

Vol.: 2:4

1978

THE

ROLL CALL

HONGKONG VETERANS ASSOC^N OF CANADA.



*BRITISH COLUMBIA BRANCH
MAGAZINE*



Season's Greetings



TO ALL HONGKONG VETERANS, THEIR WIVES AND FAMILIES AND OUR FRIENDS,
TO ALL OUR CONTRIBUTORS, READERS AND SUBSCRIBERS EVERYWHERE
BEST WISHES FOR A
MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

A MESSAGE FROM OUR PRESIDENT

FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE YEAR WHICH FOLLOWS - BE OF
GOOD CHEER! SO GOOD SERVICES: SWEET REMEMBRANCES
WILL GROW FROM THEM. WHAT DO WE LIVE FOR IF IT
IS NOT TO MAKE LIFE LESS DIFFICULT TO EACH OTHER.
LIFE IS MADE UP NOT OF GREAT SACRIFICES OR DUTIES,
BUT OF LITTLE THINGS, IN WHICH SMILES AND KINDNESSES
AND SMALL OBLIGATIONS, GIVEN HABITUALLY, ARE WHAT WIN
AND PRESERVE THE HEART AND SECURE COMFORT!

TO OUR HONGKONG FAMILY AND FRIENDS, MAY YOU ENJOY
A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HEALTHY PROSPEROUS
NEW YEAR!

BOB MANCHESTER
PRESIDENT, B.C. BRANCH





ROLL CALL

HONGKONG VETERANS ASSOCIATION OF CANADA - BRITISH COLUMBIA BRANCH

VOL: 2 : 4

W I N T E R

1 9 7 8

Page 1

SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF

The Roll Call looks back at 1978 with pride and deep satisfaction in having succeeded, to a great extent, in what we started out to do - bring Hongkong Veterans in Canada and elsewhere, closer together through a magazine which enables them to hear about, learn of and communicate with, each other.

That we have done so and can boast of having over half the number of surviving Hongkong Veterans in Canada on our mailing list without having to resort to advertising and costly publicity, is a tribute to the interest created by input from our contributors, staunch support from our readers and goodwill of Branches throughout the country.

With regard to the latter, we must offer our very special thanks to the Manitoba Branch for its tremendous co-operation and, in particular, to Sid Vale, its Secretary/Treasurer, who is chiefly responsible.

On the debit side, response from certain areas have been meagre to the point of being negligible in spite of all our efforts to drum up interest. Even admitting that membership in those areas are small, the lack of interest compared to the enthusiasm displayed elsewhere, sticks out like a sore thumb and is regrettable. The thought that there may be Hongkong Veterans who are completely disinterested in what their comrades are doing nor care, is not a very happy one.

To all our readers, contributors, their wives and families; to all Hongkong Veterans, our friends and to our colleagues of other Veteran Associations, a very special "THANK YOU" for your kind and generous support during 1978.

To you and yours go our best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year filled with Peace and Contentment.

THE ROLL CALL

HONGKONG VOLUNTEERS AND IMPERIALS ARE FETED BY THEIR CANADIAN COMRADES

We don't believe we have ever seen anything to match the display of friendship, unity and total enjoyment of each other's company as was offered at B.C. Branch's Annual Reunion in Victoria on 30 September last.

From as far away as Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg and Coronach(Sask); from San Diego, Los Angeles, Portland and Seattle, and from distant points in British Columbia, like Marysville, Kimberley, Okanagan Falls, Penticton, Vernon and Keremeos; from Powell River, the Lower Mainland, Hope and the Island, they came in numbers sufficient to pack the Imperial Inn, overflow it and see the NO VACANCY sign hoisted early Friday afternoon.

The occasion was the B.C. Branch's "Honour the Hongkong Volunteer and Imperial Forces members of the Branch Night" and the record breaking turn-out and the reception was such that those so honoured felt - no KNEW - that it was shared, without reservations, by all present and for that, were inordinately proud to be part of it all.

The Business Meeting, earlier on, with 48 in attendance, was a mere formality and, with the exception of the importance of doctors providing the DVA with the appropriate 'green forms' covering treatment etc of veterans, so strongly stressed by Secretary Lionel Speller, was confined to the introduction of our special guests comprising: Lt. Col. Monty Truscott, Dorset, England and the contingent from the American EX-POW Associations, headed by Commander George Fernandes (Washington State) and Commander Bill Mattson (Oregon State); Bill Mayne (Nat'l Council of Veterans of Canada), George Murtagh (War Amps) and Maj. Anatole Komorski (ex-HKVDC). Welcome was also extended to Mr. Oliver Karnes, U.S. Veterans Administrator for Washington State on his first visit to British Columbia. (continue on Page 10)

EDITORIAL

A letter to the Editor published in this issue, confesses that the writer's introduction to Hongkong Veterans was an "eye-opener" and goes on to laud the spirit of unity and Canadian nationalism enjoyed by the membership. This, we are proud to add, is what the Hongkong Veteran typifies better than anyone else and the writer's observation is accepted with appreciation and much pleasure. We, too, like ourselves very much.

It was well demonstrated at our recent Reunion when Grenadiers, Royal Rifles, HK Volunteers, Imperials and Americans, men of all races, color and creeds and all former prisoners of war gathered together in perfect harmony, friendship and unity. They needed no exhortations from those who prate of unity as if it is something new.

Amongst POWs of the Far Eastern Theatre of World War II, unity has always been present. Its origin stems from mutual respect, sharing and understanding born of suffering and it cannot be bought, taught or forced upon.

One need go no further than the Hongkong Veterans for an example of Unity and/or Canadian Nationalism.

The status of members who did not go to Hongkong in 1941 or were POWs there or in Japan, was brought to our attention and calls for comment.

It is felt that, taking everything in to consideration, our sympathies lie with the true Hongkong Veteran because we too, feel that those who were there in 1941-45 and survived the ordeals of prison camps, were and are very special persons and justifiably guard this fact jealously.

On the other hand, we appreciate the wish of those who were not there, to share in the camaraderie and spirit of friendship and unity so strongly displayed by Hongkong Veterans across the land, and welcome their sharing.

We are not trying to start an argument on the pros and cons of something that is not new - the B.C. Branch already have Associate Memberships, with certain limitations, on its roster. We merely express a view in the hope that it will be accepted for what it is worth.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA BRANCH
HONGKONG VETERANS ASSOCIATION OF
CANADA

EXECUTIVE

Pres: BOB MANCHESTER
V/Pres: BILL LAIDLAW
Treas: JACK DAVIES
Sec: LIONEL SPELLER
P/R: AUBREY FLEGG



Extend Greetings and Best Wishes to all members, their wives and families; to all Hongkong Veterans and Friends everywhere, for a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

The year drawing to a close has, we are happy to say, been truly rewarding. We have an Executive which has maintained the Branch's position as one of the foremost successful organisations in the country, we have added a new dimension in the person of Aubrey Flegg, public relations, who has done a tremendous job and deserves all the credit we can offer and, we are happy to learn that we are SOLVENT!

