JAMES WILLIAM ANDERSON

Experiences as a Prisoner-of-War, 1941-1945

Interviewed by

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Dr. James William Anderson, Victoria, B.C., HCM 43-85

James William Anderson, MD:

But everyone, I think, was conscripted. And the conscription consisted of, now, if a man was head of a large firm and was really busy, well, that was good enough. I mean he was an exempt from anything further. Then subsidiary people who were already in the [Hong Kong] volunteer defense corps [HKVDC], doing it part time, you see, in what was a very excellent corps. The training was very good. Of course, they had two regular officers always in the volunteer corps for the training, even before the war, you see. They would be conscripted in the sense that they could be called up at any time, for a week or two at a time, or longer, but they could carry on with their working with whatever firm they were with, when they could. But they couldn't leave. No one could leave the colony without permission.

So when it came to my turn, the army people were rather stupid, because [laughter] they'd got in touch with the government medical officer, senior medical officer, who is a remarkable fellow, Selwyn Clarke [Selwyn Selwyn-Clarke], but he loathed private practice. He had very strong socialist views and the idea of paying for your health was quite wrong in his eyes. Anyway, I'd had several years of battling him, because he was always trying to get something which got in our way. And they listened to him.

Anyway the result was that I was made Surgical Specialist, China Command. Donald Bowie, who was then a major and was the regular army surgical specialist, the only one they had out

there, he was already a friend of mine, and naturally, you know, we had met beforehand. He really engineered it, in the end. So then I was allowed to continue my practice, because they didn't need me in the hospital at all, at the time. So I continued to run the practice and do the surgery. We couldn't have got any relief from England or any where else. Somebody had to do the work. There was six of us, I think, at the time. Anyway, I carried on with work and then just kept in touch with Bowen Road [Hospital] and Donald Bowie, and then the ADMS, who was Colonel Simson. Then I was called up, you see, in '41.

In the meantime, of course, I sent my family back here, and they were quite safe here. So as it turned out, after all the women left, you see, Judy Bowie, Donald Bowie's wife, she left, actually she didn't go back to England, she got a job with the army, oh, I don't know, cipher work or something, and she was in India most of the war. But he had given up the apartment they had, and I at that time had a large house with only myself in it. So I said, "You'd better come up and live with me." So he was living with me when the hostilities broke out. And he describes in his book there, his Royal Asiatic Society thing, we were phoned up at headquarters, which, incidentally, was 60 feet below the ground [laughter], down in a place below Bowen Road Hospital. But anyway, we were up in Magazine Gap, and we went out at dawn and we watched the air raid. They came along, you see, and there was only one airplane which could fly when the Japs had finished bombing the place. Anyway, we went down to the hospital and got ready.

The first operation, I think, I did, the first casualty that

came in was from the RAF, over at the aerodrome, and this was a sergeant, I think they call them sergeants now, anyway, it was that rank in the RAF. He had a very bad wound in his leg, and his artery behind was bleeding and somebody had put a tourniquet on it. But he was asleep, you see, and when the bombing started he never even knew that war had been declared. Within an hour or so...oh, certainly within the hour, he was in our hospital. Because the RAF, you see, had no hospital, so we looked after the air force. Unfortunately we had to amputate his leg. As he said, "You know, it's no good, I'm finished. If I go back to England and they say, "What was your service?" He said, "I didn't know the war was on. I lost my leg! They won't give me any pension!" [laughter]

C.G.R.:

Wounded in his sleep!

J.W.A.:

Typical English joke. Anyway, that was actually my first case. It was most extraordinary because the Japs hadn't landed at all. They were still on the frontier, on the northern boundary of Shumchun River. But of course, within hours we had them [British troops] coming back from 20 miles out, you see, in the New Territories. That was very efficiently done. The casualties clearing stations we had, they just pushed them back. It was done very quickly and the ambulance people were very good. Anyway, that's how I got started. I had the rank of major, which is the rank one goes into as a specialist in the RAMC. Then, as I say, I was in Bowen Road until '45, after that.

The house, my house, the Canadian troops got into it and

formed a signal station there. So the Japs who, of course, had a fifth column that was marvelous, they were shelling that place and they destroyed the house -- absolutely leveled it, completely -- the tennis court, everything went. Because they knew that the Canadians had moved in, and within, I think it was within a couple of hours, they were shelling it from the mainland. They were extraordinarily good at that, the Japs.

As I say, it was a wonderful fifth column, because they were preparing for this for years. Although a lot of people said that was nonsense, that the Japs were quite nice people and that sort of thing. But people like myself, who had been in Hong Kong for some time, we didn't think that was correct, and it wasn't.

C.G.R.:

No. How did you happen to be at Hong Kong?

J.W.A.:

How I first went?

C.G.R.:

Yes.

J.W.A.:

Yes. I first went to Hong Kong in 1924 because one of our chiefs had been serving in France, in the first World War, alongside a Dr. Pierce Grove, who was out there. Pierce Grove wrote to him about the vacancy, and John Struthers got hold of me and said, "Have you ever thought of going out?" And funnily enough, I had thought of going abroad at some time. I thought about it for quite some time. In fact I didn't go out for another 18 months or so, because at that moment I went down to the Radcliffe [Infirmary] in Oxford.

From there I went out to Hong Kong; I finally got a cable asking if I'd come right away, so I went out. The reason was that the senior surgeon was retiring, he wasn't very well. Actually he had tuberculosis. He was a fellow of the Edinburgh College of Surgeons. He left a few days after I got out there. The man who'd been head of the firm for a very long time, for over 20 years, Dr. Jordan, Gregory Jordan, he had died just, oh, about a year before I went out. He was a remarkable man. He'd been there before the turn of the century. He was a very good Chinese scholar, and in every way an excellent man for that job. The firm was known then as "Jordan _ysang_ _chetsalau_," which was "Dr. Jordan's office." Even to the rickshaw coolies, you see, you'd get into a rickshaw and say, "Jordan _ysang_ _chetsalau_," and they'd take you there.

But there were various changes. Later on, much to my surprise, the name was changed -- while I was still there, of course -- and it's now still under my name. I got a letter just a couple of days ago from the head of the firm; I think there are 31 doctors in it now, and we have 11 offices.

C.G.R.:

That is quite a group. "Drs. Anderson and Partners."

J.W.A.:

Yes. They have continued since I've left, because I went back after the war. I said I'd come back for two years. I didn't want to go back, because I wasn't at all well and I felt it was best to stay out of that climate. But every summer I got something. I mean, I got hepatitis one year and a temperature of

106, and another year I had something else. Finally, in 1951, I left for good. I've been back to see them but I haven't worked there since 1951, so that it's over 30 years, you see, since I left there, left that firm.

C.G.R.:

Well, perhaps we could go to the war years, then. I think, if it's all right with you, I would just ask you just to begin telling your story. I may break in at times to ask questions, and come back to ask questions. But if you could just give me a chronological narrative....

J.W.A.:

Well, in December -- in Hong Kong the date was the 8th, but it was the 7th elsewhere -- as I say, the first we knew was a phone call in the middle of the night. Then we got out in the dawn and saw this raid on Kai Tak aerodrome. We rushed down to the hospital and got ready for work. We had casualties, as I say, within an hour of that, they started, and they never stopped; it went on night and day, getting the wounded in.

As I think I mentioned, the casualty clearing stations, or first aid stations, were very well equipped. I mean, when I say equipped, there were several very good officers in charge and people got back very quickly to the island, to Bowen Road.

There were other hospitals which had been commandeered. The government hospitals, for example, and The Queen Mary Hospital, and the Italian hospital, and the French hospital, they were all on the island. They all took patients in a way, but anything surgical was sent down to Bowen Road if at all possible. They did good work with people who had what we would call minor

wounds, they were able to fix them up and perhaps get them back to wherever they'd come from, you see. So that was the general outline of what was happening.

Then the Japs, of course, came. They had about 100,000 troops ready on the frontier, which was the top, the north end of that narrow peninsula, which was the New Territories opposite Hong Kong. Unfortunately, the first line of defense fell very quickly and then they were back to the next line, the "Gin Drinker's Line" it was called, I believe. And very soon they came right in. But of course, they had enormous casualties, the Japanese. I mean a lot of people were, well, rude about the defenses. But one has to remember that our defense was the one English battalion, the First Battalion Middlesex, one Scottish battalion, the Second Battalion of Royal Scots, two Indian battalions, one Rajputs and the other...?

C.G.R.:

Punjabis, was it? The Punjabis?

J.W.A.:

It was the Punjabis, yes. (I forget my own name sometimes, these days [laughter].) Then they had all the odds and sods, the gunners, the signals, the various other corps. You see, there were a total of about 12,000 troops, and that was all they had. Churchill originally wanted Hong Kong to be an open city. He was farseeing enough to realize that, but the army chiefs talked him out of it and then two Canadian battalions were sent out. They were the Royal Rifles [of Canada], from Quebec City, one battalion, and the Winnipeg Grenadiers, one battalion from Winnipeg. But anyway, they fitted in very well, the Canadians,

really, although some of them couldn't talk English, the people from Quebec. Although mostly French Canadians, some had not quite enough English to get along.

