

1982

“TENKO”

Volume 2-1

FROM A HONGKONG VETERAN TO HIS FELLOW  
HONGKONG VETERANS IN FRIENDSHIP.

an independent, unaffiliated and  
non-profit magazine published  
solely for the enjoyment of former  
Hongkong POW's, wives and friends.

It was my great misfortune never to have met Sid Varcoe, who passed on before I became officially involved with the Association. However, I do have his collection of poems, written whilst he was a Winnipeg Grenadier.

His innate ability to paint pictures by putting words together and his uninhibited sense of humour, which surfaces now and then, has provided me with good reasons for regretting that we never met. The following is one of his and we feel that anyone who can take such an ordinary and unromantic thing as "mutton" and produce this, deserves to have it published. O.K. gang, you may gag over it, but sure as hell you'll remember!

NUTTIN' BUT MUTTON  
by SID VARCOE

The "C" Force Brigade was a tough one to beat;  
We knew how to fight, and we knew how to eat,  
With a natural love of Canadian meat,  
And a hearty abhorrence of mutton!  
Vancouver to Hongkong, the voyage was stark,  
That ship, Awatea, held secrets so dark,  
Three species of beast filled this sleek Noah's ark-  
There was Grenadiers, Rifles and mutton!  
We scrambled aboard her, poor innocent draft,  
None knew the provisions contained on this craft;  
The Aussies had packed her, 'til forward and aft,  
The portholes were juttin' with mutton!  
Many brave sheep are asleep in the deep;  
They died of old age - and cold storage is cheap;  
We'd eat it all day, and then weep in our sleep-  
The sheep that we counted were mutton!  
Rank, rotten and ripe was the redolent smell  
As gaseous and nauseous as vapors from hell-  
We thought of Fifth Columnists ringing a bell,  
Or pressing a button for mutton!  
A mutton-chop breakfast we managed to munch -  
They followed this up with boiled mutton for lunch;  
Stewed mutton for supper soon strengthened our hunch  
Our meals would be nuttin' but mutton!  
Sheep boiled, broiled and roasted; stewed, fricasseed, fried;  
Our look became "sheepish", our patience was tried,  
Poor "C" Force was wilting, 'cause Canada's pride  
Just couldn't keep struttin' on mutton!  
A Grenadier swears (Tho' perhaps he was drunk!)  
That smell hung so thick in the air by his bunk,  
That he took out his clasp-knife and carved out a chunk,  
And lay there, just cuttin' up mutton  
Oh, bitter the ache for Canadian hams,  
We boarded like lions, and landed like lambs;  
Australia knows what she can do with her rams;  
Our cookhouse we're shuttin' to mutton!  
'Twas thus our demoralization began;  
Complete in defeat in the war with Japan.  
We acted like sheep, and a few of us ran...  
We'd lost all out guttin' on mutton!  
So search through the ranks of the "C" Force Brigade  
For a lover of mutton. I am not afraid  
To bet all the wages I've never been paid,  
You won't find a glutton for mutton!

# TENKO

Publisher: John Fonseca  
796 Adiron Avenue  
Coquitlam, B.C.  
V3J 4K2

VOL: 2 : 1

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## STARTING '82 WITH A WARM GLOW

If we should seek a reason to feel a warm glow over what TENKO is doing to justify its existence and worthy of the reception extended to it by all its readers, it was found in the flood of good wishes, goodwill and expressions of encouragement received during the festive season just past.

That we have not acknowledged each card received individually, we ask your forgiveness and trust that our greetings in the last issue of 1981 (TENKO Vol:1:4) will, to each and every reader, their families and friends, be accepted in the spirit in which it was sent.

A second reason to feel rewarded and proud, lies in the fact that our readers appear to find it interesting enough to read it from cover to cover, an example of which is seen in the almost immediate responses to our call for help in locating the "DON" asked for by Harry White, and which he acknowledges in a follow-up in this issue.

To our friends, dear Sister Kay Christie and Rocky Jacobson, go our grateful thanks and appreciation for coming up with the names of Lt. Don Languedoc and Lt. F.D.(Don) Ross respectively. This offers Harry White with a splendid opportunity to re-establish contact with two - instead of only one - old buddies, even if it'll cost him 60cents in stamps to do so today!

With this issue, we, therefore, enter our second year of publication confident of the continued support of our readers and with hope that those who have not yet availed themselves of the opportunity to share in what the TENKO offers, will do so now, without any further delay.

In the meanwhile, a holy and happy Eastertide to you and yours and may the remainder of the year 1982 bring you Peace and Contentment.

HAPPY EASTER AND GOD BLESS YOU

## NURSING SISTER KAY CHRISTIE

If we weren't already proud to be a member of that "special breed", the recent election of one of our own to the highest office attainable to Canadian Veterans, that of Chairmanship of the National Council of Veterans Associations of Canada, should, by itself, provide reason for all Hong Kong Veterans to feel proud.

But, there's more - much more! The recipient of this high honour is our popular and well-beloved Sister Kay Christie, who is not only one of two Honorary Vice-Presidents of the Q-M Branch, but also a member of both the B.C. and Ontario Branches as well.

## S T O P P R E S S

The TENKO regrets to report the passing of comrade Capt. Charles E. Price on 14 January 1982 at the Royal Jubilee Hospital in Victoria, B.C. See Page 15 for story.

Kay tells us that she was honoured to have been elected to present the official commemorative edition of the book - "The Royal Rifles of Canada" - the story of one of the two Canadian Regiments which participated in the Battle of Hongkong 1941-45, to the Rt Hon. Ed Schreyer, CC., CMM., CD., Governor-General of Canada, at the official opening of the Hongkong Section of the Canadian War Museum in Ottawa last November.

To Sister Kay goes TENKO's sincerest congratulations on your election, its thanks for the inadvertent-or otherwise-"plug" in helping us find that 'Don' we were seeking for Harry White, and most of all, the up-lifting thought that with your election, nobody - but nobody! - can accuse us veterans of being 'male chauvinists' without running the risk of being beamed with a bowl of boiled rice!

Good health, smooth sailing in everything you do and God Bless.

EDITORIAL

Now that 1981 has passed on to that limbo of things best forgotten, we wish to express our deepest appreciation and grateful thanks to all our readers for their tremendous support in the year just ended, without which the continued publication of this magazine would not have been possible had we attempted to go it alone.