Also, in all modesty, it appears that the Roll Call has done its little bit to revive interest in the Association not only within B.C. but throughout Canada and elsewhere, so much so that we have acquired more new members than we have lost good comrades in B.C.

This increase in membership, much as we appreciate it, can and should be improved upon. There are still HK Veterans who are not members of the Association and we strongly urge our readers to do their best to get them to sign up.

We do not - repeat NOT - ask for payment for services rendered in way of benefits obtained but that only for your becoming a part of that group of men so unique in the annals of history - that once-in-a-lifetime association of good comrades - The Hongkong Veterans of Canada.

IT IS WHERE YOU BELONG !

JOURNEYING INTO CHRISTMAS

What memories come crowding in as we journey towards one of our great historical and eventful days in our world's history. And what a memorable day for our Association as we re-open the pages of our own diaries and again recall that Day for us in 1941.

We had been in action since December 8th with the knowledge that we were facing fearful odds. Intelligence had learned that the enemy's orders were that: "No prisoners were to be taken". Luckily our British and Canadian forces did NOT KNOW and so every possible effort was made to hold our positions at any costs. This was being done.

Twice we were asked to surrender and TWICE we refused. However, when ammunition was low, our Commonwealth forces exhausted, men were dying in action and of wounds, and food, water and other supplies cut off, Surrender was the only order of the day. Fortunately the first order of the enemy was rescinded and all of our gallant remaining forces were made Prisoners of War. From fighting officers and gallant men - every one of them - we walked into concentration camp in Hongkong, and later many into Japan work camps, to face unbearable hardship, deprivations, hunger, diseases of many kinds and for many, the final ROLL CALL.

Our Canadian Forces were reduced by one third when in August 1945 freedom was restored. And so Christmas Day will have poignant memories for all who read a copy of Roll Call. We shall walk softly down the corridor of memories and be inspired as we, in simple faith in the joy of the message from the Child of Bethlehem to the wise men, the shepherds and the world that Peace comes at the price of service and sacrificial love. From Bethlehem's Child we also learn that service and sacrifice are Eternal Virtues. And thus we remember our comrades with gratitude for their courage.

While we were with them they were undistinguished from their fellows, obscure, unassuming and humble. But seen by us today across the seas and over "the long dark waste of years" they stand forth clear and "splendid, illuminated and aflame" ever reminding us that they are not dead to us, for they speak to our hearts of Him who endured his

(continued next column)

"LEST WE FORGET"

It is with deepest regret that we report the recent passing of our comrades and friends and offer our sympathies and condolences to their families:

Herb (Pop) Bowman	Swan River, Man.
Dave L. Evans	Burnaby, B.C.
Bernard Haley	Quebec
Norm Hiscox	Winnipeg, Man.
Eddie S. Hobson	Riverside, Cal. USA
Jim Lee (Tandy)	Houston, B.C.
Cliff Linklater	Grand Marais, Man
Mort McKay (IMP)	Vancouver, B.C.
Sam Shane	Quebec
Charles Vincent	Quebec

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

Calvary and said: "Greater Love hath no man than this."

/ And so, may this Christmas bring to us memories to cheer and uplift and a faith that will lead all men to Honor Mary's Son. Padre U. Laite, M.C., D.D.

LIVING WITH AN EXPOW

It can be frustrating, rewarding or a little of both. ExPOWs are individuals and react according to their experiences, which are reflected in their attitudes toward Life and their fellowmen. They do have many things in common.

One is their mania for food - no Mother Hubbard Cupboards allowed. They will eat almost anything, even RICE. As Father Albert Braun so aptly put it, "Rice is the perfect food. Anything you do to it, improves it."

We wives will never fully understand what our husbands went through, but with each get-together we learn a little more. The men can now laugh at incidents which could not possibly have been funny at the time.

Nearly all ExPOWs suffer pain - both mental and physical. They appear to be in good health, but are not. They do not like to think of themselves as mentally disturbed, but do not deny the physical pain. Very few doctors understand the relationship between having been a POW and the present physical condition of the patient. This has discouraged many from seeking help and so they continue to suffer in silence, some turning to the solace of alcohol and drugs.

(please turn to Page 16)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear John: Greetings !!! Hope you are both well and thank you for the copy of Roll Call received today. Will forward to Fred (Boughey, England) right away.

On receipt of the last edition, he wrote and asked me to let you know that he had had response to the piece you had written about his trip here last Christmas. (I did not receive that edition). A chap in England, Devon I believe, phoned him on having read your Roll Call, a small world, eh? Fred wanted me to let you know that your publication is getting read internationally!

Enjoy your magazine, read it before I send it off to Fred. God Bless you and your family.

Vancouver, B.C. Mrs.R. D'Acoust

Thank you for relaying Fred's message. Please tell him he's not forgotten and we look forward to his next visit with great expectations. John

Dear Editor:

My wife and I certainly appreciate the terrific effort of John Fonseca and all others responsible for such an interesting and soul searching magazine

Enclosed is a small donation to cover my subscription and to help along with the good work.

J.A.B. Randle
Lantzville, B.C.

It is this kind of interest and appreciation which makes the Roll Call so worth while. Thank you for your interest and generosity. John

Dear John: Enclosed please find something for the Roll Call. It is a great little paper.

This may be a bit of interest to some of the Hongkong Veterans. My wife, Eileen and daughter, Faye, were in England in the spring. They visited Bill and Marg Angus who are both well and living in Winchester.

Bill wanted to be remembered to all the fellows, some of whom met him in Hongkong in 1966.

While a POW he drove the ration truck. Hope to see you in September at the reunion. As ever,
Roland Dube
Marysville, B.C.

Looking forward to meeting you, and many, many thanks. John

Dear John: It was good of you B.C. members to come to Vancouver to greet us on our return (from Korea). It is too bad that we were all the worse for lack of sleep and a long flight: we were the perfect examples of zombies! I would also like to thank whoever was kind enough to buy my drink and my dinner - I hope I was conscious enough at the time to say my verbal thanks. I am still trying to get my sleep habits straightened around, but a 15-hour differential is a large order and may well take a few days yet. It seems to me that the older I get, the longer it takes to adapt. With best wishes,

Kay Christie

Toronto, Ont.

Kay dear: You'll never grow old. To me, you're a truly enchanting and utterly fascinating zombie!! John.

Dear Mr. Fonseca: Volume 2:3 - Fall 1978 of the "Roll Call" was passed to me by your Vancouver Island stringer, Lionel Speller, while I was in Calgary earlier this month.

You and your contributors must be congratulated for your efforts in putting together a most interesting publication.

I read your latest issue, as an outsider, and not a veteran even though I spent 18 years in the RCN. This year I had the pleasure of accompanying a group of Hong Kong veterans on a visit to the scene of your exploits as guest of the Minister of Veterans Affairs, D.J. MacDonald.

It certainly was an "eye-opener" for me and a lesson in strength, humility and something that is always talked about but seldom seen, good old Canadian nationalism.

Kay Christie, Charles Brady, Sid Vale, Lawrence Rattle and Bill Mayne were outstanding ambassadors and certainly made me more aware of what a Hongkong veterans is all about.

