

1982

“TENKO”

Volume 2-4

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.



Merry Christmas



and a



Happy New Year



to you and yours



ON GOING INTO HIBERNATION

Well, my friends, this will be it for now! But, first things being first, here goes my deep and grateful thanks for the unqualified support you, dear readers, have offered TENKO and I, the past two years and to the Roll Call before that.

We have tried to provide all Hongkong Veterans with a service and a pipeline towards the renewal of old friendships born in warfare and the opportunity to show your interest in what your former buddies are and have been doing. Many of you have recognised our purpose and intent and, we hope that you have gained as much as we did from our efforts.

I have been asked by many non-Veteran friends who receive TENKO regularly: "What, John, do you get out of it?" The answer is not an easy one, but I can say for sure, materially -NOTHING! Mentally and morally (and physically, for that matter), however, when one attempts to balance the frustrations and depths of despondency when one finds 'dead-line' approaching and there is insufficient material on hand to fill the blank spaces, against the elation and exciting feeling that you have received recognition from a totally unexpected source and that the issue is a good one, the scales are tipped overwhelmingly in favour of the latter and with it, immeasurable satisfaction and pride of achievement. Yes, my friends, I have gained a lot, learned a lot and have no regrets.

To the many who have expressed hope that TENKO will return some day, some thought is being directed at such a possibility. For the time being, however, this magazine will go into hibernation.

Finally, to you, dear readers, and yours, warmest greetings and best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and all the years to follow.

JOHN

TIME KEEPS MARCHING ON

That which we had forecasted some time ago, is apparently coming home where ageing veterans at all levels, are concerned. The latest is that two Branch presidents appear to have been stricken and have decided to call it a day and retire. Frank Harding of Manitoba and Lawrence Rattle of Quebec-Maritimes have both stepped down, leaving Bert Delbridge Acting President of Manitoba and Denzil Firth for Q-M, until new presidents are elected.

At the upper echelon level, Lloyd Doull, President of the Hongkong Veterans Association of Canada, was hit by a bout of "grippe" ('flu to you, bub!) which forced him to miss the National Council Meeting, held in conjunction with the Manitoba Branch Reunion in October last. Ken Gaudin was there to represent Lloyd. We regret to hear that Ken also, was taken ill. To both Lloyd and Ken, our best wishes for a quick recovery.

With regard to Lloyd Doull, however, we may not be doing him the honours we feel we are doing. He faces the unenviable prospect of surgery as soon as he is free of the grippe!

Much to our surprise, we learn that there are still about 900 Hongkong Veterans still in circulation. This after the soul-sapping experience in the various camps in Hongkong and Japan, speaks much for the tenacity our veterans have displayed in not going under in spite of the effects those forty-four months of abnormal living they experienced.

Of some concern, we also hear that a number of cases of "stromboloids(?)" at least three, have been discovered amongst Hongkong Veterans. It is felt that they were not the result of the stay at Hongkong, but rather, picked up from POWs from Malaya, whilst in camps in Japan. It is our fervent hope that, after all the 'good cheer' POWs have consumed these past forty years, them 'worms' are in a sufficiently pickled condition to be harmless!

EDITORIAL

Having girded my loins and steeled myself to face the barrage of "brickbats" criticisms and "what-fors" following the invitation to readers to provide in TENKO's last issue, I, to my consternation and surprise, received instead, a flood of lovely good wishes and sincere expressions of regret at my decision to 'shut up shop'.

My sharing in those regrets is accompanied by a sense of sadness and a guilty feeling of deserting my readers, especially those residing in out of the way places. For the majority who live in metropolitan areas, they, at least, enjoy the proximity of fellow veterans within a phone call or short drive away.

It is those who live in far away places with strange sounding names, in isolated towns and villages, for whom I am most distressed. Places like: Gimli, Hardisty, Blue River, Winnipegosis, Trail, Willow Bunch, Redditt, Spencerville, Maramata, Beausejour, Lanceville, Portage la Prairie and elsewhere across Canada. The same feeling is directed towards those 'south of the border' -like Gainesville, Lodi, Phoenix, Las Vegas, Soix City and Mesa etc., as well as overseas, who are thousands of miles from their nearest fellow Hongkong Veterans.

For them, we together, through your letters and submissions, have, hopefully, provided a few hours of relaxed and entertaining reading, once every three months, and the opportunity to remember and recall pleasant happenings of what went on some 40 years ago, and cutting it off hurts.

Together, we have watched with a pleased sense of accomplishment the growth, from a small local beginning, to what the magazine services today, and, but with one exception, watched that growth with well-earned enjoyment and pride. The exception is so hilariously ludicrous, it deserves a word or two of comment. The TENKO, published for and by HK Veterans and accepted by officialdom and individuals as such, is not recognised or supported by the parent organisation of the people for which it is published!

TO JOHNNY AND TENKO

So now we say good-bye to TENKO,
And our writer-publisher, Fonseca.
And with bated breath we wait,
For the final date.
The 'Last Call' has come
And will be gone,
And TENKO is laid to rest.
We all know Johnny did his best.

D.A.W. Benton

Aw! Shucks! Dunc. That was sure nice.
Thanks and here's my hand to you. John.

NO "WELL, SOMEBODY'S GOT TO SAY IT.."

In view of the fact that this is the season to be jolly and filled with warm goodwill and peace, there will not be our usual column for gripes - "Well, Somebody's Got To Say It!" - to spoil what we hope will be a satisfying time of happy exchanges of greetings, salutations and loud cheering between our Hongkong Veterans, their families, relatives and friends, commencing as of NOW!

With that in mind, we send you, dear readers, our warmest greetings, best wishes and grateful thanks for what you have so sincerely given us these past years, in the following:-

WISHING YOU AND YOURS
THE MERRIEST OF MERRY CHRISTMASSES
THE HAPPIEST OF HAPPY NEW YEARS
AND ALL THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, AND
MAY YOU ENJOY GOOD HEALTH AND THE
ULTIMATE IN PEACE AND CONTENTMENT.

