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THE

# ROLL CALL

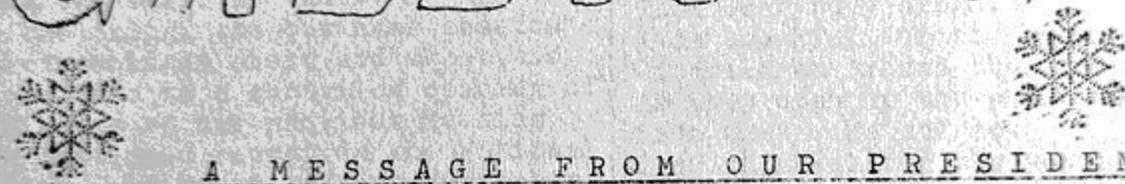
HONGKONG VETERANS ASSOC<sup>N</sup> OF CANADA.



*BRITISH COLUMBIA BRANCH  
MAGAZINE*



# SEASON'S GREETINGS



## A MESSAGE FROM OUR PRESIDENT

As 1979 draws to its close, time should be taken to reflect on our good fortunes of the past decade. Our united front, our strong bond of comradeship, the security gained for our families. You give little when you give of your possessions. It is when you give of yourself that you truly give. To our Hongkong Family and friends, may you enjoy a Very Merry Christmas and a Healthy Prosperous New Year

Bob Manchester  
President, B.C. Branch



# THE ROLL CALL

SEASON'S  
1979



GREETINGS  
1980

HONGKONG VETERANS ASSOCIATION OF CANADA - B. C. BRANCH

VOL: 3 :4

W I N T E R

1 9 7 9

PAGE 1

## OCTOBER 1979 BRANCH REUNION

Although attendance at the Branch Reunion in Victoria, October 20, compared to other reunions was disappointingly small, those who were there, had themselves one terrific time.

For one thing, the business session was refreshingly short and sweet, and was confined to a curtailed reading of the Minutes of our previous Meeting and a condensed report on the National Convention in Winnipeg last September. Other matters discussed were highlighted by a most interesting recounting of President Bob Manchester's visit to England where he and Edna, together with the Laidlaws, House's and Harry White, all from B.C. and the Dunlops from Ontario, attended the 27th Annual Reunion and Service of Remembrance of the Far East POW Clubs in London. Story on same to be found elsewhere herein.

Somewhat embarrassing but most welcomed nevertheless, there were more of our American friends from south of the border than there were from the Greater Vancouver area. This was so apparent that a decision to send separate reminders to our membership in future. It appears that the notice published in the last issue of the Roll Call had been either overlooked or forgotten.

We haven't that many years left to enjoy the company of our comrades and it is hoped that in future, every effort to attend and join the gang at our reunions will be made.

Following the Meeting, the usual gathering at the 'hospitality room' saw the time remaining before dinner being spent in a most enjoyable and convivial.

(Continued on Page 13)

## " T H A N K F U L "

by HARRY McNAUGHTON

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

\*\*\*\*\*

The above which appeared in the 1977 4th Quarter edition of the Roll Call is being reprinted for the hundreds of new readers who have joined the ranks since that date.

The late S/Sgt Harry McNaughton was the author of "Shadow Lights of Shunshuipo", a collection of his poems written there, which was presented to this magazine by Comrade Ernie Coulson and acknowledged with thanks. ED

**EDITORIAL**

This is the Roll Call's third time around to welcome Christmas and a New Year and we cannot help but say that during that span of time, it has been a wonderfully rewarding experience, with but a few instances of sorrow or regret to balance off an otherwise happy experiment.

The passing of many of our comrades since our first issue in the Fall of 1977-reported as 52 across the nation\* especially our Padre who, not only a staunch and well-loved supporter but also a regular and valued contributor to these columns, is still being felt with a sense of deep loss and regret and will be remembered. To all those who have been left behind, we join you in that remembering.

On the other hand, from a mere 150 readers in B.C., when our first issue was published, we have enjoyed a steady growth across the country and we are happy to announce that our mailing list now tops the 400 mark with the Roll Call going in quantity to south of the border, south of the equator, across the Atlantic and even back to where it all started, Hongkong.

Here closer to home, this growth is being greeted with great satisfaction in that that bond between comrades, eroded by time and moving, has been through the Roll Call, revived and re-established and continues to flourish to an extent beyond our wildest dreams.

We have had a good year in spite of our grievous losses-with the possibility of more before year end- but we look to the future with hope and firm intention to serve our comrades to the best of our ability - limited as it may be.

It is with this thought that we take the opportunity to extend to all of you and your families our very best and warmest wishes for a

**VERY MERRY AND JOYOUS CHRISTMAS AND  
A HAPPY AND CONTENTMENT FILLED NEW  
YEAR, AND MAY GOD BLESS.**

Transfer to a new type of stencil has resulted in some instances of faulty printing. We hope to remedy this in future. Please bear with us. ED

**THE EXECUTIVE OF THE  
BRITISH COLUMBIA BRANCH OF  
THE HONGKONG VETERANS ASSOCIATION  
OF CANADA**

are grateful for this opportunity to wish our members, their families, all Hongkong Veterans and our friends

**A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS  
and a**

**HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR**

President: BOB MANCHESTER  
V/President: GERRY GERRARD  
Secretary: LIONEL SPELLER  
Treasurer: JACK DAVIES

**A WORD FROM THE EDITOR**

Some of the many pitfalls an editor must look out for is publication of items or passages which may prove to be either offensive to our readers or due to the passage of time and its effects on memory, not entirely correct and thereby causing pain.

We have endeavoured to act as watch dogs in respect of what is published herein, keep it reasonably palatable and hopefully, acceptable to all.

This is being offered in explanation for any omissions or deletions from stories or articles submitted for publication. We cannot check or authenticate everything we receive and therefore accept and publish submissions sent in for our use under an 'honour' code system and have left it to our contributors to abide by same.

We are very proud to state that so far, everything in the garden has been lovely and we thank you for it.

So, friend, if you read something in here which you feel is wrong, please sprinkle a few grains of salt on it and the next time you meet its author, make him pay for the beer!

JOHN

WRECKED BY THE "G"

THE BATTLE AT THE G. CASERJONS  
by W. E. Jeffery, etc

"was February 7th in the year '41  
About eleven p.m. the damage was done.  
The natives decided to stage a row  
And bounced a brick off a Grenadier's  
brow.

But they didn't know that in Sloppy Joe's  
Some more of the boys were drowning their  
woes.

Red Atkins, Jim Young and big Tiny  
Martyn  
Said, "Come on boys, the row is just  
startin'."

