

1981

“TENKO”

VOLUME 1: 4

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.

BEST WISHES FOR



# A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

TO ALL OUR READERS, THEIR FAMILIES,  
OUR FRIENDS AND HONGKONG VETERANS

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When light of dawn comes peeping through  
Let me be strong that day  
Let me be true unto myself  
And friend to all who pass my way.

Let all my thoughts be ever kind  
From early morn to setting sun  
Let me be noble in defeat  
And humbly proud of battles won.

Let not my lips forbid the words  
To waken love in someone's breast  
Let not my hands be still if chance  
Shall grant me power to measure best.

Let not my eyes be closed to evil  
So that I may see more clear  
The beauties of the firmament  
God's handiwork, so ever near.

Let honest work be purchase price  
For daily meat and bread  
Let not the tempter's words ensnare me  
To gather poisoned fruit instead.

Let my sympathy be ever free  
For those in peril or in pain  
Let all the good I ever do  
Be added tribute to God's name.

Let me lie down at eventide  
And dream of things to come  
Let all my years be as today  
Content I'll be when day is done.

S/Sgt Harry McNaughton



# TENKO

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V3J 4K2

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Page 1

## WEEDUNNIT ! ! !

Yes, Sir, we did it!  
With this edition, the TENKO completes its first year of publication and we have done it in spite of the uncertainty and the anguish which accompanied its beginning, in spite of the postal strike which held things up for weeks and, in spite of the horrid weather which plagued us during the first half of 1981, bringing nothing but gloom.

We emphasize "we did it!" because the publication of this magazine would not have been possible without the unqualified support offered by all its current readers, as well as former readers of the defunct Roll Call, who are now turning to TENKO in increasing numbers as is indicated by the steady growth of our mailing list.

With regard to the latter, we do not ask, but would like to suggest, that if you are a member of the "Hongkong Family" and are interested and concerned about what is happening to or with your comrades and buddies, the TENKO, from all reports, provides the only means through which you can keep in touch informally, unofficially and in a friendly atmosphere - all-same that enjoyed in Shumshuipo or Japan.

If you find that that is what you wish, the answer is simple. Send in the slip at the back page of Vol:1:1 of TENKO mailed to you last March or, if that is not available, to tell us you want it. You'll be as welcome as the flowers of Spring, tra-la! If not, then don't say we didn't try!

Finally, we must put it on record that the TENKO never was or could be the product of any one individual. It needs the input hitherto provided by your letters, news items, personal information and whatever, to maintain and create the interest it enjoyed and continues to enjoy.

For that we have difficulty in finding words to say how very grateful and privileged we are.

## WHERE IT ALL WENT OR WILL GO

With the year's end in sight, we feel - although no one has asked for it - it our duty to provide our readers with some idea of how donations received have been applied towards the production of the TENKO.

We are pleased to announce that to date - 15 November 1981 - you, our readers, have very generously contributed a total of Can\$1,298.00; US\$ 68.00 and English Pounds 5.

The elimination of most complimentary copies - to Provincial Branches - and reducing the number of copies required to the number needed for only those who sent in their application slips as we requested, together with reducing the size of the magazine to 15 pages from 17 - no more for Branch Newsletters - effectively contained rising costs of supplies and postage, to result in production costs averaging \$200.00 per edition.

Although the above does not include purchase of a printing machine to replace the one returned to the B.C. Branch, we are pleased and proud to announce that the TENKO finds itself in the 'black' at this year's end, with sufficient funds to ensure the publication of the Spring 1982 issue, after having purchased the machine and still leave a couple of bucks in the kitty. Tell me it's not fantastic.

Finally, the "No fee or remuneration for production and editorial services for the TENKO" remains in force.

The encouragement and support you have extended to me during the past year, is the best damn reward anyone can ask for, and it makes my wishing all of you and your families a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year so much more pleasurable, so:

Sleep well, eat hearty, damn the Budget what's trying to put a crimp on me and GOD BLESS!!

JOHN



EDITORIAL

The year 1981, which started painting a bleak future as to both weather and whether or not I remained a member of the Association, and with clouds obscuring further publication of this magazine, quickly changed to one with rosy possibilities because of the immediate and splendid support offered by its readers.

This response emphasized the need for a magazine such as the TENKO. From the very first issue of ROLL CALL to this one of TENKO and all others to come, it has been our aim to make it the provider of that through which veterans and our friends, throughout the nation and elsewhere, to hear about and communicate and, in so doing, become more united and closer to each other.

That we have succeeded in some measure is indicated by the growth of our mailing list.

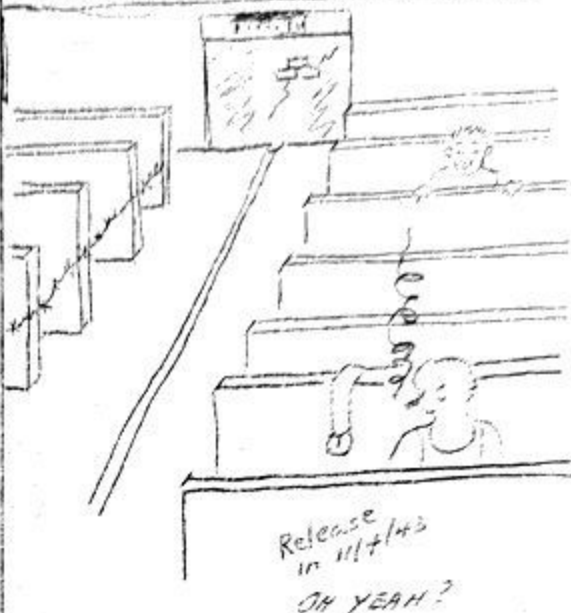
The fact that we are growing older and because of this, more and more veterans are finding it increasingly difficult to move about the country as they had before, has provided further evidence of the need for such a channel of communication in future years.

