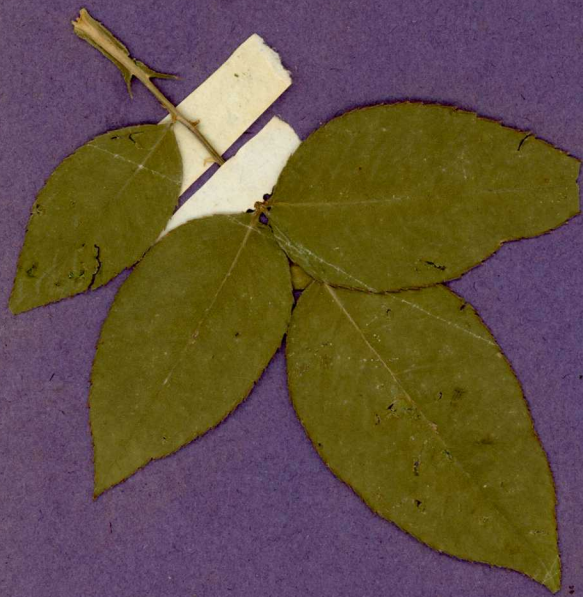


Daybook 9.9.45

Leslie — V



Zondag, 9 Sept. '45

't Is 's avonds hwaest na 9, en ik verlanf zoo
vreeslijk ey naar Doolie na den heelen Zondag
gevecht te hebben, als een jaord, dat ik maar vast
over hem ga schrijven aan myself, om alles zoo goed
mogelijk te onthouden.

Verleden nacht om dertig tijd vake, was ik het Duider..
park, of er bank huilt de wind, en heb ik naar
het urof van mijn leen, een liefdesverklaring
aangehoord, met eenent ingelands geest en
verlangen, terwijl hij een eindje van me af zat en
geen anger ook maar naar me uitstak. Ik
heb hem eenre aangehoord, alleen, maar geluistert
en een een jaar vingers van hem gedrukt, van
zijn hand, die rustig en schijnbaar onbeweeg
hussche, over de bank stelde. Doolie, hoe
keg het, dat hij eenent van me handt, en ik, die
me installe (maakt meik het toegeven, of er
enkel keurige na, is die rieling te blenke, free
de volle leen van hien, uit. Een liefdesver-
klaring, waarbij gezegd wordt, dat "it was power
nae in that I cannot eat nor sleep for it",
that last year on the 2nd of French process,
that hill in France, living is a hell, and
now I am in the hell of my own thoughts.
Gust Mand, she shall suffer by it. Een
liefdesverklaring van iemand, van jil toe te van
reest te hente, of het haat, vanden en raer,
vanden als.

Ey me is het dan meer Zondagavond, 9 uur,
het is bijna donker, en Doolie is reep, naar
Prima, zikeraakend 8 u. m. Rotterdam,

afree aan hem, denken wilden. Te vragers heeft
hy aant. niet. Te Rotterdam, Prinsenh., des
Joh. J. J. Tilburg, teek. na. Prinsenh., ik weet
niet goed meer met hy. J. J., ik heb en mijn
gedachten niet bijhoudt. Nu is het dag Sunday,
avond en ik weet niet meer na. hy is, zo
sal het verder niet gaan, met afen. toe en brief,
die aanhijnt, als hy. meer er. anders is.

Last ik beginne met te vertellen van de
thuis kwam, verleden Vrijdag, 29 en week
geleden, 29 Aug. Ik was ook in den middelen
thuis gekomen, en dan hoorde ik tot mijn inder-
verbaasheid, dat Leslie met 5 dagen verlof, de
5 de, die heele week naar Geneeskracht, Tiffland,
naar Middelharnis was, dus naar Elisabeth.
Daarna kwam hij in Den Haag terug om niet
te gaan naar Brugge, hij had af afscheid ge-
nomen, want het was niet meer handig. Het
was me een klief in het gezicht, afscheiden het
verloof al zo lang is niet meer; en er was
al te doen, steeds ging hij weg en kwam weer
terug. Nu was het dan zoo, het was zoo lief,
en ik had maar steeds dat erg verlangen, dat
onbevestigde gevoel, dat me alleen met een
meer, een heel, een heel, een heel, een heel.
De vijf verloor naar Engeland, toe hij in thuis
kwam, hield ik het niet, aldus denkend en op
vriend, terwijl hij, naar hij toe zagging, niet
tot afscheid uit richtte, een heel, of dit welken
van hem verhaald werd, gaf. Wat verbaasde ik er
aan, dat het was een gebeurtenis. En het gebeurde
niet meer, nu namet de laatste maal afscheid

af straat inder tijd na dat concert, zagen
hand, hij heeft niet meer en, en. That was it.
30 Aug. was ik thuis bezig met mijn rekenen af-
maken, en allerlei handelingen, die ieder dag bij
rekening doet, alsof een tijd meegenomen heeft,
ging ik avonds naar lezingen, daar om af te
spreken, gelukkig. Ik weet het niet goed meer, al-
ders is de lezing, mogelijk nog een afsluitende
feestje te krijgen of Leukie, dat komt naar de
breking mist of hij die avond thuis kwam.
Over mijn heer.

31 Aug. Koningin's verjaardag, met slapen,
en drinken en opheffen. That was prachtig weer
en ik ging in den tuin bij de lezing, vernield, het
was zoo saai, zoo vreselijk saai. Er kwam
niemand, er kwam ook geen hemin voor bij,
is morgen niet, is avond niet. Om 5 u. had ik
er genoeg van, en stapte op de fiets en naar
de drukke te zien. Alomte menoch
kwam ik tegen. Er was een gracht op de fiets ge-
reest, het interesseerde me helemaal niet,
ik fietste steeds maar de L. v. K. af, naar
Olingendaal toe, voor het eerst, sinds Leukie er
is. Hij kwam altijd naar mij toe, dus verlangde
ik er naar. Om een uur of te vroeg toe, om
te zien, of het al heel was, maar het liep de
niet. Ik mischt niet door, ik ging oprij af
daar, dan naar de kerk, daarachter
na de auto uit O'dam toe naar Olingendaal
passerend. Daar daar mischt ik ook niet, en
heg miste ik op rij bij de kerk en de kerk
afslaan, en kwam over het heide, hulpbruggen.