Keep up the good work and I will be looking forward to reading your future issues.

V.J. Murphy

Ottawa, Ont. Chief, Information Officer, DVA.

P.S. A Merry Christmas to all "Roll Call" readers.

Many thanks. But you ain't seen nothing yet. Wait 'til you come out to B.C.! Ed

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR - continued

Sir: I find the Roll Call informative, sometimes amusing and it always brings back memories, some pleasant, some otherwise.

Shortly after I got back after the war, I received a picture of myself taken by the Japs in Camp 3-D. This picture came from Ottawa. I have long since lost it. This was a 'lulu' of a picture. Someone said: "SMILE!" So, standing there with my shaved head I gave the cameraman my most arrogant sneer, just to see if I could break the lens.

I wonder if you or any Roll Call readers know if it is possible to get copies of those pictures, which might be stored in some forgotten archives in Ottawa?

Camp 3-D was, I believe, in Yokohama. Capt. John Reid was the senior P.O.W. and our medical officer. Paddy Keenan and Les Shore, both RSMs, were in that camp.

The idea of "ROLL CALL" is an excellent way to keep contact and I for one find it worthwhile.

J.W. Everest Lawrence, RRC
North Vancouver.

Ev. Suggest your write Mr. V.J. Murphy, Chief Information Officer, DVA, Ottawa, Ont. KIA OP4. Can anyone else help?

Hi John: You will have to excuse the pencil, but as you can see by the envelope I have run out of ink. I am sure these clippings from the newspapers here will be of interest to you and the rest of the boys, as it tells of this boy that survived the Hiroshima blast and indicates that Canadian POWs were also there.

Please let me know if you want me to continue sending you these articles as I find them, as I scan most of the papers down here, hoping I can find something that might be of interest to you.

GUY STEWART

Fontana, Cal.

Guy: Thank you for your interest and help. Sure can use anything connected with Hongkong POWs. See story elsewhere in this issue. JOHN

Dear Sir: We love the Roll Call, so keep it coming. I save every one of them for our children to read.

Winnipeg, Man. Mrs. Fred Adams

When readers take time to say such nice things, how can we not succeed. Thank you very much.

Dear Mr. Fonseca (Please make it John!) Many thanks for sending the Roll Call to me and I enjoy reading it. It also is a link which keeps me in touch with Hongkong Vets, especially the Victoria Branch who gave me such moral support when needing it badly.

Thought you might like to mention in the Roll Call how the wives and mothers in a small way during the time the Regiment were POWs in Hongkong, helped the War Effort.

There was little we could do for our husbands and fathers except hope and pray for their safe return. An auxiliary was started and lasted until the end of the war. Met every two weeks, did knitting for the Red Cross, packed Red Cross parcels for P.O.W.s in Europe once a week and volunteered our services in several projects and also made lasting friendships over the years.

Wishing you great success with the Roll Call, sincerely,

AMY TRIST

Verwood, Wimborne,
Dorset, England.

Thank you. Always happy to hear from you. Will endeavour our very best to keep that link strong and unbroken. ED

OUR ASININE ARTIST was asked to illustrate: 'SCOTCH ON THE ROCKS'



and he came up with this?

WELL, SOMEBODY'S GOT TO SAY IT

Seeing as how it is the season for goodwill and forbearance, there is nothing that pleases me more than handing out bouquets - verbal that is, the other kind costs too much - in the form of credit where credit is due.

Much has been said in these columns about support offered by individuals officially and otherwise, in Parliament and elsewhere and the benefits veterans have derived from their efforts.

We have saved the last - but definitely not the least - for now and wish to offer our grateful thanks to that altruistic body of men, members of the National Council of Veterans Associations of Canada, both past and present, for their unending efforts in presenting the needs and requirements of Canadian Veterans to the powers that be and their continuous struggle to see, because of changing conditions, that such needs are provided.

There is a tendency today, to conveniently forget what the word "veteran" means in the way of sacrifices and the havoc caused to individuals and their families, by warfare.

With the rapidly dwindling number, the remnants of those who fought for Canada in 1914-18 and again in 1941-45, one would imagine that a grateful nation would see to it that these men, who emerged permanently scarred from the holocausts of two wars, would be permitted to spend the twilight of their lives enjoying a just reward in peace and in contentment, for what they had done for Canada.

We are sorry to say that this is not entirely so. There is still some room for improvement. It is an exhilarating and heartening thought that even at this moment there are men like these who, looking beyond 'power', 'glory' and self, work towards effecting such improvements.

To them we offer our deep appreciation total support and best wishes for the successful achievement of their goals. The fact that it also happens to be ours, is purely incidental.

THE FONZ

"PRISONER IN A CAGE" Ernest C. Brace

Ernest Brace spent eight years - five of which in 'solitary' - in a Vietnam POW camp, where he wrote the following poem. That he survived to return home to McMinnville, Oregon, is a saga of extraordinary mental, moral and physical strength and endurance. He was decorated with the U.S. Congressional Medal of Honor (Civilian). We are privileged to reprint his poem here:

I'm just a prisoner in a cage
I have no name. I have no age.
The guards don't know what I have done
All they know is I'm a captured one.

They captured me in '65
And I guess it's lucky I'm still alive.
For I've tried to escape three times
in all
And I'd go once more..but I'd have to
crawl.

They buried me once for seven days
And that was supposed to change my
ways
But I still have the urge to try, you
see
But now I don't have the legs to
carry me.

My feet are in stocks, my neck tied to
a pole
What food I get is shoved through a
hole.
At night I lie down and my hands are
tied,
And the rope is stretched to a post
outside.

Now I've been sick and almost died
And I've had to crawl to get outside.
I wasn't helped in any way at all
In fact, I was beaten while held
against the wall.

But I'll leave here alive. I know that
now;
But I don't know when and I don't
know how.
And I'll see my family again
But I don't know where and I don't
know when.

Ernest C. Brace

Dien Bien Phu 1967

(Courtesy Cmdr. Bill Mattson (Oregon St.))

A REMINDER: A number of members attending the Reunion Dinner have overlooked picking up their tab for same. Those who forgot to do so are requested to send their cheques to Secretary, Lionel Speller, 3628 Saanich Road, Victoria, B.C. V8X 1X3, as soon as possible. Cost is \$7.50 per head or \$15.00 per couple. Thanks.

MORE NAMES FROM OEYAMA

Fred Mack sends a list of 164 POWs who received mail via Osaka and therefore are presumed to be or were at Oeyama. Of these, 90 names have already been published in our two previous issues. The remainder are listed hereunder (with possibly, more to come later). Thanks, Fred, it's a truly fine effort and I am sure the gang appreciates it as much as I do. Apologies offered for misspelling of names.

