fence. The camp looks quite different from outside. I only today saw the very busy road that passes quite close by the camp for the first time - many cars and people travel past here.

My cabinet that was being made for the officers was finally finished today. About 5-6 people have worked on it. Now I wonder how they ever got it done since we don't have enough work-tools and also could not use the machines at all often. The commandant saw the finished product as he was inspecting and was very satisfied and thanked us all.

#### Tuesday 8th April

The war in the Balkans is really on now: Germany is advancing against Greece from Bulgaria and is attacking Yugoslavia through Austria and Hungary. The reports are only rather vague; in general the Germans do not seem to have been particularly successful. A proper B.E.F. (British Expeditionary Force) has arrived in Greece. They are not yet in action but will very soon be fighting on the Greek side. The situation in Lybia has changed to the disadvantage of the English. German troops have come to the aid of the Italians and have brought things to the point that the English have had to evacuate Benghazi.

M. and I have decided not to write anything to our parents about the developments in our emigration plans. It would only upset them unnecessarily which is not at all needed

considering their difficult life in England. Living in London has very much worn down Mummy's nerves. Papa has got a job in Cambridge as a pattern-cutter.

Wednesday 9th April

The Nazis have won - they are said to have taken Saloniki already and to have pushed straight across Yugoslavia right to the Albanian border. If things go on this way there will definitely be an appalling catastrophe. 20,000 Yugoslav prisoners (5 generals) are in German hands. Churchill has made a rather pessimistic speech - he said that the Suez Canal is indeed in great danger but that the fight on the Atlantic front is the most important and decisive.

We got a job from the commandant to do two plans for the entrance-way of the commandant's office. Rosenberg did one and I did the other. I've never done anything like this before but had rather a good idea. In general there is once again a lot to do in the office.

Thursday 10th April

Fraenkel, the head of our office, discussed both sets of plans with our commandant today. The latter said that he liked both of them very much but that he would prefer mine. My plan was to have a little platform in front of the entrance with seats on it. Of course I'm very proud of this.

Passover begins tomorrow. I have already put myself down for both the long evenings. Masses of matzo have arrived in the camp and lots of other easter foods which have all been donated by American and Canadian Jewish committees.

The news is very bad - the Germans have taken Zagreb and are sending ever more troops to Lybia. It is still unclear what the stance of Turkey is - it has now been forced into the front line of events.

Friday 11th April

We got another job from the commandant's office. This time we are supposed to design a terrace for the officers\* mess. I got the job and did it in quite a short time. I did everything very thoroughly and used all the wooden beams.

The B.E.F. in Greece is supposed to have come into contact with the enemy - hopefully it will turn out well.

The first Passover festive meal was tonight; everyone was dressed up in their best (quite normal civilian clothes) which looked very funny. The Passover food was already set out on tables, we had a fantastic meal - and with our civilian clothes everyone completely forgot where we are.

Saturday 12th April

Today was a holiday - production work stopped since the majority of people would not work. The weather is still wonderful and people spent the time outside. The only drawback in this camp is that we have no open sports field and the ground here is very dusty. Yet when you consider that a cruel war is raging in Europe, we should really be happy to be living here in freedom.

The German advance into Greece is supposed to have been stopped. It is still unstated how many English troops are situated in Greece. Constantinople is evacuating women and children - Turkey also will definitely soon be entangled in the war.

Sunday 13th April

I did another design today - this time a large, rather extravagant house with huge windows, etc. I asked for advice from Bamberger and Rosenberg every now and then and they gave me good ideas. But the design is still far from finished.

This evening the writer Peter Berg gave a lecture about publishing. For this he borrowed two pages from my diary and read them out. I gave him the days of our arrival in Canada.

The news gets worse and worse. The situation is moving towards a decisive battle in Greece; the state of the war in Lybia gets worse from day to day; the (Germans are supposed to have advanced right to the Egyptian border at some points. The English are supposed to have been outflanked at Tobruk but still hold the city. It is scarcely credible how fast the situation in Lydia has changed: before, the English were just about to march on Tripoli and now Egypt is in danger.

#### Monday 14th April

Fatigue duty is decided by alphabetical order: everyone, without exception, has to work for four hours when it is his turn. In general the work is very unpleasant and dirty.

Today it was my turn and I had to take wooden beams out of the camp and pile them up outside - real prison work.

#### Tuesday 15th April

A new dust-prevention treatment has arrived in the camp and the floors of the dormitories are going to be coated with it. We have to vacate half of the dormitory and the inhabitants have to find quarters elsewhere. The prevention treatment smells horribly and with the heat in the dormitory you just can't bear it.

The officers have given us yet another job - it always has something to do with their comfort. Everything is too primitive for them, they always want new staircases, entrance-halls, terraces etc. It's all the same to me - I always learn through such things.

#### Wednesday 16th April

I am now tired of all this architectural work. Neither of the architects, neither Bamberger nor Rosenberg, are working any more - Rosenberg because he is going back to England and would no longer be paid for his time, and Bamberger of course retired some time ago, has been giving lectures and sometimes works with the officers outside. What he is doing out there he apparently cannot say. At any rate he has taken designing instruments with him out of the office. There are rumours that army huts are to be built outside the camp for us to live in and that the dormitory buildings are to be transformed into factory buildings.

There was good news from the war-zone today - an Italian naval convoy of three destroyers and five supply ships has completely been sunk. The ships were carrying troops and munitions, tanks, etc, for the Germans in Lybia. Abyssinia has almost completely been conquered. Almost exclusively South African troops fought in this campaign. The English are still encircled in Tobruk, but could - as they said - leave the city by ship or by breaking through the enemy lines. For the moment they are holding on.

#### Thursday 17th April

This time it was our half of the dormitory's turn to move. We had to move temporarily over to the first building, which looked very dark and unfriendly.

Someone has had a letter sent back to him from Vienna. He had sent it to his 62 -year-old mother from camp 'L'; the letter bore the inscription 'addressee has gone to Poland'. Of course this means that his mother has been put into the Lublin ghetto - they say that all the Viennese Jews are supposed to have been taken there. The parents of many of us here are still in Austria and we are very worried.

Griffin, the previous camp commander (who was here when we came) is dead. An army memorial service took place today on the military exercise ground outside our barbed-wire fence. We were invited to observe the ceremony from behind the barbed-wire fence. The flag was at half-mast and the whole regiment observed one minute's

silence.

#### Friday 18th April

We are going to build a window in the canteen - I did a design for it but could not find anyone to construct it. There was nothing else for it but to do it myself. I got permission to use the production machinery and found this job a pleasant change. I spent the whole day making the outer frame.

I was very surprised to get a very big parcel this afternoon. It was the two suits, shoes etc which had been sent to us some time ago by our parents. We thought that the parcel had been sunk, since it took such a long time to come. We are very happy to finally have some proper clothes. If we go to the U.S.A. we will at least have something to wear to start off with.

The committee put out a list today of 28 people who are supposed to fill out forms which are also going to be sent in. This is so they can get identification papers to use for emigration purposes. It is quite amazing that such a list should come after Goldner's last pessimistic visit. It means, apparently, that these people have good chances of getting over there after all. Almost all of these 28 have first-degree blood relatives in the States.

This evening's films from the Y.M.C.A. were very amusing.

#### Saturday 19th April

It was beautifully warm outside - almost the whole camp lay around on the planks outdoors. The air inside the buildings is unbearable when it gets a bit warmer. Unfortunately real sunbathing is still not allowed.

Marcell thinks that we should have more clothes sent to us from England - he wants to have all his things sent, as later it might no longer be possible.

I'm not completely in agreement with this as there is still the possibility that we won't go to the States at all but will have to go back to England. Why should we expose our belongings to the danger of being sunk. On the other hand we would certainly be happy to arrive in New York dressed like normal people.

28 German pilots have escaped from a prisoner-of-war camp. This sounds so incredible that you can scarcely grasp it. So far they've only caught 9 and all the others are still completely at large. They are continuing the hunt with bloodhounds and aeroplanes. The 28 men escaped through a tunnel that they dug under the barbed-wire fence.

#### Sunday 20th April

We're doing very interesting things with Bamberger: in the last couple of lectures we have gone through some graph calculations for roof constructions. I've never done such things before. We have now covered the material up to about the middle exam of the R.I.B.A.

The sergeant-major announced that today at 9-45 a third roll-call would take place 'in honour of Hitler's birthday'. No-one can figure out what this is supposed to mean. Does it have something to do with the 28 escaped Nazis or is it a general order from the D.I.O.? In any case 18 of the 28 have already been caught.

#### Monday 21st April

I am now working on the window for the canteen entirely on my own. The job is progressing well and is very instructive for me. When you do things by hand, when you have to do all the carpentry yourself, then you learn a lot more than if you read construction books.

The English are still holding on in Greece but have had to draw back somewhat. In London they are saying that a full retreat might soon occur. The whole thing reminds me very much of Norway.

Tuesday 22nd April

My toothache keeps getting worse. Every mealtime is a torment for me as it hurts a lot to eat bread. Soon a dentist is supposed to be coming and he will stay until everyone has been treated. Hopefully this will be soon.

Wednesday 23rd April

The news from Greece is very bad : the Germans are penetrating ever further [?] and the English will soon have to pull right back. If Greece is taken then Egypt and the Suez Canal will be in great danger and the Germans will also be able to attack through Turkey and Syria. Every one of the English

'Expeditionary Forces' until now has ended up in defeat. If things go on like this, how can the war be won. Yet somehow, after all, one feels that, as always in history, England will win the final battle.

Thursday 24th April

The dentist finally came into the camp today. He is an internee from camp 'I' and will stay here for a few weeks. He is going to give everyone a brief examination over the next few days so he can treat the most urgent cases and the people who are going to England first.

The masons who knocked a hole in the wall for the canteen window have done it all wrong. I gave them all the designs and measurements and yet they have done it all wrongly. It really is annoying. There are no good tradesmen at all in this camp. The only thing to do was to do the job myself. I took a hammer and chisel and tried to correct it all. I cemented in the frame this afternoon and it looked quite good. I forgot everything while I was working - I really do not work for the money but because time passes quickly while I do so and I learn something from it.

Friday 25th April

I was examined by the dentist today, who put me on the list of urgent cases. I will be treated in the next few days. This evening there was another movie show but this time it was very bad. Nevertheless it makes a welcome change.

Saturday 26th April

There was a pleasant surprise for me - I got a parcel from my parents with all my designing instruments right down to the drawing board and T-square. All the set squares, geometry sets and designs were included. I will very much need all these things. I looked at my old school drawings from the C.T.S. with quite different very critical eyes. I realized that I must have learned much since I have been interned.

A letter from Paterson has been posted up. He has been in Washington and has managed to get our case 'reconsidered'. After the intervention of the American Legion the plan had no hope at all of success but now he is quite confident that it will work after all.

Sunday 27th April

The s.-m. has once again caused a great uproar in the camp. Since the last transport left there have been some empty beds - so now he wanted all double bunks to be removed from the camp that only have a single occupant. So all day there was much moving around and many arguments.

I have been very lazy. I did a little work for Bam's lectures and then just lay in the sun. The weather was beautiful.

A large sports programme has been worked out for the summer. Tennis courts are going to be built inside and outside the camp, a big open field is to be put at our disposal, a swimming pool is supposed to be built out of an old locomotive revolving platform, etc etc. Hopefully we will not still be here when all these privileges have become a reality.

Monday 28th April

At last I finished the canteen window today. The canteen chef was very pleased with it and gave me some presents in the form of apples, etc.

What we have foreseen for weeks has happened - Greece has been a complete defeat for the English. Athens is already in German hands.

Tuesday 29th April

We got a packet of books from America today. Our uncle in Brazil sent money to a friend of ours who used it to buy technical books for us. I got 'Introduction to Architectural Drawing'. These American books are completely different from the English textbooks - the details of windows, etc, are very different. The book deals almost exclusively with wooden buildings in particular.

'My boss' Fraenkel was working on a plan for a swimming pool today. It became apparent that the thing will be very expensive and would scarcely pay for itself. For the time being that will all be kept quiet until the officers have given it their approval.

Wednesday 30th April

I had a friend in the sewing department make me cloth covers for my new set square and slide-rule, etc. I took a portfolio for my drawings from the office so that I can keep all my designing things in good order. I never had time to do such things before, when I was free.

I got an appointment card for the dentist for tomorrow, in the post - which shows that the camp really is well organized. All messages to individuals go through an office, etc. Letters of common interest to all are written by the camp office - for example today a very good letter from sent to Paterson.

Thursday 1st May

My dentist's appointment was at 10 a.m. To be honest, I was a little afraid of going - when he first examined my teeth he said that one would have to be pulled out. He has a complete field clinic in the hospital which has been put at his disposal by the army. He is a very nice man and is certainly sympathetic and understands our situation. First of all I had two injections, then he treated another tooth and at the end came the painful process of extraction. They told me if you had an injection you would scarcely feel a thing. But I have had the opportunity of being convinced to the contrary - it hurt madly. He dug into the tooth with a pair of pincers - I rose up in my seat - and then it cracked (the root snapped) and then he pulled again and finally he triumphantly pulled the tooth out. After it was all over I was hardly in any pain at all but before I left he gave me some pills to take away so that I could take them later if it started to hurt. And indeed the injection did wear off in about two hours and he was right - this afternoon I was in dreadful pain. After taking the two pills I went to sleep.

The head of production called combined group meetings today (each combined group was made up of 4-5 groups) and told us that the production level had sunk considerably. He said we definitely had to work harder otherwise everything might be shut down. A long debate followed. Someone said that they couldn't expect a lot for 20c. pay, that we were treated badly here, the s.-m. behaved worse from day to day - why should we work ourselves to shreds for such a farce of a reward? On the contrary, we should set conditions, we should demand basic necessities (e.g. a sports ground), the s.-m. should behave better, etc etc - and then we might produce something for the army, but not before. Up to now they had just made use of us - they

always said 'If you are really loyal then show it by working for the war effort'. But we should say, 'If you think that we are refugees then why don't you treat us accordingly?' The speaker was much applauded. I admit that he is right about a lot (certainly about the s.-m.), if not about everything - and so in future we are not going to work as hard as we have until now.

#### Friday 2nd Xay

There is unrest in Iraq. - there were a lot of English troops there and they have recently been reinforced. The Iraqi army do not seem to agree with this (there has been a fascist government for some time). The situation in Tobruk is virtually unchanged - the city is still surrounded and the outer fortifications are supposed to have been broken through. Suez and Gibraltar are in great danger.

It was very disappointing at the movies tonight - the sound cut out right away in the first film. We turned on the lights and our experts tried to correct the fault but soon gave up. They all said that something was wrong with the radio battery cell and they couldn't do anything about it. The s.-m. said that the film would continue without sound and whoever wanted to leave could. Almost everyone stayed. You can understand a Mickey Mouse film even without sound but it's quite different with a feature film. Luckily it was a western which had no great complicated plot; but to give it a little sound after all one of the pianists sat at the piano and played some music. He did very well, playing tunes that fitted in with the plot. Hopefully this sort of thing will not happen at our film nights again.