naar de des dijchts of meffender, en de ommez
moungs de huf meer klaar, en reed ik
de afweisseling over dat kanten, dijk. En ging ter
maer dan de stad naar huis, langs de weg,
naar ik hetst Dijk, Leefje tegenbeem, misochter
... , maar niks misochter, hule Jammies was
er of schaf, maar ges waarte of blande. - Ik
ging naar huis, het naar vy centaan, 's avonds
naar v. Prokem, van het, niet thuis, straat,
leest a. d. gang in de buurt, naar Jakhout, die
gaat naar Indië, naar het werk by ik blij, dat
ik hen knijft ben, en 9.45. naar huis. En daar
was de budochap, dat Leefje had opgehield, en
to u. den by mij gens of helle. En om 10.15 was
by meer a. d. telefoon, en sprake, we elkaar dus
11.9.) weer. Vrijdag 31 Aug., den der huley day was
by er genest. Het dacht, dat ik Lat. pas terlyd
by. Het ran Lat. kanz, meest leep, tot myn
diepe verantwoordig had by gij fiels in Zaan.
slay achttyelaten, yem see, I had to dump it,
to dispose of it, and might go and fetch it
from Binger. Yem see, leen, ingand gelede, rei
by myn de fiels toe, ik moest hen beneare, en
knean, by niet tery, den gmselt ik er mee daz
met ik naar. Wanneer El. naar Oer, Ray
knean, van by haer misochter, met een sprech,
"Then all that business would start over again",
En te slatte, na haer opmeint endmeint te hebben
in Opheldron, gaat by met mee naar Friesland,
en recht naar Zeeland, naar El. ter en geeft haer
de fiels in beneering. Wat meast ik knedat, en
verpntwaardigt in mijn hart, maar je hand je geest.

[illegible]

Sept. - nuw Sab., en 's middags randoe met elkaar in de
stad aankomst. Nu is het de 11^e. Het ligt
het al erg lang geleden. Het moest loopen, en
vraag of ik hem in de stad heb aankomst,
± 2.30. Het verjorde me, de fuks, die er niet
was. Ik moest 's morgenst even naar de
landarts. Ik bleek een klein gebreuk te hebben
op de lijf. scheefscherm. Het werd ge 5
6. schakel uitgehaald. Ik wil plann bij de
injectie, moest een uur in de wachtkamer
blijven, en toen op nieuw een gelede, zodat ik
bij 2^e thuis kwam, en een effigie van mijn
domein van ja meer moest vernemen. Het geest
met mind ik dat toch geweldig. Ik was wel
later bij aan Henry Leslie naar er met, en was
zijn teken naar het Pantheon School. geweest,
erst was ik echt schijf, en schijf, ik was niet
goed met hen a. d. plaat hem, en ik moest

met meer regel, nu het over geheel Leiby, onderling
huyzen, halffien, mijn brinner, had by nog niet. In
het museum huyzen, nu by door de afleiding
by gesess overrukt v. l. Pancram, en schakke de
afstand heelmael verheerd, en ik ongeveer juist
15 i. p. v. 14 M. tot mijn fiets. Hij bleef er maar
nava luyts, en verneemde de inpleggingen v. d.
jids. Toen werd by door en landgenoot over
aangesproken, en by. Pakemmer, met wie ige
in gesprek huyzen. Hij was er account of the
railways in Holland, and much up is The Paper
because of the Queen's birthday, so that he
could not do anything until Monday. We
namen hem toe, mee paor het Mauritshuis,
naar de tentoonstelling v. d. Primitieven, waar
nu maar 1/2 u. by-lyk hadde, en eenige berend
meer by hand, is, o. a. het allerheestert bevaalde
schilderij v. d. wereld, v. Eych met ik Chadsma
met kind. Ik werd over gesproken in Leslie's
laatste Over Knit Draffet. We werden en, en
pander pader erint gesecht, namy luyt afgehoort
v. d. Engelschman, en toe mandeldy Leslie's jid
helemaal naar hius, een kind van mijn fiets
bringer. Zijn revoerhaly, meest by maar, thuis
doot. Eych, ik woude me toch nog ander toe in
dwang, dat nu blykbaar gespraak hebbe, dat het
lang me heengegeen is. Ik weet er niets meer
van. Thuis bleef by ingelate, verhal, met
allerlei grappes, en drinket, over Raamschap, hoe by
in Middelburg allen, van thuis v. d. de maed
sute, reedst by aan met legeren, want, en net
op de fiets doorradet, kon, 48 Reth 5 u. tegs,
de reedst in, om de penk te haly by

en de laatste trein naar Teanmoh. The hij daar
nietmand vond, en door misverstand rijdte naar Quail
om te proberen onderdak te vinden, en hoe hij
tenslotte huilt, het dorp werd vernieuwd, naar
de rijkste heer in de ambek, maar hij een paar
dagen heeft gelogd en persoonlijk aangeklaagd, en
toch diep in de nacht heeft opgehoord, en heeft The
op led kreeg van de laatste doelen des hinnen.
The is inmiddels nog heeft gekroon, die hem, met
alle geweld bij haast thins open, bij begeren,
met hij natuurlijk niet wou. Sunday is hij in
een geest. Monday en Tuesday in Teanmoh,
Wednesday heeft hij een haast van het helen
geleidend, en daarna met een paar een fietstocht
gemaakt, ook naar een heer, die op een hede.
het rit. Wednesday naar Middellburg, naar hij
de dervine, en andere oude dervine, met thins
vond. Bij Hunsdeld thins geleids. Denderday
met een hest naar R. dan, die in 12 in een
died, en naar hij al meer chand had hij in
solame jans korom, die hem alder, dat te
kenen, en naar hij met plezier in fat,
noodat hij en oude dame tegenover hem vree,
how she enjoyed the theatre in front of her.
De naar geschequerd. Leslie het met 2 andere
Tammie, die het metromet, het eerst laddy
ontdekt in het ruin onder is. Leslie heeft met
haar in gesprek, en naar een toe, overdag. Een
de Tammie naar een second-hand woning.
De naar, door het dulle heer. Leslie deed al
zijn themelpeelkunstjes, en v.d. Tammie
naar hersef. en de maakte met zijn 32

in de machinekamer stak, re meekte by
de kaptien of de brug, in een record, by had
nog nooit een hokkers gemaakt. Hij was
dan het dulle keij met zijn verhalen, en ik
vroeg hem of het eind v.d. avond. dat hij en
hulmaet ingeloh, re was, door al het ongemak
niet de meijer, en dat hij en rekt rekt was of
avond had. Toen heek hij met en rekt onderdij
geraakt, half verlegt, naar me, to rekt of hij.
Ja, hij reekte 2. als en, Jaakt. is: the box,
die int de deys was na alle conventien ges
daarjinder. Hij is toen ook nog en nurbij bou
quaest om alle ing. reclameplek, en me nitt
lygg, moreover, ik re niet beyde. En hij ging
daar na, 11.30 of rekt na alle ingelohing
en kreeg mijn fiets om of naar him te gaan. En dat
was zaterdag, de 1^{ste} Sept., die ik gedacht had
is R'dan the meek, doorkreng.

