

Notes to diary (Contd)

Friday 25.9.43 We had warning there might be a move when someone found a message written on a piece of wood sent with the ration from the men's camp. We were all told to search everything that had come in that day and to do it secretly not to arouse suspicion. The men said they would be moving on a certain date and to be prepared to follow ourselves. We watched to see if we could see the men leaving (the road from their camp was just visible from a corner of ours) and they did, so were not surprised when the sudden order came for us.

'Olga and girls restored to us'. This is an understatement! We had not been in the new camp long - it might have been the following morning - when I remember seeing a lorry drive in and on it were the four nurses, so thin and weak, but alive. They had been released from prison as suddenly as they had been put in, and all their bits and pieces were returned to them. See 'The Will to Live' - Sir J. Smyth

Gongsi - is a Chinese word for a group of people.

20.10.43 Copiac ?spelling- was thin rounds of dried tapioca, all chalky and powdery - and when we got this in rations we got awful skin itches and upset tummies.

7.12.43 Harrar (spelling) a Japanese Guard.

26.12.43 'Uncle' - " -

Boring Day. Sounds sumptuous - all puds etc rice basis - probably ground in this cane with the dutch coffee grinder.

1.1.44 Green Gram - what we would buy now as Mung Beans, small green beans and full of protein, so that we felt our eyes were not so puffy when we could get them.

10.3.44 Kung Kong - a green leaf, mostly stalk vegetable. We'd eat leaves for one meal, and the hollow stalks cut pea size for another meal. We thought it grew in dirty ditches.

Ubi Kayu - Tapioca - parsnip shaped root of the plant. The leaves were very coarse.

4.4.44 } Reference to 'New Blocks' was rumour of a new camp  
10.4.44 } somewhere.

14.5.44 Go Leng - a shopkeeper, came with extras i.e. limes, chilis and coconuts etc. Those who had money could buy more but most of us spent our Japanese money on fruit and chilis (vit C).

22.5.44. Communal cooking now. Dutch kitchen and British kitchen.

## Notes to Diary (Contd)

19.7.44. Lalang - long grass. KAMPONG - VILLAGE

19.8.44. Once when in charge of the washing vegetables, for the elderly 'cutting up' squad (one small galvanised bath of water was all we had to wash all the vegetables for the British Cooks) I took a small tin from what was left of the dirty water to wash myself in and felt very guilty, but was told I could claim perks!

2.10.44 'HeyHo' Boys - was the name given to the young Japanese boys in grey uniform with poles - They made these sort of noises when drilling, or being drilled by the Japanese.

11.10.44 '4 trics for Fatties' Tong' - We had to fill up the water tanks in the small houses (bathrooms) lived in by the Japanese officers, and were not allowed to bring in clean water for ourselves - only for our kitchens and then had to water our gardens. The dirty well water would have done for these. The Jap. guards used to search around the blocks for any signs of clean water in buckets, and when some was once found, Mrs. Hinch the Commandant was locked up.

9.12.44 The Sicic Foot was a tropical ulcer caused by a graze from a small hand chopper - inspite of every precaution against flies etc - and this after using the Camp axe with loose head all these years. I got a high temp - and a long red line up my leg and had to be carried to hospital where I lay on my own in a little single room with a bottle of boiled water ~~and~~ raw sulphur (yellow block, powdered) and a dressing and kept it cold and wet. Sister Rhenalda saved that situation by sitting on my leg and squeezing out the trouble. Then it meant a dressing, but it healed too quickly and I was back in hospital again, and then had to have a deep dressing to drain it. This meant Mother was on her own a lot more than she should have been.

