

1982

“TENKO”

Volume 23

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.

REMEMBRANCE DAY

1982

"IN FLANDERS' FIELDS"

In Flanders fields the poppies grow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from falling hands we throw  
The Torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders Fields.

Lt. Col. John McCrae  
(A Canadian 1872 - 1918)

CALLING IT A DAY

From time to time I have indicated that I would continue publication of this magazine so long as I was able to.

Now, because of the inexorable march of time bringing on a slowing down of both mental and physical processes and, more importantly, loss of the drive and enthusiasm which had sustained the publication of both the Roll Call and its successor, TENKO, over the past five plus years, I, with much regret, have decided to call it a day.

This, therefore, will serve to inform our readers and friends that TENKO will suspend publication as of 1 December 1982 - after the next edition - Winter 1982 - indefinitely.

In this regard, it is requested that no further donations be sent. Since we published the list of donors and funds received in last Winter 1981 issue, a number of readers have stepped in with very generous cheques and cash contributions which were sufficient to cover costs of the last (Summer 1982) and this (Fall 1982) issues, with some left over in the kitty to be applied to the next and final edition, Winter 1982. Should there be a short-fall of funds, the eventual disposal of equipment and remaining supplies, will easily take care of any shortage. So, please do not - repeat DO NOT - send in any further donations.

I must confess that the decision to retire received serious and lengthy thought and was reached with deep and lasting regret, but retire I must and only add 'SAYONARA' which, translated literally, is "Since it must be so".

To all you readers and friends, my sincerest and most grateful thanks for the tremendous support and encouragement extended to me throughout the years and which I will never be able to forget.

My warmest wishes for good luck, good health and God Bless to you and yours in the years to come.

JOHN

UPPER LEVEL RHETORIC?

Of interest to all veterans is the exchange in the House, between Allan McKinnon and the Minister of National Defence, J. Gilles Lamontagne on the Indexation of Pensions as reported in Hansard, 19 July 1982 (Page 19445). We quote (in part) as follows:

Question (McK:) "The June budget mentioned that indexation of the pensions paid to public servants will be limited to 6%. Can the minister tell us if the 6% maximum will apply in a retroactive fashion to retired servicemen who have not yet qualified for indexation under the 85 rule but who will, of course, qualify at some later date?"

Answer (Min. Nat'l Def.) ..The question is a complex one...He has made a point which has to be evaluated. I would point out, however, that the funds in the pension fund are not only from the employees. For example, in the pension fund of the defence department, the department supplied over 247 million in contributions this year. However, if we want to reduce the pension indexation factor to 6% at a certain point, in order for this government to bring inflation down to 6%, I think it will be successful (What will be? ED.). In a couple of years I do not think any employee of the department will lose anything if we have 6% inflation, and their pensions are indexed at 6%." End quote.

Unversed in political double-talk, two points require clarification:

1. Are we, retired servicemen (veterans all) employees of the government?
2. If so, if pensions are indexed at 6% today, with reference to the Minister's last paragraph, who will make up the difference (inflation today is about 11%) due to be lost between now and when inflation comes down (if ever) to 6%?

So much for rhetorical garbage.



EDITORIAL

The decision to suspend publication of TENKO after the next issue -WINTER '83 - will undoubtedly be received with dismay, if not shock, by our readers who've, as so consistently and regularly expressed in their Letters to the Editor, looked forward to finding it in the mail box.

To the Editor himself, it brings a deep and lasting regret insofar as, in the first place, one envisages the possibility of losing in time, those precious ties between him and the many new friends this magazine has been instrumental in fostering.

Secondly, that the one and only vehicle in existence through which Hong-kong Veterans can freely communicate and learn what is happening to, the whereabouts and doings of comrades and buddies, will, after December 1982, no longer be available.

The reasons advanced for the suspension are both logical and understandable. All of us, reaching the 70's, find remembering difficult and elusive. To your Editor, the realisation that where before, it was easy to dash off a couple of columns, or even pages, to fill in blank spaces, it now becomes a struggle accompanied by frustration and a sense of inadequacy and that explains it all. To put it succinctly, we quote him: " I seemed to have changed from a volatile, if somewhat dirty old man to a P.O.A.P. -petulant old age pensioner and then some!"

On a happier note, together, we have come a long way in achieving recognition from prominent institutions and people, including Canadian War Museum, Dept. of Veterans Affairs and other organisations servicing veterans both home and abroad, and from the House of Commons, that grand old patron of all veterans, the Hon. Stanley Knowles. Recognition by the War Museum together with the fact that many of our readers have kept every issue of both Roll Call and TENKO, ensures that posterity will have a record of its existence and that, my friends, in itself a truly rewarding thought, is all we ask for. Something to keep the spirit of that 'special breed of men' alive and burning bright for all time.

A WORD FROM YOUR EDITOR

Although I may be deliberately sticking my neck way out, the next issue of TENKO could develop into one of the most interesting and entertaining editions ever to grace your mail box.

Because it will be the very last, thereby affording you with only one final opportunity, you, dear readers, are cordially invited to let your hair down and say just what you have wanted to say - good or otherwise - about both this magazine and its editor.

Although this invitation is extended to our readers, it is within the bounds of possibility that we will entertain submissions from those outside our mailing list and even, provided they are interesting and informative enough - although controversial - to publish same.

We have one request to make, Please adhere to our customary policy and abide by the Marquis of Queensbury rules - no biting, no kicking and no hitting below the belt. All normal editorial prerogatives will apply.

So, pick up your pen and paper and let yourselves go! It should be one truly fantastic literary "roast"!!

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For those who may be interested, any funds remaining following completion of TENKO's wind-up, will be donated to the Terry Fox Cancer Fund. John.

ALLO-SAME THING!!

Whilst hanging a recently purchased outdoor thermometer, was struck by an intriguing thought. What and to whom, goes the advantage of changing from Fahr. to Celsius. A couple of months from now, when you tell me it is 17 deg. Fahr. I merely pull on an extra sweater. But when you say it's 10 below C. I turn up the thermostat, bring out extra blankets and really FEEL GOLD!!