As part of this thanks we are pleased to publish an acknowledgment (elsewhere in these pages) which lists names of donors whose generous contributions kept us going and continues to do so. The list comprises names of donors whose contributions were received up to 31 December 1981 and includes unused donations to our predecessor, the Roll Call (now extinct), from donors who were advised of same and who had requested that those be applied to the TENKO, earlier this year.

It, however, omits those who have requested that their names be withheld. Lest anyone should misinterpret this paragraph, this does not exclude our anonymous donors from sharing in our expressions of gratitude.

We must confess that we experienced some misgivings following the hectic and bizarre series of events which culminated in the birth of TENKO, but now, mellowed by time and the success this magazine is enjoying, we feel prepared to acknowledge that we may have over-reacted in some instances. That feeling, however, is offset by the fact that we know we were right and, what is more important, that you, all our readers, have offered your tacit agreement to that.

Finally, knowing our limitations, we accept the fact that we cannot please everyone everytime and because we feel we can't, would be grateful for suggestions or directions as to how we can improve upon what we are doing, from you. We may be sticking our neck out, but - Aw! What the heck?

So here we go into 1982 with our first issue and with it our best thanks and good wishes for your good health, much wealth and you stay 'cool' come what may in the days to come.

JOHN

The following Gaelic Blessing comes all the way from Las Vegas, Nevada, and from our friends, Roger and Mona Zane. The message it carries is such that we feel we must share it with you, our readers, your families and all our friends:

" MAY THE ROAD RISE WITH YOU,  
AND THE WIND BE ALWAYS AT YOUR  
BACK, AND MAY THE LORD HOLD YOU  
IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND .."

Thanks, friends, for an unutterably lovely thought.

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

As it has been our principle to publish all letters sent in to us - with the exception of those which we are specifically requested not to - we advise receipt of the following somewhat cryptic note, shortly after the publication of our last issue - Winter 1981 - which reads:

"Please remove my name from your mailing list."

and, except for the sender's signature, that was all there was!

As we do not question the right of any reader to exercise his prerogative to continue to receive or cease to do so, nor to ask why, his name, which for his own sake, is withheld, has been deleted from TENKO's mailing list accordingly.

Could be that if we knew the reason why he feels that TENKO does not merit his patronage any longer, we would agree with him! Regrettably, this we will never know now that he, on his own, has cancelled any hope of our ever finding out what it was that bugged him so.

Publication of the above serves to prevent any suggestion that we bury that which may prove, or is felt to be, disadvantageous to TENKO's well-being, image or whatever.

THE EDITOR

OUR PADRE'S DIARY - by Rev. U. Laite ( By kind permission of Mrs. S. Laite)

The food is as usual but last night we did get a surprise and had a bit of pork and vegetable, with rice and tea. I hear that we may have eggs to-morrow. During the week I had the dentist, Capt. Cunningham - Capt. Spence is also here - examine my teeth. He said that they were in good shape, but one small cavity needed attention, and of course all my teeth received a good cleaning. We are fortunate that the Japs have allowed our dentists to keep all of their instruments and material.

I wonder if my little family had any extra pleasure today. I do hope so as I hate to think of them having a poor time because of my absence. I am sure Mom will "carry on" as I would like until I can again get home and share the honours with her. A concert is now in progress on the Square so I will share in it for a few minutes. I shall go to rest tonight with a prayer that wars shall soon cease and that loved ones may be kept in perfect peace.

Mar:16th. I must have been very much at home in my thoughts on the 14th as I was thinking of Valentine's Day even though it was a month past. Yesterday, (Sunday 15th) there was a communion service at 7:45 am. I was assisted by the Rifles padre. Rain came and we had to cancel our morning parade at 11am. The skies cleared in the afternoon and we had an evening service in the Square. We continue our week evening services and hope to have in addition to our Sunday morning service a regular Sunday evening service. We hope to have a platform for our blackboard on which we write our hymns. In the morning we shall use our Band, but in the evening, the piano. We are fortunate to have the organist of Hongkong Union Church who delights to assist us in any way. His name is G.E. Longyear. His wife is in Vancouver now.

Rumour has it that we may have a canteen in our camp. If we also get some pay we shall fare much better as we shall be able to supplement our food allowance by jams etc., as well as keep toilet articles by us. Many of us will be able to have cigarettes and chocolate bars as well and since we have all lost weight, the chocolates may help to restore some of it. Yesterday we had two boiled eggs and two slices of bread with tea, for lunch, and for supper, we had a bit of cheese added to our ration of rice. We rejoice over any change and are deeply grateful. Our O.C. told us yesterday that since our food allowance may be reduced, we may soon have but two meals per day. This will mean that breakfast will be much later and perhaps supper earlier.

There are many books in camp but very few worth while. I miss my religious books especially in my preparations for services. Most of my notes and all of my books, apart from my bible, were left at Wanchai Gap, and looted at the close of hostilities.

The batmen are around cleaning up our bunks and arranging to wash today. The officers are trying to keep themselves busy or amused. One is learning to type, another making up scores of games played, others shaving, while others are reading or grouped for a chat. After I make a few more notes re next Sunday, I hope to play a game or two with Lt. Dennis.

Mar: 19th. Thursday. The weather is glorious today and reminds me of happy days at Bamfield. This is the kind of day I would like to have for splitting wood - nice breeze blowing from the West and not too warm.

We had another visit from the Japanese Camp Commandant yesterday. This meant that all troops were on the Square in proper formation. At the close of his inspection he informed our party - Col: Sutcliffe, Col: Price and Col: Holme - that he was very pleased with all that he saw. He visited huts of officers and men during the inspection as well as men on Parade Square. He assured us that soon we shall be permitted to communicate with our families and that a casualty list will be sent to Canada. The names of prisoners will not be sent, but since the Ottawa authorities get the casualty list, I presume that our friends will be notified that we are prisoners of war.

( to be continued next issue)

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hello John:

Please find enclosed a cheque re TENKO and a small donation. I also enclose a silent prayer for November 11th. All the best for the coming year.

Winnipeg, Man. Fred Murray

Many thanks for the thought, Fred, and we join you in that silent prayer to all those comrades that are no longer with us as well as all those who are troubled in spirit and body.

Dear Johnny:

Enclosed is a small donation to help you with your paper, as I know it takes money to get all the extras for it.

I enjoy them all and hope you can carry on with it. I hope to see you one of these days. Give Elsa my love and accept some for yourself. Am happy to be able to send this small donation. Your friend

Vancouver, B.C. Sally Laite

Sally dear: You may rest assured that I'm not letting Elsa have it all and that one sizeable chunk will be set aside from me. Thank you so much for everything. I sure am one lucky guy!

