

Note from the translator: I have done my best to stay true to the tone and style of the original document. Where abbreviations were used, generally both the Dutch and English definitions are added for clarity in parentheses. In addition, liberty was taken to add clarification where it was deemed needed, see parentheses.

Report by Mr. E. Bultsma, Fonteinstraat 18, Leeuwarden

On Friday, May 10th, 1940, the war broke out. I was not a soldier, so I could not take part in the battle. Friday morning I did report as a volunteer, but at least in Leeuwarden, it was not possible to be involved in any way.

On Saturday, May 11th, the Germans were in Leeuwarden. We saw the German army divisions pass by our house on the Leeuwerikstraat. The massiveness of the German army was very imposing. It was immediately clear to all of us that an army like this would have taken months of preparation. For them to say that they had "peaceful intentions" was a lie. It was absolutely clear that Germany was out for world domination. This gave many of my acquaintances a feeling of antipathy, but also a feeling of powerlessness in the face of something so great.

Several envisioned German world domination coming.

From the start, I saw a German victory as impossible and I have always held on to that. Many of my acquaintances often disagreed with me. Even good patriots did not agree with the departure of the Queen and the Government to England. I have always seen this as the right way to go and I even saw a further defection of the Dutch and English governments to America or Canada as a possibility, should the Germans succeed in occupying England. Fortunately, the Germans never got that far, as England stood its ground. Later, when Germany made the mistake of attacking Russia and it first seemed they would succeed in Russia, I never doubted that Germany would eventually lose.

My reasoning was always this: Germany is currently the strongest and has prepared everything for years, but in the end, she will have to lose, for as Germany attacks, she gets weaker. The Allies will get stronger in the long run and a time will come when the balance of power is restored. When that time comes, the Allies will begin their counter-offensive, and then, as they fight, the Allied power will grow stronger and the German power weaker. German resources will then continue to shrink and finally, Germany will be left to fend for itself. The resources of the Allies are practically inexhaustible, especially once everything is mobilized, and Germany will never be victorious.

I once heard an old man over 80 years old say in the first days of the war: "You have always been able to buy more for a dollar than for a quarter". Surely the Allies were in possession of the dollar; Germany, on the other hand, surely possessed no more than a quarter.

All my actions during the occupation were therefore always influenced by these thoughts.

As a representative of N.V. Stokvis in Rotterdam, for the department of iron, steel, and tools, I had several customers in Friesland who were soon called in to help with the war efforts. As much as was in my ability, I thwarted deliveries by our firm to these customers. I hardly visited these customers anymore and if I couldn't manage that completely, I very much took into account that they worked for the *Wehrmacht* and helped to delay deliveries. Although my boss often advised

me, at least in the beginning, to visit these particular individuals and institutions, I positively did not comply if they were relations whom I had not visited before.

I did cooperate with customers who made articles for our own industry in the Netherlands and helped them get raw materials (which were rationed by the Germans) to finish their products. This was sometimes considered

page 2

"black trade," however, my point of view was: is the common good, the people's interest, served by this or not. This was practically always the case.

Personally, I never earned what I could have earned from this trade. I determined the selling price solely according to the price to be paid by me. A very small profit margin I naturally put on that purchase price. In this way, I have earned some money, sometimes considerable amounts, but I always used this money for the benefit of my family and to support the people in hiding. I gave many people free shelter. This was only possible because my income was increased with some income from the trade mentioned above. In total, this extra income has amounted to about f.5000. - over four years. At the liberation not a penny of this amount was left.

After having given a short overview of my normal life, I would like to give a somewhat more detailed account of my contribution to the resistance.

In 1940 my first act of resistance was to help organize club evenings for members of the A.R. party. One of the first meetings in the western part of Leeuwarden was held around October 1940 at my house with about 20 people. Unfortunately, the executive committee of the A.R. Party ([Anti-Revolutionary Party, founded by Abraham Kuyper in 1879](#)) considered these meetings too dangerous, which is why they were soon discontinued. During the rest of the war, my contact with the A.R. was practically zero, except in 1944 when I still had occasional contact with a few people.

As chairman of the Leeuwarden branch of the trade group Commercial Travellers of the Christian Association of Office and Trade Clerks, I worked out a plan in 1941 with about 10 members of the board to support our members in the event of difficulties. All our members were worked on in order not to go over to the N.A.F. ([Nederlandse Arbeid Fonds or Dutch Labor Fund](#), when the C.N.V. ([Christelijk Nationaal Vakverbond or Christian National Trade Union](#)) had to be liquidated. Each month I personally collected a contribution from some 20 members, a total of about f. 20,-. I was able to keep this up until October 1944, but by then it was no longer possible due to many of my customers being in hiding and due to the work I had to do. These 11 board members met regularly and discussed the state of affairs in the social field, while in the winter months we kept our members informed in clubs of 10-15 persons. My house was often used for these meetings. The magazine "ARBEID" ([meaning LABOR](#)) got sent to me in the first period of the unification of the trade union movement. I always returned it unopened, with the comment: "Not a member of the N.A.F., no desire to read Arbeid." After 4 or 5 times the sending stopped.

In the winter of 1942/'43 I first came into contact with an individual I suspected of working in an underground organization. I talked to him (Kees Plantinga, a baker on Bleeklaan 71, Leeuwarden) and asked him about his involvement and to what extent I could be involved. Although we have known each other for years and I even consider us friends, he kept silent about his work. The only thing I can do, according to him, is to help young people who do not want to work in Germany. I

could agree to support them by receiving their registration card and I.D. from them. I only have to give him these documents; he takes care of the rest. He does not tell me anything else. I soon suspect, however, that he is involved in more dangerous work. However, he never lets on about this.

In February 1943 I finally received my first call-up to work in Germany. I do not report. A second call comes three weeks later. Again I do not report. This makes it practically necessary for me to go into hiding, which I do at first, by not sleeping at home at night. I am then told that the doctor who conducts the examinations is very lenient towards stomach patients.

Page 3

Since I had had two stomach operations, I saw a good chance of being rejected. A few days after the date that I ought to have reported, I go to the Labor Office and get inspected. As soon as the doctor saw my naked body, he asked, "What is that?" pointing to the scars. I replied, "I had two stomach surgeries." Without further ado, I am disqualified for good. This allows me to sleep at home again, which is always better than being away from home.

Within a week of being disqualified, I had my first "hider" in my home. Kees Plantinga needed to find a place for a young man in his thirties, who was employed as a draftsman by S. de Vries a/d Hoven. He comes to live in my house. That man stayed in our home for about a year and was quite an endurance test for my wife! He had not gone "underground" out of principle, but only because going to Germany did not appeal to him.

He was an eccentric person, who caused my wife a lot of trouble. Although he was the son of a well-to-do family, who could easily have paid for room and board, but he paid next to nothing. After six weeks he was sent away by his employer, leaving him practically always at home. I then quickly placed him with a grower as relief aid. By the winter he stopped doing that and sat by the stove all day, much to my wife's annoyance.

Around July 1943 Kees Plantinga discussed with me the possibility that he might be forced to "disappear" and go into hiding for his illegal activities. Should this become necessary, I agreed to take over his work. At the beginning of September this happens, but not as we had hoped. Kees was arrested on a Saturday night around 11 o'clock; he had no chance to escape. He was immediately transferred to Groningen; in January '44 to Vught and still later to Germany. After the liberation he, fortunately, came home; emaciated but in good health and unbroken in spirit.

One day after his arrest I received a parcel of papers from Kees's wife. I read through them, and although I understood most of them, some things were unclear. About 20 names of young men were listed, to whom Kees had given ration cards every month, but it did not say where he had gotten them from and where the registration cards were. His wife gave me some names of people with whom Kees had a lot of contact. I came into contact with Ate Douma (baker) Groningerstraatweg and Taco v.d. Veen (baker) Grachtswal. It turned out that Ate handed in the registration cards in order to obtain ration cards. Until the end, Ate was the person that I'd turn registration cards into for ration cards. The number of people did vary somewhat, but for the most part it was always about 30. I had no further illegal activities with Ate. Later he did with me. He received the Trouw newspaper and photographs from me.

In July 1943 my friend Klaas Pos was asked to take care of the Trouw newspaper distribution in Leeuwarden (note: the Trouw first appeared in 1943, as the illegal newspaper of the Protestant resistance against the German occupiers). He accepted and soon came to me. Together we designed a plan. The city was divided into 5 districts. In each district was a lead distributor, who then picked contacts in that district. I took the West of the city for my account and started to distribute five newspapers. After six months I had expanded this to about 160 newspapers. I especially worked on the financial aspect, tamping down on the monetary contribution. I received between 3-400 guilders per month (worth roughly 22 to 2935 dollars in 2022). Up until October 1944 I oversaw the distribution in the Western district. I handed it over to my niece Sipkje Bultsma (from Voorstreek, Leeuwarden) in October 1944 due to my many activities for the N.B.S. (Nederlandse Binnenlandse Strijdkracht, or Dutch Domestic Defence Force). The amount of newspapers I distributed at that time was 225. In total I collected a sum of _____ for the distribution of Trouw.

Page 4

Not only did I take care of the distribution of newspapers for Trouw, we also did a good job selling pictures. I received hundreds of pictures from Klaas and sold them; paying him for them. In the long run, Klaas became the Trouw contact for Leeuwarden and towns surrounding Leeuwarden. He also cared for people who went “underground” through Trouw contacts and gave them ration cards. Thus also for me, Klaas became the guy to supply free ration cards. In October 1944, as my work continued to grow, I also handed a list of about 20 names of young men over to Sipkje Bultsma so she could provide them with ration cards.

I always left the I.D.'s and other forgeries to Klaas, who took care of these things, until around September '44 when I personally came into contact with J. Eissen, the forger, who worked at the L.O. (De Landelijke Organisatie voor Hulp aan Onderduikers, or The National Organization for Assistance to Those in Hiding) center. I also became acquainted with Auke Brouwer, who worked at the same center. From that time on I gave everything directly to this center.

