

THE

ROLL CALL

HONGKONG VETERANS ASSOC^N OF CANADA.



*BRITISH COLUMBIA BRANCH
MAGAZINE*

Season's Greetings

KALA CHRISTOU YANA

A HAPPY HOGMANAY

FROHE WEIHNACHTEN

PRETTIG KERST

BOAS FESTAS

KARACSONY



We
welcome
with a great
deal of pleasure
this opportunity to
extend to all
comrades and our friends
greetings
and best wishes for a very
MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A
HAPPY AND BRIGHT NEW YEAR
and we're gonna say it
in as many ways
as
we
can

CAED MILLE FALTHEA

CHRISTOS RODIUSE

KUNG HEI FATCHOY

GLAEDELIG JUL

JOYEUX NOEL

BONO NATALE



A TIME TO REMEMBER

Several years ago, thirty-eight to be exact, a group of good men from all walks of life and from many ethnic backgrounds left their homes in Canada to join together for a common cause. They gave no heed to the perils that might confront them, they were concerned and willing to deal with any threat that might destroy the things each held dear. No thought was given to upper class, lower class, middle class, they were forced to withstand the trials that lay ahead. From this banding together in common purpose came a sense of belonging, a binding of a family. The years passed and many faded from the scene. Those that remained suffered and remembered. The remnants of this proud group are still moving forward for a common cause, the common family interest, an agreement of things yet to be done. At this time of year which is so sacred to our memory let us not lose our code of behavior. Let us continue to move forward with minds and spirits flexible, in kindness and friendship, reinforcing our family foundation, our stick-together fellowship which has come to mean so much to each and everyone.

To our Hong Kong family and friends. May you enjoy a very Merry Christmas and a Healthy Prosperous New Year!! In the immortal words of Tiny Tim " God Bless us everyone!"

BOB MANCHESTER, President.



ROLL CALL

HONGKONG VETERANS ASSOCIATION OF CANADA - BRITISH COLUMBIA BRANCH

Vol: 1 : 2

Fourth Quarter 1977

Page 1

WE'VE GOT A REASON TO SAY: "THANK YOU!"

We look back at the year 1977 which is drawing to a close, with deep and mixed emotions.

On one hand, we do so with feelings of sorrow and loss at the passing of so many of our comrades and good companions during the year; with sympathy and understanding for those they left behind and with concern and compassion for those stricken and who need help.

On the other, we are elated and grateful to see Bob Manchester and Lionel Speller still at the helm, we welcome back Bill Laidlaw, our new Vice President, and Jack Davies, back in harness as Treasurer. To Tony Grimston, retiring Treasurer, our sincere thanks for a terrific decade of devotion to the Branch's financial well-being.

Both Annual Meetings, at the Astor Motor Hotel, Burnaby, and recently at the Imperial Inn, Victoria, were tremendous successes, with large attendances on both occasions. The presence of our U.S. counterparts, members of the American Ex-POW Association, featured the latter and added much towards strengthening the bonds of friendship and goodwill between our two organisations. We quote from a letter received from one of them recently: "...If we ever let our meetings together fall by the wayside, then we should be ashamed of ourselves. We have too much in common. We are as close as, or closer than, brothers...."

The Nat'l Convention highlighted the Association's functions the year. Congratulations are offered to hosting Northern-Alberta-Saskatchewan Branch for the unqualified success it turned out to be.

And then there's the ROLL CALL. The overwhelming expressions of support received from all quarters for this new venture, renders the task of wishing you and your families A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR a doubly gratifying one.

"THANKFUL" H. McNaughton

I am thankful for this Christmas
And all the joy it brings
I'm thankful for the caroled songs
That everybody sings.
I'm thankful for the happy sight
Of children 'round my tree
As they open up the presents
From Santa, Ma and me.
I'm thankful for the voice of friend
As he enters 'cross my door
For the welcome clasp of friendly hand
Part wealth from friendship's store.
I'm thankful for the food I gave
To that poor hungry soul
Who plods along with just one "Friend"
And Heaven as his goal.
I'm thankful for the little church
To hear the choir sing
I'm thankful for the message
That every Christmas brings.
I'm thankful for the birth of One-
That a Prince of Peace was born
I'm thankful too for saving grace
Tho' price was crown of thorn.
I'm thankful too to have around
The people that I love
And thankful too, for voice to say,
Thanks - to God above.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The heartwarming approval received from all points almost as soon as the Roll Call reached your hands, confirmed our belief that the idea to provide Hongkong Veterans in Western Canada with a magazine they could call their own, was a good one. It was only surpassed by the generosity of many who dug into their jeans and came up with the necessary funds to cover cost of producing our first and this second issue.

We have been requested not to publicize names of these donors - they have been officially acknowledged - but we find it impossible not to say:

"Thanks, friends, for a gesture we know comes from the heart."

The Editor

EDITORIAL

Now that we have launched the Roll Call off to a successful start, we can look forward to 1978 with greater enthusiasm and expectations of furthering the cause of friendship and unity not only between Hongkong Veterans and our friends, but all Canadians.

As far as Western Canada is concerned, indications are that the Roll Call has been a success and this is both deeply gratifying and rewarding to everyone connected with its publication.

A situation, however, has arisen where our Executive has become the target of "flak", and although we are inclined to treat it as a minor 'storm in a tea cup', we have no wish to see this happening, now or ever.

It should be pointed out that nowhere within its pages have we declared the Roll Call to be the OFFICIAL spokesman of the B.C. Branch. In this regard, any attempt, therefore, to shift responsibility for what is published herein from our shoulders to those of the Executive, who are completely innocent bystanders (except for financing) must obviously be rejected.

One solution is for the Roll Call to remove itself from the protection of the Branch without, however, relinquishing any part of its intended function which is serving the interests of all Hongkong Veterans, especially in Western Canada.

The birth, formation and finalization of this magazine was my contribution towards strengthening the bond shared by all veterans. As its Editor I consider my stewardship inviolate, and although soliciting and appreciating all suggestions and recommendations, I do so unconditionally. It cannot be otherwise.

Therefore, to prevent any possibility of friction in future, I feel that I should step down as Editor. The reason being that I am one of two, who will not be told how to do my job and sacrifice the right of many to know the score, for fear of treading on the toes of a few.

The other one is "MA" MURRAY!

UNSUNG HEROES OF SHUM SHUI PO

THE LAVENDER BOYS

AN APOLOGY IS OFFERED

One of the conditions agreed upon when publication of the Roll Call was first proposed was that responsibility for its production and content matter rested upon its Editor.

This stipulation was made by the undersigned in order to prevent the possibility of our Branch Executive from becoming involved and being plagued by irrational and irresponsible complaints.

There has, regrettably, been an attempt to do so. The Roll Call therefore, finds it necessary to offer this apology to the Branch Executive of British Columbia for having unwittingly exposed it to exactly such a contingency.

We therefore, repeat for the record, that responsibility for subject and content in the Roll Call has been, and will continue to be, that of its Editor and, as long as the undersigned remains Editor, any gripe, complaint or brickbat directed to anyone else but him, are invalid and unacceptable.

JOHN FONSECA
Editor

I have six honest working men, they taught me all I knew. Their names are: WHERE and WHAT and WHEN and WHICH and WHY and WHO.

ONE CHRISTMAS I REMEMBER John Fonseca

There had been about ten thousand of them. Canadians, British and an international corps of civilian-volunteers who'd desperately held off ten times their number for eighteen days—since Dec. 7.

There were less than five thousand remaining alive that Christmas morning when the word came that Hongkong had surrendered and that all fighting had stopped.

Strong men wept; raged or cheered and some knelt in prayer. But over all there was a feeling of relief that the slaughter was over and that on this auspicious day, Christmas, there was peace on earth of a sort.

Hongkong, where Canadians from the Winnipeg Grenadiers, the Royal Rifles and small units, together with local volunteers and British Regulars were sacrificed, was only another one of those infamous British military blunders ranking with Arnhem, Dunkirk, Balaclava, Khartoum and a host of others which historians would have us believe were magnificent or strategic necessities.