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Dear John: My most sincere apologies for not getting this done months ago. So nice to talk to you and to know you and Elsa are both fine.

We have had a busy summer as you no doubt guessed. Pat broke her leg 1st August and is still hobbling around. She was able enough to go as planned on a trip to Ireland for a month. Her father had come from Ballymena, Northern Ireland, and this was the first connection back.

Please find my cheque to help the cause along. I do so enjoy the TENKO, and hearing from all the fellows. Keep up the good work, John. May take a drive out your way in March or April.

Redditt, Ont. Albert Rheault

Al, thanks for a magnificent gesture. If you come out this way, please don't (continued next column)

miss out on us this time. Pat, dear, so very very sorry, I hadn't heard about your accident and hope that all is now well with you as well as Al and all to home. Perhaps you'll take time out to let us know about your trip.

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Dear John: Just to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you and yours.

Enclose a donation for TENKO. I really enjoy reading it. Lots of luck and good Fortune and keep up the good work.

FLASH: I have 22 grand-children and 12 great-grand-children. God Bless and keep you safe and sound.

Vancouver, B.C. Duncan Benton

Dunc: Deeply appreciate your good wishes and continued support. Glad you enjoy what we're doing and congratulations on the grand and great grand-children. Cliff Newcomb out in the Okanagan better look to his laurels and do something if he doesn't want to lose his crown!! John.

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Hi There!

Hope all is well with you and yours. Enclosed is a contribution towards the paper - we really look forward to and appreciate your keeping us informed as to what is going on with all our comrades and their families.

Want to wish one and all a very Merry Christmas and the best of everything in the New Year. Look forward to meeting you and your wife one of these days. Best regards

Las Vegas, Nevada Roger & Mona Zane

So nice to have talked to you both. Should you finalise the trip up to Canada please keep a day (or more) for us, either passing through or on your way back. Can't lay out the red carpet - we haven't one - but will try to better it!! Your Gaelic Blessing is being inserted elsewhere in this issue for all to receive. Many thanks for all and, hopefully, we'll be seein' ya in the Spring. John

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (continued)

Dear John:

Well, TENKO came through in grand style, remember the enquiry I asked you to put in the last issue of TENKO? I've just received a letter from our friend and Nursing Sister Kay Christie, giving me the name and address of the "Don" I was trying to find, Lt. Don Languedoc of North Hadley, Quebec. It was very kind of Kay to take the trouble.

Have enjoyed the latest TENKO as I do them all, keep up the good work, Laddie, and at this time, let me wish you and your good wife a happy Christmas and all the best for the New Year.

Okanagan Falls, B.C. Harry White

Harry: Knowing Sister Kay, she, if asked, would say that what she did, was what comes naturally and is expected of any Hongkong Veteran-helping each other. But you haven't heard the end of it yet. Rocky (T.O.) Jacobson also phoned in to suggest Lt. F.D. (Don) Ross as another possibility. So, now there are two old buddies for you to contact. Aren't our readers great?

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Dear John:

Here is a small donation for the TENKO. I sure like to receive it. It helps to keep in touch with all comrades. Thanks a lot.

Sorry I could not make it to Calgary for the Convention as I was not feeling well. I spent three weeks in Deer Lodge at that time. But am feeling much better now. Keep up the good work, John as we sure enjoy the TENKO, as good as the Roll Call.

Winnipeg, Man. R.D.(Scotty) Adams

Always look forward to your letters, Scotty, and thanks for your support. Sorry about your bad spell, but greatly relieved to hear you're out of the Lodge and going great guns. You tell us TENKO helps you keep in touch. Well, it comes from letters like yours, which does that, so keep writing in. The boys - and girls - are all interested. You also say that TENKO is as good as the ROLL CALL. Unless the change in name has any effect, it should be. Perhaps it'll get better as I grow older!!

Hello Johnnie!

Here we are again in the "frozen south!" Arrived a little late this year- Nov. 22nd. All fine here at the ranch when we landed. Haven't contacted any of the fellows here as yet but will soon.

Looking forward to next edition of our good friend "The TENKO". Small tidbit enclosed towards its good content and longevity. Will keep you posted if anything of merit happens down here, like maybe: "a Jap got jyped on a Jeep"!!!

Hope you folks are enjoying the very best of health, happiness and each other.

Mesa, Arizona Harry & Helen Creedon

Greetings and salutations from the "wet north". Have fun on the ranch but take it easy on the mustangs. You'll find Art and Marie Corbell, of course, in Mesa and Tiny and Helen Martyn have been joined by Gordie Wheatcroft and his good lady in Phoenix down-the road. The Wheatcrofts will be at the Royal Palms, 2050 West Dunlap until April. Have you met Dick Wilson yet? This issue, due for mailing end February, will be sent down to you in Mesa.

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Dear John: Just a line in answer to your TENKO we got today. Its been a long time since we heard from you. We hope you are O.K. We are kicking and alive. We've had very little snow, but when it did come there were a lot of 'fender-benders' the night it snowed. Lucky for me I don't have to go out when the streets are bad. Once a week only for supplies. The coldest we've had is 20 above -that's on the old Fahr scale - I don't understand the new one and all that metric is for the birds as far as I'm concerned. We hear you are having a lot of bad weather and had a lot of damage. We've had a lot of sun out here -that's why they call it sunny Alberta! Will close now, wishing you all the best the coming year.

Calgary, Alta Joe Walton

Sure glad to hear you and Ivy are OK. So sorry, I've not written earlier. Will do so as soon as this issue is mailed out. Meanwhile, God Bless. John

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

I wouldn't have read it if someone hadn't sent it to me, and I resent Loral Dean's implying Hongkong Veterans as being a pathetic group of "frail and old men", "shuffling" down the hall to honor the Governor General of Canada and being snubbed for doing so, in his article entitled "A Plain Man in a Fancy Place" in the TODAY magazine's issue of 23 January 1982.

The article which apparently starts in an attempt to "put down" the Governor General of Canada but contrives to contradict and reverse itself at the end, serves only to indicate that its author is not only incapable of accurate reporting, but that he also suffers from the shoddy characteristics of those pseudo hack journalists whose writings are to be found only in something like the TODAY magazine.

