

Vol.: 2:2

1978

THE

# ROLL CALL

HONGKONG VETERANS ASSOC<sup>N</sup> OF CANADA.



*BRITISH COLUMBIA BRANCH  
MAGAZINE*

A MESSAGE FROM OUR PRESIDENT

TO OUR COMRADES, THEIR FAMILIES AND FRIENDS, MAY THE  
SUMMER AHEAD BRING GOOD HEALTH AND THE REWARDS OF A  
WELL EARNED VACATION SEASON. RESPECT AND HONOUR YOUR  
MOTHER AND FATHER ON THE DAYS SET ASIDE FOR THEM.  
HE THAT DOES GOOD TO ANOTHER, DOES GOOD ALSO TO HIM-  
SELF, NOT ONLY IN THE CONSEQUENCES, BUT IN THE VERY  
ACT; FOR THE CONSEQUENCES OF WELL DOING IS, IN ITSELF,  
AMPLE REWARD.

BOB MANCHESTER  
President, B.C. Branch.



# ROLL CALL

HONGKONG VETERANS ASSOCIATION OF CANADA - BRITISH COLUMBIA BRANCH

VOLUME 2 : 2

SUMMER 1978

Page 1

## GETTING BACK IN TOUCH

This, to wish all you Dads a very happy Father's Day and a somewhat belated one to all Moms with the hope that they too had a great and rewarding Mother's Day.

From time to time both verbally and in writing, we have been told how nice it has been to read about comrades of Camp Days who have lost touch with each other over the years, in these pages.

It has been our hope and intention that the Roll Call will serve as the medium through which contact between old buddies may be re-established and we will be happy to be the means by which you can get in touch once again.

So if you'd like to know how the guy is, who shared a butt with you or helped when the going got tough, please don't hesitate to write in and ask. We'll try our best to accommodate with whereabouts and addresses (where possible) and you can then take it from there.

At this stage, many of us are either retired or reaching the age to do so, with time on our hands and the need to continue to do something to remain physically and mentally sharp and alert. We have found that in sitting down together, the doors to the storehouse of memories are magically opened and a wealth of experiences is revealed with a minimum of effort in remembering.

We urge that you take advantage of this opportunity to get the exercise so vital and essential towards the full enjoyment of a pleasant, relaxed and well-deserved retirement.

## STOP PRESS

We are extremely happy to announce that the long awaited for Bill for increased disability pensions to Hongkong Veterans Bringing them into line with certain categories of civil servants, will soon become effective. Maximum of \$310.76 increase on basic rate annually.

## MALTREATMENT AND FORCED LABOR CLAIMS

Further to the information offered by John Stroud, President Ontario Branch, during the National Convention in Edmonton last July, that our counterpart, the American Ex-POW Association, was exploring the possibility of pressing claims against the Japanese Government for maltreatment and forced labor in P.O.W. camps during World War II and the possibility of Canadian HK POWs joining our U.S. comrades in this, and which was received with much interest, we have now been informed that:

Discussions between our two National Associations have continued with the result that our American friends progressed to the stage of consultations with lawyers as to the feasibility of instituting such actions, culminating in John Stroud and Leo Cyr, of the Ontario Branch being invited to meet with John R. Wood, attorney for the American Ex-POWs, in Sarasota, Florida, in March 1978.

Government involvement appears to be essential and, in the case of our American friends, it entails presentation of all relative facts to the U.S. Congress for consideration and acceptance as to the legality of such claims. This immediately eliminates bi-national action and confines representations on behalf of American POWs only.

Canadian POWs will have to follow a parallel route with Ottawa engaging in discussions with the Japanese Government (if it goes that far), and here much depends on the climate of goodwill and understanding between the Japanese and Canadian Governments and Ottawa's willingness to act.

Although the grounds for such claims are simplicity in themselves, a lot of water has flowed under the bridge since and optimism at this stage is not recommended. However, while there's life there's always hope!



EDITORIAL

Response from veterans outside of Western Canada has been such that we are pleased to announce that we have decided to expand coverage to all areas in Canada and in doing so, establish a link between veterans which cannot be anything but advantageous to all.

In order to succeed in opening this communication corridor, however, co-operation from members, individually or collectively, is vital. We therefore, invite all Hongkong Veterans and Branches to join us in producing this "fun thing" by writing in and submitting their views or items of information and interest for eventual publication within these pages.

Because this operation is being conducted mainly by one individual and because of his and the magazine's limitations, we trust our readers will accept and understand the fact that it is necessary to confine the language to English only. Other reasons also, being because among other shortcomings, my knowledge of Ukrainian is confined solely to kissing any member of the opposite sex during their equivalent of Christmastide in the first week of January; of Scandinavian, to unqualified appreciation of Nordic blondes in bikinis or less; French to a dozen escargot in the shell plus a good bottle of Chablis and Japanese, to bento benjo and t'ell wid bango!

From time to time we have seen fit to include stories or articles which are far from being concerned specifically with veterans - Hongkong or otherwise - but deal with things closer to the individual. Our last issue carried one entitled "You are nearer God's Heart".

This issue will include one for dog lovers which is headed "RUFUS". We would very much appreciate your reactions to this type of stories being added to the contents of the Roll Call.

We, for one, are of the opinion that it breaks up the pattern sufficiently to add interest to the magazine's contents. What do you think? Please write in and let us know. It is important to advise that Rufus is being inserted not because of shortage of material - we have right now sufficient copy for two issues on hand - but merely for the reasons stated above.

SECONDS OUT! at Shumshuipo

"EXPECTATION IS BETTER THAN REALISATION!"  
(Confucius)

TO THE HON. MR. STANLEY KNOWLES, M.P.

Members of the British Columbia Branch, and we are confident that those of the other Branches will also wish to be included, extend our expressions of deepest sympathy and condolence to the Hon. Mr. Stanley Knowles in his sad bereavement, the loss of his dear wife and help-mate in April last.

Mr. Knowles, who has earned the respect and appreciation of all veterans for his staunch and dedicated struggle for a better deal for veterans in the past, needs no introduction. He, we are proud to recall, was, in 1976, bestowed the highest award the Hongkong Veterans Association of Canada can offer - Honorary Life Membership - in recognition of his deep interest and support.

But, it is not for what he did in the past, however, that this is being written but for what he has continued to do even to this day - as seen on TV's Parliamentary Question Periods during April and May this year - that we, the Roll Call, salute him and remain deeply grateful and appreciative.

We are privileged to offer him our hand in friendship and comfort at this, his time of grief.

THE EDITOR

THE VOICE OF SPRING

We were always more content when the winters ended 1941-42-43-44. It seemed that with the passing of rains and higher winds which had continued to weaken our bodies and left many questions still unanswered, that with the coming of spring, the heaviness endured would, somehow, pass away. It did not mean that food would be better, or increased, or that other badly needed supplies would be ours. We who remained at Shumshuipo continued our anxious unanswered questions about our comrades in Japan. The illness, sufferings and deaths in camp continued; the work parties endured trying and almost unbearable hardships and all shared in the fellowship of frustration and pain.

But something did happen with the coming of spring; for it came bringing new days of sunshine and warmth; it came bringing new days which strengthened our spirits and wills to LIVE. It came to hush to peace our feelings of hopelessness. It came like Dawning Day and songs at morn to rouse our hearts from drifting to despair; and so we became optimistic and believed that as the winters had passed and springs had returned, so would we emerge out of our struggles to new and better days, even the Freedom of Home.