Hongkong was, in fact, a stupid and totally unnecessary sacrifice of good men for the sake of prestige—nothing else.

Located in the heartland of Japanese sphere of control, undermanned, inadequately armed, isolated and thousands of miles from any possible relief or retention, it was a sacrificial lamb offered to the rest of the world, without any good reason other than to satisfy some pompous incompetent in High Command over in England.

It may not be right to say this at this time of the year, or even "cricket" to mention it during the festive season. But there were hundreds who died there on Christmas Day and thousands who died there both before Christmas Day and afterwards, in various prison camps, who should be here with us celebrating Christmas this year.

These men, wherever they may be, deserve to be remembered, their loved ones and families will want them remembered, and I, together with the few hundreds Hong-Kong Veterans still alive, remember—because, we, too, were there that Christmas Day in 1941.

" RICE BUST "

Some folks boast of quail on toast
Because they think it's toney;
But we're content to pay no rent
And live on "Rice Bust" only.

Some like ham and some like lamb,
And some macaroni,
But just dish us worms and weevils
With that scoop of "Rice Bust" only.

Some drink rain, and some champagne
Or brandy by the pony;
But they hand out tea, all for free
With each blob of "Rice Bust" only.

We sit around or gally pound
That parade ground so stoney;
We do our job just for a gob
Of that steaming "Rice Bust" only.

Bessie's Bar a cheery spot
Where every souse's a crony;
But only here in Shumshuipo dear
Do we find "Rice Bust" only.

We've had the squitters with jitters
And our haunches have gone boney;
But strange to say, we'd fight to stay
To chew that "Rice Bust" only.

And if tomorrow, to our sorrow,
They'd say: "It's all o'er chaps,
Pack your duds - you're free to go
Please bear no acrimony."

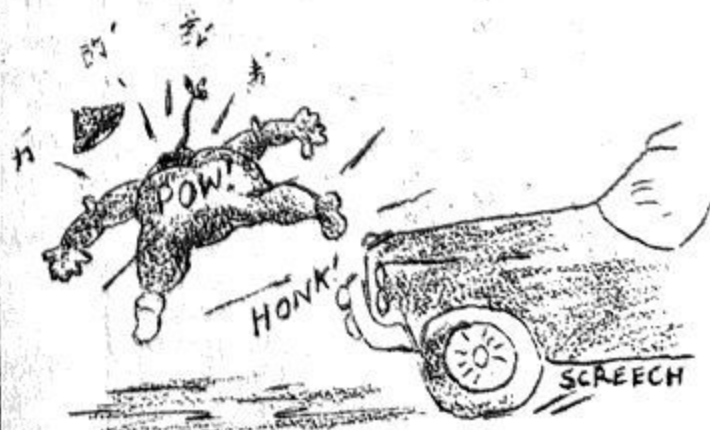
Well, We'd beg them to let us remain
Just for that "Rice Bust" only.

LIKE HELL !

Apr. 13, 1943
Shumshuipo

Author unknown

OUR ASININE ARTIST was asked to illustrate: "The Asian Flu".



and he came up with this!

LETTERS TO THE EDITORCHERISH AND CALL OUR OWN...

Sir: Received the first issue of the Roll Call with many thanks. May I congratulate you on a job well done. It certainly must have taken a lot of work and effort to produce such an interesting magazine. As for me, it will be something to look forward to during the year. I am very sure that an inspiration such as the Roll Call comes from the Good Man up above, who blesses our Boys each day. God Bless you John, for something we can cherish and call our own.

Vancouver, B.C. AL SHAYLER

A CHARMING IDEA

Sir: Harry and I really enjoyed your first edition of Roll Call and look forward to others. We are sure it will be a success. I was wondering if any of the Hongkong wives were interested in a stylized HK for their charm bracelet, be it sterling silver or gold? First as wives of Hongkong veterans, secondly as a pleasant reminder of the conventions we have been to. To date, I'm sure there is no jeweller who makes this, but if enough interest were there, perhaps it would be worth their while and ours?

Okanagan Falls, B.C. MARLENE WHITE

THEM'S MY SENTIMENTS

Sir: I was pleased to receive a copy of your ROLL CALL while attending our last meeting here in Winnipeg. I have read the article on Page 6 several times (WELL, SOMEBODY'S GOT TO SAY IT). You have expressed my sentiments better than I could have done myself. If it is such an advantage to have only one set of universal weights and measurements, I feel that by the same token we should also encourage the U.S. and Canada to do the same thing when it comes to verbal communication. I hope to receive any further copies of your excellent publication.

Winnipeg, Man. CLIFF MATTHEWS

Excellent point, Cliff. My wife's cooking is in a shamble, and imagine me weighing only 62 kilos, instead of a respectable 125 lbs! ED

(More LETTERS to EDITOR on Page 5)

HE LIKES IT !!

Sir: My apologies for this belated reply to your fine "first" effort with Roll Call. I like the name and especially your format, it is well laid out and quite professional, I would say. I hope you will get a good response from the membership, for it certainly is one of the best veterans newsletters I have seen. One remark of yours which impressed me very much was your 'request' that Letters to the Editor is "not to put the knife into an old wound." That's terrific. I have always contended that we all had an experience worth a million dollars, but would't take a million dollars to repeat.

I will endeavour to conjure up some material for you in the ensuing months, for I well know the frustrations that go with the "silence" that seems to befall every editor. Good luck.

Powell River, B.C. MEL KEYWORTH

IT'S A SMALL WORLD AFTER ALL....

Sir: Interesting things happen at our regular meetings. Over lunch at the Imperial Inn on Nov. 1st, Mort and Grace McKay, you, my wife, Bev, and I were joined by Jack Brady, an American Ex-POW and his wife, Audrey. Experiences and places were soon the main topic. Jack Brady casually mentioned a Commander Mair (former Exec of the USS Houston) as being Senior Allied Officer at his Camp in Japan. The name rang a bell and from there we exchanged names - Maj. Berry (Dental Officer), Commander Fitzsimmons, USN, the 'bird', etc., etc. It suddenly dawned on us that we were speaking of the same camp - OMORI! We then discovered that we had lived in adjacent huts for over a period of some months.

I told how later I was moved to Ohashi where the Senior Officer was a Captain Ziegler from Wichita Falls, Texas. It turned out that this man was Jack Brady's Company Commander. It's a small world after all, but such chance encounters are the greatest!

Vancouver, B.C. BILL LAIDLAW
Bill failed to explain 'the bird'. It goes something like this: Chicken is loose. Dog see chicken. Dog grab chicken. POW see dog with chicken. Kick dog. Dog drop chicken. POW get chicken. Eat chicken. Beri-beri rucky!

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM OUR NATIONAL PRESIDENT

To our Hong Kong Family - Canada Wide - we convey our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

We trust 1978 will bring one and all Health, Happiness and Security. In remembering our Fallen Comrades, who so gallantly gave their lives for Canada, it is the duty of each and everyone of us to strive to keep our beautiful country UNITED. We are a symbol of the Unity that extends across Canada. Ours is a terrific family.

For over three decades your Association has pursued its aims and objectives with dedication. Tremendous benefits were achieved due to this persistent struggle. Through the years, the way of Life of every Hong Kong Family has been enhanced by our Association's accomplishment.

Through the Battle Hills of Hong Kong, the Hell Holes of Concentration Camps and to this day, our strong kindred feeling of Brotherhood prevails. Let's count our Blessings. Let's keep it that way. Good Luck!

Charlie Brady

(In order to permit clear and complete understanding of the above in its entirety, certain passages have been translated from the French. ED.)

The FONZ is 'BUNKERed'

The Fonz, and may his true identity remain anonymous, has exceeded the limits of literary license by creating reactions which do not foster the concepts of unity and harmony; the desire for unity is, admittedly, implied by the very existence of our Hongkong Veterans' Association.

I may well be the person who so angered the editorial author - if so I do not apologize; it is submitted, however, that some research into the science of philology may be of benefit to your future literary endeavours.