#### Saturday 3rd May

I again had work to do at the office after a long time in which I haven't done any designs for weeks. There was a lot of post this afternoon and we got a long letter from our parents. They said that for the time being they will not be able to leave for the States because it is impossible to get tickets on a ship. They are very well and are living with Mr Turner as before. We are getting very depressing letters from our relatives in the States - they have to work hard for their daily bread and are often unemployed.

The unrest in Iraq has developed into a real battle - the whole thing has certainly been contrived by the Axis powers. The country is very important for the English because they need the oil for the army in the east. Hopefully they will soon be finished with Iraq.

#### Sunday 4th May

Our U.S.A. plan doesn't look at all promising. They've announced that Paterson will be coming here on Tuesday on his last visit before his return to England. They said (and this information came from one of the officers) that he was going to put before us the choice either to go back and into the Pioneer Corps or to stay interned here for the duration of the war. America is almost completely closed to us - perhaps only a few will have the right connections to enable them to go there. We are all very dismayed; now everything depends on whether the prospects really are hopeless. It is certain that many of us do not under any circumstances want to go back to England - this includes some students from London who think that they have been too badly treated by the English to fight for them now. I can well understand them.

#### Monday 5th May

Everyone is anticipating tomorrow's visit. We feel as if a great decision stands before us. Everyone is asking 'And what will you do if the U.S.A. plan goes wrong?' Most people don't know what they would do as it all depends on the details... We have now been concentrating for five months on emigrating to America -and why should we now refuse to decide? Almost all the camp gathered to discuss things in the dining-room. A lot of nonsense was talked but good suggestions were also made. It all was about the following: the U.S. Legion is hostile to us as internees and does not want to let us immigrate. If we could only be freed, even if only for a

short period, it would be different and we could immigrate without difficulty for sure. So, in general it was decided that we should make some proposals to Paterson. Perhaps he has had so much else to do that he has not been occupying himself with this affair too much. We are going to suggest that he get us exit visas to Newfoundland, then have us released there so that the U.S. government can forget our internment. Others wanted to suggest that the camp be transformed into a sort of 'Kitchener Camp' so that we could live in 'supervised freedom' and could not be designated as internees. That too would help us emigrate.

#### Tuesday 6th May

Everyone was in great uproar - people kept on leaving their jobs to go and look at the gate. Was he coming yet? The camp leaders were taken to the commandant's office at 9 a.m. for a formal welcome. Shortly afterwards HE came - Paterson. You could see from afar that this was someone who did not belong in the camp. The dusty parade-ground was full of internees in dirty uniforms playing ball, standing around in groups and suddenly this civilian appeared on the scene, an elegantly-dressed, big man - so strangely clean in our eyes. He was accompanied only by our three representatives - no soldiers. You could have heard a pin drop on the parade-ground as soon as the gate closed behind him. Everyone stood 'to attention', but this time without the sergeant-major's whistle and bawling. He walked through the crowds of us looking at us all very attentively. He nodded at some people in a friendly way and smiled at me as if he had known me for 10 years. It is astonishing what an air he brought with him - exactly what we have missed for a year - the air of the civilized world outside.

He went into the camp office with our people and there the discussion with all executive officers took place. The dining-room was full of anxious faces. What would happen now? About 10 minutes later a short statement came and was read out. It said that the negotiations were continuing in Washington on the matter of our emigration plan. The British Ambassador to the U.S.A., Lord Halifax, had the matter in hand. The difficulties were no longer of a legal but exclusively of a political nature. Today Paterson only wanted to give interviews to those going to England, since Goldner, who is supposed to come here in the next few days, will be handling the cases of the emigrants in a more detailed way. 350 'B' category people were to go back to England with the next transport. This did not include everyone who had put themselves down to go back as there was insufficient room on the ship for the time being.

- Everyone breathed again. - So it was not the case of the collapse of the U.S.A. plans after all - and he hadn't said that it was his last time here, either. This shows once again that you should give no credence at all to rumours - they just prey on your nerves. Paterson stayed there the whole day and slowly we heard further news. A long report was made by one of the executive committee this evening - he had been present at everything that had occurred during the day. He said that the Newfoundland plan, now as before, was still the basis of our emigration - the legal difficulties would be overcome in that way. The problems now lay exclusively with the Americans themselves: the question was, would they take ex-internees or not. At the moment they won't. In the critical war situation the American Legion (a group of more or less super-patriots) don't want to let any Germans who are in any way suspect into the country. They even say that behind it all lies German propaganda - that the U.S. authorities are being made anxious about the Germans getting a fifth column into the U.S. under the guise of refugees. Paterson thinks that concessions will have to be made and this will most probably be in the numbers. If the Americans accept the plan in any form at all they will set conditions - for example that instead of 1,500 only 750 people could immigrate. If it comes to that then the big question is who of us should have priority. Long discussions about this took place with Paterson who thinks that people with close blood

relatives should have priority. Someone from the executive then spoke up and said that if only some of us could go over there then those who stayed behind would without doubt have to remain interned for the duration of the war. And so such unfortunate people would lose all prospects of emigration. But why should a man whose father was in the States and who had only taken up the idea of emigration at all in the last couple of months have preference over another person who had already registered for a U.S. visa in Germany three years ago, whose plans had all been made on the basis of emigration to the U.S. and whose mother was in a Jewish camp in Lublin? Why should he be imprisoned for the duration of the war? Everyone agreed that it would be unjust. We voted that Paterson should be given a statement in which it was clearly set out that we are of the opinion that concessions should be made on the basis of the date of registration. We were all convinced that this wasn't an ideal solution either but someone has to suffer after all if the numbers are limited. In any case it has still not been decided at all what conditions the Americans are even going to set. Hopefully there will be no talk at all of a reduction in numbers. Paterson said that if he left for England he would appoint a deputy to whom we could apply. To the question, when he was leaving he replied 'I was going to leave on Saturday but it would not be fair to leave you in this predicament'. Everyone applauded at that.

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He thinks there is scarcely anything that can be done with the Canadian authorities. There is no possibility at all of setting up a sort of Kitchener Camp here. If the U.S.A. enters the war we will have to give up all hope of emigrating there. He is trying to help us here in Canada by attempting to get the name 'Internee Camp' officially replaced by 'Refugee Camp'.

We were all very much set at rest by all this news - indeed it was not very good news but it was in no way catastrophic. When you consider all that this man has done and undertaken for us then you can see immediately how much he would like to have us released from this internment. After a whole day of hard work he still managed to visit our sick people in hospital and spoke personally to each of them - a real gentleman.

#### Wednesday 7th May

Everything was calm; camp life went on quite normally. I have been doing a design for a new canteen counter for the past couple of days - a new bar counter has to be made since such a lot of drinks and ice-cream are sold. I like such jobs very much. I am making copies of all the drawings that I want to keep - perhaps I can use them later.

It is as dreadfully hot and dusty; almost everyone wore shorts (we simply cut off our uniform trousers). Sunbathing is still not allowed. If only we had a piece of ground we could lie on. The commandant has forbidden sunbathing because he thinks that Europeans should not expose themselves too much to the Canadian sun. Our doctors say this is complete nonsense. It is unbearable in the buildings in such weather - but where on earth can you go. We would all be pleased to be back in camp 'L'.

#### Thursday 8th May

This morning yet another incredibly appalling thing happened - the whole camp was woken up at 6.30 a.m. without reason. The s.-m. himself came bawling into the dormitories to wake us up. He stormed from bed to bed, swearing, (which reveals his origins), pulling blankets off people - like a madman. Everyone was half-asleep and got up - what could we do? Roll-call was at 6.45, it was foggy and unpleasant outside. It then became obvious to us what an appalling thing it was to drag us out of bed so early. When the s.-m. started to shout again outside, a tremendous roar of rage suddenly broke out from us. We thus made him quiet down a little, everyone was very upset and demanded an explanation - what right had this boor to treat us like this first thing in the morning? The camp leadership intends to resign if the commandant does not intervene. As usual, a memorandum was drawn up describing everything and also

enumerating other things that the s.-m. has taken it upon himself to do. Our three representatives went out with this memorandum and wanted to ask for a private meeting with the commandant - but to everyone's astonishment, he refused any discussion. He read the memorandum through quite superficially and said that he wanted to speak to the whole camp tomorrow. And with that the affair was temporarily settled.

#### Friday 9th May

I helped with the construction of the new canteen counter; a lot of people helped with it and we finished it by this evening.

This afternoon the whole camp assembled in the dining-room to hear the commandant's speech, everyone was very curious - what stance would he now adopt? Until now - so he began - the camp routine had proceeded of itself without incident. The first incident since he had been here had taken place yesterday. 'Try to put yourselves in my place and I will do the same. You can be sure that I am very sorry that you have been interned because of your nationality, but I have nothing to do with the reasons for your being here. I am just your guard. My job is (and here he quoted an order) "... to be responsible for the maintenance of and discipline among prisoners-of-war, enemy aliens or otherwise...". By this "otherwise" you can see that you are no longer designated as P.o.W.' He assured us that he had not implemented here many orders that he had received, but had checked with Ottawa. However there must be organization in the camp. 'This is why I issued the "Compound Orders" which state that certain groups must go to the barber on certain days. Everything must be organized like this - otherwise order or routine would no longer be possible in the camp.' Finally he came to the point. Yesterday's roll-call was his order - the s.-m. had not, as we thought, acted on his own authority but he himself had ordered that roll-call should be put earlier as a punishment if we frequently came too late. He said the s.-m. had acted correctly and apart from this he could assure us that the latter was well-disposed towards us all and did a lot for us (the s.-m. was present). - In a word, the whole affair turned into a complete victory for the s.-m.

This evening there was a delightful film : Roberta. The whole camp was charmed. The s.-m. told funny stories in the intermission, apparently to make it up to us. Everything is again as before.

#### Saturday 10th May

We have been told that the chests between our beds have to go - why, is inexplicable as is so much with the army. They were very useful things and fully served their purpose - apparently the commandant does not like them.

I am still being treated by the dentist. The man is incredibly thorough and is treating the whole camp.

#### Sunday 11th May

Today was a fabulous day. The camp's surroundings are now so absolutely beautiful that you long to be there every time you look out. You can see not only the re-awakening of the natural world but really even feel it. Only in our camp is there not one single plant, not even a single blade of grass - just dirty rubble. I long dreadfully to go for a walk in a field or a wood - but I am sure such things will remain forbidden to me for a long time to come.

I worked on a design this afternoon - I drew for hours and did not get tired. Real work like this makes me forget everything.

London is supposed to have been especially heavily bombed in the last few days - BIG BEN, Parliament, the House of Commons and other historic buildings have been hit.

Monday 12th May, 1941

I was interned one year ago today - A FULL YEAR! I can still remember the fatal Whitsunday exactly. The first half of the year was very active - I saw a lot, did a lot. But the last seven months that we have been in this camp have been quite monotonous. At the beginning, in the English camps, I hoped it would not last many weeks and now I hope that it only lasts for a few months. In general, I've used my time in this camp very well - I have learned a lot and read a lot in my field. I think that I've developed a wider viewpoint during this year in internment. Before, I lived in a small circle of family and friends but now I see that people like us cannot lead peaceful lives like that but must wander around the world. Who knows where we will end up next? That is in fact what depresses me most of all - the completely unknown future. We can only hope, we can make plans, but if they will be realized, no-one knows.

Today I reached the decision to write my diary in English from now on. Firstly, by now I've forgotten my German again and besides I want to practise my English. I want to bind this volume of my first year in internment since I will probably never see my old diary in England ever again in order to attach them to each other.

I received a delightful letter from Lady MacAlister (in seemed in celebration of the day). It made me very happy to read it. Life in England seems to have been completely subordinated to the war. Women are being called up, rations are now quite small but nevertheless she is, as always, completely sure of England's victory. Who knows whether I will ever see this good person again!

[Handwritten diary follows in English]

Tuesday 13<sup>th</sup> May [1941]

Well I really have decided to write in English from now on. The main reason for this is to make up for the lot of German I have talked during this first year of my internment which ended yesterday. Although ever since we came to this camp I have spoken comparatively little German. Marcel & I nearly always converse in English & as to the rest of the groups they are mainly Cambridge students who do not speak German at all.

In this morning's news we hear a most amazing story about Rudolf Hess. He is (or better say he was) Hitler's deputy & special favourite. A day or two ago he landed in SCOTLAND with a parachute from an unarmed Messerschmitt which he flew over from Germany. He broke an ankle when landing from his parachute jump and is in a Glasgow hospital just as the whole of England & the world is puzzled by this extraordinary incident. Berlin tries to explain the matter by saying that Hess was not quite sane etc - which was denied by Doctors who found Hess in a perfectly sane & healthy condition. There is some talk of him wanting to propose a peaceful settlement of the war - which

is very unlikely - other sources say that he fled after a quarrel with Hitler - to be safe from the Gestapo. He is treated as special POW and may be sent to CANADA for etc etc, hope he won't come here. I really wonder what brought this man to E. By the way I remember seeing him together with H. in Vienna.

We are still working on the counter - bar. The counter I designed certainly is taking shape. I must say that I am quite proud of it. Our office is as busy as ever. I think we never be able to have a past, there are always little odds & ends to be done - a window here & a door there & a shed for this - quite a good thing that I am kept busy.

Wednesday 14<sup>th</sup> May

Radio still talking Hess. Describes wonderful uniform & further reasons for flight given: Hates Communist Russia and since Germany closely collaborating with Russia – rather fled – first thing supposed to have said: I have come to save humanity & [indecipherable] matters in hands – probably going to see him. Landed on Duke of Hamilton's estate, be peace maker – acquainted with him in – 22!

Banking office – man looks for both of us, comes specially to get signature of two checks. We each got \$75 America Dollar sent. We asked our uncle in Braz. for that money long ago when the approx price of the Newfoundland scheme was announced. Now of course the matter has changed but all the same it is good to have some money ready in case we want it. All together we have each over \$100 incl. the money we earned here, which is quite a handsome sum. The checks actually came from a relative of our uncle in Brazil, who has some business in NY. Bamberger is doing design with us now. His lectures are very valuable for me & I really profit a great deal.

Thursday 15<sup>th</sup> May

I am having a rather dull time in the office now: there is hardly any drawing to be done and I have good to look after most of the carpentry jobs and even do some myself, I hate to work in this unbearably dusty work room and on the production. It is all right to do some practical work now & again – but I do not want to do this kind of stuff permanently. To make up for it – I usually do some drawing for myself in the afternoons. I copy some of the more interesting drawings which I did all these months here, to keep them (the originals are mostly very dirty, after coming back from the work shop) – Very soon I shall start on a complete design for a darkroom, which Marcell wants me to do. Maybe he will be able to have one built when we get to the States – we hope!

Goldner is expected to come any day now. I wonder what he has got to tell us.

I should not think he will know more than Porterson – Perhaps he will interview all the prospective emigrants.

Friday 16<sup>th</sup> May

The Germans have already landed troops, planes etc in SYRIA & IRAC. It really is amazing what they are doing. The Suez Canal is in great danger now & so is Palestine – many French officials have resigned in Syria soon after the invasion started. One French pilot flew to Palestine over a British airport and dropped the message "for god's sake come & bomb our air bases – the Germans are there". The position is certainly very grave.

The pictures, in the evening as usual, this time very old flying film from the last war. Very funny but at the same time very silly. Still it makes one forget ones surrounding for a few hours.