JOHN AND ELSA



OUR PADRE'S DIARY BY Rev. U. Laite (Kind permission of Mrs. Sally Laite)

Major Hodgkinson, who spent several weeks at Queen Mary Hospital - while I was there - returned, after a few days at Bowen Road Hospital. He still has some shrapnel in his chest and for a while his lung gave him great trouble. He has now greatly improved.

I am now reading "Milestones to the Silver Jubilee", and I have just read Col. McCrea's "In Flanders Field". I have lost my copy and so must make a new one.

Today we (padres) make more copies of hymns for our book. I conduct this evening service. This morning I fix my mosquito net and this afternoon visit the hospital. The rest of the time will be spent in reading and playing games. There is a quotation which is being used by us when we think of our departed comrades.

" They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old
Age shall not weary them nor the years condemn
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them." Lawrence Binyon

April 3, Good Friday. The weather is finer now and we are able to wander around the camp in glorious sunshine. Capt Barnett and I spent most of yesterday for to-day's and Easter services. We continue to-day. Yesterday I had a naval chap bring me a lovely pair of long grey stockings and as I can wear them at services with my shorts, I feel properly dressed. I met him at this morning's service and found him to be Irish with the name of Griffith. I shall try, in some way, to compensate him later. We conducted a very impressive communion service last evening at 7 o'clock, in one of the "blocks" near North end of camp. Capt Barnett and I shared in it and Barnett gave the short address. About eighty men shared in the service. This morning more than three hundred men attended a voluntary Good Friday service at 11 o'clock.

On Wednesday I had the pleasure of meeting a Sub Lt of the Dutch Navy. He has written for me a copy of his National Anthem, in Dutch and English, as well as a full story of his experience on his submarine. We have them sing it at every concert. First we sing "O Canada" and then the Dutch anthem, while at the end the National Anthem (God Save the King) is sung.

(Because this is TENKO's last edition, the account of the scuttling of the Dutch submarine O.20 by Sub.Lt. Anne Willem Huidekoper, born in Bussun, Holland, Oct. 13, 1918, which would require three pages, has been omitted. ED.)

April 5, Easter Day: Communion service at 7:45. The three padres shared, and over two hundred received the sacrament. Later during the afternoon I visited the hospital. Heavy rains came and so we have been confined to our huts. Lt Dennis has been lying on my bed for a while, others have been around and while there is much idle chatter, all our thoughts are at home.

On Good Friday the Japanese decided to pay all of the combatant officers in camp. One can imagine the excitement when officers of navy and army lined up to be called according to rank, for pay. The pay was by rank with the pay of the equivalent rank in the Japanese Army and the issue was Japanese military yen, which is of no value outside of the military district. The Auxiliary Service officers and the chaplains were not paid, as the Japanese army have not their equivalent, so we felt like outsiders. One naval chaplain, three Canadian chaplains and our two A.S.O.'s were involved. Our respective messes were very considerate and are allowing each of us 25 yen per month to spend, as well as carrying us on their mess accounts for extra rations up to 17 yen per month, until we may be paid, or we get back to Canada.

As this will be the last instalment published in this final edition of TENKO, the Diary of Padre Laite is being returned to Mrs. Sally Laite, his widow, with humble and grateful thanks for the exclusive use of same.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear John: Your TENKO came to hand the other day and I was reminded that you had written to me in March and that I must thank you for your thoughtfulness and all the news. The magazine is a great credit to you and I must say that I had a great feeling of belonging!

I wish I could be with you for some time so that I may be able to catch up with all the news of people we've met and know. But we are thousands of miles apart. Perhaps the Good Lord will some day bring us together. I pray not in the distant future. Please remember me to all my friends in Vancouver and let them know that I shall be united with them in Mass.

Te Anau, Zinho
New Zealand Rev. J.M.Gosano

I feel sure that many here in Canada will remember you as the male co-star to our "Sonia" Castro of Shumshuipo Theatre. All of us send congratulations on your celebrating your 25th year of priesthood. Nothing like Sendai 2 what?

Dear John: Sorry to hear TENKO is folding up.

Our home was robbed on May 26, 1982 while we were in Reno. Lost about \$19,000 in jewelry and odds and ends. Police got some back, but not all.

I am enclosing a verse in tribute to your TENKO (Please turn to Page 2) and now, old friend, good-bye. Your pal.

Vancouver, B.C. D.(Duncan) Benton

Not 'good-bye', Dunc! But "so-long"! Although it is true that TENKO will cease publication after this issue, it will go into a state of suspended animation. Who knows that come Spring and with the sap running and the adrenalin pumping double time, I may come out of retirement to give her another whirl. In any case, because of my self-appointed task of watching that Hongkong Vets readers are not being unnecessarily pushed around, especially at this late date, TENKO will be in a state of readiness, although on the sidelines, to offer discouragement. God Bless. John

Dear John: At last Herb Wells, the veterans' columnist in the Evening Telegram, St John's, has returned from vacation and inserted the item by Everest Lawrence in his first column for the season.

As to the "screech" item. As you can see, it has suffered a little from the Editor's knife, but it is a small concession to give to get it in the weekend edition of the Telegram which goes all over Newfoundland.

Herb had a call from a Bill Pollock whose sister was married to an officer in the Royal Rifles, but Herb cannot recall the name of the officer. He lent Herb a recent book about the Rifles and Hongkong. I believe you wrote about it in one of TENKO's issues of the past. There is also a chap named Charlie Edwards, living in Grand Falls which is a short distance from Botwood, who was at the defence of Hongkong, being a member of the Canadian Forces there, and was a POW. However, he is not listed as a member of the Royal Rifles. Perhaps he was in another outfit. (Sorry, not from "C" Force. ED)

As I said, the reaction to the humor of the anecdote has been good among Herb's acquaintances; others remarked on the more serious feature of Everest's transfer to Hongkong and his eventual capture, survival and release. If there is any further reaction of news value, I shall let you know. As you requested, two copies of the item are enclosed.