This has been clearly demonstrated by the decreased attendance at the last National Convention in Calgary in September this year, and much as we regret to say it, the probability that even that number may be reduced in the years to come, leaving veterans of the Hongkong experience with only the TENKO to maintain contact with their comrades and buddies, exists.

This, for the TENKO is a nice and pleasant thought, however, in the spirit of goodwill that the season generates, we feel that we should recommend some serious thinking as to the future of our National Conventions, and plans be made accordingly.

We accept the possibility that this recommendation could be greeted with derision and even irritation, but because in our view, it is logical and makes sense, have no hesitation in offering same as our Christmas gift to anyone who'll accept it.

In the meanwhile, a very merry Christmas to all and to all, a happy and rewarding 1982.

GAMES WE USED TO PLAY!

An' I ses: "But, sir, I'm on conservancy in ten minutes!!" an' here I am!

A WORD FROM YOUR EDITOR

We are informed that attempts to revive the question of the demise of our predecessor, the ROLL CALL, and my participation in same, are being made by someone who appears to have the mentality of a frustrated runt.

If true, this is to alert anyone in danger of being "taken in" by same, that all matters -repeat, ALL MATTERS - pertaining to the D.C. Branch, the Roll Call and I, on that subject, were amicably and irrevocably settled and declared a dead issue, at a meeting early this year between Pres. Bob Manchester, V/Pres. Bill Laidlaw and I, John Fonseca.

Without any hesitation, I also wish to state that I do not, for one moment, believe that either of the two gentlemen mentioned above, have any knowledge or are involved in any way, with these scurrilous and scabby attempts to flog a dead horse.

The Editor

P.S. Sorry, but it had to be said.

OUR PADRE'S DIARY - REV. U.LAITE (Kind permission of Mrs. Sally Laite)

We are all stoney broke now. I have \$1.00 Canadian and 10¢ Hongkong and will try to keep the 10¢ as a souvenir but may have to spend it later. There seems to be no possibility of getting any cash, or clothing from home, and as we have lost all but what we were wearing, I fear that we shall be in rags before getting home.

Mar: 7. Saturday. The wind has been from the N.E. to-day (strong) and this means cold. It was warm enough for shorts and shirt yesterday and the sudden change has meant that most of us are remaining indoors to-day. Meals are still meagre. To-day, for lunch, we had griddle cakes and syrup. It was a treat but insufficient for men who know how to appreciate full meals. I understand that for supper to-night we are to have rice and squid. We have just been informed that men with friends in town may, through the courtesy of the Japanese authorities, receive gifts from them. I have sent out three letters for three of our boys, and await results. Our noonday and evening worship services continue and the number at the evening devotions has daily increased. Now upwards of one hundred are attending.

Mar. 8th. Sunday: Communion at 7:45, forty-nine present. Parade at 1100 hrs. Capt Barnett in charge. Hymns - "Unto the Hills" and "Faith of our Fathers". Lesson - Rom. 8:28-39 (Rev. Strong). Sermon "Eternity in the Heart" (Self) Ecc: 3: 11.

Rice (sweetened) without tea for breakfast

The O.C. complains of legs being numb because of lack of protein.

Mar. 9th. Spent most of morning reading life of Mary Queen of Scots (The Duel of the Queens). Have spent time on making a calendar. Hope to finish it tomorrow. We have had no bread to-day - the meals have been very poor for the past two days - and have had to be satisfied with rice for breakfast, lunch and supper. We did have squid with the supper rice. I ate it (mixed) because I felt so hungry.

I have been thinking a great deal of home to-day, and while, since about Feb; 22nd, have felt content that they have heard from me and know that I am living and a prisoner, I do wonder how they are.

This afternoon I played cribbage with Dennis, and later, for twenty minutes, walked about the prison square. No one is allowed on the square after 8:30 p.m.

I conducted our noon-day service. Tonight I go to our evening service and then go to the hospital to see our men. Later I will likely read, or play games with the Colonel and Lt. Dennis.

Mar: 14th. During the week the Japanese officer commanding prisons paid our camp a visit. The whole camp lined up on the square to receive him and give him the honors due his office. He visited huts, kitchens etc., and at the end of his tour, told our O.C.s that we should be very grateful for the treatment received as Japanese nationals in Canada, and the U.S.A. are not receiving good treatment. In fact, he said, that they are receiving treatment that is much inferior to ours. We received orders later to collect all books in huts and be ready to receive a visit from a lesser official to censor literature. Capt Barnett, the Rifles padre, and I, were made responsible for books and so were ready when he came with our interpreter. After visiting the huts and getting the number of books as well as taking journals of military tactics, he gave us stickers to put on each book. We did that this morning.

Our evening services continue and are well attended. The warmer nights are bringing out the mosquitoes and they must like us as they bite us and suck our blood. My hands and head are filled with bites to-day. Some of the fellows have swollen foreheads.

(To be continued in the next issue)

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

My dear Comrade: Just a line or two to wish you the very best with TENKO.

I am very sorry that things have developed as they have between you and certain people in the H.K. Association.

I somehow detect deception in our ranks which is bad for any organization. I think it is now time to do a little weeding out in our Association.

However, John, you can be assured of my full support in your very own edition of the TENKO. Enclosed is a little something to help you.

Vancouver, B.C. Alf Shayler

Thanks so much, Alf. Never doubted that I'd get it, but that kind of a support is what keeps us going. To you and Olga, our best and keep that chin up and out in spite of the bad leg trouble. We're with you. John

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Dear John: Just a note to say Hello and say I am glad the hatchet is buried.

Sorry this donation took so long, but I had a session with the M.O. He removed my gall bladder and I have been laid up for two months, but coming on fine.

I hope you and yours are fine and congratulations on #70. I was 71 on the 28th of May.