In the summer of 1944 I received a film negative of the Dutch royal family. I had some 1500 prints of this made by some of my “hidiers”. I gave some 600 of these prints to Klaas, who sold them to benefit the Trouw treasury; from the proceeds of the other 900 prints I paid the costs of making them. In addition I had a chance to deposit f. _____ in the N.S.F. (Nationaal Steun Fonds or National Support Fund which was seen as the bank/financer of the resistance) treasury.

In the winter of 1943/'44 I created an opportunity to help people in hiding, many of whom were always sitting at home with nothing to do. This opportunity gave them some work as well as a small income.

I bought leftover hardwood such as beech, oak, acacia and the like from various trade connections that I had. I had connections in Leeuwarden saw them by machine according to different templates and then the young men received these boards at home. They had to sand and assemble them, stain or varnish them, apply stickers, etc. until the whole thing became an elegant gong. For the clappers, I used 5 steel tubes, which I bought from business relations, had them cut into 5 different sizes, sanded them down, and then had them sprayed with chromium at different factories. I made sure that all the guys could continue their work. Everyone did their part of it at home. One took

care of the sanding and assembly, the other the painting, while yet another took care of the final product, which was a beautiful whole that could be sold quite easily. This was done by at least 30 employees. However, to receive the highest possible price, they were all placed directly with private individuals. In total, I had over 500 gongs made, which brought in almost f.10,000 (worth approximately \$75,000 in 2022). About 10 guys worked on this for more than six months, some a little longer, others a little shorter. When they worked a whole week they received about f. 25. (worth approximately \$190 in 2022). In total I paid out over f. 4000 (worth approximately \$30,000 in 2022) in wages for the guys. The cost price for the gongs was about f. 4.- (worth approximately \$30 in 2022) each. In total I paid over f. 2000.- (worth approximately \$15,000 in 2022) for wood, pipe, paint, varnish; planing, sawing, spraying and chromium plating. In the end I was able to pay over f.3000.- (worth approximately \$22,000 in 2022) to the N.S.F. (Nationaal Steun Fonds or National Support Fund which was seen as the bank/financer of the resistance) treasury.

This project was a lot of work and trouble, but it was rewarding and I am grateful to have been able to do it. In September 1944 I delivered a good fifty gongs to different people. Unfortunately, I was not able to settle the finances with those that received them.

In October 1943 I came into contact with Douwe Witteveen from Pelikaanstraat, who became my financial contact. I hand over all the money that is collected by me in one way or another, except that which Klaas receives for Trouw contributions.

From Witteveen I also receive the so-called N.S.F. (Nationaal Steun Fonds or National Support Fund which was seen as the bank/financer of the resistance) stamps, about which there has been so much criticism. I have received many stamps from him; and have passed them on to others. About 15 resistance workers took care of placing them with the general public again. By way of Witteveen, I was able to contribute between 2000 to sometimes 3000 guilders (worth approximately \$15,000 to \$22,000 in 2022) in various months.

Page 5

In July 1944 Witteveen disappeared, after more than a month I got in touch with Dirk Okma, to whom I passed the money until October 1944 when I transferred the care of the collection money to Sipkje Bultsma as well. In total, f. _____ - was passed onto the N.S.F. fund. I always passed on the requests for support to Witteveen, later to Okma, who in turn took care of the payments. I personally dealt with very few support cases.

In March 1944 a cousin of mine came to Leeuwarden, namely Eppie Dijkstra from Meppel, a K.P.er (belonging to the Landelijke Knokploeg or National Resistance Force) who could no longer work there safely. He has his brother Wietse and another K.P.-er named Toon with him. I give these guys a place to stay. Within 14 days this Meppel team had grown to 10 people, namely Eppie, his fiancée Jannie, Toon and his wife Sientje, Jannie her brother Broer, Uncle Bram or Vonk as we called him, with wife and son Henk and their 12-year-old son. I found hiding addresses for all of them. They were often at our home, we regularly had one, two or three stay with us. In connection with the fact that my house was increasingly becoming the focal point of dangerous activities, I thought it advisable to help my other boarder find another place to stay (April 1944), as we did not always feel comfortable that he noticed so much.

Around June I tried, through Douwe Witteveen, to get these former K.P.-ers to join the Frisian K.P.. This did not go so well at first, but in August the first meeting took place at my house between 5 men of the Meppel team along with Piet Kran and Piet de Boer, in addition to a certain Willem Smit, who also wanted to join the K.P. This young man was also hiding in our home. An agreement was made and the "Sjors" group was admitted to the Frisian K.P.. Shortly before this inclusion, Flip Hofstede, an illegal worker in South Holland, was arrested in Huizum. I was in contact with Flip through Taco v.d. Veen. As soon as he was arrested, I discussed with Taco and Klaas plans to free him as soon as he would be transferred from the Leeuwarden Detention Center to elsewhere. It soon became known to us that he would probably be transported to Amersfoort as a soldier in hiding. Via Witteveen I received messages from Flip's prison and on Saturday evening around 10 o'clock he told me: "Flip will be transported to Amersfoort on the half-past seven train on Sunday or Monday morning." That same evening I warn Sjors and agree with him that we will be present the next morning to see if we can free Flip. On Sunday morning at about 6 o'clock we meet up with Toon and Broer and by 7 o'clock the four of us take up the guard in front of the Detention Center. Sjors is ordered to take action against the escort together with Broer if need be. Toon has to cover for both of them and I will take care of Flip. Unfortunately, Flip is not transported that morning.

On Monday morning we are back but Klaas joins us instead of Broer, who was unable to come with us. At about 7 a.m. Flip leaves the prison, accompanied by an officer of the S.D.

[\(Sicherheitsdienst, intelligence agency of the Nazi Party\)](#) On the cobbled Keizersgracht Tom and Klaas overtake the two, while Sjors and I cycle slowly behind them. Before the Kruisstraat, Sjors asks me, "Well Eppie, are we going to do this or not." At that moment I wasn't convinced of the necessity, which is why I tell Sjors to wait and we agree on a signal. I immediately cycle right next to Flip and greet him, so that he looks me in the face. I expect a sign from him and Flip has fully grasped the matter, for he briefly shakes his head no. I calmly cycle on and turn into Blokhuisplein. Sjors now knows that, at Flip's request, the mission will not take place. I go to the station, buy a ticket and wait for Flip. I was able to talk to him briefly in a compartment. He thanked us for our help but also told me that there was a good chance that he would soon be released in Amersfoort, for he had simulated having epilepsy and that seemed quite favorable. He was upbeat and accepted the journey to Amersfoort. There his "sickness" was taken seriously.

Page 6

After 14 days, Flip was discharged and was able to continue his work quietly. This was the first K.P. act, that I actively participated in. Although no shots were fired, we were completely ready for this operation. Douwe Witteveen was fully aware of our plans and had approved them.

In August, Sjors and Broer were ordered by the K.P.-leadership to carry out an attack on Sleijfer. This failed, unfortunately. Five minutes after the attack, the boys came into my house and Sjors instructed me to reconnoitre the area of the attack. More than 10 minutes after the event I was at the scene and took stock of the situation. The tracks did not lead to my house, where the boys were, and I was able to reassure the boys sufficiently. The descriptions were relatively vague. Sjors and Broer, however, stayed inside for the first few days and if they showed up on the street it was in my clothes.

In August Chris Niezing came to live with me for a few weeks since he was no longer safe at his old address due to the arrest of Ben de Vries and Evenhuis. Chris and I slept at an empty house of a teacher who was on vacation.

By now my house had become a dangerous place. It became a bit suspicious as young guys were constantly coming in and out. We had a lot of visitors in connection with collecting money, the Trouw newspaper distribution, ration cards, ID cards other paper forgeries. I was often not at home at night, if I was, I would go with Willem or one of the other guys and sleep at my neighbour's house, Mrs. Koning. Often two boys slept there too, while I even went a little further, for example with Chris. In the attic was the radio and a whole choir of people regularly used it. My secret papers and weapons had a good hiding place: however, all papers with names, ration cards or newspapers had separate hiding places, namely in the electric light pipes which were practically untraceable. So if anything was found during a raid, the S.D. ([Sicherheitsdienst](#), intelligence agency of the Nazi Party) would not get a hold of names or addresses.

Directly opposite my home is a garage and in it was housed a [German Dienststelle](#) (German agency that maintains records). These gentlemen always had a view of what was happening at my place. We were kept up to date about what they knew via the Dutch mechanics that came there, which I knew well, due to the black trade.

Finally September arrives and Prince Bernhard gave the order to form the N.B.S. ([Nederlandse Binnenlandse Strijdkrachten](#) or Dutch Domestic Forces).

On Monday morning, Sept. 5, 1945, I came into contact with several people. At three o'clock in the afternoon, a small meeting of 18 people was held in my attic. Those present included Piet de Boer, on behalf of the provincial K.P., the entire group of Sjors, Klaas Pos and Jan van der Meer as Trouw representatives, Ate Douma and Taco v.d. Veen as former soldiers, Wassenaar and Wessels as professional petty officers.

They all make themselves available to recruit members in their own circles, who will then all be passed on via Sjors to the provincial K.P., which in turn will contact the O.D. ([ordedienst](#) or Order Service, often former Dutch military guys who came together towards the end of the war to use their training and band with Dutch resistance groups). In the evening the women make hundreds of bracelets until late into the night. Tuesday is a very busy day. Many people are contacted. The small already existing groups were discussed and on Wednesday Sjors, who regularly maintained contact with the K.P. leadership, told us that the contact with the O.D. had good results.

Although complete agreement on all points has not yet been reached, the expectations for the future are certainly hopeful. An agreement will be reached for Leeuwarden and also for Friesland. In the meantime, we all continue to recruit members, preferably among former soldiers. Ate, Taco, Wassenaar, Wessels, Wierda, Klaas and I pass our lists of names to Sjors, who then delivers them to K.P.-headquarters.