13.1.45 I had Malaria for a period of about 6 weeks here and as everyone in block was ill Dr. Smith allowed me 1 quinine tablet a day if I'd take the temps for her each day in our block, a.m. and p.m. and distribute the quinine to those on the list. I had to see it actually swallowed as she would not give it to anyone who might sell it! This undoubtedly set me up and probably saved my life - and after this I could ask for quinine bark if I felt low and an attack coming on. It was bark from the tree onto which I poured boiling water.\* After Mother had died 17/1

23.8.45. Corfay(?) was probably the Youth Movement to which the Heyhos belonged.

Notes to Diary (Contd)

24.8.45 Peace! One afternoon we were all ordered to assemble under the trees up the hill towards the guard house. The guards were unpleasant to those who were too ill or weak to leave their bed spaces and we had to plead for them. Capt.Seki appeared all polished up in his uniform with long sword etc - muchumphing to his minions who returned to guard house and brought back a table and a chair. Ugh, we thought a long meeting? and to our surprise and great amusement he mounted the chair and stood on the table and thus announced "We are all friends now - the war is over - velly solly, it has not been easy -" but we were to be good until the English, French, Americans, Australians, Russians, or somebae came - so we learnt we had Allies.

We listened, returned to light up our afternoon fires, our only cooking pot was leaking - and suddenly it dawned on me what had been said - it didnot matter now!! *Tears in te pot (tear)*.

26.8.45 How lucky not to have had bugs before this in my mattress and net - what with them, and the rain pouring in over my bed space - I had to sit up at nights and did not sleep much.

KLIM was dried milk - which we should have had before, big stocks of tinned milk and butter were found and given out, also material and soap and we began to live well these days with being able to barter for meat and fruit. But our little pots and pans had to last out and fuel for fires be found.

1.9.45. Cannot remember who it was invited me to the men's camp, or how I got there - But I remember very clearly the incident, whilst leisurely sipping coffee - of their - 2 of them - wee hen which was tied up by one leg, dropping dead before our eyes - Nothing was said, but they both immediately got up - one lit a fire and the other prepared the creature for the pot! and it was cooking away in no time. I must have left tactfully and have no recollection of the return journey. Maybe it was not a long walk.

2.9.45 Red Cross Medical Supplies were also dropped into camp by parachute and we hoped we'd not get hit by them - but it was an exciting experience. The 'parachutists' referred to here were the first people into camp from OUR outside world - an Australian, a Chinese and probably a Javanese to show them the way - I saw them come into camp (See Prelude to the Monsoon - Major Jacobs). They went to the Guard House and at nightd now we could hear signals going out. We were linked up at last to the Outside world.

Hiring a servant!  
19.9.45. He wanted material for his wife - but was not very bright and what I thought was a brilliant idea turned out to be a shock for me! He asked me to hold the chicken whilst he cut its head off. 'We'd bartered the bird for some soap, kept it tied up all night with some string outside our hut, hoping a tiger would not find it. The man duly turned up the next morning , and I gave him a knife, bowl and told him to go to the kitchen. He returned!

Notes to Diary (Contd)

10.9.45. The chicken ordered for the next day was not needed!

The first lot of people to leave camp must have left before 19th. It was disappointment when one realised one was not in the first batch to go - but the worst cases went first and one had to wait until it was one's turn. I wrote a hurried note that ~~night~~ to my mother telling him of Mother's death and gave it to Paddy Glasgow asking her to give it to any of the clergy in Singapore if she saw any - and they would know if Father was alive. He received the note and it was the first news he had of Mother's death.

It was a wet night and very slippery underfoot and I suddenly thought the hospital must be hard pressed for helpers so went down to see if I could help anywhere. Those there were working hard to get the stretcher cases up the slippery path and across the bridge to the entrance (exit now) to camp. Sister Rheyneida put me in charge of the isolation block - more like a mortuary - about 16 near corpses there and in the dimlight under the Bali Bali (sleeping platform) I spotted a huge black scorpion, ready to strike with tail up. Taking courage from the army boots I had put on to compete with the mud, I seized the first thing I could - an evening shoe (Camp footwear was always surprising) and struck - luckily for me and everyone else I got it first time and none of those people knew anything of it! If it had got into a dark corner or got someone - but it didn't and I put up a little prayer of thanksgiving!