What makes it so utterly useless and asinine is that, when the temperature drops to 40 below and enough to freeze one's gizzard, there isn't any difference at all. It is BOTH Celsius and Fahrenheit at the same time and the same damned cold!!

OUR PADRE'S DIARY BY The Rev. U. Laite (With kind permission Mrs. S. Laite)

This morning my batman took my fly net, given me by Capt: Bush last night, and is putting the finishing touches to it before tonight. The mosquitoes are busy every night now and we must needs have the net to protect our faces and arms. The weather will be much warmer early in April and I expect that we shall have a real problem of keeping the whole body protected from them. then. The Dr and I move our beds today to make room for our meal table. Five tables are being used now and at ours we have the O.C., Adjutant - Capt. Golden, Q.M., Lt. Dennis and myself.

March 27th, Friday: Nothing new to report. We were happy today to hear rumors to the effect that our forces have been successful on all fronts of late, and that the Prime Minister of Britain, in his recent speech, was very optimistic.

I have been suffering a bit today from Diarrhea, but feel better tonight. I was able to conduct our open air service at 7 pm. Our hymns were "Peace, perfect peace" and "Eternal Father". Psalm 139 was our lesson. Since then I have had a walk around the square with our Q.M. and later helped him with his mosquito net over his bed. For the past hour we have been playing cribbage. Every evening I feel lonely for home and last night dreamt about my dear ones.

March 28th, Saturday: During the week the padres prepared a list of our supplies in hand, and our requirements and requests, in reply to a query from the Japanese. Our supplies are nil but our requirements included amongst other things, one hut with chairs or seating accommodation for services in wet weather. Prayer and hymn books, devotional books, bible for each man and altar linen. Our request was that two padres be allowed to visit sick patients at hospitals and prison camps, each week. Under international law, "Chaplains are non-combatants and are not to be considered prisoners of war as long as they confine themselves to their spiritual ministrations".

To-day the "Pioneers" made a table 24" x 18" x 30" for my bedside and fixed up a stool as well. Already Lt. Parks, who is studying typewriting and whose bed is next to mine, has decided that it is very suitable for his typewriter. He is free to use it. Our best meal today was dinner at 5:30 pm. We had rice and soya bean juice and a bit of fish - similar to sole-rolled in batter and fried in peanut oil.

March 29th, Sunday: Communion at 7,45. About eighty men attended. Barnett's birthday, so he was in charge. At 11:00 hrs our National Day of Prayer service was combined with our Palm Sunday service. Capt. Barnett led. Rev. Strong read Psalm 72 and I preached on "Empire Ideals" - Psalm 72:1. Since lunch of pancakes and tea (meagre meal), I had a rest and slept for forty minutes. At 4:00'clock went on parade. The Camp Commandant and new guard made an inspection. Baseball matches are being played this afternoon between Rifles' officers and sergeants, and there is quite a bit of excitement as they keep the score fairly even. Our evening's service will be held at 7 pm. I am in charge, Barnett gives the address. At its close the padres will visit the hospital (camp) and have a short service. I have been terribly lonely today and wonder if they know that I am alive. I pray that they keep well and that soon they learn from Ottawa about our location and condition.

March 31st, Tuesday: Weather has been very disagreeable since Sunday afternoon. We had to cancel our Sunday evening service in the square, but Capt: Barnett and I went to our hospital and held a short service with the patients. Most of us remained indoors yesterday because of wet weather and since few of us have suitable boots, we must keep off the ground as much as possible. Capt R.W. Phillips, who was 2 I/C at Wong-wei-chong Gap in our fight, and badly wounded in the eye, went to Bowen Road Hospital yesterday for examination of the eye and special treatment. Lt. Parks also went for X-Ray of jaw and teeth. Major Crawford our M.O. has also gone there with Amoebic Dysentery. Others are suffering from Dysentery in its milder form.

( to be continued)



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear John: It was a nice surprise call that I got from you, and I sure enjoyed talking to you. I received a letter from my daughter from Toronto, and she was very happy to receive the TENKO, and she thanked me for having you send it to her. I am sending a little donation to help with materials and postage stamp.

I was in Camp 3-D and so were these other fellows: Ray Sellers, Bob Lytle and Ray Stodgell, so I hope this information helps you.

I am one of those fellows who is a poor writer. Thanks again and say "Hi" to all the fellows of Hongkong. Will close now. I enjoy reading the TENKO very much and hope to keep getting it.

Kelowna, B.C.

Lou Specht

Sure appreciate your daughter's (and yours, of course) interest and we'll do our best to keep it evergreen. Thanks for the names of your fellow 3-D buddies and hope they'll see this, and be one of us. As a writer, you're doing fine, so keep it up. My bestest to you, Marion and the gang in the Okanagan and best wishes for the success of the get-together Sept 17-19.

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Dear John: Thanks for the note about "Doc" Cmeyla in the last TENKO. I wrote to Mrs Cmeyla to-day. Best regards.

Vancouver, B.C. Jack V. Christensen

So glad you did. I felt sure you would like to know and equally sure that Phyllis will appreciate your thoughtfulness. That was some fire over there in Tahsis! Hope it didn't affect you. In the meanwhile, keep well. John

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Hello John: Please find a small donation to your paper. We sure look forward to your magazine with all the information about the Hongkong Vets also the good humor. Keep up the good work.

Beausejour, Man. Dick & Bea Wilson

That was nice! Thanks very much. How are the legs and did you go south for the winter and again this coming one? Good health and God Bless both of you.

Dear John: Received your welcome news letter, the TENKO, on Wednesday, May 26. Was happy to get it.

Judging from the news, our gang sure are getting around the country. However, this is the time to do it and not wait till they've got one leg in the grave.

About three weeks ago the wife and I flew to Montreal to visit a cousin of mine, on my mother's side, whom I never knew existed before. We were there a week and had a real nice time.

Well, John, I'll have to close for this time as I am very busy with my green-house. Transplanting, digging flower beds and also some carpentry work for my daughter. Promise you I will write you again as soon as possible. I am leaving now to get a couple of copies made of that article about Bill Mayne. Enclosed a cheque to help with your expenses, John, and keep up the good work. My regards to your good wife, Elsa, and family.