It is necessary for some of us living in the Province of Quebec to work completely in the French language; in my particular case, having, in the past, actively chaired many business related sessions, in the French language, I was prone to saying "we have a word for it in English" without incurring animosity from the floor.

It is admitted that some Anglophones do little justice to the French language by attempting audience delivery- again I may be one of these. While English remains the business language(mondiale)

(continued next column)

French has, since the beginning of Man's search for identity and knowledge, been regarded as the language of world culture. As a former three year Latin student you have erred in categorizing the French language as "dead".

Thus, my seemingly bigoted (biased? reactionary?) editorial friend, allow me to conclude by stating, in agreement with you, that ignorance is indeed implied, though the directed barb has boomeranged. Your suggestion to eliminate language identities is excellent, let's call it "American". Let's get with it, Archie Bunker, before narrow minded individuals do indeed split this Country assunder.

Lloyd C. Doull, Pres.
Quebec-Maritimes Branch

Correspondent was offered two opportunities to withdraw his letter. Both were ignored. Amen. ED.

NOTICE

As from date, priority will be given to letters, submissions and articles which are addressed directly to:

The Editor, "ROLL CALL"
796 Adiron Avenue
Coquitlam, B.C. V3J 4K2

WELL, SOMEBODY'S GOT TO SAY IT ...

Over radio and in newspapers I note that Cabinet has turned down further pension increases for veterans, glibly adding that we, "being good Canadians would understand" why there is no money available, and restraint must be practiced. I, being a Hongkong Veteran and therefore, unquestionably a good Canadian, in spite of trying my best, cannot, however, understand how it is that if money is so short, Government can still find the \$5 millions per year (to start) to produce that TV comic opera from Parliament Hill.

Considering that we in B.C. got only a 60-minute viewing period during the week of Nov 4 to 11 - at the unearthly hours of 10 to 11 a.m. Sunday, Nov. 6 - at that price, allowing for 40 weeks of parliamentary sessions, it costs taxpayers about \$125,000 per hour of only what they think we should know.

Also, I don't understand this talk of restraint whilst the Parliament Cafeteria is being subsidized to permit our elected fat cats to get a full course meal for only 90 cents and deductible at that.

Neither do I understand the continued expenditure of \$17,000 per year to keep each rapist, murderer or drug pusher comfortable in our gaols, even unto TVs in cells.

Nor do I understand why our troops are being sent overseas to act as unwelcome and intruding 'policemen' at untold cost in both money and risk to life and limb. Finally, my allowance cheque just received shows a munificent increase of nine cents - 9¢ - for the month of October.

If this is what each of the 600 odd Hongkong Veterans still alive get, then we each are richer by \$1.08 per year, thus making it a grand total of \$648 per year. Can any one of the group which rejected the Veterans Committee recommendations to raise veterans pensions to the level of civil servants, in spite of tremendous efforts by Daniel MacDonald to convince them of its urgent need, reconcile this pittance with the cost of only one of those frequent ministerial aerial joyrides taken regularly by them?

If they can, then, and only then, will I be able to go to bed with the comforting thought that we, Hongkong Veterans and 'good' Canadians, who damn near gave our all to be so, are not being shafted.

THE FONZ

ON MILITARY BEARING 4



HIS FINEST HOUR!

A MAGNIFICENT "DOUBLE"

It is with pride and pleasure that we announce the presentation of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II's Silver Jubilee Commemorative Medal to our friend and comrade, Lionel Speller, Secretary of the B.C. Branch, by His Honour, Col. The Hon. Walter Stewart-Owen, Q.C. Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia, at a recent ceremony in Victoria.

To both Lionel and Ida, we offer our warmest congratulations for a magnificent 'double' in 1977.

They also celebrated their own Silver Jubilee - 25th Wedding Anniversary - in September last.

"SO SORRY" DEPARTMENT

Sincere apologies are offered for not ascertaining that Harry MacNaughton is no longer with us. Any distress caused by our failure to do so is deeply regretted. His poems will live on long after we're gone.

I now know that thou art not Pete, Art; but that thou art Art, Art. For naming thee Pete, Art, instead of Art, Art, I art truly sorry I art, Art!

A reader points out that on Page 11, para 4, in our first issue, the word 'know' was omitted. We bow our heads in disgrace. But, Friend, you sure did give the darn thing a good going over, didn't you?

B. C. BRANCH NEWS

Our Annual Christmas Day "Memorial Service" is to be held at the Cenotaph in Victoria on 25 December commencing at 2:30 p.m. Your attendance is requested.

Our next Branch Meeting will be held in Vancouver at the War Amps Hall sometime in February or March. Details later.

B.C. Branch Bursaries for 1977 were awarded to the following:

Mauvoreen Varcoe, daughter of the late Sid Varcoe, \$100.00. U. of Victoria.
Bruce L. Aubert, son of Jack Aubert of Vancouver, \$200.00 - 3rd year Pol. Sc.; Arts & Pub. Adminst. Highly recommended.

The Roll Call will come off the press beginning December and again, is free. Commencing January 1978, HK Veterans outside of this province will be charged a subscription fee of \$3 per year.

We are pleased to announce that Bob Manchester, Bill Laidlaw, Lionel Speller, Tony Grimston and Walter Jenkins were made Honorary Members of the Washington State American Ex-POW Association, USA, as from 1 October 1977. Good show!

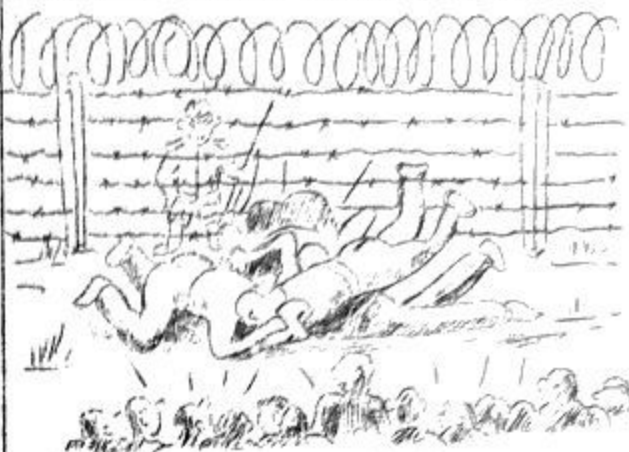
Sick Call: Earl (Mousey) Mawson and Capt Don Phillip are still in hospital but happily, recuperating. They have been joined by Wilf (Bud) Orr (in Shaughnessey Hospital, Ward A3). Glad to report that John Leeson is up a about again after his operation.

Dr and Mrs. John Crawford visited friends in Victoria recently. Bill and Marion Morris who were in Winnipeg for the Manitoba Reunion, are back again. Hope this magazine will hear from them. And from England, Mrs. Amy Trist, our Colonel's widow, sends greetings and wishes to be remembered by all HK Veterans.

GOOD NEWS: Re: War Disability Pensions. We have received advice that as from 1 January 1978, cost of living increase will be indexed at 7.2%.

Read all about Lionel's new decoration elsewhere in these pages.

We regret to announce that since the Convention in Edmonton, July 1977, the following comrades have passed on: Ed Curtis (Toronto), Maj. Neil Bardal, Oscar (Paddy) Keenan and Buzz Winram (all from Winnipeg), Frank Breakwell, Past-President B.C. Branch, Victoria and Dan Freil (Toronto). Late advice received: Sgt. Joe Hopper (W.G.) died March 1977.

OFFICERS' MESS or SHUMSHUIPO BUNFIGHT!

"The Brigadier's got it! He's the one under Major Boggs and Capt Tuff. He's got it! Pay me, I win!"

WHAT A WAY TO GO!!

From Capt Harry White, over at Okanagan Falls comes this: Following the surrender on Christmas Day and whilst confined at Victoria Barracks under heavy guard, the POWs were ordered to watch the Japanese Victory Parade on 27 Dec 1941.