Aemiol, Angus	MacPherson, Clayton
Bakaluk, Harry	Malbeuf, Fred
Baskin, John	Maloof, Wilfred
Botterill, Jack	Marquis, Charles
Brass, Raymond	Masson, Gustave
Brine, Fred	Mills, Alfred
Clarke, George	Moffett, David
Cole, Edward W	Moore, Reginald
Cormier, Norm	Muir, Kenneth
Coughter, Wendell	Oke, Victor
Cunning, Leslie	Pateman, Cyril
De Sensi, Samuel	Pawluik, Nick
Dalzell, Robert	Pelletier, Algee
Dickie, Earl	Peters, Abraham
Duguay, Joseph	Portersfield, Leo
Durrant, Philip	Randall, Arthur
Hamelin, Alfred	Roberts, Earnest
Hanson, Clayton	St Croix, John
Harbour, George	St Onge, John
Harrison, George	Simmons, Gordon
Hickie, William	Skibinski, John
Hoff, Arthur	Smith, George, E.
Holden, Oliver	Smith, Reginald A.
Inkster, Ken	Spenceley, Walter
Jones, Wilfred	Standish, Colin
Josey, Ancil	Thompson, Renwick
Kingsley, Noel	Walsh, Joseph
Kurluk, Ted	Ward, Howard
Laberge, Alf	Watson, Leonard
Lalonde, Gordon	Watts, George
Lapalme, Roland	Weaver, Percy
LeBlanc, Louis	Willis, John
Lowe, Donald	Woodhead, Charles
MacGregor, Herman	Wright, Arthur
MacArthur, Murdo	Younger, Robert
Macaulay, Cecil	
MacIver, Don	
MacKay, Laurie	
MacKnight, Harold	

THE ROLL CALL: A magazine sponsored by the B.C. Branch of the Hongkong Veterans Association of Canada.

Editor: John Fonseca, 796 Adiron Ave. Coquitlam, B.C. V3J 4K2 and on Island: c/o L. Speller, 3628 Saanich Road, Victoria, B.C. V8X 1X3

BANGO AT 3-D (TERUMI ??)

The following names of POWs at 3-D were provided by John Matheson. We would appreciate additions to this list from other POWs who were also at that camp. Good show, John. Thanks.

Agerbok, Buster	McRitchie, Angus
Bilideau, --	Morgan, Red
Creedon, Harry	Morrison, Doug
Downey, Jim	Querry, Chuck
Keenan, Paddy	Reid, Capt. J.A.G.
Kerrigan, Pop	Shore, Les
Lawrence, Ev	Speller, Lionel
Matheson, John	Todd, --
McKnight, Elmer	Stewart, Guy
McKnight, Gerald	
Mcknight, Melville	

MORE NAMES FROM SENDAI 2

Ralph Ingram, HKVDC

VETERANS AFFAIRS - NEWS RELEASE

The Honourable Daniel J. MacDonald, Minister of Veterans Affairs and the Honourable Brenda Robertson, Minister of Health for the province of New Brunswick announced today an agreement to provide nursing home type care for veterans in northern and eastern New Brunswick.

Under current agreement between the two governments, nursing home type care for veterans is available only in Saint John and Fredericton. Discussions with veterans organizations in New Brunswick revealed strong support for providing such care in or near the veterans home community. Under the recent agreement additional beds will be located in Moncton and Campbellton region -s, but the need elsewhere in the province will be closely monitored in the future.

The Minister of Health noted that although these nursing home beds are for the priority use of eligible veterans, non-veterans will be accepted into the new facilities whenever they are not fully utilized by veterans. It is planned that patients will be admitted to these nursing home institutions by April 1979 at the latest, and possibly as early as next January.

Will somebody please bring this to the attention of M/S Robertson's counterpart in these here parts? ED.

SENDAI "2" - PART 3 (Continued)

The collection of goodies from the air-drop on August 18, 1945 resulted in a mountain of foodstuff, candy, cigarettes, toiletries and such, and so, after an immediate issue of candy and cigarettes followed by a few hours of gloating, came the decision for equal division of the spoils. This took from two to three days to complete and the quantity available for each of the 250 men was sufficient to eliminate any gripes.

Reaction followed swiftly on the heels of the division due mainly to the knowledge that we had been located and pin-pointed and had only to await the word and the means to get the hell out of Yoshimura, Sendai 2 and head for home; and the waiting brought on impatient frustration in every man in the camp.

The result was that POWs took to leaving the camp and wandering all over the countryside dispensing candy to children and, for a package of smokes, bought freedom of the orchards where pears and other fruit, picked straight off the trees, were consumed in unbelievably large quantities.

Although the mining village remained inhabited, it was only by women and children. There wasn't a man in sight excepting a couple of toothless and senile old retired miners. This helped in preventing any incidents brought on by a desire for revenge, but, to the best of my knowledge, with the exception of the forcible removal of the 'samurai' sword from the person of the Camp Commandant by Tom Mulvaney, who later, handed it over to Capt. Pat Cmeyla, USMC, our O.C. at the mine, no one sought to settle old scores.

Here we must digress to say that all during the 16 months or so at Sendai 2, the womenfolk of the village had been kind although surreptitiously so. On our marches through the villageto and from the mine they often, when the guards were looking elsewhere, managed to throw a potato, a turnip or a stalk of green onion picked from the little vegetable patch back of the huts. Now that it was our turn, many a carton of C Ration found its way into the village where the inhabitants were introduced to the mystery of the contents therein.

A few days later an entire carcass of a steer was delivered to the Camp whereupon the entire cookhouse staff quit in force. Their reason was that now that the war had ended, they did not have to cook for anybody. There was strong suspicion however, that the real reason was that none of them knew how to carve up the dumb animal!

This did not deter the more adventurous from trying to make something out of the meat so readily available and some truly awesome examples of culinary art prepared on top of the old iron stove in the dormitory resulted. One fine lad, observing that that was how his Ma used to do in Manigotagan, Manitoba, added a whole box of raisins to a hunk of rump and, determining to go one better and surprise her on his return home, threw in a chocolate bar for good measure. We should add that the partakers of this "chocolate raisin rump" found it expedient not to stray too far away from the 'benjo' for the next 12 hours. Others of us with less ambition, merely cut off a chunk of beef and took it down to the village where we persuaded the women to cook up a 'sukiyaki' explaining that since we were in Japan, it was imperative that we ate the darn thing.

It was during this period of waiting that the two Irishmen, Barney Byrnes and Fred Dunnett, decided that enough was enough and took off for Tokyo. And reach it they did. How they did it should prove interesting and we hope that somehow, somewhere, they'll read this and come through with their story.

The rest of us remained at the Camp and while some ventured forth daily, others spent time playing Red Dog, poker and whathaveyou with the accumulated earnings of 16 months which was not spent because there was nothing to buy. The fact that the hard-earned ten and twenty sen notes weren't worth a damn saw some fantastic wagering and once the "tin horns" had been cleaned out, real gambling was seen.

On 2 September, 1945, the deep throbbing thrum of heavy planes saw everyone out on the parade ground again and the sight of a flight of B 29s heading for our camp at low altitude once again saw roofs of the buildings adorned with wildly waving and gesticulating POWs. All of a sudden the entire sky blossomed

(continued on Page 14)

HITHER AND YON WITH FONZ

A number of members and their wives, took the opportunity of celebrating wedding or birthday anniversaries which occurred on or about the same date as our Reunion -30 September. Hitting it right on the dot were: Ernie and Irene Hodgkinson's 47th wedding anniversary and birthdays for Lil Mabley(39th)*and Joe Randle's 79th. John and Elsa Fonseca had their 32nd wedding and also Elsa's 39th * birthday, a day earlier-29th September.