But even with our hopes, our sharing and our caring, many comrades sleep in Old Hongkong and in Japan. Today we pay them our tribute and say:

"The birds warble sweetly and the flowers bloom profusely in those lands of the Far East. Let the BIRDS' SONGS be the REQUIEM of our Hearts and the FRAGRANCE of the FLOWERS be a reminder of their COMRADESHIP and their kindly influence upon our lives together. In such a REMEMBRANCE our comrades will live while life shall last for us. Our MEMORIAL to them is a heartfelt gratitude for having shared life together and having had them as comrades and friends."

And so Spring, in its fullest meaning, will be ours.

U. Laite, M.C., D.D.  
Padre

"LEST WE FORGET"

Our deepest sympathy and condolence are offered the widows and families of our comrades who have recently passed away:

PAUL MICHALEK                      Manitoba  
WILF TREMEER                      Ontario

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

WASHINGTON STATE CONVENTION AT OLYMPIA

A good representation from B.C. Branch attended the 31st Washington State Convention of the American Ex-POW Association in Olympia, Wash. on 26/27 May, 1978. Appearing for B.C. were V/Pres. Bill and Bev Laidlaw; Sec. Lionel and Ida Speller; Aubrey & Olive Flegg; Tony & Freda Grimston; Walter & Dora Jenkins and Tom & Marge Milord.

Friday, May 26, was spent in registration and meeting with old and new comrades and enjoying the offerings of the 'Hospitality Room' to the full.

At 8:30 Saturday, guests were taken on a visit to the State Capitol then to the service at the Cenotaph where wreaths were laid by Cmdr. J. Upton, Senior Vice-Chairman Nat'l American EX-POW Assoc., Cmdr Reg Reed, Washington State Commander and, on behalf of HK Veterans of Canada, Vice-Pres. Bill Laidlaw of B.C. Prayers were conducted jointly by Mrs. Billie-Joe Morgan (State Chaplain) and B.C.'s Lionel Speller.

During the Business Meeting and Election of Officers which followed lunch, and saw George Fernandes taking over as State Commander from retiring Reg Reed, Lionel Speller, as Guest Speaker, once again held forth in that inimitable style which has earned him the title of "Bantam Rooster!"

The fun proper commenced at 6:30 p.m. with cocktails, dinner, speeches and Rhinestone Rosie a large and appreciative audience. At the 'finale' hosts and visitors retired to the Hospitality Room once more to continued festivities, with vocal renditions of oldies by Mrs. Billie Joe Morgan, Bill Mattson (Oregon) and our Aubrey Flegg adding to the enjoyment.

We offer our thanks to our American comrades for a tremendous show, fantastic hospitality, good fellowship and happy reunion with old friends, the Pages, Bradys, Morgans, Reeds and Fernandes.

Two important ingredients for a life of Peace and Contentment are CARING and a SENSE OF HUMOUR.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORFROM FAR AWAY PLACES

Dear John: I have before me a copy of Roll Call and needless to say I have read it from beginning to end and absorbed every word of it.

You may think it strange that the "Roll Call" found its way to the other end of our Dominion. Padre Laite, who is an old friend of mine from Shumshuipo days sent a copy to a friend of his in this area, consequently it came into my hands.

Reading through the pages of it, a few names seem to ring a bell - one of the names was "Ray Squires".

Ray and I and Dr. Crawford spent quite a lot of time in the Jubilee Building during the diphtheria epidemic in Shumshuipo trying to do something for the guys- needless to say a lot of them didn't make the grade. I hope Ray remembers me.

I wish to convey to you and all those associated with the Roll Call, my very best and may you all enjoy health and happiness in the years ahead.

Fred Drover,  
Clareville, Nfld. Royal Rifles E30730

Thank you for your welcomed support from an unexpected quarter and for the donation which is being applied to subscriptions. So glad to have you and Flo aboard. Am confident both Ray and Padre Laite will get in touch when they read this. ED.

LET BYGONES BE BYGONES

Dear Friend: Just a line to let you know how I like the Roll Call. But I have not got a thing to write about as it has been so long ago that it happened, that it is all but gone from my memory. I do not like to think about it so I will let it be bygones. I am going on 73 years old but I still like to read it and I am not against it at all. So keep up the good work.

Well, I have not much else to say so I will close wishing the best to you always.

Joseph W. Walton  
Calgary, Alta.

Sure, do appreciate your letters Joe, but take it easy, both Ivy and you. Many thanks for the lovely Easter card. ED

OUR PHOTO QUIZ WINNER!

Dear John: I got my copy of the Roll Call, plus extras you so kindly sent. Thank you very much. I appreciated it. Latest issue is excellent John, well laid out, and good coverage on a number of interesting topics. The articles on former P.O.W. camps were very interesting, and I particularly appreciated the list of names of the men in our old camp. Some of them I had forgotten were there.

By the way, the smiling face in the photo quiz can be none other than Jack (Dolly) Davies. I'll pass on the box of raw rice.

Kindest regards to you and yours.

Winnipeg, Man. Sid Vale.

Sorry you passed up on the rice, Sid. I was going to surprise you by cooking up a Pilau of Rice complete with chicken, bacon, raisins, champignon and croutons spiced with saffron and washed down with a bottle of Eschenauer Red. I had to dispose of it myself and d'ya know something? I can't believe I ate the whole thing! ED.

TWO DANDIES WOT GOT STEWED!

Dear John: I am afraid that I must reluctantly join our "So Sorry" Dept. My wife, Helen, and myself have just returned from five months in Arizona and I am busy catching up on all that appears in your last two issues.

Didn't know of the "fatless" pig at Omori, but personally (after a short meeting with Lieut. Finn (U.S.N. (Jg) had the opportunity of administering the happy ending to two little dandies (fattened up by the Nips) at the coal mine in Sendai. We gave them the business at 5:30 a.m. one morning and had them both stewed for supper.

I also have as a souvenir, the butcher knife they dropped with some fresh meat from the USS Lexington. Still cuts as good as ever.

Keep up your splendid work.

Harry Creedon  
White Rock, B.C.

You guys sure did live high off the hog at Sendai I. Looking forward to more on that Camp from you and thanks. John.

(more Letters on Page 5)

MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir: An interesting selection of articles, and full of unbiased opinions. Keep up the good work, starting off on the left foot, makes for something to talk about. Thank you.

Stan Van Koughnett

Hardisty, Alta.

Thank you! Stan. We're sure glad to have you aboard. ED.

Dear John: Just a few short lines to back up Mrs. Frances Zytaruk in regard to a commendation for Mr. Stanley Knowles. If we only had a few more like him the Old People and Veterans of our Country would be better off. Sure enjoyed the Roll Call.  
Naramata, B.C. Reg Kerr

Hi, Reg! We had planned to include an article on the gentleman but his recent sad bereavement renders postponement of its publication to a later issue advisable. ED

WE SURE LIKE THE IDEA!

Dear John: I have just finished reading the Spring Edition of the Roll Call, the official British Columbia Branch Magazine. My congratulations to you, on a very informative and excellent assembled material. The numerous Letters to the Editor are fully justified in their praise for the Magazine.

As I see it, between the Roll Call from British Columbia and the Canadian Veterans News from Ontario, all Hongkong Veterans of Canada, can now enjoy a closer personal contact which any Veterans Association would be proud of. The different approach and concept of the two magazines will bring a clearer version of Veteran's Legislation, a true feeling of Comradeship and most of all, the feeling of being One Family, Canadian War Veterans of Hongkong.

I feel confident that arrangements can be made, for important items to appear in both Magazines, so that the largest possible number of members will receive the information, within the shortest period of time.

Please convey to all readers my good wishes for their Health and Happiness

Walter Grey  
Toronto, Ont. Sec/Treas. Ontario Br.