Just prior to leaving the building to proceed to the wall overlooking the parade route and still under the watchful eyes of Japanese sentries, a Grenadier Sergeant (Harry thinks it was the Officers' Mess Sgt) handed two live grenades to Harry and asked: "Mr. White, what shall I do with these?". Harry confesses that he damn near had to have the adult equivalent of a diaper change when he realised that if he was caught with it whilst watching the parade, it would have been all over for everyone there.

With admirable presence of mind, however Harry begged off for 'benjo' and, climbing on to the bowl, slipped the grenades into the overhead water tank. As far as we know, the grenades are still there; unless, sometime during the period 1941 to 1945, some unfortunate Hitei pulled the chord just the once too often and committed involuntary 'jibaku'.

Somehow, and for no explicable reason, our thoughts wander to the subject of "SWEET VIOLETS".

Three little words we'll never forget:
BENTO - BENJO - BANGO!

HITHER AND YON WITH THE FONZ

The Ernie Coulsons, on board the ferry to attend our Annual Meeting in Victoria, was approached by a man in naval uniform who said: "Excuse me, sir. My name is Chuck. I have been looking at your blazer crest and the brooch your lady is wearing. My brother was also in Hongkong with the Winnipeg Grenadiers. He was killed there on Christmas Day in 1941. Do you think I could get a brooch like that for my mother, and will she be permitted to wear it? My brother was L/Cpl Leslie Warr, L2609." When the request was relayed to our Executive the answer was: "If Leslie's mother is not entitled to wear our pin, none of us are!"

After he had picked the male quintet from the floor after the dinner following the Annual Meeting, and after they had performed with vocal renditions, Lionel Speller was heard to say: "Never have so many been so deafened by so few!"

Eva Baillie, who was her usual bubbling and effervescent self at our Annual Meeting, has entrusted one of her most prized possessions to me. It's a huge leather-bound volume, weighing close to 50 lbs., of clippings, cuttings and drawings which the late Jack Baillie began collecting back in '39. It is one of, if not the, finest records of the Regiment and Hongkong Veterans I've seen and it covers period 2 September 1939 thru July 1974. It is so complete that among other things, it includes a "Welcome Home" message signed by His Majesty, King George VI and at the other end of the line, a photo of our Editor, Johnnie on the guitar accompanying Sonia of Shum Shui Po in her Carmen Miranda act! Thanks, Eva Precious, I'll return it when I've gone through it thoroughly. Sometime in 1984!

Jack Brady, one of the American Ex-POW guests at the Annual Meeting, and Bill Laidlaw, our V/Pres. discovered to their mutual surprise and delight, that they were both at Omori Camp in Japan at the same period. Iss-a small world after all! You should hear them go at it! SHEEE-SH!

(continued next column)

WELL, WHADDYA KNOW?

The following has been extracted from an article covering the Manitoba and Northwestern Ontario Command's 28th Biennial Convention at Thunder Bay, Ont. It may be found on Page 49 of September 1977 Legion Magazine under the heading: 'Rights for Sons and Daughters Voted by Man.-N.W.O.' which should prove interesting to our readers:

"Delegates voted overwhelmingly for national unity and responded enthusiastically when Mr. MacDonald (Minister of Veterans Affairs) told them: "...we will give no ground, make no deals, enter into no compacts with those who would tear apart our country and destroy all that we have worked so hard to build."

But, even though the resolution committee moved non-concurrence, they voted for English only to be used at Dominion conventions except for honored guests who could not speak English and only if an interpreter was available."

Out of Narumi Camp, Japan, comes this short-short. Two of our boys who'd earned the reputation of making the finest clogs that ever came out of the camps, had just finished making a batch and laid them out to dry. As they sat back admiring their handiwork, the earthquake struck with such intensity and violence that the ground split open. As they watched in horrified surprise, the clogs slipped, pair by pair, into the maw of the earth, never to be seen again! Who knows that someday a Touareg tribesman might stumble over a mini-sand dune somewhere in the Sahara and find himself a pair of hand-carved clogs made in Narumi, Japan yet?

And from Ohashi comes this from a member of a group, which will be nameless, who, filled with compassion and concern for a hog in the Camp, which they claim, was suffering from advanced stages of malnutrition, decided to put it out of its misery, and proceeded to engineer its demise.

When asked how did they dispose of the body, the reply was: Didn't know where to bury it. Didn't want it to stink the Camp out, so we ate the darn thing! And that, children, is the end of that bedtime story!

PHILOLOGY AND ALL THAT ..

My attention has been drawn to a Letter to the Editor from Lloyd Doull who, it appears assumes that he is the target of something of which I know not, but, whatever it is, it is as far away from whichever, as I am from whatever it is he thinks it is! NOW THAT'S PHILOLOGY!

He, however, evidently wishes to play games and since it takes two to tangle, who am I to disappoint him, especially when Confucius he say: "Man with both feet in mouth, is sitting duck!"

In the first place, guy, you have completely misinterpreted and misread the article which merely expressed an impersonal opinion and thought. But, if you think the cap fits, please feel free to wear it. It's your prerogative.

Secondly, your lecture on philology (the science of language) and culture is interesting. But the tone and substance of your letter only indicates an exercise in bombast and therefore irrelevant. Being multi-cultural and quadilingual myself, I consider both to be my own personal and private concerns. So much so, that I really don't give a damn what language or culture you practice at home as long as you don't try to ram it down my throat at every opportunity, including this one.

Thirdly, I get the funny feeling that you are really trying to fit yourself into the article in question. The arrogance of your diatribe, which is totally unwarranted, indicates a desire to impress and Boy! do you fail miserably?

Finally, suggest you read it again and then come up with the apology, if not to me, at least to our friends, the Americans who you, in your abysmal egoism, have contrived to involve in a crass attempt to turn an innocent observation into a political and international issue.

THE FONZ

P.S. And speaking of philology, unless it is the posture you wish to assume, the word: 'ASSUNDER' is normally spelt with only one S. Also, if you are trying to impress me, 'anonymous' and 'licence' are the correct spelling, and please show me where I ever said that the French language was "dead"?

B.C. BRANCH'S GET-TOGETHER

Our Annual Get-together at the Imperial Inn, Victoria on October 1 continued to maintain the standards of excellence in enjoyment and comradeship which feature our meetings and saw an attendance of 85 sitting down to a satisfying dinner which was followed by a surprise entertainment.

The surprise, thanks to the efforts of Lionel Speller, was in the form of a talented, versatile and extremely personable young lady whose name is Muriel Bertrand, who hails from Scotland and who, accompanied by Bernie Hackett on the piano, ran the gamut of songs from the convivial to semi-classic with confidence, power and the minimum of respite.

She was given excellent support by our Branch members, especially the male chorus picked from the floor which included Bob Manchester, Ernie Coulson, Ernie Hodgkinson, Tony Grimston, George Murtaugh, Ray Squires, Jack Brady (U.S) and John Fonseca, , which provided background music to such good effect that they had the crowd clapping, stomping and joining in chorus after chorus of old time songs from the days back when.

Amongst our honoured guests were five American Ex-POWs and wives, from Washington State, who had shared with many of us the trials of Japanese prison camps. They were: Harold and Virginia Page (of Buckley), Jack and Audrey Brady (Gig Harbor), Joe and Charlotte Galloway and Hershel and Pat Boushey (all of Seattle) and Don Morgan (Tacoma). Also present were George and Joan Murtaugh (War Amps, Island), Art and Doreen Lousier (Manitoba Branch) and wives of former comrades: Eva Baillie, Leona Smith, Lil Foster and Edith McTier. Bob and Edna Manchester were beautiful hosts to the Hospitality Room and also provided that very thoughtful pre-dinner glass which put everyone in excellent spirits (or the other way around, if you wish).

All in all it was a tremendous party. I think one of the American visitors put it nicely when he said: "It's such a pity we hadn't done this between our Associations years ago!"