Others deciding to continue celebrating were Bill and Bev Laidlaw, 30th wedding on 10 September and Lionel and Ida Speller,26th wedding in August. We cannot close without advising that Joe and Flo Randle, Lantzville B.C., were married for 50 years (Golden Jubilee) on the 16th October and celebrated it down here in West Vancouver.

To all you lovely people,warmest congratulations and many many happy returns of the day.

* Conforming to good editorial practice we have standardized ages for ladies to 39 years old!!

Ralph Ingram(ex-HKVDC) writes recalling how we serenaded visiting Japanese camp guards,scrounging for scraps at the old Cookhouse in Shumshui Po, with:

" A tisket, A tasket
You little yellow basket!!!"

Basket?? Really, Ralph, easy there!

After a couple of snorts at the Reunion the way Hongkong Charlie forsook his wheelchair to lead the chorus on Pack up your troubles, Tipperary and such-like, one would have thought he was ready to take on Tokunaga and his gang once again - but single handed this time around. Good Show, Charlie.

Guy Stewart sends us a cutting from his local newspaper,the San Bernadino Sun-Telegram of Augst 6,1978, anniversary of the first atomic bomb at Hiroshima, which tells of an American G.I. Alfred August, who was there and survived.

The report states that Alfred was at Niigata and was transferred together with 225 Allied POWs (75 Americans) to Hiroshima four days before the bomb was dropped. (cont. next column)

Our Asinine Artist was asked to illustrate:



"A SHORT SHORT STORY!! "

This is of particular interest to HK Veterans as August mentions that he, having taken shelter in what appears to be a Japanese hot bath and blinded by the blast, was rescued by two French Canadians!

We know that Niigata held a complement of Canadian POWs from Hongkong and would deeply appreciate any of our veterans, who was also transferred from Niigata, adding and expanding on the above. It would and has all the makings of a truly interesting story.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

With this last issue for the year 1978, it is both right and fitting that we offer an acknowledgment and a great big THANK YOU to those grand people who, apart from their unfailing and heart-warming support morally, have rendered so much assistance in the production of the Roll Call throughout the past year.

We speak of Ernie and Janet Coulson, Bill and Bev Laidlaw and Aubrey and Olive Flegg who, from West Vancouver, Dunbar and Richmond respectively,drive out to Coquitlam(some 15 miles each way) to help put the magazine together.

Also, to all who have so generously taken time to show their support of this project, our grateful and sincere thanks for making the task of producing the Roll Call such an enjoyable and pleasureable one.

JOHN FONSECA
Editor

MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear John: We still like your Roll Call magazine and am renewing our subscription for next year.

Transcona, Man. OZZIE COLLETT

Thass wot we like to hear, ED.

Dear Johnny: I enjoyed reading the Roll Call as it brings me a lot of memories, good, bad, sad, musical and comical. One of the happenings I recall vividly took place in Sendai 2. As every POW there can recall, Sgt Ogawa of the camp was smoking American cigarettes long before we received our Red Cross parcels, and when we did receive them, we couldn't help but noticed that every parcel had been rifled. Cigarettes, chocolate, the whole pound box of raisins and half-pound of Velveeta cheese were missing from every parcel. We deduced that Ogawa, who was smoking and showing off the American cigarettes was the culprit, along with his cohorts, who illegally opened the Red Cross parcels. After a few months had passed, whilst you and half the camp were down the mine and the other half was sleeping or resting, Capt Pat Cmeyla, our O/C, RQMS Casey (HKVDC) and I No. 25 chief cook, were called to the Japanese Commandant's office.

There, we were shown and asked what it was - VELVEETA CHEESE. Through the interpreter, Inoue, we informed them that it was food made from milk. "Ah-so-ka!" laughed Sgt Ogawa at his own ignorance and rattled off in Japanese which when interpreted was "Is that so! I thought that was soap but it didn't lather!"

The cheeses were returned to POWS and whatever condition they were in, we ate them!

ALOHA to you and my Canadian friends.

Honolulu, Hawaii. JAIME REMEDIOS

Arregato-gozaimas for your generous donation and keep writing in. John

The following, sent to Lionel Speller, is being relayed for attention of the B.C. Branch membership:

Dear Lionel: Now safely back in the Old Country we have had time to recover from the jet lag and contemplate our holiday and reception in Victoria. Everyone was most kind, hospitality overwhelmed us at every turn from our
(continued next column)

hosts, Herb and Marg Sinnott to yourself and the HK Canadian Veterans.

It was most kind of the B.C. Veterans to invite Irene and I to their Annual Dinner which was thoroughly enjoyed, please give my sincerest thanks to Bob Manchester and all members and my apologies to Walter Jenkins.

Lionel, many thanks for making our stay so enjoyable, please give my sincerest regards to all those who enquire of the Truscotts.

Dorset, England Lt. Co. MONTY TRUSCOTT
(retired)

Monty: Re the dare to print the poem you sent, So Sorry! I'm a prude and a pedant and also lack space. ED.

Dear Sir:

Gordon Williamson of Arnes (15 miles north of me) was kind enough to mail me the last two issues of the Roll Call, so therefore my cheque herewith for a subscription to same.

I see Gord about once a month when he is in town shopping. I also see Mel McKnight, Van Balen and Geo Montroy every once in a while.

Red Windsor used to belong to our Legion here, but moved to Calgary a couple of years ago. Saw Fred Adams the last time I was in Deer Lodge. He was in a wheel chair.

Keep up the good work, sincerely,

Gimli, Man. J.E. (Ted) Dunderdale

Thanks, Ted, for your interest. Next time you meet the boys please pass the word that we'd like them aboard too.

Dear John: After your pleas for assistance from the ranks for material for the Roll Call, I am submitting a little something, which may or may not be useful. I am including some pictures which may be useful, any of which you do not use, I would like to get back. I guess they will be too big for the paper, so am including a small cheque which might help defray reduction in size if you decide to use any of them.

I look forward to getting our paper, and wish it continuing success. All the best to you and yours for the festive season which will soon be with us. Regards
San Diego, Cal. Frank Conkey

NIIGATA, CAMP 5B 3rd Episode

The split has been made - It was a strange feeling seeing half of our group disappear into the darkness. This was the last time we were to see some of our comrades and others we were not to see until years later. We moved to a station area where we were boarded onto a coach train. It must have been a regular run because there were civilian Japanese occupying other sections of the train. Our allotment was two coaches, guards were posted at the door ways preventing any movement through the train, the windows and doors were closed and the blinds pulled. The seating was upright and hard, smaller than we had been accustomed to, it was clean and in good condition and after our pleasant sea voyage, it was a nice change. Most everyone was pretty tired, there was not much chatter, sleep seemed to be the main concern, so we settled down for the night. We had no way of knowing how far our train journey was to be nor what was waiting for us at the end of the trip. The weather had changed from the hot humid air of Hong Kong to a cool crisp atmosphere which made some of us thankful for our warm battledress which heretofore had caused us some unpleasantness in the heat. At about 7 a.m. the following morning we awoke to the fact that the train had stopped. It appeared to be a small station town, we were not permitted off the train nor lift the window blinds, but there are always those persons in every situation who find a way to discover what is happening around them - it was noted that numerous people on the outside of the train were just as curious what type of cargo was behind the doors and windows - between the people on the inside wanting to get out and the people on the outside wanting to get in, the guards found they had their hands full. There was always the inevitable problem of how to handle the "benjo" crowd, this created untold misery. Needless to say the accommodations for relieving oneself were at the best too small and at all times too crowded.