" BANGO " AT OEYAMA

Following the publication of the list of POWs at Sendai 2 in our last issue of the Roll Call, we are pleased to have the following to offer of those who were at Oeyama during those hectic days and wish to thank Al Shayler and Aubrey Flegg for the names listed hereunder.

There should, however, be many more who have not been included. We would like to publish names of as many as we can, so won't some of you who were there too, please write in and help us make this as complete a list as possible?

Abrahams, Bill	McPherson, Don
Achtmichuk, Bill	Murray, Fred
Adams, (CSM)	Neufeld, Frank
Auld, George	Paul, Speck
Bellangaul, Art	Paul, Amie
Beltz, Johnnie +	Pellar, Ray
Bell, Gordie	Perdofski, Joe
Birch, Al	Poole, Lloyd
Bronson, Ray	Porter, Ken
Dick, Danny	Price, George
Donnelly, Howard	Purse, Claire
Drover, Fred	Purse, Ross
Dukelow, R.S.	Sanderson,....+
Flegg, Aubrey	Schayler, Al
Friesen, Nick +	Schayler, Harry+
Granger, Mickey +	Seaborn, Len
Galbraith, Nels	Sissons, Gordie
Hiscox, Norm	Smith, Reg
Lancaster, Bill +	Tandy, Jim
Lynch, Bill +	Thibeault,....
Martin, ...	Thompson, Percy
McCoy, J.L.	Tugby, Mark
McKinnon, B.W. (L/Cpl)	Varcoe, Sid +

We feel that the sight of names, long forgotten, of fellow POWs in the same camp, will help recall both poignant and happy memories. The list from Sendai 2 did just that for many who were there. We hope that the above and subsequent lists of other camps, will also bring you pleasant recollections.

So, should you remember the guy on the tatami next to you at Toyama, Omori, Nagoya, Kawasaki, Marumi et al (even if it is only one or two names) how's about shooting it down to us for compilation and eventual publication?

Excerpts from letters to Welfare Dept:

"Mrs Jones has not had any clothes for a year and has been visited regularly by the clergy."



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

What with Lent and Eastertide's cathartic properties cleansing me of all fire and brimstone, I had intended to give this column a miss this time around. But it is not to be so for reason that I have been mildly rebuked -mildly but nevertheless, still rebuked - for this column's pursuit of persons in high places involved with veterans affairs.

Being, as stated sometime ago, somewhat of a nut, I must admit that the criticism is received with appreciation insofar as, firstly, it is infinitely better than being ignored; secondly, it confirms the adage: "you can't please everyone!" and thirdly, it is the second of two brickbats hurled since the Roll Call came to being and therefore, provides some cause for celebration.

Nobody denies nor depreciates the fine efforts of the Minister in getting the legislation (Bill C-92) introduced into the House of Commons in 1976, resulting in increased disability pensions and are not grateful to him and to those who pushed him so hard towards its eventually becoming law. I speak of Messrs. Knowles (Stanley and William), Marshall, McKinnon, Allard and others.

A politician, however, sits on a different plane and his decision to continue in office requires that he also continues, without abatement, to act for the good and benefit of those he represents at every opportunity offered and even to creating some if none exists.

Of late, we have seen little, if any, of this continued action on behalf of veterans and instead, have been met with evasions, near-fabrications and the shuffling-off of the struggles of veterans in combat with soaring living costs, all of which calls for a reminder of that responsibility being brought to his attention.

In the event that such inaction is due to lack of ideas, the following is offered for his consideration, free of charge:

1. Take up the War Claims question as reported on Page 1 of this issue, and work towards its acceptance and assumption of responsibility to see it to a successful conclusion by the Government of Canada.

(continued top of next column)

Or, by far a better suggestion, to:

2. Work towards obtaining one half of that 704 millions destined for Foreign Aid (that half that will end up as foreign aid to foreign bureaucrats anyway), add half of the 522 millions earmarked for that pseudo-cultural institution known as CBC, which excels in showing movies that were produced in the thirties and he will have enough to give to each and everyone of the 200,000 veterans who are still alive, an additional no-strings-attached pension amounting to \$255.42 per month for those few years they have left.

The beauty of it is that these transfers will affect no one that can't afford it!

I hang in suspense awaiting for his: "Thanks, I needed that!"

THE FONZ

" SO SORRY " DEPARTMENT

Report on B.C. Branch's General Meeting on Page 11, last issue, we spelt the name of Prof. Jan Solecki as 'Soleski'. So Sorry, Jan! It was either the result of the festivities the night before at the dinner-dance which followed the Meeting or having watched the Flyers 'policeman' at ice hockey!

Our "Now It Can Be Told - Oeyama" story stated the American who ran into war criminal, Kawakita, in San Francisco and turned him in was Brian Hislop of Little Rock, Arkansas. The name should be BRUCE HISLOP. So Sorry, Bruce, but a good show altogether.

Our Spring 1978 Photo Page showing the cast of "Here Comes Charlie!" omitted the name of Bill Bradley (2nd from the right). A "So Sorry" to Bill. We were so engrossed in trying to determine if Sonia Castro was for real!

So Sorry we didn't make it absolutely clear that members of the B.C. Branch do NOT have to subscribe to the Roll Call. For them it is free of charge. If, however, you feel you'd like to make a donation, we'll no say no! Only thanks for a nice thought and gesture.

EXCERPT FROM LETTERS TO WELFARE DEPT:  
Unless I get my husband's money pretty soon, I will be forced to lead an immortal life!



REMEMBER WHEN ?

We are pleased to announce the debut of this column which will contain short-shorts provided by veterans which are passed on for our readers' enjoyment. The title, Bill Laidlaw's brainchild, is retained with his kind permission.

CAMP 3D - KAWASAKI: Bill Laidlaw asks: How many remember when Pete the Tramp (our Camp Sergeant) was wont to get a little tipsy on a thimbleful of sake and come into the hut waving his sword over his head - no one decapitated thank goodness!

And when same Pete summoned all the hanchos to his office, proclaimed that it was his birthday and asked what we were going to give him? After much talk and excuses, he decided that he would give us gifts instead. Whereupon he proceeded to open a trap door and produced brand new Red Cross boots to fit all nine of us. Two weeks later he took them all back!

Remember how after waiting months to get the issue of meat (we were promised 40 lbs per week for 500 men!) the day came and that night soup was served with the rice. And then the consternation when I dipped the ladle and dropped a horse-shoe in Roy Robinson's bowl (Roy's still with Eatons in Winnipeg) and smashed it. And how Roy was ordered to go around to each and every one of the 500 POWs, bow and say: "I am sorry I broke my bowl!"

NORTH POINT CAMP: While remembering, I go back to our first session at North Point Camp. Everyone will remember the filthy conditions there - especially the benjo and shower area - ankle deep in you know what.

A chap who we may have forgotten or only comes to mind when we really try to remember: HINKLE, from Winnipeg (who at one time also worked at Eatons), how he cleaned up the place and opened up the drains and probably, by his know-how and ability, saved more lives than anyone else.

NARUMI: Charlie Woods tells of the water tank back of the kitchen at Narumi, provided for fire-fighting purposes but used by POWs as the 'ole swimmin' hole' and where they paddled around in the raw, and how one day he decided to stage a one-man beauty pageant at the

pool's edge. And how, as he minced daintily, still in the raw, throwing in the occasional 'bump' and 'grind' a la Gypsy Rose Lee, accompanied by loud encouragement from his buddies, a Japanese sentry appeared, let off with a bellow heard over in Tokyo and marched Charlie off to the Commandant's office, with an occasional prod of a bayonet at our hero's bare behind.

