

A B S C H R I F T .

Bijlage  
behoorende  
bij ingekomen sta.  
No. 5432

13. I. 42.  
14. Juni 1941

1075/296

1

Ausdehnungsplan  
der Gemeinde Bussum

An die Bauleitung der Luftwaffe  
Sarphatistraat 8 - 10 in Amsterdam.

--  
1 Anlage.

Hierdurch mache ich Sie hflst. darauf aufmerksam dass die Kaserne in der Nähe des "Amersfoortschestraatweg" in dieser Gemeinde (s.g. Palmkaserne) einem vorher festgestellten Plan gemäss planiert worden und dass dabei die zukünftige Ausdehnung der Gemeinde berücksichtigt worden ist.

In diesem Plan sind Strassen und Anlagen im Anschluss an eine planierte zukünftige Umgebung projektiert.

Die niederländischen Militär-Autoritätē, die den Bauplan für die Kaserne entwarfen, haben diese Arbeiten in genauer Zusammenarbeit mit Unterzeichnetem als Entwerfer des Stadterweiterungsplanes zusammengestellt.

Ich fürchte dass dieser Plan Ihnen nicht bekannt ist, weil bei den in der letzten Zeit hergestellten Gebäuden und Abtrennungen dieser Plan nicht in Rücksicht genommen ist.

Dies ist zu bedauern, um so mehr, weil es vielleicht möglich ist die Situation der von Ihnen notwendig geurteilten Bebauung befriedigend im grossen Plan aufzunehmen.

Ich würde daher grossen Wert darauf legen, wenn Sie sich hinsichtlich der weiteren Bebauung des Terrains mit Unterzeichnetem verstehen wollen.

Zu Ihrer Orientierung sende ich Ihnen anbei einen Teil des Ausdehnungsplanes dieser Gemeinde, insofern dies von Interesse ist, auf welcher Zeichnung die Kasernen, wie diese vor Mai 1940 gebaut oder projektiert waren, angedeutet sind.

Der Direktor der Gemeindewerke Bussum,  
w.g. Johan Gerber.

Behoort bij schrijven d.d.  
25 Sept. 1941 No. 1075/310  
van den Directeur van Gemeente.



A B S C H R I F T .

BIJLAGE 18.1.42  
behoorende  
bij ingekomen staal  
No. 5432

den 11. August 1941

1075/307

1

Ausdehnungsplan  
der Gemeinde Bussum

An die Bauleitung der Luftwaffe  
Sarphatistraat 8 - 10 in Amsterdam.

Mit meinem Schreiben vom 14. Juni 1941, Nr. 1075/296, teilte ich Ihnen hflst. mit dass ein Erweiterungsbau der hiesigen Palmkaserne stattfindet, während, wie es scheint, keine Rechnung gehalten ist mit dem Stadterweiterungsplan.

Ich habe Ihnen den betreffenden Erweiterungsplan zukommen lassen und Sie gebeten hinsichtlich des Stadterweiterungsplanes sich mit mir verstehen zu wollen.

Es ist mir bekannt, dass in Deutschland die Pläne der Kasernebauten ausgezeichnet in dem Stadtplan eingefügt worden sind und ich hoffe, dass auch hier mit den Bauten mit dem Stadtplan Rechnung gehalten wird.

Falls ich dies Schreiben nicht an die richtige Adresse gesandt habe, bitte ich Sie hflst. mir mitteilen zu wollen zu wem ich mir in dieser Angelegenheit wenden muss.

Der Direktor der Gemeindewerke Bussum,  
w.g. Johan Gerber.

Behoort bij schrijven d.d.  
25 Sept. 1941 No. 1075/310  
van den Directeur van Gemeente-  
werken.