Saturday 17<sup>th</sup> May

A very sad thing happened last night – one of our fellow internees went MAD – one would not believe it but it really is so. Last night when everyone was at the

pictures he fainted in one of the halls & was brought into the hospital. – I was very tired, having done a lot of carpentry during the day and so I slept all night without hearing the madman scream. At about 12 o'clock, I am told, this man who fainted in the evening started to scream so loud that nearly the whole of Hall 3 was awake. I am very glad to have slept through it – because it is supposed to have been horrifying. Some people went into Hall 1 in order to escape it. – It went on for over an hour! Soldiers came – the commandant was there – later the M.O. came – 4 soldiers had to hold him all through his fit – poor devil – I remember talking to him some time ago. He was an extremely nice chap. Very sociable, he talked to everyone – laughed but apparently his nerves were shattered. He looks about fifty – completely white hair – and today I am told he is only 36! This is easily explained. This man was in Dachau concentration camp for a very long time. A fellow who was there at the same time, tells me the most terrifying things about the treatment – or better mis-treatment the poor chaps got. Once he was locked up for forty days in completely dark chamber with hardly any food. 3 times he got "TREE". This is a torture, of which all the Dachau people tell about with horrible remembrance. The victim (without any reason of course), gets his arms crossed behind his back & in this position is hung or better pulled up a tree on a rope fastened to his wrists. In this position he remains for 1 – 2 hours. This is supposed to be the most painful thing in the whole world. People sometimes never able to use their arms again after that. Well this the madman NIEMAND got 3 times. He tells me of other tortures he had to go through – all of course without the slightest reason. I really do not think that it is at all surprising that this kind of person goes off his mind after another year of prison, although this place can in no way be compared with a German concentration camp. He shouted about going back to England – Hess will put me back to Dachau etc etc. At last they put him to sleep with an injection of morphium. I wonder what they'll do with him –

I am busy making 2 windows. One is practically finished. For the next one I hope to get some help. It is very strenuous work. In the evenings I am always terribly tired – which has its advantages too – I sleep very well. Many people who are idle all day can't.

Sunday 18<sup>th</sup> May

Today I work for myself. I do some drawing of interesting fittings etc. I want to get as many good drawings together as possible so as to be able to show something in case I should go for a job sometime in the future. I also work through my lecture notes (Boumberger's Theory of Structures) – which subject is highly important for me. It really is a blessing that this man Boun (as we call him for convenience sake) is here. He has done some teaching before at the Arch. School Cambridge (where he got his diploma of Arch.). I only wish we could get more than 3 lectures a week – I am copying all my notes out for future reference. There are masses of formulae & calculations which I shall always want. – I am seriously starting on the design of a darkroom for M. There are lots of articles in photo magazines to be read on the subject & then I must consider M's special wishes. It will take quite a time to work out a laboratory in every detail (incl. heating, ventilation, installation, etc) which will suit M.

Monday 19<sup>th</sup> May

There is some fighting reported on the Palestine-Syrian frontier between British & French colonial troops. H however said that the resistance of the French not real – as most of the French are no Ally'ses – The Germans keep pouring

aeroplanes & other war materials into Syria & specially Iraq.

In the evening a very interesting notice is published in the camp. It says that all group leaders are to make lists of people under 21 years who wish to complete their studies in Canada & who can give the name of a person, preferably in Canada, who would cover arising expenses for that period. No particulars are known but it is improbable that release in Can. will be considered. Anyway it is an official request by the comm. & I hope to God that there is something in it! I will of course give in my name & that of our uncle in Brazil as guarantor.

Tuesday 20<sup>th</sup> May

A great number of German parachute troops landed in Crete, which has been in British hands ever since the Greek campaign started. The King of Greece (George) is there with his Government. It is hoped that the British forces there will be able to hold the island.

It is very hot these last few days. People are staying outside the buildings in spite of the terrible dust everywhere in the compounds. There is not even a spot of grass where one could be on. They are trying to bring in some grass from outside, which of course is very hard work and rather hopeless. – People put wooden planks against the walls of the sleeping halls & there try to enjoy the sun. We are still not allowed to take our shirts off which is a nuisance. – Altogether I do not like this sunbathing – because of the dust – one must go inside every half hour to have a shower – or else one gets simply covered with sand. I am sure that this will get worse as the weather gets hotter which, as we know from last year, it is bound to get.

Wednesday 21<sup>st</sup> May

I feel rotten. This heat is getting me down. I am completely unable to do any work – I just read – the only thing I can do. Those Penguin books come in very handy which I had sent from Lady Mac Alister.

For some time now I have not done any studying – it is simply impossible in this heat. If I remember the terrifically cold weather we had here, it seems quite absurd – one can get lots of ice cream & “soft drinks” at the canteen which is very convenient.

Thursday 22<sup>nd</sup> May

The total number of Germans landed in Crete is somewhere about 11,000 men. Some of them (1,500 or so) are supposed to have landed in New Zealand & English uniform. In London it was said that such troops captured alive would be shot as spies (a not quite [indecipherable] too I think : This is a typically mean trick), - Thousands of parachutists were dropped in some places & others came by glider planes & other transports. This is the first time the Germans have used glider planes, which are said to be very efficient. – There is fierce fighting going on in some parts of the island – but the British are supposed to have the situation well in hand -

The heat is getting worse. The canteen sells enormous quantities of drinks & ice cream. People run about in shorts & self-made wood slippers – which somehow lessen the impression of us being in a prisoner camp. We hope to get a large green near our camp as a recreation ground. I don't know how they are

going to arrange this, as the place is even outside the outer wire. I am sure that we will not be able to exist in this compound for the whole summer!

Friday 23<sup>rd</sup> May

I am having regular appointments with the dentist now & thank God – my teeth are nearly all repaired. We are all glad to have an interneer do this job rather than a military dentist. This man is doing things very thoroughly. As usual there are pictures on this evening. And again the film is terribly old (about 1930 or so) and not particularly good – but, still, we are all glad to have it.

Saturday 24<sup>th</sup> May

Very sad news today: HMS Hood, the largest battleship of the Navy was torpedoed by the German battleship "Bismarck" in the Atlantic off Greenland and sunk with 1,500 men on board. Nearly all of the men drowned. A terrific loss. The vessel had a tonnage of 42,000 – Fighting is very fierce in Crete. It seems as if the British were getting on all right. The Nazis were beaten in all but one point. Remnant of Italian forces in Abyssinia are being mopped up, the campaign down there has turned out to be a complete victory for the British.

Most of us get new summer uniforms. This is the third set I've got, I do hope it will be the last. Now the red stripes on the trousers & the spot on the back are quite clean & clear. On the old trousers one could hardly see them.

Sunday 25<sup>th</sup> May

I am very far behind in dictating my diary. I have not even finished the first year. This morning I do a few weeks which is hard work. My notes are only very rough and I have to compose most of it while I dictate. As soon as I have the German part finished I shall finish I shall bind the "first year".

I've spent the whole afternoon working for myself – or rather for Marcell. I do the first detailed drawing for M's darkroom. It is the kind of business – part of the labours to try. Writing desk – storage etc. I keep the design rather plain in order not to make it too expensive. But this is only a very small part of what there is still to be done!

Monday 26<sup>th</sup> May

Four people are told today that they are leaving for Montreal tomorrow. For two of them arrangements have been made by their relatives in the States to go there via CUBA. So they are off to get their visas. No details were given to them but this is probably an experiment of the Committee to see whether emigration to US works this long way round. – The other two have everything ready for their emigration to Brazil. We all envy them a lot – good luck to them – they'll probably be soon free. The instructions they got from the commander are rather important (because one day when we go it will probably be the same).

They are not allowed to take any prisoner of war clothing with them (that's a pity because it would be nice to keep a red spot shirt as a souvenir), no letters, other than those addressed to them may be taken out. No dairies are allowed to go etc etc. This last order is very unfortunate. What am I going to do? They'll probably take this away from me. And I'm spending lots of time and work on this – I wonder whether I should go on with it at all! – It would be a really nasty thing

if they took it away.

Tuesday 27<sup>th</sup> May

Rather cheerful news today. The "BISMARCK" which had torpedoed the "HOOD" two days ago was sunk herself this morning. Now the "HOOD", biggest boat of the Navy is revenged.

The Germans must have managed to get troops to Crete by sea. Fighting is continuing and the Nazis have again captured several towns. However the British too are rushing troops to the island from Egypt and it is hoped that they will be able to hold this very strategically important spot. –

M & I are still not writing anything to parents about the bad situation of our emigration. I don't know whether that is quite right. It is quite right to spare them this worry and just wait, but on the other hand, I feel we should tell them about it all as we might have to join the P.C. if it does not come off altogether. It would then be a great shock to them. But still for the present we let them believe that we are going to the US in the very near future –

Let us hope that we will have news soon from the 4 people who left this morning! –

Wednesday 28<sup>th</sup> May

Things are looking very bleak. The British had to retreat in some parts of Crete. I doubt now whether they will be able to hold out for very much longer. – Roosevelt spoke last night & announced a state of national emergency which gives him the Pres. Dictatorial powers over practically everything. It is believed that this is a kind of unofficial declare. Of war. –

I am again working on some parts of the darkroom laboratory. I am having long talks with a professional furniture make, who gives me quite good ideas as to what things should be like. It was specially constructive that I was not quite sure about.

I also doing some designing for Bouns lectures. We are getting onto quite advanced domestic buildings.

Thursday 29<sup>th</sup> May

I have been asked several times to design some Porch for the outer compound. So far I have been unable to obtain sufficient information as to the type & general look of the thing. I therefore go out today with F & have a talk with the constr. officer. He has some very queer ideas. He has put it into his head to have a rounded staircase, because he thinks it will look "sort of dignified". I try my best to explain the difficulty of constructing and the inefficiency of such a thing – but he just wants it. – I hope that real clients are not quite as stubborn –

This morning I am on the list for the optician. Two of them have been examining people for quite a time now & it is possible to get new spectacles through the hospital, I have been wearing s. for work only & when reading for a long time I always get a headache. They get me to read the usual letter board & in the end they both laugh at me & tell me to throw away my glasses because I can see best without them. – I am sure it will be difficult to get used to working without

them after having had them for quite a number of years;-

Friday 30<sup>th</sup> May [1941]

I am cementing in windows, making boards, making tables – always very busy but not in a way which I like very much – I should like to do more drawing, as a few months ago. – In the evening we see a really excellent & exciting film. We seem to get a good film every few weeks but in between they are pretty rotten. Today the whole camp is cheered up. The film is called “The Last Mohican”. – Action here in Canada in the middle 18<sup>th</sup> century. Lots of Indians, nice old uniforms etc. Afterwards, people still imitate the war cry of the Indian warriors – it is amazing how a good film can change a whole camp. – Goldner was here this afternoon on a short visit. In the whole he did not say anything exciting. A statement will be published tomorrow.

Saturday 31<sup>st</sup> [May 1941]

Goldner said yesterday that emigration to South America is now definitely possible. Chances to go there are good if the necessary means & relatives there, money for journey, visa etc) are available. – About America there is something new added to what we already knew: the law or bill which was introduced in the H of R sometime ago has been changed in such a way that we refugees will not be affected by it. That is to say, even if the bill were accepted, we would still have a chance. Lord Halifax and Cordell Hull are have the matter in hand. About the backdoor of Cuba nothing definite is known. It may work and it may not. Goldner does at present not advise to go via Cuba, apart from the fact that a large amount of money would be involved. – The two people who left this camp are just an experiment.

Sunday 1<sup>st</sup> June [1941]

Today I'm working a lot, in the morning I do some more drawing for the photo laboratory. I am very short of drawn. Paper and have to use any awkward shaped but I do get hold of. But still, I am doing the best of it I can. In the afternoon I start copying out my lecture notes. They are such very important things which I should want to keep for years. So far I only used scrap paper, but now I write and draw everything on new sheets, (the canteen sells excellent writing pads now). I get pretty far and the thing takes shape. These notes are really worth keeping.

The situation in Crete is nearing another disaster, the British are losing – evacuating Brit. Troops is supposed to have started. –

We got a very nice letter from the States today from a cousin & his wife of ours, who have not been there for very long. They are enthusiastic about NY. They are doing some doll business of their own and getting on very well indeed. Our uncle, on the other hand, always wrote very pessimistic letters – I wonder why it is that the opinions of people of practically the same standing (they are all refugees and have the same difficulties) are so very different – When will I be able to form an opinion about the States? This letter has cheered me up a great deal –

Monday 2<sup>nd</sup> June

I spent practically the whole day copying out lecture notes. It will be a very long

time before I am through with it all. There are many diagrams etc to be drawn which takes very long. But still I am thoroughly enjoying it.

The British are preparing to invade Syria. Nothing definite is known yet however. In [indecipherable] they were a lot more successful – Crete is a total loss. Cyprus is in danger. – Altogether pretty bad news.

Tuesday 3<sup>rd</sup> June

At last I am finishing my the copying of the theory notes. I also have decided to do the same to my other notes on domestic design, professional practice etc. It is great fun to do this, these notes are good to be kept for years to come. –

There is some trouble about the future successor of the present Construction Manager Fraenkel. He is going. He is going back to E (there are rumours of the troops leaving soon). The Executive (Camp Government) have practically appointed an mechanical engineer to the job. Now this man does not know any English (or hardly any) he knows little about building altogether. It would have been much fairer to give Duschenes (the fellow who has been working with me for quite a time) the job. But I really do not mind. I shall go on having my office, will be able to do some drawing and other work for myself and that is all I am concerned about –

Wednesday 4<sup>th</sup>

Marcell thinks we should try to go to Cuba too. Those two who have left via Cuba are supposed to have a very good chance of getting there. The only difficulty is that the whole thing costs an enormous amount of money. But we have got some chances. Our uncle in Brazil is quite well off, and to start with, he was quite willing to spend a lot for us to come to Brazil. Maybe he will pay for our expenses this time. Nothing definite is known about the actual procedure but it works something like this: someone in the States must get a Cuban visa (about \$150). This should be sent to Goldner who applies for release to London (release for emigration which is immediately granted to C cases) then, one gets a British travelling paper instead of a passport and then one starts off. A large sum (about \$500) has to be paid to the Cuban government as a premium to guarantee a short visit to Cuba. In Havana one then (one is free of course, but escort only to Bermuda) applies for the US visa (having one's affidavit etc in order) and then one can proceed to the US. (\$160 fare). So silly, a soldier told me the other day that a railway ticket from Sherbrooke to NY cost \$9, if not we have to go via Cuba!!! – Just to make the US forget that one comes from a camp.

We will send some telegrams to US and ask our cousin to get some definite information. We decide only to invest any money in the scheme after the two have arrived in NY who are on the way now.

Thursday 5<sup>th</sup>

Some trouble in Syria. The British are supposed to have started to fight on the Syrian border. This is the first obvious attack on the French, but action by justified in this case because the [indecipherable] are already getting through to Syria - [indecipherable] is at last silent. The British probe at last overpowered the [indecipherable] army and a new [indecipherable] & friends government has been set up in Bagdad – Oil fields safe.