And with a few more staunch Grenadiers  
The made for the niggers to pin back  
their ears,  
There was many a stone that found its  
mark

For you can't see niggers when they hide  
in the dark.

On pressed the soldiers, their battle cry  
ringing

Headless of the bricks the black boys  
were flinging,

And catching them up, they used fists and  
feet

And many a black man was almost deadmeat  
Belts came off and were quite freely used  
And those that weren't cut were badly  
bruised.

The Civilian cops they just acted dumb  
And said the soldiers were crazed with  
rum;

Well, they may have felt good, but I'll  
tell you right here

That you can't bounce rocks off a Gren-  
adier.

Then someone phoned for the Militarycops  
And they made a quick trip without any  
stops.

But when they arrived at the scene of  
the battle

The streets had been cleaned of all those  
black cattle.

Though many of the boys were ragged and  
gory

They had a good time and no one was sorry  
So they picked up the wounded, twas Pri-  
vate McPherson

Whom they took to the hospital raving  
and cursing.

Someone else had a gash on the head  
But it wasn't serious the doctor said  
Now if you don't think this account is  
right

(continued next column)

Just ask the boys who were there  
that night.

And if I had missed a point or two  
Not having been there, its the best  
I can do.

So bottoms up, to the Grenadiers  
A quart of rum and three rousing  
cheers!

(Courtesy: Bill Dornhak)

I wonder if you or any other POWs  
remember the little English major  
in one of the camps, who, being short  
of stature, was repeatedly pe'd on  
at night on account no one could see  
his head over the partition in the  
'benjo'? We finally gave him his own  
particular spot to use. He was with  
the HKDC and was most good natured  
about the whole thing. At another  
camp, we were working at a rail head  
unloading iron ingots from flat cars  
and the Americans were bombing the  
place with incendiary bombs.

One bomb did not ignite and was  
picked up by a Nip foreman who was  
not too well liked by either us or  
the Nips. As he picked it up, it  
decided to go to work after all. The  
last I saw of him, he was a ball of  
fire running down the platform.

We were removed from that camp a  
short while later, after a huge fire  
which destroyed many homes near the  
camp. From there, I was sent to Ho-  
kkaido, where I remained until the  
Americans took over. I worked in a  
machine shop at a mine.

The night before the Emperor gave  
his surrender speech, the Americans  
fire-bombed the mill which process-  
ed the ore from where I worked-about  
10 miles away down by the ocean(?)  
There were quite a few POWs working  
at that mill and when the bombing  
started they were taken to a bomb  
shelter. A bomb penetrated this  
shelter and several POWs were either  
killed or died shortly after. Between  
10 and 20 were brought up to our  
camp, and to the best of my knowle-  
dge, most of them died. A couple of  
days later, the bombers were dropping  
food instead of bombs. One barrel  
of food, which broke loose, hit the  
benjo. Made quite a splash!!  
Cliff Newcomb

## EDITOR

Dear Mr. Fonseca: Please find enclosed my cheque for renewal of the Roll Call. I enjoy the paper very much - a lot are names I had heard Winston speak about - but many I have met. Of course I do go to the Hongkong reunion each year - am looking forward to seeing a lot of old friends at the convention in September. I hope I have the privilege of meeting you and your wife. Sincerely

Winnipeg, Man. Mrs LORNA FOX

Many thanks for your continued support and grateful to have met you in Winnipeg, but deeply regret I couldn't crash the line-up waiting to dance with you!

Dear John: A number of items. Initially dear spouse Ann and I shall attend the Hongkong Veterans Convention in Winnipeg. Confirmation also received from Benson Guyton, Adjutant, American Defenders of Bataan and Corregidor, accompanied by respectful spouse, Jane.

Secondly, have copy addressed to Harold Page and am interested in your Roll Call. Be glad to fill out an application - catch me in Winnipeg.

Thirdly, concerning submission by Mrs. Audrey Brady about Father Braun (OMORI). Ann and I stopped by twice recently to visit him at Sacred Heart Rest Home in Phoenix. Can confirm everything Mrs. Brady said about him. Can add, during past May, Disabled American Veterans of Arizona held State Convention here in Tucson and conferred Special Award to Father Braun. Second only such an Award in Arizona DAV history.

Perhaps one day we shall find a short history concerning this Padre and shall submit same to you for publication.

Fourthly, we shall arrive early and depart late and we are certainly looking forward to seeing a lot of you.

Tucson, Arizona

ART BRESSI  
Special Projects  
Officer, A.D.B. & C.

Sure glad I met you and Benson. Welcome story on Father Braun, keep in touch and many thanks for the Corregidor stamp 'n everything. JOHN

This issue takes us half-way through our third year of publication! WOWEE!

Dear John: Just a little something to keep the Roll Call coming. I enjoy it very much. Regret to learn of the passing of Capt. Reid. The heavy responsibility of POW officer-in-charge at 3-D must have taken its toll on him.

Ever hear of a Japanese hospital at SAGAMIGAHARA? Bob Boudreau and I were sent there about one month after we reached Camp 3-D in Yokohama. KONDO, the interpreter, escorted us there. Earl Meredith was also sent there and later on, Cpl Englehardt. This hospital had about 20 cases of beri-beri POW patients. Some people had toes and part of their heels rotting off. Earl Meredith came back minus his toes.

Cpl Englehardt was injected with camphor shortly after he arrived at Sagamigahara; he died of course.

We were there about five months. This was a large military hospital with a walled yard where they kept the POWs. There were chains attached to the floor in such a manner that they would restrain people while dunking them in cold water-baths, which constituted a hole in the cement floor. Some Japanese patients were housed in a nearby area in case they should require dunking and restraining.

We had also a husky Japanese Sergeant Major, who was a patient in one of the nearby rooms (reserved for mental patients?). He would often be discovered in the hallway playing by himself. But he was very polite, everytime we encountered him in the hallway, he bowed and offered us a cigarette, and therefore we were constantly interfering with his activity. All the best.

North Vancouver, B.C. EV LAWRENCE

Many thanks, Ev. Just the kind of item we keep looking for. Keep 'em coming! and God Bless. John.

THE ROLL CALL: Sponsored by the B.C. Branch, Hongkong Veterans Association of Canada.

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(More Letters to Editor - Pages 5 & 11)

Dear John: Since my arrival in Victoria B.C. about 8 years ago I have been just about inundated with things to do, in the process of settling down with my family in this wonderful, beautiful corner of the world.

Although I am more than grateful for having been added to your Roll Call's distribution list, I am sorry to say that I am only now writing to you to thank you for all the interest and enjoyment the Roll Call has given to me, and to send along a small contribution.