Then, in regards the work in the hospital, when they arrived, some of the junior officers -- we had, oh, about 10 medical officers, who'd been sent out from England, in the hospital -- and they did all the checking for what was wrong and what they'd had, and that sort of thing. And they'd come in with "a quarter of morphine" written on their forehead, some of them. Donald Bowie and I did the operating, and in some periods we went on for nearly 24 hours at a time; it was really night and day the whole time, but you managed to get some sleep in between, occasionally.

Then they would be wheeled into us, a medical officer would say what the examination revealed, and we'd then carry on. I mean we didn't have to see them beforehand, they were simply wheeled in.

C.G.R.:

You could just be a surgeon.

J.W.A.:

Yes, and that worked out very well, really. We were fortunate to have very sensible people working for us. And then, oh, within a day or two, we left the operating theaters upstairs, and went down. We'd prepared, or the RAMC had prepared, the basement, and we had two big operating theaters down there, which were staffed with the nurses, the QAs (Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service), plus two Canadian nurses who were magnificent -- Kay Christie, you've probably heard of

her.

C.G.R.:

I've interviewed her, yes.

J.W.A.:

Oh, you have. Well Kay Christie was absolutely tops. I mean she was a remarkable woman. May Waters was good too. She was much more, she was rather delicate, I thought, too; she wasn't really strong enough. Anyway, she did her part. But Kay Christie was outstanding among all the nurses, including the regular QAs too. Anyway, I had a regular QA, Mary Curry, who was my OR nurse there full time, until just a few days before the end when they shifted her out to one of the, what do you call them, junior hospitals, at Wan Chai Gap. Somebody had got sick. Actually, I think they had a nurse killed there -- she went to take her place. So Mary Curry really did most of the work with me.

The type of injury, of course, was -- the Japanese used mortar shells, especially when they got further in on the mainland, and the bombing. Their bombing was very accurate because we had no planes left to do anything with them, and the ack-ack fire wasn't really, well, they were able to avoid it a bit. Put it that way. But about 30 shells landed on the hospital. We had a huge Red Cross painted on the roof of Bowen Road, which I, as a resident of Hong Kong and with knowledge of the Japanese, had protested against because the Japs had never signed the Geneva Convention and it was the first thing they'd go for, would be a Red Cross. I mean, they're that type, certainly during war.

However, I remember one occasion when a shell, a large shell (I'm not sure just what weight it was), it went through the hospital at one side and went right through the ward and through the wall on the other side, before it exploded [laughter]. Which is the most extraordinary thing. The gunners were very interested in it. They tried to retrieve it, or bits of it anyway, to see, but it did explode later, behind us. But what I'm getting at is that we had a lot of wounds by small pieces of shrapnel and shell, which -- well, like this airman, they were getting arterial injuries with very little...the wound was very small, but the damage, of course, was terrible.

Then the close fighting. Machine guns were used very freely. The Middlesex was really a sort of machine-gun battalion, they were experts. And the Hong Kong volunteers, they had their machine-gun corps, or whatever you'd like to call it, and they were very good. The Japs used the machine guns at close quarters quite a lot. So we had a lot of machine-gun wounds. The Japs, of course, had far more. We reckoned at the time -- not by me, there were various officers who'd been far more involved with it -- that eight Japs were killed for every one of ours killed by machine-gun fire. In one case, out at Stanley Gap, they had a very narrow road to defend, and our people were firing as the Japs came on in waves. The bodies, the Jap bodies, were piled so high they couldn't fire back, so they started hauling the bodies away in order to be able to fire at our people.

It was an absolutely extraordinary experience they had.

Incidentally, the Japs used mobile incinerators. They had trucks -- of course they didn't until they landed on the island there, we didn't see them -- but anyway, they had these mobile incinerators and got rid of the bodies that way.

C.G.R.:

Oh really.

J.W.A.:

Yes. Their own people.

C.G.R.:

Well, isn't that interesting. I've never heard that.

J.W.A.:

Yes, they used them out at Sai Wan. I don't know how many they had because that's the only place I'd heard of them. Anyway, the machine-gun wounds, as you know probably, can be very nasty because they are at close quarters, the velocity is very high, and they do a lot of damage, even the small bullets.

C.G.R.:

Isn't there a lot of tissue damage, especially on exit?

J.W.A.:

Yes, yes, going through, yes. Now, one case I can quote of the type of thing that happened. When we were very busy, we very often had to make a decision; a man would be brought in with a head injury or something and you'd look at him and you'd think, "My God! whatever I do to him it's not going to cure him. He's going to die anyway, whatever happens. It's better if we push him aside and bring the next fellow in, who probably we could save." Now, that, of course is a moral judgment, in a way, and was sometimes difficult. It didn't happen too often, but we

certainly did what we could -- we simply went on. But you know, when you are tired after hours and hours of operating, you began to feel, "Well, My God! what's the point of my doing this? The fellow's not going to live and he can be given morphine." I mean that was the natural reaction.

But anyway, I'm referring to a private in the 1st Battalion Middlesex who'd been hit, and he'd had his tin hat driven into his skull. His skull was very badly lacerated and tiny bits of metal, both from the shell and from the tin hat, they were the worst, right into his brain. He was unconscious but his pulse was going. I mean they'd got him in fair shape. I just hesitated for a moment. I don't know, "My God! I can't do anything with this. The fellow will be completely mental anyway when I'm finished with him, because there's too much brain away." It was more towards the back here. Well, I did go ahead and it took quite a long time. The bits were small enough to maneuver out of the brain surface, and I realized that most of it was in silent areas, perhaps. I mean, there was none over the motor area, and the same for the sensory area. Anyway, I went on for quite a bit. Fortunately, his skin it looked as it had been blown open. I mean there was a large tear and the pieces were hanging down on each side. So I was able to cover up -- there was no bone to put in place again -- and I was able to cover up with his own skin. He went back to the ward.

Well, that fellow later got better, much to everybody's surprise. So much so that the Japs were ordering him out of the hospital. He came to me and beseeched me, he said, "Look, you've saved my life, I'd like to stay with you as I realize that

this is a serious matter and I don't want to go to a camp." Which was very wise because he wouldn't have lasted. Well, at camp there was slapping [by the Japanese] all around and everything. Anyway, so this was one of these curious things, we told the Japs that he was my batman.

At that time they had nominated me to be in charge of all surgery. Donald Bowie was put in administration, by the Japs, and the only other medical officer whom they'd left in Bowen Road then, was Gerald Harrison, who was a very fine physician. He had a London Membership, MRCP. So the three of us, you see, were left with all the remains of the wounded. But that showed that sometimes one could, if one spent time, do quite a lot for people. But as I say, it was only infrequently we passed over a man, but in all of these cases we were right because the man was dead in very short order.

C.G.R.:

Did they allow you to keep this man as your batman?

J.W.A.:

Well, yes, it was just a nominal thing, you see. But it's curious, some of these Jap officers, you see, that would appeal to them. "Oh well, of course, this fellow's in charge now and of course he must have a batman." Of course the next day he'd probably want to have beaten me up or something but that....curious people!

The worst experience, I suppose, during the hostilities, was when they dropped a bomb, which somebody said was roughly a 500-pound bomb, and of course, at very close range. The plane came over and they could more or less drop it straight on; they

dropped it right above where we were. We were down in the basement, you see, in this operating theatre in the basement. It went right down through all the floors. The top two, by then, couldn't be used, they were so messed about. Of course, every window was out and most of the walls, so that we were very congested down in the first two floors, congested with patients.

But anyway, it came right down. It stopped -- you see, the main floor was a very strong one indeed -- and the concussion was terrific! I mean, everything simply went like that, down in our operating theatre. One disadvantage of it was the ventilation was very bad, you see. The doors were shut and we were compressed there. It had some curious effects.

Anyway, I had dropped to the floor and then I got up on the side of the operating table and looked across. I thought, my God! that's funny, something's happened to Mary Curry. And then I realized her clothes had been practically all blown off.

C.G.R.:

Oh really.

J.W.A.:

And there she was, quite calm. Absolutely calm. She was just sort of trying to get something sorted out a bit, and picking up things. The orderly behind me got a nasty wound on his neck. That was the only wound, real wound. The glass was all over the place from various bottles around the wall, and people had cuts from glass. That was very unpleasant because if it had just gone through the floor, or the ceiling over us, which was the main floor, we'd have been finished.

C.G.R.:

You wouldn't be here now.

J.W.A.:

As it was, we were actually able to resuscitate that theatre after some hours work to clean it up. I have another memento. I had an attache case, which I carried around; it's got two or three holes in it. None of them got into me, but two or three holes with little tiny bits of shrapnel inside the case. It didn't go through the case, it simply went through the leather on the one side.

We had, fortunately, remarkably few eye injuries. We had an ophthalmologist during hostilities, Major Durran, who just died the other day, poor chap. He was able to do quite a bit with the eyes, but there were remarkably few cases. Whether the tin hats -- perhaps they had some influence in protecting the eyes as well as the rest of the head.