The Rt. Hon. Ed Schreyer, CC., CMM., CD., Governor General of Canada, at the official opening of the Hongkong Section of the Canadian War Museum, in the first place, did not display any "lack of warmth and grace" towards Hongkong Veterans in attendance, but in fact, took time out to speak to, and with, a number of those present; to name a few: MS Kay Christie, Chairperson of National Council of Veterans Association of Canada; Lloyd Doull, President, Hongkong Veterans Association; Art Lousier and one of the Skibinski boys amongst others, with all the warmth and grace of an understanding and good Canadian.

Again, the author's inclusion of remarks made by some nameless foul-mouthed New Edinburgh hostess regarding the Schreyer children, and those of Ottawa's Citizen Kelly, in respect of Ed Schreyer's mother and his dog, Reggie, was totally unnecessary and is indicative of how low journalism in Canada has sunk.

For the edification of both Dean and Kelly, the word they seek to mean: crude, uncultured, common, vulgar, cheap or uncouth, is "plebeian" - ain't no such word as 'plebby'! - and by looking into a mirror - any mirror - they will find it in the flesh.

JOHN FONSECA

P.S. Loral Dean is Senior Editor of the TODAY magazine.

AND SPEAKING ABOUT ONE OF US ..

A friend sent in a cutting from an Okanagan paper telling us about Reg Kerr - to put it officially, Reginald (Doc) Kerr, BEM., CD. - which we're happy to pass on.

'Pears like Reg, born in Liverpool, England in 1918, was brought over by his family to settle in Winnipeg in 1919, where he spent most of his growing years. A naturally gifted musician, Reg forsook the hawaiian guitar at the tender age of 10 for the trombone. We have no evidence to support claims that some of the neighbours moved out because of this!

Because of his ability, it wasn't long before Reg was playing in the Winnipeg Junior Salvation Army Band, then with the Senior Army Band and by 1933, the Winnipeg Junior Symphony Orchestra.

Shortly before World War II began, Reg, following in his Dad's footsteps - Kerr Snr. had fought with the Americans in the Spanish-American War and in the Great War 1914-8 with the Canadians - joined the 11th Med. Batt. RCA, moved to the Fort Garry Horse and then to the Winnipeg Grenadiers.

It was a natural for Reg to be in the Regimental Band and was one of those who received training as medical orderlies on the side. This served its purpose well, as during those desperate days as POW in Hongkong, that training developed to a level where he could relieve doctors of some of the treatment work and thus, earned the name "Doc". Reg spent the remainder of the war in Hongkong tending to the sick and the wounded, and earning a respite occasionally by practicing on his trombone, the only thing he salvaged.

Reg was recipient of the B.E.M. for Meritorious Service from Viscount Alexander of Tunis and joined the RCAF Band in 1947, playing all over the country, with various symphony orchestras.

During his trips, he liked what he saw and in 1968, settled in retirement, in Penticton, with his family. You can hear Reg and the COMBO at the Retirement Centre there any Friday morning.



HITHER AND YON WITH FONZ

Roger and Mona Zane are planning to return to Canada for a visit this Spring, to B.C. and then to Winnipeg. What makes it exceptional good news is that this'll be their first visit to Canada after being away for a quarter of a century. They had gone south to Las Vegas, Nevada sometime in the '50s - we believe 1957 - and should all work out, it'll be a Silver Jubilee return of the Prodigals. WOW!!

I seem to remember reading somewhere that Roger was one of the 200 who held that very first HK Veterans Reunion in Winnipeg back in 1946.

This information is provided -free of charge - to both B.C. and Manitoba Branches in case you want to do something about it.

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Aside from providing name of the "Don" (Lt. F.D. Ross) Harry White had been asking for, Rocky tells how as armourer to "C" Force, he had to request that some of the more enthusiastic recruits turn in their bayonets, which they'd brass or chrome plated, for re-dulling in the "browning tank". It appears like them shining stickers were only good to blind a 'banzai' yelling Nip at five-foot range, but at 300 yards (280.333 metres, if you insist!) were dead give-aways for the 'hei-tai' to cause grievous bodily harm by lobbing mortar shells at tell-tale glints!

"Rocky who?" you ask. "Sgt Tony O. Jacobson, R.R.C. L50094" says I. How silly of me!!

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The prominence given on TV of the plight of outlying communities because of the VIA rail suspension, triggered the thought of what goes with our good friend, Frank Petch at Blue River, B.C. - one of the towns affected - and enquiries, we are happy to say, find him well and Ok, though having some trouble with his legs (aren't we all?) and is using a cane to help him over the rough spots. How isolated Blue River is can be judged by the reply I got from the telephone operator when I asked for a possible number. "Blue River! Where's that?" she asked!!

Friends of Andy Nairn will be deeply concerned to learn that Andy suffered two consecutive heart attacks, close together, recently and is now almost completely confined to his apartment. The attacks occurred on New Year's Day and could have resulted much more seriously than it turned out. Andy, living alone, had difficulty in getting to the phone during the attacks, but somehow managed to get help. We are happy to report he is improving, although still unable to move around much, and when one realises that it was his usual habit of striding around Stanley Parks seawall for his daily exercise, this enforced confinement, it must have irked.

Andy was a two-war veteran, and saw action in the Gaza and Jaffa area of the Middle East in 1917 and in France - the Abbeville-Arras sector.

He enlisted as a Grenadier and after Shumshuipo in Hongkong, was sent to Japan and spent time at 3-D at Kawasaki, in World War II.

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Looked into my crystal ball and what I saw there will disappoint many who may have been planning to attend the Spring Annual Meeting of the B.C. Branch in the Okanagan this March or April. The crystal ball tells me the reunion cannot possibly be held there with any assurance of success, for three good reasons. The first is that road conditions will still be icy and hazardous for driving; the second is unavailable accommodation and the third: Ogopogo will not come out of hibernation until May-June.

More better, says my crystal ball, to hold it in the fall, in August when the fruit are ripe on the trees, weather will be suitable for golfing, swimming or lounging around in either bikinis or fundushis and that there steer, being fattened up for barbecuing, will be old enough and tender enough to provide a truly delectable meal.

You don't have to believe me, for it's only a glass ball, even if it was made in Japan from genuine Inland Sea sand. But I've found it pretty darn accurate at times.

A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The TENKO wishes to express its thanks and appreciation to all donors, including those who have requested that they remain anonymous, whose donations were received during 1981, up to 31st December 1981, and to all its readers whose encouragement and support makes the production of this magazine such a n enjoyable and rewarding task.

Names are listed alphabetically and each asterisk after a name denotes additional donation(s) received during the year.