MANITOBA BRANCH NEWS

32nd ANNUAL REUNION: What better time could one ask for than to renew acquaintances with old friends, over a few drinks and a delicious roast beef dinner. That was the setting for the 32nd Annual Reunion of the Manitoba Branch, Oct. 29, at the International Inn, Winnipeg. In excess of 160 members and friends sat down for supper, making it one of the best attended reunions in recent years.

It was a real pleasure to see so many faces from out of town, and we welcomed Bill and Marion Morris from Victoria, Frank and Phyllis Brown, Chilliwack, Ernie Neal, Fort Francis and Ken and Mona Bell from Thunder Bay. Rural Manitoba was well represented with Ken McCulley and Angus McRitchie from Portage La Prairie, George Coutts from Melita, Chris Christenson from Brandon, Fred Gard from Fisher Branch and Bronik Lewicki from Steep Rock and, of course, their good ladies. Also on hand, and most welcome, were three of our widows: Mrs. Mary Sadova, Mrs. Lorna Fox and Mrs. Hazel Denton. Herb Bowman, believed to be the oldest surviving HK Veteran at 87 years young, was in from Swan River. It was nice to see Herb looking so well.

Following dinner, Mr. Harry Davidson, Pres. Manitoba Branch, War Amps Assoc., gave a very interesting address on the commendable work being done by the War Amps for both veterans and civilians. It would take forever to name all the individuals who made the evening possible. The Branch thanks those who attended, those who sold tickets, and those who did all the various jobs that are so necessary. The heartiest thanks of all must go to Ike and Alma Friesen, who never fail to give of their time and effort to see that everyone is made welcome and has a good time.

THANK YOU IKE - THANK YOU ALMA - WE ENJOYED IT.

THUNDER BAY REUNION: A reunion of members in the Thunder Bay area was held on Sep 24, at the Royal Edward Hotel in Thunder Bay. Ken and Mona Bell hosted the occasion, with 16 members and their wives in attendance. Art and Donna Munn were on hand from Winnipeg and report a most enjoyable evening. It was nice to see the boys in areas where there is no branch activity, making an effort to keep in contact with one another.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE:

May I take this opportunity to thank the membership and executive for their co-operation and support, throughout 1977. As Chairman of the Convention Committee, I hope to have something definite to report on the 1979 National Convention, early in the new year. I would also like to take this opportunity to wish the Members and Executive, and their families and Hongkong Veterans everywhere, a very Merry Christmas and a Prosperous and Happy New Year.

Bert Delbridge, Pres.
Manitoba Branch

GENERAL MEETINGS: The next General Meeting, Wed. December 7, 1977 at the War Amps Hall, Sherbrook Street, will be our last Branch Meeting at that location. Harry Davidson, Pres. War Amps, has informed us that they are closing their club rooms as of Dec. 31, 1977. A new meeting place will be announced as soon as arrangements are completed.

MEMBERSHIP: Thank you to the paid-up membership for 1979. The response has been very good. However, there are still some to be heard from. Memberships for 1978 are still \$10.00 and may be mailed to: Sid Vale, 21-455 Agnes Str. Winnipeg, Manitoba. R3G 1N5.

OBITUARIES: It is with deep regret that we report the passing of three members of the Manitoba Branch: O.C. (Paddy) Keenan, N.O. (Neil) Bardal and Hartley M. (Buzz) Winram. Our sincere sympathy to their families.

HOSPITAL: As of this date, we have four members in hospital: Norm Hiscox, J. Edward Dunderdale, Frank Morgan and Bronik Lewicki. We wish them all a speedy recovery.

NEWS LETTERS: It is the intention of the Manitoba Branch to have all future Branch News printed in the ROLL CALL MAGAZINE, rather than issue our own local newsletter. With this in mind, you are urged to get your subscriptions to the Roll Call as soon as possible. Subscription rates are \$3.00 per year (Four issues).

NO SUBSCRIPTION-NO ROLL CALL-NO NEWS
Mail your subscription today to: John Fonseca, 796 Adiron Avenue, Coquitlam, B.C. V3J 4K2.

Sid Vale, Secretary/Treas

MEMORY HOLDS THE DOOR Rev. U. Laite

This is an auspicious month in the history of our Hongkong P.O.W. Association. It was in November 1941, when sailing under sealed orders, and, after an interesting voyage across the Pacific Ocean, we landed at the Colony of Hongkong. We went as Canadians dedicated to a share in our nation's conflict. Today, however, we are asked to forget. But how can we forget? How dare we forget?

If we are to forget, we must forget our great land, the homes from which we came the parents who pioneered and made it possible for us to enter into new areas and to enjoy our freedoms and our high standard of living. How can we forget the holocaust of 1914-1918 when our fathers set us the example of heroism, devotion and loyalty in the cause of freedom, and our mothers at the home front waiting, serving and suffering in the same great cause? We were their sons. How can we forget?

A QUIET PLACE

There is a quiet place beside the waters of Hongkong where three hundred of our comrades - many in unmarked graves - lie buried. How can we forget the factories, mines and docks of Japan where our comrades worked and suffered and died? And who can forget such words as Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Pellagra, Beri-beri, Diphtheria and the Agony wards of Hongkong Camps? They suffered, endured and hoped for freedom for nearly four years. How can we forget such comrades who walked with Death each day in quiet confidence and faith that Death was just a part of living?

Others may challenge me to forget. But only ignorant and thoughtless men will dare to ask. For me, we have maintained a comradeship forged in the crucible of war and imprisonment which will last as long as memory endures, for I remember them with honor, with humility and with pride. For those who demand forgetfulness, I will say that the price of Peace has been too great to forget, for truly, if blood and tears be the price of future generations' peace, then God knows that our generation has paid their full share.

And so, as doors of memory re-open, may they bring to all blessings like a soft wind from a summer land.

Your Padre

LEST WE FORGET

It with deepest regret that we report the passing of the following comrades since publication of our last issue of the Roll Call:

BARDAL, N.O. (Neil)	Winnipeg
BREAKWELL, Frank E.	Victoria
FREIL, Dan	Toronto
GENDRON, L.	Montreal
HOPPER, J. (Joe)	Moosomin
KEENAN, O.C. (Paddy)	Winnipeg
NICHOLSON, M.	Quebec
POLLOCK, C.	Campbelltown
PORTERFIELD, L.	Noranda
WINRAM, H.M. (Buzz)	Winnipeg

At the going down of the sun and in the morning, we will remember them..

I'LL NEVER SAY GOODBYE AGAIN!

One of the Winnipeg Grenadiers "Triple Threats" - three brothers teams - which saw action in Hongkong, survived the fighting and then sweated it out in prison camps in Japan and make it back home, were the McKnights. Gerald, Elmer and Melville.

This trio, all musically inclined from boyhood, together with Doug Morrison, Johnny Matheson and Bill Robertson, all from Winnipeg and John St. Clair from Chicago, formed a band whilst in camp in Japan. Elmer, who had a flair for composing, proceeded, with some help from the others, to write a song which he named: "Ill Never Say Goodbye Again." and the band played it for the entertainment of fellow prisoners.

The Japanese propaganda machine then stepped in and, announcing that the words and music was written by a Canadian P.O.W., Elmer McKnight, and that it was being played by a POW Band, broadcasted it over Radio Tokyo with the request: "Would the Canadian Government please copyright?" Our Government with Capt Bob Farnon, conductor of the Air Show here in Canada, transcribing as it came over the air, obtained the rights in Elmer's name and Gordon V. Thompson published it in sheet form.

Elmer McKnight is no longer with us, having passed on a week before Christmas Day 1973. But Gerald is here in Surrey, Melville lives in Winnipeg and I believe Doug Morrison, one member of the band, lives out in White Rock, B.C.

WAKARA - NAI!

A CRASH COURSE

by THE FONZ

Back in the early forties, the Hongkong Veterans knowledge of the Japanese language was limited to the few words - generally barked out by our captors in the form of commands normally directed towards lower forms of animal life, and, as veterans became conversant with their meanings and intent, they managed to gain some enjoyment by putting their own interpretations to them.