Possibly also done by another, these names are divided into groups and sections; commanders are appointed and during the first week in Leeuwarden a considerable number of people are assigned.

Page 7

I am personally assigned to be a member of a combat group under the command of Mr. _____. However, I never trained or received instruction in this group. To my knowledge, the commander was discharged about December and the group was lost. The members of this group

only found out about what happened after the liberation. Several people were still enlisted at that time. The reason I did not participate in this group was that I had other contacts.

In returning to the first week...

On Friday Sjors comes home with the message: The Frisian K.P. will get an important assignment, namely two-thirds of the existing Frisian K.P. will get involved with the Ijssel-line on Monday September 12th under the command of Piet Kramer. Their task will be to ensure that the Ijssel-bridge near Zwolle will fall undamaged into the hands of the Allies. Sjors and his entire group will go along. Since no K.P. team is left in Leeuwarden, four K.P. men from the province are transferred to Leeuwarden and this team will grow.

At the suggestion of Sjors, Klaas Pos and I were brought into contact with K.P. headquarters. This meeting takes place on Saturday morning. There we meet Piet Kramer, Henk Bonnema, W. Wiersma and Geale. Geale explained to us what the plans were and what we would be doing in Leeuwarden. Geale instructs us to ensure that the new guys get good shelter and that they maintain contact with headquarters. I also have to ensure, together with Wim, that the group increases to a number of 25 people. In the afternoon the same group meets at Uncle Piet's packaging plant just as they had at my home on Monday. Epke W. was present then as well. Geale gives an explanation of the plans and what was achieved in the past week. He also tells us that the question of armament is still a cause for concern since there are almost no weapons. A shipment is expected very soon, but the delivery by air still has to be arranged. One commander for Friesland will not be available for the time being since a "TRIO" has been formed to take over the command in Friesland. Much progress was made during this first week.

On Monday the Frisian K.P.-ers leave and in Leeuwarden work continues as usual. I make contact with several guys who are eligible for the K.P. Wim meets some 15 individuals throughout the day at my home. I visit the K.P.-headquarters daily, but working with Geale is not going so well. He gives me various orders and as soon as I start to carry them out, I repeatedly discover that someone else has already done the same. This puts a hold on other preparatory work. It's clear that we're finding our way.

During this first week, I also came into contact with Mr. C. Bangma from Roordahuizen, who thought he knew that somewhere in the neighborhood of Grouw a consignment of weapons had landed and been transported to Leeuwarden. I investigated the matter thoroughly and it turned out that it was nothing more than false rumors. Yet, we advised this Bangma to organize the guys. Later he became a local commander; in February he was arrested and unfortunately died in Germany. He was a fierce and quiet fighter for our freedom.

Also, on Geale's advice, I contacted a couple of prison guards, Kuipers and van der Vegte. According to Mark Wierda, they had a good plan to jailbreak. After reporting this to Geale and Wim, these plans are rejected as unsound. Orders to design new plans are not given.

On Wednesday, September 14 Geale and Henk left Leeuwarden for Eernewoude and on Thursday Wim followed him, leaving the K.P. headquarters in Leeuwarden practically disbanded. Together with Dooitse Hofstra, where the quarter was situated, I maintain telephone contact with Eernewoude.

Actually, we are left to our own devices in Leeuwarden and I mainly do what I initiate. That does not alter the fact that I was busy the whole day.

The following week brings a big change for me. Due to all the commotion in my home, my address got quite a lot of attention and on Tuesday night I was informed by a friendly relation that the German Dienststelle, which is located in the garage opposite my house, had passed on my name and address to the S.D. ([Sicherheitsdienst](#), intelligence agency of the Nazi Party) and that I could expect a visit very soon. Grateful for this warning, I decided to leave the building at 140 Leeuwerikstraat that same evening.

Wednesday morning at 4 o'clock my friend Kees Schoon was at my doorstep and the move began. Everything was distributed through the back door and over the fence to the houses of two neighbours, namely Mrs. Koning at 138 and D.v.d. Schaaf Schubertstraat 10.

At 10 o'clock in the morning, the house is empty, only the curtains in the front remain as well as the flowers on the windowsill. In the afternoon I go with my wife and children to Hyum, to stay with my brother-in-law. I return the same evening and take up residence with v.d. Schaaf on the Schubertstraat. On Sundays, I go to my wife and children, and during the week I work in the city. And so the work continues.

On September 20, after the arrest of P.O. Brouwer and Sierksma from Dokkum, Geale suddenly telephoned with a crazy order: "The prison must be opened this very afternoon."

I personally receive this order and when I questioned him on the details, he answers: "Find Mr. V.d. Herberg, Bergstra, and Camping, they have the plans for this." I drummed these gentlemen together and the matter was discussed at length at K.P. headquarters.

In the meantime, I speak with Mark Wierda and inform him of what is at stake and what is ordered to happen that day. When I arrive at the headquarters around 5 o'clock, it has been agreed that one of the gentlemen will go to the management of the prison to exert pressure on them.

Meanwhile, Mark Wierda goes to the Detention Center and talks with one of the prison guards about what has yet to be done that day. Unfortunately, the guard (who should not have known about this) cannot keep his mouth shut and within 5 minutes the whole Detention Center staff basically knows that something will happen. The deputy director hears this in the office and this completely disrupts the discussion that Camping was just having. The plan has to be abandoned and the two prisoners remain locked up. Additional guards are set up in the prison, but nothing happens. This major failure was primarily the result of an initiate who discussed this prematurely, but also the result of an assignment that was not thought through well, and no prior preparation existed for a similar plan.

Shortly after this failure, we hear in Leeuwarden that Geale left for the South to make contact with the commander-in-chief Prince Bernhard.

Moreover, messages come in, that due to failing to land at Arnhem, the operation at the IJsellinie no longer makes sense and soon Piet Kramer comes back to Friesland.

First, he stays a few days in Earnewoude, but soon he returns to his old headquarters at the bakery. He arrives with several assignments. One of the first, which needed to be executed

immediately, is the blockade of Koloneldiep to prevent all food from Friesland from being sent to Germany by ship.

Piet gives me the order to buy 80 tons of gravel. When this is ready a 136-ton motor vessel will arrive in Leeuwarden and it will have to be sunk in the Kolonelsdiep. This was finally done on... October. I will not include the details of this operation here but in a separate report. I must mention that I had a lot of support from 4 guys from one of the fighting groups, Toon Alderliesten, Jan Alberda, Klaas Wassenaar and Gosse Brink.

Page 9

During this time, I came into contact with Ganzinga, who ultimately carried out the operation. I got to know him as a solid guy. Skipper v.d. Velde was the person who made the ship available.

This operation was carried out so well, that for 6 weeks the Germans assumed it was an accident. That is why there were no reprisals. When they finally found out, Commissioner Ross judged it unwise to retaliate anymore, while the S.D. ([Sicherheitsdienst, intelligence agency of the Nazi Party](#)) insisted. In any case, this did not take place and the waterway was blocked for almost 14 days.

Another assignment Piet came to Leeuwarden with was to crack the prison. After he had been in Leeuwarden for a week and had already discussed the assignment with someone else, Piet gave me the assignment to gather the necessary information and prepare the plans with him. I will include the details about this operation in a separate report as well. We worked on the preparation of this for more than two months and on December 8th the operation was carried out. A total of 51 individuals were liberated by the K.P. at that time. I was personally part of one of the groups that entered the Detention Center. No reprisals followed this act either, something that the S.D. ([Sicherheitsdienst, intelligence agency of the Nazi Party](#)) initially planned to do, but in the end, this was dropped by the Supreme Commander in The Hague, given how well the operation was executed.

Around the middle of October, I was with my wife in Hijum on a Sunday, where she was bored stiff and could not get used to staying with her sister-in-law, who also had three children. After some talking, we decide to go to Leeuwarden that same day with the children and all take up residence in my mother's empty house on the Groningerstraatweg. Although it is more cumbersome for them to be here, my wife feels much more at ease than on the farm.

Just before the move, the Frisian K.P. also returned from the IJssel Line and Sjors' team, after much ado about the situation, reappeared in Leeuwarden. The guys mainly returned to their old addresses and Willem also joined us again, as soon as we were back on the Groningerstraatweg. Although that house only consisted of a front room and two small bedrooms, he loved being with us. He slept in the living room on a divan.

On October 9th, the first Sunday that I lived there, was a day that will not easily be forgotten. The day began at 5 o'clock in the morning when Mark Wierda clambered over the fence and my wife woke up startled, and asked, "What is that?" Mark announced that he knew the address of the man, who was trying to get in touch with the underground organization and who was presumably an S.D. ([Sicherheitsdienst, intelligence agency of the Nazi Party](#)) spy. In the evening around 8 o'clock this notorious S.D. ([Sicherheitsdienst, intelligence agency of the Nazi Party](#)) man, namely

Piet Galliard from Groningen had been arrested by us and defused. What happened before his arrest and the detention of this very dangerous man, I will relate separately.

We soon do not feel comfortable living on the Groningerstraatweg anymore, in connection with the departure of the ship from Leeuwarden, I am forced to look for shelter together with Willem on the evening of October 18th. It was our luck to find Ate's place at the back of the Groningerstraatweg. On October 19th the big raid in Leeuwarden took place and at 7 o'clock in the morning the Groningerstraatweg block was already closed off. My wife is overjoyed that we are not in the house because the Krauts ([a derogatory term for Germans during WWI & II](#)) break the windows in the back of the house and were in the room just like that. Ate's place was not searched and so we as if by chance, escaped arrest. The experiences of that day, however, were so interesting that I could write a small book about them. I met Gien for the first time at Ate's place and this is how she became my courier ([delivering resistance messages/papers](#)). From that day on she began her work for the K.P. and she has become one of our best couriers, at least as far as working long distances is concerned. Through Gien's work we stay informed about what was happening in the city.