I went with the second lot I think 19.9.45 the diary says. That morning I had boiled a lot of eggs and kept on helping myself to one. As I left that night I took some with me, but hoped others would enjoy those that were left. Perhaps we'd been given them - I just can't remember now - but I do remember it was dark when we left the camp - and very little more about that journey to Lahat except that in the train I helped Mrs. Patterson with Robbie who was ill. At the field where we had to wait for planes I saw some Army officers standing by some pails of water and with great courage went to them and asked for some to give to Robbie with a lime I had - to be told it "was not fit for human consumption" - out of a tin came a pellet and was dropped into a pail. FREEDOM! Did I say what I thought "What do you think we had been drinking all these years?". In the plane I remember sitting next to Nurse Kong and laughing as we used to say 'if ever we get out of camp we'll be handling bed pans' and so we were and many were sick too. We were in Dakotas and there was a young person in uniform and she had milk and the children sitting on the floor held up their hands to catch drips. All so thin with sticks for legs and arms.

Letter to Mary (Contd)

20.9.45 Flying back to Singapore over the green jungle and islands of Sumatra was a beautiful sight and as we approached Singapore there was the most magnificent sunset - brilliant colours and below and all around the island we saw the most massive Allied Fleet - an incredible sight to behold - and a wonderful return.

Breanore Rectory  
Fordingbridge.  
Hampshire

SHELagh LEA (nee BROWN)

20th January 1979.

"PALEMBANG"

THE LATE MR. J. M. HARRIS.

M. DRYBURGH.

d. 1945

A handwritten musical score for two voices. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal parts are written on two staves, each with a soprano clef. The top staff begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The bottom staff begins with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The music consists of four systems of two measures each. The score concludes with a single measure of rest followed by a repeat sign and a section labeled "HARMONY FOR WOMEN'S CHOIR IN CAMP." Below this, there are three systems of two measures each, ending with a final section labeled "HARMONY".

A handwritten harmonic score for a women's choir. It consists of three systems of two measures each, written on a single staff with a soprano clef. The harmonic analysis uses Roman numerals and various symbols to indicate chords and progressions. The first system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The second system begins with a new section labeled "HARMONY". The third system concludes with a final section labeled "HARMONY".

CAPTIVES HELP

1. Father in captivity  
We would lift our prayers to Thee;  
Keep us ever in Thy love,  
Grant that daily we may prove  
Those who place their trust in Thee  
More than conquerors may be.
2. Give us patience to endure,  
Keep our hearts serene and pure,  
Grant us courage, charity,  
Greater faith, humility,  
Readiness to own Thy will,  
Be we free or captive still.
3. For our country we would pray;  
In this hour, be Thou her stay,  
Pride and self'ishness forgive,  
Teach her by Thy laws to live.  
By Thy grace may all men see  
That true greatness comes from Thee.
4. For our loved ones we would pray;  
Be their guardian night and day,  
From all dangers keep them free,  
Banish all anxiety.  
May they trust us to Thy care;  
Know that Thou our pains dost share.
5. May the day of freedom dawn,  
Peace and Justice be re-born.  
Grant that nations loving Thee  
O'er the world may brothers be;  
Cleansed by suffering, know re-birth,  
See Thy kingdom come on earth.

Margaret Dryburgh.

To Our Landwards (A Crop To Down)

Margaret Dryburgh.

For life we thank Thee, God, this day  
For power to work and think and play -  
For air so pure, for sunshine bright,  
For beautious skies by day and night;  
For brilliant flowers and shady trees,  
For grasses waving in the breeze,  
For pups and kittens, babies young:  
For children playing in the street;  
For eyes to see each lovely thing  
A hymn of gratitude we sing.

For daily food we thank Thee too;  
For rice and giddy fields that grow,  
For toothsome tubers, sprouting beans,  
For cucumbers and various greens;  
For wholesome eggs and scraps of meat;  
For coconuts and spices sweet;  
For fruit and fish in tins safe stored;  
For water, too, we thank the Lord.

We thank Thee too, that 'tis our lot  
To live in lonely houses, not  
All crowded in one common place -  
We thank Thee that we have the space  
To sleep and eat, e'en though denied  
Much comfort we would fain provide -  
Our raincoat too, we owe to Thee,  
For in the time of scarcity  
Access to cloth we did obtain,  
For skill of fingers and of brain,  
That fashions frocks, mends rents with care,  
From socks make things of beauty rare,  
For joys that colours gay afford -  
For all these we would thank Thee Lord.