We learned after much confusion that the main reason for the stop was to pick up food - our first meal in Japan was a surprise and for some, exciting - the guards with the help of some civilians began handing out what looked like

wooden lunch boxes, we soon discovered they contained some very nutritious foods which we had not encountered before - neatly packed in the little boxes were rice, pickled fish, pickled radish and seaweed - with the exception of the rice, the other ingredients did not look too palatable but hunger soon dictated our course of action and the whole lot was devoured, the box licked clean and we were looking for more.

Fortunate indeed, now and for the years to come, was the man who had a strong stomach, because we were soon to learn of many strange things introduced to our stomachs, some it would accept and some it would reject with violence.

Our first meal in Japan being over, the train began to move again. Later in the day, approximately noon, the morning exercise was repeated, we had lunch brought aboard.

The shadows of a long day and back-breaking travel were beginning to lengthen and many of us were preparing for another night of sleeplessness and hunger when the train began slowing - we soon realised that we were about to make another stop - possibly our evening meal was to be picked up?

To our surprise the train had pulled into a siding at a station. The guards began pushing and shouting orders - this for us was the end of the line. As dusk was gathering we were lined up on the station platform, trucks were brought around and we were ordered to load on to these vehicles. During the time we waited for the trucks to come, we were able to see a large crowd of curious people gather to observe this strange group that had come to their land; we also observed a sign in bold letters, hanging at the station entrance, it read: "NIIGATA" - we had arrived!

Bob Manchester

We regret that up to time of going to press, November 29, the electronic stencils for Pages 12 and 13-Photo Pages- mailed on or about 17 November, have not been received and are therefore presumed lost in the mail.

If recovered and delivered, they will be published in our next issue-Spring 1979.

Renewal of subscription for 1979 are now open. Please include postal code number with your correct address, and thank you for your support.

FIVE D'S AND ALL THAT John Fonseca

A reader, commenting on a piece I had written about 'Our Garden' in a previous issue, observed that my desperation over maintaining that trim and neat look in the Spring, would be doubled in the winter that follows when one takes into account the leaves that fall and rot in the autumn and the dead and dying annuals and skeletal trees combining to give an unkempt and desolate look to anyone's plot.

Not so, my friends. In fact, I welcome the approach of winter with equal enthusiasm as I do Spring. For one thing, when all the leaves from the trees which, with malice aforethought, select my garden from all others to gleefully dump them therein, have been gathered and burned with vengeful delight; when the lawn turns to gold and red and brown thereby complementing the dark green of spruce, pine and cedar; when the moles go into hibernation the starlings go south and the spider webs go you know where, then you sure got something to smile about.

Speaking of moles, one friend hearing of my trouble with these nocturnal tunnelers, suggested that I insert raspberry branches into said tunnels. The moles, he assured me, dislike the thorny stems intensely and would depart for parts unknown after collision with these spines. My moles, however, are different! After warily observing the spiny intruders for a week or so, they avidly consume every raspberry branch I bury. Like "Mikey" in the TV cereal commercial, they like it!

Returning to the garden. Do you realize that after any November the lawn needs no more mowing and consumption of water for irrigation drops to nil? That feeling of civic pride in helping conserve both energy and water resources is something great.

In addition, mosquitoes, wasps, sand flies and other pests, which can and do destroy the best laid plans for a barbecue party with friends are long gone and in all probability, 'bugging' the Australians. Again, consider the beautiful serenity of a garden covered in a foot or so of snow, pure and unblemished, and that feeling of well-being that follows when you come in from the cold to stand with you back to an older log fire to warm that portion of

(continued next column)

the anatomy which responds to warmth and loving care better than any other, while you, with a hot butter rum in one hand, watch 'Mork 'n Mindy' on the idiot box!

Yes, friend, I sure do like my garden in winter for the reasons stated above and if they are not enough, I have two dogs - large dogs - each weighing over 120 lbs (54.4 kilos to make it legal), both capable of depositing incredible quantities of organic matter in most undesirable and unexpected locations and removal of which is imperative for self-preservation. After eight years of it, I venture to think that I am the best doggone-dog-deposit-detector-disposer in the Lower Mainland with the possible exception of Richmond, where they tell me there are a number of 5Ds who are out of this world! In any case, I challenge anyone to deny that it is infinitely safer and easier to dispose of frozen doggy deposits than any other kind!!

" SO SORRY "

We missed that section covering S.I.Q. at Deer Lodge, Winnipeg, Manitoba as on November 1978, which includes comrades: Fred Adams, Tom Cuthill and Jim Fowler. Hope you boys are O.K. and out of there for the holidays. Also, in connection with it, Paddy Dalzell has taken over hospital visiting from Roy Stodgell, who has been doing such a great job.

To Jack Hardy, another big contributor to the Bango at Oeyama list published, a big So Sorry for the omission, and many many thanks for your continued support.

We also overlooked mentioning that the others involved in the ceremonial presentation of our new flag at the recent Reunion were: V/Pres. Bill Laidlaw and Ernie Hodgkinson. Bill presented the flag on behalf of Mrs. Eva Baillie to Pres. Bob Manchester and at the conclusion of the "Blessing", Ernie accepted it on behalf of the B.C. Branch membership. Truly So Sorry, chaps.

Shock following the loss of my beloved and devoted companion, RUFUS, who had to be put to sleep, resulted in loss of concentration in the preparation of this issue. A "So Sorry" for any errors and omissions. ED.

B.C. BRANCH NEWSLETTER

The B.C. Branch Annual Meeting and Re-Union held at the Imperial Inn in Victoria on 30 September 1978 proved a "smashing" success, breaking all attendance records with 48 members and guests at the Business Meeting, 105 sitting down to dinner and 117 in attendance during the entertainment that followed. Please turn to Page 1 for story.

Coming Events:

Memorial Service, 25 December at the Cenotaph, Victoria, commencing 2:30 pm
1979 Annual Meeting and Dinner, April 1979 in Burnaby, B.C.

1979 National Convention, North Star Inn, Winnipeg, Man. Sept 12-16, 1979.
Pilgrimage to Hongkong, December 1980.
See separate report in this issue.
Further details on all above later.