Just got the TENKO and thanks for sending it. Best of luck

Trail, B.C. Chuck Bradbury

Chuck: The 'so sorry' should come from me! Had't the slightest idea that you were under the weather, but immensely relieved that all goes well. But I shouldn't have worried seeing as how we're both Geminis and former Sendai 2 residents. Nothing can get us down after that!

And speaking of durability, I see that you've been living in Trail ever since 1941 (or before) with the old address being 1455 Fifth Avenue! How about that? Bestest and keep it up. John.

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Dear John: Surprise!! So you thought there was no mail delivery. Well I am hoping to prove otherwise.

Those ungrateful jokers in our mail service I believe, are going to wind up putting themselves on the bread line in the not too distant future with their excessive demands for less work for more pay. Ho! Ho! Ho!

I have reached the stage in my life where I am now officially retired and like Rocky Davis, have just acquired a motor home and am going to start enjoying my freedom and the wide open spaces. We have always wanted to see more of this great continent than time has permitted in the past, so we will see, as time progresses.

My wife suffered a stroke three years ago and that has slowed us down and I also had a serious operation Jan 77 which was almost the death of me..

I guess I'm just a stubborn English immigrant, 1920 to be exact. Well that is life and being a Hongkong Veteran, I would say, has added to that stubbornness.

The enclosed book does not have to be taken literally word for word, but there is a great deal of truth in it. Please return same.

Thank you for TENKO and please accept my donation for its success and here's to your health old boy as the saying goes.

Winnipeg, Man. Gordon W. Wheatcroft

Gordie: That 'special delivery' per PDQ Courier service, sure came as a most welcomed surprise. It was the only communication received while the postal strike lasted. And it sure made me feel good. So glad you've joined the ranks of the retirees and can now sit back and watch the rat race go by. The invite to camp on our grounds in the last TENKO was geared especially for the likes of you and Rocky and we'll be happy if you make use of it.

There was a phone number included in your letter, which I tried time and again, but there was no answer so I figured you were out roaming the country in the motor home. John



MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear John: I'm sending a little donation to help with getting the TENKO going, which I enjoy very much.

But I didn't receive the first issue and would like to get one. Hope all is well.

Kelowna, B.C. Lou Specht

Lou: Mailed the extra copy and hope it got to you O.K. The first edition was mailed to your old Rowcliffe Avenue address. Many thanks for your help and support and all the best to you and Marion. John

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Dear John:

I was wondering why I had not received the TENKO paper. But as I went looking through the first edition I found I had not sent in the slip you asked for.

I am sorry about that as I really enjoy reading it and still love to get it.

Also enclosed is a small donation y you can use as you see fit. Keep in good health John.

Winnipeg, Manitoba Robert D. Adams  
(Scotty)

No, Scotty, I didn't stop mailing you the second edition and I hope that by now the post office has recovered from the enforced holiday brought on by the strike and found time to deliver the missing edition. Thank you for your nice gesture and keep well and happy.

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John: Found the slip from the TENKO and am enclosing it with my small contribution to help in some way.

Vancouver, B.C. Ken R. Johnston

You are too generous and we sure appreciate the thought and are as pleased as Punch to have you on board. Hope all is well and must advise that your folder of cuttings is in safe custody and will be used from time to time.

In the meanwhile, keep in touch by either dropping a line or just phone and talk. John

Dear John:

Thought I would drop you a few lines am wondering if you have a copy of the Spring TENKO still around.

I sent you a cheque in the early part of this year so as to keep the paper coming, whatever changes would be made as to name or whatever.

My friend Alice Davis tells me she received one well before the mail strike, but I did not. Don't know whether one was sent and the P.O. mislaid it, or you just ran out of copies before the Zeds came up.

Nothing new to report re Nick. He has been enduring a lot of pain due to the pinched nerves so he has been lying around more especially when we had a six-week on and off spell of rain. But, as the Doc says, there is nothing that can be done except his medication. So aside from getting quieter than he usually is, he bears up well.

Unfortunately, we again will not be joining you at the September re-union in Calgary. He still does not want his buddies to see him in a wheel chair so will remain close to home where he can still take his few steps.

We wish you all a grand get together and just maybe, the next time we'll get to meet. Our best to you and your family.

Frances Zytaruk

Frances dear, mailed the extra copy 2 September and trust it has reached you since. Deeply distressed to hear about Nick's problem but I feel sure that his 'buddies' will understand and hope that he'll try to make it the next time. He'll not be alone.

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Dear John: The latest issue of TENKO arrived today. I did not receive the first issue, perhaps it did not arrive because of the change in address. Will you kindly put my name on the mailing list. I enclose a small contribution to help with the mailing.

We will be leaving shortly for the POW Reunion in Sydney, Australia, and will be staying with an Aussie POW whom I have not seen since we left Di Hatch Fukuoka in Japan in August of 1945.

(please turn to Page 10)

WELL, THIS WE'VE GOT TO SAY...

At this time of joyful reunions, of happy expectations and glad exchanging of greetings all over the world. At this time of attempts to shake off the effects of unhappy experiences and events that touched so many of our lives during the past year, and to look hopefully for better things to come, we, your Editor and the TENKO, find it in our hearts to take time off for some sober reflections.

To those who, especially at this season of the year, feel the sorrowful absence of that "special someone" who are no longer with us. To the widows, families, kinfolk and friends of comrades and buddies who were left somewhere in the hills of Hongkong or in Japan and those who have since passed on and, at this special time, so sorely missed, we would consider it a privilege and an honour to be permitted to sit beside them, in spirit at least, and share the burden these absences bring on.

To do this, we can think of no better way than to reprint the message our late Padre Laite sent to all families who suffered the grievous loss of a beloved someone during the Battle of Hongkong or the years that followed in prison camps. We find it as applicable to-day as when it was written in 1945:

FOR THOSE WHO FELL IN HONGKONG  
OR JAPAN

Please accept my deepest sympathy as you face your tomorrows without him who sleeps in old Hongkong or Japan. The birds warble sweetly there and the flowers bloom profusely. Let the birds' song be the requiem of your own heart and the fragrance of the flowers be a reminder of the kindly influences of his life upon yours. In such a remembrance your loved one and my comrade, will live while life shall last for us. Our memorial to him is a heartfelt gratitude for having had him as ours.