Page 10

She was also able to bring in fairly favorable reports about the progress with the ship and about the state of affairs at headquarters. By the evening the German control is lifted again and it appears to be possible to move about the city, at least with a special stamp or *ausweis*/I.D. card. That same day we were able to do so thanks to the activity at the L.O. ([De Landelijke Organisatie voor Hulp aan Onderduikers, or The National Organization for Assistance to Those in Hiding](#)) headquarters.

During our forced sit-in at Ate's a nice incident takes place, which could have had serious consequences, but fortunately ended well. About 50 meters from Ate's house there is a small tool shed on a piece of farmland. A fence gives access to this piece of land. At 7 o'clock in the morning, when the Germans, who were coming from Groningen, had stopped for half an hour, they tore off part of this fence to light a fire. In addition, they pulled some planks from the door of the old shed and burned them up too. This in itself was not so bad, but what was worse, was that they found Ate's motorcycle with a sidecar, which was hidden there, under junk and a tarp. This discovery was of great importance to the Germans, but personal greed played a role here as well. Those who made the discovery did not report it, but said, we will pick it up this afternoon. Everything was covered up again and the matter did not attract much attention. However, some Dutch workers, who were digging out a telephone cable along the road, supervised by Germans, had seen what had happened. Around 10 o'clock, when the three of us were talking to the workers, we heard that the Germans had discovered a motorcycle in the shed. Barely back in the house Ate tells that the motorcycle is his. He tells us that the bike has been stripped of its wheels and the sidecar is loose. Immediately we make plans to try to get the bike ready to ride, and then as soon as we have the chance, take it out of the shed to a safer place.

First, we agree to reconnoiter, then we agree to go to the shed together as the three of us. We will all have to be holding a shovel. In case of any danger, we will then pretend to be workers digging up the cable. Ate thinks he has three shovels. All three of us put on old work clothes, clogs and go to the shed next to Ate's house. It turns out there is only one shovel. "Oh, no problem", says Ate, "the other shed probably has shovels".

I make my way to the other shed while Ate and Willem continue to look around. I first explore the road; the workers are mostly working in front of Ate's house, the German supervisor is nowhere to be seen. I quickly cross the fields to the shed and enter. First I look for a shovel, but can't find one, after much searching I find an old manure pitchfork but without a handle. So, at least I now have something, although it is not much of a beauty. I probably won't need to use it anyway. I also take a look at the engine. Yes, it is clear that people have been looking around. The license plates are right in front of the door, while they were in the sidecar. The Germans have been there all right. Ate and Willem stay away for a long time and so I decide to see where they are. I carefully get out of the shed and go outside. No sign of Willem or Ate, but I do see the German supervising the workers. As soon as I see him standing on the road, I notice that he has also seen me. So I immediately step forward resolutely, clamber through the broken fence and start to work a few metres further down the line.

Meanwhile, the Kraut is standing next to the last worker in the group, about 20 feet away from me. Where I started working, the trench is almost at the right depth and the cable is exposed everywhere. Fortunately, there were still a few metres where the cable was not yet visible and I am now trying to get that done. Of course, I'm not the best groundworker, but with the 3-pronged pitchfork it was no fun at all, especially because the handle was missing. Yet I bravely do my best. I shovel as well as I can. I hear the Kraut ask the other workers, "Was macht die Mann da?" ("What is that man doing there?")

Page 11

I could not understand their answer. What I do hear is the Kraut saying, "Muss ich mal sehen." ("I'll have to go see.") And sure enough, there he comes, striding calmly towards me. For a moment everything flashed through my mind. My papers, which I have in my pocket, are pretty good. I am a mechanic with the P.E.B. ([Provinciaal elektriciteitsbedrijf or Provincial Electricity Company](#)), according to my I.D. papers. However, I do not have the stamped worksheet of the O.T. ([Organization Todt, a civil & military engineering branch of the Nazi's](#)). This document is stamped every morning if you work on the line. I decide that I'll just have to wait and keep on working. I do my utmost to get the firm clay on the shovel so that it does not roll off through prongs, once I have the dirt packed on, it is important to get the manure fork back into the groove as quickly as possible so that it is not visible that I am working with a fork instead of a shovel. For a moment I stand up straight and look at him and say quietly: "Guten morgen" ("good morning") and then go on with my difficult work. He replies with the same greeting and then calmly walks on towards the toll booth, where another crew is at work. I breathe a sigh of relief for I had just come through the eye of a needle. Yet I made it.

As soon as the Kraut has disappeared from sight, I disappear again via the fence and farmland to Ate's house, where I am received with cheers. Standing behind the windows they had seen everything and had already written me off. We were all happy that it had ended as it did. As one can imagine under the circumstances, Ate's wife's coffee tasted incredible to me. I let Ate know about his motorcycle. We decided to fix it right away at noon, when the workmen took their lunch break. The plan is for Ate and Willem to go into the shed to assemble the engine, while I wander back and forth on the street to check things out. All tools are gathered and as soon as the workers have disappeared to lunch, Ate and Willem dive into the old shed and I walk back and forth on the street for over 1 ½ hours. Several Germans pass by, but no one pays attention to the shed. At about half-past one the motorcycle is ready and it's presumed that it will run. In the meantime,

however, it is time for the workers to return back to work, so we disappear into the house again. It was past two o'clock when I put on my work clothes and clogs again, pick up a shovel and go to the trench to talk to the workers. I give the guys a cigarette and ask them what the Kraut had asked them earlier that morning. It fit with what I had thought to have understood. He had replied that he did not know. As we were talking, the same Kraut from that morning came riding up to us on his bike, got off, and put the bike against the tree. Everyone immediately went back to work, as did I. It went better now than in the morning because I had a shovel. The Kraut orders: "Direct Aufhalten und melden bei die Mauer." ("[Stop work immediately and go directly to the wall.](#)") so again new problems. He goes a little further to give the workers there the same order. As soon as he is about 20 metres away with his back to us, I suddenly shoot over the small bridge and disappear behind Ate's house. From behind the curtains I watched all the workers leave nicely for the wall. After that, I stayed inside for the time being. To escape three times in one day was good enough for me.

In the afternoon the three of us entertained ourselves in the house. In spite of the deposition at the water tower, Gien succeeded twice in updating us how things were going in the city. Around 4 o'clock the occupation of the city is withdrawn. Most of those arrested returned home with a stamp on their ausweis, but many were also forced to work in Drenthe ([another province in the Netherlands](#)). The train with which several hundred of these men departed did not immediately remind one of a deportation train, because to the annoyance of the positive resistance fighters the men went departed town jubilant and singing. The train was etched with various slogans, among others "free from the bitch". At six o'clock in the evening Ate managed to get the motor running and without any papers, he drove it to the other side of the city, where he had a good hiding place for it.

Willem and I spent the next night with Ate. On Saturday we got reconnected with the guys from the gravel boat.

Page 12

It turned out that it was also safe to stay quietly at the Groningerstraatweg address again.

For my wife this raid brought extra work and care. The Germans, who checked the Leeuweriksstraat, discovered that the house at number 140 was empty. This was noted, but when they searched the house at number 138 (Mrs. Koning's home) they discovered a large amount of household goods in the attic, and when they asked Mrs. Koning, she could only answer honestly that everything belonged to her neighbour. She was then told that they would be collecting it shortly. This message was reason enough for us to remove everything from the attic and place it with others. In spite of the fact that our greatest desire was to be able to make it to the end of the war, my wife in particular was still very keen on keeping her things.

The preparations for the prison break continue, as does the prep for the sinking of the ship, which comes with many setbacks.

The care for the various K.P.-ers falls largely on my shoulders, yet in time, Henk takes this on increasingly.

One of the last big projects was getting fuel. In cooperation with the secretary of the fuel committee, I got a hold of 100 units of coke ([a form of fuel](#)), which has been distributed among

various addresses. Furthermore, I got in touch with Mr. Faber, a commissioner, who had several hundred thousand peats at his disposal. I also got 35000 loose peats for illegal addresses. The distribution of these to over 100 addresses throughout Leeuwarden came with many challenges. It could only take place after dark, or very early in the morning, or in the evening as soon as it got dark. About 8 guys from the combat groups took on this work with carts and cargo bikes. Fortunately, everything went well.

In the end, however, an inspector from the fuel committee found out that Faber's supply of peat (which was under confiscation) had decreased tremendously. He was called to account. He hid behind the illegality, something that was not accepted, upon which he mentioned my name. He threatened that if the committee made it too difficult for him, they would have to take care of the consequences. I was then called to account by the secretary and it soon became clear that Faber had delivered over 100,000 pieces to others in addition to the number he had delivered to me and often not via the normal route. Yet it was too dangerous to bring this matter into the open, since Faber knew several addresses and people who had cooperated. I then submitted a report on the matter to the Fuel Committee and after much effort, I succeeded in keeping the matter under wraps.

One of the men I met during this fuel operation was Johannes Nevland from the Mendelsohnstraat. He did a lot of work to help store the peat and get it where it needed to go. Unfortunately, a week before the liberation he was arrested and killed near Dronrijp.

At the beginning of November, my wife got so homesick for her own house that we decided to move back in, at least just my wife and children with Geertje our maid. Everything gets moved back in and they settle into their own home. My wife says: "And now you'll never get me out again, whatever happens, will happen."

But I thought differently, I did not want to go home again. A few weeks later I went to live with G. Venema in the Grote Kerkstraat. This did not last long, because I moved again to L. v.d.Werf's place on the Leeuwerikstraat 116. At both these addresses, I was well received and well cared for. Both were very sympathetic, were always there for me, did not ask for anything and always surrounded me with care.

I only visit my wife and children during the day for half an hour, at least when work permits. My children know no better than that Papa had to work for the Germans and was hardly ever allowed to come home.

Page 13

My wife is holding up great and feels very comfortable in her own home again. Our maid Geertje Hoekstra is a great help to her, she assists her in everything, and an acquaintance Annie v.d. Schaaf is also a great help.