2 Sept. geschreven 15 Sept. op zaterdagavond. Op de ge.
brinkelyke manier druck herijgemeest, naar reover
ik het me herinner. Het mek draaglyk maar meer,
nogal met reind en Loolie huren ongeveer 9.15,
het toen ik naar 5 min. op de langst of het links
lag te gaackten. Ik had v.d. Valde by fiets verouwd
door hem en naar v. plan, naar de vaders, te gaan.
Dat hebben me ook gedaan, ik was eerst wist ik
hem en niets om dat, ik want het reo vrend, hij
heek fiet met Middelburg met achteclating met
zijn fiets. Ik had ook de vorige avond een geplank
lee, by het over zijn fiets had; 1.30, I've had it with
the lyke. Hij heek een moment reo een, langs me
heen en ik dacht, van hij dat me allemaal verlegt
hij, en al zijn verhalen tegenover me, lee by me

besprecht is, waardeert, en weet ik allemaal. Dat de
tocht v. D., met daerjij en hij en, reek later
naar Middelburg afbrak. Ik lag, het mist goed ver-
blijven en was alleen wrok. Hij zei mist niet
en, reek niet mist hebben gehad, hadde het gepre-
sies nu en dan. Ik weet niet meer wat hij en, het
verstelt, was. Bij de heer vragte ik een hardnekkig
of hij het nog eens van de sloperij wagen hebbe,
want daar had hij die sloperij bevestigd en, het mist
meer genesend. Later bleef het ^{aan} verpaerdert jodij
was hij en mist meer mee te bejijng mist. Maar P.
had het me mist meer gered.

16 Sept. De boerenmarkt gubbinge was, alle eenzaam
en harselijheid. Wat had het mijn, maar tuch
spijter! Hij had het verleden reek er over, en zei
tegen mij: Ik woon, dat ze maar meer eens husing
We merke op de gebrintelijke manier verneemd
met verneemd, en hielaten, eerst naar de heer te
gaan, die reek thuis moest zijn. Daar was alles
open, maar niemand thuis, wel zijn, met de paes
des thuis ingaan en, Lelie de kasse, te laten
zien, dus dat heeft hij en nog van gehad. Daar
na reek terug naar de hielaten, die reek
niet thuis was, daar drinnen, plukke en elg.
Der slotte op reek naar amssatdrinner bij de
vraant, die op viete was, maar daar was alles
al lang verneemd. Toen naar huis, ik had
geen tijd, het was vinderigen, hand en, stelde
vraant, ^{over} het Zuiderpark terug te gaan, lang
het meekij, maar was niet bij naar Engeland gij,
gereden hebben. Het was er in het land hand en,
we gingen op een bank zitten en, naar de.

grande need. In how it came, I must talk
English now, because of you, Leslie, how we
came to talk; I don't remember, but I told
you, how once before I was very, very angry with
you. To my astonishment Leslie said, "I
doubt you were angry then, although I did not
know why." Yes, it was on the evening when we
went to Belfast a second time and had to sit out
in the high wind, near a gate opening to a field,
in a nest of nettles, according to L's humorous
description. And I told him how I had grown more
and more angry afterwards, when he had been telling
of Elsie in Middleburg, how he liked a woman's
company, not because of their sex but because
their cleverness and their comparableness. "I
don't mind sex, you see, I am a married
man!" And it cried out in myself, "Yes, you
are a married man, with the fulfilment of
life in having a wife and lovely child; and what
about Elizabeth and Lizzie, having no husband
to think of being constantly in the company of a
nice, handsome, attractive and intelligent
man?" - "You see, Oland could sit here with
us, there's nothing in it." And then he told us
one of the many stories about El., how he spent
there every moment of his spare time, how he wrote
to argue, he wrote his diary with so partly and
I knew by myself, how very very much El. must
have been in love with him, how on his part his
feelings might have been the same, and how often
I wondered what they actually were until at last,
the evening before he left to England he said,

that it was very well that he had to leave Middlebury
and that, if he had been single, there would have
been a great chance of his having gone back to Eng-
land with a Dutch girl. "How well I can understand
the feelings of those men, who after the horrors
of war, come back in family life and fall in
love with a Dutch girl. I cannot
appreciate what she has gone through and what
it means to a man the care and friendliness of a
woman." And there was Leslie's Confession at
the time, and I told him, how there was no
Platonic love or so-called pure friendship
between men and women. It was all charming.
It was L's real confession, breaking forth at last
with such a constrained passion that it fills me
with pity for the agony of his mind. Leslie's
Confession that it was one he meant by saying that
he might very well have gone back to England
with a Dutch wife, one who had taught him a
lesson with my directness and straightforwardness
and that I had been a cure for all that was El-
lie's, and for what M. stood for." I had asked
him, how strange it was that a week before he
could not possibly come to Friesland, that more
than a month ago El. would be in The Hague and
that I would be gone and he free to spend his spare
time as he wished. "Oh, no," Leslie said, "I probably won't
go there at all, perhaps once, otherwise that
business will all start over again." And this he
met El. in Apeldoorn, saw her at her brother's,
met her twice again, and actually he went
to see El. in Amsterdam, leaving there the night
I was promised. And this Leslie confessed to

permeate love for me, sitting some distance
from me on the seat, his arm hanging over the back
of it, his hand dangling limply between us, and
sitting quietly next to each other not moving,
neither of us, the one speaking, the other listening.
That I must tell you, that I have you beyond
reason, in that I cannot eat nor sleep because
of it, that I have not gone came with you to
Friesland, because I cannot could not bear it,
being in your neighbourhood all the time, that it is
a memorable day to-day, the 2nd of Sept. A year
ago I was in France, in the hall of Castle M.,
now I live in the hall of my own mind. I have
gone to Leamster to and I have finished with it,
I've had to be very cruel to her, there shall be
no more writing between us, I just sent off a
letter that I arrived safely back and that is the
end of it. I'm afraid it will hurt her, there's
insanity in the family, I've learned to know that
afterwards, as El. mother died off that it, and El.
is taking after her. Marriage with a woman like
that would be impossible, with her limited and
narrowmindedness, flinging her passion at a man
like she did. Oh, it would be impossible. How
curious it all is, how much like in circumstances
you both are, your story is her story, and you would
be a cure for me in her case, by your attitude
you have been a great help to me, and we will
keep up friendship and writing, won't you?

