

## Parents Go To Portage To Meet Grenadier Son

Tales of terror from the Japanese prison camps still on their lips, more liberated Winnipeg Grenadiers arrived in Winnipeg Thursday evening by both C.P.R. and C.N.R. lines.

They were greeted by relatives and friends and train reception committee members who never seem to tire of dispensing the kind of hospitality which has made Winnipeg famous with the forces. see and Indiana.

L/Cpl. A. J. Denton's parents didn't even wait until he arrived in Winnipeg. They whipped right out to Portage la Prairie and met him there. Then there were a couple of fellows who missed the train in Vancouver—Pte. P. J. Bliss of Neepawa and Pte. L. E. Skwark of Dauphin.

Corporal Arthur Batey, 622 Manitoba ave., swung down onto the platform at the C.N.R. as casually as though he had just been out to Brandon for a couple of days. His sister, Patricia, was a sharp contrast. "Arthur!" she yelled from a half-block away. Then they ran towards each other and "collided." There was an embrace!

"A top working man got only 600 grains per day," said the corporal. "Yes, I was beaten a few times. Mostly when we'd get

beatings it was because the Japs would give us a command—always in Japanese—and we wouldn't understand it. Then you got your beating. Some of the boys got more beatings than the rest because they would get so fed up that they didn't even feel like trying."

Arthur's eyes shone when he spoke of the receptions along the way. "Just swell," he said. His mother, Mrs. Ellen Batey, was wearing a corsage of roses and looking—of course, happy. Very happy. A discharged serviceman, brother Bill Batey was on deck, too.

Man who got the most loving was Cpl. Keith Geddes who must have thought that going from a gang of malicious little Japs into a bevy of pretty women was a long hop. His little daughter, Donna Mae, was all thrilled with seeing her Daddy for the first time. So was the little woman—his wife Winnie, of 766 Flora ave. In the midst of all the confusion that goes with that spontaneous first-meeting a voice from outside the circle could be heard: "Lemme at him."

It was the voice of Miss Lil Marcelus, 202 Overdale st., who was bridesmaid at Cpl. Geddes' wedding, when he was married just a few months before going away to slap the Japs.

Big, hefty, Signalman Walter Jenkins looked fit as a fiddle. A 219-pounder, his weight had dropped as low as 126 at one time. What would he like to do to the Japs? "Not a thing. They're getting theirs now!"

He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Nat Jenkins, of ste. 4, the Sharpe block. "I'm proud of my boy," said Dad Jenkins. "I've got another boy, a captain named Dave, that I'm proud of, too."

Pte. and Mrs. F. Hodgkinson "took a chance that Pte. Lloyd Poole of Kelwood, Man., would be among the returning men. But Lloyd must still be in Vancouver.

Rfmm. Emil Blanchette of Gaspé, P.Q., was sick for the better part of a year while imprisoned. First time he was hospitalized was when he went into hospital on Christmas Day in '41 with a knee wound he picked up in battle.

Mrs. VanKoughnett of 4 Willowbank, Brooklands, was proudly displaying a Christmas card she had received earlier in the day. It was postmarked December, 1941! On the card was superimposed a sailing ship made from various stamps of different colors. The card was sent to the lady from a chum of her son Stan, who has been liberated.