With you in grateful remembrance of one who lived - and lives for aye.

U. Laite, H/Capt & Chaplain  
Winnipeg Grenadiers  
Force "C"

FRANTIC FONZ'S FAST FOODS

With the festive season rapidly approaching and with friends dropping in unexpectedly for a "wee drappie" or whatever, many of our good ladies will have problems as to what to serve at short or no notice. Being for some unexplainable reason the type of guy who is more concerned with other peoples' troubles than my own, I offer the following which, because it can be prepared well in advance, because it will keep in the fridge for a considerable length of time (if you can resist!) and because it is from all accounts delicious, delectable and utterly stupendous, deserves considering. Here it is:

To half a pound of finely grated old (strong) Cheddar Cheese (not 'processed' please), add 2 tablespoons Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, one raw egg, 1 dessertspoon prepared mustard, 1 oz butter, 1 heaping teaspoon baking powder. Mix well to a consistency of peanut butter - add a small quantity of evaporated milk if necessary - and store away in any plastic or glass container in the fridge until required.

To prepare for serving: Take sliced white sandwich (or ordinary sliced white) bread. Toast only one side of each slice under broiler in the oven. Spread the cheese mixture generously - about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick - on the untoasted side of the bread and broil in the oven until the cheese mixture bubbles and shows brown spots. Remove from oven, cut each slice to suit - either in four or half segments and serve hot!

Have fun and try it and after that you can say in all sincerity: I can't believe I ate the whole thing! John

SHORT - BUT SO VERY COMPLETE!!

Literary gems are rarities. The one below, from Dick Hall of Winnipeg, must be considered one because of its sincerity and because of the heart-warming appreciation, encouragement and pat-on-the-back enclosed in three little words: Dick writes:

"Nice going, John!"

What more can anyone ask for?



HITHER AND YON WITH FONZ

Received an invitation to attend the official opening of the Canadian War Museum's Special Exhibition entitled: HONGKONG: THE WILL TO SURVIVE. which was to be opened by His Excellency, Ed Schreyer, Governor General of Canada, in Ottawa, Tuesday, 27 October 1981.

Would have very much like to have attended but I had to give it a miss for two very good reasons. The first being that altho it was postmarked 15 October, the invite did not reach me until 23 October- smack in the middle of my starting to work on this issue of the TENKO. The second was that the bank account would have looked pretty sick after the one day jaunt across the continent. Perhaps next time!

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Loud and prolonged congratulations to the Laidlaws on the occasion of becoming grandparents to a second girl grandchild. She has been named Shannon and both mother, Kerry, and Shannon are doing just fine. It is not true that had it been a boy, he'd been named Go Bragh - to go with their first grandchild, Erin !!

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The National POW Association (European Theatre) Convention in Victoria, 27th September, was, we are informed, attended by about 400 veterans and included VIPs: Allan Solomon, former Chairman Canadian Pensions Commission now retired, and that grand old man of Parliament, the Hon. Stanley Knowles, MP, Winnipeg North Centre, NDP. It was shortly after that Convention that Mr. Knowles took sick. We offer this friend of all veterans and old age pensioners our very best wishes for a speedy and quick recovery and an early return to the House. Our good friends from south of the border, the Harold Pages, Joe Galloways and George Fernades' were also there.

One item on the agenda caught our eye and if space permits, may prompt a comment from this paper elsewhere in this edition.

The Hongkong Veterans Winter Colony in Arizona has been increased by one. Gordie Wheatcroft, losing patience with the "if this pill doesn't work come back and we'll try something else" treatment for the Missus, who'd been hit with a severe heart ailment some years (1978) back, has moved to Phoenix, Arizona and will spend the winter and spring there. They have got themselves a very comfortable and totally adequate mobile home and a pad to set it on and will be enjoying the dry climate, the sunshine and the low cost of everything, before returning to Winnipeg for the summer. Having been flattened against a building whilst negotiating Winnie's Windy Corner, at Portage and Main, myself, I see what he means. Happy holiday and the best of good wishes to you both.

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On the eve of Trick or Treat Night, a friend drove up in somewhat of a lather, to borrow our sump pump. It had been raining all day - you guys snickering in the corner must have seen it on TV - and his lone pump couldn't handle the flooding in his basement. No sooner had he disappeared down the road, when the main on our street clogged up, sending damn near all the water in Coquitlam back up into OUR rec room. After an hour of futile bailing and mopping, I called upon the happy half of my twin Gemini personality, and forget it all. And would you believe it, the rain ceased, the main came unstuck and the water seeped back to where it was supposed to go. Someone up there likes me!

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Some of our readers may remember our Catholic priest, Father Green, SJ, in Shumshuipo and wondered what became of him after the terrible beating he received at the hands of the Japanese. We have an ex-SSPO POW, recently arrived to settle in Canada, who was the batman to our priest and he tells us that Father Green recovered to walk out of camp with the rest at the end. Why the beating? He'd dared to ask what became of the money the Pope had remitted for distribution to POWS!

THE SHUMSHUIPO STORY (continued)

As Christmas Day 1942 approached, rumours ran rife within the Camp. There was talk of the Hongkong Volunteers being set free to return to their homes, of an exchange of Canadian POWs and that the "Gripsholm" was coming to take them back to Canada, of better food to be provided, as a result of the visit by officials of the Swiss Red Cross and others equally fantastic.