Hongkong has changed a lot since those days in December 1941 when Derek Rix and a few of his Grenadiers came up to help us out of just about the stickiest situation, and we went through that brief but so well remembered episode together, with Volunteer and Grenadier side by side out there on the slopes of Jardine's Lookout.

At that time and later during the years in Argyle Street and Shunshuipo, I came to appreciate the fine qualities of our Canadian friends and decided that if I ever left Hongkong I would try to make a new home in Canada.

No doubt things have changed here too but the people have the same qualities of dependable neighbourliness and helpful concern that I recall so clearly.

I should like to congratulate you on your Roll Call. Re latest, Fall 1979, edition is a real masterpiece and I look forward to more of the same.

Victoria, B.C. BEVAN C. FIELD  
(ex H.K.V.D.C.)

They say great minds think alike. That's why I too came to Canada in 1957. Derek is here in North Vancouver. As for the nice thoughts about the Roll Call: Aw! Golly! Gee! but thanks, John.

Dear John: Please find cheque enclosed to renew my subscription for the Roll Call and a little extra.

My wife and I certainly look forward to reading the stories and letters. Keep up the good work.

Winnipeg, Manitoba. Mr & Mrs T. MURRAY

With the help I'm getting, there's no way I can let it slide. Thanks for the extras and have a good winter. John

Dear John: Thanks for sending me the last two copies of the Roll Call-I have passed one on to my Coite who I saw last Saturday. I thought you might be interested in the Honour Program and I hope that before long you and your wife will be able to attend.

I hope Bill and Bev enjoyed the day- we certainly liked having them with us as well as Bob and Mrs Manchester and Harry White from Okanagan Falls.

I won't tell you all that happened, I'll leave that to Bill and Bev who, no doubt will soon be back home after cavorting around England and Scotland. I wonder if Bill has a kilt?

Looking forward to meeting you again in the not too distant future.

Banstead, England TED COFFEY, M.B.E.

You chaps sure did our "gang" proud! Yeah! Got first hand report from Bob, Bill and Harold Page (U.S.). Please convey our greetings to our friends over there and to the Right Reverend Lord Bishop Dick, my personal "CHIMOs"! John.

Dear John: Thank you so much for sending me the last two copies of the Roll Call-I found them most interesting-as a result I am sending a cheque for 1979 and 1980 issues. If there should happen to be any left over just add it to the 'kitty', if insufficient please let me know.

I believe I was the last Canadian to arrive at North Point Camp on July 3, 1942. Prior to that I was in three different hospitals. During action in 1941 I was posted to "D" Coy. across from Brigade HQ. John Downey and I volunteered as runners. As a result I have records of those "killed in action or Missing Dec 8 - 25, 1941. I belong to our own Association and go to DVA once a month and visit our boys who are in. On my last visit, met G.A. Cole who had his left leg amputated below the knee, but he is very cheerful. Also Fred Adams-hospitalized for months-but who recognizes me. I also visited Paddy Keenan right up to the end and was at his funeral.

(Continued on Page 11)

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

There is nothing I would like more to say, at this particular time of year, than to express our appreciation and warmest thanks to all our readers for their contributions, donations, support and encouragement throughout 1979.

Not only does it indicate that you like what we do, but it also shows a desire on your part to be a part of it all.

We sincerely hope this participation will be maintained during the coming year 1980 and, in the meanwhile:

GOD BLESS!

THE FONZ

### OUR GANG IN THE U.K.

Pres. Bob Manchester writes: On October 6, 1979, the 27th Annual Reunion and Service of Remembrance was held at the Royal Festival Hall in London, England.

There were 3,600 persons present in this great Hall; FEPOWS from Canada, the United States, New Zealand, Hongkong, Holland and France.

Our Hongkong Veterans Association of Canada was well represented by the presence of such Members as: Bill and Vera House (Victoria, B.C.), Bill and Beverly Laidlaw (Vancouver), Harry White (Okanagan Falls), Bob and Edna Manchester (Victoria) and Bob and Mary Dunlop (Fort Credit, Ont.).

The evening of Service and entertainment was one of excitement and good fellowship, as members circulated, meeting old acquaintances which they had not seen in years.

The Service of Remembrance was conducted by the Right Reverend Richard Darby Lord Bishop of Sherwood. The Lord Bishop was formerly a member of the Hongkong Volunteer Defence Force and a close friend of our Editor, John Fonseca.

There were many old China hands and Netherland friends who wished to be remembered to our Comrades in Canada. In all it was a most memorable occasion for all of us who had the privilege of attending this function. Bob.

We are happy to be in a position to expand a bit on the above. Some salient points Bob, in his innate modesty, omitted to mention, has been provided by Bill Laidlaw and are as follows:

### "OPERATION FLYCATCHER"



"Only seventeen more and 'n we'll smoke again!"

Bob, as President of the B.C. Branch of the HKVAC, was listed amongst VIP guests on the official Reunion Program, as was Harold Page, AMEXTOW, and as such, was allocated a special box at the Royal Festival Hall and, with Edna, was introduced by our friend Ted Coffey, Life President of the NFFCA (U.K.) - who, with his wife Marjorie, visited B.C. last summer - as were other VIPs attending, to the 3600 strong audience even to having a spotlight shine on them as they stood up to acknowledge the applause which greeted their introduction.

The Service was followed by a Variety Show and after that, everyone trooped upstairs to the Grand Vestibule where about ten separate bars - one for each area where POWS had been confined in during the war - were located to permit exchange of greetings and the re-establishment of old friendships.

The consensus of opinion was that highlights of the Service and what followed, were undoubtedly: The Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Sherwood, Richard Darby, after the solemnity of officiating at the Service, became good old Dick Darby of Shumshupo, much to the delight of his fellow FEPOWS, especially those from Hongkong; the fanfare by the eight long trumpets from the Royal Artillery Band, sounding the "LAST POST"; the tremendous crowd in attendance and the hospitality extended the HK Veterans and their wives, by hosting London FEPOW Club and everyone else there.

It was pomp, pageantry, pleasure and pathos all rolled together to make one great and grand experience.

### WITHER AND YOU WITH NO. 2

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of a number of interesting anecdotes from readers which we are happy here and elsewhere in this issue or later on.

It has been our feeling that you enjoy and appreciate reading of and about comrades and their experiences during those hectic days- some of which you may have shared in - and that their efforts towards the production of this Roll Call of ours is appreciated. So, my friends, how's about chipping in with your story or whatever and help us make it real good in 1980?