Winnipeg, Man.

Alf Matthews

Thank you from all of us and for the generous donation. When you can write let us know if you met any of the HK Vets while in Montreal and who they were. Altho 'chechakos', started a little vegetable patch on our plot and the zucchini and sugar peas straight off the plants, are out of this world. Tell Elsie to steer you out thisaway and again try my unorthodox cooking!! For now, our very bestest.

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Dear John: Thanks a lot for the TENKO. Enclosed is a small donation to help out with the newsletter.

All the best to you and Elsa from all of us at 9971.

Richmond, B.C. Carl Roza-Pereira

You-all have always been very special to me, and if a reason is needed, this latest generous gesture is only a small indication as to why. Hope to visit with you when the weather gets better and the old jalopy tells me it is ready and able to get there. In the meantime, God Bless. John

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (continued)

Dear John: Thanks for the summer issue of TENKO. The other issues of the recent past have been arriving regularly. The recollection "SCREECH SENT SCHARNHORST" by Everest Lawrence was great NFLD fun. Screech does have that effect. This article would find great appreciation with all fun-loving Newfoundlanders. There may be still some people alive in Botwood today who would remember Everest Lawrence and his comrades and I am sure they would love to hear this story.

If I could get permission from you and Everest I could get it published in all likelihood in the St John's Evening Telegram (newspaper) and it would be picked up no doubt by somebody from Botwood. The newspaper is generous in its Letters to the Editor column for material of this kind. Newfoundland readers would love it.

If there are any people Everest remembers from Botwood, he could enquire and maybe there would be some response which I could pass along to him or you, as he wishes.

Perhaps Everest could tell when he came to Nfld, his escapades after he departed and how he came to be in Hong Kong and the POW camp. It would be a wonderful story for the people of Botwood, for war veterans, in fact for all Newfoundland. They were well liked here.

My interest in this and other matters of Hongkong POWs is the fact that my father died in Kawasaki LB camp, near Tokyo, in 1943. He was a merchant seaman captured by a German raider and turned over to the Japanese. Cordially yours,

St John's, Nfld

Dave Owens

Dave: I wrote to you, after having got in touch with Everest, advising that permission from both him and Tenko to reprint is granted. I hope you have received it and wish you success in getting the Telegram interested. We would appreciate copies if you do. If there are Hongkong Vets from Newfoundland still alive and kicking in your area, how's about getting them to join the TENKO gang. It ought to be fun.

Dear John: Hope this finds you well and happy. Things are pretty good here. No use complaining nobody listens.

Here is a little something towards publication of TENKO. Intended to send it earlier, but as they say: 'The road to hell is paved with good intentions' However, better late than never.

Please add my brother to your mailing list. He is also a Hongkong Veteran. His name: Kenneth Chesser, Montreal, P.Q.

Well, John, will close here. All the best to everyone and hope all are well and happy.

Keep the TENKO coming as it is really enjoyable reading. I see names from out the past that were almost forgotten and they bring back vivid memories of other not so happy days. All the best.

Campbellton, N.B. Charlie Chesser

Good show, Charlie, and a big welcome to the gang to Ken. Please tell him he'll be getting the next issue early September. The more HK Vets interested and concerned about what's happening to their buddies, the better we like it. Your 'little something' is deeply appreciated. Many thanks and keep good and happy.

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Dear John: Please accept my donation towards the further success of TENKO. I enjoy it very much. We are now home for the summer and plan on being in your area latter half of Sept. We would enjoy a visit with you and your good wife on our way to Arizona for a another enjoyable winter. Last winter was so good and we enjoyed the company of some very nice people and the weather was good. It's a very different way of life for sure. Take care John, it won't be long time passes very fast.

Winnipeg, Man.

Gord Wheatcroft

Looking forward with much pleasure and great expectations to your visit. Please write advising if you're flying or driving ASAP. In the meantime, keep well and enjoy perpetual summer! My phone number: 936-1046. John



WELL, SOMEBODY'S GOT TO SAY IT!

And the grand potentate, arising from his posteurpedic in the morning, did greet the rising sun with: "Oh Sun, tell me, who is the greatest of them all?" Whereupon the sun, shining down upon his balding pate, replied: "You are, of course, my pet, the greatest leader of them all." And so, feeling exceedingly elated, the potentate, jumping on his magic carpet, jettied at high speed across the land to the potential carriage which waited to whisk him to the serenity of the towering mountains.

And along the way, the populace gathered together to commemorate his passing with over-ripe tomatoes and such-like which he, in his own inimitable way, acknowledged with what his faithful followers called "a ministerial gesture" but which the throng found astonishingly disgusting and contemptible.

Then, later in the evening, as the sun descended, the potentate again demanded: "Oh Sun, tell me once more, who is the greatest of them all?" At which the sun thunderously answered: "Not you, bub, not you. In fact, you are the very least and worst, ever recorded in history!"

Whereupon, mightily discombobulated and dismayed, did he protest: "But, Oh Sun, how come? Only this morning did you say that I was the greatest!" Upon which the sun replied: "Did I though? But, then I was in the east, and now I am in the west!"

The moral of our story is:

Neither the holding of high office nor a reputation for intellect can ensure one universal acceptance, and when beneath that charismatic outer skin, one discovers a lurking gutter-snipe, that acceptance becomes an impossible dream.

\* \* \* \* \*

The above is strictly fictional and imaginary. However, in order to protect the innocent, names of persons and places have been deleted. Any similarity or likeness to anyone, living or dead, is purely coincidental. THE FONZ

SAM KRAVINCHUK

It is with deep regret that we report the passing of one Hongkong Veteran whose courage and fortitude under the most distressing of conditions, has served to show what it really is to be one of "that special breed of man" a Hongkong Veteran.

Sam Kravinchuk, past president of the Northern Alta-Sask Branch of the Hongkong Veterans Association of Canada, passed away, after a lengthy illness which had confined him to a wheel chair for over five years and was also slowly losing his sight, on 10 August 1982 and was interred 16 August 1982 in Edmonton, Alta.