And how, after much gesticulation and discussion, Charlie was taken back to the water tank and ordered to stage a re-enactment of his beauty pageant for the benefit of the entire complement of Japanese camp guards, assembled specially for this purpose.

Charlie insists that the general belief that the Japanese have no sense of humour is completely false. He states, with emphasis and pride, that seldom, if ever had a captive had such a captive audience!!

KAWASAKI: Tom Ford from Winnipeg, who was here in Vancouver recently, comes forth with the tale of the carcass of a horse which was delivered skinned but otherwise, entire and complete, to the camp at Kawasaki to add to the maggoty rice diet. So welcomed was this addition that no one bothered to look this gift horse in the mouth but shoved the whole thing into the stew-pot as is, without any demur from anyone.

This unsolicited and unexpected story provides substantiation and proof positive as to where that horse-shoe Bill Laidlaw ladled, came from.

Apart from Tom, Bill and Roy, we know that Paddy Keenan and John Caine were also there. If you were there too, please send in your name and names of others you can remember in order to enable us to prepare a "BANGO AT KAWASAKI" list for future publication.

We think this column will provide our readers with a lot of amusing moments and recollections and hope that we can make it a permanent addition to contents of this magazine. To do so, however, we need your short-shorts, so if this page has triggered remembrance of some incident, please write it down and let either Lionel Speller or your editor have it without delay. Thanks.

B. C. BRANCH NEWS

**Branch Meeting:** The next meeting is to be held on 30 September 1978 in Victoria at the Imperial Inn. A "Welcome to all Imperial and H.K.V.D.C. members of our Branch Night" is being planned following the Meeting. In addition, Lt.Col. "Monty" Trustcott, E.D., C.D. Ex-Royal Signal Corps, HK, holidaying in B.C. will be special guest and wants to meet as many old Hongkong Veterans as possible. Further details will be published in our next issue.

Nat'l President Chas. Brady, Sid Vale (WG) and Lawrence Rattie (RRC) will be members of Veterans Affairs Minister MacDonald's party leaving for Japan and Korea to participate in commemorative services signalling the 25th anniversary of the end of the Korean Conflict (1950-53), on 21 July 1978. Included in the programme is attendance at a ceremony honouring Hongkong POWs who died and were interred in Japan during World War II. The itinerary includes visits to Pusan, Naechon and Kapyong to honour Canadian War Dead.

**ANNUAL DUES - \$10.00:** Although response has been good, there are still some dues outstanding. Please remit your bit!

H. "Gerry" Gerrard, B.C. Branch member since 1948, has been elected President of the Public Service Branch #172 of the Royal Canadian Legion. Congrats, Gerry!

Aubrey Flegg, 9311 Saunders Road, Richmond B.C. V7A 2B2 - Tel: 277-2025, is welcomed volunteer-appointee P.R. for Lower Mainland. Mainland members are asked to contact him for assistance or information.

**LAST CALL FOR MEDALS:** Veterans who have not yet received their medals or those who have lost them and wished to have replacements, are advised to write to:

Miss Claudette Moncrieff (Supervisor)  
Honours and Awards Documentation Sec:  
Veterans Affairs Building  
Ottawa, Ontario, K1A 0P4

Full name, regimental number, unit or Regiment, current postal address and c code number, printed neatly, are to be included with application. Replacements obtainable at half price. Originals are FREE. Apply NOW.

A welcome is extended to new B.C. members Archie A. Clements and C.G.S. Pau (HKVDC) both of Vancouver, B.C.

BULLY FOR US !

NEVER HAS SO LITTLE MEANT SO MUCH TO SO MANY. (With apologies to Winnie)

Excerpts from letters to our Secretary in regard to the Roll Call:

"My wife and I have read thru the Roll Call and wish to congratulate the B.C. Branch for a fine report..." Ontario

My wife and I sure appreciate the Roll Call and feel most negligent in not throwing a few bouquets your way before this date. John Fonseca and all those responsible for its publication deserve a standing ovation in our books. Cecil C. Fines, Powell River, B.C.

"The Roll Call" is a masterpiece. I've enjoyed every page from cover to cover. Congratulations to John Fonseca and all those responsible for your excellent magazine. The B.C. Branch have a terrific executive, wonderful comradeship and a great bunch of members. Keep up the good work and we look forward to the next issue. Good Health! P.S. Rivett-Carnac, Chemainus, B.C.

"I enjoy the "Roll Call" very much and the stories bring back wonderful memories of my beloved "Paddy". I am enclosing a donation and am very happy to be on your mailing list. Many thanks to all the boys for thinking of me.

Maud Keenan, Winnipeg, Manitoba

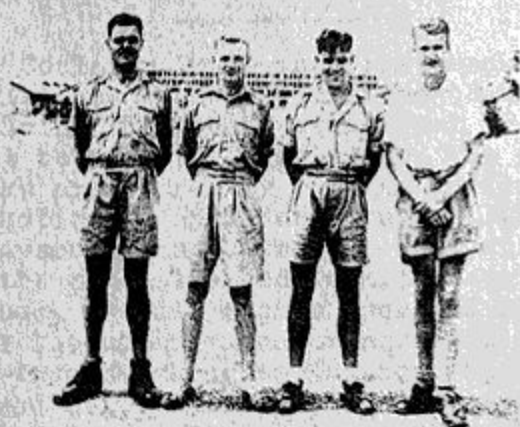
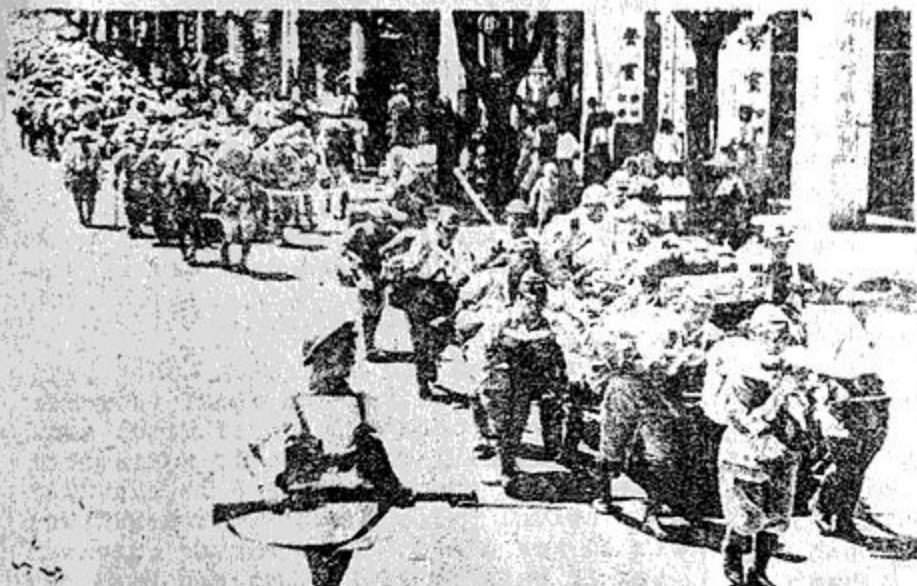
"Pleased to know the "Roll Call" is going over so well. I certainly enjoy it. Say hello to everyone in B.C. for me and all the best. Art Baty, Winnipeg.

Lionel: After digesting all of the above I think we'd better go get ourselves larger sized hats, I think!! Ed.



NOW IT'S OUR TURN!!

WHO DAT?



Top Right: PHOTO QUIZ. He is still very much around. First reader to write in with correct identification gets a hand-painted 'fundushi'!

Top Left: The Tables are Turned: Japanese troops, after the surrender in 1945, being marched along Nathan Road, Kowloon, Hongkong (same route followed by Allied POWs in 1941) for incarceration in Shum Shui Po.