But the rumour which created the greatest interest and persisted to develop into daily conversation pieces, was that the Red Cross parcels were coming!! Hunger of men whose diet, for the greater part of the year, had been plain boiled rice, saw men indulging in some wild flights of fancy even to roast turkey, complete with cranberry sauce, T-Bone steaks with all trimmings and plum pudding, generously soaked in brandy, all to be provided by the Swiss Red Cross and served on Christmas Eve! The rumour, however, served its purpose well, for it helped starving and despairing men to forget misery and dependency - for a time at least.

And then, on 29 November 1942, the rumour became truth. A work party was called to collect parcels supplied by the British Red Cross and the Order of St John Ambulance War Organization for immediate distribution to the POWs in Shumshuipo.

As the Good Book says: Many volunteered but only a few were chosen, whilst the remainder were left to wait with mouth-watering anticipation. The distribution, greeted with much happiness and elation, also brought deep disappointment. For, instead of one parcel per man, as originally designed, the Japanese ordered that each parcel was to be shared by two POWs.

For most who had formed groups to mess together, this, except that quantities were reduced by half - posed no problems. But for the loners who had hitherto been fending for themselves, the fair splitting of the contents of parcels created some real trouble and even resulted in fighting in some cases.

This first parcel received contained small cans of meat paste, melon jam, cream cheese, sugar, bacon and margarine - from 2 to 4 ozs per can; large cans (approx: 16 oz) meat roll, meat & veg, biscuits, condensed milk, a fig pudding and boiled tomatoes; and packages of tea, chocolate bar, butter drops and a bar of soap.

Our group, after the first flush of excitement had died down, and after much discussion and self-disciplining, decided to put aside a portion of the three parcels to be shared by the group and save it for a Thanksgiving-cum-Christmas Dinner. There appeared to be no limits to the imagination and initiative of hungry men to make do with what they've got. Our group, for example, concocted the following Christmas Dinner menu, from contents of the parcels, with some additions from purchases from the canteen:

QUONSET BRIAND - Meat Roll w/tomato, cheese and garlic dressing.

PILAU OF RICE -Bacon w/ tomato and garlic, fried in margarine.

PLUM(FIG) PUDDING - with condensed milk topping.

TEA - with sugar and/or milk, or both.

SWEET - one square chocolate and one butter drop per man.

SMOKES - Quarter-cigarette - rolled in bumph - per man.

One final thought remains. We wonder how many of us will sit down to Christmas Dinner 1981, with the same joyful pleasure, anticipation and total enjoyment of what's on the table, as so many of us did back in 1942? For me, the true impact of the words: " For what we are about to receive.." really came into its own.



OLDER? MAYBE SO, BUT BETTER FOR SURE!

It was on the slopes of Mt Cameron shortly before Hongkong surrendered that Christmas Day 1941, when Cam Maddess, W.G. H6753, found himself the centre of attraction of the enemy surrounding and, wounded in seven places, was left for dead. As a result, he underwent 22 separate operations all performed by Dr James Anderson, RAMC, and also a POW, under conditions which in no way could be described as normal.

Well, Cam survived, not only the operations but also the 45 months as a POW in Hongkong, to run into an amazed Dr. Anderson in Victoria, 16 years later (1961?), who after warm and effusive greetings, said: "Well, I'm damned. I never thought you were going to make it!!!"

Make it he did, for although he was declared 'permanently disabled' Cam, has spent the better part of three decades in the service of veterans, mainly as 'hancho' at the Port Moody Legion, here in B.C.

He retired recently and has taken up residence in Coquitlam although he spends a lot of time up on the Sunshine Coast, at Madeira Park, fishing and taking things easy. The latest is that not only is he enjoying his retirement, but has got himself a motor-bike and can be seeing whizzing around Coquitlam like you wouldn't believe. Now that, my friends, is what I call a genuine 24-carat Hongkong Veteran.

FROM SOUTH OF THE BORDER

Hongkong Veteran friends of the 'gang' who are regular attendants at B.C. "do's" will be pleased to learn that Don and Billy-Joe Morgan, became the proud grand-parents of a lovely girl child sometime in September. Both mother Ruthie and baby, Anna Louise, are doing just fine, thank you!

Billy-Joe, who had her own birthday on 8 November, tells me that she's got a bottle of special vintage tucked in the cupboard, which is reserved for her Canadian friends, who happen to be down there and wish to celebrate both events too. From us go our very heartiest congratulations.

THE "DO" DOWN UNDER

Our American friends, Harold and Virginia Page of Washington, together with a group from Texas' "Lost Battalion", were joined by two Hongkong Veteran couples, the Ken Bells and Bob Manchesters, on the trip to Sydney, Australia for the Nat'l FEPOW Convention in October last.

Virginia tells us that altho Harold caught a cold, both had a great time. What added towards making them feel at home, was the fact that on the day of the Convention, IT RAINED!!

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND  
A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL



5) Dear Johnny: I called you today for Don Nelson's address in Calgary. Thank you so much.

I also requested that you put us on your mailing list for the "TENKO". We are associate members of the Hongkong Veterans Association and this publication of yours is a good way of keeping in touch.

We travelled with the Hongkong Veterans on their pilgrimage to Hongkong in November 1980. It was a tremendous experience meeting all these people and we feel many friendships have been established. Even though we can't see them frequently the feeling remains.

Enclosed please find a donation to keep your "TENKO" coming. Keep up the good work.

Abbotsford, B.C. Don & Doreen Reimer

Dear Folks, so glad we could be of some help and sure glad to welcome you aboard. Visiting Hongkong today is an experience in itself. No wonder you found meeting some of our veterans 'tremendous'! They're nice guys! Should add however, as I sit upon my ego, that the ultimate would be to meet ME! It'll be devastating! John

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear John: Just a few lines. Pleased that the differences have been solved. Keep up the good work. You're still tops.

Had a great time at the Convention. Missed you.

Enclosed a little something to help with expenses.