I made a big drawing board and the square. They're seems to have gone down as been set off long ago. Now I shall just draw all day. Have got Baun to start drawing classes, once a week we'll have a class in the office enough old boards. Glad about it because all my drawing done without any instruction. Sure to have been making many mistakes – Would like to do more designing. Hardly any done here, mostly furniture, simple wood-constr.

Friday 6<sup>th</sup>

M unofficially announced today that Paterson is coming again tomorrow. Nothing is known as to the purpose of his sudden visit. The "B" cases who are [indecipherable] by waiting for alien transport to go then & that it as if again going to be called off. We, the [indecipherable] think that he will say that the US scheme is all closed – everyone has grown very pessimistic. No wonder we have been disillusioned so often – I really wonder what he has to say.

Saturday 7<sup>th</sup>

Forest fires terrific – Tree men fighting beyond control only rain.

I am again doing private work during office working hours. There is absolutely nothing to do so I just make use of the new drawing board and go on with the design for M's darkroom. We arranged tables newly in office much better, excellent lighting real pleasure to work – I have not used my spectacles ever since I went to the optician and I must say I am very much the better of it. When working for some time, I used to get headaches but now nothing of the sort happens. – Paterson does not come today, to our all surprise as it was pretty dubious yesterday.

Sunday 8<sup>th</sup>

This morning in Bain's new drawing class I design a nice little weekend-house. Bain says it's excellent and I should make a proper drawing of it. I start immediately and work the whole day nearly till lights out/ I am inking it in – it looks real good – There were exciting things going on in the camp while I was busy in the office. The present camp spokesman has resigned (good job he did too!) and new candidates have been put up for the new election which is to take place tomorrow. Lets hope we'll get a more energetic and altogether more agreeable leader.

Monday 9<sup>th</sup>

I am carrying on with my little cottage. There are a few things to be done in the office but I rather finish my own job first. I work hard until roll call and get it mostly finished. A few of my friends who see the design promise to consult me about their future home, have them designed by me.

Tuesday 10<sup>th</sup>

The British Have already penetrated a little into Syria and taken some towns. However the Germans too have been landing troupes and I am sure there will be a clash shortly, - At last a campleader has been elected. It is the man I voted for Dr Orgel, an extremely clever and well-educated person, who I hope, will do the job well. He does not speak English particularly well, but I think he will do. The

Commandant has got to recognise the result of the election before he will officially start his work. Dr Orgey will (for the first time) address the camp.

Wednesday 11<sup>th</sup>

I seem to get a lot of letters and parcels lately. Today I have two parcels with books from Lady Mac Alister. One is the 3<sup>rd</sup> volume to my construction book, which I wanted very badly. The other two are penguins on Town Planning and Modern Architecture. In addition to that I got two letters from Cambridge, one of which is from Peter.

A few days ago I wrote him a rather unpleasant letter, saying that I was very cross with him because I only had 3 letters from him in the whole year of my internment. Now he wrote a very nice and charming letter which make me very homesick. The reason for it all is that he only had 2 of the 7 letters I wrote to him!! I think it is terrible about this mail. What is the use of writing letters if such an enormous lot go down or are rejected by the censor? And I think the latter is far more often the case, although I take particular care not to say anything which might not go through. – Paterson visits the camp again today. It is apparently his last visit. He will go back with the transport of the “B” cases which is to leave very soon. About U.S. there is nothing much to say he says, rather a deadlock in the States. The U.S. legion still opposes our immigration and the government, who is a bit more alien friendly does not want to start any quarrels with the legion which has quite a large influence all over the country. But still as always he says: there is still hope left. – We all realise that his going back is a great blow. He said that a successor has been appointed and will look after our affairs in the way he did and that we will always have an opportunity to go back, if we should change our minds. – I am very cast down. This is again one of those depression periods in internment where I come out certain [indecipherable] [indecipherable]. In between I try to forget my troubles by concentrating on my work as much as I can. And that I find is a very good medicine. But whenever Paterson came or some other important person bringing not very pleasant news, I kind of wake up and realise in what hopeless position we are. – What can I do? I am rather convinced now that it will go on like that for years! –

Dr Orgel speaks to the camp today and tells us all about his conversation with Pat. I think he is quite a capable man.

Thursday 12<sup>th</sup>

It is amazing how easily and quickly one forgets unpleasant news. There is still a sort of unhappy atmosphere in the camp, but generally one does not talk about yesterdays happenings at all. Everyone realises that emigration chances are practically gone but that we just want to see the definite end of it or – and that one still hopes – maybe it will come off after all – But on the whole one carries on with one’s work. – I feel rather miserable. The best sign is, that I have not the patience to study. I can not concentrate. The whole afternoon I sit in the sun behind the halls and watch the busy road in the distance. The country around is s o beautiful. Everything is lovely green – I would give anything to be allowed to walk in the wood across the river. Only for half an hour – oh I could cry whenever I look outside. How long more have I got to stay behind this wire? Something must happen soon

or else.....

Friday 13<sup>th</sup>

The transport will leave sometime next week. The usual preparations are being made, the Canteen buys special things like sugar, choc, etc which are in great demand now, accounts are being made up....this is the third time I see all these preparations. The first time I myself bought all the things which are rationed in (in E..... but now I just look on – wondering where I will end up.

Saturday 14<sup>th</sup>

This morning the list of the “England fahrer” is published. 127 men will leave shortly. They are mainly “B” cases and nearly all of them are going to join the Pioneer Corps. – Frankel, my boss, is on the list. The new man Fried, that engineer, who can't speak English is being shown around the place. Really I don't know how he is going to write a report or speak to the adjutant every morning. But still – I don't care. Frankel arranged that all construction work will be left to me and after all that is what I care about.

Sunday 15<sup>th</sup>

Everyone is excited. This transport will be nearly as big as the first one. I prefer not to be reminded of it all. The whole day I sit in the office and work out a design which I made some time ago. It is very interesting work and the day passes like an hour. My drawing is very nearly completed.

Monday 16<sup>th</sup>

There are again some people on the transport lists who don't want to go. The same thing this time as in December. It is arranged that substitutes are put on the list instead and they can stay. Anyway there is less fuss about it as there was with me...

Again I am in the office the whole day. Maybe I am overdoing things a bit but that I don't mind as long as I enjoy my work -

Tuesday 17<sup>th</sup>

This morning I finish my drawing at last. It certainly is the largest design I have made. Bamberger says that this kind of design is done beginning in the 3<sup>rd</sup> year at Cambridge and there he says they don't make such tidy drawings. I am very glad about this – after all I have done hardly any designing before! – This whole Cuba backdoor to the States does not seem to work either. Someone had a letter from the U.S. saying that no Cuban visas can be obtained anymore – Well here we are – a dead lock – no emigration – no England. As usual I feel very miserable. There are all these fellows happy to go back leaving on Thursday and we – stay here with practically no prospect of a favourable solution to our problem, -

The people who leave had to hand in all their papers, documents, notes, drawings, diaries etc to be censored. Now they get them back in large envelopes sealed and stamped. They must not be opened. Quite a good idea I think. It saves all the trouble of searching through the papers first before leaving. So far I think no diaries have been confiscated –

Wednesday 18<sup>th</sup>

Things are really excellently arranged for the transport. They are going to leave tomorrow at 5 o'clock in the morning and therefore all the searching of the luggage is done today, they go outside the compound for the examination. No prisoner clothes are allowed to be taken to E. Papers which have not been censored yesterday are confiscated etc. The luggage stays outside – In the evening the usual “Good Bye” and Good Luck [indecipherable] starts. Everybody is shaking hands, giving addresses, message for friends in E. Freukel and Rosenberg are the two I shall miss most. They promise to write as soon as they are in P.C. I somehow feel that we will all have to go back sooner or later – something which I could have done 6 months ago! –

Thursday 19<sup>th</sup>

At 4 o'clock the burglar wakes us all up. The people who are leaving get ready and within an hour they are gone. We hear the train leave – well 127 men less in this camp. I feel very miserable. How long will we have to stay? When will we spend our last night in these halls? Only God knows!

There is a lot of cleaning to be done in the camp. These people left such a lot of things behind that they didn't want – old uniforms, blankets etc. The halls look very empty it does make quite a lot of difference of such a lot of people leave. Now all the remainder are prospective emigrants except for the Camp “R” people. Most of us are “C” cases. It is quite likely that our camps will be filled up again with people from other refuge camps.

There is some very awaking reports on the news front but so far unconfirmed. It is reported from Auscra that the Germans have started to invade Russia. They are supposed to have put an ultimatum to Russia, which was not kept. I wonder whether there is anything in it!

German-Turkish non-aggression.

Friday 20<sup>th</sup>

Today we again got a clothes parcel from E. This time we both got a dark suit each which is so ridiculous in internment. Maybe I shall be able to use my civilian clothes soon: there is some new about people under 21 who want to continue their studies in C. The commandant says that the sponsor (guarantor) has got to be prepared to pay \$1,000 per year for study & upkeep. This seems a tremendous lot of money but considering that University fees are included it is not a lot after all. Well, I am not sure whether our uncle in Brazil will really be prepared to spend such a lot for us but all the same, I shall give in his name. The Cuba-scheme is off now no can. Nil money for me, -

Saturday 21<sup>st</sup>

This scheme for the under young people is definitely official. It is not a committee or a private person, who started it, but the letters asking for particulars came from “Military District No. 4”. – However there is still nothing about the was the \$1,000 have to be paid or deposited, what happens where studies are completed, what happens when one gets 21 etc etc. We just have to wait for further details. I am attaching lots of hope to the matter. Maybe this will come off rather than the US – scheme. About the latter there is as usual very

bad news. This time there is our article published in the other paper "P.M." saying that the bill, which is to barr internees from coming to U.S. until one year after their release, has been passed by some Committee of the House of Reps. – Very sad but still it is not law yet. – Everyone is very much cast down. But I am already picturing myself studying at Mc Gil's University, living in Montreal.

Sunday 22<sup>nd</sup>

Very exciting news this morning: Germany has declared war on Russia. It sound very incredible. Ribbentrop, Nazi Foreign Minister said that Germany is about to launch a defensive invasion of Russia, and indeed – The German bombers are over Kiev while he is speaking. In the afternoon Churchill makes a speech in which he assures Russia that Britain will help her wherever possible.

Really sometimes I don't know what to think of politics. In the Finnish-Russian war, England sent help to Finland and now she is helping Russia. Germany has not kept her non-aggression treaty with Russia but that is not a bit surprising – it is just what Hitler always did tear up treaties as soon as it is convenient for him. – It is good news no doubt. – Germany will be kept busy in the east and England will perhaps be able to start an offensive in the West. Is Russia strong? Will she be able to stand against Hitler's war-machine? Well, we shall see soon.

Monday 23<sup>rd</sup> June

Colonel Stetham the P.I.O pays a surprise visit to this camp. The camp has been cleaned and polished in a great hurry to make a good impression on this very important man. He is supposed to have been very satisfied with the state the camp is in and one thing he has ordered at once. The trip-wire (inside the actual barbed wire fence) is to be removed. But one thinks that there are more important changes coming soon. Our status is going to be changed again to something like, "refugees" but nothing definite is known yet. New people from other refugee camps are coming here shortly to fill up. I do hope they'll be nice.

Italy too declared war on Russia. Finland tries to be neutral allows German troupes in.

Fierce fighting is going on along the entire German-Russian front from the Arctic ocean to the black sea. The Germans are reported to have made slight advances, the British together with the Free-French army are fighting again the Vichy-troupes in Syria and are about to take Beirut. Tobruk is still holding out in spite of heavy bombardment. In U.S.A. all German embassies have been closed. Germans and Italians are not allowed to leave the country to prevent Axis funds to be taken out of the country. Altogether is seen as if U.S. was just about to enter the war –

Tuesday 24<sup>th</sup>

I am rather worried about my diary. I have not typed anything for two months now. Schrener, the fellow who types it for me, is always busy with other jobs so I have to wait. It will certainly be a lot when we get going again. We have not even finished the first book! (till 12<sup>th</sup> May).

After a long pause there is again a little drawing to be done in the office. For quite a time I have doing carpentry now, which I didn't enjoy at all. I am getting along with new Eng better than I expected. He is all for preparing new schemes

to improve the camp. For just drawings for bookshelves, new partitions etc are being taken to the Const officer.

Wednesday 25<sup>th</sup>

This is my birthday, the second in internment. Last time a few days before deportation. I am 18 today. All my friends are very nice to me and I even get some presents. One member of our group sweeps our quarters instead of me (it happened to be my day), because he knew I hated that job. – I am doing hardly any work at all. I just walk about sit near the south–end of the camp and watch the traffic on the nearby road on the other side of the river. I always get very sad when I see these masses of cars pass. I am thinking about this scheme for young people under 21 a great deal, Is the Com. Government really prepared to set us free? Before I was repeatedly sad that immigration to Canada is quite out of question. Maybe they have changed their minds a lot. I would love to be free here and be able to study. It is almost too good to be true. I hope to God that this scheme will work.

Thursday 26<sup>th</sup>

This is a very interesting and pleasant day for me. About half a mile towards Sherbrooke along the railway there is a plot of land which belongs to the camp. It is used as a vegetable garden for the officers' mess. A permanent team of gardeners is working there everyday and individuals are sometimes taken along as "guests". As there is a demand for this privilege of going gardening, a list is kept and one has to wait one's turn. I had put my name on that list weeks ago and it happens that I am due today. The party stays out all day and food is taken along. In the morning it is raining but all the same we go out. All wear uniform (must). Tools are taken in wheel barrows and everyone is provided with an army rain cape. We go right out of the camp (even pass the outer gate) and walk along the rails. Altogether we are a group of 9 and 1 guard. Meanwhile it has stopped raining. Now we can see the river (St. Francis River) ahead of us. The railway crosses it over a steel bridge and we can now see the garden to our left down the hill. The whole plot is about one acre. There are numerous beds all nicely arranged and full of newly planted veg. Two soldiers sleep here permanently in a tent. The woods around the garden and the wide river on the are really lovely. We take a walk round – what a relief not to see any barbed wire. We can see Sherbrooke buildings spire near now. But the bees and the grass fascinate me more. – Until 12 we do some work, weeding some beds, digging in others, planting new stuff – a very pleasant change to the continuous roar of the circular saw of our "PRODUCTION", - At 12 we have a cold lunch. I am very hungry and eat a tremendous lot. Afterwards we just stroll about the woods, only one soldier is here at present and he is sitting in the tent (the others have gone off). If we wanted to "scorn" no one could stop us! – But what would be the use? We couldn't get far. The U.S. authorities would send us back, if we'd get as far as that. – I have a nap under a tree in the grass – it is lovely. I have forgotten all about this internment. The sun is shining and it is very warm. – I also go down to the river bank and sit there for a while. No soldier about again, I could run off – or jump into the water and swim away. See civilians on the bridge – are curious.

It is amazing how a change can make one [indecipherable]. – After a few hours work we return to the camp, which appears all the more really disgusting to us now. No green about – dusty – nothing but dust. – All the same I enjoyed myself thoroughly today and hope to go out again.