The facial injuries, some of them were quite interesting. One fellow, a captain in the Volunteers [Capt. Penn], he had been standing up and shouting to his men and had his mouth wide open, he said, and a bullet went in the cheek, one side, out the other cheek, on the other side, and beyond extensive bruising, he didn't even lose a tooth.

C.G.R.:

Oh really?

J.W.A.:

It was the most fantastic thing. And there he was, you see, with this awful mess on both sides of his face. Well, we patched him up, and he went, my God! he went back, I'm not sure

it wasn't the next day, because by that time things were pretty desperate and any reduction in manpower was felt very keenly out at the front. So these were the sort of things that stick in ones mind. He really looked so extraordinary, I mean, he was something quite weird to see. Yet he was in full possession of his faculties.

Abdominal wounds: we had several, and they didn't do very well. Usually there was too much mess. And those that had survived a bit, we had the misfortune of having most of them go septic. We had a certain amount of sulfa drugs sent in, but abdominal wounds were fairly fatal, so that we had very few left during the years of those POW camps. We hadn't many people with abdominal trouble, that kind anyway.

Chest wounds: we had quite a few of them, and a lot of people seemed to get bullets in the chest. Of course, there was no armor in those days. I suppose that meant that if you were firing at somebody, you would automatically go for the chest, wouldn't you? Because most of these were rifle fire -- wounds to the chest. Then we had quite a few amputations. But there again we were very lucky, I suppose, because if you take them, I forget the actual numbers, but the actual number of amputations against the number of troops that were wounded, I believe our score was very good. You know, it was luck on the part of the man more than anything else.

As I say, we were blessed with a remarkable nursing crew. They were absolutely excellent and completely in charge. I don't remember one of them doing more than making a slight pause and perhaps saying "Oh my God!" or something like that. And

that's all their reaction, when they were under fire. And also, remember that as the Japs got onto the island, these girls realized, you see, that they were for it, as well as us. We didn't have anyone actually raped at our hospital, because as I'll tell you later, we were not actually taken over immediately. It was the surrender, you see, before the Japs had actually got into our hospital -- we had surrendered.

But at the hospital at Stanley, which was a sort of advanced place, there were two medical officers there, Dr. [George] Black was a Volunteer officer, and a New Zealander, whose name I forget [Captain John Whitney]. The poor chap, he was quite a young fellow, but a very nice fellow. The two of them were working in this hospital, and I think towards the end, the last few days of the fighting, Stanley Peninsula was completely cut off, because we tried to get through to them but we couldn't. The Japs were just pushing them into the sea, you see, at the end of the little peninsula, Stanley Peninsula. They rushed into the hospital, the Japs. They bayoneted the fellows lying in bed wounded. They took some of the nurses and VADs -- some of them were regular nurses and others were VADs -- and they were raped, three of them killed, at the time. They did some horrible things there, which were very unpleasant and no....Anyway, I was absolutely astounded at the survivors of that. I was asked to see them, because I think the regular RAMC wasn't used to seeing women, I suppose. At any rate, I was asked to see them, and the girls who survived that experience, they were perfectly in control of themselves and calm. I mean, I just couldn't believe that, it was so amazing. They cooperated with everything.

C.G.R.:

That is remarkable, isn't it.

J.W.A.:

But that, and the killing of the 15 orderlies, was our worst.... In the end, the RAMC had a higher casualty list per capita (would it be?) than any other corps. It was a most remarkable thing, that.

C.G.R.:

Were the nurses badly injured, the ones that survived?

J.W.A.:

Well, not too much. They recovered, put it that way, and actually worked with us -- we kept them and they worked in Bowen Road [Hospital] there. They'd been in Bowen Road [initially] and had been sent out. But they worked after they came back. Of course, we never...I suppose most people knew. A lot of the patients didn't know what had happened because it happened out at Stanley, and these people had come from other parts of the island. Not that that for any matter, I suppose.

C.G.R.:

I think May Waters was one of that group, wasn't she?

J.W.A.:

No. Nothing happened to her as far as I remember.

C.G.R.:

Oh, I understood that she had been in a group. Not Kay [Christie]. Kay was all right, but I understood that May had been in a group where she had been raped.

J.W.A.:

Well, no, I never heard.

C.G.R.:

Well, perhaps my information was wrong.

J.W.A.:

I can't remember where she was at the end, but I don't think that's correct. She came out quite a sick woman when she was finally sent back. She was sent back in '43, on the Gripsholm, because they had sent these girls out to a civilian camp. Then, in the civilian camp in '43, the Japanese allowed the people from Canada to go back on the Gripsholm, the Swedish ship that came out. There was an exchange of prisoners -- it took place somewhere down in Africa [Laurenco Marques]. So Kay Christie and May Waters got back in '43, and served further in Canada.

C.G.R.:

Would you tell me again the story that you told earlier, before I had the tape recorder on, about the orderly with the neck injury that you cared for?

J.W.A.:

Well, this chap, he'd had a Japanese sword in the back of his neck and he dropped down unconscious and fell forwards. This happened in the evening and they'd taken him outside to do this. And they were quite close to a nullah, which is simply a large open drain; you have to have them for the typhoons. He woke up and realized -- well, he didn't realize at first what had happened, and then he realized what had happened, and these fellows were lying there dead. So he immediately had the sense to crawl, he crawled a few yards and fell into the nullah, knocked himself out again, and lay in the bottom of the nullah

be safe, so I joined the RAMC before they would call me up."

C.G.R.:

Do you remember his name, by any chance?

J.W.A.:

He was Corporal Leath.

C.G.R.:

I think he and Dr. Banfill were the only survivors of that group in the casualty clearing station.

J.W.A.:

Yes, that's right. Martin Banfill was a very good fellow and as I say, he didn't get ruffled. As you know he had a distinguished career post-war. He became a professor of anatomy at McGill.

C.G.R.:

Oh yes. He was the dean at Hong Kong, was he not?

J.W.A.:

Oh yes. Yes, he worked in the university. Yes, that's right, he went out. Yes, I've forgotten that -- of course, he went out, yes.

John Crawford was a very good doctor. We didn't have him much in Bowen Road because he was, well, he was during the hostilities, but he went to Sham Shui Po quite early and was really at Sham Shui Po camp, which was the biggest camp. First of all the Canadians were sent to North Point, and then they were later moved to Sham Shui Po. You've probably heard of Sham Shui Po. It was a very large army camp before the war, you see. The Royal Scots, and the Middlesex, I think they were in that camp. So they simply...they were in an army camp.

C.G.R.:

Can you tell me what happened at Bowen Road after the surrender?

J.W.A.:

Well, that was interesting. The Japs had landed, and they got hold of Stanley and they got all around, and they were down below us, right through into town. But for some odd reason they didn't come right away into Bowen Road; it was about 48 hours afterwards. We were getting rather worried because we didn't know what the devil would happen. As far as I remember, we had a telephone line still working down to headquarters; it was an army line, I think. We were getting various rumors from there. But by that time we didn't pay too much attention to rumors [laughter]. Life was bad enough without adding to it.

Anyway they came, and there was a Colonel Tokunaga who was the head of all prison camps in the area, and there was a Lieutenant Saito, who was a doctor and was supposed to be the medical doctor in charge, who was the biggest slime I've ever met in my life, I think. He was a dreadful fellow. He became perfectly useless as far as medicine was concerned. He went around and pulled a dressing up to look at things -- completely lacking in any humane approach to things.

Fortunately, we had in Bowen Road a fair number of stores. We had food for two or three weeks anyway. Also, we had quite a lot of medicines and instruments, but the Japs finally took them away. They pinched most of the instruments except what we'd hidden. There were 300 ampoules of spinal anesthetic, we kept

them. I hid them, and actually they survived the whole war, more or less, I only used a few. The Japs didn't like us operating during the imprisonment time, for some reason. But occasionally they would agree. That was all a curious state of affairs. So anything we did, we tried not to let them see at all.

But they didn't stay in the hospital, they had the troops guarding the place and they put a barbed wire all around and an electric wire right around the whole place.

So after two or three days, Donald Bowie and I did what possibly was a silly thing; we had heard that there were quite a number of fellows that had been wounded up on the other side of the peak and had been taken to what was the War Memorial Hospital. Now, the War Memorial Hospital was really a private nursing home in peacetime, but in the First World War they'd raised a lot of money and they had a memorial and that sort of thing, and there was a lot of money left over. The trustees said, "Well, there should be a private civilian hospital," and they allowed that money to be used. We had a magnificent hospital at the War Memorial Hospital. But it was really private. We simply used it, we weren't financially responsible for it. [Post-war it became the Naval Hospital.]

So we wanted to get up there to find out, because we couldn't get through on the phone. We didn't know what had happened. We thought they might have been bombed or something. Anyway, no one seemed to have come down from there and we didn't know but that a lot of troops had been left up on the mountains there. So Donald Bowie and I went out, in uniform, of course, with our brassards on, and we went up the hill to Magazine Gap

where my house had been. We didn't see any Japanese! We were absolutely astounded. From Magazine Gap right up to the top of the peak, we didn't meet any Japanese there.