Received from Bill Derhak a battered but prized book of poems written in Jamaica during the Grenadiers tour of duty there, by Pte W.E. Jeffrey entitled "Ballads of the Grenadiers". One poem in particular, caught the eye. It was the mention of a Private MacPherson and I immediately thought of Don, out there in Richmond, who was right in the thick of it, and Big Tiny Martyn (now a permanent resident of Phoenix, Arizona) whom I had the pleasure of meeting in Winnipeg last September and who, together with Red Atkins and Jim Young, charged so enthusiastically into the free-for-all. Just had to publish it. See page 3.

And speaking of Winnipeg, Tom Mulvaney and Fred Mack, alternating as drivers, did the 1495-mile trip from here to that city to attend the Convention in September last, in 26 hours!! I am also assured that no beans were consumed along the way! Now that's DRIVING!

Adding to the increasing number of HK Veterans 'wintering' in Arizona, we hear that the Ken Bells will be going thataway sometime in March 1980. Also, the Fall edition of the Roll Call sent to N. Galbraith has been returned by the Post Office in Kelowna with the message: "Not deliverable as addressed Unable to forward" with an address in Glendale, Arizona. This is to ask the gang there to get together and let us have something to explain what it is that Arizona's got that we haven't got!

It is with deepest concern and regret that we report that our good friend and comrade, Ernie Coulson, met with an accident shortly after returning from the Convention in Winnipeg and since then, until time of writing this-Nov. 28, 1979- is in poor condition at the Lion's Gate Hospital, North Vancouver, with serious spinal injuries rendered more so by a heart condition.

Ernie, formerly of the Hongkong Volunteers, is one of the founder members of the Vancouver section of the B.C. Branch, a Quarter Century member and has never failed in support of the Branch and its functions in the past. He will be 78 on Sunday, December 1, 1979.

We have been advised that our friend and most valued link with the Manitoba Branch, Sid Vale, its Secretary, has not only resigned but has also returned to his home town, Edmonton, Alberta. For the past five years(?) Sid has 'quarter-backed' the Manitoba Branch through a most successful and expanding period, culminating with the hosting of our National Convention in September last in Winnipeg.

Through his efforts, the Roll Call now boasts of the largest contingent of readers, outside of B.C. from that Branch and we, whilst sincerely hoping that his successor will continue in his footsteps, must say that we will sorely miss him and the support he has never failed to give us.

However, as someone once said: Manitoba's loss is Northern Alberta's gain. We wish him and his family all the very best of good fortune and happiness in new - but also old - surroundings and look forward to his continued support altho from a new Branch and new section of the land.

In a local hospital a doctor found a pretty young nurse holding a POW patient by both wrists. "You don't have to do that to check his pulse" he said. "I'm Not," she replied; "I'm checking his IMPULSE!"  
After which breezy interlude, carry on reading, Friend.

THE SHUMSHUIPO STORY

John Fonseca

Although there will be errors and omissions in regard to time, dates, names and places etc., as may be expected as we reach back into memory of what happened some thirty eight years ago, this in essence, is a story of what the author (and in a like manner other Hongkong POWs) experienced following the surrender of Hongkong on Christmas Day 1941.

The barrack huts at Shumshuipo where the two Canadian Regiments, the Winnipeg Grenadiers and the Royal Rifles of Canada, were first billeted after arriving in Hongkong in November 1941, had in the short space of 18 days of war, been broken into, stripped of everything that could be removed and completely devastated by Chinese looters who carried away even the window frames to use as firewood.

What remained had been further destroyed by gunfire and it was into this desolate place that POWs from both the Hongkong Volunteers and the British Army units marched on New Year's Day 1942.

Following the surrender on Christmas Day 1941, it had taken all of five days to collect the remnants of defenders from pockets and positions they'd still held awaiting the enemy. They were finally gathered together at the Wellington and Murray Barracks near the city centre of Victoria (Hongkong), with the overflow quartered in the Garden Road British Military personnel married quarters.

During the five days at Garden Road, a number of Hongkong Volunteers, rendered more desperate by the plight of their families still on the Island, doffed their uniforms for 'civies' left behind by former tenants, walked out of the gates without even being challenged by the Japanese sentries. One particularly enterprising young man, 5'3" in height, couldn't find anything but a pair of cricket flannels custom made for a six-plus footer. He cut off a foot or so off the cuffs but couldn't do anything about the crotch which came down somewhere around his knees. So he lifted the whole thing by tying a necktie through the belt-loops and around his neck and with the waistline up to his armpits, covered it all with a flannel shirt and took off.

Another who walked out, found his folks but returned to pick-up a radio he'd scrounged and took off for good, adding Capt 'Bippo' D'Almada's favourite pair of brown shoes to his booty as he went.

It became evident that our captors didn't know, or weren't concerned, as to what to do with us - at Garden Rd at least - and local volunteers could have easily decamped except for that stupid edict from our officers, that if captured and/or discovered, our families would suffer.

The sentries were lax in guarding and a few inclined to be friendly, and for a wristwatch or trinket, personal or commandeered, one could get out to visit with friends or relatives across the road and return with food and whatever, without trouble or disappear altogether.

On New Year's Day morning we, who remained, were mustered into a column and after marching down Garden Road past the Peak Tram terminal, bidding farewell to friends and folk who lined the roadway, boarded the remaining two ferries still afloat, and were transported across the harbour to Holt's Wharf on the Kowloon (mainland) side. From there we were again formed into a somewhat straggly column and mile long and proceeded to march to Shumshuipo, along the waterfront, turning right at the Peninsula Hotel on to Nathan Road and on towards the Kowloon Hills some five miles away.

Nathan Road was also lined five-deep. But the reception this time was totally different. The Chinese population turned out en masse screaming epithets at the "fan kwai lohs" (foreign devils) even to pelting the column with excreta and garbage. Every store and window flew the Rising Sun flag and from the upper floors came more jeering and slop-throwing. But not all. Here and there we could see sorrow and sympathy in some eyes. As we passed close to the street where I had lived with my two cousins, I saw the old "amah" who'd cleaned and tended the family prior to the war, weeping openly as she recognised the three of us as we marched together.

(to be continued in the next issue)

### HK VETERANS IN AUBURN

A party of five B.C. Branch members, Bob and Edie Manchester, Bill and Bev Laidlaw and your Editor, accepted the invitation from the Washington State Commander, Joe Fernandes, American EX-POW organisation to attend and participate in their Remembrance Day Parade and festivities in Auburn, Washington on November 10th last.

Drove down with the Laidlaws on Nov 9 morning and arrived mid-afternoon to be joined by the Manchesters and were welcomed by Harold and Virginia Page who drove in from Buckley - some 15 miles away - to welcome us.

Saturday morning, up at 7:00 a.m. for breakfast and then on to the parade marshalling yards, where floats, bands and groups from military units, civilian organisations and schools were forming for the parade down Auburn's Main Street.