Friday 27<sup>th</sup>

This morning 160 newcomers arrive. After the last transp. Left we were told the gaps would be filled very soon. All these people come from camp 'B' (somewhere in New Brunswick near Halifax) another refuge camp, 26 hours away, which was completely dissolved. Many of these I have met before in Eng. Internment camps like Huyton or the Isle of Man. They are all disgusted at this camp. Camp 'B' they tell us was a lovely camp. They live in land army huts in the middle of an enormous forest far from any human beings, they worked in the forests and had a marvellous life. But this place here, they say, is not even fit to live in for animals. Maybe they are right but after 9 months stay in a place one gets used to it. I now find out that all the people from 16 – 20 years of age left the Isle of Man, a few days after our transport did. So I would have come to Canada in any case, even without smuggling myself onto the 20- 30 years transport, but what does that matter now, it happened exactly a year ago. Yes a whole year.

Saturday 28<sup>th</sup>

We are living terribly crowded, more than ever before in this camp. Everyone is therefore rather nervy and the general excitement leads to a very serious incident. Erick Klementklute (the chaps, who fought in Spain and who sleeps underneath me now) works in the kitchen. A quarter of an hour before roll call in the afternoon, a soldier comes into the kitchen and shouts that everyone should go onto the parade ground. Erich says that it is too early and that everyone is busy there. The soldier says "Shut up" – Erich says "shut up" – and the effect is that Erich is taken to the guard house Orgel asked interview – not given Commt SM away – Not done. He being the head of the "Schiedsgericht" (camp – low court) is well know is generally liked. In the evening a general camp meeting is announced. The whole camp assembles and the case is put before it. Everyone is furious. People are asked to make suggestions. The first motion is to sabotage tomorrow morning's roll call. We should go out but make it impossible for the provosts to count us by running and shouting. Motion is defeated by the very sensible argument that Roll Call is something which we can and must not sabotage. The other motion is that the people, who work in the Soldier's Kitchen do not go out to work. After a long discussion this is carried. – In the evening more exciting things happen. Apparently the provost sergeant has heard about the riot that is going on and tries to get everyone into the halls. People just go on walking around and "Boo" at him. Thereafter the sergeant gets (and that for the first time in this camp) armed soldiers into the compound to do the job, with the result that everybody does go into the halls now. Dr Orgel is now fetched outside and told by some lieutenant, that the Adjutant is not present but that everything will be discussed tomorrow morning if only we keep quite – The armed guards however stay in the compound.

Sunday 29<sup>th</sup>

The whole matter is cleared up very quickly. Erich comes back first thing this morning – so the strike of the kitchen people does not take place. Anyway we got what we wanted and that very quickly too –

Again I spend the whole day doing some drawing for myself. This time make detail drawings for one of the designs, I did some time ago. It really is amazing how quick I can work. Before roll call I finish the sheet, all ready traced in ink –

Before my internment it would have taken me weeks to do it.

Monday 30<sup>th</sup>

Mr Fried, my new boss will not stay in his present position for very much longer. I have had opportunity to find out that he does not know the least thing about building matters and that, he can hardly speak English at all. In addition to that I have found out that an engineer – officer has come here from Ottawa to discuss our enlargement of the camp. Huts will probably be built, a bridge constructed over the ditch near the camp etc. \$10,000 are supposed to have been granted for all that work. Now how can a man who neither has any technical knowledge nor masters language, speak to that man, about it? I take the offensive and talk to two members of the executive and the Camp – speaker about it and all were with me. After having talked to Bomberger I suggest him for the man who should lead the discussion with the officer. “About a successor we shall deal later” says our camp adjutant – I personally have nothing against the fellow. He may be a very good mechanical engineer but he shall jolly well stay out of our construction office.

We hear rather interesting things over the wireless about ourselves. The Prisoners held in Canada have been divided into two groups, Nazi – P.O.W. and Refugee – Internees. A special officer will deal with the latter. – We knew that there was something going on about our status – we will probably hear more about it.

The fighting on the east front is very fierce. The Germans are advancing very slowly at some points (taken Minsk) suffering great losses, but on the whole the Russians are leaving the situation well in bound.

Tuesday 1<sup>st</sup> July

I don't think we will be successful in kicking Fried out of our office. Some members of the executive are all for him. What we have succeeded in is this: Prow will go with him to interview with Royal Engineers.

The heat is really unbearable. I don't think I have ever experienced such temperatures. A very pleasantly surprising announcement is issued today: from now on we are allowed to take off our shirt outside. Well at last one will be able to enjoy the sun a bit.

For months the tennis court had been worked on and today every thing is finished. The court is really very well done. The net, rackets and some ball were given to the camp by the Y.M.C.A. and Golders Committee. Today the Commandant and the S.M. are present at the inauguration of the court and they themselves play too. They are excellent players and everyone present cheers them.

Wednesday 2<sup>nd</sup>

There will be an art and craft exhibition very soon. Any kind of artistic or technical work which has been done during interment should be handed in. I shall probably give in the working drawings some of my designs. Bon is going to make a model of one of the houses he designed in camp 'L'. Eckstein and Duschenes, are both going to do a perspective drawing. We have it arranged in such a way that all kinds of architectural work will be shown.

Thursday 3<sup>rd</sup> – Left E. one year ago.

A big convoy incl. large Canad. Troops transport has just arrived safely in E. It is pretty certain that our people who went back a fortnight ago went with the same convoy.

The commandant want a new camp speaker to be elected. Because of some reason or another (nobody knows why) he thinks that Ongel is not the man. Well, I suppose it is for him to say. Now candidates are being put up.

The newcomers from camp 'B' are getting used to this place very quickly. They would all like to go back to their lumber jack work in New Brunswick, instead of working in this dusty production hall here. They are all very nice chaps, mostly very young.

Friday 4<sup>th</sup>

A very decisive battle is raging all along the German – Russian frontier. Will the Russians be able to stand firm? Will they even take the offensive. At the moment it does not look like it at all – they are still making progress, but we shall see soon.

We are all very happy that sunbathing is allowed now. Nearly everyone is making use of this privilege. We mostly lie out in the open in bathing suits and get brown. (My air mattress is extremely useful for that purpose.)

Tonight we see a very good film for a change. It was just about time as the few last ones were simply terrible – typical American nonsense.

Saturday 5<sup>th</sup>

I hate this man Fried. He is so conceited and trying to make me believe what a great man he is, about the complete fool / books he has written etc. At present it is rather certain that he is staying in his post. The only hope that is left to chuck him out is the new camp-leader. The election will take place on Monday or Tuesday. I shall certainly put the case before him and maybe I shall succeed in getting that man out. It is really the most silly thing to let a man write reports, questions, etc to an officer, who can only speak a few words of English,

Sunday 6<sup>th</sup>

Nearly the whole day I help prepare the exhibition which is to open tomorrow. The schoolroom (former luggage room) is reserved for the purpose. We succeeded in getting some large plywood sheets, with which we panel the ugly brick walls of the room. Table, little patricians etc make the place look very attractive. There are masses of drawings and little handcraft things to be shown. Some of it is pinned to walls today but the bigger part will be done tomorrow. The commandant at inspection will be the first person to go up.

Monday 7<sup>th</sup>

We work hard till inspection and get the exhibition all finished. One would not believe the amount of work there is in such a thing. But I think it was well worth it. The inspection of the commandant is rather a disappointment to us all. We

expected him to comment on the exhibition, to be pleased etc but to our all surprise he is very angry. Nobody told him anything about it and that, he says, is wrong. He must be told of everything. It may have been a mistake not to say anything to him but I think he might have been as polite as to look at the things at least. All he does is walk through very quickly and ask where all the wood comes from we used for the walls, and whether we have permission to put blankets on the tables. But our camp mates were are more enthusiastic. There is already a crowd waiting outside after inspection (of the sort of committee) has to stay up, see that no more than 30 people come up at the time. We do this orderly duty in turns.

The is one wall and a table reserved for "ARCHITECTURE", two of my designs are on the table under glass covers. Bonnberger made a very nice model and two or three other designs are on the wall, by different people. The handicraft table is a great success. Really amazing, the things that have been made here. Various types of drawings posters oils etc are very good too. Altogether quite a success.

Tuesday 8<sup>th</sup>

Hellmann – camp speaker.

The Russians are checking the German advance on the entire front and are even making counter attacks at various points. England seems to be able to get a rest now. Air raids are very few, but the RAF is very busy, bombing the Invasion coast and many German cities.

Bonn M going to work out a very interesting scheme with us. He drew a large plot of land incl. river, highways, railway and a large factory employing a great number of workers approx 2,000 – 3,000. We are now going to build an "industrial settlement" ¼ of mile off the works for the workmen and their families. This is to be a sort of small town, incl. apart from residences of various sizes, a social centre, shopping area, cinema, hospitals, flats etc etc. First of all we have to decide on the general town plan and then we will work out each unit individually. It will certainly be a lot of interest. Work. There are 4 of us (5 incl Bonn) who are going to work on the scheme.

Wednesday 9<sup>th</sup>

We get a very nice letter from our relatives in Canada (Reginor Sask), who we wrote to only about a week ago. Mail in this country is very quick indeed! He seems to be completely out of touch with any of the Seidlers and asks us to help him to place us, name our parents, grand parents etc. He not even knows the people in N.Y. He is quite willing to vouch for my integrity etc n case I should be released here. But we still don't know who he is, how old he is. What he is doing etc. He writes excellent English, and seems to be quite businesslike.

There is rumour saying that the first law to be applied on us refugees – internees (and that we are since the 1<sup>st</sup> of this month) is the following: From now on we will be able to write on ordinary private letter-paper 50 line, being letters, - So far only a rumour but maybe there is something in it.

Thursday 10<sup>th</sup>

This new regulation about the letters is true. We can really write 50 lines on

private paper, but our address is still "Internment Camp" and not "Refuge Camp" as we expected. Anyway it is very good to be able to write long letters.

The Russians are doing well. They have stopped the German advance completely and are counter attacking at many points. I think the job will be too big for the Nazi's – may it break their necks! –

Friday 11<sup>th</sup>

Very sad news this morning: one of our fellow-internees – Dr Meierhof has died in Sherbrooke Hospital, after an operation. How terrible! To die after one year if internment. Poor chap he was a Cambridge man (a doctor) and has his parents in Cambridge. Two Rabbis and about 10 other people from this camp (among them the new-camp speaker) go to the funeral to Sherbrooke in the afternoon, they are allowed to go in civil-clothes and without guards. Our S.M. with them, the Sherbrooke Jewish Community pay \$50 for the funeral. No wireless or circular in honour of the dead. One silent minute at Roll Call.

Mr Goldner visit the camp today. In his statement he says that the U.S. scheme is completely hopeless and that we should attach no hopes to it. The Canadian scheme for people under 21, however look very promising indeed. 300 will be reallocated all together 100 of which in the very near future. Those that have Canadian sponsors and are specially qualified for an education will have preference. – There is my chance! I shall try to arrange with my relative in Regina to act as my sponsor, although my uncle in Brazil will pay the \$1,000. Thus I shall have a Canadian sponsor – I shall also get him to write to Goldner. I am very nervous. Will that scheme really work? Or will it again die out like the U.S. affair? – There is hope – and that is what keeps me alive. Wouldn't that be glorious not only to be free, but also to be able to study!

Someone gets released very suddenly today. With in 2 hours he is on his way to Montreal. The lucky chap nearly lost his head in the rush to get ready. We all knew that he would get out soon as Paterson was his guarantor in E.

Saturday 12<sup>th</sup>

I am thinking continuously of this Canada-scheme. For the first time today we write on ordinary paper – 50 lines long! I write to Regina to our relative and ask him to be my sponsor, as I decided yesterday, I do hope he will do it. I hope to God that the scheme comes true!

Sunday 13<sup>th</sup>

Today a year ago we arrived in Quebec. After having been in a country for a whole year one usually knows it well – but I certainly can't sat that from me, I have practically seen nothing of Canada compared with the time I have spent here. – But maybe I shall be able to see this country a bit more – as a free man.

We have finished the preliminary lay-out of our "industrial settlement". We calculated the size of nearly all the buildings; flats, small houses, schools, cinema, etc etc. and have all got our part to design. I got the educational buildings to design, 3 schools, Social Centre, Churches, etc. Others get the hospital, the administrative part, the shops, cinema etc to do. Certainly enough to keep us busy for quite a time, I even start some sketches for a senior school. – This scheme was an excellent idea of Bamberger.

Monday 14<sup>th</sup>

The most amazing rumours are circulating in the camp today. The origin is supposed to be the Sergeants Mess (brought in by people who work outside). – It is all about the outcomes of the official change of our status. Beginning next month Canadian Volunteer Police will take the place of our soldier guard. Everyone will be allowed to leave the camp on “parol” for two hours each week without guards (this one is certainly the most popular rumour). There will be a 3 mile limit within which we will be allowed to move about etc etc, - I must say I don't believe it. I am sure the Commandant won't let us out. Maybe they will arrange mass-walks under guard – but not alone without guards. Other sources pretend to know about an 8 hours work day – about a self supporting camp (= we receive proper pay and have to pay for our own living etc etc. Altogether I think about 20% may be true.

Tuesday 15<sup>th</sup>

There is peace in Syria. The British have occupied Beirut. The Vicky-Troops will either be allowed to join the Free-French or return to France.

On the Eastern Front there is not much change. Fierce fighting is going on all along the lines and the respective consequences differ completely. The Russians say they are checking the German advance and the Germans say that they will be in Leningrad and Moscow soon.

Wednesday 16<sup>th</sup>

Some very queer things happen today. A photographer from outside takes pictures in the various departments of the production. He takes our people at the saws, hammering, in the knitting and sewing room, net making etc. Apparently all the pictures will be used to our advantage. To show loyal refugees working for the war effort (in connection with new status). He refused to take sleeping quarters. Also made our people face the camera, so that the red spot backs should not be seen.

In the afternoon the inner barbed wire is unguarded. Only the 3 watchtowers are manned. During the day till roll call it stays like that, but after 5 o'clock some guards return. I wonder whether it will stay like that for long, or whether this is just because of a shortage of guards.

In the evening the camp pet – a tiny cat gets killed. The whole camp used to play with the little thing and everyone loved it. Some one hit it with a stone by mistake.

Thursday 17<sup>th</sup>

6 people leave for Cuba today. There is very little chance that they will be able to go to the States from there, but it is one of the few expensive ways to get out just now. They will probably have to stay there (if they don't get interned) and live on their own money as they must not enter any employment. Altogether not a very happy prospect.

Outside workers, gardeners, cooks and waiters etc are allowed to move freely in the outer compound without guards. They have special “passes” to leave the

inner compound. Again one of the outcomes of the change of status – so far only very small changes – but everyone knows that more and important and decisive changes will come in the very near future.

Friday 18<sup>th</sup>

Yes, a very important one comes today. Colonel Fortham (the successor of Pat) who is so to say our D/O visits the camp rather hurriedly today and brings the following news – from tomorrow on our camp will officially be called “REFUGEE CAMP”. This we may also put on the address of our letters – everyone rejoices. Well, it took them 14 months to find out that we were refugees! – He also says that the Cuba scheme is off. Except the ones who left – nobody will go the C anymore. – So we are REFUGEES now – no more P o W and no more INTERNEES. What will come next? Will they all the same keep us behind wire? Only God knows!