Then we got to the War Memorial Hospital and they told us what had happened. They had a whole lot of people. We took the names down and then we set off back again. Well, coming back we weren't so fortunate, because we met troops on the road, and one fellow came and pulled everything out of our pockets and beat us up a bit. I'll never forget getting struck just so, on the right kidney. It was damn sore. I was most annoyed with him. But then, for some strange reason -- I think he was just a corporal or something -- but some strange reason he finally realized (we kept patting our brassards), so he suddenly let us go. We then had to get down the lower part, back to Bowen Road. That was quite a venture in a way.

The extraordinary thing was, that was the only Jap we saw the whole way. But if one knew the anatomy of Hong Kong, you'd realize that they probably weren't bothering about the top because the top couldn't get away, they were down at the base. The base being low where Bowen Road was; Bowen Road was just a little bit up from the town site, a lot of which is reclaimed land in the harbor.

Anyway we did get these people. We were able to tell the interpreter about this, and they did get rid of them. They got people all sent down from the War Memorial, and we did get these people into the hospital. Some of them were badly wounded.

Now, that was the takeover, yes. Then each day after, they started coming and telling us what to do, they'd tell us to do

one thing one day and the opposite the next. I mean, it was very difficult to cope with. Of course, when they came up we were always busy, because it was a good thing to be doing something to a man's wound. [That way] you didn't have to go off with them. They were sensible enough to leave us. We had stores, and food, and our kitchen, all the kitchen premises had been completely destroyed by that bomb that I mentioned that came on top of us. But they were able to get cauldrons and get wood fires going. I'm not sure if we had any gas fires left intact or not. I think possible one or two, but the main thing was wood, and inside the hospital compound there were trees around, and a lot of the trees were cut down for wood fires, and we also had put in wood in case of something like that. We got wood in for the hostilities.

The water -- there was a small reservoir right at the end of the compound, and that supplied the water. That was slightly damaged, but fortunately it was still three-quarters full, anyway, of water. So we had water in the taps, after the hostilities finished. We had that for some time. And then finally, of course, the water failed, there was no water in anyone's taps. Very often you'd turn the tap on and there was simply no water that day. But anyway, the Japs seemed, it seemed quite impossible for them to mend anything.

Now where was I?

C.G.R.:

You were talking about laying in wood and things of that nature.

J.W.A.:

Yes. The first problem from avitaminosis, or whatever you'd

like to call it, occurred about six months after we were locked up. That was a very curious thing. People were getting skin trouble, and bad throats -- their throats looked awful, the mucous membrane seemed to come off. They were quite sick with it, you see, and the temperature. By then the food was ridiculously low and they all had lost weight or were beginning to lose it enough to be partially skeletons. But I remember quite clearly, the first fellow to die was a French-Canadian in the Royal Rifles. He more or less gave up. I mean, he was in terrible pain with everything, and he turned his face to the wall, as we called it. Well, the fellows who were beside him, there was a couple of French-Canadians beside him -- my God!, they turned the same way. It wasn't a question of being afraid of it all, it was simply that they said, "Well, I'm going to die." You couldn't get them out of that mood. So I asked Major McAuley, you've probably heard of Major MacAuley, Tom MacAuley.

C.G.R.:

Yes.

J.W.A.:

He died about two years ago, didn't he?

C.G.R.:

I don't know that.

J.W.A.:

I think he died about two years ago. He was a great fellow. He had been in the First World War, won the DCM, along with General Pearkes when he won the VC, the two of them were together. The DCM was the highest award for Other Ranks, and Pearkes of course, was then a Lieutenant, and he got the VC. But

I got Tom McAuley, who could talk to his men and really make it sink in. I said, "Go and talk to these fellows and tell them to stop this nonsense about dying, that they're bound to die. Because they probably are going to die, but I don't want them to die like that." So I said, "You go and talk to them." Because he was badly wounded. That's why he was in the hospital; but he could move about, he had no leg wounds. So he went along and he came back to me afterwards and said, "Look I can't do anything with these fellows."

So, before that I'd had the priest, we had one Catholic priest, I forget what, he had a small wound or something, and he'd been brought in and we'd kept him. He had talked to them. And the priest told me, he said, "Look, I can't do anything with these fellows, they've got this fixed idea they're going to die and that's it." I don't know how much he had tried to get them out of it. They were all Catholics, I mean the men. But these were the first deaths.

Then there was a bit of pause, no one died for a month or so, and then we got the odd one dying after that, right through till '45. But one of the worst things that happened in that first year was the diphtheria epidemic.

C.G.R.:

I was going to ask about diphtheria, yes.

J.W.A.:

Yes, because that started about October of '42. They had had some in the camps, you see. We had North Point Camp with Canadians, Sham Shui Po with all the others, and an Indian camp, because they kept the Indians separate and took their officers

away; they were making them join the Indian National Army, and those who refused had a terrible time.

Anyway, we got these fellows in and it spread among our patients too. It was very difficult then. We had too many people in that place, and anyway it spread and we had quite a bunch of diphtheria. It was simply ghastly. I've never seen throats like it, with membrane all over the place. We did some traches [tracheostomies] without any anesthetic, when they were extreme. Gerald Harrison and Donald Bowie and myself, Gerald said, "Look, two or three of these people have gotten better." They were obviously getting better, you know. The people who had first had it [and survived]. He thought of taking their blood -- they couldn't match it at all, but he said, "These fellows are going to die." I agreed that they were certainly going to die if nothing was done. So we tried, and we actually did five men. First of all I should say we went to the men, and Gerald Harrison asked for volunteers, explained in simple terms what he wanted to do: take their blood and put the blood into the other fellows in the hopes that they would be able to get some anti-dip serum out of it. Anyway, every single man put his hand up without any hesitation, and some of these fellows were literally dying. It was an absolutely wonderful thing to see.

Anyway, Gerald had a syringe and they got this and five men were done. Donald Bowie, in his book or record ["Captive surgeon in Hong Kong: the story of the British Military Hospital, Hong Kong, 1942-1945," Journal of the Hong Kong Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society 15: 150-290, 1975], said that there were four but I think we actually did five. And of that five, two definitely,

I think, their lives were saved. This was only done on those in extremis, you see. Two definitely were saved by it, the other three it was doubtful because they did die in the end. So that experiment finished there.

But it shows what the medical minds were like, when we were prepared to try anything. I mean, even though it sounded entirely against all medical principles to take blood from one person and put it into another one without examining it (because we couldn't then). I think they'd pinched our microscopes. In any case we had no lab. The lab was separate, that's right, the lab was separate from the hospital. When the lab had been taken over, the Japs pinched everything from it.

The diphtheria epidemic lasted until just before Christmas. Then, very suddenly, the cases stopped. It was most extraordinary. Within 48 hours the whole situation was different. We had no fresh cases coming in, and our own people seemed to be getting better. I think we lost 22 -- 22 died of diphtheria. Sounds horrible, I know, but I think there were about 22.

C.G.R.:

What about diphtheria antitoxin?

J.W.A.:

Well, you see, we'd asked them [the Japanese] for some. We'd had some but very little. And they gave us 30,000 units or something, I forget now. Then I said, "Look, the chemical companies kept antitoxin in a godown, away down at West Point." Anyway, they finally agreed and they took me out and put me between two soldiers with fixed bayonets [laughter], and we went

down to West Point. I was regarded as being lucky because I got out for a drive.

We found this place, and it was quite useless, it had been ransacked, and although some of the stuff was still there it was absolutely useless. It was all messed up. So I came back empty-handed. It was then, I think, that we decided to do this other business about taking some blood. But that was a horrible experience, because I've never seen diphtheria people die like that -- just a horrible death. As I say, we did make several of them a little comfortable, but it didn't stop the toxic process and they died. But they were able to breathe for the last hour or so.

C.G.R.:

I would have assumed the troops would all have been immunized against diphtheria. Is that a bad assumption?

J.W.A.:

No, it didn't seem to matter. It must have been a strain. An interesting thing, that; I wish we had that strain identified. There were Indians, there were British, there were Canadians, everybody, and a lot of these people had been immunized. Although I don't know that it was absolutely obligatory in the army. But anyway, that had made no difference. That was another interesting point about it. That was the diphtheria epidemic.

Well, remember that these men, already they'd had a year of poor food, and the strain of being prisoner, and having been wounded and that sort of thing. So they were very poor subjects for any disease to get hold of.

Then, about that time too, I think we had our first dysentery. Now, the dysentery we had was practically all bacillary. But in Hong Kong, you see, amebic dysentery was fairly common. People who'd lived in Hong Kong, or lived in the Orient, very often they'd had amebic dysentery and sometimes it recurred, you see. Whether that had any influence on some of the cases I don't know, but fortunately there wasn't very much amebic dysentery, and I think that we had kept some Emetine. Anyway we were able to cope with amebic.

But the bacillary type, it was simply ghastly! They got completely dehydrated, and they were thin anyway, and the circulations failed very quickly. We'd really nothing to fight it with, you see. That lasted, off and on, most of the time, or the rest of the time; towards the end it was better. In '45 we didn't have very much dysentery in the last few months. But practically everybody had had some trouble with the bowels, because the diet gave one that, and terrific flatulent bowels, everybody had, from the carbohydrates and the rice diet.