We thank Thee Lord for daily toil,  
The tasks enabling us to foil  
The threat of melancholy dire  
We thank Thee for the glow of fire.  
For strength that yields the axe, and frees  
The drains from source of dread disease;  
For cooking skill that turns plain fare  
To tempting dishes, new and rare;  
For powers we did not know we hid -  
We thank the Giver and are Glad.

We thank Thee too for moments gay,  
That cheer us when the days are grey;  
For songs, and music's magic spell,  
For birthday parties, games as well;  
For welcome presents from the goal,  
For books that tell a lively tale.

For deeper joys our thanks we bring -  
For perfect liberty to sing,  
Thy praises, hear Thy precious word;  
For helpful testimony heard;  
For new experience of prayer -  
A knowledge Thou Thyself wert there;  
For cheerfulness 'midst trials shown,  
For courage facing the unknown.  
For service - patient, loving, kind -  
To sick in body, bored in mind;  
For friendship old proved staunch and true  
For comradeship full sweet and new;  
For hours of dread uncertainty,  
That made us prove Thy constancy;  
For hardships showing us full well  
How our poor brethren always dwell  
For clearer vision of how sin  
Can sear and soil the soul within;  
How no-one to himself can live  
But for the good of all must strive;  
How, though held in captivity  
Our souls can keep their liberty.  
For all these blessings, freely given  
We thank Thee, Lord, of earth and Heaven.

Palembang 1942.

VARIETY SHOW - Programme. 1<sup>st</sup> & 2<sup>nd</sup> August

Producer. Ena Murray

1. Opening Chorus — The Choir
2. Chorus - Ring forth ye bells, from "The Scream" — The Choir.
3. Piano Solo - @ Hungarian dance - Brahms. Margery Jennings  
@. Bolero - from Suite Espagnole Albéniz. Michael Dyer
4. Voices - @ All the things you are @ Impulsing all my eggs in one basket. Ruth Russell-Roberts  
Eric Murray - March Chamber
5. Song Picture - "Ave Maria" - Singer. Amalia Van den Hout. Nur. Maria van den Hout. Alice Colijn
- b. Monologue - The servant girl's lament - Ruth Russell-Roberts
7. Vocal duet - @ Somewhere a voice is calling. Margery Jennings  
@ Farcelette - Michael Dyer
8. Dance - Starry To "Nervous" - Ena Murray
9. far! son - Dutch Choir members
10. Whistling - @ I'm a donkey brambling @ I'm fishing - Elizabeth Meyer.  
Whistle while you work. (Stage door. March Chambers)
11. Sing. Funiculi, Funicula, - Michael Dyer
12. Minstrel - wack to the swell - lady. Antoinette Colijn - Pierrette. Kylie Murray - Eric Murray
13. Chorus - @ Major & I told the Prince. The Choir

INTERVAL

14. Plantation song. @ Dixieland blues. @ Polly Wolly Doodle. The Choir - Soloist Dorothy Macrae
15. Song - @ The gentle maid @ Friendship - words by Margery Jennings music by Margaret Ziegler - Margery Jennings
16. Under - The Lovers' How - from "Tom Thumb" - Ena Murray, Jean Maddox, Alice Colijn  
March Chambers, Michael Dyer, Monique Denner
17. A dance - Anitra's dance - Marjorie Jennings -
18. Tropical song - The Choir
19. Song - New Orleans blues. Maria Van den Hout - Dennis Denner
20. Gipsy dance - Reginette Colijn - Ena Murray - Alice Colijn  
Jean Maddox, Alice Colijn - March Chamber
21. Liederkranz - The Return of Heart - Jean Maddox
22. Dance - Harpsichord - Jean Maddox
23. Whistler - The Eternal Question - Eric Macrae - Soloist. Maria Jennings
24. Music - The Interlude - Eric Macrae
25. Music - Sweet Music - Eric Macrae

LETTER OF A WOMAN WRITTEN IN CAMP AFTER MOTHER'S DEATH FOR  
HER SON IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

UMTOK, FEBRUARY 1945.