Achtymichuk, Bill  
 Adams, David \*  
 Adams, Scotty \*  
 Barton, T.  
 Bell, Ken  
 Benton, Duncan \*  
 Berzenski, Mrs Lori \*  
 Bradbury, Chuck  
 Brady, Jack (USA)  
 Buck, Ernie  
 Budd, T.C.  
 Chapman, Fred \*  
 Chesser, Charles \*  
 Christensen, Jack \*  
 Clarkson, Mrs Joyce (USA)  
 Coffey, Ted (UK)  
 Corbell, Art (USA)  
 Coulson, Mrs Janet  
 Creedon, Harry \*  
 Crookshank, Tom  
 Currie, Cecil  
 Dalzell, Paddy  
 Davis, H.T. (Rocky)  
 Derhak, Bill  
 Dewar, Tom  
 Dunderdale, Ted  
 Ferrall, Art  
 Forsyth, Tom  
 Halsall, Harold  
 Hodgkinson, Mrs. Deanie  
 Jacobson, Rocky  
 Johnston, Ken  
 Jones, Miss B.  
 Keenan, Mrs Maud  
 Kerr, Reg  
 Laidlaw, Bill  
 Laite, Mrs. Sally \*  
 LaPointe, Mrs. Esther  
 Lawrence, Everest  
 Logan, Frank  
 Maddess, Cam \*

(continued in next column)

March, Len  
 Martyn, Ford (Tiny) USA  
 Matheson, John  
 Matthews, Alf  
 Matthews, Cliff  
 Mayberry, Hank  
 Maze, Dick  
 Murray, James \*  
 MacPherson, Don  
 McKnight, Gerry \*\*  
 McRitchie, Angus  
 Newcomb, Cliff  
 Owens, Dave  
 Patton, H Borden  
 Petch, Frank  
 Porteous, Mrs. Kathleen  
 Porter, Ken  
 Prairie, Alex  
 Rankine, Duncan Reimer, Don  
 Remedios, Jaime (USA)  
 Rheault, Al  
 Roza-Pereira, Carl  
 Seaborn, Len \*  
 Shayler, Alf \*\*\*  
 Smith, Reg  
 Specht, Lou  
 Toews, Ed  
 Utech, Robert \*  
 Van Koughnett, Stan  
 Varcoe, Mrs. Marion  
 Walton, Joe \*  
 Wheatcroft, Gordie  
 White, Harry  
 Whitman, Allan  
 Williams, Verne  
 Wilson, Richard  
 Wood, Alan J. (UK)  
 Woods, Charles  
 Zane, Roger (USA) \*  
 Zytaruk, Nick \*

We think the above covers it all, but we may have missed a few - a number mailed before Christmas, did not get to us until after New Year's Day - and, if we have, humble apologies are offered and please write in to advise so that we can rectify same.

Once again, many, many thanks and to you all, your families and our fellow Hongkong Veterans,  
 GOOD LUCK, GOOD HEALTH & GOD BLESS

IN MEMORIAMEd Toews - 1903 - 1982

After the welcomed appearance of our good friend and comrade, Ed Toews (in spite of his wheel-chair) at the National Convention in Calgary last September, and the obvious pleasure and enjoyment he showed in meeting and greeting his old comrades, his sudden passing from a coronary attack on 2nd January 1982, at home in Osoyoos, B.C. comes as a distinct shock to his many friends and particularly so to this magazine.

It was shortly before Christmas that we talked over the phone and Ed was cheerfully looking forward to the festive season and family reunions planned. He also advised that he was writing up something for the TENKO, a kind of cheer-upper for Nick Zytaruk, who was the subject of comment in a letter to the Editor from Fran in our Winter 1981 issue.

In a letter to TENKO advising of Ed's passing, Mal included that piece of writing, and in her own kindness softened the regret we felt for not being in attendance at his funeral, by telling us that it was impossible for us to get there because of snow and road conditions.

In any case, the internment service was well attended with over 90 paying their last respects, including Hong-Kong Veterans Maurice and Esther Lapointe, Penticton; Harry White, Okanagan Falls and Ernie Buck from Keremeos.

To Mal and the family, we offer our deepest and sincerest expressions of condolences and add that the sorrow we feel is eased, but only slightly, by the thought that his passing was peaceful and free from pain.

To ED, wherever you are, we can't think of a better way to say how much we'll miss you, how much we have been honoured with your friendship and camaraderie by being privileged to publish what could be your last message to your fellow Hongkong Veterans in the adjoining column.

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

SPARE PARTS

Courtesy D.V.A.

I sit up in the morning and get my heart going properly with my oxygen and my lungs cleared with my Bunn medication air compressor. That done, I "swing" out of my bed, pull on my pants and my "wooden" leg. Then with the aid of my canes, crutches or walker, I'm ready for the day.

Of course, I need my spare teeth for breakfast, my spare eyes for my morning paper which was fetched by my "not so spare" wife. For the noon news on TV, I need my spare ear. When I go out, I climb into the car with my spare wheels tucked into the trunk.

With all these spare parts, I can still meet and greet my friends - because those are the parts of my life that I CAN'T spare.

Ed Toews

(deciphered by Mrs Mal Toews)

Ken McCulley - 1919 - 1981

It was with deep regret that we received news of the passing of one of our readers, Ken McCulley in Portage La Prairie on 24 November 1981.

He leaves his beloved wife, Eliza, two sons, four daughters, 15 grand-children, two brothers and a sister (Mrs Betty Sarginson of Victoria, B.C.)

Ken, W.G. survived the Battle of Hongkong and the 4 years as a POW in Hongkong and Japan, to return to take an active part in Manitoba Branch's Entertainment organisation. He organised the "golf tournament" held during the National Convention in 1979 at Winnipeg.

MAY HE REST IN PEACE

TED POLAND - H.M. Royal Navy

Ted Poland, a Hongkong Veteran passed on sometime last year. He was in Shumshuipo with the rest of us and also a member of the B.C. Branch. Ted was one of the veterans who attended the 'unofficial' 25th Anniversary of our release reunion at Asia Gardens in Vancouver, back in 1970, and had been settled in B.C. for almost 30 years.

MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear John: Keep up the good work, John. It is appreciated in fact I am enclosing a token of my appreciation. So keep me on your mailing list.

I did get to Calgary eventually and met many who brought back many memories. Though I had an unexpected stop in Blue River on the way, where I went over the edge so to speak. It was the edge of the highway and a long way down. So I got to Calgary in a little worse shape than usual, though I must say the University Hospital in Edmonton is the place to go to get put back together.