The rice that we got from the Japs -- this is after our stocks had finished in '42 -- they did supply some, but not enough. That was horrible stuff; they actually swept the floors of the godowns. (Godowns are warehouses.) There were weevils in it and the troops said, "God, we're not going to eat that. That's terrible, that's poison." I said, "Look here, that's <u>protein</u> and you're going to get no other protein, so you bloody well take that or else you may die more quickly." So that gave them something to think about, because I actually at the time

believed that, and it's partly, I think, true. It was the only protein that they were getting. They mustn't reject the rice simply because there were weevils in it. We had to adjust to quite a number of things of that nature. Anyway, I got rather notorious for my views on "troops eating weevils." [laughter] Oh, I was eating them myself. That was the diphtheria and dysentery. I think these were probably the worst things we had.

We had every other disease, of course, cropping up occasionally. That was very annoying because you would recognize a disease in an otherwise healthy person, but in a fellow who was barely a skeleton, it's very difficult sometimes to recognize and diagnose people. That was one interesting point about the medical side.

As regards the treatment of the wounded people, afterwards -- the amputees -- we couldn't get any artificial limbs. I wanted to get plaster-of-paris and make cups for them and try it, anyway, but we couldn't do that. Fortunately, we'd used plaster-of-paris quite a lot originally, so the fractures and that sort of thing were helped by it. But anyway, the amputations simply staggered around, and we'd no proper crutches. When I say none, possible there were one or two pairs of crutches, but again, the Japs would pinch anything that they saw like that. So the fellows had an awful job of getting around, you see. But in some ways it helped them because it enabled us to keep them. I mean, the Japs couldn't very well order them to go to a camp, or couldn't order them to go and work, if a fellow could only crawl, practically. Again, I think we were lucky in that our wounds were not as frequent during the hostilities as it

was supported from other theaters of war. We had quite a number of leg amputations.

Then the blinded, people who had wounds and were blinded at the time, there was nothing really we could do for them. We cleaned up their wounds, that was all. Unfortunately, practically all wounds were in a state of chronic sepsis -- that is, if they didn't heal before the end of '42, you then had a state of chronic sepsis in the wounds, and there was not anything, really, we could do for them except of course keep them clean.

C.G.R.:

Was there any repatriation of any of these seriously injured?

J.W.A.:

No. You see, we tried to get them repatriated with the Gripsholm. We'd heard about the Gripsholm coming, and they simply refused! It was absolutely terrible for these chaps, and they were so bitter, because we'd said, "We'll try and get you off on the Gripsholm. I don't know what will happen, but we'll certainly try." They [the Japanese] simply refused. When we had to tell them that the Japs absolutely refused, it was a very bitter blow to them. And it was a blow to us too, because it meant that we still had all these people to look after. And we were getting...the number of people who could look after them was getting smaller all the time.

[With] the deaths that took place, to begin with we were able to go out, and we buried one or two outside. One of the first people who died was a colonel (actually he was a major, I

think) in the Winnipeg Grenadiers [Col. J.L.R. Sutcliffe]. Again, the curious things the Japs do. They made a terrific do about the colonel, and we had practically a military funeral for him. And for the troops, they didn't do anything. But we did bury a few outside. Then they said, you couldn't bury them outside, you had to bury them inside the wire. Well, the wire was, in places, less than from here to the fence [40-50 ft]. So when we'd buried quite a number of them in a row, we found we had to walk over them, because there was nothing else you could do. There was a lot of cemented yard, you see, around the hospital and in the forecourt of the hospital. So that was no good for burial. So we said, "You must let us go out and bury them on the hillside." And they said, "OK, two hours," and we had to have the corpse, and sometimes two corpses, and we had to get men who could dig a grave and we'd put a man in and have a short service and get back in two hours. Of course, we were accompanied by the Japanese troops there. They'd send men with us. That was a horrible experience, because we had to ask the fellows who were fittest to come out. They had a shovel with them, but it was very bad for them, suddenly digging like that. We dug down to about two feet. We didn't let them go much deeper because it was very difficult to get this stuff out at that depth. Also, it was so bad for these men to be working so hard.

C.G.R.:

Plus the time factor.

J.W.A.:

Yes. The time factor, you see, we had to get back. To begin with we had a Catholic padre. Well, he was sent off to

camp, and after that Tom McAuley read the catholic service; he had a prayer book. Are you a catholic by any chance?

C.G.R.:

No, I'm not.

J.W.A.:

Anyway, they have their service, and Tom MacAuley read it. Of course Tom MacAuley is very humorous. I'll always remember him saying, "My God! I've done five of these fellows now." He said, "You know, the bishop has to give me a dollar for every one of them" [laughter]. Oh yes, he could light up the faces of people by just sort of a little remark like that. He was a saving chap -- Tom MacAuley.

So, when we buried them we had a Union Jack and that was put over the body; we'd no coffin, of course. We kept the body under that, and then holding it were a lot of old empty tins and things from the hospital. We'd found them in the basement somewhere. Anyway, we used to put the record of the deaths, up-to-date, in that tin, and then put that in with the body, under the body. Also, the notes that Donald Bowie had made about various people, he put his notes in the tin. So that was buried with them. The Japs didn't come to the burial anyway, they stayed on the fringe, so that was easy enough. Then we pulled the flag up and the flag was folded and used for the next one. The flag, I believe, is now in the London War Museum, or it may be in Millbank, in the RAMC headquarters, I'm not sure. But anyway, it did get back to England eventually, that flag I understand. Because it had covered dozens of people. The deaths were unpleasant. We didn't have a crowd out, you see, it

was only....Well, I used to go out with most of mine, or Gerald Harrison would go and then whoever was taking the service.

I took the service once. That was most interesting. There was a very nice Jewish fellow, and he was dying of malnutrition. Anyway, he realized he was dying, and I knew he was dying, and he was very sensible. I talked to him about things. "Look," he said, "would you do something for me?" And I said, "Yes, certainly. What is it?" He said, "Well, I've got a little India-paper volume of the Jewish prayer book," and he said, "Before death, a Jew has the rabbi come and there's a long questionnaire. You'll find it in this book." And then he said, "The rabbi signs it and puts the answers down and that is kept by the relatives afterwards." So I said, "Well, that's not hard to try." So he said, "Well, here's the book. You can read it up." So I read it up, you see, and carried it around with me because I didn't want the Japs to find it. Then he did die, oh, quite soon after that. In the meantime I'd been to him, you see, and got all this pre-death thing fixed up. Then, with the actual funeral, if you'd like to call it that, I read the appropriate words. At the end [of the war] when we were released, I wrote to some of the relatives, telling them what had happened, I wrote to his mother. He had asked me and I had had her address from him. I wrote to her and she was very grateful, and wrote back a very nice letter. Then later on I got a letter from a rabbi in London, England, saying that this lady had told him of what had happened in the camp and that he had authority to say that I was a temporary rabbi, that this was all in order. Which is rather interesting. Actually he was quite grateful, you

know. I always remembered that because it was so unusual. However that was a Jewish burial. I don't know if there were any others.

Oh, one thing that was rather, well, it was exciting: when the Americans started bombing Hong Kong, they came from an aircraft carrier about 100 miles away; they flew in, they were there for a short time, then off again and back to the carrier. Well, on one occasion they had quite a big raid, and do you know, we counted fourteen of their planes downed over the harbor. I would say they were foolhardy, because the came in and they came right down. They were small planes from the carriers.

C.G.R.:

Torpedo bombers?

J.W.A.:

They came right down and the anti-aircraft guns which the Japs had, you see, were able to get them quite easily. So that was unpleasant because in one case the fellow lived, the pilot lived. The Japs got hold of him and he was horribly butchered and murdered. Of course, it cheered us up to realize that the Americans, anyway, were around.

C.G.R.:

Of course, yes.

J.W.A.:

Getting within reach. But we were terribly sorry because in reality, they did do some damage. They bombed some of the ships in the harbor. But it wasn't too accurate, you know. I suppose they would count it a good score, but it seemed to us an awful waste of life because it didn't make any real difference to

the state of Hong Kong. Except that some stores were destroyed by them.

Then, later on, in the last stages of the imprisonment, the Americans came over at night -- the big planes. They were coming from an island, because they were big planes. I forget where they were by then, but anyway they were able to come and they dropped mines all around the harbor, and also, I believe, up in the delta to block ships coming up to Canton. So that was, again, something which gave us a little joy.

But that was the reason for our not being relieved immediately. The Japs surrendered. Admiral Harcourt [Rear-Admiral C. Harcourt] had the British fleet, one of the largest British fleets ever mobilized, and he brought it up within a few miles of Hong Kong, but he had no minesweepers. In any case, it would have taken a long time to go over the whole area. So, Captain Creery, on the [HMCS] Prince Robert, you've heard of him? -- he's now a retired rear-admiral, Creery, and he lives in Ottawa.

C.G.R.:

I believe John Crawford introduced me to him.

