

This is a copy of a cloth booklet that was given to me for my second birthday in camp in Palembang, Sumatra, Indonesia as a POW. Little did we know at the time that I would have another three birthdays in camp before our release in 1945. My mother and I were two of the lucky ones – we survived and were rescued by the Allied troops.

The booklet's content is nursery rhymes that were popular when I was a child. The copy shows the stitching of the figures and the scenes from the nursery rhymes well. The ink used for the words has faded in time – an excellent analogy for the need of the survivors of the camps to let their experiences fade, also.

The title page says it all for me – Palembang 1942.

I hope those of you who view this little booklet enjoy it. And ponder on the approach of the people in camp to reflect normality in their lives – a birthday for a two year old and a present to acknowledge his birthday.

Care of the booklet now rests with my elder son, Jamie.

My thanks to my daughter-in-law Melissa, Jamie's wife, for copying the book so it can reach a wider audience rather than just our family.

Robert Paterson

Perth Western Australia.

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PALEMBANG  
1942



R. TATERSON



Little Miss Muffet  
Sat on a Tuffet  
Eating her curds and whey.

There was a big black  
And a big downy beetle  
And a frightened  
Miss Muffet





Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
To fetch a pail of water;  
Jack fell down and broke his crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after.





All my little ducks  
are swimming in the pond.

Their heads are under water  
Their tails are out beyond







Many, many, quite contrary  
How does your garden grow  
With silver bells  
And cockle shells



And pretty maids  
all in a row





Jack be nimble,  
Jack be quick,  
Jack jump over  
the candlestick.





Little Boy, Blue come blow up your  
The sheeps in the meadow,      horn,  
The cows in the corn,  
Where is the boy who looks after  
He's under the sheep  
Dorset  
fast asleep





Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.  
All the king's horses and all the king's men  
Couldn't put Humpty together again.