On December 4th I suddenly leave the Leeuwerikstraat 116. This is done to aid the preparations for the prison break. I move to my uncle W. Bultsma's place on the Voorstreek, together with Piet Kramer and Wim Steginga. The final details are put on paper here. On Thursday evening, December 7th, I visit my wife and tell her what is going to happen the next day. For a moment she is confused because I want her to leave the house at about 5 o'clock in the evening. She must

leave everything as it is and she must not inform anyone. The only thing she asks me is, "Are you going too?" When I say yes, she says, "That's good, but be careful; I hope you will succeed."

She is brave, she accepts it as the most normal thing in the world. She doesn't complain or ask, and because of this, she provides immense support without knowing it. The farewell is short. Both of us know that it may be the last, but there is no doubt or hesitation. We both know that he who trusts in God is saved and that when duty calls, we are not to stay behind.

December 8. One of the most important days of my life. Everything went according to plan and in the evening the general mood is one of gratefulness among all those involved.

December 9. In the morning there is a big alarm; we are all on our guard. The six of us also endure the house search while in the van Dijk hide-out on the Roekstraat. When all danger has passed my wife comes for a short visit. Only then did I realize how tense she had been and how hard the two previous nights and days must have been for her. She's a brave little lady, who certainly contributed at least as much to the work of the resistance movement as many K.P.-ers.

The last half of December I spend at the home of the baker Hofstra, where Wim is also staying and by Christmas Piet shows up too. During these months we spent many evenings talking to each other; we got to know and appreciate each other very well. It was a beautiful time. We worked on new and different plans. But there was also some roughhousing. It got pretty rowdy at times. In the evenings when the coats came off and the sleeves were rolled up and Wim and Fiet rolled on the floor like two young cats, or when Uppie called for my help to pin Piet down. The baker himself would join in at times too.

We had a couple of really nice weeks here. But this could not last long. It was irresponsible to have four people stay at such a dangerous address. So Pete and I leave at the beginning of January. Together with Truus, I move into a couple of rooms at Nieuwestad 135 with Mrs. Salomons. We lived there until a week before we were liberated.

It is during this time that the N.B.S. ([Nederlandse Binnenlandse Strijdkracht, or Dutch Domestic Defence Force](#)) is in doing great. On December 1st, the merging of K.T. and O.D. ([ordedienst or Order Service, often former Dutch military guys who came together towards the end of the war to use their training and band with Dutch resistance groups](#)) came about. The O.D. commander becomes the Regional Commander of the N.B.S. He is given command of all battle groups. The K.P. commander becomes the Regional Sabotage Leader. Under them come the sabotage groups. Each group will consist of 6 men plus 1 commander. Each group consists of three experienced K.P.-ers three big guys from the combat group. These sabotage groups are spread all over the province. The orders they receive are given by the Regional Sabotage Leader via the district commanders. For the sabotage work to be carried out, it is necessary that the Regional Sabotage Leader has all possible intelligence at its disposal, and in January I was appointed by the Regional Sabotage Leader to provide this intelligence. Since this will involve a lot more work, Piet advises me to take on Truus as typist-secretary, or rather as a direct collaborator.

Truus had formerly worked with the L.O. ([de Landelijke Organisatie voor Hulp aan Onderduikers, or The National Organization for Assistance to Those in Hiding](#)) in Groningen. She had finished there. She had worked for some time in Zwolle, but ultimately settled in Leeuwarden.

From the first day I met Truus, we hit it off well. So when Piet proposed to take her on as an employee, I could not agree more. I never regretted it, because she was not only a faithful collaborator but also very courageous. Nothing was ever too much for her and she could handle the toughest and craziest assignments. She was always ready to help and nothing was ever too much for her.

Truus and I found rooms to stay in an ideal building. We had a total of five places for people to sleep and this building often served as a refuge for those in dire straits. Originally Mrs. Salomons took care of our rooms and food, but after a month we became completely independent and Annie v.d. Schaaf came to take care of our food and needs every day. This freed us up to work exactly as we pleased. We worked hard and long hours at number 135. Many plans were fleshed out and brought to fruition here. It would take me far too long to report everything in detail, but I would like to outline the most important events.

At the beginning of January, I was in charge of all the illegal addresses in Leeuwarden to ensure that no evacuees were accommodated there. In total, more than 200 addresses in Leeuwarden were passed on to us by all sides, which had to be safeguarded from prying eyes. We first had contact with Mr. Riddersma, who took care of this service in Leeuwarden and later with Mr. v.d. Wal. We had the full cooperation of both these men. We met every day and the lists were looked at together. The evacuation controllers often placed 1 to 3 evacuees at illegal addresses and the forms filled out for this were burned in the stove, the evacuation lists were then neatly updated. All praise to these gentlemen for their precise work. When unique circumstances led to evacuees being housed at an illegal address, they often managed to get them transferred again after a few days.

Truus and I also fleshed out plans for a new raid on the prison. These preparations took a lot of time, but in February we were able to present Piet with a completely new plan, which had at least as much chance of success as the previous one. Especially since it had been drafted in a completely different way.

At the end of January, Pete instructed me to prepare a robbery of some bank to get money for the N.B.S. In those days it was a challenge to get enough money for all expenses. The money lenders faltered at times because the N.B.S. required quite some money for their operations. Various banking institutions were explored; a few individuals provided full cooperation and shared data, yet there were others who looked like good patriots but did not feel like providing any information. Still, we were successful. A complete plan was presented to Piet to crack the Dutch Bank at the Tweebaksmarkt. Despite the fact that this bank was guarded day and night by 3-5 guards, our plan was very feasible and the bank's money supply was by far the highest, f.23,000,000 (worth approximately \$145,000,000.00). Unfortunately, it was not necessary to carry out this operation, as the N.S.F. (Nationaal Steun Fonds or National Support Fund which was seen as the bank/financer of the resistance) money supply ran fairly smoothly during the last months of the occupation.

At the end of January, I was officially appointed as Head of Intelligence for Section II B. This section, under the leadership of Piet Kramer, was responsible for sabotage work in Friesland. Piet himself had been appointed G.S.L (Regional Sabotage Leader).

At the beginning of February, the G.O.L. (Regional Operation Leader) was arrested in the Southern part of the province. Immediately after the arrest, those in Leeuwarden were scrambling since it was suspected that the G.O.L. and his aide would be locked up in Leeuwarden. A plan

was almost in place to raid the S.D. ([Sicherheitsdienst, intelligence agency of the Nazi Party](#)) building. The plan was hastily (as it was a Sunday) devised and the raid was made possible, yet it came at a great risk for the collaborators. (ADD DRAWING?)

Page 15

Despite all the investigations being done throughout the province it was impossible for us to find out where these two individuals were being held. We did everything we could but never found them. Freeing them was not possible. These men must have suffered a great deal because the Krauts knew who they were. They had been found with a fairly complete file on the N.B.S. in Friesland. All plans about the war operations, sabotage orders and etc. fell into the hands of the Germans. In spite of the fact that the Krauts knew who they had, practically nothing was revealed to them verbally. A few times Wierda, who was in charge of armament, was seen in a car with the S.D. ([Sicherheitsdienst, intelligence agency of the Nazi Party](#)) who took him through the province to search for arms caches. Thankfully few caches were discovered. Shortly after the liberation, it sadly became known that Germans killed these two brave fighters only a few days before Zwolle was liberated, they had been imprisoned here for the last while.

Because the G.O.L. ([Regional Operations Leader](#)) had fallen out in this way, Piet was also put in charge of the Operative part, leaving him abnormally busy from that time on. Completely new plans had to be made since the existing ones could not be carried out. I provided Piet with a lot of information. Plans were made for water, rail, and road sabotage. The most impossible things had to be checked. I had regular contact with officials in the field of water management, both national and provincial, as well as with the shipping and freight commission.

The most difficult thing was to maintain contact with the railroad staff. These gentlemen disappeared so often from their hiding addresses and never left their new addresses. It was a job in itself to track down the necessary individuals. It was a huge challenge to stop the railroad traffic at the right time. Yet at the needed time everything promptly came to a halt. Moreover, a raid was prepared by us on a train that could leave Leeuwarden for Germany with political prisoners. This raid never took place, since practically no significant political prisoners were transported to Germany.

I prepared a nice little raid of the Rami ([a Dutch family-owned business, founded in 1896 in Leeuwarden. At that time they started selling bicycles, sewing machines and in the early 1900's motor parts for the automotive industry, see \[www.rami-yokota.com\]\(http://www.rami-yokota.com\)](#)) in Leeuwarden. This raid was executed in March by 8 members of the Sabotage Group. The loot there amounted to 23 outboard motors, packed in 16 crates. The nice thing was, that a group of six Germans slept in an upstairs apartment of the Rami building. A group of four men moved into the building next door from eight in the evening and could hear the Germans talking all evening. The occupants of the building were kept under surveillance all evening. When the Germans turned in for the night at a little over midnight, our guys began to investigate the garage and warehouses through a flat roof and a window cut open. They found the 16 crates in the indicated places, transported them via the roof through the house which they owned, and brought everything via the stairs into the downstairs portal. Promptly at six in the morning, three carrier bikes appeared one after the other. All the crates were loaded onto these and by seven o'clock all the guys were back at their quarters and the motors were put away in our storage space. It would have been great to see the expressions

of those Germans in the morning, upon discovering that their entire supply was gone and their neighbours gagged and bound in their homes.

At the end of February, I received another heavy order from Piet. We were informed that the S.D. was planning to move from the savings bank building to the Burmania House. This became known to us about a week before the move. Yet we still managed to install three microphones in the Burmania House under the eyes of the Germans as well as branch off four telephone lines that all came together in a specially equipped warehouse. You will find the record of this in appendix V. These devices were of invaluable service to us during the last two months. We heard every telephone call at the S.D. building. There were several times that we were able to follow hours of interrogations. By carefully tracking the information coming through these devices we were almost always able to warn resistance workers in time. We had this service working for us day and night, about four guys were on regular duty.

