

On Friday, June 12th, I woke up at six o'clock and no wonder, it was my birthday. Now I can fully appreciate how nice a tram is, but that is a forbidden luxury for Jews—shank's mare is good enough for us. I had to visit the dentist in the Jan Luykenstraat in the lunch hour yesterday. "Anne, as punishment for talking, will do a composition entitled 'Quack, quack, quack,' says Mrs. Natterbeak. Shouts of laughter from the class. I had to laugh too, although I felt that my inventiveness on this subject was exhausted. I had to think of something else, something entirely original. I was in luck, as my friend Sanne writes good poetry and offered to help by doing the whole composition in verse. I jumped for joy. Keptor wanted to make a fool of me with this absurd theme, I would get my own back and make him the laughingstock of the whole class. The poem was finished. ALL It was about a mother duck and a father swan who had three baby ducklings. The baby ducklings were bitten to death by Father because they chattered too much. Luckily Keptor saw the joke, he read the poem out loud to the class, with comments, and also to various other felt completely satisfied. My arguments. Our whole class is trembling, the reason is that the teachers' meeting is to be held soon. There is much speculation as to who will move up and who will stay put. Miep de Jong and I are highly amused at Wim and Jacques, the two boys behind us. They won't have a florin left for the holidays, it will all be gone on betting. Even Miep pleads for silence and my angry outbursts don't calm them. According to me, a quarter of the class should stay where they are, there are some absolute cuckoos, but teachers are the greatest freaks on earth, so perhaps they will be freakish in the right way for once. I'm not afraid about my girl friends and myself, we'll squeeze through somehow, though I'm not too certain about my math. Still we can but wait patiently. Till then, we cheer each other along. I get along quite well with all my teachers, nine in all, seven masters and two mistresses. Mr Keptor, the old math master, was very annoyed with me for a long time because I chatter so much. So I had to write a composition with "A Chatterbox" as the subject. After a while it cools down of course, especially as I take little notice of ardent looks and pedal blithely on. If it gets so far that they begin about "asking Father" I swerve slightly on my bicycle, my satchel falls, the young man is bound to get off and hand it to me, by which time I have introduced a new topic of conversation. These are the most innocent types, you get some who blow kisses or try to get hold of your arm, but then they are definitely knocking at the wrong door. I get off my bicycle and refuse to go further in their company, or I pretend to be insulted and tell them in no uncertain terms to clear off. There, the foundation of our friendship is laid, till tomorrow! while chewing the end of my fountain pen, that anyone can scribble some nonsense in large letters with the words well spaced but the difficulty was to prove beyond doubt the necessity of talking. I thought and thought and then, suddenly having an idea, filled my three allotted sides and that talking is a feminine characteristic and that I would do my best to keep it under control, but I should never be cured, for my mother talked as much as I, probably more, and what can one do about inherited qualities? Mr. Keptor had to laugh at my arguments, but when I continued to hold forth in the next lesson, another composition followed. This time it was "Incurable Chatterbox, I handed this in and Keptor made no complaints for two whole lessons. But in the third lesson it was too much for him again. He asked if I would allow him to accompany me to school, "As you're going my way in any case, I will," I replied and so we went together. Harry is sixteen and can tell all kinds of amusing stories. I was waiting for me again this morning and I expect he will from now on. I've not had a moment to write