MEMBERSHIP:

A welcome to Maj. Anatole Gomorski, ret: ex HKVDC, who has just become a member. The following have sent their best wishes to all HK Veterans. What makes it so much nicer and warmer is that the messages come from "far away places with strange sounding names": Frank Petch (Blue River), Reg Leach (Burns Lake) Reg Kerr (Naramata), Bill Achtymichuk (Vernon) and Tommy Marsh (Kelowna). Also greetings together with a very generous supply of "mix" for the hospitality room at the recent reunion, from Capt. Buckey Walker (Toronto, Ont). A big thank you, Buck, from all of us. Sure glad you all are keeping in touch. God Bless. Reported S.I.Q.: are Nick Berzenski at Nanaimo General; Earl Mawson at Memorial Pavilion, Victoria; Scotty Temple at Shaughnessey Hospital; Cecil Fines at Royal Columbian, NW and Bill Morris at Royal Jubilee, Victoria.

Thinking of you and hoping to see you all back in harness pretty damn soon. All visitors are very welcome.

LOST! Would like to hear from the following who appear to have dropped out of sight: Chick Queery, Jack Stephens, Alf McIntyre, Frank Brown, Keith Burton, Gordie Clark, Harry Creedon, Nels Galbraith, Jack Hay, Ted Kurluk, Alton Jewers, Spanky Macfarlane and many others. Listen, boys, we need you and you need us to work for a better life. How do you think you got your last Pension Increase?

(continued next column)

Retirements: Murray Brown, Ted Poland and Pete Reisdorf have called it a day and are taking things easy as of now. Happy retirement, chaps.

OBITS: It is with deep regret that we report the passing of Branch members in recent weeks and offer our deepest sympathies and condolences to the wives and families of:

Dave Evans, Burnaby, B.C. W.G.
Jim Lee (Tandy), Houston, B.C. W.G.
Mort McKay, Vancouver, B.C. Imp. (Brit)

MEDICAL: Pleased to report all HK Veterans Medical Files are up to date and correct records are available at your nearest DVA office.

THE ROLL CALL: Due to increased and rising costs of supplies and postage we regretfully find it necessary to increase subscriptions by 25¢ per issue to \$4.00 per year for outside British Columbia. This increase will not apply to those who have paid for 1979 in advance.

Within British Columbia, your continued support through donations will be of tremendous help and greatly appreciated

SENDAI 2 - Part 3 (continued)

with multicoloured parachutes carrying wooden racks packed with cartons upon cartons of food and equipment to save sick and starving men. The parachutes in all colours of the rainbow, drifted down every which way. Some fell into the camp while others into the fields surrounding.

Then came tragedy. An improperly tied rack came loose from its 'chute and spilled its contents directly over the camp. The various cartons rained down with the swishing, whistling sound of bombs and the rack itself landed directly on Si Sirette, an American POW, killing him instantly, broke the leg at the ankle of Zinho Gosano, HKVDC No. 5 Machine Gun Coy, and dropping a number of others on to the ground below. Perched on the roof, they couldn't get away from it.

The irony of it was that Si, a self-proclaimed "hobo" in peacetime, who'd survived Corrigidor, Bataan and Japan, was killed by the very food that was destined to save him, so shortly after he gained freedom.

Instead of joy and exuberance, it was a sombre and sober group that went to recover the relief supplies from outside the camp.

MANITOBA BRANCH NEWSANNUAL REUNION -October 14, 1978:

Once again our Entertainment Committee brought in a winner. A sincere vote of thanks to Ike and Elma Friesen and Roy and Ivy Stodgell, for their efforts in making the evening so enjoyable. To all those who donated prizes, and last, but by no means least, to all who attended and supported your branch, our thanks.

As usual we had a good representation from out of town - Ken Bell, Larry O'Leary, Reg Riddock and their good ladies were in from Thinder Bay; George Price was here from Saskatchewan, and Eric Anderson, Bill Hawkins, Ken McCullay, Angus McRitchie, Bronic Lewicki, Len Seaborn and Franck Christenson and their wives from rural Manitoba. 185 sat down for supper, followed by an evening of dancing and a little elbow bending. It would seem that 33 reunions have taken their toll, but we still enjoy meeting and swapping lies with old comrades. All in all, a great evening, and once again a big thank you to all who made it possible.

BIENNIAL CONVENTION - 1979: Northstar Inn, Winnipeg, Manitoba - September 12-16, 1979. Room rates at the Northstar Inn will be \$36.00 single and \$44 twin or double. Registration particulars will be mailed to all Hongkong Veterans early in the new year.

September 1979 is the 40th Anniversary of the outbreak of World War II and Winnipeg is where it all began for a great many of us. COME HOME TO WINNIPEG IN 1979-LET'S REMEMBER TOGETHER!

OBITUARIES: It is with deep regret that we report the passing of Herbert (POP) Bowman, Swan River; Norman Hiscox, Winnipeg and Clifford Linklater, Grand Marais, in Manitoba. Our deepest sympathy to their families and friends.

MEMBERSHIPS: 1979 memberships will soon be due and there are still a few who have not "coughed up" for 1978. With the Convention being held in Winnipeg in 1979, we are going to need the support of each and every one of you, financially and otherwise.

The following is an excerpt from Mr. Stanley Knowles' speech on pensions, delivered during the debate on the Address in Reply to the Speech from the Throne, Oct. 13, 1978: (quote) "I think we have done well in the last few years

in getting the disability pension related to the wage level of public servants, and also getting the prisoner of war compensation. There still remains as an unfinished item - what happens to the widow of a disabled veteran whose pension is below 48% ??? (unquote). Your Association is still fighting for widows who find themselves in that situation. Just one more proof that your Association is still working for you - the veteran and your dependents.

The Members and Executive of the Manitoba Branch would like to take this opportunity to wish Hongkong Veterans everywhere, and their families, A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY, HEALTHY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

A.H. (Bert) Delbridge
President

Sid Vale
Secty/Treas.

REMEMBRANCE DAY PARADE IN WASHINGTON

B.C. Branch was represented at the Washington State Remembrance Parade on November 11 in Auburn, Wash. by Aubrey Flegg and Larry Milord, who report the welcome and reception accorded them "utterly fantastic!"

Following the breakfast at the American Legion where they were welcomed by Auburn Mayor, Stan Kersey, our boys joined the AMEX-POW contingent in the parade and were signally honoured by being placed at the head of the EXPOW group with the Maple Leaf, carried by Aubrey, flanked by the Old Glory (Jack Brady) on one side and the EXPOW flag (Cecil Parrott) on the other. The contingent was led by our friends Commanders George Fernandes (Washington) and Bill Mattson (Oregon).

At the official luncheon, attended by high dignitaries, including our friends, Joe Upton (Nat'l Comdr. AMEXPOW) and Oliver Karnes (FRDVA), our members were introduced from the floor, and once again was given a tremendous welcome.

Later in the evening they, together with about forty others, were guests at Harold and Virginia Page's home to cap an altogether memorable Remembrance Day south of the border.

The B.C. Branch membership wishes to join Aubrey and Larry in expressing our thanks and appreciation of the warm hospitality extended our members.

BILL 'N BEV IN BLIGHTY

Armed with a thirty-five year old list of former POW friends, Bev and I descended on the British Scene to renew past friendships - alas -Edinburgh proved fruitless so we caught the Flying Scotsman to London and between sight-seeing trips, wore out a couple of telephones (a needle in a haystack would have been easier!).