Saturday 19<sup>th</sup>

I am doing some carpentry work with Bonn lately. We are finishing the new sliveworker shop (another branch of the production) completely. We are making the designs as we go along, which is great fun. Bonn is a real good man. I have certainly learned a lot from him. – I have now definitely decided upon the general scheme of the school, I am designing for our imaginary industrial settlement. This is the most important part. My site is somewhat difficult, as it slopes in a queer way – but I have considered everything in the lay-out. Now I shall start working things out in detail.

Sunday 20<sup>th</sup>

That man Fried, who is, I am sorry to say, my boss still, has been elected as a member for the new Camp Executive. I am afraid there is practically no chance of getting him out of his job now. But I really don't care. I hope I shall be able to leave this office for good soon – when I get out here in Canada.

Monday 21<sup>st</sup>

Some young chap (about my age) is told that he will be released within the next few days. An uncle of his in Vancouver arranged everything for him and guaranteed a lot of money to keep him. The funny thing is that is not released under the studying scheme. I think they'll let out any young man with a lot of money – study – or no study.

I get a such a nice letter from L M A today. As usual terribly homesick reading it. Cambridge seems to be very quiet and unchanged. Food is not very plentiful – but one can live on very well. It is amazing how everyone there keeping his spirits. She seems to feel that I shall not come back there for some years if ever at all.

Tuesday 22<sup>nd</sup>

I get a letter today from our relative in Regina who has found out (according to my detailed description of our relatives) that he is a 2<sup>nd</sup> cousin of ours (grandfathers were brothers), He and his parents are BRITISH SUBJECTS (Canadian citizens) and have apparently lived here for quite a long time. He seems to take a great interest in me, has written to Goldner assuring him that

he will gladly act as my sponsor. – That I call luck! I am sure that I am a good case now (with some push behind it from a Canadian subject of the name of Seidler! – I am full of hope now – I think of my future live in say Toronto all the time.

We hear that Mr Goldner and Mr Hayes will pay a visit to the camp tomorrow “to dicuss matters of welfare” – maybe Goldner has already heard from my cousin.

Wednesday 23<sup>rd</sup>

Goldner and two other people come today. They bring comparatively little news. They discuss as announced yesterday matters of welfare. All kinds of sports articles will be obtained for us, musical instruments, medicine supply for the hospital and dentist etc etc. A memorandum however published, on more important matters, USA – unchanged – little hope. Cuba impossible – no more visas issued to aliens, - Canada – people under 21 very good chances, particularly if students (\$1,000 guarantee as before). Students of more than 21 may be considered later (that would give Marcel a chance too).

In addition to that a chap of 19 is being released today. A guardian uncle of his has worked for his release for some time. He is not under the studying scheme, - That only emphasises Goldner’s announcements. – I am hoping – hoping – quite amazing what difference it makes if one has definite chances to get out. I sort of feel half-free already. I am picturing myself leaving the camp – first day outside. – No, I am not quite as far yet.

Thursday 24<sup>th</sup>

New changes due to our present status are published today. From now on we are not allowed to wear prisoner clothes any more. To enable us to keep our present uniforms, the red circles and stripes will be oversewn in our production. – From today we may receive visitors. Only relatives will be allowed to the interviews. – No other major changes for the present. There will be more coming it is said, but everything has to go the “red-tape way”. – What we want is f. inst – a recreation hut, a larger compound, partition in the sleeping quarters, walks outside etc etc”. But what is the good of sewing over the red circles? For a year we have been wearing them now – might as well stay as it is – and what is more I am sure we wont receive any more clothing.

The Japanese are starting trouble in the East now. Vichy governed Indo-China has consented to give up some places in the South to the Japs. This endangers Singapore but the British and American have situation well in hand.

Friday 25<sup>th</sup>

At the pictures tonight I loose my wristwatch. I took it off and had put it in my pocket during the show (everyone perspired, because the room gets terrifically hot). Soon after I get up – I miss it. I search about for quite a time – tell the cleaning squad to look out – but nothing is found. – I give it up more or less – perhaps it was stolen. Pity I had it ever since my confirmation when I was 13). Mother gave it to me.

Saturday 26<sup>th</sup>

In the morning I put up two large posters offering \$1 reward for my watch – soon afterwards I get it back through the lost property office. The fellow who found it (in the -----way of the hall last night) is very decent. He only takes 50c as reward says it is more than enough – I am really relieved will certainly take better care of it from now on.

Write to S.S. asking him to make Appl. To Col. Fordham (commissioner for ref. camps). Should employ solicitor as was done in case of chaps who got out the other day. Wonder whether efficient that all that matters – proper push from outside.

Sunday 27th

No more roll calls Sunday mornings from now on. Woke up at exactly 7<sup>h</sup> – ever since here roll c. at 7<sup>20</sup>. One gets used to getting up completely at a certain time. I am very lucky all day. There is excellent tennis tournament on, which is a great event. Practic the whole camp watches. The Comm. Has challenged the final winner of it. (He is an excellent player himself).

Monday 28<sup>th</sup>

Today many of us get little parcels from E. in which are all the things that were impounded at begin of internment – mainly documents. I too get my registr. Certificate (the last time I saw it was at the Guildhall Cambridge), Ration card – identity card etc. It took them quite a time to send these things. Of course now that we are “REF, we are allowed to keep documents on us, – I think one parcel of clothes must have gone down, which was sent off by parents in early June, there was 1 suit if mine in it , shoes, shirts etc. A mail boat is supposed to have been sunk in middle of June. Great pity, – but of course we knew that there was a risk. – Maybe thought it will still come but I doubt it.

Tuesday 29<sup>th</sup>

There is a very poor “Brinter Ahend” tonight. Perhaps I am not in the mood – but anyway I think it was a bas show. We have certainly done more better before.

Wednesday 30th

The Commander speaks to us just before roll call this afternoon and brings us some more “PRIVILEGES”: 1) From now on the canteen will be allowed to sell “BEER” – many among us welcome that – but well – I would rather be allowed to go for walks! – 2) We can send parcels; drawings, photos etc out of the camp : 3) We need not put the “Sender name” and address onto our letters any more and may quote our address in our letters. – Again some rather insignificant little things but still if more privileges are granted that way – we’ll soon be out.

Thursday 31<sup>st</sup>

I am helping to make lists and a card-index of all the people under 21. who went to study in this country. I soon get a general idea as to how many people are at present in the position to produce \$1,000 – and I ----- they ----- are very few indeed certainly not more than 15-20. A great many are un-decided – have not heard from their sponsors yet. – I

Another privilege is, that the sign on the road near the camp "DANGER TO PUBLIC – INTERNMENT CAMP" will be removed. Think of it – all these months that notice has been up for everyone to read – no wonder people did keep away from us. I really have not seen a real human being for a very long time!

Friday 1<sup>st</sup> Aug

By chance I get hold of a Calender of Toronto and McGill Universities. There is a School of A. (5 year course) at both. I look through their syllabus and find that I could easily go in to the 2<sup>nd</sup> straight away. Except for a few subjects of 1<sup>st</sup> year (like Hist of Arch) I have done far more advanced stuff. The only diffic. seems to be a matr. Certif.. Pity I haven't got that – and my English School Report would be very good – after all that was a Trade School! – I think I shall write to the Royal Arch. Inst. of Lon (com. Equivalent of RIBA) and ask them to propose a SCHOOL for me – not necessarily an expensive course (there are bound to be lots of Arc Schools about!) I am already very nervous about all this getting – out – and study. In a way I am very much afraid of it. Getting used to ordinary life again will be exciting enough, not to much of the inscribing etc at some Sch College or Univ. – Anyway things ought to get going soon – term starts about beginning of Oct!

Saturday 2<sup>nd</sup>

Today the first visitors come to the camp. A terrible lot of fuss is made about it. They are two girls – Both came here especially from the States to see their fiancés. They meet in the outer compound ( inside the outer wire) and are taken to a tent, where they are allowed to converse for 30 minutes. Practically the whole camp is standing behind the wire, as the two couples walk back – Tomorrow they will meet for a second time. Considering that they came such a long way.

Sunday 3<sup>rd</sup>

How nice too be able to sleep long. They should really do the same on weekdays. Roll call might quite well be an hour later without upsetting the camp routine. But today, it being Sunday there is no morning roll call.

I am helping to write the card index for each case of the prosp. Students in Camp.

Tremendous lot of work – not worth it – people don't even bother to come to meetings or check their names & partic. On the lists.

Monday 4<sup>th</sup>

There will be a technical exhibition in about a fortnight's time. Mainly engineering, architectural and "lettering" (special course in the camp), drawings will be shown. Our "industrial settlement" is by no means ready to be shown, but we decide to finish as much as we can. I work hard all the afternoon and get one of the plans for my school finally set out. – Great tennis event, Commander gets beaten by our tennis champion L. Diyel. (He had challenged our champion some time ago.)

Tuesday 5<sup>th</sup>

I did work out all these last few days. It really is a pity to waste a morning and work now (and that boss Fried) means nothing but silly hammering about. I really haven't made a drawing for the const. for ages.

I sit out in the sun and read. There are excellent books at the camp library. In the afternoon I work on my school get both plans finished. – The noise from the production circular saws is terrific and makes work very difficult – but I find that one gets used to everything.

Wednesday 6<sup>th</sup>

I am asked today to start a course on Construction for the people interested in our architectural study – circle. There are very few who can keep up the design for the industry. settlement – only because they know hardly any construction. So Bam suggested I should start an elementary course (as I did when we came to this camp, privately). I make our announcement illustrated with some sketches of the things I am going to deal with and ask people to sign if they are interested. I wonder whether the course will be a success!

Thursday 7<sup>th</sup>

The war in Russia is still raging very fiercely, the Germans are met with extremely strong resistance by the R's. I do hope that man will get a proper beating just to start with. The RAF is doing nice work over Berlin and other German cities – just to make up for London. Gt Britain is getting a bit of a rest.

Colonel F is supposed to visit this camp in the near future. I do hope he'll let us have some news about our studying scheme. I am very doubtful whether we'll get out in time for next term - after all that is in 1 – 1½ months time:-

Friday 8<sup>th</sup>

The film tonight is called "Hitler. Beast of Berlin." It is all about Nazis – persecution of communists, concentration camps – tortures etc. I think it is extremely tactless of the authorities to show such a film to us, of whom at least ⅓ have gone through all these things. Indeed we know all these horrid things well enough. What does the fact that many of us have suffered the same that make our position here ridiculous? But what do the Canadians know about these things. For them it is just a film about the Nazis – but what do they care what we know about it? One chap here for inst had the sad news some time ago that his father died in Dachau. I am sure he did not like the film! It was just silly – bad taste and tact-less to show that film.

Saturday 9<sup>th</sup>

I am terribly fed up – from time to time is get really sick of this life. I mostly try to keep calm and take things easy – but sometimes one just sort of busts out. I am very sure I am being very rude to everybody – these sort of fits everyone gets now and then.

Sunday 10<sup>th</sup>

I am simply unable to do anything. Just walk about and think how it could be. The uncertainty about getting out is terrible. Term start is about 1½ months time and nothing is happening. My cousin (the sponsor) has not written for quite a

time. God knows what is going on! I wonder what Fordham has got to say – he is supposed to come very soon.

Monday 11<sup>th</sup>

At last I was able to get some drawing paper. Marcell wants me to make copies of all the drawing for the Darkroom Lab. so that he could send them in to the Magonate Photo Technique. The drawings and description article might bring in some money! I work hard and get two drawings done. Maybe this darkroom will be at the exhibition too! – Marcell is starting a course of lectures on Photography today. He has made some interesting apparatus to illustrate lenses etc – Well tomorrow I shall have a go at lecturing!

Tuesday 12<sup>th</sup>

I spend nearly the whole day drawing. However much I do – I don't get tired – At 7 I start my first lecture. About 20 people are present – rather more than I expected, of course I speak English. I must say I am rather nervous at the beginning but after all I know my stuff – so the embarrassment soon goes. I do not quote as much as I wanted to deal with. Many of my pupils liked the lecture and said it was very clear and interesting. I am certainly very proud of that! – I can quite well remember the days at the C.T.S. when I was listening to the same stuff – Brickwork –

Wednesday 13<sup>th</sup>

Colonel Fordham, Commissioner for Refugee Camps (successor to Porterson) visits the camp today. We have to stand in roll-call formation while he inspects the sleeping quarters. Then he speaks to us. First general things and then he get Hellmann, the camp spokesman to put questions to him, which he answers publically. He is certainly a good actor – he has the situation well in hand – things which he does not like particularly he answers diplomatically and always stresses his views. Of course we should be grateful for being here. - We can't expect the Can. Government to let us loose in the country, because there exists a great deal of unemployment etc. Refugee camps he says, will exist till end of the war – and most of us will stay till then. Only skilled workers useful for the war-effort will be considered etc etc – the usual stuff! The studying scheme – he [indecipherable] quite shortly, but says nothing new except that a Canadian sponsor id necessary, which in my case is OK. I must say I don't like the Colonel much. He certainly is super-efficient and all that but he lacks kindness – he compares us with prisoners, say he himself was prisoner in Germany last war etc etc. Well, I wonder how he really thinks of us? Always addresses us as “nilk” which is not very pleasant. Altogether rather an arrogant person. I hope that he will let us have some details about our scheme when he comes next in about a fortnights time.

Thursday 14<sup>th</sup>

The red spots and stripes are vanishing rapidly. It is really forbidden to wear anything red-striped any more – but the sewing department of the product is doing its best to get the things plain again. They put blue stripes and circles in so that we can still wear our old camp clothes now camouflaged. Quite a number of people wear some of their old civilian clothing –

My second lecture today is again quite a success. I deal with foundations and

footings – my “pupils” are very eager to learn and “get” things quite quickly. One gets used to speaking to a number of people very soon. I am not at all nervous today which makes things much easier for me.

Churchill and Roosevelt had a secret meeting somewhere on the Atlantic. Everything was kept dark until today – they are supposed to be the way home. They discussed war – [indecipherable] mostly – and the war situation in Europe. Russia will be supported by Britain and the States in every way possible, by sending armaments etc. The war issues strike me rather similar to what what happened after last war – in territorial changes. Disarmament of the enemy. Reinstitution of conquered nations etc etc. All very well but how about finishing the job first?

Friday 15<sup>th</sup>

Terribly worried about not hearing from cousin S. S. for 3 weeks! What on earth can be the matter? In the two letters I had from him he expressed his consent to acting as my sponsor, but now – has he changed his mind? If so it might spoil all my chances. I am really in despair. M & I sent a S.O.S. telegram to him urging him to do everything possible to make applic to Farolham etc. I wonder what will happen now.

We are very busy on industrial settlement, and try to finish as much as possible for that exhibition probably which will take place next week. I am working full speed. – most site lours – does aerodrome. I only school and 1 detailed site plan in addition to the darkroom which I have finished to tracings for and which might be exhibited too. Anyway I have still got plenty to do – which I am very glad about. It is so much more fun to work towards a certain aim – even if one is hurried.

Tonight detective story film very diff to understand. Afterwards 100 different interpretations of story – all get mixed up – people discuss till late at night – take it all so serious – like kids – very silly.