Centre Left: Lieuts: Corrigan, Maze, the late Black and Blackwood snapped on the main drag, SSPo, prior to start of the war in 1941. Jubilee Buildings in background.



Bottom Left: Hongkong Veterans on parade to the Cenotaph in Edmonton during the National Convention, July 1977.

Apologies are offered for quality of reproduction. It is not possible with the Gestetner unless prints are sharp and clear. Ed.

HITHER AND YON

Whilst visiting Victoria to help my daughter and her team-mates of Coquitlam Satellites Ice Hockey Club defend and retain their B.C. Provincial Championship title, I dropped in on the Mableys. Just back from vacationing in Hawaii, both appeared to have had a ball. From what I saw in the photo of a pretty "wahine" draping a lei around Jerry's neck and, in doing so, managing to drape herself all over Jerry, he wasn't doing any complaining. And you should see that beach outfit Jerry's got! Jeez!

Hey, youse guys in B.C.! Wassamarrer wid you? Takes someone from Manitoba to come forth first with the correct identification of our PHOTO QUIZ subject. Sid Vale, of Winnipeg, wrote in to name our Treasurer, Jack 'Dolly' Davies. Sid however, passes up the bento box of raw rice and has generously donated it to the Fund For Frantic Fonz's Furious Fantasies! Flee Flied Lice! Aiee-yah!

The Coulsons, Ernie and Janet, back from a visit to Hongkong, tell me that the building and construction over there must be seen to be believed. The people there are currently engaged in the construction of an underground railway and an overhead rapid transit system, both at the same time and, working seven days a week, are six months ahead of schedule! The underground crosses the harbour from Hongkong to Kowloon under water and still underground, comes up for air at Jordan Road underneath Nathan Road from the Peninsula. 'Pears like our all-talk-and-do-nothingsers could learn a lesson on public service here!

Received a phone call in regard to the Oeyama story published in our last issue informing me that in 1963, a TV station - don't know which - announced the release of the Japanese interpreter, Kawakita, from a U.S. prison where he'd been serving a 20-year stint for war crimes committed at that Camp. Thought you Ex-Oeyamans may be interested.

True excerpts from medical charts:  
"Patient has chest pains if she lies on her left side for over a year!"

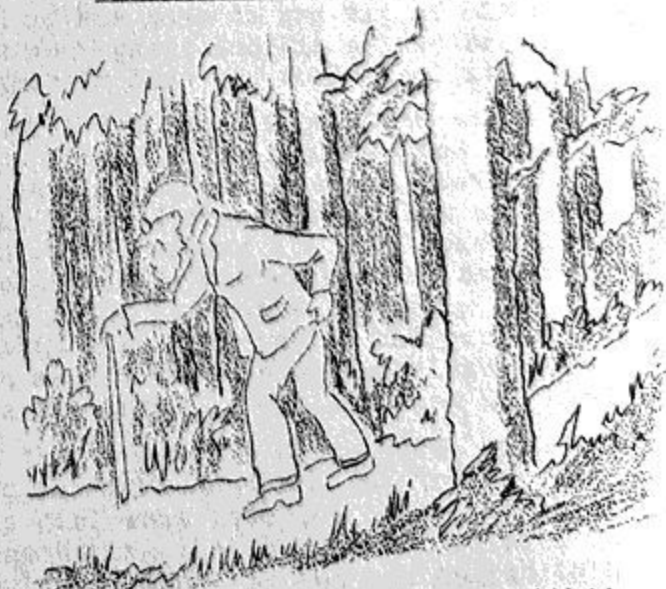
Received a lovely letter from Sister Kay Christie who sends greetings and regards to all her friends in B.C. We offer our thanks for confirming that Capt.G. (Jimmy) Billings, RCCS, is no longer with us. Warm and heartiest congratulations are also offered upon her election, once again, to the Presidency of the Toronto Unit of Nursing Sisters Association, in April this year. Sister Kay was made a Life Honorary Member of the Hongkong Veterans Association of Canada during the Convention in Edmonton last July, and was accorded full membership status even to marching with the men to the Cenotaph service from the mustering point there.

From far away England comes greetings and good wishes to all Hongkong "boys" from Mrs. Amy Trist together with a very generous donation to the Roll Call. We stretch across the ocean to kiss your hand in thanks and appreciation, Amy dear.

Heartiest congratulations are offered to Bill 'n Bev Laidlaw on their becoming grandparents for the first time. The Jones' (daughter Carrie and son-in-law Rob) became the proud parents of a beautiful baby girl, Erin, on April 19, 1978 in Terrace, B.C. You can bet that when Bill, Bev and Erin get together things'll sure 'go Bragh!

OUR ASININE ARTIST was asked to illustrate:

"AGED IN THE WOOD"



and this is what he came up with!!



THOSE GOOD (?) OLD DAYS !

And speaking of "REMEMBER WHEN?", the following is a reprint of Battalion Orders No.14 of 21 August 1942, the original of which is in the possession of Bill Sarginson, who kindly sent in a photo-copy for use by the Roll Call:

BATTALION ORDERSPART TWO

by

Lt.Col. G Trist Commanding Officer  
No.14 (North Point Camp) 21 Aug 1942

SECTION "A" - OFFICERS - NIL

SECTION "B" - OTHER RANKS

PARA. 1 - Strength Decrease:

H6016 Sgt.Payne,J.O.; H6700 L/Cpl Berzenski,G (RCOC); H6294 Pte Adams,J.H.; H6771 Pte Ellis,P.J.

Escaped from North Point Prisoners of War Camp,Hongkong,China, between 1930 hrs. 19 Aug 1942 and 0830 hrs, 20 Aug 1942 and are struck off strength with effect 20 Aug.1942.

H6167 Sgt Mawson,A.E.E. is struck off strength with effect 20 Aug.1942 on transfer to Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps.

PARA. 2 - Strength Increase:

H6167 A.S/Sgt Mawson,A.E.E. (RCAMC) is attached to the Winnipeg Grenadiers for all purposes with effect 21 Aug. 1942.

PARA. 3 - Promotions:

H6026 Cpl.Veale,R.F. is promoted to Acting Serjeant with pay of rank,with effect 20 Aug 1942.

H.6072 Pte Kerr,R.A. is promoted to Acting Corporal,with pay of rank,with effect 20 Aug. 1942

PARA. 4 = Punishments:

.....awarded 14 days detention for conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline.(A.A.Sec 40).  
Total forfeiture - 14 days pay.  
Date of offence: 18 Aug 1942.  
Date of Award: 21 Aug 1942

..... is reprimanded for conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline. (A.A.Sec 40).  
Date of Offence: 18 Aug 1942  
Date of Award: 21 Aug 1942

Signed D. A. Golden  
Captain & Adjutant  
The Winnipeg Grenadiers

Responsibility for deletion of names under PARA. 4 is assumed by the Editor.

" R U F U S "

John Fonseca

He was just a pup when the man brought him home and the man cared for him and would take him for walks and would romp with him in the garden. But the woman did not care for him and because he was all feet and ungainly and puppylove and playfulness, did not permit him into the house. So he lived in the big box the man built in the back garden, all through the bad winter of the big snows.

One day the man went to sleep and did not wake up and they came and took him away in a box. The pup waited and waited for his return but he never came and so he stayed in the big box and in his sleep he would whimper because he was so lonely in his waiting.

Then a big white van came and the woman called to him and put him in the van and after a long time of noise and movement, the van doors opened and he was put into a cell with bars at the front, and there were other dogs who barked when they saw him.