The second night(in desperation!) we caught a cab and descended on the Duke of York's Hdqs in Sloan Square. There we were ushered into an office occupied by a Major Calvert who greeted us, bought us a Scotch and Soda and wasted no time in getting a Mrs.Howard(in Welling,Kent)on the long distance phone.I talked to her just long enough to find out J.P.Howard,her husband, was attending an Executive Meeting of F.E.P.O.W. at the Union Jack Club in London.

We took a hasty leave of Maj.Calvert, found another cab and were whisked across London to the Club.

I rudely interrupted their meeting to bring greetings from their Canadian friends and, in particular, those from British Columbia. I was honoured in meeting some fourteen members of their Executive among them: Harold L.Payne, President; B. Roberts and J.P.Howard and Alan J. Wood who, it turned out, was the only ex-Hongkong member. It was quite a night - one to remember.

Having achieved some success, we took off for Glasgow and having no luck there, spent our time enjoying the Scotch and the Scottish People.

Bill Laidlaw

LIVING WITH AN EXPOW (cont.from Page3)

Most ExPOWs still have occasional nightmares. There is nothing we can do about them except listen to their cries. We must not waken nor comfort them.

What we wives CAN do is to treat our husbands as human beings with a handicap(not the exclusive property of XPOWs) We can share with them, listen to them, help them and, above all, love them.

Audrey Brady

Mrs. Brady, wife of Jack Brady, former Commander American Ex-POW Association, Washington State, with Jack are old friends who regularly attend our reunions. Audrey dear, sorry I had to break it up.Late additions to our OBIT threw my lay-out out of kilter. John.

HONGKONG VETS by Duncan Benton

In old Kowloon, high on a hill,
Lie our friends and comrades still.
They are gone but not forgot
They gave their lives
But still they fought.
To keep it safe for those at home,
But now they never more will roam.
We still remember them yet
They lie so cold and still
Where the crosses lie
On old Sai Wan Hill.
And we, who grow old, will join them
soon,
Under a China moon.

AND STILL MORE LETTERS

Dear Johnny: Now I am back to the grind and waiting for my photos to be printed I take this opportunity to say thank you again.

Johnny, I shall be showing copies of the Roll Call to some of the boys from camp days -Bots,Bippo etc. if its OK with you. Met Ineas Cunha and Luiza the other day at a reception at the Lusitano.

We are now in preparation for our China visit 4th -10th November:Canton, Shanghai, Hangchow, Peking. Hope you'll be preparing for your HK trip in the near future.

Love from Cynthia and self,

HONGKONG

ALBERT

Sir Albert Rodrigues was HKVDC M.O. in Shumshuipo 1941-1945, and is an Honorary Life Member of Winnipeg Grenadiers.

Dear John: Enclosed please find money order for subscriptions to the Roll Call-use remainder for whatever.

We've really enjoyed the magazine, its brought back a lot of memories.

I have a notebook which I have cherished all these years-anecdotes, drawings and assorted paraphenalia written by different comrades in Shumshuipo and when we walked out the gate, it was with me. Would never want to part with it, but if you would like to look through it for material to be published, would be happy to send it to you, to be returned when finished with.

I also have a snapshot of "B" Company's Baseball team when we won the cup in Jamaica in 1940. If you are interested drop me a line. Best to all.

Las Vegas, Nevada

Roger J. Zane

AN AWESOME PROPHECY

A house of glass shall come to pass
 In Merry England, but alas,
 War will follow with the work
 In the land of the Turk.
 And state and state in fierce strife
 Struggle for each other's life.
 Carriages without horses will go,
 And accidents fill the world with woe.
 In London Primrose Hill shall be
 And the centre of a Bishop's see.
 Around the world thoughts shall fly
 In the twinkling of an eye.
 Through the hills men shall ride
 And neither horse nor ass bestride.
 Under water men shall walk,
 Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
 Iron in the water will float
 As easily as a wooden boat.
 God shall be found and shown
 In a land that's now unknown.
 Fire and water shall wonders do,
 And England shall admit a Jew.
 Three time three shall lovely France
 Be led to dance a bloody dance;
 Before her people shall be free
 Three tyrant rulers shall she see,
 Each springing from a different dynasty
 And when the last great fight is won
 England and France shall be as one.
 And now a word in uncouth rhyme
 Of what shall be in later time.
 In those far off wonderful days
 Women shall get a strange, odd craze
 To dress like men and breeches wear
 And cut off their beautiful locks of hair,
 And ride astride with brazen brow
 As witches do on broomsticks now.
 Their love shall die and marriage cease
 And babes and sucklings so decrease
 Their wives shall fondle cats and dogs.
 In eighteen hundred and ninety six
 Build your houses of rotten sticks,
 For then shall mighty wars be planned
 And fire and sword sweep over the land,
 And those who live the century through
 In fear and trembling this will do;
 Fly to the mountains and the glens,
 To bogs and forests and wild dens.
 When Gabriel toots his wondrous horn...
 Old worlds shall die and new be born.
 In the air men shall be seen,
 In black, in white and in green.
 How strange, but yet they shall be true
 The world upside down shall be
 And gold be found at the root of a tree
 The world to an end shall come
 In nineteen hundred and eighty-one.
 (Written in England in 1559. Submitted
 by Mel Keyworth.)

"SON-OF- A- SUN !!"

Gordie Hollingsworth, from Encino, Cal. sent in a story from the Los Angeles Times, dated 14 August 1978 (just short of 33 years since the war ended!) which tells of our "friend" the infamous Japanese interpreter of Oeyama, seeking re-entry into the United States.

Thanks to the efforts of his friend, former Japanese Prime Minister Takeo Miki, Kawakita's death sentence for crimes against POWs was commuted to life imprisonment by U.S. President Ike Eisenhower and later, he was freed - but deported - by President John Kennedy in 1963, after having served 16 years, 6 months and 6 days of the sentence.

Kawakita is alleged to have applied in February 1978, for permission to visit the U.S. as a Japanese citizen, without having to return to prison in the States. The U.S. Embassy in Tokyo advises that the application is still under consideration. Kawakita thinks that some form of action is overdue and hopes that the stigma will be lifted.

The stigma referred to however, is not what he did to American and Canadian POWs at Oeyama - he doesn't even mention that - but because he had served time!

Both the Mikis, the ex-P.M. and his wife, now - and only now - reveal that Kawakita had made trips from Oeyama to Tokyo to obtain medicine and meat for the POWs and only they (the Mikis) knew of those trips. Which leads us to observe that the 500 plus POWs in Oeyama therefore didn't!

Here we have a sadistic beast whose actions, performed with enjoyment and deliberation, at Oeyama resulted in death and suffering which up to this day - over 30 years later - still affect Canadian and American POWs, being accorded the publicity and consideration one should reserve only for the veterans. Makes me want to SPIT!!

Lionel Speller sends this, his favourite poem:

"There is a destiny that makes us
 brothers;
 None goes his way alone.
 All that we send into the lives of
 others,
 Comes back into our own."

and there you have the philosophy of the man himself. ED