-1.777.011  
13.1.42

**GEMEENTEWERKEN  
BUSSUM**

- 1. OPENBARE WERKEN
- 2. BOUW- EN WONINGTOEZICHT
- 3. REINIGINGSDIENST

No. 1075/310

AFD. 1

ONDERWERP

uitbreidingsplan

BERICHT OP --

2 bijlagen

ONTVANGEN  
 26 SEP 1941  
 5432

BUSSUM, 25 September 1941

N. 's GRAVELANDSCHEWEG 15  
TELEF. No. 3044

GIRO OPENBARE WERKEN 52710

BRIEVEN UITSLUITEND TE ADRES-  
SEEREN AAN DEN DIRECTEUR VAN  
GEMEENTEWERKEN

Den Heer Burgemeester

Dossier

der Gemeente B u s s u m.

S

**Burgemeester gezien**

Hiernevens moge ik U afschrift doen toekomen van twee brieven, die ik heb gestuurd aan de Bauleitung der Luftwaffe te Amsterdam.

Buiten de Palmkazerne zijn gebouwen verrezet, zonder dat eenigszins rekening is gehouden met het uitbreidingsplan.

Het komt mij voor, dat nader overleg zou kunnen hebben geleid tot een oplossing, waarbij rekening zou zijn gehouden met de belangen der gemeente Bussum.

Het is mij bekend op welke buitengewoon zorgvuldige wijze in Duitschland kazernes worden gebouwd, waar zich de militaire autoriteiten geheel richten naar de uitbreidingsplannen ter plaatse.

Ik heb op beide brieven geen antwoord ontvangen.

Ik moge U in overweging geven zich te wenden tot een der Duitse hogere militaire autoriteiten, teneinde te verkrijgen, dat bij het bouwen van kazernementen en dergelijke rekening zal worden gehouden met de ter plaatse geldende uitbreidingsplannen.

De Directeur van Gemeentewerken,

typ: E.M.

coll: *B*

*Ik ben heel mis over  
het is immer toch maar  
afgeleijkt!*

*B*

*Van de Heer Dirckx met raad is  
Luni bij de artskommandantur Kober.  
Heide hebben kunnen overrijzen, omlaant  
de vraag tot wie bij wie te wenden*



Onderstaande boekfragmenten zijn afkomstig van:

Peter Voute: "Only a free man. War memories of two Dutch Doctors 1940-1945. With the journals of Henry Rijnders" (Santa Fee, New Mexico 1982)



## *Chapter 16*    **BOMBED!**

"HOME FREE" PERHAPS I WAS, but like all those around me, I was by no means out of danger. We were by this time in the final phase of the war, and Allied aircraft operated freely by day in the airspace above us, often at low altitude. During this period the Allies attacked two hotels less than half a mile from our home. Both had been in German possession and occupied by the military brass (who suffered no casualties, however, as they had left before the attacks).

Both these bombardments took place during my afternoon office hours. On the day of the first one, I had just finished examining a patient and was waiting for him to dress, when I saw a couple of low-flying planes circling close to us. I urged my patient to hurry, but as he put on his trousers, bombs struck the first hotel and our house shook on its foundations. My wife and I gathered our children, their playmates, my patient and our maid into the cellar. There we waited while the din continued. As if by a miracle, our maid produced a rosary, and she and our Catholic neighbor boy murmured prayers.

The Hotel Bosch van Bredius where, with the Naarden refugees, I had spent the last night of the Five Day War, was leveled in no time and went up in flames. Across the street from the hotel six people were killed in the cellar under a mountain of rubble. A week later the other hotel, the Jan Tabak, was struck at exactly the same time of day. Again our walls trembled as the bombs fell close by us. This time,

dreading the cellar, we all huddled on the floor in a corner of my laboratory. Suddenly the doorbell rang. A friendly old man from our neighborhood stood at my door with his tiny dog on a leash. The old gentleman was stone deaf. Raising his bowler hat politely, he explained that he had not heard a thing, but the sight of the falling bombs had disturbed him. Could I kindly give him shelter? I grasped him by the arm, dragged him with his little dog into the laboratory, and pushed him down on the floor with the others, where the praying was in full progress again.