There they fed me small bitter pills that didn't stop the pain of my aching back and strained and torn stomach muscles but I do believe, hastened the healing to such an extent that when I came out of there, my pacer sent garage doors up in a two-block area whenever a pretty girl went by.

It is sad to say that the effect wore off when I quit taking the pills. I am sending along a few verses I ran across that may be of some interest. Two lines of one verse are my favourite: "I don't mind when I think with a grin; of all the grand places my 'get-up' has been."

Most of the time now, memories are exciting enough though I intend to be in New Brunswick in a year or so. Perhaps in time to catch the next National Convention in Montreal on my way back. There are many places around the world that are nice to come from, but in my opinion, this is still the best place to come to! All the best to everyone.

Surrey, B.C.

Art Ferrall

Glad you're well enough to think about travelling again. Thanks for your very generous 'token', your confirming much of what we'd written about your accident last issue and the poems. Sure can use same, if not this time, later on.

A 'pacer' may be a good thing, but of what use is it when you've got an aching back? Ha-ha!

TODAY'S GOOD WORD: All the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.

Dear Nice People: I thought I'd be smart and show you "Prairie Crocus" from my original Province; but I'll be darned if I know where a person begins writing on this kinda form!! Did I start at the beginning? in the middle? or, at the end!! Wow!!

After you told us that Gordon Wheatcroft and his wife were in Phoenix, I phoned and contacted him -then we visited him and his wife and had a very nice visit with them, and are planning a return very soon. For some reason the trailer park moved him and his new space number is #397. It is a huge park and it is also very very nice.

Just received a nice Christmas card from Mary and Ray Sellers who will be arriving at Mesa in mid-January for a few months. Last week Harry Creedon called that they had arrived in Mesa also, for a short stay. Hellen had had a bad bout with "shingles" (and still had!). We'll get with them all at a later date after this hectic season.

I've let my hair and beard grow since 1 June and I am beginning to look a lot like Santa Claus! A great number of people have told me so. I am Santa for our High Church (St Mary's Episcopal) and then on different days, I am 'it' for our Church School and ten different Senior Citizens apartment blocks around the Phoenix area and for our grand-children here also!! So you see I'll be as busy as Old Nick.

Thought you might like to know. Our citrus is loaded this season. We have grapefruit, lemons, tangerines, apricots Valencia and Navel Orange trees in our yard, all loaded. Helen says I'm being mean by telling the unfortunates who don't have fresh citrus!!

Best wishes to all my comrades and God Bless!

Phoenix, Arizona Helen & Tiny (Ford)

Tiny: Please refer to footnote in the adjacent column. You sure as heck deserve all the good you're enjoying for the good you're doing. EXCEPT! With what's happened to Florida and California, must you make me drool?

AND MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Friends: We hope to find you both well and all set for Ol' Saint Nick.

In October we took a trip to the Philippines, Thailand, Singapore, Java, Sydney (attending their National Ex-POW Reunion) and on to New Zealand. There were 18 ex-POWs and their families on the tour.

We visited areas where we were held as POWs. Only two of us were from P.I. the others off the U.S.S. Houston and 131st F.A. were captured in Java and worked on the infamous "Death Railway" It was an interesting, but emotional trip.

We sure enjoy the TENKO - you do such an excellent job!

Happy Holidays - God Bless

Buckley, Wash. Virginia & Harold Page

That must have been a great trip, seeing different ways of life. Would like to know how Harold reacted in Bali - or has it changed much since I was there in 1929!? They say New Zealand must be nice as it is so much like our west coast. Guess you'll be resting up a while until the weather gets better for travelling. Always good to hear from you so keep in touch. John

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Dear John:

Just a card in appreciation of the tough job you have of keeping us informed of what has happened to who and to say keep up the good work.

May see you this summer, all being well. Short note to TENKO enclosed.

Trail, B.C. June & Chuck Bradbury

Sure looking forward to your visiting this part of God's Country come summer. Will pretty up a hunk of moose rump for the barbecue and whilst June and Elsa cook it up, you 'n I can talk about Sendai, Hondo, The Chicken and Hancho Domo, what?

Happy to hear that you're coming along good after the operation and when you come, will put you to work supervising the young folk in the art of digging - not Coal! - but fence posts or sumpin'. Perhaps we could even have a "Sendai" reunion! There are a number who were there in the Lower Mainland today.

Dear John:

Please accept this small token to keep TENKO going. I enjoy reading it and it brings me close to all those comrades that shared so much together and I am glad that my marriage to my Nick, made me a part of this Courageous group.

Lantzville, B.C. (Mrs) Lori Berzenski

Lori dear, you are one lovely person and, I for one, feel it a privilege and an honor to have you, and all the wives and widows, one of that "special breed" known as Hongkong Veterans Thank you for your continued and unstinting support. Hope TENKO will continue to justify it. John

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Dear John:

Just a few lines, old comrade, to say how pleased I was to hear from you by phone. You know, it seems that just when you are beginning to feel that you haven't got a friend left in the world, the phone rings and, By God, there's John Fonseca! Thanks a lot, John.

Well, about this time of year I get to thinking how generous the good Lord has been to this house. And do you know, that as there seems to be some of His generosity left over, I think that probably He would not mind in the least if I sent you a little to help keep the TENKO rolling.

Thanks for a job well done. I know that the TENKO is a great comfort to me, especially as I am not able to get around as well as I used to. My dear Mother, who'll be 89 in April, reads it with great interest, she especially likes the poems. She knows quite a few of the boys, especially the ones who were from St. Vital.

Ollie and I wish you and your wife and the TENKO the best of everything.

Vancouver, B.C. Alf Shayler

It may seem funny to some, Alf, but I like people - I really do! You make it so very easy to accept your kind words and your donation. To you, Ollie and your dear Mother our prayers, and should you feel like talking to someone, dial 936-1046. We'll be here.