St John's, NFLD Dave Owens

Congrats and thanks for getting the "Scharnhorst" story published over there. Both Ev and I - he for his effort and I for having TENKO called the Hongkong POW magazine - are pleased and happy that Herb's readers enjoyed and were amused. Pity the Editor's blue pencilling. It was considered to be the punch line to a great little story, the type which is the sum and essence of TENKO.

Re Bill Pollock. He may be related to the five Pollocks (all Royal Rifles) from New Brunswick, or John D. Pollock of Winnipeg. What does Herb think of the 'follow up' on the Screech story?

MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear John: I received the TENKO and I want to thank you for it. Also I want to thank you very much for the phone call in February, when my Fred passed away, it was very thoughtful of you and much appreciated by me and my family.

Sorry to hear your health is not too good, hope you will enjoy many years of retirement.

I am doing fine, much credit to so many wonderful friends I have here in Winnipeg. Take care.

Winnipeg, Man. Mrs Martha Adams

Martha dear, altho I never did meet Fred, he was one of us; but I did meet and enjoyed the privilege of your company in Winnipeg, at the Convention of 1979, and phoning you was the very least I could do. So glad you are getting on so well. Sorry I couldn't get to the 'do' at Penticton and see you again. Luv. Thanks so much for card.

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Dear John: I see that you are interested in Hongkong, POW's etc. I have just read a diary written by one of the men- a day by day account of December 1941- which gives a detailed story on the fall of Hongkong. I wondered if you have ever seen this diary and if you have not, you could write to C.R.McGuire, Senior Research Officer, National Postal Museum, 180 Wellington Street, Ottawa, Ont.

The name of the article is "The Postal History of Canada's World War II Hongkong Field Force". This article was written by McGuire in the publication "Stampex". This is a wonderful article, and it took me numerous days to read, because I could only stagger so much of the horror story in a short time.

St John's, Nfld. J.D.Wilson, FEIC
Dear Mr. Wilson, Thank you so much for your letter and the information it contained, which I am passing on to surviving HK Veterans, many of whom are deeply interested in anything on the Battle of Hongkong which is written by a Canadian (for a change!). I take the liberty of sending you a copy of this, and the previous issue of TENKO, in appreciation of your interest.

JOHN

Dear John: I along with your many readers, am truly saddened at your decision to "call it a day", although I can sympathize with your reasons.

I know you have had your critics over the past five years, and I am sure the frustrations have been many, but your persistence is to be highly commended.

Your writing has always reflected the fact that what you were doing was a labor of love, and I, as just one reader, have always loved and looked forward to the results of your labors.

The letters to the editor in each and every publication are true testimonials to your efforts on behalf of all Hongkong Veterans. Those letters are also proof, if indeed proof is needed, that the plaudits directed your way have far outnumbered the brick-bats.

There will be those who will attempt to dissuade you from your decision, but my feeling is that you have achieved what you set out to do, and you have earned the right to a peaceful retirement. You have made it possible for many of us to keep abreast of the activities, and whereabouts, of our former comrades, and I am sure you have made many lasting friendships through the pages of the Roll Call and Tenko.

So enjoy your retirement John, and carry into it a justifiable sense of pride that your endeavours have been sincerely appreciated.

If you feel the above words are worthy of reprinting, then feel free to do so. You know where the words come from John, and you know that they are written with deep sincerity, and that is all that matters.

NAME WITHHELD
(by request)

If you think I'm gonna pass up the opportunity of printing what amounts to a solid thump -not a mere pat- on the back, think again pal! But, seriously, much, if not all, of what you say is true. Hopefully, those lasting friendships will not only continue to last, but also flourish. As for brick-bats, all of which were published over a period of five years, you can count them in the fingers of one hand. Finally, you who write so beautifully, why haven't you done so before? John

ANOTHER FIRST FOR HONGKONG POWs!!!

After return of work parties, disposal of the evening meal of rice and ongchoy and with the smokes going, it was customary for POWs to gather together and chew the rag on anything and everything especially, food.

During one such gab-fests, someone introduced the fact that experiments were being conducted in the U.S. to produce methane (natural gas) from garbage, thus freeing precious oil for the armed forces.

This would have passed into the limbo of things forgotten, had not a wag stated that, even if we had it, methane from boiled rice and ong-choy was unflammable (non-combustible). The originator of the topic, joined by others in the group, were quick to reply that all gases were inflammable (combustible!), only to have the remainder of the group claim that helium, amongst others, would not burn. And from then the argument became furious and heated.

Having reached a stale mate because of obstinacy on both sides, the topic would have died for lack of positive proof if one quiet chap, who had said nothing before, offered: "We have the Gasser" which electrified the group into changing the argument into plans for actual experiment!

I must digress a bit to explain that the "Gasser" was a shy, timid individual who, however, possessed the unique and extraordinary ability to produce natural gas at any given time and on command!

The committee named to induce the Gasser to participate, after a week of strenuous effort, managed to get the Gasser, after flattery, cajolery and bribery - two packets cigarettes - to agree and so the stage was set. A suitable empty hut was selected, entrance fee at two cigarettes, and one for viewpoints through frameless windows from outside the hut, was advertised and the officials - three judges, an umpire and an igniter (to provide the required spark) were chosen.

Meanwhile, word spread around the Camp, with sides about equally divided over the result and wagering was heavy even to the extent of IOUs for cash, payable after the war against cigarett-

by The Fonz

es, rice rations etc. placed on the line. It was rumoured that even our "trader King Rats" had opened book on the experiment and offered odds on Inflams! In any case, came the great day. The hut was packed, every window crowded and the gate receipts totalled 532 cigarettes. The Gasser, in his best 'fundushi, wooden clogs and a pilfered forage cap, was led in, placed into a position considered by the judges, to be most efficient for the test, the igniter stood ready with match in hand and amidst an expectant hush, the Umpire called: "Ready, get set, Go!" The match was placed where it would be most effective, but nothing happened! NOTHING!!