Page 16

It was an intense time for these guys, under the leadership of our old K.P.-er Kopie; especially the last period was nearly unbearable. Until liberation day, this device continued to work perfectly. Many of our lives have been saved as a result of this listening post, we were able to anticipate and act accordingly as a result. Although the Krauts knew that something was up, they were never able to find out how they were always too late.

I must mention that in February the district commander put me in charge of Section IX (Intelligence) specifically for district X. I was able to take care of this, by working together with Mark Wierda. All military intelligence was collected by us from the District and recorded on cards/maps, we regularly reported everything to the Director and also to the Regional Intelligence.

We also dealt with traitors and S.D. spies. Especially the case of Dr. Brouwer, an evacuee from Arnhem, caused us a lot of headaches and extra work. Just as we were ready to arrest this S.D. man, the S.D. beat us to it and arrested him themselves. It turned out that his so-called wife had betrayed him to the S.D., since he was playing a double game. On April 11 he was executed by the Germans in Dronrijp.

I have had a very pleasant few months working together with Mark Wierda. He was a very enthusiastic resistance fighter. Always willing to do whatever was in his power. We worked late nights together working out the information that came in. We worked under a lot of pressure, especially the last weeks of the war. We received many order from both District X as well as from the G.S.L. ([Regional Sabotage Leader](#)). One of them was the order to investigate a drop-off zone for District X and if possible to prepare it for a weapons drop. I was able to map one out in the vicinity of Hallum. Mr. Westerman (Humalda) from Dokkum helped me with this. Concerning the day that I visited this area, I've decided to make a separate story. I had the good fortune of crawling through the eye of the needle three times that day and so escaped arrest by the Germans. (See appendix no. VI). Ultimately this terrain was not used for the drop-off. Nor the terrain surveyed by Mark in the Hemptenspolder. The latter had also been mapped out and was to be passed, but because the liberation approached this did not happen.

During the last week of his life, Mark prepared a great act of sabotage. From the G.S.L. ([Regional Sabotage Leader](#)) I received a block of trotyl ([a form of TNT](#)) from a load, which had been placed under the P.T.T. ([Post Telegram & Telephone company](#)) power station by the Germans. Mark and I

discussed the preparation for making these blocks. And after about three days he succeeded in making an exact copy. On Saturday, April 7th, 7-8 in the evening, I discussed the finer points with him for the last time and he would put the people to work on Sunday so that 75 copies would be ready on Tuesday. Unfortunately, he was arrested on the night of April 7-8 along with his two younger brothers. He handled the interrogation like a true believer and steadfast fighter. "I just can't betray him" he wrote after a day of torture. The Germans wanted him to give them my address and Mark did not. It is thanks to Mark's silence that I have been able to carry out my work undisturbed that week, while Mark had to pay for his silence with death. On the afternoon of Wednesday, April 11th, he was executed with his two brothers along with 10 others in Dronrijp. However, his last mission, which he had to break off, was still completed. After Mark was arrested I took up the matter with Adrie de Jong who, in spite of all the challenges, brought the matter to a successful conclusion. On Friday, April 13, 2 P.T.T. officers exchanged the real explosive for the fake one and on Saturday the Germans found out when they were about to put the fuse in that they had been fooled. The P.T.T. building was preserved as a result of Mark's last act.

Page 17

On Friday, April 6th, I was called by the Regional Commander and Regional Sabotage Leader and was informed that I would take over the task of the Regional Sabotage Leader, which had also taken over the G.O.L.'s (Regional Operation Leader) work, for the last few days, as the plan had arisen that the Regional Sabotage Leader together with a group of 200 B.S. ([Binnenlandse Strijdkracht, or Domestic Defence Force](#)) from Friesland would try to make contact with the Canadians. These had advanced to Meppel, Hoogeveen, and Coevorden. Although I had some objections, I accepted the task. It seemed a bit too heavy for me being a non-military person. The Regional Commander explained that he trusted me completely, that there were few who knew everything as well as I did and that it would be practically impossible to find someone else who could do it better. The Regional Commander promised to assist me as much as possible. We agreed that I would come to Kramer's place on Saturday in order to complete the preparations for the departure of three sabotage teams from Dokkum and Leeuwarden to Heerenveen and on Monday the sabotage teams would follow. On the last day, Kramer would brief me on any final details.

However, all our plans were nearly thrown into confusion by what the S.D. did on Saturday morning. Around 6 o'clock I was woken up by a rumbling on a garden shed behind the building where Truus and I were staying. As soon as I looked out the attic window I discovered that about 6-8 S.D.-ers had been set up in the garden and on the roofs. The closest Kraut stood less than 5 meters from my bedroom. Peering through the curtains I could see the whole thing and soon realized that it was not our house, but the house in the St. Jacobsstraat, where Henk and Kopie had worked and hid for a few months. This building had not been used for almost a month, but Toon, the commander of the joint sabotage teams from District X had been staying there for three days. In my opinion, it could not have been about Toon, but Toon was there in the house and would certainly fall into the trap. I could do nothing from my side. I hardly had time to grasp this reality when suddenly an infernal racket came from the garden and rooftops. Cries of "Get him!", "That's where he must be!" and "Shoot him!" are heard through a shattering of glass, the opening of doors and a general hunt for a fugitive. Two houses next to mine everything was kicked in and a couple of Krauts ran into the house. The entire yard was thoroughly searched, as well as the roofs and gutters, which signalled to me that it was becoming increasingly dangerous for me. I quickly

put on some clothes and went to wake up Truus, who had her bedroom one floor down. She had been sleeping soundly but got dressed fast. At breakneck speed, everything was checked to see if it could withstand a search. My bedroom was tidied up and I disappeared with the loaded stengun and all dangerous documents into the hiding place that Truus locked behind me. With that done, bring on the Krauts to search our house, everything could withstand a thorough search. Truus finished getting ready and went outside to see what was going on.

After fifteen minutes Truus came back upstairs and told me that the raid was directed at the building on St. Jacobsstraat, de Jong's house and that the S.D. were still searching the house and adjoining buildings. People had witnessed de Jong being arrested and taken away by car, but the S.D. were looking for more "terrorists". The danger had not yet passed. Truus left the building again to keep an eye on things outside. Around 7 o'clock she returned with the message that the S.D. had arrived and that she had spoken with Mrs. de Jong, who was allowed to stay in the house with two small children. The raid had been for Henk and Kopie who were not there, but they had discovered Toon. The raid had been so quick that Toon, who slept on the second floor, had not seen an opportunity to slip into his hiding place, which is why he had wanted to leave the building via the roofs at the back. But this was not successful, since the roofs at the back were heavily guarded. Toon's only opportunity to escape was to open a 2nd-floor window at the front of the house and jump out, using a vertical light box attached to the facade.

Page 18

Mrs. de Jong did not know whether Toon had been caught: she did know that the S.D. found a bag near the window where Toon had jumped out. She did not know what was in it. When I heard this I knew enough, because the evening before I had had a conversation with Toon from 7-8 o'clock and I knew that he had received all the addresses of the 20 or so members of the sab-group that day to prepare their N.B.S. ([Nederlandse Binnenlandse Strijdkracht, or Dutch Domestic Defence Force](#)) identity cards. So I feared the worst, that these names had fallen with the bag into the hands of the S.D. I knew many of the addresses of these boys, so I sent Truus out into the streets immediately to warn several of them, while I informed all contact addresses in town by telephone about what had happened and signaled "alarm" to all members of the sabotage groeps. Before nine o'clock the whole N.B.S. Leeuwarden was alerted and it appeared to have been necessary, because in the course of the morning messages came in from all sides, of house searches being done here and there.

Unfortunately, some members of the B.S. ([Binnenlandse Strijdkracht, or Domestic Defence Force](#)) did fall into the hands of the S.D.; a total of 6 N.B.S. members including 3 from the sabotage groups.

Most of the boys, however, were warned in time.

At 9 o'clock the message came in: Toon is badly wounded, but safe.

He reported the loss of his bag with all the documents about the coming sabotage plans and the addresses of practically all the boys of the sabotage groups.

At a good 10 o'clock I was sitting at Toon's sickbed, where I heard from our physically and mentally broken commander.

It had all begun with Henk Visser. He could not get into the hiding place in time and wanted to flee the house in his pajamas through the back. He had his bag of documents under his arm, but he saw that the road was blocked. So he quickly pushed open a window at the front of the house. Downstairs in the street, there were no Germans, so through the window he'd go, the bag would go with him, but unfortunately, inexplicably for him, the bag had remained on the windowsill.

He had ventured a jump, first on the glass lightbox, but this did not hold and he could not get a grip on the glass, so he fell down the entire distance of 7-9 meters. For a moment he was dazed, but he got back on his feet and fled, walking tiptoe through alleys and narrow streets he ended up at a house on the Voorstreek, that of his fiancée. Here he had been provided with decent clothing and had immediately been taken away again to another hiding place, where he could stay and be. The doctor came immediately to treat him, and although he was violently scarred, with time, he would be okay.

I briefly discussed with him the plans that were in place, also those assigned to two of his sabotage teams. He was very sorry that he could not participate in the plans himself, so I took it upon myself to give the orders to his groups.

That same morning Mark helped with a move. He saw to it that the Jodenkostbaas was moved to a better address, for Nieuwstad 135 had become too dangerous. In the morning I moved to the G.S.L. ([Regional Sabotage Leader](#)) address, Herestraat 17 and Truus went with me. That Saturday we all worked with feverish zeal. In the afternoon I went out to pick up the two sabotage groups in Leeuwarden and to prepare everything for the big trek to the South on Monday. All addresses were unsafe and practically no one was at home. After much effort, I managed to find Jelle, Sjors, and Henkie (the 3 commanders) in order to discuss the plans with them. They would do their best to get the boys concentrated on the farms in Wijtgaard and the surrounding area. The boys who had to stay behind in Leeuwarden for the execution of the sabotage were put under the command of Henkie.

Page 19

In addition, this day brought a lot of work in connection with the interrogations which were held at the Burmania House and learned about through our listening post.