"C" FORCE NOMINAL ROLL (continued)

Delarosbil, Pierre	Rfn	RRC
Delbridge, Albert H.	Pte	W.G.
Delorme, Joseph E.	Pte	W.G.
Demers, Emile	Rfn	RRC
Dempsey, Joseph A.L.	Rfn	RRC
Denton, Ralph J.	L/Cpl	W.G.
Derhak, William	Pte	W.G.
DeVouge, Alva V.	Rfn	RRC
Dewar, Thomas J.	Pte	W.G.
Dewey, Ralph A.	Rfn	RRC
Dibley, Richard J.	Pte	W.G.
Dickie, Earl W.	Cpl	W.G.
Dicks, Charles J.	Pte	RROC
Diehl, Arthur I.	Pte	W.G.
Dimes, Albert G.	Pte	W. G.
Dissing, Eric N.	L/Sgt	RRC
Dobb, William O.	Cpl	RRC
Doddridge, Philip	Rfn	RRC
Boiron, John L.	Rfn	RRC
Doiron, Leonard	Rfn	RRC
Doiron, Marcel J.J.M	Rfn	RRC
Donnelly, Howard G.	Sgt	W.G.
Doody, Irvin G.	Rfn	RRC
Dooley, Wilfred J.	Pte	W.G.
Dorion, Rosaire	Rfn	RRC
Doucette, Gerald H.	Rfn	RRC
Douglas, John T.	Sgn	RCCS
Doull, Llewellyn T.S.	Cpl	RRC
Doull, Lloyd C	Sgt	RRC
Dow, Ronald	Rfn	RRC
Dow, William E.	Rfn	RRC
Dowling, Laurence F.	Sgn	RCCS
Downey, John	Pte	W.G.
Downie, James	Pte	W.G.
Draho, Edward	Pte	W.G.
Draho, Emil	Pte	W.G.
Drebit, Peter	Pte	W.G.
Drier, Frank A.	Pte	W.G.
Driscoll, Abraham	Rfn	RRC
Drouin, Raymond	Rfn	RRC
Drover, Archibald F.	Rfn	RRC
Drury, Harry	Pte	W.G.
Dube, Roland E.	Pte	W.G.
Dube, Willie J.	Pte	W.G.
Dubois, Wilbert	Pte	W.G.
Duggan, Arthur G.	Rfn	RRC
Duguay, Joseph A.	Rfn	RRC
Dukelow, Robert J.	Pte	W.G.
Dunlop, Robert H.	Rfn	RRC
Dunn, George W.	Pte	W.G.
Dunseath, Daniel	Pte	W.G.
Duplaga, Stanley	Pte	W.G.
Duplassie, Bernard P.	Rfn	RRC
Dupont, Gerald	Pte	W.G.
Durant, Ferdinand W.	Rfn	RRC

(To be continued in next issue)

THE WAY IT REALLY WAS

Gaps in the old news cutting from which we got the Cam Maddess story, published in our last issue, bothered us sufficiently to get it straight from Cam himself.

Firstly, it was on Mount Nicholson - not Cameron - that Cam caught it from both machine gun fire and grenade, and when he fell, L/Cpl Jim Young crawled up and tried to drag him away from his machine gun (Vickers?). But Jim was hit himself - shot through the lung - and fell.

With Jim apparently dead, Cam started crawling down the mountain and was eventually picked up by L/Cpl Stewart Ganton, who had also been wounded in the arm. The two finally reached St. Albert's Convent, which had been converted into a field hospital and from there ended up at Bowen Road Hospital.

It was there that Dr. Bruce Anderson, RAMC, performed all the operations on Cam.

Stew Ganton's arm would not heal and he carried it in a sling all through the remainder of war and it wasn't until his return to Canada, and the insertion of two plates, that he got rid of the sling. We are informed that Stewart Ganton, a B.C. boy, died at Shaughnessey Hospital some years back.

Comic relief was provided at St. Albert's Convent, when, after narrating what had occurred, Cam was asked about Jim Young. When Cam said he thought Jim was dead, a voice just behind him said: "Like Hell I am!!" and there was Jim!

Perhaps someone can tell us where and how Jim is today. Both Cam and TENKO would like to know.

FLASH !! DVA Release 2 Feb 1982

Benefits for Canadian War Veterans will not be affected in any way by the November Budget.

"I want to put an end to any misunderstanding on that point. Contrary to some reports, there is no provision in the budget that will lower the benefits enjoyed by Canadian veterans and their families." The Minister of Veterans Affairs announced to-day.

AND YET MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear John: Enclosed is a donation for your magazine "TENKO". With rising costs, I am sure you can use it to continue publishing. Good wishes for 1982.

Reston, Man. Tom & Edythe Forsyth

Dear folks: The very generous response received from all our readers makes the continued publication of TENKO a sure thing. Unless, of course, if Elsa crowns me with the aspidistra, thus causing amnesia. Many thanks.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear John: Happy 1982 to you. We hope it's a happy and peaceful year for everyone, of course, but we make it a special wish for all our friends—even our relatives, some of whom are friends!

We have absolutely nothing to report of any importance, except that last June, Audrey and I became grand-parents for the first time. As of now, of course, the sound is not of pattering feet, but of crying baby. However, the pitter-patter of feet is not far away we believe, and it won't be long before it will probably sound like the thunder of stampeding cattle.

We would like to get up your way more frequently and we will as soon as time and weather permits. In the meantime, you two be careful, keep healthy and have fun.

Gig Harbor, Wash. Audrey & Jack Brady

Congratulations, friends, and so very happy for you. Don't know if it was Mt St. Helen's eruption, but getting to be grand parents seems to have become infectious. First the Morgans, then the Galloways and now you. Sure appreciate the enclosure. Thanks.

\*\*\*\*\*

Two totally dedicated baseball fans made a pact agreeing that the first one to die, return to report on quality and standard of baseball up there. A month later and Tom passed away, and a week later was back. "Well?" asked Jim. "It's good news and bad news!" said Tom. "The good is I'm playing in a Triple A game tomorrow, and the bad is that you'll be pitching!!"

Dear John: Was thinking today that I had not paid my dues up for this year yet, and also that you are going into your second year on your own with the TENKO, so I am enclosing a cheque for to help you along.

It is sure strange how a person will meet up with other people who know someone from the past. I stopped in Kamloops over Christmas and New Years and was having coffee one afternoon in a cafe. I met a young couple and during the conversation, discovered he was the son of ED TOEWS of our gang. He told me his father was not too well. I met them again just after New Years, and he had just come back from his father's funeral. Ed had passed on on the day after New Year's day, at the age of 79.

My best memory of Ed was when we were on the train coming from Sendai to Tokyo on our way home. The train had stopped for some reason and on the road beside us was what looked like hundreds of Japanese in uniforms having a break. They had no rifles or anything so we were wondering if the Americans were taking them to take over our jobs in the coalmine. There was one chap in that bunch who spoke real good English for he stood up and wanted to know if we could spare a smoke.