Loud cheering by the Uninflams and moans from the Inflams ensued. However the Umpire, after consultation with the Gasser and the judges, ruled it a wash-out. It appeared that the Gasser realising the importance of his role, had demanded five, instead of two, packets cigarettes, before coming across!

The increase was conceded and the Gasser again took his position (with the restraining 'fundushi' removed, of course), the Umpire called: "Ready! Set! GIVE!". The Gasser 'gave', the igniter lit, and a blue flame, three feet long, shot ceilingward eliminating an unwary spider spinning his web.

This time it was cheering from the Inflams and moaning from the uninflam followed by general applause for all the principals, especially, the Gasser.

With but one exception, there were no losers. The Inflams got their winnings, the Uninflams a first-hand experience to tell their grandchildren about, and another first for HK POWs!

The sole loser was the Gasser. In spite of his fee, together with a new name - Der Flammenwerfer (Flamethrower in Berlin), because no one had considered the possibility that methane could burn both upwards and downwards as well, Der Flammenwerfer suffered grievous burns to that part of himself which repeated application of Preparation H (if it had been available then) would not have helped. Not one litteebit!

HITHER AND YON WITH FONZ

After two years since we entertained them last, Alf and Elsie Matthews paid us a surprise and most welcomed visit during which they provided a most interesting and enjoyable account of their recent 'private and personal' pilgrimage to Hongkong, from which they'd just returned.

There, they met a number of Hongkong POWs headed by Sonny(Sonia) Castro and George Roylance- both of HKVDC - and Jack O. Edwards, who is putting on a magnificent battle for recognition and rights, hitherto side-stepped by the Hongkong Government, of the boys of the HKVDC, all on his own. This is especially meritorious since Mr. Edwards was not a participant in the Battle of Hongkong, but was doing his bit down Singapore way at that time.

Although in Hongkong unofficially, Alf Matthews' account of how Canada treats her ex-POWs was sufficiently eye-opening to the people there, who appear to have been sitting on their hands for the past forty years, to earn him an invite to speak on the local open line radio as well as a four-column spread in the South China Morning Post, Hongkong's leading newspaper, complete with a shot of Alf himself.

Their trip to the Far East included visits to Macau -by jet hydrofoil- and to Canton and Toishan and tells us the development of both Hongkong and Macau must be seen to be believed. For those who remember the old Race Course at Happy Valley, there is now a tunnel under the hills, on which so many hand to hand battles involving Canadians occurred back in 1941, all the way to Aberdeen and Pokfulam, ending at a complex called Ocean Park, complete with an aquarium (with performing porpoises etc.,) and exhibitions to rival any in the world.

They stayed at the New Holiday Inn in Kowloon, and say that at Can\$112 per day, it was well worth it. Back in Canada, they spent a week recovering from the jet-lag, at Alf's brother in the Lower Mainland of B.C., before flying back home to Winnipeg.

We wouldn't be a bit surprised to hear that the Matthews are contemplating a return trip to Hongkong - say sometime in 1985!

And speaking of endurance. Cam Maddess tells of a recently completed motor-cycle ride, he and his friend took during the summer -1 June thru 17 July - which covered all of 10,000 miles(count 'em) and encompassing visits to Winnipeg, Ontario(Niagara Falls), the Maritimes and from thence into the U.S.A. thru New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and on to Tennessee where visits to KNOXVILLE's World's Fair, NASHVILLE's Western Folk Music Round-up and Elvis Presley's home in Memphis, were part of the itinerary.

From there they rode through Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma, North Texas New Mexico, Arizona and so on to California, before making their way up the Pacific Coast back home.

It was an adventurous experience complete with all the trials and tribulations that accompany that kind of a jaunt, especially inclement weather during a number of legs during the trip. But Cam tells us it was well worth it. For those motor bike buffs who may wish to know: Cam rode a 1000 cc Moto-Guzzi and his friend a Honda 1100 cc Interstate.

Right now, Cam's up on B.C.'s Sunshine Coast (Madeira Park), recuperating and re-living the trip all over again, when he's not on the water fishing, and communing in the peace quiet and tranquility of the sea, the sky and the occasional bite - tells of a 28 lb and a 26lb "springs" he's caught to top the string - and happy in the thought that he'd successfully completed this once-in-a-lifetime venture without suffering any bodily harm, and at an age when we indulge in nothing more venturesome than to ponder as to whether we should or should not rake up the leaves that strew the back garden?

* * * * *

Hear tell that the National Council HKVAC, named President Lloyd Doull and Ontario Branch Secretary Walter Grey, as recipients of the Hongkong Veterans Association of Canada's 1982 Merit Awards. Other than to offer our congratulations to these two gentlemen, we have no comments to make.

THE OKANAGAN RE-UNION

From all reports, the Okanagan Re-union, a first-time effort by the gang out there in B.C.'s playground, went off very successfully, if not perfectly, a fact due possibly to the limited accommodation necessitating the majority of visitors having to 'live out' in motels etc., away from the actual scene. Loan of parking facilities for campers etc., by Harry White, Okanagan Falls, (about 5 miles from St Andrews-on-the-Lake where the re-union was held), together with 'car pooling' overcame that, and we are informed that over 60(64?) sat down to the get-together dinners on each of the three nights.

Veterans came from all Western Canada Branches, with a strong contingent from Manitoba, which included the Angus McRitchies (Portage le Prairie), Len Seaborns (Neepawa) and from Winnipeg, whence came the Ken Porters and (bless them!) Mrs Martha Adams and Mrs Lorna Fox, widows of former HK Veterans.

From B.C. itself, the Bill Laidlaws (Vancouver), Duncan Rankines (Kamloops) John Douglas (Nanaimo) and Frank Petch (Blue River) were part of a group of nearly 30 from the Lower Mainland and the Island.