I first met and spoke to Sam at the National Convention in Edmonton in 1977 where, already confined to the wheelchair, he and his family were amongst the honoured guests, and I learned what spirit and strength under abnormal conditions really was.

Although not involved with either our predecessor, the Roll Call, nor the TENKO, we have from time to time, received information of his progress and activities and have held him in high respect throughout his remaining years for his unwavering dedication towards the betterment of things for his fellow man, especially to those who, like him, were handicapped and going, or already, blind.

With his passing, like so many other Hongkong Veterans who have gone before him, we lose another precious link with that past which only a Hongkong Veteran can appreciate and be proud of. We will remember him.

COMING EVENTS

HK Veterans Get-Together, Sept 17-19, 1982 at St Andrews on the Lake (near Penticton), Okanagan.

Manitoba Branch Reunion -Winnipeg, Manitoba, 2 October 1982, at the International Inn, Winnipeg. To be preceded by Hongkong Veterans of Canada, National Council Meeting at same venue.

1983 National Convention at Quebec City, P.Q. on 31 Aug thru 4 Sept 1983 at the Concorde Hotel.



DER SCHARNHORST VOS HEREIN - SHE VOS!

Further to the article by Everest Lawrence on the sighting of the German pocket battleship "Scharnhorst" (TENKO Vol: 2:2 Summer 1982), our curiosity was aroused as to why she came so close inshore and within Canadian Territorial waters.

Enquiries from the German High Command proved fruitless as they refused to comment other than that all records had gone up in smoke in the bunker where Adolf got his. However, from a TUS\* close to official quarters, we learned that because of the success of Allied blockade, Admiral Scheer, on Hitler's orders, despatched the Scharnhorst, suitably equipped, to the Grand Banks and adjacent waters, for to trawl for cod to alleviate the shortage caused by the blockade.

It was during these operations that Kommandatur Horst von Buhlscheitzer, said to possess ESP, apparently sensing the presence of a hostile force, was reported to have screamed: "ACHTUNG! ACHTUNG! Kutten zie offen das verdammter nettin furm Stettin und getzen zie raus furm herein SCHNELL! Und ich haben gesacht SCHNELL!" (Trans: "Dump the damn thing and gettohell outta here but quick!"). Whereupon, jettisoning the offending trawl, the Scharnhorst departed in the direction of Brest, France, with such undignified haste that it shattered the existing record for the fastest west to east crossing of the Atlantic by 11 hrs: 42 mins., thereby wresting the "Blue Riband" from Cunard's SS "Mauretania", holder.

Our informant tells us that this feat so elated Hitler, he declared it a "Scharnhorst Day" and granted the ship's company 24 hours leave (without pay). This, unfortunately, was the first and last time the holiday was ever celebrated. From the records we learn that, two weeks later, units of the R.C.A.F., spotting the Scharnhorst and her sister ship, the Gneisenau, in Brest harbour, sent both to the bottom.

In support of the above, in 1958, a report, filed by Capt. Jebadiah Jones, of the Trawler "Screech 'n Howl", of finding remnants of trawling equipment bearing a manufacturer's tag 'Hansruhe Gescellschaft, Stettin, D.R.III', was

recorded by the Ministry of Fisheries in St. Johns. It has since been discovered that Handsruhe G. were purveyors to the German Navy during 1936 - 1945.

Over on this side, our correspondent in St. Johns, NFLD reports that two other reasons for the abandonment of the search for the Scharnhorst, were advanced. The first, that failure to take a compass aboard the dory led to fear that, in the blinding snowstorm, the dory might head for New York, N.Y. U.S. of A., and wreck itself on Staten Island. The second, that the mount provided for the Bren gun, was made specifically for installation at the observer's seat of spotter planes, to repel attacks by Messerschmidts, and at the bow of any dory, would necessitate it's approaching to within 60 ft (18 meters more or less) of its target to inflict any kind of serious and/or grievous bodily harm.

This information caused an uproar on the floor of the House, resulting in a strong letter of protest to the manufacturer of the mounting in Chattanooga, Tenn. for a serious logistical error and lapse.

Finally, a popular distiller of "screech" insists that if a given quantity of "screech" combined with proper proportions of hard tack, NFLD tea, and jam or frozen honey, is consumed when meteorological conditions are just right, the consumer can, and should, be able to see through the densest of fog or most blinding snowstorm the island can muster.

Considering all of the evidence we have gathered - circumstantial, hearsay or otherwise - and in view of the fact that its author, being a Hongkong Veteran, and therefore not given to fictionizing (not much, that is!) we have no hesitation in accepting the sighting as authentic and genuine and are inordinately proud to be the very first ever to record the incident officially (you will find TENKO in the library of the Canadian War Museum in Ottawa) and thus add to the magnificent contributions by Hongkong Veterans in World War II.

E. & O. E.

\* TUS = Totally unreliable source.

BRINGING HOME THE BACON?

I wouldn't have believed it had I not heard and seen it myself, on the TV.

Firstly, the newscaster announcing the decision by the Minister of National Defence, J. Gilles Lamontagne, to move the Naval Reserve HQ from its recently renovated and refurbished quarters (reported to have cost half a million dollars) in Halifax to Quebec (his own constituency?) offering as reason, a lack of French-Canadian involvement!

This prompts me to extend my congratulations to the Minister for having the guts (and the effrontery) to be the first of his party to openly and blatantly promote the injection of racism into the Canadian scheme of things. But while doing so, I must ask: Wotinel is the difference between a francophone (or any other phone, for that matter) and a true Canadian that makes such a move - in spite of the pre-occupation with the current "restraint program" and at what promises to be an incalculable cost - so very necessary?

From this corner, a Canadian is a Canadian is a Canadian, and anyone attempting to differentiate one from the other, through use of a hyphen, does so because of an inferiority complex which compels use of ethnic embellishment and is, therefore, guilty of aligning himself with the chief cause of Canadian disunity - racism.

A day or so later, in an attempt to remove that foot he'd put (poetic?) in his mouth, the Minister reversed course and announced, from the deck of a warship, that the decision wasn't really his own making, but that of his 'officials', thereby surrendering the responsibility vested in his office, to minor bureaucrats, and in doing so, put the other foot in.