I cannot have three reasons at once, and
Iland shall not suffer by this. I don't know
what your feelings are, but we shall keep up friendship

ship and write each other. My own hand hung limply
over the back of the seat and I just managed it to
reach his hand and pressed his fingers. Every
effort seemed too much under the tension. And I
said: "...I'm glad we have at least talked about
this very personal matter, it has cleared the sky
between us. My mother has warned me, one day
in the beginning of your coming, like Mr. B's mother
did before. "Yes, if he's coming so often, you
might fall in love with him." And very grandly
I had answered, knowing inwardly that I meant
very well on the way already: "That's not of his,
that's entirely my own business." And I've
accepted your coming and the consequences. —
You would have gone back to England with a Dutch
wife, Leahy!" — But nothing can come of it, &
Leahy is fond of his wife in a way, by habit of
many years' knowing each other. He told me how
lonely he had been in his marriage, because his
wife had wanted two things and you can't have
2 things at once. How they had known each other
for 4 years, and that he had no means of
supporting her. That they agreed that he
was to go away for a year, they got engaged for
a sort of marriage tie, and tried if he could
earn enough to support her after a year. She had
hurt his manly vanity in a terrible way by saying,
that, if he decided to marry her, he could
never provide for her in accordance with her class and
standing. After a year's terrible hard work he
had a living, very scanty, but she was lucky
in being able to get her teacher's job in Chester,
and she worked hard, so that together they could

manage quite well. But Maud is passionately
fond of teaching and that went first with her, so
that the house became nothing more, than a
place to eat and sleep in. He felt so lonely and
they drove more and more apart, until at last they
agreed to have a baby to try and find more
interest in each other. To actually conceive appeared
not to be an easy ^{thing} matter, whether there was
something the matter with me or with her. I don't
know, but it was a long time before the baby
announced itself. I'd filled me with such an
utter grief, this story about little Christopher
and his father, Leslie, who is so utterly fond of
children, so full of warmth and feeling, so kind
at last a child after 9 years of marriage, after
such a cold, matter of fact decision. And
then to know he loves you beyond words, and that I
love him the same, that I'm longing for him so
terribly much, to give him all the softness and
tenderness that is in me, and that it all comes to
nothing. You see, one has never known anything
else! - I, on my turn, told him, how I had had
such a terrible feeling of depression all the time
in Friedland on St. Kalland, because of my having
told him my story of my engagement, in a few words,
that might have been misunderstood by him. I
got the chance to tell it him more fully this
but at the end Leslie said, "It's just the same as
you have told me before, only more in detail!"
And I don't see why you should feel so depressed
about it. But I know, it's because L.'s with
his sharp 6th sense had guessed at once, & before
what nobody else is the world would ordinarily under-

stand. And all the time I had been purling to
lead his thoughts in a different direction, but after his
declaration of love it all seemed not to matter any
longer. We were lying on that seat for over an hour
it was getting dark, ~~it~~ was shivering with cold
and while talking my teeth were chattering. I was
a long way home yet, and I was troubled from
the beginning in the park by all the grapes they
had made me eat. Strange being hungry and naturally
one grows to be with a share, formerly I should not
have dreamt to mention it, but B. had to wait
for me disappearing in the bushes in the dark, and
all at once I ^{it came to me} was frightened that it was so late
and dark, and we might be shut up in the park.
But not nearly so, a man passed a little farther
to nearly it was closing time, and we walked on,
we walked all the time instead of getting on the bike,
my story being told on the way, and Leslie's story of
his marriage which I've written down. And so
we walked home, ever losing our bearings among
all the canals in the dark, still walking it all!
It was half past ten when we arrived home, there
was a stranger there, prof. Dr. de Vries, to stay for
the night. Father looked calm, the more calm we
heard we had not had any dinner yet, and were
hungry. Oh if there had been a ring from N. d. M.
for the bike, and we had used it so long. We
meant to bring it back at once, and so we went
off, it took some time at N. d. V.'s as they had
unexpected guests. Carrie took leave from Leslie
and then we went home a second time. I took his
arm in the dark for the first time, and how warm
he kept ~~it~~ my hand and my fingers, just together.

What a bliss love can be! We did not say very much, I believe. In the porch before the door I kissed him, he answered my kiss more passionately. Just as I left it drew away my face in the middle of it, for fear it might be noticed; the soft light flowing from the passage, and it was quite late enough. Chobler was a bit indignant that we had kept her waiting again, all news cold again, she said, and father had gone angrily to bed. "Oh" I said, "that promises something for me;" "Yes," mother remarked again aside. "father says, it's all the woman's fault being late as that and taking a man next her." "Of course," I said and rather thought. I have taken him deliberately with me to the park to finish talking. We had our little dinner under the dark leaves of mother, and L. left in a hurry at 11.45, on my bike, to come back on the Monday. So, that was Sunday, the 2nd of Sept, implying the first declaration of love, of deep, intense, passionate love for me, as I have wished and longed for, as I knew that a man would fall for me when once knowing him better, announced by myself, and there we are. "What happens with us," said Leticia on the way home v. d. Velde, - "I all at once remember," "has happened every day with thousands of families, and it has happened from when time began and it will happen until time will be no more." 3rd Sunday 6 Sept. This writing - back with her full with a few days' story, my novel, or my romance, just to keep it for later, to have something lovely that cannot fade with time, and yet so

utterly full of grief - that I at least can read it later,
when time and events will have faded away so
many words of pain, that I hear again and again
in my inner mind. A declaration of deepest love
without even a kiss to follow, and a woman, in
between, whose passion lies in teaching, and I
teaching whose passion lies in love, love for a
man, and a passionate want of a child by him,
because of our love. - Mend shall not suffer by
this! Yes, Mend and little Christopher.