We are pleased to offer some for the edification of the uninitiated, with the Japanese words, followed by their English interpretation according to our Japanese captors and then, our veterans translations:

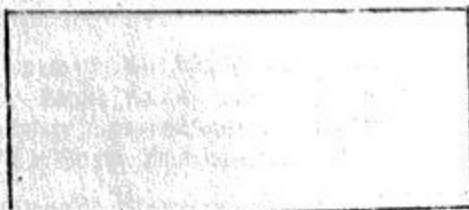
Bakkaeiro	Donkey; fool	Hey! You!
Abunai	Danger!	Watch it, guys!
Bento motikoi	Bring meal boxes	Chow-up!
Benjo	Lavatory call	Jus' a lotta crap.
Tenko	Parade; muster	No! Not again?
Tamango	Egg	Whassat?
Jibaku	Self-destruct	Harry Carey (Gone west!)
Tingkaka	Very good	Great!
Dame-das	Not so good	Lousy!
Serambang	Very bad	Pretty bl...y awful!
Kura!	Go! move!	The bum's rush!
Kioskei	Attention!	Stand up!
Yasumei	At ease!	Lie down!
Bango!	Number!	I've an ITCHY KNEE from SAND and SEE, let's GO, ROCCO etc.....
Kiowah	To-day	What, NOW?
Ashta	Tomorrow	Later, maybe never.
Konai	Coal mine	The Hole
Jinn	Man	Any P.O.W.
Jiu Rokko Toro	16 truckloads	Sixteen tons and whaddya get? Beans!
Scopu	Large shovel	You know what you can do with it!
Swee jee bah	The Cookhouse	Robbers' Roost
Kitcheeyo bah	The Camp Office	Bl...y Boon's funk hole.
Wakara-nai	Don't understand	Huh?
Doko-ni	Where	Here! (Mixing 'em is good for 20
Soko-ni	There	Where! (minute break while gang boss
Koko-ni	Here	There! (tries to straighten things!
Haiyaku	Quickly!	Slow down, guys!
Nanda Koneiro	Whaddya doing, coal bum?	Wakara-nai!!

There are a whole lot more like these so how's about some of you guys coming up with your efforts? My pal, Lionel, has kindly promised to put up a prize for the best submission, to be decided by vote from readers. The Prize? One whole bowl of soggy rice! (SCOPU!!! Ed.)

IMPORTANT

In order to get the Roll Call to you with any degree of certainty and a minimum of delay, it is imperative that you inform us of your present and correct address and also, advise any change as soon as it occurs. Please include phone number also (it will remain confidential if desired)

Our ASININE ARTIST was asked to illustrate: " A PEASOUPER "



and he came up with:
" Haven't the foggiest idea! "

ANNUAL MEETING BUSINESS - B.C. BRANCH

Our Newsletters of 23rd and 30th October have already provided members with details of the following. This is merely a condensed re-hash of same. Further information may be obtained from Secretary Lionel Speller.

1. Annual Meeting attendance totalled 38 including Art Lousier (Winnipeg), George Murtaugh (War Amps) and five American Ex-POWs from Washington State.
2. B.C. Members have been invited to attend the Washington State Convention of American Ex-POWs in Olympia, Wash. scheduled for May 27, 1978. More details later.
3. Meeting approved sending vote of thanks to Messrs. Brady, Stroud and Grey for the hard work and contributions to the Association over the years.
4. Motion to support Canadian Unity was unanimously approved.
5. Full support to National Executive in their fight, in conjunction with American Ex-POWs, for forced labour and maltreatment compensation from Japanese Government.
6. The Association will support the American Ex-POW to have May 8th of each year dedicated to Peace and POW Remembrance Day.

NEWS FLASHES FROM OTHER BRANCHES

We are pleased to report that Grand Old Man Sam Kravinchuk, of Northern Alberta & Saskatchewan Branch, is also the recipient of H.M. The Queen's Silver Jubilee Medal. Please accept our warmest congratulations, Sam.

Alf and Elsie Matthews of Winnipeg, have been visiting comrades and friends in God's Province, B.C. (where the weather's never what the forecasters predict) for a couple of weeks. Welcome, friends!

And Don Nelson, Southern Alberta-Saskatchewan, is reported to be engaged in a battle with a one-armed bandit in Vegas. Can't wait to hear how it ended!

We have been requested to announce that Comrade Denzil Firth, 1304 Allard Street, Ste Foy, Quebec, is the new Secretary of the Quebec-Maritimes Branch.

Gus Bitzer, Secy. Southern Alberta-Saskatchewan Branch, sends greetings to all friends. Thanks too, for the pat on the back, Gus. But I need more than that. I need input from your area. So how's about it? John.

THE HONGKONG VETERANS ASSOCIATION
OF CANADA
WESTERN BRANCHES

British Columbia - Manitoba - Northern
Alberta & Saskatchewan - Southern
Alberta & Saskatchewan
join together in extending to all
Veterans, their families and our
friends everywhere

Warmest Greetings and Best Wishes

for a

VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

and a

HAPPY NEW YEAR

AN EPIC OF GALLANT MEN

It rings from the heart of Hong Kong
The epic of gallant men
For Valour had dipped her pen in blood
And written the story again.

Of peace-loving men and gentle
Who dropped the plough and the car,
The shovel, the hammer, the ardent pen
For guns on a distant shore.

Not fighting for gold or power,
Or coveted foreign sod,
But guarding that cherished way of life
Dear bought with toil and blood.

It broke into flame at Hongkong
And shines to the final goal,
That glowing spark of the living God
That burns in a free man's soul.

Caroline Gunnarsson

WHAT AND WHEN AND WHERE

Annual Christmas Day "MEMORIAL SERVICE"
at the Cenotaph, Victoria on 25 December 1977 commencing at 2:30 p.m. Please attend if possible.

Next B.C. Branch Meeting will be held
at the War Amps Hall in Vancouver, 1431
West Broadway, sometime in February or
March 1978. More details later.

Manitoba Branch General Meeting, Dec. 7,
1977 at the War Amps Hall, Sherbrook
St. Winnipeg. (Sorry if it is late. Ed.)

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD - SENDAI 2 :

It was on August 6, 1945 that a break in the fourteen-month pattern of going down some 2,800 feet into the mine, returning to the surface after a 12-hour shift, only to descend once more into the maw of the earth after a bath, a box of beans and barley and some sleep, was felt at the Yoshima Coal Mine Camp, somewhere in the Sendai area of Northern Japan.

It seemed as if our Japanese gang foremen were suddenly shocked into distraction with the result that discipline relaxed to the extent that failure to produce our daily quota of coal which normally brought ranting and raving and the suspension of the daily issue of four cigarettes per man, was greeted with half-hearted 'bakairo' and in some instances, not even that.

After all the pains we had taken to circumvent rules and regulations by means of slow-downs and sabotage, this relaxation not only provided cause for elation but also much curiosity as to the whys and wherefores of it all. Curiosity increased as an almost complete breakdown of routine occurred during the three or four days that followed.

A night-long roar of planes passing in waves overhead on August 10 and the ominous thudding of heavy naval guns off the coast - some five miles east of the camp - the next day, led inevitably to rumours that the Allies had landed in Japan proper.

The first tangible bit of news which helped crystallize our rising belief that finally something good for us was happening, was obtained from our interpreter who disclosed that something catastrophic had occurred at Hiroshima on August 5 and again at Nagasaki on August 9. What it was he did not know but he believed that two massive air raids had all but wiped out both these cities and created unaccountable civilian deaths.

Work at the coal mine, even though we continued our daily descent to the pit level was at a standstill and in spite of half-hearted remonstrances from the Japanese, no one really worked at the coal face. Some gangs didn't even pretend to but instead, grouped together to exchange wild speculations as to what was going to happen - especially to us.

(continued next column)

Back in our minds we remembered the Japanese officer's threat when we first arrived at Yoshima. He stated that we would be there working the mine for at least ten years or, in the event the American forces land on Japanese soil, we would be sent down and sealed in for good!

There was however, no change in the daily routine until the morning of August 15 1945, when instead of the day shift going down, it was confined to quarters and the up-coming night shift also.