My darling Barbara. Should anything happen to me, I hope this will reach you sometime when this ghastly war is over. You will never be able to comprehend how we have and are suffering - and I don't want to tell you about it in this letter. There has been a terrible death rate since we came here in October 1944, and a great deal of sickness, and still on the upgrade.

Mother died on 17th January 1945, in the Camp Hospital. She had put up such a gallant fight all the difficult years, and we were lucky to have each other. When we came here I was ill and in hospital for 3 weeks, then came out and had a stupid accident with an axe, resulting in a tropical ulcer on my ankle and had to return to hospital for about another month. All this time Mother was on her own in the Camp, but happy as usual, though swollen with Beri-Beri - (we all are) - but on Christmas Day she was very well and cheerful and seemed to have lost all her swelling. Then suddenly she went down with the fever (it's a terrible fever and everyone has had it - many dying from it). I came out of hospital with malaria (have had it since Nov. 1943) - found Mother very ill and had a great shock at her condition. On her Birthday she was better and had a very happy day - and we thought so much of you all at home. Mother was so looking forward to being at home and having Celin - She was in the middle of making her a Camp Doll - like the ones she used to sell. Then my fever got bad and I could not look after Mother. She was very swollen - and she went into hospital. For two weeks I hardly saw her as I had fever and they are very strict about visiting - but then later she was moved into a small room onto a bed, and I was allowed to see her everyday. I knew her heart was bad and they were afraid of a sudden collapse. She was still cheery though very weak, but was glad to see me. How I longed to be with her all the time - she must have loathed hospital - and especially this one. Food was scarce and money also. I was trying to sell her old gold bracelet and had to keep waiting as these things are done in shady ways - it was sold the morning of her death. She had one egg the day before she died. She had been longing for it for such ages poor dear. I saw her on the evening of the 16th - a short visit, but cheery, but I thought she seemed weary and a little breathless and on the morning of 17th, I was sent for at 5.30 a.m. to her. She never spoke to me but I think she knew it was me. I stayed with her right to the end which was peaceful. Miss Dryburgh came and had a short prayer with us - I don't know whether Mother heard and Mrs. Neubronner came to see her about 7.30 and stayed with me until Mother

Letter to Barbara (Contd) - 2 -

died at 9.30. I think she lost consciousness about 7.30 - but as she died, she gave a beautiful smile - I feel she must be happy with other loved ones, many from this短暂 existence - and who knows what the future holds for us.

There was a quiet funeral in the evening, with a beautiful little service - Miss Dryburgh read her favourite psalm "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills", a few verses from a hymn she loved and that we so often had in the Cathedral at Communion "Just as I am" - a portion from Revelation from the beginning of Chapter 22 and at the end the P.P.C. Prayer that Mother loved about "When the busy day done and the fever life is over" etc - this Olga will be saying aloud as Mother died a strange co-incidence as it suddenly came into her head. The burial ground is not consecrated, just a clearing in the jungle but is very peaceful and overlooks the hill and is really rather beautiful. I have not been out since as I have had malaria every other day for six weeks now, but there is a cross on the grave. There was a memorial service on the following Sunday and we sang "For all the Saints" & "Ten thousand times, Ten thousand" and "Just as I am".

I was sorry for one thing - Sister took off the wedding ring on account of our caytor's perhaps perhaps taking it, and I knew that Mother would have wished this to remain on, as nothing can be done as one would do it under normal conditions I had to take it.

She knew of Celia, of Alec and Chile's engagement and they both gave her such joy, but there was always the uncertainty of Daddy's health. We have not heard any news of him for such a long time.

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Written out by Mother July 11th 1944 and marked 'For Sheila'

I've many a cross to take up now  
And many left behind.  
But present troubles move me not  
Nor shake my quiet mind.  
And what may be tomorrow's cross  
I never seek to find.  
My Father says "Leave that to me  
And keep a quiet mind."

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When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble.

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It is fidelity to the present which prepares us for fidelity  
in the future.

A.N.S = Australian Nursing Sister.

Woman's Internment Camp, Sumatra and Banks.

6

List of Dead given  
to me by Mr. Hinch.  
Camp  
Contracted and  
affair to war.

British Deaths Feb 1942 to 27 Aug 1945

17 days.

