

**TRIBUNE THOROUGHLY DIGESTED**

# Grenadiers Catch Up On Four Years' News

By **GORDON ROOT**

(Tribune Far East Correspondent)

MANILA, Oct. 6.—The copy of The Winnipeg Tribune I had with me was six weeks old. It was dated August 15, but dozens of soldiers in the Canadian section of the repatriation camp here digested every word of it.

They read how Winnipeg had celebrated the end of the war, how people jammed streets cheering and shouting. They read a brief outline of events of the last four years, events that had occurred while they were locked in Japanese prison camps.

They read about themselves, the Winnipeg Grenadiers, the sendoff they received when they left home for the Far East, the reception that greeted them on arrival at Hong Kong and their battle with the Japs for the island.

"Royal Air Force planes circled and dived overhead as ships carrying Canadians entered Hong Kong harbor," read Pte. Edward Grantham, whose wife lives at 1490 Ross avc., Winnipeg.

"You should have seen them," he said. "They were about the oldest planes in the world. It's a wonder half of them didn't crash on top of us."

But even the copy of The Tribune couldn't continue to break up the poker game that was in progress in the Big Tent.

"How's the wheat crop this year?" asked Sgt. George Coutts, 493 Home st., as he raked in a pot, and when one of the boys read from the paper that it was going to be better than normal he added: "I hope the price is right."

Pte. Mike Bilyk, of Canora, Sask., interrupted to complain with mild profanity about his luck as Sgt. Coutts hauled in another pot.

"It's about time my luck changer," said Coutts, then he turned to me, "I lost two teams of horses and harness betting on the date the war would end," he explained. "But the bets were with limeys, so they're going to have to come across the ocean to collect."

"First I was too optimistic and the second time I was too pessimistic. I missed out by two days."

Sources of information and news on events in the outside world were NOT good in Fukuoka camp, they said, and the men had little

idea before August 15 that the end of the war was so near.

Said Pte. Vic Belcourt, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Belcourt, Ste. Eustache, Man., "We had no idea when we came out of the mine on the 14th that it would be the last trip up the shaft. The 15th was a rest day for us prisoners and we knew by the end of the day that it was over."

"I told the boys on the morning of the 15th something was doing," added Pte. Grantham. "There was no alarm that morning. I knew something was up because we had

an alarm every morning at about seven for weeks."

After that, life in camp was very pleasant, explained Pte. H. Mal-lows, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Mal-lows, 217 Linden ave., Winnipeg.

"We got an order from the senior officer in the camp to hunt up a Jack truck. We got rid of the Jap driver in a hurry then drove the truck out to the brewery and got a load of beer. Any time we saw a better truck than the one we had we's sop it, kick the driver out, transfer our load of beer and drive no."

The the time the repatriation teams arrived at the camp, the men said they had every kind of vehicle there is except a tank.

Pte. Norman Boome, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Boome, Kenville, Man., added that they did all right for food too in the days after the armistice was declared.