J.W.A.:

Oh, he probably would, because I saw him again after the war. I saw him in Ottawa. He came over when I was with John Crawford in his cabin. I didn't realize that he couldn't recognize me. But anyway, I knew him very well. Captain Creery said to Harcourt, I think he got in touch by radio or somehow, and he got permission from Ottawa to do what he liked. He said, "Look, I want to go in and see what's happening." Harcourt, I

think, tried to persuade him not to. But anyway, he came in very, very slowly, close to the shore, and tied up to the number one wharf, Kowloon, which was the most easily reached. It sticks out into the harbor. By that time some of the fellows were able to get out of the camp -- Sham Shui Po -- and go down, and I went down just for a short time and saw them in the Prince Robert. They were very nice to us too. Captain Creery was there but unfortunately he wasn't able to do an awful lot, because he didn't have much in the way of spare stores.

Also, we had been out of camp and they had a godown, practically filled with tinned goods, which were part of the British army's stores before the war. They had been sent out before the hostilities, before '41. The Japs hadn't touched them at all. They were there and [laughter] one result was we had absolutely tons of butter showered on us. It was mainly butter. The poor fellows started eating this and of course they got dreadfully sick -- their stomach couldn't stand it. Oh dear, that was frightfully funny, that butter. But again, typical of the Japs, you see, why keep all that stuff? Because they were pretty short of food themselves.

C.G.R.:

I was going to say, they hadn't used it themselves, either.

J.W.A.:

Yes, they could have used the stuff. And there were tins of other things which had never been opened. Of course, in some cases they were, perhaps, damaged.

[End of side 2.]

C.G.R.:

Let me go back to the diphtheria business, if I may, for a minute.

J.W.A.:

Yes.

C.G.R.:

When I spoke with Dr. Banfill, one of the things that he talked about was, after they got a little bit of antitoxin into Sham Shui Po, there was the moral dilemma as to who got it. Do you have any comments on that?

J.W.A.:

There was quite a moral dilemma tied to the diphtheria and also with some of the sulfa drugs, you see, because some people felt that, oh, the greatest number, etc. My view was, no, take somebody who probably will recover if he gets the stuff, and who is worth bringing back, as it were, and don't give two or three pills to each person as they came along. Give a full course to a suitable candidate. I felt that was the best way to solve the moral dilemma. But that applied, yes, to the diphtheria and also later to the sulfa; but the diphtheria anti-toxin simply went nowhere, given the extent of our epidemic.

The diphtheria cases, you see, I included -- after the war, when I went back in '46 to the war crimes court, I was the main evidence against quite a number of them. I was also the expert witness in torture, which was rather unpleasant; I mean, I didn't want to have anything to do with that. But anyway, when I was giving evidence against Lieutenant Saito I cited, I think, 96 deaths, which I felt able to say that he, by lack of supervision,

by lack of supplies to us, had contributed to their deaths. He was finally sentenced to death, but unfortunately it was commuted and he was put in prison.

A curious thing happened in 1950, the Japanese who had been sentenced to prison were still in the Hong Kong prison and they were complaining like hell about all kinds of things. Well, I was by then a Justice of the Peace, and the Governor appointed what they called a Peace Commission. It was simply a couple of Justices of the Peace -- myself and a Chinese lawyer. We went out to the prison -- we had a official interpreter, but no one else in the room except, well, Colonel Tokunaga was one, Lieutenant Saito, and I forget who the others were. But anyway, that was an interesting experience, because Saito came in, and he had then been in prison five years, and he first of all refused to speak English. He knew English quite well, or well enough to talk to me anyway, but he simply refused. It had to be done through the interpreter -- a waste of time. Also, it made me annoyed; that's what he wanted to do, get me annoyed. He finally said, "Well, in 25 years time, my son will be fighting your son, and we will win and the Greater East-Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere will be founded again." I sort of shrugged my shoulders at him, and said, "Well, go back to your kennel there." I was tired of him by then. But in <u>no</u> way was he at all contrite, and in no way had he given up. As I say, he really meant this, that he was going to get his own back.

C.G.R.:

An unrepentant sinner.

J.W.A.:

Absolutely, yes.

C.G.R.:

How long did he stay in, do you know?

J.W.A.:

I think about 8 years in all. And then some kind person in London, or somewhere, allowed the Japs to take them back into Japan. Well, I'm quite sure they were back for a day, long enough to get a good bath there, and then were sent home, because I'm sure the Japs didn't carry [on the sentence]. However that didn't matter then, I mean, the thing was all over.

C.G.R.:

Tell me, please, a bit about Ken Cambon.

J.W.A.:

Yes.

C.G.R.:

You mentioned something about his involvement earlier, but again the machine wasn't on -- his work as a volunteer orderly and so on.

J.W.A.:

Yes. Well, I forget how many there were -- 20 or 30 of them. Anyway, they came up, and -- when I say they came, the Japs brought them up, because they were in camp. Cambon wasn't wounded, I don't think.

C.G.R.:

No, I believe not.

J.W.A.:

No, I think he wasn't wounded so he hadn't been in the

hospital. Anyway, they came up, and we just taught them what to do. We had various people by then who knew what should be done to the patients. They did extraordinarily well, because people like Cambon had no previous experience and it's quite difficult, faced with all the various jobs that you do for people like our wounded. We were very pleased because life would have been quite insufferable without their help. It was the one thing that the Japs did which you could say helped us, because it helped us if we didn't have to do all the various thing we had been doing. But they lasted, some of them went back, I can't remember exactly when, but their usefulness was very great indeed. And it was a very good thing for them to volunteer, as they did, because they didn't know what they were going to get into. You know, they were being shifted from Sham Shui Po.

They certainly didn't get any more food, because in 1945, at the end of March '45, I think it was the 30th of March, we had no water, we had no means of sewage disposal, we had no nothing. We had hardly any food in Bowen Road. Everything had been pinched that was of any value, at the time of the surrender. There were no lights of any kind, and they finally sent us over to the Central British School in Kowloon, which was a British school which had been there before the war, and that was badly damaged. There were a lot of windows broken and that sort of thing, and it had been looted. But the roof and walls were still standing all right, and in many ways it was quite all right. We got away from the horrible things that had been happening in Bowen Road. I mean it was a little quieter in some ways.

We were there, well, it was the 30th of March we were all

shifted, first of all, to Sham Shui Po, and we were there for six weeks. At Sham Shui Po there were a lot of our old friends, you see, troops whom we had sent back [from the hospital]. They were awfully good to us. I had Other Ranks coming up to me and saying, "Look, I've got this mug of rice, I'd like to give it to you," and offer it. Things like that which, really, absolutely floored me. I mean, they really were good. And they did have rather higher rations than we and they had rather more stores and were able to give them a little more. I actually put on 10 pounds in the six weeks I was in Sham Shui Po.

Then we went to Central British School for the rest of the war. I mean the war finished when we were there. The two weeks after the Japs surrendered were very bad, because the Chinese knew, and they were rushing up in the streets behind the Japs and were knifing them in the back and all that sort of thing. And the Japs said that we engineered this -- we were very glad to hear about it, but we certainly hadn't engineered it!

C.G.R.:

You didn't do anything to stop it.

J.W.A.:

Certainly we didn't. We really were quite worried during that two weeks, interested in what was going to happen to us, because they were getting drunk all the time. They were drinking sake, and a drunk Japanese sentry with a full rifle is a nasty bit of work.

C.G.R.:

I would think so, yes.

Did you lose a lot of weight?

J.W.A.:

Well, the only time I was weighed, we had an old scale for weighing sacks and things in the hospital, which we still had, with weights that you pushed on. I lost over 60 pounds, about 65 pounds, when I was weighed with that. I wasn't weighed again after. I think the Japs pinched the scale. I think they didn't like us weighing; that's right, they didn't like us weighing ourselves. But my actual weight at that point was 106, 106 pounds, I think. And I had been 178. Because I'm much thinner, you see, I've had carcinoma of the bowel, and all that sort of thing, the last few years. So I'm actually much thinner than I was in 1939, you see. But we put on weight very quickly when we started eating food. Far too quickly -- we just sort of swelled. But it was wonderful getting the food.

C.G.R.:

I've a couple of questions about sex. Were there obvious difficulties with the absence of sex, and was there any homosexuality that you were aware of?

J.W.A.:

Well, I'm glad you asked that question because I was quite surprised -- we had <u>very</u> little trouble with homosexuality at all. There was one fellow, who I think was a little bit wanting anyway. He was a Winnipeg Grenadier; I don't think he'd ever had any education. But we suspected that he was that way inclined. As far as we know there was nothing that actually took place. There were maybe one or two others, but we didn't spot, we certainly....I felt that fellow had to be sort of watched in a

way, you know. But that was the only one. And that was more surprising to me with all these hundreds of people from all over the place, you see. Some were from England, from Canada, and so on. Sex, I don't think worried us once we were hungry. The hunger banished all ideas of sex [laughter], because you might have wasted the food a bit [laughter] if you wanted sex. So we had very little trouble with that.

The other interesting thing was too, that the lack of alcohol -- although a lot of people were quite vociferous in their comments about it -- it wasn't a real problem. Smoking, yes. They'd do anything to make some filthiest thing out of something they found in the trees, to smoke. But the lack of alcohol never came up, really, as any problem.