to you until today. I was with friends all day on Thursday. On Friday we had visitors, and so it went on until today. Harry and I have got to know each other well in a week, and he has told me a lot about his life, he came to Holland alone, and is living with his grandparents. His parents are in Belgium. Harry had a girl friend called Fanny. I know her too, a very soft, dull creature. Now that he has met me, he realizes that he was just daydreaming in Fanny's presence. I seem to act as a stimulant to keep him awake. You see we all have our uses, and queer ones too at times! Jopie slept here on Saturday night, but she went to Lies on Sunday and I was bored stiff. Harry was to have come in the evening, but he rang up at 6 PM. I went to the telephone, he said, "Harry Goldberg here, please may I speak to Anne? Jews are only allowed to do their shopping between three and five o'clock and then only in shops which bear the placard "Jewish shop." Jews must be indoors by eight o'clock and cannot even sit in their own gardens after that hour. Jews are forbidden to visit theaters, cinemas, and other places of entertainment. Jews may not take part in public sports. Swimming baths, tennis courts, hockey fields, and other sports grounds are all prohibited to them. Jews may not visit Christians. Jews must go to Jewish schools, and many more restrictions of a similar kind. So we could not do this and were forbidden to do that. But life went on in spite of it all. Jopie used to say to me, "You're scared to do anything, because it may be forbidden." Among other things I was given Camera Obscura, a party game, lots of sweets, chocolates, a puzzle, a brooch, Tales and Legends of the Netherlands by Joseph Cohen, Daisy's Mountain Holiday (a terrific book), and some money. My sister Margot was born in 1926 in Frankfurt-on-Main, I followed on June 12, 1929, and, as we are Jewish, we emigrated to Holland in 1933, where father was appointed Managing Director Travics N.V. This firm is in close relationship with the firm of Kolen & Co. in the same building, of which my father is a partner. After May 1940 good times rapidly fled: first the war, then the capitulation, followed by the arrival of the Germans, which is when the sufferings of us Jews really began. We ping-pongers are very partial to an ice cream, especially in summer, when one gets warm at the game, so we usually finish up with a visit to the nearest ice-cream shop, Delphi or Oasis, where Jews are allowed. However, deciding would puzzle that out later, I wrote it in my notebook, and tried to keep it secret. Since then I am allowed to talk, never get extra work, in fact Keptor always jokes about it. That evening, when I'd finished my other homework, my eyes fell on the title in my notebook. I do wish I didn't have to go to school, as my bicycle was stolen in the Easter holidays and Daddy has given Mummy's to a Christian family for safekeeping. At last I saw him coming. He was a wonder I didn't dash down at once, instead I waited patiently until he rang. There is a saying that "paper is more patient than man", it came back to me on one of my slightly melancholy days, while I sat chin in hand, feeling too bored and limp even to make up my mind whether to go out or stay at home. Yes, there is no doubt that paper is patient and as I don't intend to show this cardboard-covered notebook, bearing the proud name of "diary," to anyone, unless I find a real friend, boy or girl, probably nobody cares. Anti-Jewish decrees followed each other in quick succession. Jews must wear a * yellow star, Jews must hand in their bicycles, Jews are banned from trams and are forbidden to drive. It is so peaceful at the moment, Mummy and Daddy are out and Margot has gone to play ping-pong with some friends. Something amusing happened yesterday, I was passing the bicycle sheds when someone called out to me. I looked around and there was the nice-looking boy I met on the previous evening, at my girl friend Eva's home. I got masses of

things from Mummy and Daddy, and was thoroughly spoiled by various friends. Now I can buy The Myths of Greece and Rome—grand! Then Lics called for me and we went to school. We showed a film The Lighthouse Keeper with Tin-Tin, which my school friends thoroughly enjoyed. Little does she guess that it's Peter Wessel, one day I managed, without blushing or flickering an eyelid, to get that idea right out of her mind. Since then, I've got to know Jopie de Waal at the Jewish Secondary School. I know about thirty people whom one might call friends—I have strings of boy friends, anxious to catch a glimpse of me and who, failing that, peep at me through mirrors in class. I have relations, aunts and uncles, who are darlings too, a good home, no—I don't seem to lack anything. Had to say good-bye to Mrs. K. We both wept, it was very sad. In 1941 I went, with my sister Margot, to the Jewish Secondary School, she into the fourth form and I into the first. We've given up scrounging for extra pocket money. For years Lies Goosens and Sanne Houtman have been my best friends. It's an odd idea for someone like me to keep a diary, not only because I have never done so before, but because it seems to me that neither—nor for that matter anyone else—will be interested in the unbosomings of a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl. No one will grasp what I'm talking about if I begin my letters to Kitty just out of the blue, so, albeit unwillingly, ! In 1934 I went to school at the Montessori Kindergarten and continued there. I've been playing ping-pong a lot myself lately. I pondered, It is boiling hot, we are all positively melting, and in this heat I have to walk everywhere. Bye-bye, we're going to be great pals! Receiver down