One day a man and a young girl came and all the dogs barked and wagged their tails at them and the man looked at those outside, but did not go into the inner row of cells. There was one dog the man wanted but it was a newcomer and the owner was coming to retrieve it. So the man and the girl prepared to go away and all the dogs stopped barking and lay down in their cells again. But the man in white called to them and brought them to the cell where the pup was. He did not bark but just wagged. From the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail how he wagged! And his golden brown eyes begged so hard you could feel it.

So they brought him out into the sunlight. He was big and black, and at seven months, he was all paw and head. The girl laughed when she saw him and the man walked around him and looked and all the while the pup wagged and smiled as only a dog can smile. Suddenly the man smiled also, and patted the pup. He gave the man in white some paper and called the pup into the car and took him away.

So they came to a white house with garden in front and back and the man and the girl went into the house but the pup remembering that he was not allowed in, wouldn't enter. So the man called to his

(continued on Page 14)

SENDAI 2 - PART II - THE VISITATION

I do not believe anyone at the Yoshima Coal Mine, Sendai 2, remembers clearly what was happening the few days after August 15, 1945, following the disappearance of the Japanese personnel from the confines and the vicinity of the Camp, except the fact that the war was over and that we were free men once more.

The fact that we hadn't the slightest idea of where we were except that it was on the main island of Honshu and near a place named Taira, made it more frustrating. Apart from this, instructions over the radio from Tokyo, were explicit-STAY PUT! This deterred most of us from taking off and risk the possibility of meeting a vengeful defeated enemy at this particular stage of the game. No one, except two, that is, Barney Byrne of the HKVDC and one other (I think it was Fred Dunnett), walked out of the Camp and eventually reached Tokyo. But that is another story.

On the morning of August 18, 1945, we heard the hum of planes and the excitement in camp was terrific when a flight of about 14 planes was seen heading westward approximately ten miles south of the Camp. Everyone that could, climbed up onto the roofs of the barracks, the kitchen and any accessible high vantage point waving frantically to attract the flight's attention. But the planes went on unheedingly until they apparently spotted our neighbouring Camp Sendai 1, south and west of us.

We watched them dive and swoop over that area apparently trying to discover -by signal lamps - details and complement of POWs there. We were later informed that it held 700 Indonesians and a few Canadians and Americans (from Hongkong and Bataan) prisoners of war, transferred there long before Sendai 2 was opened. And after a few more passes the flight left without further ado much to our dismay and disappointment.

Later that afternoon, the planes were heard again and there they were, the same flight heading straight for the other camp. Once again the rooftops were jammed with POWs screaming and waving anything they could get their hands on, even to their "fundushis", which to the uninitiated, is the Japanese equivalent to our jockey short only easier to laundry and affording cooler coverage(?).

(continued next column)

The sight of over a hundred nude men screaming wildly and frantically waving their underwear must have been a terrifying thing to the Japanese peasantry in the area. But the planes flew majestically on completely unaware of our desperate signals for recognition. But all of a sudden one plane veered off and, apparently spotting the huge P.O.W. lettering on our roof, detached itself from the formation and headed directly towards us to the accompaniment of delirious cheering from everyone in camp.

I don't believe that I have ever seen a more beautiful sight than that dark-blue Avenger with the white stars on the wingtips, as it headed straight for us in a shallow dive and then roared over the camp not twenty feet over the roof tops. The pilot waved and with a gesture which set us screaming our hearts out, saluted as he whizzed by. He must have seen the 'Old Glory' painted on one corner of the dorm roof by one of the Americans from Bataan, because the flight turned as one and headed for us.

The parade ground between the dormitories and the kitchen was about the size of a tennis court, in the centre of which we had painted a large bulls-eye with lime (see photo in last issue 1977) and this was the target the planes used to drop their precious cargo.

In they came, bomb bays wide open and only 15 to 20 feet over the roofs, and down the manna collected from the 3rd Fleet and 5th Task Force which had been destined for the 700 POWs at Sendai 1, but now for the 250 of us. Round and around they circled unloading dead-on the bull with a standing and cheering ovation from delirious men who had been away from it all for all of four years. So infectious was the joy and delight from the ground, the pilots caught it and they proceeded to throw the scarves and the boots they were wearing and one even his flying helmet as he roared by waving a grinning delightedly.

It took them about half an hour to complete unloading all they carried and after ascertaining -again by signalling lamps- who, what, where and how many we were, flew off but not before a final gesture of welcome - a fly-past in perfect formation not fifty feet above the ground.

(continued on Page 15)



## NEWS ITEMS AND INFORMATION FROM OTHER BRANCHES

### MANITOBA BRANCH

General Meeting: The next General Meeting of the Manitoba Branch will be held Wed. July 7, 1978 at the Army & Navy Hall, 299 Young St. Winnipeg. A number of important issues are to be discussed.

President's Message: The dates for the 1979 National Convention are now official, September 12-16, 1979, at the North Star Inn, Winnipeg. Room rates will be announced in the fall of this year, 1978. Plans are progressing favorably at this end, and it is not too soon to begin making your plans to attend. It is my sincere wish that you all have a safe and pleasant summer.

Annual Reunion: Entertainment Chairman, Ike Friesen, reports that the next reunion of the Manitoba Branch will be held Saturday, October 14, 1978 at the International Inn, Winnipeg. Further details will be announced in our next newsletter.

Scholarships: A reminder that two \$500 scholarships are available at the U. of Manitoba or the U. of Winnipeg for 1st year students attending any of the faculties. Applicants must be descendants of a member of the 1st Batt. Winnipeg Grenadiers who served in Hongkong. Applications are to be submitted to Mr. Arthur M. Lousier, 505 Stalker Bay, Winnipeg, Man. R2G 0c9.

35th Anniversary Pilgrimage to Hongkong and Japan 1980: I have been in touch with several travel agents with regard to setting up our trip and tentative dates are now set up. Leave Canada-November 23, 1980 and return December 14, 1980. Further details, when available, will be announced. Art Lousier, Chairman HK 1980.

Hospital: Members in hospital over the past winter are all home now and doing well, except Fred Adams. If you are out at Deer Lodge, drop in and see Fred. He will surely appreciate a few minutes of your time.

REMINDER: Annual Golf Tournament: Sunday, June 11, 1978; Tee-off 10:30 a.m. sharp: At Canadian Forces Base, Portage la Prairie: Fee: \$5.00 per person. For more info: Contact: Ken McCulley, Tel: 1-857-9348.

OBIT: Paul Michalek. To his family and friends, our deepest condolences.

### ONTARIO BRANCH

Our General Meeting was held May 17, 1978 at the Royal Canadian Legion Hall, Branch #22 and the following was **Business** discussed: Report of Meeting with U.S. Attorney at Law re: War Claims. Report on Meeting with Nat'l Executive of American Ex-POW Association. Spring-Dinner Dance. Hosting of 1981 Nat'l Convention in Toronto.

1981 National Convention: A tentative date in July 1981 has been arranged with the Sheraton Centre Hotel, Toronto, to host the 1981 National Hongkong Veterans Association Convention. Our proposal to host the Convention will be submitted to all branches of the H.K. Veterans Association of Canada for their ratification.

Annual Dinner Dance: Was held on April 8, 1978 at Branch #42, Royal Canadian Legion, Toronto when over 140 Hongkong Veterans, wives and friends enjoyed a full-course roast beef dinner with all the trimmings which included wine for everyone. The live orchestra was a great hit with the crowd of merrymakers. Congratulations to Leo Cyr, Chairman of Entertainment and his Executive, for arranging a superb evening of food, drink and dance.

Sick List: Jimmy Court and Percy Weaver are convalescing in "K" Wing, Sunnybrook Hospital, Toronto. They Both welcome visitors.