It was, in spite of dull and uncomfortably cool weather, a most colorful affair lasting all of two hours long.

The HK Veterans marched with the AM-EXPOWs section, which had its own float depicting a Jap prison camp, complete with sentry in his tower and POWs sitting around a fire. The Maple Leaf of Canada (carried by Bill Laidlaw) and our Branch banner (by your John), as it marched together with the Stars and Stripes and the AMEXPOW flag, drew very appreciable applause from the spectators all the way down Main Street.

Bob Manchester was accorded the honor of riding in his own jeep somewhere up at the head of the parade, preceded by Commander Joe Fernandes' jeep.

Over two hundred attended the official "brunch" after the parade ended, at which various dignitaries - including the Manchesters - were introduced and after that, with a short break to clean up, we were all guests at the Page's hobby ranch - a spread of 20 acres with 25 head of whitefaces, chickens 'n everything.

There we met all our old friends, the Bradys, Morgans, Galloways, Bousheys and a host of new ones. There was lots to eat and lots to drink - did you know that down there scotch, rye and other spirits are 80% to 86% proof, compared to our 40% (both imported). Someone up

"THE CANADIAN" LAST TO EVER "HUR" IT DID!  
(Courtesy Richard (Dick) C. Wilson)

It won't be long  
You'll sing a song  
Goin', Goin' Home.  
I could guess  
But I'd be wrong  
When you'll start to roam.

No more bugles  
No more coal  
No more dirty mining.  
No more batons  
No more sweat  
No more Nips a-whining.

It will be a grand feeling,  
It can't last forever!

Si Sirette

The sequel is both poignant and thought-provoking. When the B-29's came over Sendai 2 to drop food and supplies on 2 Sept 1945, cartons of food which were intended to save, broke loose from the chute and killed Si.

here's sure thought up a 100% proof sales gimmick!

Young Wayne Page brought out his guitar and the resultant sing-song so fascinated the owner of the local KASY radio station, that he insisted the B.C. contingent be interviewed and taped next morning (Sunday) for broadcasting later over the air.

A copy of that tape has been promised and we hope it'll get here to enable it to be played at our next reunion.

It was a most enjoyable and gratifying jaunt and experience and we are truly grateful for this opportunity to have shared in this memorable occasion with our AMEXPOW comrades.

We are happy to advise that the West Burnaby Church (United) in Burnaby, dedicated a Holy Bible in memory of Padre Laite and in his name, at a ceremony at the Church on Armistice Day, 11 November 1979. Padre Laite was the Church's founding Minister.

The Bible is permanently installed at that Church and may be viewed on application to its current Minister, the Rev. MacDonald.

IT'S REALLY A SMALL WORLD AFTER ALL

They will say. Bev Laidlaw, with Larry White in tow, arrived at Gatick in England on October 5 last, they, much to their surprise and pleasure, were made welcome by Ted and Marjorie Coffey and Alan and Freda Wood (FEPOW VIPs) and that evening dined and danced at a party at the Battersea Naval Club in London, attended by about 500 exPOWs and guests.

Next morning, while the ladies were out sight-seeing, the men were at another get-together at the Horseshoe Bar on Tottenham Road where again, they met and were greeted by over 150 FEPOW comrades. The Official Service took place the same evening and is reported elsewhere in this issue.

But it was what occurred in Plymouth during their car tour of the south of England, that prompted the headline to this.

While visiting the site where Sir Francis Drake had allegedly played bowls as the Spanish Armada approached, they came face to face with Harold and Virginia Page - or rather were sneaked up on for, as Bill was photographing Drake's monument, he heard a voice behind him say: "That looks like our Canadian friends"!!

So here we have a group from B.C. and there, old friends from Washington - all some 10,000 miles away from Home - meeting at just the right place at precisely the right time and if that doesn't make it a small world, I'll GIVE my bowl of rice back to the Nips!

Although they'll probably kill me for this, the incident in Glasgow just has to be reported.

Use of the 'Super-loo' (rest-room to you, Bud) at the Railway Station there costs 5p (I'm told they don't say 'pence' anymore). So when, while driving around they saw a sign which read: P Free they, individually and collectively and with the characteristic thriftiness of the Scot, determined to do it without paying, only to discover to their dismay, that instead of a "loo" they were trying to do it in a parking lot - Shoesh!!

Bill didn't get his kilt either. He wasn't prepared to spend that much just to find out if there was anything underneath!

THIRTY SEVEN YEARS AGO

From Careata, J.C. Reg. Kerr sends in this:

To - Cpl. Kerr  
Canadian Hospital  
17/10/42

It was with a great deal of regret that I witnessed the shameful episode of to-day in which all the nursing orderlies and myself participated.

It is a particularly bitter pill to swallow when it is realized that the soldiers now acting as nursing orderlies are doing so entirely of their own free will. It seems that a beating is poor thanks for the good work which they are doing.

Will you convey to all the orderlies working under you my very deepest regrets for the incident of to-day and my deepest thanks for the assistance which they are giving. Assure them that this matter will be carried as far as I am able to carry it.

(signed) J.N. Crawford, Major

Reg adds: "I came across this old memo sent to me in our Camp Hospital after Dr. Saito gave Dr. Crawford and our orderlies a beating because too many Canadians were dying (we had a diphtheria epidemic at the time). If you can use it you are welcome, if not please return. It (the memo) is getting to be in bad shape."

NATIONAL CONVENTION ECHOES

In the rush to get it into our last issue and compounded by loss of some notes, resulted in omission of a number of important names and items, for which apologies are offered here.

Guest speaker, Mr. Allan Solomon, Chairman, Canadian Pension Commission, at the Silver Slipper Breakfast, successfully torpedoed an attempt from some quarters, to have POW Compensation separate from Disability Pensions, by urging and explaining the need for restraint at this time. The way some scrambled to reverse their position at the General Meeting later, was hilarious!

So happy to have Maud Keenan and Martha Adams drop in to the B.C. Hospitality Room and later, be our Branch guests at the Banquet.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR( cont. Page 5)

This is enough of doleful news - carry on your good work.

Our National Convention in Winnipeg this year proved to me that our bonds of friendship - made under the worst circumstances - will never die. They came from coast to coast and I met comrades I hadn't seen since our release. I thoroughly enjoyed myself.

Winnipeg, Man.

B. Kohut.

Thanks, Bill. Iss enough and welcome to the Roll Call. Sorry I missed meeting you and congratulating you in winning all that 'dough' at the banquet, but if I had, I would've stuck you for a drink: John.