At about noon, the Japanese camp personnel and guards were assembled and standing facing the direction of Tokyo with bowed heads and at attention, listened to a speech from the Emperor, broadcasted over the radio. Immediately following this, the POWs were paraded and the Japanese Camp Commandant (who all through the 14 months never spoke except through the interpreter) addressed us in flawless English: "The war is over! Peace, perfect peace has been declared and soon you will be on your way home to your loved ones..." and all hell broke loose.

Veterans who spent time at the Sendai 2 Camp, will be interested to hear that Capt. Pat (Doc) Cmeyla, our O/C in the Yoshima mine, is now retired, married, and living a life of leisure in Sioux City, Iowa. He sends greetings and salutations from both himself and wife, Phyllis, to all "Doc's Boys".

The parade disintegrated with POWs screaming, dancing, crying and beating each other about. Some prayed, some just sat and no one bothered to listen to the rest of the speech, until 'Doc' Cmeyla called us to order.

The Commandant, however, wanted us to go on working the mine, stating that he had not received official orders. But Capt Cmeyla, immediately stopped him and, announcing that he was assuming command of the Camp in the name of the U.S. and Allied Forces, demanded that all Japanese guards and personnel be removed immediately, surrender of the Camp Office and radio equipment, meat (we hadn't tasted any for all of 14 months) be brought in that afternoon and the gate to the Camp be opened and left open. (cont. on Page 16)

SOMETHING NEW - PICTURE STORIES YET!

Right: His Hon. George Porteous, Lt-Governor of Saskatchewan and The Hon. Dan MacDonald, Minister of Veterans Affairs at our Nat'l Convention in Edmonton.

Centre left: Merrymakers at Convention Dinner. Marilyn Christensen, Shirley White (Harry's daughter) and the Laidlaws, Bill 'n Bev.

Centre right: Head table at Annual Meeting in Victoria, Oct. 1. l to r: Bill Laidlaw, Ida and Lionel Speller, Bob and Edna Manchester.

Bottom left: Sendai 2 Camp, 28 Aug. '45. Photo from U.S. plane dropping relief supplies. Dorms marked: 'P-W CIGS' and 'THANKS LEX (Lexington)-FOOD'.

Bottom right: Our "SONIA" (Sonny Castro) with admirers, rehearsing at Shumshuipo in 1943. She's really a HE, guys! (This photo courtesy Padre U Laite)

SO SORRY IT DIDN'T WORK. BUT WE TRIED!



N/ALBERTA - SASKATCHEWAN BRANCH NEWSHongkong Veterans & Associate Members:

Our Branch held a General Meeting October 16th. in the Vimy Room, with 11 members present. Vice-Pres. Baty in the chair. After the usual formalities - under New Business, a Motion presented for President Kravinchuk - That a Bursary Fund be established, using the interest on term certificates the Branch has accrued by sale of Lottery Tickets. This will amount to approximately \$500 per year.

Two bursaries of \$250.00 each will be made available to two former Japanese P.O.Ws. children who are attending courses in a University, N.A.I.T., or S.A.I.T. which will lead to a degree.

That the parent be a Member in good standing in the N/Alberta-Saskatchewan Branch. Should you have a son or daughter who could qualify, send us their name, age & course of Study. We would hope to make these bursaries available to these students for Christmas.

In addition to the above Motion - the President moved that our Membership Fee be reduced to \$10.00 for full Membership, and \$5.00 for Associate. Also that donations be made to the following Charities:

\$50.00 to the Poppy Fund for a large Wreath to be placed on the Cenotaph on November 11th.

\$50.00 to Cancer Research Fund; \$50.00 to Crippled Childrens Fund; \$50.00 to the Heart Fund; and a further \$50.00 to the Salvation Army's Christmas Fund.

We trust that Members who did not attend this October Meeting will approve, keeping in mind that the Provincial Government keeps a close watch on what happens to funds of Associations, particularly where those Funds are raised through lotteries or games of chance. President Sam is still in Veteran's Hospital, address 11440 University Avenue, Edmonton. Drop a card to him once in a while or visit. He would appreciate it.

Hope you all had a good summer. Howard.

F O R S A L E

A Record of the Actions of the Hongkong Volunteer Defence Corps in the Battle for Hongkong December, 1941. Price \$2.00 - prepaid - order from H. Donnelly, 5308-103A Ave. Edmonton, Alta.



CHAPEL OF ST. MICHAEL the ARCHANGEL
The Rev. Father F. Green, S.C.F.(RC)
Shun Shui Po 1943

SENDAI 2 (continued from page

And all of a sudden, after forty four terrible months of hoping, praying and waiting, we were free men once more! The shock of release was offset by relief and gladness that wiped out any rancor or desire for revenge and the arrival of a whole truckload of fresh herring banished everything from our minds except that we were hungry. The camp cooks - our men - quit after demands for every possible manner of herring to be prepared for supper flooded the cook-house and supper that night included boiled, fried, baked, stewed and even raw herring, prepared by each POW individually.

Over Radio Tokyo, the U.S. Occupation Forces confirmed the surrender and issued instructions to all POW Camps listening in to 'stay put', mark roofs of camp buildings with large P.O.W. in white and await further instructions. An immediate raid to the store rooms brought forth paint and brushes and in less than an hour, gigantic 20-foot POW in white and visible in San Francisco, graced the roofs of the dormitories and lesser buildings - even the smokehouse had its own sign on a lesser scale! An enterprising Tommy painted a small Union Jack on one corner of the dorm, and not to be outdone, one of the 17 GI's from Bataan, painted a facsimile of 'Old Glory' at the other corner. I'll never forget the way they gleamed in the sunset, telling the world that we were free men, that 15 August 1945.

THE EXECUTION OF HERMAN

Rummaging around old boxes and cartons which had been stored away for almost twenty years, I came upon one that had been untouched and on going through its contents, discovered my old Shumshipo album and there I was back again within the confines of the Camp, struggling to survive in spite of 'Four Eyes', the Fat Pig and Major Boon.

Smack there on the front page of the album one meets with the dedication, encircled by regimental badges of the units which, numbering seven thousand in all and armed with the antiquated left-overs from the Great War(1914), yet managed to hold at bay an enemy force estimated over 120,000 crack troops plus uncontested air control and the Japanese Navy, which reads:

" Dedicated to those fatigue men, unsung heroes and sportsmen all, who, in spite of handicaps, criticism, comments and commendation, have carried on in their work of making this a 'better 'ole' for us all. Shum Shui Po, April 1943."

Included amongst those badges are those of the Winnipeg Grenadiers, the Royal Rifles of Canada and the Hongkong Volunteer Defence Corps, and the two British Regulars, the Middlesex and the Royal Scots Regiments.

Recollection lends substance to mere words and one remembers events and incidents which will remain forever etched in the memories of those who were there. These, possibly for the first time, are being recorded for posterity within these pages and in subsequent editions of this magazine.

For a start, one remembers the attempt to supplement the plain rice bust diet through the purchase and breeding of hogs. A collection of whatever funds the POWs had managed to retain saw a young male and five female piglets purchased and we were in the hog-breeding business.

Pig farmers we definitely were not, but there wasn't a man in the camp who was not an anticipatory pork eater and so the pig-pen area, constructed from a bomb shattered barrack hut and complete with sty, became the centre of interest and the main topic of conversation.

As the porkers developed and waxed fat on unlimited quantities of plain, raw, burnt, soggy or boiled left-over rice, so grew the interest and concern as to their ability to reproduce and fulfil their ultimate destiny. That of providing a continuous supply of fresh pork to starving men.

AN INSTANT HERO

Time went by and the pigs, as they grew to maturity, developed other interests than those of eating and sleeping in the muck and it wasn't long before one of the sows showed visible signs of impending maternity. The boar, he'd been named Herman by this time, much to his surprise and delight, became an instant hero and in an apparent attempt to prove his point, proceeded to be instrumental in producing litter after litter with a regularity which brought not only joy and mouth-watering anticipation, but also speculation - even unto the wagering of that most prized of all currency, cigarettes - as to when and how we were to receive the fruits of our patient waiting.