New Members: We welcome the following new members: Barney Brophy, Florida; Tom G. Jones, Pembroke; Thomas Lucas, Cardinal; Percy Weaver, Sunnybrook Hospital and Harold Baker, London (Ontario).

President's Report: Leo Cyr and myself travelled to Florida by auto in March and met with the following: Barney Brophy, formerly of Grimsby, Ont.; Lt. Col. Tom MacAuley; Bob 'n Jessie Clayton and Ted 'n Uda Barlow (holidaying in Florida). Also Pauline Brown, Nat'l Adj-Treasurer, American Ex-POW of War, Inc. and Sam Castrianni, Nat'l Exec. of the A.E-POW, Inc. The discovery that it will not be feasible to work on the War Claims against the Japanese Government together with the Americans has resulted in Pres. John Stroud arranging to discuss this matter with a Toronto Law firm regarding our War Claims.

MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear John: I have read with interest your Spring 1978 issue of the Roll Call you forwarded to our Treasurer, Wally Grey.

I don't agree with the letter you received from Mrs. Frances Zytaruk published on Page 5 and your remarks contained on page 6 concerning the Hon. Daniel J. MacDonald, Minister of Veterans Affairs. The writer has been involved with the problems of Hong Kong Veterans and their families since the Ontario Branch of our Association was formed in 1946. I have met every Minister of Veterans Affairs since W.W.L.I. and have found Mr. MacDonald a most sympathetic and productive person towards the cause of Hong Kong Veterans.

John, in your next issue of the Roll Call, please mention that the Ontario Branch has put a bid in to host the 1981 National Convention in Toronto, Ontario in the month of July, 1981. With best personal regards, John R. Stroud.  
Toronto, Ont. Pres. Ontario Branch

Happy we can agree to disagree without heat. Some passages omitted due to lack of space and one little word added so as to preserve an image. Ed.

Dear John: Last night I received copy of your Roll Call and was very pleased to receive it. It is sure nice to hear from a lot of my comrades again. Please keep up the good work. Enclosed please find my subscription for it. Thanks a lot. Really enjoyed it. Winnipeg, Man. Robert D. (Scotty) Adams

Thanks, Scotty. Hope we can continue to amuse and entertain you. Ed.

Sir: Please find enclosed cheque out of which take cost of a subscription to the Roll Call and balance apply to your operating expenses.

This is a very worthwhile endeavour. Do not be discouraged by criticism, as it only means that people are at least reading it. Constructive criticism is always to be welcomed, as for the other -to hell with it!

Some kind person sent me a copy and I easily recognized the "Baby of 'B' Company!" However it is somewhat disconcerting to hear that Jack Davies is now your Treasurer. I hope you have good Auditors! Give my regards to Bucktooth as he was also known. (continued next column)

In addition, I also noted that Jim Archibald of the R.R.C. recently joined your Branch. I wonder if this was the Archibald who was at Oyama in Japan. If so, please give him my address as I would be delighted to hear from him.

Of particular interest to me was the article on Oyama, where I was incarcerated in Japan. If you would find it of interest, I could try to do an article on the place.

Ken Porter  
Winnipeg, Man.

That was very generous of you, Ken. Jack and you must be good friends, otherwise, Heaven help us! Sure am interested. Go ahead, write it up and shoot it in. Ed

" R U F U S " (continued from Page 11)

woman and said: "Thank you for my birthday present. Come out and see the pup!" And the woman came out with the man and when she saw the dog, she cried: "My God! That's not a pup. That's an elephant!"

Then they petted and coaxed him into the house and made much of him, and said to him: "You're home, Boy!" and they all smiled, even the dog.

They grew to know him and gave him all the love and affection an adult family can give a newly acquired baby, and he in return, gave them all the unquestioned trust ninety odd pounds of purebred black Lab, who knows he belongs, can give -especially to the woman. It seems as if remembering the other woman, he makes a point of showing her by laying his head on her lap to be patted.

I feel quite certain if they should leave him, he will die of heartbreak. It has happened before. I should know, because he is our dog, Rufus, and even as I write this, he lies at my feet with those golden eyes looking with unconditional and complete adoration at me.

I have a feeling of awe and at the same time, a certainty that it puts to shame anything we humans have to offer.

The computer is a great invention. There are just as many mistakes as ever but they are nobody's fault! That's probably why our weatherman's predictions are so consistently wrong. Shure would like a job like that. They can't fire you. It's the machine's fault



"DO YOU REMEMBER ME?"

(The following was received from a civilian non-combatant who, however, appears to have attached himself to Canadians during the Battle of Hongkong. Excepting for minor spelling corrections, it is being published un-edited. Verification of its authenticity is left to readers who may remember the author. ED)

On the middle of November 1941 I was employed as a mess boy in Shumshuipo (Nanking Barracks). December 7 Japanese plane bomb the barrack and was standing there watching the building torn apart by bombs.

On the middle of December we were the last to pack up and go to Hongkong, so we arrive up the Hill (The Peak?) and sleep on three Dog Biscuit (those square mattress) and eat Dog Biscuit (those hard as rock crackers) in those lovely homes on the Hill.

I remember I was in Headquarter office on the other room and was told to be an interpreter for the time being. I used to play a mouth organ, cause I learned in Canada when I was a little boy. They gave me a gray looking bicycle to deliver message from one office to another (rooms of one house to another).

We had fresh meat for a while and after only Hard Biscuits and Corn Beef, Libby's Pork and Beans. I don't think I ever wash my clothes (uniform) that was given to me wear, all I did was to go to the Box and pick one out and throw the dirty ones in another box. I was told by the officer when this war finish, I am to go back to Canada with them, cause I am also a Canadian.

One morning I was awake by loud noise. I was alone in the house. I got up - P.S. we sleep with all our clothes on also boots - I went outside. Across the road the garage must have got a direct hit, all the ammo was exploding continuously. I was wondering where everybody had gone so I walk down the road. I turn my eyes to the right, what I see was Japanese up the Hill so I start to whistle keep from scare until I reach the fork road. Someone yell at me, say: "Henry, GET DOWN!" All I said was "S-SH!" and my finger cross my mouth. That road seem like a long road to me!

I was back again at Headquarter at another house. One day we were told to search for liquor around all those houses,  
(continued top of next column)

so on 24th December we had a Xmas party. Somebody open a soya sauce bottle thinking it was liquor.

On the next day around 3 o'clock I was told to find some clothes to change into cause I was still in uniform and get the Hell out and stay alive to tell what happen. The Major say goodbye to me. So I pay (Black Market) money for a boat that went to Macao. From there I went inland to China.

After the war 1949 I sail in a ship trying to come back to Canada. We call in lots of port: Japan, Phillipines, Singapore Suez Canal, Aruba, Brazil, Canary Island, England. 1951 Quebec City and bus to Winnipeg. 1953 I join the Air Force and retire in 1973 cause of age.

I never told much of anything to anyone. I don't think anyone ALIVE will remember me or care that I am still ALIVE. Thank God. Do you remember me? Henry M.

SENDAI 2 - Part II (Cont. from Page 12)

Then came stock taking of what literally had dropped out of Heaven for us. It was obvious that this was no officially organised relief drop, but a spontaneous gesture of welcome from the U.S. Navy to us POWs. There were chocolate bars, cigarettes, candy, gum, biscuits and any thing and everything on the shelves of PX's on board the fleet lying off the coast. They must have stripped it all and it was all for us!

Apart of the main bulk of supplies, there were duffle bags stuffed with clothing, shoes, toiletries etc., each with its own personal note of welcome, cheer and congratulations from individual officers and men. Here was one from a Lieut. jg off the USS San Jacinto, there another from a CPO from the USS Lexington and so on. Dozens of bags filled with things they thought we could use and appreciate, and Brother, there wasn't anything we didn't or couldn't at that particular time.