Initially, these interrogations did not yield much for the S.D., but by the afternoon some individuals were so beaten down that they began to speak and mention names. Our couriers Truus, Lou and Gien were busy warning everyone in time. From 7-8 o'clock I visited Mark, who had been busy in front of the P.T.T.-building ([Post Telegram & Telephone company](#)) all day. He informed me that he had prepared everything so that the trotyl ([a form of TNT](#)) blocks could be copied. On Sunday people would start making look alikes of the real blocks in various places.

As I prepare to leave about 8 o'clock, I tell Mark to make sure he has a good place to hide, especially that night. Little did I know that it would be the last time I saw Mark. That night became fatal for him. That evening and night I was supposed to talk through everything with Piet, as he would be leaving. Unfortunately we were kept busy all night by the S.D. interrogations.

After 8 o'clock, a few N.B.S. ([Nederlandse Binnenlandse Strijdkrachten or Dutch Domestic Forces](#)) members began to spill information in a way that it practically rained names of B.S. ([Binnenlandse Strijdkrachten or Dutch Domestic Forces](#)) members, sometimes with addresses. In addition, some

addresses of weapon storage places were also mentioned. Gien was busy all night and had the privilege of warning several people.

The boys at the listening post were beginning to break down as following the interrogations was intense and exhausting. Yet despite the fact that during the night even an address on the Oosterstraat was mentioned, they held their ground and remained at their post. On Sunday morning the devastating announcement came that L.P. Mark and a brother of his had been arrested. The brother was up for questioning. He was asked about intelligence. The interrogation could only be followed in part, so we did not know exactly what had become known to the S.D. This blow affected us greatly. Mark knew so much about our organization that if he started talking everything would be destroyed.

On Sunday morning at 8 o'clock the interrogations stopped and we did not pick up on anything else of significance.

Piet, Wim, and I immediately discussed whether it would be responsible to raid the Burmania House. We already had the complete drawing of the building and surroundings in our possession, and I had already prepared a plan for a raid.

We believed it would be possible to liberate all our prisoners (about 20 as far as we could see). However, there would be casualties on our side as well and a consequence would be that our sabotage groups in Leeuwarden would have to be used for this and if we would suffer great losses this would be dangerous for the G.S.L. ([Regional Sabotage Leader's](#)) trip to the South. At noon, after careful consideration, Piet Kramer decided: "No raid. We must not let the liberation of 20 of our people upset our greater plans."

He hoped to establish contact with the Canadians by Monday evening, to inform them about the state of affairs in Friesland and to ensure that liberating Friesland would be started as soon as possible. By doing so he hoped to save the lives of more people and he did not want to jeopardize these plans.

After having discussed additional important points of concern, Piet, Wim, Jan Brouwer (P.T.T. liaison officer), and Gien left together at four o'clock in the afternoon. Napoleon's car brought them to Heerenveen and by 7 o'clock in the evening, I was in contact with Jan via a special (telephone) line. All had arrived safely. Piet and Wim had gone on to Oudehaske, while he was to stay in Heerenveen. Gien took care of the connection between them. Lou also had to go to Heerenveen on Monday morning.

Page 20

During the night we discussed various important things. No orders had yet been given for the approximately 30 sabotage groups to leave Leeuwarden.

On Monday the misery began in Heerenveen. The S.D. was very active there, many members of the B.S. ([Binnenlandse Strijdkrachten or Dutch Domestic Forces](#)) were arrested; house searches took place everywhere. Piet and Wim had to move twice. Once the S.D. almost had them too, unfortunately, the Director of District III was arrested. Piet's plans were hopelessly confused by all this.

It was not an option to march with a couple hundred B.S.-ers ([Binnenlandse Strijdkrachten or Dutch Domestic Forces](#)); so the guys stayed in Leeuwarden for the time being.

On Monday afternoon, catchphrases for sabotage of all road, water, and rail traffic in the north of the country came through on the radio.

I discuss all plans with the Regional Commander and in the afternoon I speak with practically all D.O.L.'s ([District Operation Leader's](#)) about the assignments. All of this was made possible using our own telephone network, which Theo looked after with excellence, and moved the central post to a new place that same day. A telephonist (Jos), who was chartered from the P.T.T. ([Post Telegram & Telephone company](#)) occupied this new place, along with Corrie, while Theo moved in with me.

These 2 girls took care of all the telephone connections we needed, day and night. Conversations continued practically the whole day.

The Regional Commander, Mr. Meijer, discussed the last orders with me on Monday afternoon, but then left Leeuwarden and went to Wirdum, where his adjutant de Bruin had been for some time. Theo arranged a special line to his quarters which unfortunately had to be given up pretty fast as the Germans owned that address plus line.

Fortunately, I kept in contact with the Regional Commander through Warga, although this was difficult. At one o'clock that night I made contact again with Jan, who had left Heerenveen and was already in Mildam. He had made contact with an advanced Canadian tank unit, who were also stationed there. I was able to exchange the first words with their commander. The main force lay just beyond Frederiksoord, so not yet on Frisian soil. Their plans were unclear, yet this tank unit would not move forward for the time being. From our side, we passed on all information.

The sabotage was already in full swing, because our L.P. regularly passed on the tapped reports from the province. The whole province worked under high pressure, everywhere the B.S. ([Binnenlandse Strijdkrachten or Dutch Domestic Forces](#)) was active. One night later a weapon dropping even came down in District VIII. Piet and Wim had not yet surfaced. Gien, however, regularly went from Mildam through the lines and maintained contact with Piet.

On Tuesday night our L.P. unit fled because of an alarm, which turned out not to be as bad as initially thought. On Wednesday morning I found two guys, Kopie and Henkie willing to volunteer to occupy the post again. He was too important for us to miss him. The building had been completely abandoned by the residents for some time. The guys ultimately had a few bad and intense, yet very important days there. We were informed about everything that the S.D. were up to.

For example, we learned of plans to execute 20 prisoners Wednesday afternoon in Dronrijp and Buitenpost and 10 in the Joure area. We attempted to prevent the executions in Dronrijp. Our B.S. men were present at the place where the execution was to take place. Unfortunately, due to a fateful circumstance, the original plan was deviated from and 14 men were shot near the bridge in Dronrijp and not near the railroad (as initially planned), where a train had derailed. Unfortunately, this could not be prevented.

The executions at Buitenpost could not take place due to a lack of transport in Leeuwarden; however, the B.S. were at their post there. In Joure the executions were cancelled. On Wednesday the S.D. released the District III and some B.S. members.

On Friday afternoon I handled all matters with Theo at headquarters.

Page 21

On Thursday the Regional Officer of Armament arrived at our address (Sierksma); however, he was unable to assist us. The Regional Commander returned from Wirdum on Friday afternoon, as the last days of the war came into sight.

Thursday night I talked with Jan and also with Piet in Mildam and he prepared me for the fact that important things could happen.

Friday night at 11 o'clock Piet gave his orders. The entire Eastern part of the province was to attack the Germans that same night, because the Canadians would also start from Frederiksoord that same night. Everything is discussed in detail.

I discussed everything that had to be done with the Regional Commander and all orders were given before twelve o'clock and this continued throughout the night.

Before 3 o'clock in the morning the B.S. in district I is in action and by 6 o'clock nearly the whole district is in the hands of the B.S. Heavy fighting took place in several places, but the B.S. soon had everything in hand nearly everywhere. Everything the B.S. did was relayed back to us, and we in turn passed on everything to the headquarters of the Canadians. They only left Frederiksoord at about 6 o'clock in the morning and reached Dokkum in the evening at about 9 o'clock. The whole eastern part of the province was thus occupied in one day.

On this Saturday night, I found myself with the Regional Commander in Leeuwarden underway to the prison in order to liberate the political prisoners (over 200) that were held there. Two sabotage groups helped to occupy the prison. I had arranged everything with the deputy warden, including him providing the keys. Everything went smoothly and at about 8 o'clock they started to release the prisoners.

At 6 o'clock the B.S. commander in District X (Leeuwarden) along with his 300 B.S. men came out to arrest the remaining Germans. By 8 o'clock the city was purged and in our hands completely. At around 12 o'clock the first Canadians entered Leeuwarden. Franeker and Sneek were also liberated on this day, along with many other places in between. I was on the phone all day to keep the D.O.L.'s ([District Operation Leader's](#)) in the western part of the province informed.

On Sunday evening at 11 o'clock, when the greater part of the province had been liberated (except for some places like Harlingen, Afsluitdijk, Makkum and Lemmer) I went to my own house, dead tired. I had been in action continuously from 6 o'clock in the morning on Friday. In total, I had worked 65 hours and was at the end of my strength. Back home, where my wife and many friends were waiting for me, I was no longer able to sit on a chair. My wife put me to bed immediately. I was already asleep while she got me changed.

On Monday, April 16th, there was still plenty of work to do. The last few places still had to be filled. I kept the commanders informed by telephone from Leeuwarden until Tuesday evening April 17th, when practically all of Friesland was liberated.

Immediately, however, there was new work. Piet Kramer conceived the plan to sail with 1200 well-armed B.S. men all over the IJsselmeer to reinforce the B.S. in North Holland, especially the various polders and pumping stations for which the same fate was feared as for the Wieringermeer.

While Gien and Truus made reconnaissance trips to North Holland and Piet contacted the B.S. Headquarters and the Canadians in the East of the country, I prepared everything. Within a week about 1200 men were fully equipped and the boats were made available for the crossing. However, Piet was not given permission to undertake the journey.

I was also given the care of all the prisoners of war, especially the S.D. ([Sicherheitsdienst or Security Service of the Nazi Party](#)), W. Landwacht ([Dutch citizens that aided the Germans](#)) and similar elements from the whole province. These were all locked up in the house of detention. Soon we had 600 prisoners there. I immediately assigned oversight of the house of detention to my faithful co-worker Adriaan de Jong.

page 22

On May 1, the Regional Commander put me in charge of the Documentation Department of the B.S.'s activities during the occupation, and a month later he also put me in charge of Section IX (Social Affairs) for Friesland.