By this time, the pig farm and its inmates had become the chief topic of conversation, entertainment and relaxation and, at any given time of day, the pen area had its complement of visitors with the inmates approaching the status of pets. For this reason no one appeared to want, or professed to know how, to slaughter the hogs who by then had become personalities and answered to their names when called.

It was the men from the Royal Artillery, succumbing to entreaties, flattery, bribery and most of all, hunger, who finally volunteered for the onerous task of converting Herman and his Harem into edible matter.

(continued on Page

HERMAN .. (continued from Page)

A date was set on which most of the camp out of sympathy and respect, stayed as far away from the scene of execution as was possible. For this reason, the following is only a second-hand report on Operation Fresh Pork from a semi-hysterical observer-participant.

Herman, King of the Pen, much to his chagrin and vociferous objections, was selected the first to go. With a brawny artilleryman attached to each leg, 400 lb Herman was placed in juxtaposition to receive a stunning blow from a sled-gehammer wielded by another brawny gunner which, theoretically, would have rendered Herman sufficiently disinterested to enable the 'coup de grace' to be administered.

Something, however, went wrong. Whether it was nervousness on the part of the gunner-stunner, or Herman, or a combination of both, we will never know. Sufficient it will be to state that the blow landed on Herman's right ear instead of his forehead, and it appeared to annoy Herman intensely.

Injured both physically and mentally, the boar let out a shriek which was heard over at Mount Davis across the harbour, which so unnerved two of the gunners that they loosed their hold on his legs. Still shrieking his displeasure, Herman went AWOL through a frameless window with the remaining two men still attached to his appendages and travelled at speed in the general direction of Kai Tak, some five miles away with half the Royal Artillery in full chase.

Drawing the veil on subsequent events, Herman was finally caught and dispatched, as were the remainder of his harem, and the proceeds, we are told, delivered to the cookhouse for fair and equal distribution.

The meal that evening comprised boiled rice and a thin soup, on the surface of which sundry bits of fat floated discolorately and a minute quantity of diced pork at the bottom. Mutterings of dirty work and sabotage invaded the barracks and claims of pork roasts disappearing into various cooks' quarters, received some substantiation from other

THE HOUSEWIFE
(Courtesy Mel Keyworth)

My days are days of small affairs,
Of trifling worries, little cares.
A lunch to pack, a bed to make,
A room to sweep, a pie to bake.
A hurt to kiss, a tear to dry,
A head to brush, a bow to tie.
A face to wash, a hole to mend
A meal to plan, a fuss to end,
A hungry husband to be fed,
A sleepy child to put to bed.

I, who had hoped someday to gain
Success - perhaps a little fame,
Must give my life to small affairs
Of trifling worries, little cares.
But should tomorrow bring a change,
My little house grow still and strange
Should all the cares I know today,
Be swept, quite suddenly, away,
Where once a hundred duties pressed,
Be but an ache of loneliness.
No child's gay ribbon to be tied,
No wayward little feet to guide
to Heaven, then would raise my prayers
"Please give me back, my little cares"

quarters reporting a stream of visitors to the outside smokehouses from the kitchen during the night, as the sudden infusion of fat content into unaccustomed intestinal tracts took its toll.

One of the good things that resulted from the experiment was that the addition of pork, meagre as was the quantity, kept the camp going until the Japanese brought 'bully' and other foodstuff from the Hongkong Government warehouses, as well as fresh fish.

Another was the opportunity to argue and discuss how the pork could be best prepared and distributed and in doing so, provided stimulation for brains going stale from inactivity and boredom.

The opening of the warehouses saw the pig farm become redundant. The Japanese commandeered what remained of Herman's efforts to preserve his line for posterity. But this to Herman, wherever you may be: We who survived because of your sacrifice, salute you!

JACK BAILLIE'S "GRENADIERS"

Leafing through that priceless collection of cuttings and reports covering the history of the Winnipeg Grenadiers from September 1, 1939 which the late Major Jack Baillie and Eva, his wife, toiled so hard to gather and preserve, we feel that Jack would have - we know that Eva does - wished to share it with the boys who were with him during those fateful years.

The vastness and scope of this collection will provide us with years of material, but much of it deals with anguish, suffering, heroism and despair, and in keeping with our expressed intention to avoid bitter recollections, we will try our best to keep it in the lighter vein.

Like for instance: That exclusive from London, England to the Winnipeg Tribune of Feb. 20, 1942: "... Assurance by the Japanese Government that POWs will not have to exist on the diet of Far Eastern countries ...!" This must be THE understatement of the entire Hongkong Campaign. It would have been much closer to the truth if the communique had read: "... The Far Eastern countries will not have to exist on the diet of POWs!" They'd go GREEN wid HORROR!

Then the other, also from London, Jan 7 1942, which quoted the Japanese as claiming to have (in Hongkong): Killed 2,105; captured 13,864; destroyed 416 fighter planes and 143 bombers and sunk 55 ships. The Japanese losses were: 752 killed; 1,800 wounded; 41 planes lost; 5 ships sunk and 16 damaged. Ask any HK Veteran and he'll most likely tell you that with that many planes and ships on our side, we'd have taken the war into Tojo's front yard and tied him up with his 'fundoshi'.

Then from Chungking came this gem which was given the headline: "Chinese Push to Border of Hongkong Mainland". It went on to say that because of the Chinese Army's 'push' the enemy had to take off from 3,000 to 4,000 attackers from Hongkong front. The 'push' included the several kinds of what-for at Chekiang and Mokanshan. Well, considering that Chekiang is a province some 800 miles north of Hongkong and Mokanshan a further 300 miles north, as the crow flies, sounds allo-same Maltby's fairy story of Chiang Kai Shek on a white horse coming over the hills of Kowloon any time now.

In reality, friend Chiang, taking our friend Horace Greeley's advice, was heading west to Chungking, some 600 miles away and in the wrong direction.

On Christmas Day 1942, Grenadier and Royal Rifles officers, for reasons yet unknown to us, held a party in honor of Jack Baillie. Delivery of our very first Red Cross parcel on November 29, 1942 permitted a real eating binge complete with menu and all, which Jack kept as souvenir, and which reads:

(Front cover):

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO MAJOR J.A. BAILLIE
Shum-shui-po 1942

M E N U

Individual Meat & Vegetables
Fried Potatoes Rice
Plum Pudding with Cinnamon Sauce
Tea with Milk
Short Bread Biscuit

TOAST

The King Our Dead

MUSIC

Brass: Capt. Porteous - Lt. Black
Songs: Cpl. Harvey, R.A.M.C.
25th December 1942

OFFICERS IN ATTENDANCE

Lt. Col. G. Trist.
Majors: E.H. Hodkinson, K.G. Baird, H.W. Hook, J.A. Baillie.
Captains: R.W. Philip, N.O. Bardal, D.A. Golden, J.A. Norris, E.B. Walker, A.W. Prendergast.
Lieuts: J.E. Dunderdale, H.E. MacKechnie, R.W. Queen-Hughes, T.A. Blackwood, L.B. Corrigan, H.L. White, J.E. Park, R.A.H. Campbell, R. Maze, A.S. Black, J.D. McCarthy.

ATTACHED

Captains: H.A. Bush, G. Porteous, G.M. Billings, U. Laite.

HOSPITAL

Capt. D.G. Philip, Lt. F.V. Dennis, Lt. W. F. Nugent.

IN SPIRIT

Lt. Col. J.L.R. Sutcliffe; Maj. A.B. Gresham; Captains: A.S. Bowman, E.L. Terry, L.T. Tarbut; Lieuts: C.D. French, J.A.V. David, E.L. Mitchell, O.W. McKillop, G.A. Birkett, G.B. Harper, R.J. Hooper, W.V. Mitchell and H.J. Young.

Wonder what it was they drank the TOAST with. Could it have been some of that potent stuff made from dried dates the guys in No. 4 Hut used to distil?