Should the move really take place, we envisage the eventual insertion of bilingualism into naval jargon and can imagine the confusion it will create when the boys over in Esquimalt, get the order: "S'Eleve the anchor! Cast off les lignes! Full speed a la derriere!" SHEESH!!

Because we recognise that his stint as a tail-gunner of a bomber during World War II, together with a term as Post-Master General, does not provide  
(continued next column)

him with the required expertise on Naval affairs his office demands, as indicated by the shockingly useless and incredibly naive reasons for such a move, we suggest, in view of the importance the National Defence portfolio means to the safety and well-being of Canada, that he, if he carries the good of Canada at heart, quietly propels himself out of office and let someone more capable and less interested in pork-barrelling, handle it.

ODE TO A WHALE

(To the tune of "Home on the Range")  
by Sid Varcoe

Internees, all hail the delectable  
whale,  
Luscious hamburger steak of the sea;  
When hunger is rife  
You're the staff of my life  
And you're more than a mammal to me.

## CHORUS

Whale! None can prevail  
On me with my burger to part  
Little patty of whale,  
You are never for sale  
You are dearer than smokes to my  
heart!

## MORE VERSE.

We don't get enough  
Of this wonderful stuff,  
But in sweet epicurean glow  
Let us dream of the day  
When we draw our back pay  
Here's the way we'll dispose of our  
dough -

## SECOND CHORUS

Kale! Buy a whole whale,  
Stuff the creature with rice to the  
snout;  
Leave a small space to spare  
For a table and chair,  
And then crawl in and eat your way  
out!

A friend gave me a plaque which reads  
' A CLEAN UNCLUTTERED DESK IS THE  
SIGN OF A SICK MIND! '  
but, instead of feeling hale 'n hearty,  
every time I look at the pile  
of stuff on my desk, I feel SICK!



HITHER AND YON WITH FONZ

Don and Pearl McPherson returned from an interesting and enjoyable visit to Manitoba, which included traipsing all over the province to his home town Miniota, west of Brandon on the CNR line and just north of Virden and taking both those places as well as Killarney. Don reports that he had also met Bob Younger, whom he last saw following their release from prison camp in the Osaka area back in 1945. They returned home via Nelson where Don participated in a bonspiel and enjoyed it very much, ending up with a 500 percentage basis with three wins and three losses. Welcome back, friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Laidlaws spent part of July down California way, in Los Angeles and points around. Whilst in L.A. they were met by the Gordie Hollingsworths - who'd rented a room close by to keep company at ease and comfort, for two nights. They came north to San Francisco, driving in a Hertz rent-a-car, via the coast road, and from Frisco, back home on the Pacific Princess (the Love Boat, to you-all!). My offer to fix it with the Love Boat's cruise director, TV's Laurie Tewes, to arrange for them to be seated at the Captain's table, was rejected. Bev says: "We weren't on the Love Boat to think about food!" As one ex-HK POW, what else is there to think about?

\* \* \* \* \*

A reader very kindly sent us a cutting which tells us that on April 21, 1982, Governor General Ed Schreyer added to the many awards our friend and comrade, Bill Mayne, had previously earned, with an insignia of membership of the Order of Canada, and for which we extend our heartiest congratulations. Bill, now retired, was actively involved with the CNIB since his return from Hongkong after Japan's surrender ending up as President of the Sir Arthur Pearson Assoc. of War Blinded. He was also a Past-President of the National Council of Veterans Associations and is a member of the Hongkong Veterans as well as an honorary member of the War Amps of Canada.

IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T A SINNER?

Once upon a time when, young and care-free, I attended church because it provided me with the opportunity of watching the pretty girls primp by, there was an elderly Italian priest whose delight it was to air his newly acquired ability to preach in English. One Sunday during Lent and after the Gospel, he added the following enlightening parable:

"Life is like the ocean and each of you are like the ships which sail on it.

Some ships enjoy calm seas and serene weather throughout the voyage to eventually arrive at their destination - The Kingdom of Heaven - safely. These are the faithful who are careful to obey His word and His laws.

Other ships encounter violent storms and strong winds which drive them off course, and on to hidden rocks or uncharted reefs which, driving great holes in their bottoms, cause them to sink down into the sea. These are the sinners who ignore or disobey His laws."

Then, pausing dramatically and transfixing his congregation (including me!) with a piercing gaze, he thundered:

"How many of you here today, can stand up and tell me you have'nt got A HOLE IN YOUR BOTTOM?"

THE "TENKO"

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I SAID IT ONCE AND I'LL SAY IT AGAIN!

Friendly bantering by readers of Ted Ferguson's book "The Desperate Siege", which does me the dubious honour of devoting the first four pages of the opening chapter, the first three words of which: "The damn British." were taken completely out of context, and the remainder a collection of half-truths, inaccuracies and pure falsehoods, even going so far as to say that both my mother and my wife were Chinese! prompts a rebuttal which I feel is due to the British in general and my British friends in particular.

To set the record straight - and this is in no way an apology - those three words were directed at the then British Government of the Colony of Hongkong for the following reasons:

1. At the outbreak of World War II, the people of my race, Portuguese origin, although most held British Citizenship papers, comprised from one third to one half the Hongkong Volunteer Defence Corps. Yet, although when convenient, Portugal was called Britain's oldest ally, when the Government issued the "Compulsory Evacuation" edict for all foreign women and children in July 1941, the Portuguese were excluded. No similar arrangement, none that I have heard of, was made to evacuate our women and children to the safety of the neutral Portuguese Colony of Macau, or provide suitable accommodations or provisions, even though Macau was a scant 40 miles away. As a result when the Japanese broke through at the Shing Mun Redoubt, and while our men were manning their battle stations, our women and children were left stranded and at the mercy of inflamed Japanese front line troops and rampaging Chinese looters in Kowloon, while those on the Island, to the shelling and bombing for the duration of the fighting.