Osoyoos, B.C. Ed & Mel Toews

You lovely people, deeply regret I didn't hear about your trouble with your legs until I received a late report on the Convention and of your presence there. It prompted that little piece you'll find elsewhere in these pages. I hop you won't mind. Sure would have liked to be there to down a couple with you for old times sake, and, we're going to do it yet! In the meantime, fight the good fight and keep in touch. God Bless. John

Regret that I didn't hear about your spell at the Lodge, but sure happy to learn that you're recovering well enough to permit 'nourishment' even if it is only a little. Have just the right thing for you should you come out this way. It is ageing beautifully and should be just right for your visit! The boys will be just as glad as I on hearing of your recovery. That I am certain, for damshur! John

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear John: Enclosed please find cheque for a year for the "TENKO" magazine.

Vancouver, B.C. David M. Adams

Muchos gracias, Dave. But I should advise that it is the second donation you have sent the TENKO. God Bless! John

AND YET MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir: Earlier this year our dear friend, Mrs. Sally Laite, sent us Vol: 4:3 and 4:4 of the Roll Call and also the first copy of the TENKO. Just recently she sent us the next two copies of TENKO, and we have found them all most interesting.

Might say that Padre Dr. U. Laite was our beloved minister in Central United Church, Stratford, Ontario, from 1951 to 1958, and he and his wife Sally were a real inspiration to all who knew them. Dr. Laite returned from Vancouver in June 1975 as Special Guest Speaker for our 50th Anniversary in the United Church of Canada. It was a memorable occasion and still very fresh in our minds.

Would it be possible to put our name on your mailing list as we enjoy your magazine from cover to cover, and most of all "Our Padre's Diary!". It would save Mrs Laite the time and expense of sending the copies to us.

We are enclosing a small cheque and would appreciate if you would tell us how many issues this would cover.

Continued success in your very worthwhile venture.

Stratford, Ont. Tom & Lillian  
Crookshanks.

Dear Friends: Any friend of our Padre or Sally is a friend of ours. Really appreciate your interest and generosity. Your names are on our mailing list and, as to how many issues you'll be getting, it'll depend on how long I will last!! God Bless. John

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear John:

Sorry for being so late in renewing the magazine. I really don't know what has expired between you and the organization, but whatever it was, don't let it get you down. Just keep up the good work and God Bless. Please find enclosed my cheque. Hope this helps a little.

Winnipeg, Man. Tom Dewar

So very glad you've come aboard, Tom. For a spell I thought you were mad at me. Believe me, it's never too late. Bestest to both of you in 1982. John

Hello there, John: Well, by the address, you will have guessed that this half blind person has moved. Right you are.

I could not take the wet weather any more and after a lot of thought, I decided to move.

Anyway, here's a couple of bucks for the TENKO, the balance for the pot. Good luck.

Hardisty, Alta. Stan Van Koughnett

So very truly sorry to hear about the eyes. If it is any consolation, many of us are going through the same mill at the present time. You must be a clairvoyant and got away before last week-ends (Hallowe'en) downpour which saw me practicing the Australian crawl in our Rec Room. Sheesh! Keep well, keep your chin up and keep in touch.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear John: How's things and all that? Trust you and the good wife are both well. Let's see if the TENKO can generate some information.

I received an invitation dated Sept. 3, which I did not get until Oct. 14, to go presumably to a Royal Rifles or Quebec Branch of our Hongkong Association to be held in North Hadley, Que. addressed to "Ol Silver" one of my nicknames over there and signed: "Don", and I am darned if I can think which Don that is, as I have not heard from a Don since getting back.

I think Jimmy McCarthy was the one who gave me that name in Shumshuipo. Anyway, as I was just back from Calgary and waiting to have the Ottawa trip clarified, I could not go at such short notice.

Sorry to be so long-winded, but could you try to find out who the DON is through "TENKO". Many thanks, regards.

Okanagan Falls, B.C. Harry White

Help! Gang! Will someone please put Harry on the right track. Myself, I don't know of any Dons out thataway. Nearest I can think of is a Dan - Danzil Firth of the P.Q.-Maritimes Branch (possibly typographical error!) and I didn't get an invite to permit making a comparison of signatures! So Sorry, Harry, but look at it this way- we're good, but not that good!



"C" FORCE NOMINAL ROLL (CANADIAN POWs in the Far East) 1941-1945(cont'd)