1.	9. 3. 42.	Mrs Warson	<u>PALEMBANG</u>
2.	10. 6. 42.	Mrs Teeling	
3.	18. 9. 42	Mrs Anthony	
4.	10. 5. 42	Mrs Roberts	
5.	14. 9. 42.	Mrs Mellor	
6.	12. 5. 43.	Mrs Leyland	
7.	5. 3. 44	Mrs Anderson	
8.	5. 5. 44	Mrs MacLennan	
9.	11. 5. 44.	Mrs Curran-Sharpe	
10.	7. 6. 44.	Mrs Godley	
11.	19. 6. 44.	Miss Oldham	
12.	7. 7. 44.	Mrs Gurr	
13.	17. 10. 44.	Mrs Jeenil	
14.	26. 10. 44.	Mrs Laybourne	
15.	9. 11. 44.	Mrs Gregory Doiniquez	<u>FLUN TOK</u>
16.	9. 11. 44.	Mrs Gregory E. Smith	
17.	14. 11. 44.	Mrs Gregory	
18.	18. 11. 44.	Mrs Sano	
19.	18. 11. 44	Mrs Castle	
20.	18. 11. 44.	Mrs Flanner	
21.	21. 11. 44	Mrs Fay Soo Wong	
22.	8. 12. 44	Mrs B. Jones	
23.	17. 12. 44.	Mrs Day	
24.	19. 12. 44.	Mrs Dickson	
25.	24. 12. 44.	Miss Dickson	

2.  
British Deaths (cont'd)

26.	27. 12. 44.	Miss MacKintosh
27.	1. 1. 45.	Mrs Rodriguez
28.	3. 1. 45	Miss Wales
29.	10. 1. 45.	Miss Haynes
30.	11. 1. 45.	Mrs Gray Parr
31.	13. 1. 45.	Mrs Gray
32.	17. 1. 45.	Mrs Brown
33.	19. 1. 45.	Mrs Bedell
34.	20. 1. 45.	Mrs Russel-Roberts
35.	2. 2. 45.	Mrs Prouse
36.	7. 2. 45.	Mrs L. Williams
37.	11. 2. 45.	Mrs Armstrong
38.	18. 2. 45.	Mrs Kobus
39.	8. 2. 45.	Miss Raymont A.N.S.
40.	11. 2. 45.	Mrs Battensby
41.	19. 2. 45.	Mrs Singleton A.N.S.
42.	23. 2. 45.	Mrs Sinnatt
43.	26. 2. 45.	Mrs Simmons
44.	26. 2. 45.	Mrs Dixey
45.	2. 3. 45.	Mrs Neubronner
46.	5. 3. 45.	Mrs Cocke
47.	15. 3. 45.	Mrs Pennefather
48.	19. 3. 45.	Mrs Hemsted
49.	22. 3. 45.	Mrs Skinner
50.	1. 4. 45.	Mrs McLeod
51.	4. 4. 45.	Mrs Gardam
52.	5. 4. 45	Miss Armstrong

British Deaths (cont'd)

53.	12. 4. 45.	Mrs Hutchings
54.	12. 4. 45.	Mrs Austin (at sea)
55.	13. 4. 45.	Mrs H. Scott-Baines <sup>7</sup> LOERBUIK LINTGAV
56.	13. 4. 45.	Mrs Pryce
57.	17. 4. 45.	Tony Sinnott
58.	20. 4. 45.	Mrs Thane
59.	22. 4. 45.	Mrs Madden
60.	23. 4. 45.	Miss Drayburgh
61.	27. 4. 45.	Mrs Isitt
62.	28. 4. 45.	Mrs Hilton
63.	12. 5. 45.	Mrs Jennings
64.	31. 5. 45.	Gladys Hughes AHS
65.	4. 6. 45.	Mrs R. McFie
66.	5. 6. 45.	Mrs G. Gardner
67.	15. 6. 45.	Mrs D. Tunn
68.	22. 6. 45.	Mrs E. C. Stevens
69.	26. 6. 45.	Mary Cooper.
70.	1. 7. 45	Mrs Hastings
71.	14. 7. 45.	Mrs Dier
72.	15. 7. 45.	Mrs F. Van Gezel
73.	18. 7. 45.	A. A. Livingstone
74.	19. 7. 45.	W. M. Davis A.N.S.
75.	8. 8. 45.	R. D. Freeman AHS
76.	16. 8. 45.	M. L. Jenken
77.	18. 8. 45.	P. Kittelhauser AHS
78.	24. 8. 45.	Mrs S. A. Daniel
79.	27. 8. 45.	Mrs K. Watts-Carter