Another day a fierce dogfight between a German and an American fighter took place just above us. They were flying so low that their wings touched the branches of trees. It was all over in a flash, but one machine gun bullet killed a girl who was quietly doing her homework in a house just behind us.

Allied activity above Het Gooi reached a climax with the British attack on the large Palm Barracks, east of Bussum along the main highway. German soldiers were billeted in the barracks; their officers lived in country homes requisitioned by the German command. A stretch of road between the barracks and Bussum had been closed to the public for a long time.

On the morning of the bombardment, a German officer arrived at the Bussum hospital and summoned Henry to accompany him to the barracks at once.

#### HENRY WRITES:

The young officer, with a frightening German shepherd in his car, ordered me to come and render assistance to one of his men. Being with an officer, I was able for the first time to drive safely through the barriers to the barracks.



Arriving, I took in the situation at a glance and could not help grinning inwardly. The local commandant, with whom I was familiar by now, was overcome by nerves and white as a sheet. He greeted me most politely. In the quadrangle soldiers milled around in greatest confusion.

I was taken to the side of the barracks and shown the entrance to some sort of narrow tunnel leading down to the basement. It was pitch dark in the tunnel, but a strong spotlight lighted the body of a soldier at least six meters down inside. The upper part of his legs was still visible; the lower part was buried under what looked like a concrete girder. The tunnel was barely wide enough for a person to slide down to reach him, and efforts to pull him out by the arms had been fruitless. Somebody had lowered a rope which the victim held tightly, but freeing himself by pulling on it was out of the question.

"We don't have a doctor here to cut him loose," the officer said. Meanwhile, the poor victim wailed, calling for his mother.

"Why did you not explain this to me to begin with?" I said reproachfully. "Now I must go back to pick up instruments." I then started out on an impossible and crazy rescue adventure, which miraculously I survived in one piece.

I drove with the officer, who did not want to lose sight of me, back to the hospital at top speed. In the operating room the capable hands of Sister Wirona packed in a large enamel basin the equipment necessary for a limb amputation, including ether, sterile towels and a gauze mask for anesthesia. We then returned to the barracks, again at top speed. The soldier was still calling for his mother. I then commenced the compli-

cated procedure of extracting him from the tunnel.

First, I lowered the enamel basin; next, a heavy hammer and a chisel. Then a rope was tied around my waist and one around a soldier's. I lay down in the tunnel, head first. Behind me the soldier took up a similar position. In that way we let ourselves slide down. The strong spotlight was focused on us, enabling me, at least, to see what I was doing. Immediately I tried to clear away the concrete around one of the legs with the chisel; my effort was successful beyond my expectation. But his other leg was wedged firmly under a steel girder. I could see that the left knee had been smashed and was under extreme pressure; this at least meant a limited loss of blood.

Groping, I got hold of the scissors and began to cut away the left trouser leg; finally, the upper leg down to the knee was exposed. I applied a tourniquet above the knee, put the gauze mask on the man's face, and ordered the soldier behind me to drip ether steadily onto the mask. In order not to pass out myself, I crawled down a bit deeper until the victim's head was between my knees. Thereupon the operation began.

I made a circular incision above the knee with the large amputation scalpel, before beginning the most exhausting part of the procedure—severing the bone at its thickest point over the knee. To do this I had to hold the amputation saw with outstretched arms and make short sideways movements to penetrate the bone. When the procedure was finished, and the ether had almost anesthetized me as well as the soldier, all three of us were dragged up to the surface. With the soldier in the car beside me, we dashed straight to the hospital and the operating room.

We administered blood transfusions and attended to



the stump with great care. Unfortunately, in spite of all our efforts, the soldier died twenty-four hours later. On that same day the German officer came to see me and express his gratitude. He also told me that only minutes after our departure from the barracks area, British planes attacked once more and destroyed the building completely.

As I thought later of this bizarre incident, I concluded that every person who survived the war must have had a guardian angel. I also thought how gratifying it would have been if I had been offered the Iron Cross by the Führer himself—it would have given me the opportunity of declining the honor firmly!

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