Saturday 16<sup>th</sup>

I am finishing the third drawing for my school, an isometric view. I am quite satisfied with the look of the thing – although I feel that such a large scheme is a little too big a job for me. I am sure I could not detail every part of it, which I was able to do for all my designs so far – but that I think does not matter much – after all this sort of design is done by a student in his 4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> year. I can feel somehow that the only my work here makes life at all possible for me. I am so terribly cast down about not having heard from my cousin – but as soon as I get busy on the board all trouble are forgotten.

Sunday 17<sup>th</sup>

Today I start my course on Constr. Drawing. This is just the drawing part of the other two lectures on Build Constructions – It is quite amazing how difficult it is for these people to handle the stuff, It certainly takes a lot of practice to get anywhere.

Monday 18<sup>th</sup>

After a very long pause there is some proper work to be done in the office. And

of course it would be just when there is this exhibition coming. But still I am quite glad that the construction office is still alive. A second floor is to be built near the kitchen in the Hall 3. – I spend the morning on that job – but the whole afternoon I work for the exhibition. Some lay-out of housing – units – large lettering etc. There will be about 40-50 drawings shown in the “Architecture” section.

Tuesday 19<sup>th</sup>

At last – I hear from our cousin in Regina, I get a long cable from him, saying that he had been away and that he is very sorry to have caused such anxiety. He has made appl. to Goldner, who, as he puts it “will act”. – Don’t worry be [indecipherable] up. Well – thank God. That takes a weight off my heart – I am really relieved – maybe the whole thing will come off after all!

Wednesday 20<sup>th</sup>

[indecipherable] we get a clothes parcel from parents, this time 2 summer suits. I am very happy about that. I sincerely hope to be able to use any clothes soon. I am very confident, now that I have heard from my cousin. Will we really get out in time for next term? I can hardly believe that.

Thursday 23<sup>rd</sup>

Whole day drawing large detailed section of country house which designed some time ago and which was at exhib.

Friday 24<sup>th</sup>

On work. Work – the thing that makes me happy. The whole day I am at it – and I don’t get tired. This is certainly the most diffic. drawing I have ever done – and it takes shape!!

Saturday 25<sup>th</sup>

At last I finish my working drawing. Bonn is very pleased with it. He says it should also be shown at the exhib (which by the way has again been postponed. – M & I spend practically the whole afternoon writing our letters. Nearly all are about my release. We are trying to speed things up as much as possible.

Sunday 24<sup>th</sup>

Something very exciting happens this afternoon. M & I are to report at the gate at 2pm. A visitor has come to see us. Who on earth can that be? I immediately run to the luggage room – change to decent clothes and we are both ready. I am terribly nervous. We walk outside in the outer compound to the hut which was put up for visitors. There are several other people standing around. – Is it Saul Seidler of Regina – my SPONSOR? A middle aged man comes towards us – no he is not Saul – he is his cousin – Julius Brenoler – a Canad. uncle who has lived in this country for over 20 years. He is also related to us but if so is a very distant relative. He lives near Montreal. Saul asked him to visit us. He has seen Goldner who is supposed to have asked for 1/3rd of the \$1,000 as deposit. (We knew that \$333 would have to be paid in cash). Were he says we should therefore write to N.Z. to have the regn. Amount transferred to Saul, who will

then arrange things with Goldner. – For Marcell he says he is going to try to get a job in the war-industry. He just wanted to look at him to make sure of the boy he will talk to people about. He tells a lot about Saul, who is not married, and about 40 years old. Supposed to be quite well off but not very rich. He and Saul are both in the fruit-trade. He is manager in some fruit farm. – Has also brought us a little basket full of lovely fruit. Our visitor very Canadian in every way. Talk sort of american as if he had a reld. etc. We are very glad about the visit – cheered me up tremendously. On way back to camp, Officer meet – asks going out front gate? – ref. visitors? Internees – didn't know all dressed up like that – should have gone out "front gate quite well".

Now things really look OK for my relocate. If the 333 \$ get to Saul (and we will cable for the amount tomorrow then it certainly won't be long now!)

Monday 25<sup>th</sup>

Nervous & jumpy all day. Can't get visitor & whole release matters out of my head for a minute. I am sort of afraid to hope now – I have been disappointed so often now – I don't trust things any more. I send a cable to NY asking for the \$333 to be sent to S.S. at once. – I do hope the money arrangement will work. I am also rather worried about schooling. I really haven't the faintest where to go! What school will take me? – Oh – it drives one mad to sit here and wait for things to happen, I wish I could go out and see to everything myself!

Tuesday 26<sup>th</sup>

Drawing – but nearly finished. Work a lot on it. – Do calculation for steel work second floor – but still very unrestful – if only knew what going on on my behalf. What about money – the school? Well in about a month's time I'll know more.

Wednesday 27<sup>th</sup>

Again something exciting happens. Goldner and 3 other important people of the Canadian Jewish Community visit the camp. He asks to see 15 people – one of whom I am. In a great hurry I borrow a tie from one chap – a jacket from another and make myself look more or less respectable. In front of the camp office a whole crowd is waiting for interviews – but he only sees people who are on his list. I am terribly nervous and rehearsing to myself what I will say. He is probably going to bring me regard from our visitor (last Sunday). Waiting – waiting – one of the other men is holding a speech – he is a rabbi – telling us to have courage and to be patient. – Interviews are stopped because it is just time for roll call. Si I am unlucky but – the camp committee and the spokesman of all the prospective students have a little conference with him – The outcome is very fortunate for me. Goldner gives our spokesman a list of 17 young people of this camp whose cases have been submitted to Ottawa for release – and – I AM ON THAT LIST! – Oh thank God! – I have forgotten all about the interview – what does it matter, I am on the list. – Soon we hear more details – in all the 3 camps they could only find 40 people who had sponsors with \$1,000. And 100 releases would be authorised it said some time ago! – But the list is neither final nor definite. More may come on and others off – If sponsors turn out to be bad – But anyhow I am on it – my release is being considered – think of it – I may get out after all – A statement is published with the list and all particulars – All my friends are congratulating me – I certainly am lucky – so far –

Thursday 28<sup>th</sup>

Well luck seems to leave me for a bit – I get a letter from our cousin in NY who is doing a great deal on my behalf. He says that London can only let us have \$500 at present. But my uncle L Schwarr in Rio still writes that \$1,000 would be available through London. I really do hope that the money matter will be settled favourable soon. I spend a terrible amount of money on telegrams lately. Today I send two – one to this cousin telling him to cable the \$300 to Sol immediately and the other to parents asking for my second year report and a recommendation from the school, which may also be of great importance for my release. I spend about \$3 on cable today also. But what does money matter if there is freedom at stake? – I would gladly give all I have!

Friday 29<sup>th</sup>

Terribly nervous all day. Such a lot of things to worry about – the \$1,000 – admission to U. or other arch. School. – I wish I were a few months older!

Saturday 30<sup>th</sup>

Today I get permission to write 2 extra letters. I am allowed to write 4 instead of two – but all the same text – I am writing to 3 universities (Manitoba, McGill, Toronto) and the department of Ed. In Ottawa. I state what I have done so far and that I would like to get into the second year. I ask the educ. department for a complete list of archit. schools. – I am rather doubtful whether a university will take me just like that – but still there is no harm in trying.

Sunday 31<sup>st</sup>

This is the birthday of one of our friends. In the evening a “great” party is given to honour him. Nearly the whole group is invited – and everyone is to dress up as if we were outside – forget about the barbed wire is the motto. How very queer! – I have not worn decent clothes since May 1940. All in tent [indecipherable] – rather funny really don’t realise where am. No sound from outside – Lovely food – canteen – well very near to real thing – good practice for me.

Monday 1<sup>st</sup> September

Letter Goldner saying that nothing heard from authorities about release of minors – Sent list of 14 – 3 apparently let out – maybe by mistake only (thank God that I am not among them). – Educational letters - registration with schools, colleges, universities – of secondary importance will be done when definite inform from Ottawa. – Am still rather worried – don’t think any U will take me – supposed to be very still about matric. – don’t feel like wasting time to take it – rather go on with professional work.

Tuesday 2<sup>nd</sup> September

Bonn and a few others are working very hard on the drawing hut. Heating is installed, Table and chairs have been made – the thing really takes shape – all made of scrap wood waste from prod. etc. I help a little but this afternoon to make some shelving. – I am very busy in my office upstairs too, my boss makes me work hard on that new recr. But, Bonn does not want to help me with it because he has had a quarrel with Fried – so I have got to do everything myself – Fried himself of course is utterly incapable of doing anything in building

matters. The greatest problem are the rod trusses – in span of 50 feet. – I have to bear in mind that everything must be made here in the camp by unskilled, must be cheap etc. But all the same quite interesting work.

Wednesday 3<sup>rd</sup>

2<sup>nd</sup> anniversary of War – remember 1<sup>st</sup> one in camp “L” – working all by myself on recr. hut – could do with some help but never mind maybe it wont be perfect but it will be my own design. Get letter from Willy that 333 have been sent to Sol and that the rest up to \$1,000 has at last been OK'ed by London (after communication with Brazil) – anyway, money question finally settled. – I have not heard from Sol since his telegr. Wonder why doesn't write. Again something to worry about.

Thursday 4<sup>th</sup>

Again work in office on two schemes upper floor & recr. hut are being hurried, lot of work take out quantities.

Friday 5<sup>th</sup>

Forham & Senator Wilson (body presid. of committee for int. ref.) & Goldner visit camp. Our repres. (of students prosp.) see him soon after, starts giving interviews. – Names of 40 people – London for release – hopes answer 20<sup>th</sup> Sept – then Comord. [indecipherable] authorst. Release conditional – restrictions – report police etc – don't care – After pictures 11.30pm roll call! – silly thing – what for? Ferdli apparently wont to see it – was none this afternoon. Stays here – interviews people back to E. –

Saturday 6<sup>th</sup>

At last letter Sol. – took 3 weeks – our mail letter – ridiculous – does happen! – rather overdue – things all different now – anyway glad to get it. Money & sponsor pretty definitely OK now. – Only schooling London rel. & [indecipherable] author.

Sunday 7<sup>th</sup>

Business meeting in archit. but very cosy now – heating installed, windows – few minor things still to be done. 10 members in all – will call it Aclub or A'assos. – regulations, constitution – elect treasurer – Rolf Dinsch – Bonn of course presid. quite fun. Arrange working hours – 5 at the time – I want be there much because office upstairs – but still have right to – will have party at formal “housewarming”. Exhib. opens Saturday, Quite lot of work till then.

Monday 8<sup>th</sup>

Get letter Univ Manitoba – Winnapeg – very polite, will take me if send “credentials of Grade XI – meaning of course matric standard. Have idea – cable to parents for last Viennese School rep. – may take that – in addition to engr. reports – still rather doubtful. Some subjects sone vo, or little of syllabus of 1<sup>st</sup> year. – Would all the same try to get into 2<sup>nd</sup> – Rather worried about it all.

Tuesday 9<sup>th</sup>

Letter Sol. Money OK. Weight of heart – Got \$300 and assurance about the rest. – Only thing to be settled – schooling.

Wednesday 10<sup>th</sup>

Letter registrar McGill. Asks for “credentials” examin. certif. matric – I am certainly in a rather hopeless position now. I can feel it that Univ are somewhat beyond reach for me. If not – just go to some tech school which I know there are. But for present keep up the fight with the registrar. If only my school reports from E. would come. Probab. not before end of Sept.

Thursday 11<sup>th</sup>

Ever since this list of 17 best cases came out – I am terribly nervous & jumpy. Its this suspense – will it all work out OK? This sort of thing gets one done terribly. I can't concentrate on anything properly – can't read. Day and night I am dreaming of the FREE LIFE which I hope is going to start soon for me. I wish I were a few months older!

Tuesday 12<sup>th</sup>

Interview with Commander, Fried & Hellm. I talk, Fried cant say a thing, sound like [indecipherable] when he tries to speak E. Commander will take matter up when prizes worked out. Fried big fool – made me design far too big recr. but second floor in steel also silly because never taken seriously by [indecipherable] engineers. Must make hut cheaper than wood – upper floor. Now it is probably more expen that steel upper floor. – Big meeting of our “[indecipherable]”. Make statement criticising Fried – all due to his incompetence in building matters etc. Given to C.S. – Work till 3 in morning on exhibition. Putting up walls (like last time plywood sheets) lot of hard work.

Saturday 13<sup>th</sup>

4 hours sleep not enough. I'll hardly get up for roll call/ Sleep all morning till inspection. Then help hanging up drawings – 2pm Commander, Officers Brown, YMCA & some other outsiders came at opening. I explain to some of them arch part of things. Our “Industrial Settlem largest part of Hall – 50 drawings, also engineers & lettering classes. Rather thrilling to talk to free people, again makes forget about surround. Evening big Viennese “FAIR” opens. Sports, show, sort of “Prater” like attractions etc. cheers the whole camp up a bit.

Sunday 14<sup>th</sup>

Sleep long get friend to bring breakfast, Sunday morning of course no R. Call nor all day. Loudspeaker on parade and announcements etc – again sports, circus – concert – prize giving by Commander – Conductors – winners.

Monday 15<sup>th</sup>

In some colleges term starts today – and I am still here knowing nothing – when get out. Very pessimistic. Something should happen now – we should at least know more definetly who will get out and when – Interned suddenly probal some with reloc. Just won't –

Wednesday 17<sup>th</sup>

Toronto answers – very late same as two other univers. – want credentials. 1) for admission at all – matric are for advances standing wrote that have done their 1<sup>st</sup> year work. Have none. ----- up more or ----- mind.

Thursday 18<sup>th</sup>

I sleep a great deal lately. Nearly every afternoon – drown worries – People over 21 considered too. But we supposed to get out first – well I'll believe it when see it.

Thursday 16<sup>th</sup>

I have a talk with Bonn about my schooling. I tell him about my fears of not being admitted to a University because of the required testimonials. He says that that if I can prove my advanced standing in the subject (by sending in mt drawings) they will accept my Viennese school reports as matriculation. He would be glad to write a letter for me (he used to be a supervisor at Cambridge) and I should also try to get a testimonial from Capt. McDonnald the Adjutant – Works – Officer on the job I have had here for nearly a year. Anyway I should try all I can to get admitted to a recognised course. I think he is right – I should take up the fight – if I loose I can still go to a tech school.

Friday 19<sup>th</sup> Sept

My last doubts as to what to do about the Universities vanish when I am informed that the commanding officer (Major Ellwood) has been asked by the Univ of Manitoba to send in a curriculum vitae of mine immediately. Well – these people must be interested in me of they ask for particulars. – I write the following, a personal letter to the Head of the Department of Arch & Fine Arts, (from whom I had an answer to my first letter to he three Univ), saying that I am not in possession of the required certificates yet but that I am quoting and describing each of the three reports which he is going to get as soon as they arrive from England. I give all subjects of Vienna & Cambridge reports, for how long I had been doing and how many hours a week etc apart from that I will send him a number of drawings, and the two testimonials, one by Bonn and the other by Works Officer. – That I bring out to the Commander, who sends the message that everything is O.K. Well here I go – the fight is on!