What must have pleased the promoters of the re-union was that altho it was unofficial, representatives of all Executives of all Western Branches were there too. In fact, we hear that Harold Atkinson (Manitoba) won the two-day golf tournament and took the trophy back to Winnipeg. We also understand that another popular winner at that tournament was Mrs. Bev Laidlaw. Atta girl!!

To Maurice and Esther LaPointe, Bob Block and the Okanagan gang, go our congratulations for initiating this innovative venture and sincerely hope that bit is not the last.

The only 'fault' we can find was the inability to arrange for the transport of "Old Ogoogo" from Okanagan Lake to St Andrews, for the occasion. Now, that would have been sumpin'!! Regret I couldn't make it, but if you make it a "luau", complete with roast pig, the next one, try inviting me again!!

MANITOBA BRANCH RE-UNION

For the benefit of our readers who may be interested, the Manitoba Branch had, as usual, a very successful re-union in Winnipeg on 2 October last, at the International Inn, where about 250 veterans, friends and their respective wives, were in attendance at the banquet that Saturday night, and it appears, that much of the success was due to the excellent job done by Ray Sellers in organising the "do" even to providing the ladies with flowers for the occasion.

It was revealed that the Manitoba Branch have plans to send a couple of bus loads of members and their wives to the National Convention in Quebec City scheduled for 31 August through 4 September next year.

We are also informed that the next Official HKVAC "Pilgrimage to Hongkong" will take place, if all goes well, sometime in 1985. Preliminary plans are to by-pass Tokyo, Japan, but include visits to Thailand and Singapore. This, it is felt, will enhance chances of a goodly crowd participating, especially our fellow FEPOWs from Malaysia and them there parts. Art Lousier will, once more, be the tour organiser of the pilgrimage.

With Frank Harding stepping down as President of the Manitoba Branch, Bert Delbridge has taken over as Acting President until such time a new President is elected. This should, if not already, take place sometime this month, November 1982.

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AN OLD STORY RETOLD

Mrs. Esther Lapointe kindly sent us a clipping of the Penticton Herald of 24 September, in which its author purports to report on the "Social" held at St Andrews-on-the-Lake. Instead, however, the account, stretching over a four columns-top-of-page spread, confined itself to individuals' experiences of what happened during 1941-5, with nothing at all about the goings on at the "social" itself.

We venture to think that, with all the fun 'n games and happy reunions of old friends going on, that would be the last thing the fellows would want to recall. It's being overdone!

MORE HITHER AND YON

Early in November, waited with some anticipation, the presentation on TV of CBC's "Women at War", especially for the appearance of our comrade, Nursing Sister Kay Christie of Toronto who was there all through the battle of Hongkong and the four dreadful years, as a POW, that followed.

To say that I was disappointed, is to put it mildly. Not only was Sister Kay in the very thick of one of the most disastrous venture ever inflicted upon Canadian Armed Forces, but she has since then, been elected to the highest office available to Canadian Veterans of either sex, that of President of the National Council of Veterans Association of Canada - and this wasn't even mentioned-an office she holds to-day.

Instead, she was given limited time, and sandwiched between accounts from others (some of whom I doubt ever left Canada) which, together, provided an hour of uninteresting and, at times, boring, mish-mash of unrelated facts which had little to do with the glorious part Canadian women played in the actual front. But then, what can one expect from CBC.

Hearing that our friend, Mrs Marion Varcoe (the late Sid's widow) was convalescing, with her good friend, Mrs. June Tripp, out Haney way, following recent surgery, I dropped in for what was intended to be a short visit. But so so entertaining and enjoyable it turned out to be, I stayed all of two hours.

Sid had, of course, told her much of what happened in the camps, and that provided a lot of ground for explaining and expanding (you know me!) and time passed unnoticed.

Happy to inform all her friends, that Marion has recuperated completely and sufficiently to return to her own home in Clearbrook, B.C.

Marion dear, thank you so much for letting me visit and please convey same to June. I like her too!

The phone rang and much to my pleasure, the party at the other end was Mrs Mal Toews. She had, after the 'do' in Penticton, continued her trip away from home in Osoyoos, to Vancouver to attend a Legion Womens' Auxiliary Conference.

Mal had much to say in appreciation of the reunion in the Okanagan and thoroughly enjoyed herself thanks to the attention and ministrations of no less than five HK Veterans who were in constant attendance and quick to see that she was never bored or left with nothing to do.

Now that's what the Hongkong spirit is all about!

Friends of the Zanes, out there in Las Vegas, will be happy to learn that, though she's not completely recovered from her surgery last summer, Mona is sufficiently well to be her normal happy self again. This makes Roger happy too, as with the return of his "secretary" to duty, he can, and is, do all those things he likes to do, without being bogged down by paper work because of her absence. Keep well, friends, and bless you.

From some of the reports received on the Penticton Re-union, was one item which brought on some distress and natural concern.

Our understanding is that when Howard and Clara Donnelly returned to Edmonton, after the Okanagan party, they were met with the unnerving news that their son had been involved in an accident and suffered some injuries. We sincerely hope that it was nothing serious, and the fact that Howard felt free enough to attend the National Council Meeting in Winnipeg a couple of weeks later, appears to indicate that everything was O.K.

WISHING YOU AND YOURS A VERY MERRY
CHRISTMAS AND EVERYTHING OF THE
BEST IN, AND THROUGHOUT THE
NEW YEAR , GOD BLESS.

MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear John: A promise made is a debt unpaid, so here goes on a day's fishing with the Bradburys, and remember, you asked for it!

The day arrives about 4 a.m. After breakfast we leave home for Kaslo, B.C. (where we keep our boat "The Porch C Climber"). On the way we pass through Castlegar, then South Slocan, then Nelson and Balfour, and arrive at Kaslo about two hours after leaving home. Kaslo is a very scenic town located on the North Arm of Kootenay Lake.