Monday then. Had I had been, wandering for
some time of love from L., for a kiss all the time
since he went back to England. We did not kiss
after his return, I did not want to and gave no
opportunity, feeling it as a meaningless towards
Mend and himself to intrude in his family life,
which I did not feel so had been any more
before he left, when he himself gave me a kiss
at the last time of his departure! He had told me
the evening before, how he had hastened his leave
to England all at once, realising his feelings for
me here, and trying to conquer his feelings by
going back to England and make up to Mend in
what he felt guilty for towards her. How little
we know what's behind people's motives. On
the Monday then! L. came fairly early, brought

he had his pack full of writing material to write letters
after as he expected me at work all day long. He
from 9, started playing at cards with father, I had made
for me, up my mind to have Leslie for myself that
he had evening, I could not bear it any longer. I wanted
to tell him once his kiss for once, his kiss I had been longing
for, and not content at his, thinking the world would be happy
for and give me such an unfulfilled long feeling
of the whole world were his. Later I found what he really thought

when he first left after the concert of Mrs.
Bresman, in the street, shaking a formal hand,
never looking back. It made me feel mad after the
night before, when I kept awake for many, many
hours of ^{the} night. Just for once, I cannot blame him
for myself. Well, the men played at cards, I
had to go to some pupils, had wished really to
go to Oberon's. French afterwards in the sunshine,
but L. said "You carry on with your work",
and kept playing at cards. Then I took my
administrative work of my pupils, and
started doing that, had given a lesson ^{in the morning} in the early
afternoon, and had to give one in the early evening.
L. said, he expected me to be hard at work
all day as before the holidays and I had therefore
taken out all his writing material. I went away
on the bike for a short time, meeting Mrs. Russell
on the way who wanted my bike so much. At
first giving it to her, I found in my bicycle bag
a cake of soap, the Sunday Times and 2 packets of
cig, of course meant for us from L. I wanted to
take it out, but as I thought Mrs R. took
the train that first arrived. And I left things in the
bag, for L. to give it himself. v. d. Velde rang up,
that he was to come at dinner-time so give Leslie
a little Dutch picture for all the trouble taken by
him in carrying parcels. We were to dine early
because of my lesson. But at 6 v. d. Velde appeared,
giving L. his packet. They had a talk about his
chances in the future, Holland was impossible for
him after the major's slackness of handing his
name for a Holland posting. I don't remember

much of the conversation, but soon by half past 6
Gips appeared, and so at last Gips and Leslie met.
After I had just mentioned the evening before
to L. how difficult the situation between Gips
and me was. Leslie did not show any particular
interest, although I know it was there, just so
from the other side, they were silently summing
up each other. Gips was, in the same position
as to one feeling for a woman. Gips had only a
quarter of an hour's time and they shook hands,
L. saying: "I am glad to have met you at last,
you always came, never I had just gone or
before I was to come again." After 10.15 P.
left made Leslie offer his picture, it was a
fine little water-colour by Gips Manning from
before the war. L. had not thought of it, and he
liked it very much. Later he said, he noticed
that v.d. Velde had put his name on the back
and so I asked him to come with me after dinner
to go to v.d. Velde for his signature and come
and see me for the rest of my lesson, at de
Sijthuisen, Rehm's v.d. V. But Leslie never came
there, and I had to fetch L. from v.d. Velde. The
was talking very interesting as usual. Yashie
came later, happy as, interested in the talk as
well. Leslie poured out his bile about the
major, talking about his soldier's position in
comparison to that of the officers & in such
a cynical way, so full of bitter humour,
that it startled me, and the making the others
laugh and Yashie remarked: "How cynical he
is." Yes, he was. I never heard Leslie,
like that before. I made him go at a quarter to

4.
ter, there was a bridge-party at home, father
was to go out, and therefore I had anticipated
so much the evening, in the hope asking Beatie
to come up to my room and to give me my
lesson on the English constitution. But it was
too late for that. He sat down, watching the
ladies' game of bridge, having a cup of tea
and some fruit. He made him get up early, at a
quarter past, saying I was to see him off as
far as the church. Mother thought it silly, I
believe, but I thought, otherwise he will not
go, and there's three hours going for him
nearly without my bike which I wanted
the next morning. So we went, for a very short
way only, as there was a thunderstorm brewing,
and I did not want to keep him, as his change
was a lift. He had his heavy pack with a book
(at last the Nazi Spy Conspiracy) and the picture.
And we took leave, I expressing that he had
altogether had a nice evening. Before he had
remarked that the ladies did not know much of
bridge, and so I decided he would know it
again quite well, but he did not offer to do it, as he
thought it such a waste of time. Well, we took
leave then, and, as it turned out L. had to walk
it all, getting wet through, as the rain poured
down in ever-increasing strength, starting with
such heavy single drops thumping as it were
on the glass, gradually in a more rapidly rhythmical
manner at last a soft continuous pattering on the
apindones indicated that rain had come in a
persistent down-fall for the rest of the night. And
there was no king on the 3rd of Sept., the anniversary
of the outbreak of war. =

7.

49

Tuesday it was - today still Sunday the 16th -
 It's Tuesday the 18th now, and I wanted to
 write to-night and finish this story of ours.
 But I am tired and cannot think too closely
 enough after the matter-of-factness of 3 courses
 on English history in war-time. This morning
 I had Leslie's letter, the 2nd after his departure
 bringing tears to my eyes because of what he said
 about his religion. I could not bear it, also
 that I had to give up the letter to father and
 mother, who said in such a matter-of-fact
 way that he could very well have brought up
 the matter of religion to have a talk about. What
 a check in to a letter from Leslie now, and there
 will be always the barrier in the form of Maud
 and Christ. How different would all be if, as
 he was unmarried. How much do I lose him!
 Well, this day, the 4th of Sept. is very diff.
 for me to write about. More than a month
 has passed since. To-day is Sunday again the
 seventh of Oct. After some very busy weeks
 I'm at quiet Sunday at last, I and must try to
 think of that evening. Mother had a lecture,
 father went to a friend. Leslie came late,
 a while after dinner, just when father was out
 for a moment. So I took him upstairs to my
 room, for the last time having him there, and
 hoping to come to a more intimate conversing
 about a deeper mental understanding. But
 no. He took out an army-history, that issued
 by their unit, the last one before they were
 dispersed, and read jokes and stories from it,
 to me, at least for an hour. How it irritated

7. 10.