2. It was not until after the surrender, and the Japanese decision to thin out the population (we, at Shumshui, watched that endless stream of Chinese deportees trudging up the hill on their way to the interior) that our people were granted leave to go to Macau. Once there and after much petitioning, the Hongkong Government, via the British Consulate in Macau, issued

John Fonseca

a monthly subsistence allowance of HK\$60.00 per head, to HK refugees. Because of the Japanese occupation, the HK Dollar, from on par with the Macau dollar, was devalued to HK\$100 = Macau\$6.00, which resulted in each person receiving the equivalent of Macau\$3.60 (about Can 90¢) per month!

3. Shameful and disgraceful as it was, it was nothing compared to what occurred when released POWs from Shumshui Po and Camps in Japan, after Japan surrendered in 1945, collected their 4 years' service back pay. EVERY DAMN CENT OF THE ALLOWANCES PAID TO WIVES AND CHILDREN IN MACAU WAS DEDUCTED BEFORE PAYMENT WAS EFFECTED !!

4. And to cap it all, the HK\$16 millions reparation paid by Japan for the rehabilitation of HKVDC POWs who had lost everything - some even their lives - was quietly donated to the Hongkong University, predominantly for Chinese students, (and some of who were members of that infamous Special Chinese Company of the HKVDC, who deserted from their battle stations at High West the second day after the war started, en masse) without any consultation or permission from the rightful owners the HKVDC POWs, who were only told of the donation after it had been made.

Yes! I did say: "The damn British Government of Hongkong at the time, and I'll keep on saying it to that same government in power today, with increasing emphasis on the "damn" until such time it is shamed into rectifying a deliberate and incredible gross injustice towards its own subjects who had laid down their lives and that of their families for the Colony back in 1941.

And when they do, to those surviving and the dependents of those who have passed on, remember to add on interest compounded over the period commencing December 1945 to date.

One final word, returning to Ted Ferguson, he did use the information as laid out under Reason 1. But he hid it conveniently away in a short paragraph midway down Page 63 of his book! And I don't wonder why. By using the word 'non-white' he has effectively been tarred himself.



A LISBON MARU SAGA by Dunc Rankine

Dear John: You asked if I was on the Lisbon Maru. The answer is YES. It was quite an experience and I would not wish to go through anything like that again. However, I will try and give you some details of the event.

On or about the 2nd or 3rd September 1942, approximately 1900 P.O.W.s were paraded and put aboard the Lisbon Maru to be sent to Japan. We boarded the ship at 0800 hrs and sailed at 1200 hrs (noon). We were put into the holds of the ship. The holds were made up into a sort of platform to serve as sleeping quarters etc.

Everything went O.K. until the morning of 5th Sept, when we were hit by two American torpedoes. One just aft of the engine room and the other in the stern. By the way, these torpedoes came from an American submarine.

We were immediately put in the holds and the hatch covers out on. I learned later, as the Japs had some of their own men aboard, they were not flying the RED CROSS flag to indicate that there were POWs aboard.

You could just imagine the panic that broke out among the men at this. The platforms, which I mentioned before, were so flimsy that they simply collapsed under the extra weight and there were some of the men quite seriously hurt. During the night the Japanese took their troops off the ship and left us still in the holds.

During the early part of next morning somebody managed to get the hatch covers off and there was a scramble to get on deck. As I said, there were quite a few men hurt trying to get out, they actually fell from the top of the holds to the bottom and I am sure that there were some killed during the rush. I think the Jap commander was called Takanaka or Tanaka.

I did not get up on deck until noon 6th Sept. I was with one of the Royal Scots, his name was Benjie Godson, he was the Orderly R.Q.M.S.

When I got on deck, all I could see was bobbing heads as far as I could see. Somehow I managed to get on one of the hatch covers and I just hung on to that, then I was joined by other POWs. We must have been at least 6 to 8 hrs

in the water before we were picked up by the Japanese (trawler). There were 75 of us picked up and taken to Foo-chow. I think that it is near Shanghai (Right on, Dunc, ED). We then came back under the Jap Army control. We stayed there for two days and were put aboard the SHINSI MARU and eventually landed at Moji. As most of the POWs were suffering from diarrhoea and dysentery we were put off at different places along the line.

There were 75 of us dropped off at Hiroshima. I had beri-beri and diarrhoea, which cleared up after treatment. We stayed there for about two weeks and then we were sent to Osaka. This would be on or about 23rd or 24th of Sept 1942. During the stay there we lost 17 POWs. They died during the night. I have no idea of the cause.

When we got to Osaka, I was put in the job of Camp Quartermaster. There were 890 POWs. All kinds. Americans, Chinese, Portuguese, Indians. You name it, we had them. While we were there we were bombed out, burned out and moved to three different camps. We were there until the Americans landed. We were then taken to Sendai airport and flown to Iwojima where we stayed for two weeks, then we were flown to the Phillipines and from there by ship to Victoria, Canada, where we stayed for two weeks and then sailed for England. As I still had a few years to serve, I finished with the Army in 1948 and after that came to Canada.

I am sorry I forgot to mention that we lost 960 men on the Lisbon Maru. The total survivors of the Royal Scots Regiment that arrived home in England was 350 men.

DUNC

Dunc. Thank you so very much. This is superb. The regrettable part is that when you tell this to people who were not 'over there', although they believe you, they'll never be able to understand the despair and torment each individual POW experienced during the forty four months. To all who survived, it was surely "the longest day" every day for the duration. With apologies for some editing here and there, keep well and God Bless. John

MORE HITHER AND YON

A report from the Okanagan regarding the 'Get-together' planned for 17-19 September at St Andrews-on-the-Lake (near Penticton, B.C.) indicates that the affair will be a big success. Apart from the gang residing in the Okanagan itself, there will be veterans from Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and the B.C. Lower Mainland and Vancouver Island attending. All available accommodations at the Lodge have been taken up, with the overflow in and around Penticton and within easy access to the Lodge and the festivities. Transportation to the Lodge is being arranged. All you have to do now is to hope the weather remains fine.

Our dear friend, Mrs Sally Laite, has been spending the summer up Powell River way with daughter, Florence and husband Dave Hughes, grand children and great-grandchildren. Tells us she is having a great time with the family and enjoying the scenery and the activity on the sea, what with all kinds of craft passing by. She expects to be back in time for schools' re-opening.