The time of year dictates the kind of fish we fish for. April through August, we fish for Kokanee Salmon (this is the land-locked relative of the Sockeye Salmon). They run in size from a few ounces to 9 lbs, and are by far the best eating fish in this lake or any other lake in B.C. September is dead for fishing so go hunting for birds, but that's another story.

In October through April, fishing starts in earnest for the large Rainbow that inhabit this lake. They are up to 30 lbs and are by far the best fighters in the lake. We also get Dolly Varden trout or Char as they are often called; not much for fighting but pull like hell.

We use typical trolling gear for these fish: plugs, large spoons and flash-tails.

Now a little bit about our boat the Porch Climber (some name!). She's 22' 6" long, has a beam of 96" and has a depth of 42". We can live on board quite comfortably. She has a head, a galley, an electric refrigerator, a C.B. and depth sounder (which is a marine computer). She's equipped with a barometer and compass and has a 485 Merc inboard-outboard motor and a 9.8 Merc outboard for trolling. We manage to fish once a week all year round, and in June and November, we go up for a week.

If you should come up this way and like to fish, you are more than welcome. Again, I am sorry you are going out of business. As ever,

Trail, B.C. Chuck Bradbury

Sure, I asked for it and I like what I got. Many, many more happy fishing days for you and June, and thanks.

Dear John: Have just posted our TENKO to Major Margaret Sharpe (RTS), the FEPOW Welfare officer for Scotland, and she may be contacting you as she has had a request for the nearest FEPOW Club/Assn. to Nova Scotia. Evidently, a sensible Scotsman is emigrating to your green and pleasant land, and would like to make contact.

Congratulations on the continuing success of TENKO, which reminds me, vitamin injections are things of the past, but cash injections are necessary to ensure the future of TENKO. Good health for the future.

Harlow, Essex
England.

Alan J. Wood

Deeply appreciate your 'injection' but as stated (Page 1, Fall 1982 issue) it is not needed at this late stage. So, rather than returning it and risk losing it in the Christmas mail rush, I am destroying it with, however, a warm feeling for the thought which came with it. Re. Major Sharpe, three possible avenues for contact exist. The Hongkong Veterans Assoc. of Canada, the Royal Canadian Legion and The Canadian POW Assoc. Best of these should be enquiry to Mr. H.C. Chadderton, Cm, CAE, Hon. Sec. Nat'l Council Canadian Veterans Assn. Suite 210, 2277 Riverside Drive, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K1H 7X6. Good luck, good health and season's greetings. John

Reply to Dave Owens, St. John's, Nfld

I was a member of the Royal Rifles of Canada, "A" Coy. No. 9 Platoon. The Royal Rifles were stationed in Newfoundland from about October 1940 to August 1941. We were stationed at Bottwood, Lewisport, Gander and St. John's simultaneously. Divided in small groups.

The only person I remember in Bottwood was a girl named Marion Woolworth. I met her at the skating rink and took her home later that evening. Her house was at the top of a hill in Bottwood. Say "hello" to her for me if she is located. I will answer any question you may have, or at least give it a try.

Everest Lawrence

YET MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear John: Thanks for the latest copy which was 'digested' with interest.

I am sorry to see a person with your talent, in many fields, use the word retire - your intent may be to discontinue publication, but I cannot see you as doing other than continuing with worthwhile projects.

To you and Elsa, we wish all the best - if things work out, will write again.

Canada

Mr. & Mrs. A.N. Other

Thank you, my friends, for the nice thought. For the foreseeable future my 'worthwhile project' will be reclining comfortably in the old leather chair and consuming 'goodies' that Elsa may conjure up, and remembering with much warmth and pleasure the rewards that have come my way from my foray into the realm of publishing. To both of you, good health, in body and spirit and, for Pete's sake, keep in touch.

* * * * *

Dear John: It was with a certain sense of sadness that I read the latest edition of "TENKO", and of your decision to cease publication. I hasten to add, though, that I fully understand the reasons. We are all getting older, and there are times when I have to force myself to sit down at the typewriter to produce the monthly edition of the "Fepow Focus".... especially during the summer when the sunshine is so inviting that all I want to do is to lie in a hammock with a couple of cans of cool beer at hand!!!

However, I must say I have thoroughly enjoyed reading both "Roll Call" and "TENKO" since we first got on each others mailing lists. Though we have different ways of achieving our objectives, they have basically been the same .. a better deal for all who were POW's in the Far East. And, although we have not got everything we wanted, there have undoubtedly been some successes.

It seems most unlikely now, that we shall ever meet, but I have valued your friendship - at long distance - and I sincerely hope that your life in future will be happy and enjoyable.

(continued next column)

I am sure that you will find plenty to occupy your time, without being involved in any "hassle" or argument.

It may well be that you wish to "opt" out" altogether, but, if you wish, I shall be very happy to send you copies of the "Focus" as I have done in the past. But, whatever you decide, you will know that you and yours have .. every good wish, from,

Manchester
England.

Reg
(R.J.Coite, M.B.E.)
Chairman, Ex-FEPOW Assn
Manchester & District

Reg: After the above, what can I say but that you typify that solid and down-to-earth Englishman whom I am proud to know and privileged to call 'friend' not only personally, but as one editor to another. I have also enjoyed your FEPOW FOCUS, and, as you are aware, have been grateful for the opportunity to use excerpts of same from time to time, in both the Roll Call and Tenko. I feel sure you will agree when I say that what both you and I have done - and what you are continueing to do - has brought us rewards which cannot be measured in material terms. My best wishes for your continued success in the future.

* * * * *

Dear John: Thank you so kindly for all your help in making our Social in September such a success. We have had phone calls and several 'thank you' notes. It was so nice to see our old friends and meet some new ones, plus the manager and his wife, who said they enjoyed having us and hoped to see us all again as it was such a friendly and fun-loving crowd.

We saved this clipping for you and also the story a friend sent to us from the U.S.A. It isn't very nice but I think it's good for people to hear what really goes on in some parts of the world. Things like this make us count our blessings and be thankful we live in such a great country. Do hope both you and Elsa are keeping well. If you are ever out this way, call in for a visit.