me really, but I could not say so, not wanting
to disappoint him. I've got the jokes about
several well-known men, of the most of my idiosyncrasy
back of Leslie's conversation; and on account
of these he said that for a black of shoe and wig
a girl spent a night with a Tommy. It's worse
than a "pro" as they call them. After this reading
I asked Leslie for my lesson on "The British
Penitentiary," and as we had that. He said no
and explained me clearly what I wanted to
know; and I have my notes about that. But
I did not mean it really. I felt unhappier as time
passed on, as if we were wasting time, wasting
and wasting as the minutes passed quicker and
quicker. It was the last possible evening, no
talk about ourselves, not a moment about what
touched us so deeply, so intensely. Hidden by a
masque of army liberia, of. The British Canal
and so it ended, when there was no more to tell.
The sun was setting, already it became darker.
And there we were sitting. And the evening
was spent for the greater part, in what poverty?
I could not help saying, after a few minutes'
silence: "I had hoped to talk of quite different
things!" "What about?" "About ourselves,
or rather I meant about your inner self!" And
Leslie snapped out: "What do you want to know?"
I nearly cried. There was no answer to that.
"What do you want to know?" Why you love
each other, and there is only one with, so be as
near each other as possible, in mind and in body.
L. got up, went to the door, taking a book with
him, "The Paris Spy Conspiracy"; and was as the

remind of going downstairs. Then, I called him back,
just saying: "L., I want to be kissed, just for once,
~~to remember for later on!~~" He turned round,
taking me in his arms at last. God, if there is
love, if I have found love at last, why is it
not for me to have it, and must I let it go
again! If you have grown to be so and to know
love deeply and genuinely, and must pay for
one kiss before you leave for good. Is it right
to pass all this down on paper, yet I will! Maybe
it will remain my only real love story. When his
arms were round me at last, and mine clasped
round him, I hear him now saying: "Let me put the
book aside," and we could look each other and find
each other in that kiss, where we seemed not to be
able to step any more. All our pent-up feelings,
restraint, having for once a bit of a let-go. What
must I say more! The intimacy that goes with
such a kiss. It's too tender and too lovely even
to commit it to paper. But it cannot last, just
half an hour. I remember asking him, if I was very
bold to ask him for that kiss and excuse these
feelings which had better rest. No, "he said of
course." It's just to remember, have this to
remember, for later!" "I know!" And there
we were, holding each other very closely, one half
hour, and gone for ever! But not to thought!
L. said, I wonder! How long that will be from
him. (May I f. y. L. br.?, may I f. y. b. br.
You are fr. in sh, that I did not know to co.)
Yes, if I might forget. Shall I ever forget. It
was the 4th of Sept, so once there's always
the 4th of April for me to remember. Half an

head of loss-making is not very much when you
have money to be by, and it's all to remember.
Why is it? I could make the right man so extremely
happy. - We went downstairs at 9.45, and
found father alone in the room. He sang, as he went
downstairs, or rather hummed. To father he
showed his army leaflet again, and later to mother.
He had my bike again for going back, and was
to return on it with Pip next day.

- 5.9. The anniversary of Belle Sunday? They were
to come to us having mild dusk. Late in the
afternoon, they arrived, the bike fully loaded
with a heavy work-bag with crabs and some
spoke of Leslie, an old army blanket, or rather a
piece of felt, and a rubber pipe-bag, a bottle
of ink and his blubbing-roll for my use. And
some lovely roses and asters for the ladies. We
were long in the kitchen, they were talking, and we
had a nice dinner, the best they had had
for five years they said. After dinner I rang up
the Mr. & Piddles to come, fortunately they could
and make some public. Paul and his wife
appeared unexpectedly. So it was quite a little
party, as Leslie remarked. And they were
making music, first after a cup of tea, and
the music became better and better. I marvelled
at Leslie, who just made his own music,
fiddling away either from the piano, or the
violin-party. Then he sang two songs: "My
Fate" and "God make me kind!" Very very
beautiful they were, the music, the words and
the singing. Pip was nervous about the time,

as they had to walk it, but then, when v. d. F. heard it, he promised to bring the beams. They played until nearly 11, L. inventing or improvising his own music, so that Mr. Farli remained. His need in 2. alight was not to redde, but in 2. gave apart. "Sarna helly me not yet met other. goppat, let me be in walking, happy evening, no false note, nothing, at a quarter to 12 we went with v. d. F. to go to his car. I came along having both Liff and Bealie each on an arm, and I was much to drive them back, so that it was all easy. They had busy days, so really the Unit hears breaking up.

- 6.9. This day we were to sail with v. d. F. But there was an early ring that it was impossible for them, so half the unit left. So I did not expect Bealie to come, but there he was at about six, after his tea, completely in the down-mood. He was posted to Burma, Far East, his thoughts were all in a muddle. He had first been told, he was off to Germany. After coming back from R. Kan, where the truck had to be taken, he saw on the list of pressings that he was in for Burma. What a dreadful thing that means for him, and he wished he could go there at once instead of waiting of those many weeks beforehand necessary for preparation. He even preferred not to go home, expecting Maud to be in tears every day. v. d. F. came for his lesson, and remained down-said, talking together. They left,

promising to take him to Clingendael again by
car. We stayed downstairs talking. I asked
him to come up to my room to take leave
there. And here we were sitting together, he in
Burr's chair, I in the big cushion. But he
had no mind for me, he was thinking of home,
of Burma, and for the rest a bit of me. I don't
remember this quite well. We were talking for
some time, and at last his thoughts came back
to me. Now what did he say. I do, I remember
only I said: "I did have but grief very much,"
L., have I." And then he looked piercingly at
me, with his face very near: "You did." It made
me nearly cry again, but I did not want to
spoil this by tears and making things more
difficult already as they were for him. With an
effort I did not cry, I never cried while
usually I cry so soon. Strange. "You did," I
shall never forget his face. I've never loved
and admired him so much as then. He kissed my
mouth very ~~very~~ firmly, he kissed my eyes very,
very tenderly, and I ~~and~~ he held my breast
so warmly for a short moment. Now I remember
all at once some more of what he said: "You
once said, that if you had been a single man, you
might very well have returned with a Dubak wife.
And with that D. wife you meant me, not Elie.
(How strange L. was, so decidedly much it
seemed to me he meant Elie. They). Well, you
would have had your D. wife, as regards me."
L. nodded, and I added: "At a very early
time already." He nodded. And so would you
have asked me." And then with his enigmatical