Rank	Name	Unit	Rank	Name	Unit
Rfn	Chicoine, Herbert	RRC	Cpl	Coutts, George L.	W.G.
Pte	Childs, Wallace A.	W.G.	Sgt	Cox, Albert A.	W.G.
Pte	Chipping, Glyn L.	W.G.	Pte	Cox, Alfred J.	W.G.
Pte	Christensen, Frank E.	W.G.	Pte	Cox, William T.	W.G.
Rfn	Churchill, George R.	RRC	Rfn	Craig, Bryce H.	RRC
Rfn	Claricoates, Ronald	RRC	Pte	Creedon, Harry E.	W.G.
Pte	Clark, Arlie	W.G.	Sgt	Cronin, John J.	RRC
Sgt	Clark, Charles A.	CPC	?	Crook, Wilfred	RRC
Pte	Clark, Gordon	W.G.	?	Culleton, Edward	RRC
Pte	Clark, John P.	W.G.	?	Cunning, Leslie	RRC
Sgt	Clark, Oswald	RRC	Cpl	Currie, Edwin A.	W.G.
Rfn	Clarke, Charles H.	RRC	Cpl	Currie, Richard A.	RCCO
Rfn	Clarke, George	RRC	Pte	Curtis, Edward J.	RCCAS
Pte	Clarke, William E.	W.G.	A/Sgt	Cuthill, Thomas	W.G.
Sgt	Clarkson, Kenneth H.	RRC	Rfn	Cyr, Adolphe	RRC
Sgt	Clayton, Robert J.	RRC	Rfn	Cyr, Augustin	RRC
Pte	Clements, Archie	W.G.	Rfn	Cyr, Leon	RRC
Pte	Clubb, Albert N.	W.G.	Rfn	Cyr, Roger N.	RRC
Pte	Coates, William R.	W.G.	Rfn	Cyr, Theophile	RRC
Rfn	Cochrane, Charles	RRC	Rfn	Cyr, Wilmer	RRC
Rfn	Cole, Bliss T.	RRC	Pte	De Vlieger, Alexander	W.G.
Pte	Cole, Edward W.	W.G.	Rfn	De Vogue, Cecil	RRC
Pte	Cole, Gordon A.	W.G.	Pte	DeVillers, Arthur	W.G.
Rfn	Cole, Lewis A.	RRC	Rfn	Disensi, Samuel	RRC
Rfn	Cole, Lloyd Kerr	RRC	Rfn	Daigle, Edgar	RRC
Rfn	Coleman, Glen	RRC	Rfn	Dainard, Donald B.	RRC
Rfn	Coleman, Ralph	RRC	L/Cpl	Dallian, Charles C.	RRC
Pte	Colvin, Alexander	W.G.	Rfn	Dallian, Paul J.	RRC
Rfn	Comeau, Birt	RRC	Pte	Dalzell, Robert	W.G.
Rfn	Comeau, Isaac	RRC	L/Cpl	Dame, Richard	W.G.
Rfn	Comeau, Martin J.	RRC	Sigmn	Damours, Roland	RCCS
Rfn	Commerford, Patrick	RRC	Rfn	Dancause, Paul	RRC
Pte	Conkey, Floyd B.	W.G.	Pte	Danielson, John H.	W.G.
Rfn	Conron, Gordon J.	RRC	Pte	Danyluik, William	W.G.
Pte	Contois, Alexander	W.G.	L/Cpl	Dann, Milton R.	W.G.
Sgt	Conway, Gordon	RRC	Pte	Darragh, Clarence W.	W.G.
Cpl	Cook, James A.	RRC	Rfn	Darra, James C.	RRC
Rfn	Cooper, Frederick A.	RRC	Rfn	Davidson, Alvin J.	RRC
Pte	Cooper, James R.	W.G.	Pte	Davidson, David F.A.	W.G.
Pte	Corbeil, Arthur J.	W.G.	Rfn	Davidson, Earl E.	RRC
Pte	Corbett, Claude M.	W.G.	Pte	Davies, John C.	W.G.
Rfn	Cormier, Norman J.	RRC	Rfn	Davies, Morgan I.	RRC
Rfn	Cote, Elisee	RRC	Sgt	Davignon, Maurice	RRC
Sgt	Cote, Renaud	CDC	Pte	Davis, Herbert T.	W.G.
Rfn	Cotton, Leonard	RRC	Rfn	Dawe, Kenneth F.	RRC
Rfn	Coughler, Wendell F.	RRC	Pte	Dawson, Frederick	W.G.
Rfn	Coull, Blair S.	RRC	L/Cpl	Day, Frederick	RRC
Rfn	Coull, John A.V.	RRC	Rfn	Day, William	RRC
Rfn	Courier, Joseph A.	RRC	Cpl	Dayton, Ernest A.	RCCS
Rfn	Court, James	RRC	Pte	Dearden, John E.	W.G.
Rfn	Court, Kenneth A.	RRC	Rfn	Dee, Nicholas	RRC
Rfn	Court, William H.	RRC	Rfn	Delaney, Alexander R.	RRC

(continued next column)

(to be continued in next edition)



'WE WILL REMEMBER THEM'

Tomorrow, on the 11th of November, official Remembrance Day ceremonies in memory of those who gave their lives during, or because of, World Wars I & II, are being observed throughout the Commonwealth and other Allied countries. We, who are here today, are doing so ahead of time, but this should not - and I feel certain that it will not - affect the sincerity of our remembering those who lie buried in some distant and foreign land because of something they felt they had to do, and in the process, "gave up their tomorrows so that we could have our todays".

I could speak of the horror and inhumanity of war; of carnage, anguish, despair and dreadful wastage of lives. I could speak of the effect their dying left on lives of those they left behind and I could say that it is all so very wrong. On the other hand, I could speak on the importance and necessity of being prepared to go to war. Of the need to be able to fight and protect that which belongs to us or that to which we belong. But it would be out of place to do so today.

Instead, I will tell you of a lonely windswept hillside some thousands of miles across the Pacific, overlooking the blue waters of the South China Sea, called Sai-Wan. The hillside has been carved out to form terraces and carefully landscaped into beautiful lawns fringed with tropical plants. And there in this quiet and secluded place, you will find over 500 white crosses, laid out in neat rows, marking the final resting places of members of Canada's "C" Force - The Winnipeg Grenadiers, the Royal Rifles of Canada and Brigade Headquarters - who died in action, from wounds or as a result of starvation and maltreatment in prison camps, in that campaign - The Battle of Hongkong.

Some of the crosses bear the names, ranks, units and numbers of the soldiers who lie beneath. Others, because they were unidentifiable, only a simple inscription: "A CANADIAN SOLDIER".

There are similar plots in Japan, Holland, Belgium and elsewhere in Europe all with the same object. To remember and commemorate the "ultimate sacrifices" made by Canadians because Canada asked.

We are here today to renew our pledge to honour them and to hope and pray that never again will there be a need for Canadian men and women to journey overseas, be left to rest there, and remain, for the most part, only in the memories of those who knew them and to whom they once belonged.

In concluding, I will now quote a few lines from the traditional prayer at Remembrance Day ceremonies. But before I do, there is a request I have to make to all of you.

When you join me in bowing our heads, will you also please include a thought for those who, although they survived, returned home maimed, blinded or are confined to wheel-chairs for the rest of their lives, and many of whom are living out their remaining years in some rest home or hospital ward. They too, in their loneliness, need your prayers and compassion.