Penticton, B.C.

Esther Lapointe

Esther dear, 'por nada'. Glad I could help. So very happy for you two.

DER STURMTROOPEREN IST ALLES GETOTEN!

"ALT! WHO GO THERE?!!!" The rasping voice of Rfn Emile Bacon, No.9 Platoon, "A" Company, the Royal Rifles of Canada, stationed at Gander Airport, Nfld. in the year of our Lord 1941. No.9 Platoon was patrolling the "Transmitter Station" at Gander Airport one cold January night, with the temperature minus 5° Fahr., and a wind chill that turned your fingers blue before you took your gloves off.

Rfn. Emile Bacon had just come on duty, marching with his loaded rifle slung over his shoulder and pounding a well-worn path along the barbed-wire fence outside the station.

He had left the rest of the quarter-guard inside the station munching on hard-tack smeared with strawberry jam and frozen (2 lb tins) honey, purloined from the regimental kitchen. We were also drinking large quantities of strong black tea and occasionally swigging from a bottle of "screech", which ever was handiest.

"ALT! WHO GO THERE?!!!" once again! Several of us rushed outside as we heard little Emile Bacon give the challenge. "What's up, Bacon?" Cpl. Sommerville asked. "Hit's those Germans... out there in the bush...they're up to something.. me, I think!"

"Can you hear them, Lawrence?" Mickey Sommerville asked me. "Sure..they're stomping around in the snow with their big jack-boots, and they're making guttural German sounds!" "Yeah" said Mickey. "I can hear them saying "Yav-old .. Achtung .. Wergates ..and Komen zie!"

"They must be planning an attack! We'll show those b....! Bring out the bren gun! Where do you suppose they came from anyway?" "They must have been hiding in Labrador," I suggested. We set up the bren gun in the snow with a dozen supporting rifles. "We'll give the rapid fire - three bursts!" Then Mickey yelled: "FIRE" and all hell broke loose! It was over in thirty seconds.

"You can go back on duty now, Bacon. If there were any Germans out there, it probably scared the hell out of them "

(continued next column)

We went back into the station to finish our tea and hard-tack and also the "screech". The phone at the transmitter station rang. It was Battalion H.Q. on the line, and more specifically, it was Major Young, "A" Coy Commander.

"What the hell is going on up there?" "You mean, the firing, sir?"

"Yes, dammit! I mean the firing!"

"We were firing on German Storm-troopers, Sir, out there in the bush, Sir, just north of the transmitter station, Sir. They were planning an attack on the station when we opened fire.. Sir"

"How the hell did you know they were German storm-troopers, and how did you know they were planning an attack, it's pitch black out there tonight?"

"We could hear them, Sir, stomping in their heavy German jack-boots and muttering guttural German sounds like "yawold" and "wergates" and"

"Listen.. all of you. There will be an investigation in this matter..you will have to account for every round of ammo fired..."

"One hundred and eighty-seven rounds, including two duds, Sir!"

"Let me assure you. There will be an investigation!" and Major Young hung up.

And so we went back to our tea and hard-tack smeared with strawberry jam and frozen honey, with the odd swig of 'screech'. The next morning there was an investigation. Personnel from Battalion HQ went snooping around in the bush where we had concentrated our fire. They came out of the bush about one half hour later, carrying a frozen stiff jack rabbit, very dead and riddled with bullet holes. They headed straight for Battalion H.Q. The phonerang at the station about a half hour later. It was Major Young "Lawrence?," "Yes, Sir!". "It may or may not interest you and your platoon to know that last night you killed the only German speaking jack rabbit in Newfoundland!"

"I was only doing my duty, Sir." Major Young hung up!! Everest Lawrence

NOTE: Even with a grain of salt, we can only say: THAT'S INCREDIBLE!!!

AND YET MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear John:

It is with a great deal of regret that the majority of Hongkong Veterans have learned of your decision to cease publication of the "TENKO".

That you were instrumental in bringing us together as never before, renewing friendships lost over the years and rekindling the spirit of comradeship, goes without saying.

Your direct, honest approach, saying what needed to be said without fear of reproach was what we wanted to hear and say but lacked either the courage or opportunity.

The minority that did not support you over controversial issues, did undoubtedly contribute to the demise of the "TENKO" and earlier, the "Roll Call". Their reasons, even those more involved than they would admit, can only be a matter of conjecture, disappointment and at this point, of no consequence.

Your paper will be missed by my family and myself, but in losing the paper I sincerely hope we do not lose the friendship of yourself and family which we value highly.

Vancouver, B.C. Bill Laidlaw
Vice/Pres. B.C. Branch
HK Veterans Assoc.

Re your last para: Not to worry, Bill. We were good friends back in 1970, at the fracas celebrating the 25th Anniversary of our release, remember? And that was long before either the Roll Call or TENKO was thought of and I do not intend to let it go overboard, not ever. Bestest to you-all and we'll be in touch for sure. John

Dear John: Just a line to wish you all the best in the coming year. It is too bad that TENKO had to be discontinued, but I guess it is like everything else too - All good things they have to come to an end - but we did enjoy it while we did get it.

How is the weather out your way. We have had very little snow this year so far. There was a lot of snow all around us, but we've been lucky so far

(continued top next column)

We had a chinook on Sunday (14 November) and it was well above zero. I don't like the cold weather any more and I am always looking for Spring to come. I like to see the robins for then I know summer is not far behind, and I can then get outside, cut the grass and see things growing again.

This year I planted some scarlet runner beans and had some grow to about 15 feet high. I also had some sunflowers grow to 9 feet high with heads 12 inches across. I grow them to get the seeds to feed the birds.

We have magpies here all the year round and we have counted as many as forty in the yard at one time.