That again, I was extremely pleased about, but there I was a little surprised. You see, to begin with, up to August '42, we'd had the nurses living right in the hospital. I mean the buildings where the orderlies and sergeants used to live, the Japs had taken them over -- we just had the hospital building. So they were right next door, as it were, in a room. But the trouble there was, you see, the Japs would wander into the room at night, the Jap sentry sort of trailing his rifle along, and it was very worrying for them. But fortunately we didn't have any really serious trouble. We were very sorry to see the women go, because they were so useful, but we felt that things were getting worse and we felt that the Japanese troops were, their morale was a bit low, and we felt that that might lead to some problem later on.

Out at the civilian camp -- they were put out on the

peninsula at Stanley, well, they were cut off then, you see. They never got any, or not as many, infectious diseases as they normally do in Hong Kong, because they were completely isolated in the Stanley Camp. Anyway, that's where the nurses went.

When we first surrendered, we had some VADs, some [of them] Eurasians and some Chinese, and we got them out at night, to slip out during that two days, as I mentioned, before the Japs came in. They got away to their homes, or anyway to friends in Hong Kong, and then they would simply be treated as civilians -- not that that treatment was very good, but they certainly weren't mixed up with the army. So we got quite a number of them away. Then we were left with the regulars, and they went in August '42 to Stanley, and they left Stanley, at least the two Canadians did, not the British people, the two Canadians [nurses Kay Christie and May Waters] left Stanley in 1943. They were repatriated on the <u>Gripsholm</u>. The British ones stayed on.

Only two of our regular British nurses, three I should say, have really been fit since the war. The others have had various things. Mary Curry, she married a clergyman in England after the war. But I believe she was always pretty sick and led a very quiet life. But she was a sterling character too. She never spoke very much. Whenever she spoke, you had to listen because it was something of value. And her technique with the operating unit, this was naturally near-perfect.

C.G.R.:

You mentioned the absence of lab facilities, how about x-rays? Was there any x-ray?

J.W.A.:

Well, we had the x-ray department. Yes, we had the x-ray in the building and we had a radiologist, a regular army radiologist, Major Swyer Oh yes, and that was on this thing because Major Swyer had very big hands and they were so clumsy. He had, oh, I've forgotten the name of the disease -- acromegaly. We watched out for it for a period of years. It was quite interesting seeing that. He actually survived to the end of the war, was sent back to England, and didn't die for about four years. That was rather horrible, in a way, seeing him, because, again, there was nothing we could do for him. But his voice, his lips, his hands, his feet, and everything -- this was a horrible experience. Certainly for him. As I say, he did get back to England and saw his wife and was with her for 4 or 5 years. Swyer was his name, S-w-y-e-r.

C.G.R.:

I've interviewed Dr. [Winston] Cunningham. I don't know if you remember him, the dentist.

J.W.A.:

Who?

C.G.R.:

Cunningham was his name. The Canadian dentist.

J.W.A.:

Oh yes. Well now, as far as I remember he was never in Bowen Road. He was over in, he was with the troops, that's right. He was put in North Point Camp for a short time and then Sham Shui Po. We had a dentist in Bowen Road who was a regular in the army dental corps, Royal Army Dental Corps, British. A

fellow called Fraser. He couldn't do very much because -- well, he tried but the Japs didn't, as far as I remember, let him use a drill or anything.

One of the awful things that happened to us later on was when certain sentries in Sham Shui Po would, well, they would take a little bribe, shall we say -- a gift, of course. And the troops got their gold out of their teeth, and sold it to the sentry for money. The Japanese took all our Hong Kong money, and it became a capital offense to have Hong Kong bank notes, for example, and certainly sterling too. Of course, sterling wasn't any use over there anyway. But they issued us with military yen. What happened was that for once they looked up the Geneva convention, and [found that] prisoner-of-war officers can get paid by the people who've captured them and they'll be paid back by the other country -- that arrangement. So the Japs thought that was fine, so they gave us military yen, which were really completely valueless in some ways, and we would sign for [having received] 100 pounds or something. After the war Donald Bowie went back to England and he had all these things. Also I had backed certain cheques of Chinese, my name went on the back of the cheque and that meant that I would see that the money was paid for. And with that they were giving money to people. He saw the people in London and there was roughly 20,000 pounds involved, only some of which was mine, of course, and the War Office finally decided that (it would be more on the War Office, probably, the financial people), that that could be washed out, because they never paid the Japs, you see. So they simply tore up the chits. Yes, that was the military yen business -- because

you could, for a time, you could buy things from the Japs. As I say, they had some things.

The Red Cross parcels were another scandal, because they'd arrived in Hong Kong and the Swiss Consul was the [International Committee of the] Red Cross representative. And his name, funnily enough, was Zindell. (The name has been in the papers so much recently [different person, of course].) Zindell was sort of, I shouldn't say he was absolutely afraid, but he certainly wasn't very active in getting things done. One can hardly blame him because I suppose the Japs certainly didn't cooperate with him. But we felt that he could have done a lot more. You see, when he came to visit the hospital, the Japs brought out a whole bunch of white tablecloths and sheets and stuff, and this was spread around the hospital and everything was cleaned up, and then Zindell was brought in. He wasn't allowed to speak to any of us. He simply marched through. And he could see they had tea cups and this sort of things. I'm surprised they didn't have cocktails there to show how well we were being treated! But that made the people awfully mad, you know. One felt absolutely boiling with rage to see this fellow being led along and not being able to say anything.

In Sham Shui Po they did something similar, and I believe on one occasion a fellow broke ranks and shouted, and he was very badly treated for it. But on the whole it didn't make all an awful lot of difference. But certain transactions went on and, as I say, there were one or two sentries, not many, who were susceptible to a little bribe.

When I got my funds again, I simply turned them over to,

well, Bowie was then in administration, really, and he always put everything I got onto him. I simply gave him the money and then he could use it for general purposes, you see. I didn't want anyone to feel that I'd used this stuff myself. At least that was my view of it.

C.G.R.:

Tell me about Dr. Ashton Rose.

J.W.A.:

Oh yes, Ashton Rose. Well now, Ashton Rose was an officer in the Indian Medical Service, which you probably know was a very fine service before the war. Ashton Rose was captured and he was in Sham Shui Po all the time. He was never really with us. He came up during the hostilities once or twice, I think, but he actually was never with us, but he was in charge in Sham Shui Po and did very well. He was a completely fearless chap. He was a great talker. I mean he could talk the Japs out of things a bit.

They had a peculiar situation in Sham Shui Po, because the Japs made Major [Cecil] Boone the commandant, under them of course. But he was a British regular officer. He was a wonderful linguist. He spoke five languages and he spoke Japanese well. And before the hostilities he had a German mistress in Hong Kong. Well, Boone was an absolute swine, and they gave him a little special hut of his own, and put sentries around and so on, because he would have been lynched by the troops, because he lived in style in that place and then gave orders, you see, which the Japs made people obey! For example, when I went to Sham Shui Po in 1945, I'd got down there, it was a hut with some other people, and they showed me in, and then one

of the troops came along and said, "Major Boone's compliments, Sir. His letter." And so I took the letter and thought well, that's rather funny, no one's sent me a letter like that in some time. So this was asking me to come and see him in his office, you see. So I read this, and I thought for a bit. And I thought, My God! what in earth have I come to? Because I'd heard of Boone's reputation. So I said to this fellow, "Tell Major Boone that Major Anderson will not be coming to see him." This fellow was very worried, you see. I think he was a, well, I don't know what he was, but anyway, he was obviously working with Boone. And I suggested he go and tell him. So I never made any attempt to see Boone. Fortunately, I was only there six weeks and I managed to avoid him at all times. And so that was Major Boone.

Major Boone was taken back to England and court martialled in London. He came from a wealthy family. His father briefed one of the top barristers in London to defend him in the court martial. You see, in a court martial you can have a civil barrister defend you. Well, that surprised everybody, I think, in the army. And this fellow defended him. Do you want this story?

C.G.R.:

Yes, oh yes.

J.W.A.:

Anyway, it was held in London. Some of the people who had been in Sham Shui Po camp were back there, you see, and were giving evidence at the trial. Well, a Colonel of the Royal Scots (oh, God! his name just escapes me for a moment; it will come)

[Col. Simon White], he was put in the box. He was a great big husky fellow, very good officer, completely fearless in battle, apparently he just didn't ever think that there was any danger. He was actually the senior colonel in Sham Shui Po at the end of the war. He was giving evidence. He went into the witness box (I got this from Captain Valentine, who died just last year in London; Captain Valentine was giving evidence too), he went into the box and this barrister got up and said, "Well, Colonel, first of all I must express my great admiration and the admiration of all your countrymen at your exploits, which have been fully reported in England." This fellow sort of got rather uncomfortable, apparently, in the box, you see. He didn't like people talking like that. He [the lawyer] went on about this and said, "Of course, Colonel, I'm sure even with a man of your bravery there must have been times when you felt rather frightened, didn't you?" And this Colonel, as I say, was getting all het up, he said, "By God! I certainly was." At once this barrister changed his voice completely, Valentine said, and said, "Yes, and that's all my client is guilty of. He was afraid, and made to do things by the Japanese." Which was absolute rot. This poor chap was completely dumbfounded. I mean he hadn't ever in his life been attacked by a barrister. Valentine said it was absolutely dramatic.