Dear John: Have been reading the Roll Call since its first issue way back when, and have thoroughly enjoyed same. Sure brings back lots of memories (some of which I have tried to forget) but many of them pleasant and some even funny.....(What followed has been extricated for publication under column entitled "REMEMBER WHEN?" elsewhere in this issue. ED)

I was sorry to hear of the passing of Padre Laite and Dr. Reid. I was in camp with Dr. Reid for quite a time and he sure did all he could for POWs in that camp (3-D). I was also (in Hongkong) with the Padre quite a lot and he was, in every sense of the word, a good man. May they rest in peace.

Please note again that I have changed my address, as I received two copies of the Roll Call, one from Lionel at this address and one from you at the address in Surrey. I sent one copy to my sister who lives in Gordon, Manitoba.

Thank you for many hours of good reading. We sure like the Roll Call and, as the reporter said, quote "but this is well written" end quote. Best regards to all and thank you.

Kelowna, B.C. Cliff Newcomb

Sure grateful for your contribution. It is just the thing our readers and I appreciate. Keep it coming. John.

The highest number in the language of the Yancos tribe in the Amazon is: "poettarrarorincoareac" .. or THREE!

Dear John: Thank you for your kind letter and your kind words with regard to the Convention and the success there-of. I had intended writing sooner but have been so busy clearing up the aftermath of the convention and it is still not completed. There are a few bills to come in and settle, but at this point it looks as though we will just about break even. Our aim was not to make money but to see that everyone had a good time, and I feel confident that we achieved that end.

We have had a number of letters thanking us for the good time and the hospitality, and a lot of personal phone calls which have conveyed the same message. It is things like that that make all the work and effort so well worth-while.

I am enclosing a copy of our newsletter just completed to-day. Please feel free to use any of the material it contains. Kind regards to you and yours

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Sid Vale

Thanks for your support. Always ready to help publicise your functions for info to members who may wish to attend or whatever. With best wishes. John.

Dear Mr. Fonseca: The Canadian War Museum (CWM) acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the magazine's first two editions, 3rd and 4th Quarters for 1977 (bound) to complete the set from its inception.

The museum is pleased to have this valuable record of the Canadian personnel that served, died or were imprisoned in Hong Kong and Japan during the Second World War. We look forward to future issues. If we need any assistance on this subject the museum will contact you.

Ottawa, Ontario

L. F. Murray  
Chief Curator

Please do so. Be sure glad to help. ED

Sally, widow, and the family of our beloved Padre Uriah Laite, M.C., D.D. wish to thank the membership of the B.C. Branch, the HK Veterans Association and friends, for sympathy and condolences expressed following their sad bereavement.

HONGKONG 1979 - Conclusion

by Art Ferrall

In the Club I struck up an acquaintance with a Yorkshire fellow who is the Government engineer building the Aberdeen bridge. Taking his advice a few days later, I walked from the ferry to the streetcar and for 30¢ spotted North Point fence. The western end is covered with vines but from the street out front several huts are still to be seen. It is now a government supply depot. Here again the seawall is about three or four city blocks farther out and will soon be farther.

However, Thursday noon and I am sitting in the large lobby of the Miramar waiting to see if there will be a cancellation, so to kill time I phone the Lusitano Club that Johnny told me about before I left Vancouver. From there I began collecting phone numbers and visiting by phone, dang near forgot I still need a room. At 1:00 p.m. I had to face it. No cancellations. I phoned other hotels, Y.M.C.A., China Fleet Club, NO all the way. I phoned the Lusitano again and a very pleasant Mr. Barros suggested a phone number "where they occasionally have a room for a man." Sure enough, I got a room for ten days for HK\$660.00 which amounts to \$15.00(Can) per day. The New World so called luxury suite had been \$320 (HK) per day and the Miramar \$280, so at \$60(HK) per day, that was A.O.K. I will never say anything against the Y.Y.W.C.A.! That is where I stayed for ten nights.

Staying at the Y.W.C.A. in Kowloon is like being at the League of Nations and very interesting, but my main interest was the western end of Hongkong. Again acting on the advice of the engineer with whom I played billiards at the Fleet Club, I walked around the corner from the ferry terminal to the bus depot and took a No.7 bus to Aberdeen. This is quite a roundabout way but it went past the Hongkong University which still looks familiar, the Pokfulam creamery and then old Aberdeen harbour and nothing is familiar there. There are more sampans than ever, but with inboard motors and parked in an orderly fashion as you would see in any marina here. Along the shoreline are government built dwellings for the boat people to live in. As I

stood there flocks of well dressed children were coming out of the dwellings to go to school. Very large buildings on the north of Aberdeen look like apartments but are actually a school.

A short taxi ride and Wanchai Gap must be seen to be believed. As you enter the Gap from the east, to your left is a three-acre picnic area separated by Coombs Road from a well equipped playground on the right. North of that is a one-acre parking lot. There are two houses missing from what used to be the end of Coombs Road. Facing the police station in the parking lot the Grenadier HQ and R.A. nerve centre were in a narrow ravine to your left. Just a nice shady spot now. The bunkers are gone.

Even the hills are changed; most were bare of vegetation, now they are a thick jungle of thorny bushes. The engineer told me they are not allowed to cut down any wood anywhere unless they have a permit to immediately blacktop or build on it. It was next to impossible to hike along Mt. Cameron ridge as I wanted to.

This engineer happened to be a member of the Wanchai Gap Police Station mess and invited me to a Sunday smorgasbord. There I met a Mr. S. Kahn, a former POW who was quite familiar with the way the Gap used to be so it was a very interesting day. A foot path branches off Black's Link road, about where Grenadier B Coy met the Japs and CSM Fryatt was killed, and circles Mt. Cameron right back to the Gap. Walking around this path you look down on Aberdeen, Pokfulam and the reservoir, but the new buildings sure change the scenery. Mt. Kellett is built up as dense as the Peak. On Friday, I met Sonny Castro, Jack Mitchell, Mr. Roylance and Dr. Solomon. A couple couldn't make it but it was a very interesting gabfest. Saturday Jack Mitchell drove me around Wong Nei Cheong (Brigade HQ). We saw several pill-boxes then to the cemetery which is kept looking very nice.

At meetings we say "We will remember them" but there by their graves, we remember old friends and buddies, as they were - not just THEM!

OCTOBER 1979 RANCH REUNION (cont.)  
ial atmosphere.

About seventy members, wives and guests sat down to a welcomed departure from the usual 'roast beef etc' by something termed a "Gordon Bleu" which turned out to be a de-boned parent of an egg, beautifully rolled, dressed up with ham and all the trimmings, followed by a strawberry concoction which must have come from outer space.