Well, I think I will close and wish you all the best and good luck to you both. Your old friends,

Calgary, Alta Joe and Ivy Walton

Dear Friends, Thank you so much for your letter and all the news in it, as well as the card which will join others received in the past as mementoes of valued friendship gained thru the years. Here in Coquitlam, we've been fortunate as far as the cold is concerned, with only one snowfall in November which lasted for only half an hour and totalled less than an inch on the ground. At time of writing (mid-November) the grass in the back-garden is still green, but the robins have long gone. Keep well, keep happy and whenever possible, keep writing.

THOSE TV COMMERCIALS !!!

Every once upon a time, we are plagued by some incredibly asinine commercial on the 'idiot box', and have to wonder if the sponsors, who pay fantastic sums to have them aired, realise what they are paying so-called advertising experts for.

The latest, from one of the Big Three auto manufacturers, tells us that their latest models have been, not only completely redesigned but are 48% improved on past models.

Which leads us to ask: What kind of junk have they been selling us at over-inflated prices all these years?

SOME MORE 'HITHER AND YON'

To the gang in the Phoenix-Mesa, Arizona area. Hongkong Vet Dave (RRC) and Edith Adams of 1847 Stephens Street, Vancouver, B.C. V6K 3V8, plan to visit them there parts, for the first time, early February for two weeks. The Adams would be happy to meet and greet any of our boys residing, either permanently or merely wintering in and around the area whilst they are there. They will be flying down from B.C. on or about 29 January 1983, and will be establishing H.Q. in Scottsdale, Ariz.

* * * * *

From the Manchester & District FEPOW Focus monthly magazine, Editor Reg Coite, we came across a glossary of French terms provided by our FEPOW friends in the U.K. with suitable translations.

We have selected a few to help Hongkong Vets who plan to visit Quebec City for the National Convention next year, get along. We do, however, disclaim any responsibility for anything that may result from use of the translations offered:

Toute de suite - Two lumps, please.
 De luxe - Pass de soap.
 Coup de grace - Mow the lawn.
 Pas de deux - Father of twins.
 S'il vous plait - Not really sterling.
 Tete-a-tete - A tight bra!
 Corps - Lumme!!
 Peut etre - Potatoes.
 Entrechat - Let the cat in.
 Carte Blanche - Take Blanche home, she's had enough!

* * * * *

Unconfirmed report indicates that plans to move the Canadian War Museum from its present location in Ottawa, on Sussex Drive, are on the drawing board. It also tells of the possibility of the Museum travelling across the country - like a show on wheels - before the final move is made.

We're all for it, for not only does it provide easier access and closer to home, but also donations of souvenirs and artifacts stored away in trunks in attics or basements, will be easier to collect. Best wishes to Mr. L.F. Murray, Chief Curator, and his staff.

Back in 1976, during one of my belligerent moods, I penned the following and had intended to use it in this issue as rebuttal to possible off-color 'brickbats' and/or snide remarks coming our way. As you can see it was totally unnecessary. On second thought, however, it is felt that it carries some kind of a message, or, at the very least, what over-consumption of squid, topped by a bottle of Chablis, can do. So here goes for what it is worth:

"Opinions or criticisms with intent to decry or demean, are merely expressions of thought from minds subject to human failings such as: envy, ignorance, bigotry, egotism or an inferiority complex.

As such, they merit little, if any consideration.

We have much to gain and nothing to lose in ignoring both the utterers and utterances, and by so doing, ensure peace of mind and inner contentment.

In short, we don't give a DAMN what anyone thinks, or says, about us!

(Unless, of course, it is something nice!!" John 1976).

DVA NEWS RELEASE No. 372 22/9/82

The above release carries news of some importance to all veterans who, for one reason or another, felt that their entitlement to benefits for war service was somewhat obscure. The following excerpts should clear the air:

Servicemen who were transported from Canada or Newfoundland to Bermuda or the West Indies during the Second World War, thus proceeding beyond territorial waters in the course of their duties... are now considered as having served in a theatre of war and thus meet the eligibility requirements for allowance." (Donald M. Thompson)

For more information, contact your local DVA Office, and good luck.

A SELECTION OF CHOICE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAST ISSUES

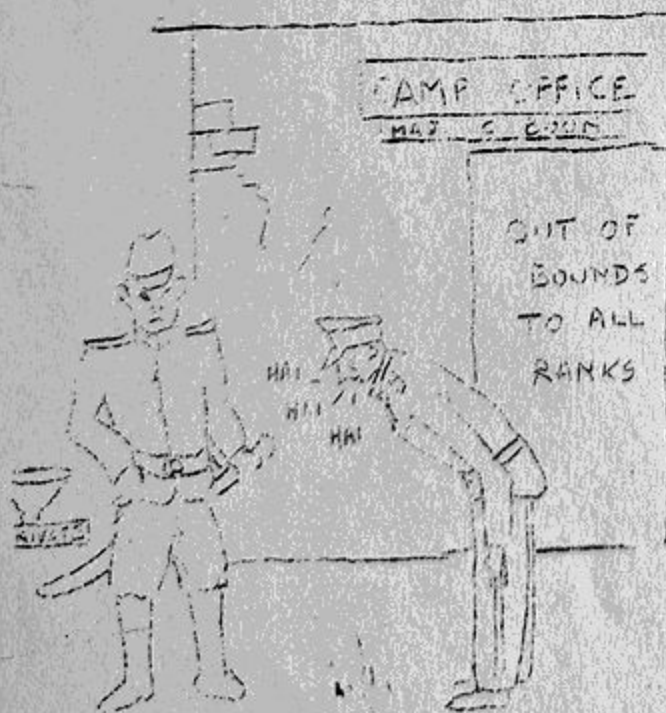


"The Lavender Boys"



It is really quite simple.
Merely a matter of equilibrium and
mind over matter!!

'RENDER UNTO CAESAR



His finest hour!!

"Seventeen more and we smoke again!"
"OPERATION FLYCATCHER"



Our asinine artist was asked to ill-
ustrate:

THE ASIAN FLU



and came up with this!!!