Of interest to those from Shumshuipo who chased "Les Girls" -Sonya and her side-kicks, one of them ( I believe she was known as 'Mimi; or 'Fifi' or something!) Gus Noronha and his wife, Theresa, passed through Vancouver on their way home to California from a visit back East. Gus asks us to say "Hi!" to all the fellows who knew him both on and off stage.

Now that summer is just about over, where's that phone call you were going to make, advising your presence in this neck of woods, Chuck Bradbury? And that goes for you, Rocky Davis, too. When are you coming across to this side of B.C.? In view of the possibility of a ferry hold-up, what with all the razz-ma-tazz going on, you better stay put! No matter what happens, to both of you and your good wives, stay healthy, keep happy and God Bless.

VETERANS AFFAIRS - NEWS RELEASES

Lawrence Martin (Chub) Hanway was appointed Chief Pensions Advocate on June 2, 1982, to succeed Lloyd T. Aik- en, who retired after 17 years with that bureau.

Mr. Hanway, a native of Amherst, Nova Scotia, was Deputy Chief Pensions Advocate since 1978. He has a distinguished military career, having served with the 21st Canadian Armoured Regiment 1941-45 and with the 2nd Battalion Princess Pats in Korea. He was awarded the Military Cross in 1944 and the Distinguished Unit Citation from the U.S. Government for the Battle of Kapyong in Korea.

Mr. Frank Plant was appointed Chairman, Pensions Review Board on July, 16 1982. He succeeds Mr. Rene Jutras who retired after serving as Chairman of the Board since its creation in 1971. Mr. Plant, Q.C., saw duty with the Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve in the North Atlantic during World War II and before leaving the Navy in 1945, with the rank of Lieutenant - Commander, commanded the corvette, HMCS Summerside.

He joined the Pensions Review Board in 1976.

Photo of the Memorial on Vimy Ridge (Page 15) commemorates a high point in Canada's military history. It was there, on April 9-10, 1917, that Canadians, for the first time, united into an all-Canadian unit, accomplished in two days, what the Allies had failed to do for years -the French in 1915 lost 130,000 men attempting to do it. The Canadian Corps, comprising four divisions, captured the Hill at a total casualty cost of 10,600 men which included 3,000 killed. Four Canadians (three posthumously) earned Victoria Crosses in that battle. We are proud to quote Brig.Gen. Alexander Ross as follows: "...It was Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific. on parade. I thought then ...that in those few minutes I witnessed the birth of a nation."



MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear John: Just a few lines to thank you for your concern and thoughtfulness during my recent surgery.

Roger and I really appreciated your calls, John, and wanted to let you know that while I'm not jogging around the block or jumping over any fences as yet, I am getting around and feeling stronger every day.

As it was my first surgery, I was very hesitant about it, but the neuro-surgeon said it would certainly not get a any better and could only deteriorate as time went by - then I thought with so many loved ones and dear friends pulling for me, how could I possibly lose? Now I am so glad I made that decision. Roger wants me to have you say "Hello!" to all the boys and their families. (Hello, gang, from Roger-John)!!

Am starting to tire now so will say: "bye for now". Take care of yourselves and God Bless. Keep in touch, it is always wonderful to hear from dear friends. Lotsa luv.

Las Vegas, Nevada Mona & Roger Zane

The utter relief and joy which greeted news of the success of your operation cannot be adequately described by mere words, Mona dear. Here's to your complete and early recovery, early enough to permit your finalizing that visit up thisaway, so unfortunately but necessarily postponed from last summer. John

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear John: I am enclosing a donation to help speed the TENKO to my house for the next short period of time. I might mention that as usual, I enjoy every bit of it. You might recall in my last letter to you, I mentioned it might be a good idea to use the TENKO as a means for "News of our Members" or "Where are They Now?" and since our Tenko magazine is now national, I assume, I am hoping that possibly I can get some news of something sentimental after so many years. You might wonder why I am endeavoring to even bring this up after such a long period of time has elapsed, but there is no reason other than I am just curious. The story goes back to our tour in Jamaica where I had a pair of drumsticks, hand made for myself out of Jamaica yacca wood. These sticks  
(cont. next column)

were with me until the time we had to leave Shumshuipo to go into the hills of Hongkong. Miraculously, after we returned to Shumshuipo, I found those same drumsticks in a drain outside the Jubilee Building. I had them with me throughout our term of imprisonment and through to Guam. One day, 26 of us were selected to fly from Guam to Hawaii. In this group was a Royal Rifle whose last name I cannot recall, but I remember him being known as Red. He may be in the Toronto or the Quebec area, I haven't a clue.

When we left for Hawaii, I had given the sticks to Red ( ? ) to carry for me in his kit bag as apparently I didn't have room to carry them safely. Unfortunately, one night after we had returned from a banquet which had been put on for us in town, six of us Canadians were called to be ready to take the plane the following morning for Oakland. The rest of the plane members were Americans. In the excitement of leaving Hawaii, I completely forgot about my drumsticks, and after returning home through the excitement of being home, seeing old friends, etc., the drumsticks seemed inconsequential.

I am not as concerned about having the drumsticks returned to me as in knowing whether or not they have been kept as a war souvenir rather than being tossed out. Perhaps someone out there who receives the TENKO might know the person I am referring to and also know whether or not the drumsticks are still around.

To finish this off, John, I would like to say again, I enjoy the magazine immensely. I derive great pleasure in seeing new names cropping up and remarking to myself "So that's where he is now". Keep up the good work and you have my best wishes for continued success in your endeavors to keep our comrades together.

Portage la Prairie Angus McRitchie

The above received just as I was about to print. Had to re-write the stencil and omit "C Force Roster" item so your enquiry is put in. Feel certain some of the boys will want to help. Returning your donation with much thanks - Article on Page 1 explains why. I am writing Tom today. God Bless. John

DID YOU EVER STOP TO FIGURE

Did you ever stop to figure  
 What this life can do for you  
 That you never had a better chance  
 To learn a thing or two.