Another departure from the norm was the absence of a head table, permitting a total enjoyment of the meal and what followed, to the extent that our friend, Reg Smith, was so carried away that he presented each table with a bottle resulting in everyone toasting everyone else within toasting distance and thereby adding to the general well-being good fun.

The services of a gifted young lady pianist who provided music for a sing-song; the screening of a reel of home movies, taken during a Reunion back in the fifties, supplied by Walter Jenkins, and which showed remarkably youthful comrades like Bob Manchester, Lionel Speller, Ray Squires, Bill Laidlaw and Charlie Woods amongst others, kept the fun going.

The enjoyment continued with a chorus selected from the floor combining the pick of talent(?) from both sides of the border and with John relieving the pianist with his guitar, the welkin was kept ringing loud and clear until it was time to clear the hall.

This, however, did not stop the merry making and everyone trooped to the hospitality room to continue feasting until both voices and refreshment ran out.

Amongst those present from outside the province were: the Ken Bells from Thunder Bay, Ontario, Art Lousiers, Winnipeg, good old George Price, Coronach, Sask; and from south of the border, our very good friends, the Harold Pagen, Joe Fernandes', Jack Bradys, Don Morgans, Hershel Bousheys and Joe Calloways, all from Washington State and the Bill Mattsons from Oregon.

Newcomers settling in B.C. were made welcome in the persons of Bill and Mona Allister and Bob 'n Lucille Warren, all from back East. And last but not least, Paul, Luchka turned up from Hope, B.C. and were we glad to see him?

President Bob Manchester, in a short after dinner speech, introduced honoured guest, Dr. McKuen, our new DVA Chief Medical Officer for Vancouver Island, who was made very welcome and who, from all indications, is going to be a valued friend. The good Doctor in replying, extended a personal invitation to all veterans to visit him whenever necessary, and with the thought that with both him and the Minister of Veterans Affairs, the Hon. Allan McKinnon so close to home, the future for ailing and troubled veterans in British Columbia looks comforting.

There was also a surprise presentation in the form of a ladies HK pin to Elsa Fonseca for having patiently and wisely assumed the task of keeping your Editor in line while producing this Roll Call of ours. The presentation was greeted with much pleasure and pride and some consternation from John. The good wife now applies that "preventive therapy" with gusto never present before!

Yeah! It was a swell reunion and we are truly sorry, you who couldn't make it this time, weren't there. We sure hope to see you at our next one in Vancouver sometime in March/April.

#### A TRIBUTE

I first met Padre Laite on the Avatea from Vancouver in November 1941 and was instantly impressed with his calm and dignified approach to just saying "Hello!"

Until his death recently, he has always improved my first instantaneous impression. I could record numerous tales and stories of my encounters with this Christian gentleman, but will refrain in his honor, from doing so.

I have, with my wife, visited his home in Burnaby, meeting his family and was never more royally received and entertained.

It was with deep shock and regret I heard of his death on my return from holidays, and because of previous commitments, could not attend the Service and interment.

Let us ALL NEVER FORGET Padre Laite. A beautiful Christian life.

E.H.

## B.C. BRANCH MEMBERSHIP

Remember! Annual Memorial Service on CHRISTMAS DAY, December 25, 1979 at the Cenotaph, Parliament Bldg, Victoria, B.C. commencing 2:30 p.m. sharp. Pres: Bob Manchester in charge.

Our American EXPOW friends have advised that there will be three functions scheduled for 1980, to which all B.C. Branch members and their wives, will be welcome. These will be: Washington State Convention at Bellevue, Wash.; the American Defenders of Bataan & Corregidor Reunion at Eugene, Oregon and the AMEXPOW National Convention & Reunion which will be at Las Vegas, Nevada in July 1980. Definite dates and other details will be made available at a later date.

Sick: Eric Coulson, a very devout member for over 25 years, still fighting for his life at Lion's Gate Hospital. Hang in there Eric, old pal. Also Don Nelson, President South Alberta-Saskatchewan Branch, now slowly recovering from a serious heart attack, at his home. Take it easy, Don (Shorty!).

OBIT: Dr. H.V. Morris, North Vancouver B.C., passed away after a brief illness, on November 13. A Memorial Service was held on Saturday, Nov. 24 with HK Vets in attendance. To his wife, Ilsa and family our deepest and profound sympathy. R.I.P.

Annual Meeting: In all probability our next Reunion will be held at the Biltmore Hotel, Kingsway, Vancouver. Watch for time and date in Spring 1980 issue of Roll Call.

Donations, sent to Lionel Speller, are acknowledged with thanks and appreciation, from the following: A. Peters; Reg Kerr; Gordie Sissons; John Leeson; Capt. R.W. Philip; C. Corbett; Mrs Sally Laite; Reg Smith; Eva Bailie; Barb Co Cooper; W. Muir; Maj. B. Field. All from B.C. George Price (Sask); Tiny Martyn (Arizona) and J. Stephens (Washington).

Coverage of our October Branch Meeting and Reunion as well as our representation at the Remembrance Parade (AMEXPOW) in Auburn, Washington, by John, will be found elsewhere in these columns. REMINDER: 1980 Dues will be due soon. Do your 1979 dues still outstanding?

## MEMBERS FROM OTHER BRANCHES

## MANITOBA BRANCH

President's Message: As your Branch President and Chairman of the 1979 Convention, I would like to thank my members and executive for their help and support in making the 1979 Convention an overwhelming success. To the members and executives of the other five branches, thank you for coming to Winnipeg and helping to make this one of the best attended Conventions ever. To those who were unable to attend, for whatever reason, you missed a wonderful time, and what is more -- we missed you.

Draw & Raffle Winners: 50-40-10 Draw winner: Bill Kohut (\$518.00). Raffles; Aghan (donated by Helga Porter) won by Harry Cameron; Crystal Set (from C.P. Air) won by Mrs. Audrey Murray and Dinner for Two (North Star Inn) won by Chester Budd.

Membership: The Convention brought in many new members and some who had not paid their membership for years. Keep it up 'fellas' we need you. 1979 Dues still \$10.00 per year. Our thanks to those who made donations to the Branch - your support is appreciated.

Souvenir Glasses: A number still available at \$5.00 per set of four. For Winnipeg residents, contact Ike Friesen 475-6641. Out of towners add \$2.00 for mailing and send cheque or M/oes to Box 381, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 2H6

## ONTARIO BRANCH

(Except for the following, contents of the October Newsletter received have either been reported in depth in the Roll Call or are in regard to dates of events to come, which had already taken place before the Roll Call went to press. Editor.)