" AT THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN, AND IN THE MORNING, WE WILL REMEMBER THEM."

I have been urged to reprint the above excerpts of my speech as guest speaker at the Coquitlam Centennial School's Remembrance Day service on 10th November this year. Remembering that fateful Christmas Day back in 1941, I feel that it will be equally as applicable this coming Christmas Day, as it would in past Christmas Days, and will, on future Christmases.

JOHN

CONVENTION BITS AND PIECES

Hear tell that there were about 15 B. C. Branch members, all told, over at the Convention in Calgary last September. Almost half that number came from south of the border and these included Tiny Martyn (Arizona), Wally Normand (Georgia) and Art Campbell, Al Martin, Gordie McLellan and Frank Conkey all from California.

From the Island, aside from President Bob Manchester and the Secretary, came Walter Jenkins and Bill Morris. While Lower Mainland reps were V/Pres. Bill Laidlaw, Bill Rodgers, Art Ferrall and from the Interior came Harry White and Ed Toews. Ed drove (Missus Mel doing the driving) all the way from Osoyoos, complete with his wheel-chair.

The above are all the names available to us at time of going to press.

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Belated information that Ed Toews legs continue to prove troublesome is greeted with deep concern and regret. This, however, is being eased by the knowledge that he is handling his troubles with remarkable courage and a tenacity of spirit which we greet with admiration, respect and even envy. To both of you, Ed and Mel, God Bless.

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Speaking of courage, there was also another member of 'that special breed' there, and in a wheel chair too. Sam Kravinchuk, who has been confined to his chair since 1977 and, we understand, is now further handicapped by failing eyesight, was as gutsy, cheerful, welcomed and involved at the reunion as he always has been.

\*\*\*\*\*

Seems like most of the time allocated for members to speak from the floor was taken up by an outsider from Tucson, Arizona. Apparently he had so much to say, time ran out before anyone else could get in a word, edge or other wise. Funny thing about it is that we are unable to find anyone who can recollect what he had to say and can only report it as an exercise in verbosity. Oh well, perhaps he has a 'better idea' as to how we should run our meetings!

Happy to report that Art Ferrall, on his way to Edmonton to visit his daughter before proceeding to Calgary for the Convention, failed to negotiate a curve and went off the road somewhere between Valermount and Blue River, and the car, with Art still in it, ended up some 60 feet below the road surface right side up!

Fortunately it wasn't a sheer drop and heavy brush and saplings broke the fall somewhat. Shaken but not incapacitated, Art managed to crawl back up to summon help.

The car was not totalled, although it did require about 150 feet of tow rope to haul it back up. All it needs appears to be a coat of paint and a new motor.

Much relieved to say that, except for a few scratches, bumps and bruises, Art is O.K. and definitely states that he, himself, needs no replacement parts. How lucky can you get?

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A CORRECTION

The TENKO wishes to tender our apologies to Mr. R. Jutras of the Canadian Pensions Review Board, for misspelling his name in our report on the Convention, published in our last, the Fall 1981 edition, wherein we reported the presence of R. Dutras instead of R. JUTRAS, as one of the VIPs attending.

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Was asked: "What is a mixed metaphor?" Not being quite certain, but determined not to show how 'iggerunt' I was, I ventured the following:

Take two (or more) figures of speech mix them together and let the reader make some sense out of it. For example:

"Having a rotten apple in a chicken coop doesn't alter anything, because chickens are chickens are chickens. All it will do is add a fruity flavour to the existing stink!"

Please let me know what you've made out of it. As far as I am concerned, I can't; all I know is that it fits admirably into this space which would otherwise be blank.



DVA NEWS RELEASES

Delayed receipt of a number of news releases because of the postal strike has left us with a large number which, because of their length and the limited space available, are necessarily cut to the minimum, retaining as much of the important bits as is possible.

To start off, our new Minister of Veterans affairs, taking over from Acting Minister Gilles Lamontayne, is the Hon. W. Bennett Campbell, MP for Cardigan, PEI, (in the shoes of the late Dan MacDonald) and a former Premier of P.E.I.

Although he confesses that he is only the third non-veteran to become Minister of Veterans Affairs, we do not see it as being a handicap or preventing his giving the problems faced by all veterans the understanding they deserve.

S T O P P R E S S

Although I can't give you all, the Christmas gift, other than my best wishes, that I would like to, I do have a New Year's gift - except for them wot already know about it - for all disability pension recipients.

There will be a 12% increase tacked on to your pension checks for January 1982 - for the increase in cost of living, effective 1 January 1982.

I give you this with all the pleasure that can be derived from the knowledge that you deserve every penny of it. It comes straight from the horse's mouth and has been confirmed by the local DVA Information Officer, Mr. Alex Pratt. So, go to it, gang.

We offer him our heartiest congratulations and our complete co-operation if and when the need arises.

The new Chairman of the Canadian Pension Commission is Dr. R. Blair Mitchell, succeeding Mr. Allan Solomon, who retired, after ten years service, in October this year.

Mr. A.D. McCracken has been appointed to review claims procedures so that processing of claims is speeded up.

A CANADIAN, BUT VETERAN, 2ND CLASS?

One item discussed at the NFWA Convention, Victoria in October last, is felt deserving of further thought.

It concerned the eligibility of the veterans, who, although members of Allied Forces during World War II, had since emigrated to Canada, become and are Canadians in every sense of the word, to the recently legislated POW Compensation Award benefits.

Although their entitlement to the Disability pension is not even being considered, it is felt that as Canadian citizens who have been paying taxes to all three levels of government (part of which we assume, has been channelled to the POW Compensation funding) for two or more decades, their eligibility to the Award merits consideration.

A minimum of 20 years residence requirement should be fair and equitable. Longer than that may see most of them going to their graves with the thought that they were really Canadians, but Veterans, 2nd Class.

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