looks, He said "I wonder". It hurt me,
"What do you mean, there?" "There's no sense
in it's no use to dwell on these things now!",
was P's answer. How unhappy he could
make me with his little sayings full of
meaning, and not to be understood by me!
Later on I thought: "He may still be much
preoccupied in thought by El." Was it that, when
he meant! I say now, I wonder. And after
that I said "I did not give away very much
did I?" "You did!" he very emphatically
answered, and shut my mouth with his last
kiss. It was an unhappy quarter of 9, hour,
a very sad one. We went down, and how nice
he was to mother, kissing her and saying:
"You have been like a mother to me, and
thank you so much for all!" Her face went
very silent, both of us, to W.D. Feltde. "Each
absorbed in his own thoughts, eh," Leslie remarked
after some time. I shook his arm, or had taken
it. There was no need to do it, his arm was
limp, as if I were not there. I was an outsider,
he belonged to home, his home, his wife, his
child, all that he had to give up for quite a
long time again. Holland was fast, and the
"mergers to play with!" W.D. Feltde was ready,
and Carrie to see us off to Ch., a silent journey
on my side. I knew ~~that~~ his superfluous
things and after his tel. W.D. Feltde would collect
them, taking me with him. And that was Sept. 6,
7. Sept. Christopher's birthday. I wrote a letter for Leslie
to give him if possible. W.D. F. rang up again, and
again, from the office, the club, but no tel. from L.

Just at about 3 I thought of getting some little
flowers for him. Coming downstairs with my
letter finished, there he was in the passage, but
brought his things by army-truck, and therefore
was in the passage, just why I came down. We
looked at each other, L. casting a very long
look at me, then from a few metre's distance
flashed various, and always new, queer his moods.
Just a last shake. Hands. Off he went in the
truck, where the two after we cast a sidelong
glance at L.'s girl-friend, and we waned and
creased until we could not see no more. The
7th of Sept. I was quiet, could not do anything
for the rest of the day, just feeling up to nothing,
having a quite terrible sleepless night, and this
being awake for many hours. Towards the
morning I was awake again, at 8 L. departed.
We never think of him. If we did! Later I
went to R.'s dam, it was an unhappy mood. The
weather was glorious, had only 2 hours at the
Institute, time passed away, the Institute
is going down, the air is no longer interested,
after having got a good job as a teacher at a school.
I went and sat for some time at the lake,
crying now and then, feeling so very, very much
the loss of R. Now it is always the same, and the
same with me. One does get trained in the feeling
of unhappiness is love, now and then so. The
10. As for, it was dull with her, she finishing her
dinner, nothing to offer me, I saying my
saw-wishes. The same, the train goes in
pleasure and the station, because of the light
and then I arrived at home again, Bostigane
for good.

9. On the Sunday I set hand to work to arrange the cupboards and the office and my own room again, putting out L's floor-cloth, his felt blanket where abouts I had had such a row with father, who wanted to cut it to pieces as L. had given it to him. But I did not let him cut it up for his chair. Father was angry there, but I was firm. I have ever been washing, until I was death-tired and in the evening I started, writing in my diary. That's the beginning of his book.

10. Monday. Proctors put up in the spare room with the help of Rev. Burglaff. - Lessons in the afternoon and evening.

11. Tuesday. working hard - books arrived - working out things, in the afternoon, made up my lecture about the proctors, v. d. Pille could not come until Wednesday - evening writing diary.

12. Wednesday - working I don't remember very well. What exactly happened. That week we had also the trouble about Rev. v. d. Cord, regarding to come to us, but by father resisted so hard her with us for nothing at all, and that was too bad. So it all came to nothing. He came to us and whimpered: "Shall you be like a sister to her?" I promised, but things never came off by his too great shyness. In the evening v. d. Pille came, found things all right and suggested putting in a paper for address in the columns. I thought it just fine. I could not ask money from friends or pupils. So I stopped that plan. I wrote L. very much in detail about all this, I have forgotten it for a great part.

13. My father seemed in a good mood at lunch time. To-day I asked about putting up a fence in the vineyard. 14. 10. "That's going too far," he said, "I never meddled already. With your workshop, but this is really going too far. And mother... fancy. Pity, the rabbit would come into the house, and what a dirt and dust is the passage and on the stairs. carpet? Yes," added father, "and what not can they take with them!" No, that's impossible. That settled it, and I went about to ask people here and there to come to the papers.

15. To R'day, shall lose another boxer. came home very early and heard that the shipper and his wife from Hindelberg had come to visit me. They stayed before the door, father came home from shopping, and said at once: "That's shipper A'day," and so the man, stayed for lunch, but had to go afterwards, spent all the evening at writing letters to Berlie, and the Sunday as well. Sunday afternoon. Exp. Club at v. P. B. B. There was news from Nora Chener. Miss St. Livi. Beech had job of de Cham as a teacher, full 26 hours. & Phemie had a delightful success. cake as a surprise for the first meeting. Livi full of experience about class-teaching. First short. lamp in the R. v. Ch., shining into the room again.

I'll take next meet is a lamp. School light house now flashing its beams of light over this area again on Wednesday & Thursday.

48. On Thursday I had my first grant for a lecture. The ladies of the Rumbell. club, they seemed to like it quite well, in the evening. Drumming & on stage, on Wednesday the Robinsons taking

up my whole evening, Friday was nice again,
in the evening first the whole clique of neighbors
from our block, at 9 o'clock Russell & wife,
Sless, Dr. Lyman in de Dighmies. They were
nice together as visitors, pleasant conversation,
on the Monday I had dared to ask the Rev.
thinking it rather a cheek, but they liked it so
much, that they sent me 9 people for the Sunday
evening. Saturday morning dewy - Queen is R'ting
is the rain. went to the Kellers and afterwards
got dinner with Be and stayed a week her,
very nice. Sunday all day freshers - afternoon
twice, evening again with the Russell people
among whom Jas. N. Reel, in Jas. Wils. very
proud of the company, there were 12 and it
seemed rather successful. I was all a good
thing to divert my mind from Leslie whom I
missed very very badly. On Friday his 2nd letter
came, the long one about religion which made
me cry as hard as I ever had done about a letter.
What a misunderstanding by fear of being mis-
understood. O J! Sunday midday fresh, eat de
fens. de Kiel, nice, no far. Pa of his eat meeping
man, pa veritable let, nu meet in mearon, let
it, and at the man as, exist by dat na de vacante
direct to bepinning i. p. et maeder esbra the helper
in de hushanding. Let it dat notsnafte. Leo
is dat es seen aelter, ja meet letman notsnafte
not. In vader es als es eat mit beengien, me!
hapt by inggered. Funny I revise English or
Dutch without any knowing it. So that's up to
Sunday, my time is before everything I spent
is nothing more about Leslie and his spiritual
side the answer his letter with one day, and there