Donations we acknowledge with thanks and gratitude, donations from the following: Peter Burns, Larry Dowling, Bruce Cadoret, Tommy Wardell, Padre Jim Barnett, Bryce Craig and Lloyd O'Leary

There is no way to explain the bond that exists between POWs - but if there is - it'll not be worth explaining. The other guy will never understand anyway. Art Bressi

## AND LET FOR MEMBERS

Dear John: Enclosed is a small donation towards the Roll Call and whatever. Sure enjoying reading it, as it keeps me in touch.

I am looking forward to your notes on Shunshuipo. As that is where I spent most of my vacation. Keep up the good work. Had a little get-together in July this year, with Ted Dunderale, his charming wife, Rooney, Sonny Veal, his lovely lady Dorothy, S/M Fryett's son Bob and his dear wife, Evelyn. Had a lovely afternoon. Keep up the good work.

Araes, Man. Gordon & Alma Williamson

Nice of you to write and for the pat on the back, you-all are sure worth all the work. Also thanks for the 'green' John

John dear: I have been going to write you so often and simply procrastinated. Please excuse. I cannot find the date of my last missive to you. I am about to fold up the travelogue for you but when I read the news item in the Roll Call it seems as if I must have sent it before.

I can hardly wait until January 4th when I'm off on a return trip to New Zealand and Australia; Auckland, Wellington, Sydney, Canberra and Melbourne - six weeks of it with old friends. I will be in need of a dancing partner so wish someone would send you the cheque you were wishing for so you could come along. Risking that you won't speak to me again, I might mention that I shall be revelling on the sandy beaches in the middle of January!

Your Roll Call is splendid. Do not flag at this important task. Best wishes Happy Holidays and Season's Greetings

Saskatoon, Sask. Mrs. Kathleen Porteous

Not to worry. You didn't send me the travelogue. But you did write me upon your return, and I let my imagination run. So very good to see you happy and enjoying things. As ever, John

Janet dear, and Donnie, Gail and family, what, apart from offering our sincerest condolences, can we say more than our wish for a share of your heartache?

Elsa and John

Dear John: Several months ago I received the enclosed clipping from a friend in a small Ontario town.

You may be interested in Nursing Sister Kay Christie's account, editorially, as you are aware her background and rather unique war experience as a "C" force member has enabled and qualified her to speak out on our behalf quite frequently.

She is Hon. V.P. Quebec/Maritimes Branch, and is, beyond question, the First Lady of surviving "C" Force members.

I trust this finds you well - the Convention coverage was appreciated. Kindly convey to your President and B.C. Branch members my deepest respects.

Volume 3:2, Page 9, carries mention of Glenford Mann - shortly after returning from Winnipeg he called from Coburg to express good wishes; such thoughtfulness makes one feel good.

The B.C. Branch Secretary "emeritus" Lionel Speller, keeps in touch, and I have long appreciated his personnel input and friendship.

Drummondville, P.Q. Lloyd C. Doull  
President  
National Council

Sure appreciate the enclosure, the thought and the underlying action. Am pleased to reiterate assurance of our co-operation when needed. Belatedly, my personal congratulations. John

## E. W. (ERNIE) COULSON

Shock following news of the passing of friend and comrade, Ernie Coulson, on November 29, 1979, although not unexpected, has numbed us to the extent that we find difficulty to express our deep sorrow and profound sense of loss. We must confess that our sorrow, however, is tinged with a measure of relief. We stood by helplessly and watched him struggle valiantly to conceal his pain and suffering and the worsening of his condition and, cruel as it may seem, coming from someone who had been privileged to be numbered amongst his friends, for 40 years, we say: "Enough is enough. It is time, Ernie, to rest - in Peace and the knowledge that you will 'no'er be forgot'!

## THE HIGATA STORY (cont. used)...

Our minds were quickly made up by the guards, who banged a few heads and the work details were formed. Off marched two gangs with shovels and baskets to the nearest coal pile, their job was to fill a six-ton flat car with coal. In order to do this, they must first arrange a series of planks so they could walk along the planks from the ground to the top of the car, there were other planks placed across the flat bed of the car, and it was from this precarious perch that the coal was dumped from the baskets into the car. This was a never ending circle. The shovellers filling the baskets, the carriers dumping the coal, and at various intervals they would change procedures.

Great sport if one is in condition, well fed and is reasonably sure-footed, unfortunately, many fell by the wayside that first day and the days to follow. The third gang had it figured they were going to have a simpler job, "Push Car" sounded like it would be a lot of fun!

They were marched off into the heart of the coalyard; there stood a monster, some forty feet high and miles long. On top of this was a narrow gauge track and on the track stood many small half-ton steel cars. Beside the trestle were three mammoth cranes, these were used to lift the coal from the barges at waterside up to the top of the trestle and into hoppers.

The half-ton cars were pushed along the trestle tracks and under the hoppers to be fully loaded. With one man to a car, these little dollies were pushed to a designated spot, usually the farthest point on the track, where forty feet below, stood a thirty-two ton coal car on a rail line. The object was to push these small cars full of coal to be emptied into the train car until it was full, after which another empty car would be moved into its place.

Loading and pushing these little cars was a chore in itself, but the unloading was the real trick. These half-ton carriers were set in a cradle-like frame secured by a keeper-pin. When the pin was pulled, the cradle would rock over and release the coal. The operation to unload required the assistance of

(carried on next column)

## LET'S TRY TO FORGET

It is with deepest sorrow and regret that we report the passing of our friends and comrades:

COULSON, Ernie West Vancouver, B.C.  
MORRIS, Dr. H.V. North Vancouver

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

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE

two other people. They were spotted at the dumping zone; they had about a two foot platform high above the ground to work from, it made for a very hazardous pastime.

The "Push Car" exercise accounted for the first of the many casualties as the long years of labor continued. Accidents of broken bones, loss of finger, injured backs, were common occurrences and these situations only tended to make the guards more distasteful as their slave labourers became less productive due to injury and starvation.

The first days of work proved to be nerve wracking and totally exhausting for all, "Rinko", "Shentetso" and "Marutso". Our return to Camp in the late evening of the first day, we compared experiences and then realized we were in for a long hard struggle to survive. In comparison of work we found that although "Rinko" workers were outside in all types of weather, the "Shentetso" had many problems as a result of changing temperatures. They worked inside in the boiling heat of blast furnaces and then suffered a sudden change when exposed to the cold outside air. With no change of clothing, these constant changes created numerous pulmonary disabilities. The "Marutso" crew also worked out in the weather, unloading various types of material from shipping that came to Port. They also had their bad days when required to load 16 tons of pig iron per man per day. They were blessed by some reasonable guards and had on occasion extra food supplied. There was not without incident though and many good men succumbed from the everyday pressures which they encountered.

Bob Manchester

(To be continued)