Today I go out the the Adjutant and ask him to give me a test on my draughtsman – job which I had for nearly a year now. – He agrees and says he will let me have it through Fried (who he is on good terms with). Bamberger writes a terrific recommendation saying all about my extraordinary ability, advanced standard etc. I am very grateful to him for that. – I also get all my drawings (15 of them) touched up cleaned etc and packed in a cardboard roll. I show them to the censor, who says everything is OK and I send them registered air mail, cost nearly \$1. Now supposing the Winnipeg people do not take me – what can I show some other school in the way of drawings – these people are sure to keep them for some time. Well that is the risk, but still I think I can take it. I am rather anxious to see my year's work go – these drawings are all I can show just now. – I wish those report would come – I have asked for them in all letters to England for the last months. I can't understand why parents are so careless if I don't get the papers soon it may spoil everything and seriously endanger my release.

Sunday 21<sup>st</sup>

This adjutant is a bother. In the morning he sleeps and when I get out at dinner time the testimonial is all finished on his desk just waiting for his signature. I am supposed to hand the thing in at 1 o'clock at the Post Office. It is maddening! I arrange with our postmaster that I bring him the letter first thing tomorrow morning when he takes out all the other mail. (The bags must be sealed at 1pm today). He will hand it in separately. – At 3 pm after having been outside several times I at last get the testimonial just before the Captain is leaving for Montreal. – Good luck that was! – This is New Years Eve. Everybody dresses up and serves a special message to the camp, who really is particularly nice. One can see that at last he has realised our tragic position fully.

My nerves are on edge. This, I am sure, is only due to internment. I was never like that before. I can't eat – feel jumpy – that really should not be the case in my age! I am very anxious as to the outcome of this University admission. If I should get in there I would still have a difficult life catching up in the second year there (which is equal to the 3<sup>rd</sup> in any other course). Some subjects which these people will have done. I have not even started. For instance Freehand drawing or History of Architecture. On the other hand I have done things which they only start in the second year – I suppose I could keep up – at least Bam says I can do it easily.

Monday 22<sup>nd</sup>

This morning my drawing and the two testimonials go off – well good luck to me – I wonder what they'll think of [indecipherable]. Before lunch we are allowed to go out in the outer compound in groups of 10. For the first time that has been allowed since we are here. I take out a book and lie in the grass – I also try to do some sketching – with not very great success. I am sure I could do well in Freehand drawing if I had some proper training. But I don't think that is a very important subject anyway! – I am looking through some textbooks on History of Architecture.

Tuesday 23<sup>rd</sup>

I spend most of the day in the outer compound. The system of letting out 10 people at the time was dropped – so everyone just walks out or in whenever he pleases. One of our people is checking – Outside I lie in the grass look up – and try to imagine – well that my dreams have come true. No camp to be seen – no noise – it certainly is a step towards the real thing. – I am continuously nervous. I know the calendar of the university of Man practically all by heart. – Well – my drawings are on the way – I wonder.

Wednesday 24<sup>th</sup>

Fried more or less gives me the sack today. He says that there is no drawing to be done just now (there hardly ever was) and that I should try to get into some working gang. I will, says he, be called upon to do drawing whenever there is anything going – well there it is – the job goes – that I had for nearly a year. I don't really care. If things work out OK then I'll soon be out anyway. – I certainly won't join the say carpenters or plumbers now just to make [indecipherable] a day and to waste my time.

Thursday 25<sup>th</sup>

Bad news for some of us today. Golding wrote to one of the 17 who has his sponsor in the States the following. The Canad. authorities insist on Can. Sponsors otherwise on \$2,500 guarantee instead of \$1,000. Thank God my sponsor is a Canadian. 3 of the 17 are affected. Poor chaps. They better find Can. Sponsors quickly!

Friday 26<sup>th</sup>

Just to have something to fall back on to I write to the Montreal Tech just asking for particulars of archit department.

I hope there is such a thing there. But that is only in case Manitoba does not take me. – I am doing nothing all day. Can't concentrate. Hope that tension will be relieved by good news soon.

Saturday 27<sup>th</sup>

Two of the 17 hear from there relatives in the States that their release has been authorised by the H.O. London. – I wonder whether all the 17 are released or just those 2 for the present, because one of them did not do anything to speed things up. His parents in E for inst. did not even know about it. It is quite probable that we are all released from that side. –

Someone brings a rumour into the camp from the mens mess outside that some of us are leaving for Montreal on Monday – well I wonder who that is in case the rumour is true.

Sunday 28<sup>th</sup>

Bonn lecture on History of Arch. Doric Order to draw, will concentrate on that only thing have not done yet!

Yesterdays rumours ever further. 17 tomorrow to Camp S (Italian's camp in Montreal) to be interviewed by immigr. Officer & then released. Quite within possibilities but would have told us if so, anyway I am ready.

Monday 29<sup>th</sup>

Very happy news for me today. I get a letter from U. of Man, the Head of the Deptmt of Arch. He has got my drawings, has examined them "with great interest" and intends to place me in the Second year Archit. Design (which is really the third year of the 5 years course) and I will get a credit in Building Constr. (that means I needn't take it). He can not register me definately, until has talked about other subjects languages, maths, etc – anyway I am practically accepted! I can hardly believe it – me – an undergraduate at some University – and even in an advanced year! – But that is not all – I also get a reg. Air Mail letter from Mother with my second year report CTS and a photocopy of Viennese school report.

I am simply overwhelmed with joy, that comes just in time. I send the reports off immediately. – Well that puts my case very clear. All I want now is RELEASE.

A small list of 29 people to be returned to E is published today. Only those who have been defin. Released are on it. Erich Klein ( the chap who fought in Spain)

is one of them. I am very glad for him. He is one of my best friends here! –

Tuesday 30<sup>th</sup>

I am suddenly called out to the commandant. I put on a decent jacket quickly and go. He has a telegram in front of him and needs to read it out to me. It is from Sol saying that a prepaid railway ticket is at the Pacific Railway Agent in Sherbrooke for me. Sherbrooke – Winnipeg. University has accepted me and I should phone J. Brender to wait for me at Montreal Station. – The C.O. comments that I should not get excited – I won't be going today or tomorrow, because I must be interviewed by the Immigr. Officer first and he is expecting him at beginning of next week. Well, next week then – always something!

This evening the day of atonement begins. We get an excellent meal at 5 pm and then – nothing till tomorrow evening. The service is held in the dining hall as usual. –

Wednesday 1<sup>st</sup> Oct

Today a list of 6 people is published of students to be released as soon as Immigr. Officers has seen them – I AM ON IT. Only six of the first list of 17 are the first batch. – I am really thankful for this – now everything is practically settled. All the excitement and the fasting is finishing me off. I must lie down in the afternoon. In the evening we six have a meeting and decide what to do. 4 are going to Montreal, one to Toronto and I to Winnipeg – that is to say I too will stop in Montreal to do some shopping. Some have got no money, so they will wire Goldner for some. Others want Goldner to fetch them – but that we abandon soon – after all – we are no kids – we'll find our way to Montreal OK. We can of course ask him to wait for us there. It take a long time till I am fall asleep tonight. All sorts of things go through my head – what will I do there and how do I do this – This is real excitement, I am happy really happy – at last after such a long long sentence I will be free – quite a free man again – I can hardly believe it. –

Thursday 2<sup>nd</sup> Oct

People are congratulating me – everyone want me to write letters for him outside – they give me particulars – well I'll certainly do my best in that way. At the banking office we have to close our amounts. I have \$140 in all of which I leave \$40 to Marcell and just take \$100 with me. We will get the money in Can. Cash when leaving the camp.

Pack all my things as far as possible. Will a large trunk, a small suitcase and a small hand-case. Find out something very queer from Parents. – Could Mother never understand about mending suits. Altogether 42. Party evening in construction office. Get permission Fried and late permit. 16 people. Very nice, not stiff. All dressed up good prep. For release. Lovely food. Home late. –

Friday 3<sup>rd</sup>

Final packing. England brownspout tomorrow. At cinema list of 10 (!!!) to see immigr. Officer 9 am. Well the hour has come. Probably last night in internment.

Saturday 4<sup>th</sup>

This is the greatest day of my life. The day of my RELEASE. It ends a very sad period of my life – INTERNMENT.

I did not sleep much at night. Thinking thinking. I try to count – but it helps little. All I get is about 2 or 3 hours sleep. I am up early and try to make myself look real civilised. Wearing a tie certainly is very unusual and uncomfortable. At 9 we are at the gate and are led out to the offices. The 6 already released are asked in one by one. The interview with the immigr. Officer takes about half an hour. He is an ordinary looking chap and rather friendly at times. He cross examines me on every period of my life. What I did in Vienna, what my father did – when I left same for England etc. In between he makes remark which makes me realise my position better than anything else. He says “It is understood that you are not to talk to anyone about the conditions in this or any other camps nor about experiences you have had during your internment. We have ways and means of finding out. If you do and you know what happens.” – meaning of course that the way back to camp is always open to me in case I don’t behave outside. I get a conditional permit for 6 months, which can be prolonged if I behave during that time. After the immigration officer has dealt with us we are interviewed by a police officer who provides us with registration cards. We then bring our luggage to the outer compound where everything is searched. I am rather nervous because there are some things in my trunk which they might take away. I have for inst. got a prisoner’s shirt with the red back, my diary etc. But as usual I am lucky. The postal censor, a very nice chap, is looking at my thing and is not too particular about it. He just opens the trunk looks at the top layer of things and – OK. So I can keep my souvenirs – diary, shirt. Meanwhile the 30 people going back to England have also come outside. People in the camp stand behind the wire, wishing luck and giving addresses (I have about 30 people to write to for friends in side). I speak to Marcell – poor chap – the fact that I must leave him behind certainly mars the joy of my release. But I am confident that I’ll be able to do something for him. – We can take our separation well. After all it is nothing sad – on the contrary a step towards freedom for both of us. Internment has brought us both very much nearer to each other going through all these difficulties side by side binds two people more than anything. He has become a real pal of mine. Our train leaves at 3.30. Tickets are bought for the other 5 and mine is brought up from Sherbrooke by C.P.R. agent. We get our money from the commander. (I get \$100) and then off we go. A truck takes us down to the station. At 3 pm we cross the wire – I do hope for good. What a feeling! FREE!!! I somehow can’t believe it – it must be a dream. Maybe I’ll wake up in camp again.

We pass houses – cars – PEOPLE!!! At the station we register our luggage (my large trunk right through to Winnipeg). – Then the train pulls in – one car occupied by our people going back to E. – heavily guarded. – We get on the train, sit down. I get my pals to punch me in the arm – yes it does hurt – so I must be awake. People are very French. Girls frightfully painted and everyone dresses in conspicuous colours. – Some of us go to the dining car to have coffee. White table cloth – china plates – and the Food! It is all like a miracle. – Just behind us is the car full of the A.M.P.C. people. They don’t eat in luxury like we do. Why? Because they go back to fight for E. guarded. But we can be completely free in a peaceful community just because we happened to be under 21 and have someone who pays up for us. It is quite true that the world is standing on its head!!

We sit in arm chairs – look at the landscape – yes we really are free.

About 6.30 we get into Montreal. 3 of us have there sponsors waiting and for the remaining? Mr Goldner & Roybach have come down. They shove us in their car (a beauty) and drive us round a bit. Goldner is very glad to have us out. This after all is one of the first successful schemes to get refugees out. We do some calls and drive around the city for a bit. A beautiful place. Terrific buildings, parks, posh cars, lights – for us like a dream. Goldner then treats us for dinner at a very modern restaurant. We eat real soup, chicken, pudding – all things which I have not tasted for 1½ years. Then he dumps us out the Ford Hotel (also a pretty posh place) and leaves us. He was certainly very decent and kind to us. – The three of us walk out down town. St Catherine Street is our objective. With plenty of plans in mind we go off but little comes of it. We walk up and down, look at the busy life – the shop windows and then end up in a soda-fountain, this hour of strolling in the busiest street of the town has done the job with me – I am no more frightened I am quite used to civilised life again after all this is normal and not my immediate past! For the first time I sleep in a real bed with WHITE SHEETS over it! The loveliest thing in the world!

Sunday 5<sup>th</sup>

Up late – try phone Brender don't get write note. [indecipherable], send cable Parents [indecipherable], go off to Brender 12 noon. Tram funny – not since Vienna. Reminds me very much. Long ride change twice bus – about one hour – get LACHINE. Find his store. Very glad & surprised to see me. Shows me round store. Just bought a new one. Real nice place. Brings me up home – 4 kids nice wife. Feed. Start telling my story. Hardly believe me. Don't say much – after all – are Canadian might be hurt. Find out Nesbitt – Brother in law & wife come. Very young couple. Go for walk – quite nice place Loochine. Evening pictures with Julius. – Sleep his house, wants me to go and see Selina in Ottawa on way.

Monday 6<sup>th</sup>

Walk around alone in morning – look at buildings going up. Leave for Montreal with Brender on truck. Drops me in to Wn. Buy hat Eaton, don't find sports jacket. Lunch with him Jewish restaurant. Leaves me – Walk about – 3.10 train Ottawa. get there about 7 – rung up Selina – fetches me from Station. Tell each other what look like – find easily – about 24, quite nice. Walk – tells me about her. Manages Ladies – clothes shop. Takes me her apartment. Together with 7 other girls. Gieta little flirt. Very queer. 600 mile – to all girls. Make friends. Boys come by, one very nice chap, Abel, all jews, but mostly born in this country, go out. Cheers me up to see these happy people. Most work in Government offices. Take me around town. Posh hotels – for a drink – can't say no, 2 glasses beer. Makes me dizzy. Get home late. Sleep with chap Abel. Long talk, explain my position, intelligent chap, gets idea.

Tuesday 7<sup>th</sup>

All go to work. Walk around town, parliament buildings, meet – GOLDNER came down by car to see Fordham. Is very glad to see me, go lunching with Selina & Abel. Afternoon pictures, evening at home, play piano, like it, dance with Gusta. Here I am with girls all around me – and a few days ago still a prisoner – I try to forget about 5 come down to see me off, leave 10.30 – 2 nights one day. Buy fruit & papers for me – some real sympathetic friends – meet Brandt at Station, also going Univ of Man. – changed plans (wanted Toronto). Different car, want see him. Buy sleeper \$6 so can sleep both nights –

go to bed right away.

Wednesday 8<sup>th</sup>

Quite comfortable bed – changed to seats in daytime – make friend with little sailor (on way to Vancouver). Tell him I come from E. What I do here? Well, something to do with the war (no lie) he believes I am on important government mission to this country. For hours see no houses no people. Just hilly country all rocky. Read, write, sleep.

Thursday 9<sup>th</sup> [October 1941]

Shave, make respectable, arrive Winnipeg.

[Transcript compiled from 'Seidler diary – rough translation', by Judith Winternitz (MLMSS 5467/2) and State Library volunteer David Lambert].

TRANSLATION NOTE: The English translation of the entries from 12 May 1940 to 18 July 1940 are reproduced from the 1986 published book edition of the diary: Internment : the diaries of Harry Seidler May 1940-October 1941 / Janis Wilton, editor ; diary translated by Judith Winternitz. Sydney : Allen & Unwin, 1986.

The English translation was intentionally abridged for the 1986 book publication. The original 1940s German text by Seidler contains sentences not included in this transcript.