Resumé of correspondence regarding sites of burial of women internees  
of the Japanese in Palembang, Muntok and Loebuk Linggau, Sumatra.  
1942 - 1945.

Date & Ref.	From - To.	Contents.
12.11.48. Na.FEGRE/NEI 20/P	Lt.Col.L.S.Harrop Graves Registration & Enquiries. F.E. Land Forces. S'pore. (To Guy Neubronner)	Enclosing photos Mrs.Neubronner's Grave.No.7 Row.N.Plot 3 Mrs.Brown's grave No.10, Row K. Plot 3.
10.1.49. Ref.82/38	Lt.Col.A.Doup. Chief of Netherlands War Graves Service. 167 Riouw Straat (F.11) Bandoeng. (To.Guy Neubronner)	Describing intention of N.W.G.S. to give each grave a concrete surround - with verbenas planted inside, to replace wooden crosses with concrete ones. Shortage of cement - hoped work would be done by end of 1950.
1.7.49. Ref.CWD/ Sumatra.	Sec.Imperial War Graves Commission (To. Mrs.Lea)	Mrs.Lea's letter 17.3.49 sent to 'our S.E.Asia Area'. The Commission has no power to mark or maintain the graves of Civilian War Dead.
10.9.49. Ref.1939/23/37,	--"	Confirming that "the remains of British men & Women internees who died at Bangka Island were exhumed from their original sites near Muntok and reburied in MUNTOK CIVIL CEMETERY.
18.12.56 Ref.C.W.D.	--"	"Not yet possible to give you much information as final arrangements have not yet been made for the maintenance of the graves in the cemetery" Might take time to obtain photos.
7.4.61.	C.W.G.C. to Mrs.Hammond.	Arrangements Mr.Hammond's grave in Palembang to be moved to C.W.G.Cemetery in Djarkarta. Commonwealth Indonesian War Graves Agreement to be concluded shortly.
30.4.61.	--"	Confirmation of removal to Djarkarta site etc.
26.11.65.	C.W.G.C. to Mrs.Lea.	Confirming "British men & women who died in Bangka Island, were exhumed & buried in Muntok Civil Cemetery. The service personnel in this civil cemetery were later moved yet again into one of the war cemeteries in Indonesia, but at that time it was decided that the British Civilian War dead should be left in peace in Muntok, where it was felt that maintenance to a fair standard could be ensured. C.W.G.C. have no more responsibility for these graves. Work done by ANZAC Agency.
15.12.65.		

Date & Ref.

From - To.

1.9.66.

Sister Catharinia in  
Jogjakarta (a Dutch  
Nun) to Mrs.Lea.

14.6.66.

BA/447744

C.W.G.C. to Mrs.Lea.

Contents

"Our sisters have been taken away  
from Muntok a few years ago and  
brought over to Palembang. A few  
months ago I saw their graves there

15.7.66

Letter from Mr.Daniel  
to Mary Glasgow.

Report from Foreign Office that  
someone visited Muntok Civil  
Cemetery on Bangka Island - very  
overgrown, no maintenance having  
been carried out since Dutch inter-  
insular shipping Company 'K.L.M'  
(? K.P.M.) left in 1957.

19.10.66.  
AG.1623/3

Foreign Office to  
Mrs.Lea.

Difficulties etc. Upkeep of Graves  
not a F.O. responsibility. Consul's  
report etc.

2.2.68

-"-

Description of dilapidated state of  
Muntok Civil Cemetery. Photographs  
available. 3 graves moved to  
Djarkarta.

14.10.68.  
KO 7/162/1

-"-

Re raising funds to erect a  
permanent memorial on Muntok Site.