You've been really up against it  
 You took it on the chin  
 But boy, you really stuck it  
 As you carted roun' that grin.

You got a slant on suffering  
 You lived each day with death  
 Stood by and saw your comrades  
 Choose a berth with mother earth.

You saw them take a wallop  
 When they couldn't give one back  
 Which proved they had the courage  
 To take that cowardly whack.

You often heard a good word  
 That helped a pal along  
 Dull days were made much brighter  
 With the laughter and a song.

Some days when you were stony  
 And were dying for a smoke  
 You could always get the butt-end  
 From some kindly hearted bloke.

Your rice was rather tasteless  
 Til a pal passed you some salt  
 For you always found a buddy  
 'mongst the lame, the blind, the halt.

So when you get a minute  
 Just stop and figure out  
 That while we stick together  
 There'll be no room for doubt.

That when the day of freedom  
 Hits this Camp of ours  
 We'll feel a whole lot better  
 'Bout those weary tragic hours.

Each one will be the better  
 For the lessons they have learned  
 When they're back again in homeland  
 In the home for which they yearned.

Of course, you'll make some new friends  
 But don't forget the old  
 For there's an interesting story  
 When this life of ours is told.

You'll prove the truth that unity  
 Is the keynote to success  
 That we all have ample reason  
 This Prison Camp to bless.

S/Sgt Harry McNaughton

LEST WE FORGET

It is with deep regret that we  
 report the passing of the following:

KRAVINCHUK, SAM D. W.G. ALTA

Our sincerest expressions of sympathy  
 and condolences are offered to his  
 wife and family.

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

PHOTO PAGE STORY

Photo 1. The Hon. W. Bennett Campbell,  
 Minister of Veterans Affairs, who  
 succeeded the Late Donald MacDonald.  
 He assumed office late 1941.

Photo 2: Our very good, if not best,  
 friends from south of the border.  
 Harold and Virginia Page of Buckley,  
 Wash. USA., at one of our reunions.  
 Harold is, and has been for many years,  
 International Co-Ordinator of the  
 American EX-POW organisation of U.S.  
 Although his duties requires extensive  
 travelling all over the States and  
 abroad, I do not recall the Pages  
 missing from any of B.C. Branch's  
 reunions.

PHOTO 3: Taken at Newcastle, Jamaica  
 in 1941, the following (from left to  
 right) are: Ross McGavin, Gord Holl-  
 ingsworth, Bill Laidlaw, John Britton,  
 Alec McFadyen and Ted Ferguson.

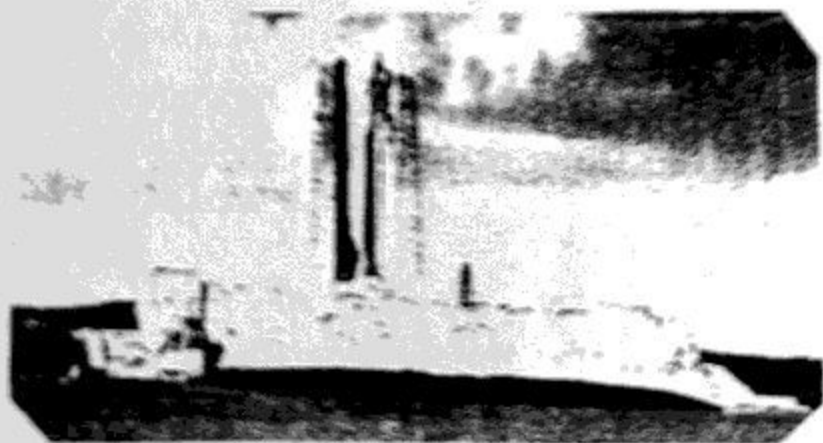
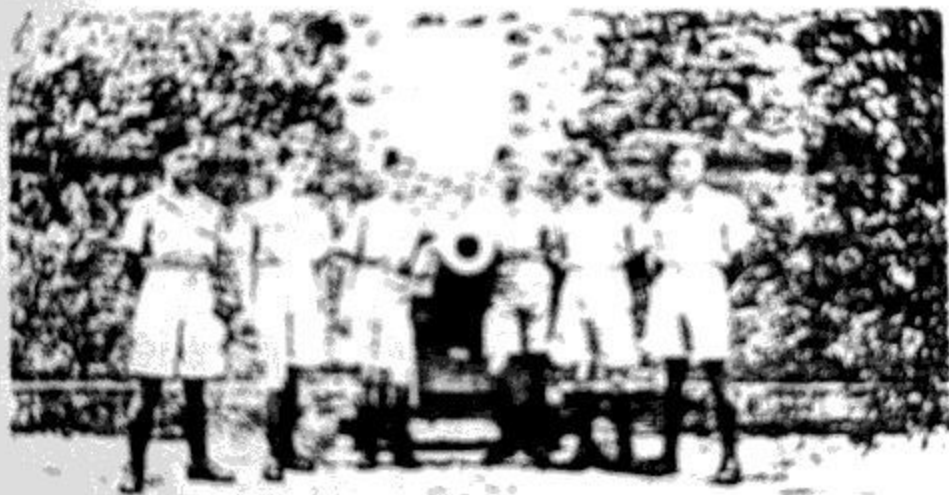
Of the six, only two are still with  
 us. Bill Laidlaw, V/Pres. B.C. Branch,  
 HKVAC, of Vancouver and Gordie Holl-  
 ingsworth who lives in California.  
 Johnny Britton died only a few months  
 ago. Ross McGavin and Alec McFadyen  
 passed on some years back and Ted  
 Ferguson was reported 'missing and  
 presumed dead' 21 Dec 1941, during  
 the Battle of Hongkong.

PHOTO 4: The impressive memorial at  
 the summit of Vimy Ridge, in France  
 in honour of the 60,000 Canadians  
 who were killed during the Great War  
 (1914-18), 3,000 of whom gave their  
 lives in the battle and capture of  
 the Ridge from the Germans on April  
 10, 1917.



PHOTO PAGE - TENKQ - FALL 1982

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SEE  
PAGE 14  
FOR  
STORY