So, as August 18, 1945 drew to a close, there was I, too full of candy and joy to feel hunger, lying on my Tatami and strumming away at the battered old guitar trying to hum through a Chesterfield, a Camel and an Old Gold, all going at the same time, right on top of the world!

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD - NIIGATA CAMP 5B

By Bob Manchester

Through the concerted efforts and memories of Gerry Mabley and Walter Jenkins, some of the story of this lovely recreation and health resort can now be told. During the early summer of 1943, life around old Shumshuipo Camp in Hongkong was beginning to get a little boring what with work details going out each early morning to dig holes and move earth around the Kai Tak airfield, coming back to a bug-infested bed each night, gourmet meals of fish head soup for early dawn breakfasts, sour rice and greens to carry out for lunch and, on return in the evening, more sour rice.

To add insult to injury, there was the matter of a diphtheria epidemic to contend with, not to mention the pellagra, beri-beri, electric feet and Hongkong B... It was little wonder that all those healthy Canadians wanted a change of scenery. The Japanese also thought that a change was as good as a rest, so they planned a no-cost excursion to the Land of the Rising Sun.

You will recall that there was a long but not too wide roadway in the centre of old Shumshuipo Camp. You will remember that one bright day, the Canadians were lined up on one side of this road and all those able to walk from one side to the other, won the chance of making this summertime vacation trip. Great excitement! Everyone wanted to go but only 500 were called. This was to be one of the largest All-Canadian groups to leave Hongkong for Japan. Somehow a few Dutchmen and Javanese got mixed in, but we Canadians were quite happy to have them along. We were also blessed with the presence of one good guy, later to become our Camp Interpreter, Arturo (Arthur) Rance, who claimed to speak Irish, Portuguese, Russian, French and some Japanese. The other person, famous or infamous, depending on which side of the fence you were on, was Capt. Lewis Bush. Why he was along no one could quite determine.

According to the records, this expectant and somewhat apprehensive group left Hongkong aboard the "MANRYU MARU", a Japanese cargo ship on August 25, 1943. This was to be the beginning of an 1800 mile trip, and it seemed to take forever. But again from the records, we disembarked at Osaka on August 31, 1943.

Leaving Hongkong we were trucked from Camp to the dockside. The men were allowed to take the best suit of clothes they could beg, borrow or steal, a haversack of personal items and anything else they could smuggle past the guards. When we arrived at the docks, we expected to see a rather large passenger ship but to our great disappointment, it was this pitiful little scow of a cargo ship.

There were two Holds on this dream Packet. One forward and one aft, into which went Grenadiers, Rifles, Dutch and Javanese - 250 in each Hold, crammed like sardines and after a few hours, smelling like them. There were other good souls such as Signals, Service Corps et al. too.

Once aboard we were each given a couple of bread buns and were told other food such as Bully Beef and M & V would be issued as the journey progressed. Needless to say, we did not see this promised food, the Guards made short work of that. What they did not eat, they destroyed.

Soon the buns were gone and bellies began to growl, the steel plates soon began to get warm and the heat built up until it was not long before most everyone was down to their shorts or whatever. The hatches were open during the day but at night everything was locked up tight. What with latrine buckets being full and sweat from crammed bodies, there was quite an odor to greet you each morning. There was nothing to do other than sleep in shifts, bum a few drags from lucky smokers, and some of the more enterprising types played poker with a greasy old deck of cards for stakes that were non-existent and generally, tried to think of more pleasant times.

The Japs, as usual, made things as difficult as possible by refusing us water to drink or wash in, opening and closing the hatches and banging you on the head if you tried to get on deck for a breath of fresh air.

The boys in the forward Hold were the unlucky ones because they had to share the space with the coal supply for the boilers.

Such was our beginning with more fun and games as our trip progressed!

(First installment of serialised version. To be continued in later issues. ED)



JACK BAILLIE'S GRENADIERS

In "Column of Route" on 13 November 1939 we read of a number of Grenadiers being detached from training to be inducted in a course in cooking.

They were listed as follows: C. Bradford, H. Cooper, W.J. Specht, J. Forbes, H. Bowey, E. Toews and R. McLeod.

I now know why Ed Toews, while in Edmonton for the National Convention last July, was so insistent in getting the recipe for Barbecued Tenderloin of Pork (Hongkong Style) and the ingredients required to make that delectable dish. Guess he's still messing around a hot stove and liking it.

Reporting on the number of members on the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Co's staff at Flin Flon who'd enlisted for active service in November 1939, we see listed amongst others who joined the Grenadiers, the following: H. Blueman, N. Eckles, R. Baer, K. Jackson, C. Smith, P. Mulhall, D. Moore, C. Finch and H. Bowie. It is really a small world after all. L/Cpl H.K. Blueman (Winnipeg Grenadiers) was chosen and sent, with your Editor, from Shumshuipo to Sendai 2 in April of 1944.

He took sick, was removed to a hospital in Tokyo and was reported to have died there on 19 January 1945.

One further poignant bit of information extracted from Jack Baillie's collection of cuttings in January 1940, revealed that Cpl Blueman was married early that month.

In our last issue (Spring 1978) under the heading "Bango at Sendai 2" the list included the names G.N. Petersen and M. A. Peterson, both Grenadiers. It has now been discovered that the first name was a n error on the original list and should read: G.M. Peterson.

The two Petersons, George and Morris, are twin brothers and both survived to return home in September of 1945. Their father, George Peterson, was a veteran in World War I (1914-1918)

The Petersons, McKnights (the late Elmer and Gerald) and the Mulvaney's (Tom 'n Leonard) are three sets of twins we know of, who were in Hongkong and who came through the fighting. Elmer, however, died in 1973. Gerald McKnight and the Mulvaney's are here in B.C. Will someone let us know the whereabouts of the Peterson twins please.

The following is a reprint from a clipping sometime in September 1945 from Winnipeg, which tells the story of Gordon Wheatcroft of the Grenadiers, who on 19 December 1941, was shot through the chest whilst defending a position at North Point, Hongkong, yet made it back home.

"The medical officers figured later it must have clipped the lower edge of the right lung, but I haven't heard anything on the X-rays they took when I arrived at hospital here (Guam). It doesn't bother me at all though, and most of the time I forgot about it.

When I was hit, it knocked me out and when I came to a little later, there were Japs all around me, so I played dead until dark, then I crawled away in to the bush.

I wandered around looking for Grenadiers until December 24, when I stumbled into a bunch of Japs and they grabbed me. On Christmas, I had first meal since I was wounded. It was a plate of rice with some sort of fried seaweed, but I was so hungry it sure tasted wonderful!" The above was told by Gordon during an interview at the hospital in Guam. Gordon is still going strong and now resides at Lac du Bonnet, Manitoba.

THE PLOW AND THE SWORD

Sid Varcoe

Do you recall the black 'appeasement'  
years,  
When oil and iron went to Nippon's  
hordes?  
While China got our sympathy and tears,  
The Japs were turning plowshares into  
swords.  
Their price was good and paid in ready  
cash;  
And Manitoba shipped a goodly share;  
If we could sell our useless, metal trash  
What mattered conscience, if the price  
was fair?  
Then Nippon launched her treacherous  
attack,  
We writhed within our own relentless  
trap:  
The junk we sold them screamed and  
whistled back;  
We got our share of Manitoba scrap!  
Dark are the Destinies to which we bow -  
A Farmer lad went down in battle's spate  
Killed by a fragment of his father's  
plow -  
A victim of the "irony" of fate!