After what seemed like about half an hour of complete silence, someone tossed a package of cigarettes onto the road. I know that in the little gang I was with, it was Ed who tossed the first one. It took only a minute or two, then the air was full of cigarettes. I know it was just a small thing and we were on our way home at last, but when you consider the value placed on a cigarette over the four years, it struck me as quite remarkable. I know as the train headed for Tokyo, I felt pretty proud to be one of the gang in that car.

Blue River, B.C. Frank Petch

Because of the lump in my throat, Frank, there's little I can say but Thanks, thanks very much for your generous donation, but more for your letter. Mal Toews will like that.

THE SHUM SHUI PO STORY (continued)

We were over at Kai Tak, eliminating that there hill with our little shovels and bamboo baskets, when they came the second time. If I remember correctly, it was late in the afternoon when the air-raid sirens went on all over the Colony.

All worked stopped immediately and as we searched the western sky over towards Stonecutters, from where the deep throbbing hum of more than one plane came, the entire sky blossomed with anti-aircraft flak as the Japanese let fly with everything they had.

Out at Kai Tak, because none of the Zeros showed any signs of taking off to intercept, the possibility that it was only more Jap planes coming in, caused us to relax somewhat.

The dull thudding of exploding bombs in the distance, however, had us back on our feet and cheering wildly, whilst the Jap guards ran screaming in little circles, as the flight of bombers appeared slightly to the south of the airfield and succeeding explosions accompanied by columns of smoke, debris and whatever, rose from the Kowloon Dock area, a mile or two south from where we were working.

From reports later in Shumshuipo, the flight path was west to east over Stonecutters Island (giving the lads in Shumshuipo a grandstand view) on to the wharves and warehouses and then, on to the Kowloon Docks.

Bombs were dropped and exploded in the inner harbour near the Yaumati typhoon shelter, on the wharves, at Haiphong Road, outside Whitfield Barracks and Nathan Road, on Cameron Rd ending with the main drop on the Docks itself. That done, the flight continued eastward, and disappeared over Lyemun Pass heading out towards the Pacific Ocean.

As soon as the bombers disappeared the guards began yelling for us to get back to work but before we'd even had time to pick up our equipment, over the Kowloon Hills skipped a lone twin-fuselaged Lockheed Lightning (P-38?) which, diving down to almost ground level, strafed the air-strip, some ships in the harbour and the Wanchai area and then, standing on its tail,

climbed vertically to clear Mt Cameron and disappear.

The audacity of that attack by a single fighter plane must have taken the wind out of our guards, for instead of continuing work, they ordered us to pack up and ready for a return to Camp.

But it wasn't all over yet. As we were about to move off, more excited yammerings from the guards and more cheering from the POWs greeted the reappearance of the bombers. This time however, they came in low, flying below the height of the Peak (at about 800 feet above sea level) and straight down the centre of the harbour, from east to west, to disappear in the direction from whence they came and without a shot being fired at them.

It was shortly after that raid, that deciding that work parties were for the birds, I managed to insert myself into that exclusive club known as the "Cookhouse Gang", immediately acquiring a reputation comparable to our local 'mafia'!

Starting as a floor, rice-drum and wok-washer, it wasn't long before my latent cooking talent received recognition and its rewards! and promotion to assistant cook to sad-eyed Joe Horowitz, the inventor of "Green Horror" followed.

Preparation of this horrific dish taxed all the knowledge on cooking I'd acquired whilst a boy scout and it can safely be said to have been born and died in and with Shumshuipo. Firstly, half fill a wok with water, stoke up a good fire and when the water comes to a boil, dump whatever quantity you have of the 'ong-choy' the Japs had provided, into the wok and let it boil until the greens turn almost black, then serve hot!!

To those who may wonder wotinel 'ong-choy' looks like in the raw, it resembles the green aquatic growth found in tropical fish aquariums, to which fish fanciers point at with pride and those dumb guppies, black mollies and sword-tails hide under, refusing to come out when called.

I haven't had any since I left SSPO in '44, and don't expect to the next thirty-seven years.



MORE HITHER AND YON WITH FONZ

Well, we told you so! Didn't we? So now you can go out and splurge that 12.2% or get the good woman that spring outfit she's been thinking about. In any case, have fun, because it is getting much later than you think!

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Regarding our article "A Canadian, but Veteran 2nd Class" in our last issue, we know of a number of Canadian citizens, former Hongkong POWs, from Allied Forces, who have the required residence qualifications, or should have, to be entitled to POW Compensation. To name only a few, with years of residence in brackets, we have Jack Christensen(35), Jan Solecki(22), a number of others whom we have not been able to contact, plus God knows how many more across the country, who are Canadian, who are former POWs but who appear to have been shunted aside by the pre-occupation with welfare of the Vietnam 'boat-people, Ungandan and now the Polish refugees and/or defectors. Sheesh! Forgot to add that nut, Johnny Fonseca(25) to the list!!

\*\*\*\*\*

A "SO SORRY!" to Harry Atkinson, whom we wrote up in a previous issue as "Charlie" Atkinson. Don't know how we erred there, unless it was the perfume Elsa was using as she hovered over me or that back in the thirties, I worked alongside a Charlie Atkinson, and what a character he was!

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Although we crammed in as many letters from our readers our limited space permitted, there remain a sheaf which had to be held back. But, take heart and "never hachi!", they'll be included in our next issue.

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We regret to report the passing of Capt Charles Price, 80, from a heart attack at the Royal Jubilee Hospital in Victoria on 14 January 1982. Former Hongkong POWs and fellow veterans attending his memorial service on 18 January, were his brother, Brig. John Price from Quebec, Dr Anderson and Capt. Robert Philp. Capt Price was with the Royal Rifles and leaves his widow, Beatrice, a son and two daughters. May he rest in peace.

D.V.A. NEWS RELEASE 1 Dec 1981

Disability pensions paid to veterans and their survivors will rise 12.2 per cent on January 1st, the Hon. Bennett Campbell announced today. The increase in benefits will reflect the rise in Consumer Price Index.

In addition to those eligible under the Pension Act, monthly pensions are also received by those qualifying under the Civilian War Pensions and Allowances Act and the Compensation for former Prisoners of War Act.

The increase means that on January 1st, the standard widow's pension will go from \$608.60 a month to \$682.85. A married veteran with a 100% disability pension will go from \$1014.33 a month to \$1138.04 a month. A 50% disability pensioner, married with two dependent children, will in future receive \$671.47, up from \$598.48 a month.

Mr. Campbell, Minister of Veterans Affairs, stated that about 134,000 disability pensioners and their surviving dependents will receive the improved benefits.

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