This work gradually began to take up so much of my time that I had to delegate all other activities to third parties.

Now, after 1 ½ years of liberation, I am still in charge of the Social Affairs Section for the Ministry of War on behalf of the present soldiers. The work of the old B.S. is nearly finished and with it my illegal activities, or those that came from them.

During my illegal career I had contact with or even worked closely together with the following people.

[B.S.](#) - same as [N.B.S.](#), [Nederlandse Binnenlandse Strijdkrachten](#) or [Dutch Domestic Forces](#)
[K.P.](#) - belonging to the [Landelijke Knokploeg](#) or [National Resistance Force](#), The LKPs committed raids on distribution services and population registers and committed sabotage.

[L.O.](#) - [Landelijke Organisatie voor Hulp aan Onderduikers](#), or [The National Organization for Assistance to Those in Hiding](#)

[N.S.F.](#)- [Nationaal Steun Fonds](#) or [National Support Fund](#) which was seen as the bank/financer of the resistance

[P.T.T.](#) - [Post Telegram & Telephone company](#)

[Kees Plantinga](#), Leeuwarden, L.O.-er. Arrested in August '43, but returned from Germany after the liberation.

[Ate Douma](#), Leeuwarden. L.O. man and B.S. man.

Taco v.d. Veen, Leeuwarden. L.O.-er and B.S.-er. Arrested in 1941 and imprisoned for six months, but released.

Flip Hofstede, Huizum-Dordrecht. L.O.-er. Arrested in 1943, but released after three weeks.

Klaas Pos, Leeuwarden. Teacher and resistance literature like pamphlets, magazines, and newspapers, etc.

Jan v.d. Meer, Leeuwarden. Teacher and resistance literature like pamphlets, magazines, and newspapers, etc.

Douwe Witteveen. Leeuwarden. N.S.F. and L.O.-er.

Dirk Okma, Leeuwarden. L.O.-er.

Egbert Dijkstra, Meppel. K.P.-er and B.S.-er.

Bram Vonk, Meppel. K.P.-er and B.S.-er.

A. Tammes, Leeuwarden, N.S.F.

Auke Brouwer, Leeuwarden. N.S.F.

Siebren de Vries. Leeuwarden. N.C.-er

Fokke Hettema, Leeuwarden. N.C. and natura.

Rients Schootstra, Leeuwarden. L.O.-er.

Oege Oosterwal, Leeuwarden. L.O.-er, resistance literature and B.S.-er.

Joh. v. Veluwen. Utrecht. L.O.-er, resistance literature and B.S.-er.

Fokke de Swart. Leeuwarden. L.O.-er, resistance literature and B.S.-er.

Alie Wesselsohn. Leeuwarden. L.O.-er, resistance literature.

Mrs. Tj. de Jong. Leeuwarden. resistance literature.

Ir. Vondeling. Leeuwarden. L.O. and resistance literature.

Albert van der Wal. Leeuwarden. L.O.-er, resistance literature.

Anneke van Wieren, Leeuwarden. Courier.

Piet G. Oberman, Dokkum. K.P.-leader.

Wim Steginga, Sneek. K.P.-er.

Henk Bonnema, Workum. K.P.-er

Dooitsen Hofstra, Leeuwarden. K.P.-er.

Piet Faber, Leeuwarden. K.P.-er.

Chris Niesing, Apeldoorn. K.P.-er.

Piet Wijbenga, Leeuwarden. KP.-er.

Jan Roukema, Huizum. K.P.-er and P.T.T.

Theo Bosman, Huizum. K.P.-er and P.T.T.

Gerard Oppewal, Franeker. K.P.-er.

Jelle Visser, Leeuwarden. K.P.-er

Eeuwke Koopmans, Workum. K.P.-er.

Annie Kuipers, Groningen. K.P. and courier.

Richtje Hofstra, Leeuwarden. K.P. and courier.

Diana Sprock, Leeuwarden. K.P. and courier.

Gien Leemeier, Leeuwarden. B.S. and courier.

Hieke Dam, Sneek. B.S. and courier.

Jannie Hettinga, Sneek. B.S. and courier.

Page 23.

<u>Willem Smit</u>	Holwerd	B.S.-er.
Johan Ytsma	Stobos	B.S.-er.
Henkie Rijpkema	Sneek	B.S. en K.P.er.
Joop Willems	Leeuwarden	K.P.-er.
<u>A. Meijer</u>	Leeuwarden	B.S. Regional Commander
Corrie Koster	Sneek	B.S. Courier
S. Camping	Huizum	B.S.-er.
S. Sierksma	Dokkum	B.S.-er.
D. Humalda	Dokkum	B.S.-er.
H. Nijhuis	Dokkum	B.S.-er.
<u>Epke Wiersma</u>	Leeuwarden	B.S. Distr. Commander
<u>E. Wassenaar</u>	Leeuwarden	B.S.-er.
Joop Wessels	Leeuwarden	B.S.-er.
Bertus de Jong	Leeuwarden	B.S.-er.
<u>Mark Wierda</u>	Leeuwarden	B.S.-er.

<u>Karel de Boer</u>	Leeuwarden	B.S.-er.
<u>Kees Schoon</u>	Leeuwarden	B.S.-er.
<u>Jan Harms</u>	Leeuwarden	B.S.-er.
<u>Gosse Visser</u>	Leeuwarden	B.S.-er.
<u>Adrie de Jong</u>	Leeuwarden	B.S.-er.
<u>Toon Alderliesten</u>	Leeuwarden	B.S.-er.
Jan Albarda	Huizum	B.S.-er.
<u>Liekke van Dijk</u>	Leeuwarden	B.S.-er.
<u>Teake Kuipers</u>	Groningen	B.S.-er.
<u>Lodewijk v.d. Werf</u>	Leeuwarden	B.S.-er.
<u>Fokke Sierksma</u>	Leeuwarden	B.S.-er.
U. Ganzinga	Harlingen	B.S.-er.
Joop Nieuwland	Leeuwarden	B.S.-er.
Foppe Ynsen	Leeuwarden	B.S.-er.
Fien Melot	Leeuwarden	B.S.-er.
<u>Corrie v.d. Zwam</u>	Zwolle	B.S.-er.
Piet v.d. Berg	Zwolle	B.S.-er.

Individuals to whom I owe much gratitude for their support given.

Mevr. J. Bultsma	Groningerstraatweg	Leeuwarden	Housing
Mej. K. Koning	Leeuwerikstraat	Leeuwarden	Housing
Fam. D.v.d. Schaaf	Schubertstraat	Leeuwarden	Housing
Fam. H. van Ek	Beethovenstraat	Leeuwarden	Housing
Fam. G. Vennema	Gr. Kerkstraat	Leeuwarden	Housing
Fam. D. Hofstra	Roekstraat		Housing
Fam. H. van Dijk	Roekstraat		Housing
Fam. Th. Nivolai		Hijeum	Housing
Fam. Salomons	Nieuwestad	Leeuwarden	Housing
Geertje Hoekstra		Leeuwarden	Maid
Annie v.d. Schaaf		Leeuwarden	Help at hiding location

W. Bultsma	Voorstreek	Leeuwarden	Housing
G. Stobbe		Leeuwarden	Prison guard
A.v.d. Vegte		Leeuwarden	Prison guard
A. de Jonge		Leeuwarden	Prison guard
L.v. Schepen		Leeuwarden	Prison guard
A Roukema		Leeuwarden	Smith
G. Spoelstra		Leeuwarden	Police Inspector
W.v.d. Zee		Leeuwarden	Police Inspector
Roorda		Leeuwarden	Bookkeeper RAMI

Pagina 24

S. Spoelstra	Leeuwarden	Bookkeeper Dutch Bank
N. Vaartjes	Leeuwarden	Radio trade and other appliances
C. Wielinga	Leeuwarden	Bookseller
Ir. Boelhouwer	Leeuwarden	Ass. dir. Waterworks
A Vennema	Leeuwarden	Bookkeeper Fuel Committee
Tj. v.d. Werf	Leeuwarden	Shipbuilder
D.v.d. Wal	Leeuwarden	Evacuation Officer

People that died, with whom I had had contact.

Mark Wierda	Leeuwarden	B.S.-er
Joh. Kolff	Oud-Beierland	K.P.-er
Joop Nieuwland	Leeuwarden	B.S.-er
Ruurd Kooistra	Leeuwarden	B.S.-er
Folkert Wierda	Leeuwarden	B.S.-er
Sikke Bangma	Roordahuizeum	B.S.-er
Klaas Wierda	Leeuwarden	L.O.-er
Hendrik de Jong	Leeuwarden	Ran a K.P. Boarding House

The preceding report has been written with as much care as possible.

In recording these memories I have tried to do justice to all the co-workers with whom I worked. The underlined names mentioned above are of those with whom I was in very close contact and worked for a long time. Should I have neglected something or someone in some small way, then this has certainly not happened with any intention, but only because everything has been dug up from memory. So much happened during the occupation that it is understandable that not everything is equally clear in my mind; for my part I have tried to render everything as objectively as possible.

For those in the future who may desire to use the contents of this report, please do not use my name.

In regards to my illegal work, I went by my own name until nearly the end of 1944; as a rule, I was not in possession of an identity card but only of a certificate of submission (due to unusability) to the municipal secretary. This made it possible for me to use identity papers like "Mechanic of Water Works"; "Official of the Evacuation Service"; "Supervisor at the P.T.T." and the like according to the circumstances of my work. Since the end of 1944 I also possess two perfectly well registered P.B.'s under other names, namely E. Beetstra dairy farmer and Eduard Bootsma, merchant. My papers were not checked often; those times that it was checked were without difficulty, except once when the *Feldgendarmen* refused to accept the certificate from the town hall as genuine. When they wanted to arrest me, I insisted that we first go to the town hall for a check-up, but the gentlemen refused to do so, and they let me go.

This was drawn up in the year 1946 and finished and signed in Leeuwarden, 22 March 1947.

Was signed E. Bultsma.