had to be over the fact and long letter about his
feeling as a son, together with D's ideas about a
world .. All English? Oh, all would be happy and
good. I wrote me all my spare time in the week,
could never get a letter ready, busy with one thing
and another, business, work, home-work, finding
the postman - my, Wilminck, etc. On Tuesday I went
25 to D's, about dispirited .. de Breen; went to
Nith. gathering to meet my Samson and her
about the Breen, all girls are safe, no Jewish
girls lost, I had signed for the Germans, alas not
a single illegal. After this meeting (meanwhile I
had rung up Gyneth for coming to stay with her is
D's, I went to D's, exhibited "The Meeting
der Ende Cheesters", splendid, spent there all my
time, then returned back to the station. In the
morning a fog dropped out of the train, had accidently
delayed the train for 3/4 of an hour. The travel
is very bad yet, change in Leyds, Kegan, takes
I hours altogether. Wednesday & Thursday
reading that beautiful book of Dr. Breen &
Lamda of Dr. v. Breen, working, writing to D's,
kept from it again and again, pouring with rain.
26. occupied with her form
28 Friday evening received news to write D's, after
a quarter of 8, Lynn Gys appeared with all sorts
of good things for my birthday: 1/2 L. of Eng. tea,
a bottle of champagne or brandy, a bottle of whiskey &
a bottle of stout, ducks and eels, smoked and raw
eels. What a fine thing, you did not know at first
what to do about the birthday-party. I rushed to
home, and now it was saved! I had a walk with
Gys & told him about father, who is fed up with
his business and wants to go to Singapore.
how I love it, he makes a contrast about Dith.

coming into the business like as, if he needs it.
I told Cyrie & a wealth is the evening, he does want
No make love to me all the time, how difficult it is.
I don't care a bit for him that way. It's also the
reck of the money - scandalous. I nearly forget
that most important money affair; however,
the taking of the money the last days before
the 25 Sept, the last day on which the old
money was valid, when I went to St. Ann.
On the 26 all the money was flashed and they
started with giving all people of 100., every
banking, money, child to get 100. to be with
That should last for a week. They debauching
begin, and every head of a family could get 100.
29.9. on the money card. So, on my birthday people
were particularly poor, and gold enough, so that
they could not buy many flowers for me which
are so extremely dear. 1/3. for a small
bunch of chrys. about the cheapest to be had. In
the morning surprise telegram from Elsie for
my birthday, a week ago already a birthday
letter from her. So much. It was the event of the
day. Only a letter from Marie Ann, wrote a letter
to Charlie, because I did not get one from him,
I suppose for which I feared most of all. I
worked some love-making again, but I do get fed
up with that, silly man. "I shall be so glad, it
will never go," he says. The off to Park Lane, from
where I got 100., to the station where I could
not go. From 12 - 1.30 ordinary public had to
wait until the forenoon. people were off. I sold
my ticket and tried to get a tip at Rye House
Club. In us have no success, this at best as a

Shell - staking I got into a car and racing time
at the Institute. Lessons. talk to Miss Cropper,
went home early to receive all the visitors. To: Dr.
Buschgens, v. Spangis, ladies Edermans, Winkles, tante
Meier, Robbers. It was quite a nice evening, with
real tea, cake, a drink & bread & milk pudding.
They were all content. I had wanted to go to
church in the morning, very much so, but could
not go in all the busy hours of the morning, with
staying, all the preparations for the evening. On the
Wednesday before went to lecture of Gervelers, subject
to, regularly, after all. I did not feel to go to church
Sunday because of the letter of Leslie Bee, and the
30.9. first place because of St. Michael's day, my
birthday, and my being 40 years old. What an age!
For the rest I wrote Dr. L., and helped to clear
the mess. On Sunday afternoon they gave the v.
Drimmelz's, we had a very nice afternoon, together,
talking about the studies, I have had it all appear to
be.

1608. A fairly long letter from Piet v. Drimmelz from
Singapore, he is alive, is fairly healthy, divorced
does not know what has become of his wife or
children, poor fellow. He did not know what was
to write again to Holland after 4 years.
This evening week quite as gay as of old again,
because of the coming of the Copenhagen theatre,
Mr. Kerschel. All Monday and Tuesday
mother and I had at work in the house, Tuesday
telegram from Brussels: "He would arrive at
the skating at 8.00." Mother rang up father in de
Wille, and he was to send Kerschel to meet
Kerschel at the skating. I rather hated it, the more

seems so very nice all at once. I said so last week
already to father: "How nice that may be all at once".
In the letter reflecting my by, in paper. He thought:
I hope so. It's all because of the risk of loss
But that's for the next time. I've spent up with
2 1/2 weeks in these 5 pages, fine, hope to finish it this
week. Panday in 12 Oct. - Dr. de Vries
jany - achter juffr. Richmond an, die heelemaal
mit rich is en mit mees - Kur. Gude ever, juffr.
en dit dagboek is avonds bijgevoerd. Indis is vreeslijk
de lichte v. doe week steeds eger. Seehorn heeft
dij aanhang mit mees; bedruyft. burgeroorlog bij
recht, twaalf juffr + Indon. en Ind. bij Ind.
galle bij de European. Panday Prinsche offi,
ours gedid. Schermers, sprak van de radio -
Pelle huan, het kon kost mij een hacht, redder en
scheepvormende mees, ready in dienst, in dienst
Schul verarmde, lerside, richte mensche van luv.
huan en of luv verhad te huan, recorder met oue
lunig, mees, ofensally. de read - with why luv
v. h. jelle v. d. G. J. af en verhand 2. mees, mees.

- F. Was the 26 I had Krophorst in, as an accountant.
He fill up my law - form, which was quite inbra
cote, with my job with father, unpaid, but laves
paid, my chan. job with uncle Henry, so called
paid job, no laves yet paid, and my laves.
The forms are so intricate that they begin with an
apology from the minister to put people to such
a lot of trouble. It took me a full day to look
up all necessary things. The paper ^{probably began from 1940-45} coming by torn up
in the streets of the city, from the black. marketeer's
Uncle Henry's workshop is in full go again, for being
to Amsterdam, Brussels and Paris.

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