C.G.R.:

One question I might ask is, have you any observations on this question of coping? On the kinds of people who coped well, and the kinds who didn't cope well?

J.W.A.:

Oh yes. That was quite interesting, because very often a man you thought should be quite good in the way of keeping his morale good during the time, would fail miserably. It was quite noticeable that several of the Hong Kong Volunteer people, whom I'd known as civilians before, and who then were mixed up with the army -- most of them, of course, were very good but there were one or two who just didn't match up, they became melancholic and silent; in other words not friendly. One thing which I felt was rather important was keeping an optimistic view of things.

Now, perhaps it's a shame to mention names, but Charles Boxer, who was the Intelligence officer, he was the sort of chap who could say quite clearly, "Of course, you know we're not getting out of this. Don't be a bloody fool. You're not getting out of this alive!" when something had happened, something <u>more</u> had happened. I'd say, "Look, for God's sake, don't say these things, because people's nerve was going slowly but surely, and somebody's going to become melancholic." I don't think we ever had a suicide, by the way. But I thought that even might happen. But he said, "Oh, don't be a bloody fool, you're not getting out of this." Now, I was annoyed by that attitude because I felt that as long as you were optimistic, something might happen. You know, we might get out. In fact we did. Some of us anyway.

Generally speaking there was a tendency to depression, you see. A fellow would...well, the worst thing was from the fellow who was desperately hungry and desperately thin, and would refuse even the smallest rations which he was getting, or certainly not

finish them. I mean that made no sense at all. I felt that was a danger signal, because a fellow who could do that, obviously that would be a mental state which would go on getting worse. I didn't know much about mental things but that's what I felt.

C.G.R.:

Do you think the Canadians did less well, or any better, than the British troops? They were so new and....

J.W.A.:

I would say that on the whole, they were certainly different in their attitude in general. The Canadians were, perhaps, inclined to be a bit surly and not too tactful, shall we say, with the Japanese. I don't mean to say that the British toadied to them at all, but there's a way of doing things and there's a way of asking for things. But on the whole, I thought they were really very good. A lot of these Winnipeg people, you know, were, to my mind, totally uneducated and their background -- you could hardly tell from just talking to them, you had to have it explained. But they never gave any serious trouble.

It's true that the average British regular soldier was very good indeed. Now, the Middlesex Regiment, for example, "Monkey" Stewart was his nickname, Colonel [H.W.M.] Stewart, he was a very fine man. A little short chap. He had tremendous morale among his men. They worshipped him. He was quite a disciplinarian and when they transferred a lot of our people up to Japan to work up there, these people had recovered, you see, Colonel Stewart was with them. An American submarine torpedoed them on the way up and they were about 10 miles offshore. They'd kept fairly close to the shore near [the mouth of the Yangtse] at Shanghai.

The Jap destroyer came along looking for the submarine and they fired on the people in the water. Now, I forget how many hundred were drowned. You probably know or it is recorded somewhere: the Lisbon Maru. People who hadn't managed to get off this ship were battened down, and they deserted the ship, the Japanese crew had taken off. Colonel Stewart, along with one of the Hong Kong Volunteer officers, organized things, because it was such a terrible business, they were all down in the hold, and they managed to break open somewhere so that they got out, and they saved numerous lives.

Then, of course, you know the story of the five who survived that, and not only survived but they got ashore. They got to an island and the Chinese fishermen hid them on the island. The Japs came, and they [the Chinese] had taken these people to the mainland the night before -- the Japs came and butchered every one of the people on the island. I think they were practically all killed. That five, they took about a month or six weeks, but they all got to Chungking, traveling at night and sleeping and hiding during the day. The Chinese were very good to them all through.

So, that was an amazing story, I mean to be torpedoed by an American ship! Of course it was summer and the water was warm, you know that water there you can last for hours, and hours, and hours, there's no problem at all about chilling. The water was usually warmer than the air. Anyway, they got ashore. That was a terrific business. Yes, I had a great friend who was one of them. He, poor devil, after the war he got a job out in Saigon, and he was murdered in a mistake for somebody else, by somebody

in Saigon. It was a dreadful thing.

But no, there wasn't all that much difference that mattered, anyway. There were differences but they didn't really matter in the sense of one lot being worse than another. I found them very good to get on with, and I must say, they were very good to me, the troops. One thing, one Christmas, in '43 or '44, they made a Christmas Card out of materials found in the camp. And, about 20 or 30 of them signed it and presented it to me on Christmas Day -- Christmas Day was just like any other day, of course. But I was very touched by that because all these troops had signed this. Quite recently my daughter was here; she lives in Ottawa, and she took it, she wanted to give it to the museum. She knew somebody there and they were very anxious to have it, and it's now in the Canadian War Museum, because a great many of them who signed were Canadian troops.

They actually want more. The sword I was presented with at the end of the war by the "Captain of the Port," he called himself. He was a naval Captain. They were all lined up handing over their swords because they thought they would get some benefit by doing it properly [laughter], you see. But anyway, I have this sword still here. Some fellow came the other day and offered me $400 dollars down for it. Apparently Japanese swords are an in thing with some people. But the War Museum, I don't think they have one and they wanted one, you see, which was handed over at the surrender, which I have. But I said, "No, I'd wait a bit," because my daughter will do all that later, when I'm dead.

No, I'm -- perhaps you could say I'm half Canadian, because

I married a Canadian, and perhaps leaning a little bit towards it. Mind you, there's no doubt that their military training was not, perhaps, as good as those of the Royal Scots, who were a regular battalion, and the Middlesex, and even the Indian battalions.

The Indians fought extremely well. They were amazing. And they had the, I was going to say privilege, but it was a funny privilege -- they covered the retreat from the mainland, and did it awfully well, and lost, oh, dozens of men at the end there. But they behaved extremely well. They had a very bad time during the imprisonment because they wanted them to form this Indian National Army. Some of them did agree to it, and others didn't and suffered. They killed some of them and so on.

But the Canadians did pretty well in the places they were. There were one or two mistakes, I mean. Now, as you know, Brigadier [J.K.] Lawson, and his staff, were all killed at the same time up at Wanchai Gap, I think it was, they were killed. But I've heard British officers criticizing, not in a very violent way but simply saying, it was a great pity that they put their headquarters where they put it because it was just asking for trouble. The Japs found out who it was, and of course they were killed there. They attacked the Gap, and you know that was the end of that. I think there was only one staff officer who survived that -- a captain -- I can't remember who it was. But all the others, I think, were killed in that fighting at Wanchai Gap.

But these are little things and after all it was debatable. The Canadians thought that the General was terrible because he

lived 60 feet below the ground. The point was that they could operate completely there without disturbance, with his staff. He'd occasionally come up, of course. But I've heard criticism of him, "Poor old General Maltby, he just never had a chance." I was sorry for him because he was a thoroughly depressed man. He was the only general who was not decorated after or during the war. I don't think he was decorated. He may have got an OBE or something when he got back, but you know most of them were given something. I don't think he was really a bad general. I think one or two of his decisions may have been so, but I feel that it's unfair to criticize any particular group, especially using that criticism to bolster another.

C.G.R.:

Well, it's hard for me, as a non-military person, to see how any different decision could have made much of a change at Hong Kong. A little bit of a change, yes, but the end result, it seems to me quite clearly, would have been the same.

Has this experience, these war years, had a long-term effect on you, do you think?

J.W.A.:

Oh yes.

[End of side 3.]

We had to get things started again.

C.G.R.:

That was early, wasn't it?

J.W.A.:

That was very difficult because we'd lost everything, you see, everything had been destroyed or stolen. All our apparatus

and stuff went, and we got no insurance at all; I'd got no insurance on anything else, and also, although I'd been insured as a civilian, you see, all these policies kept war out of it. As soon as I became in uniform, I was no longer a civilian. The army, the British Army, you weren't supposed to have a wife there and you couldn't claim for anything of hers [laughter] -- this is a very complicated business.

But with regards to getting the practice going again, we had no experience. Hong Kong had their own exchange before the war, the Hong Kong dollar; then it was linked to gold after the war. We couldn't buy anything from the [United] States; we could have got things there, because they had lots of stuff in the States. You couldn't get anything from Britain just after the war. There was just nothing to buy in the way of x-ray apparatus and that sort of thing. Finally, about a year after we had started, there was a very big firm in England, Watson's, the radiological people, and they gave us a machine but they couldn't export it to us, you see; they weren't allowed to. So what we did was, we had just engaged a young doctor, Dr. Bergius, who was a very nice fellow. He came with very high credentials; his uncle was a Nobel Prize winner, and the family did this and that. He'd married a girl who's father made weskit, so it seemed that he ought to do rather well [laughter] in Hong Kong. He was actually a very good chap, Bergius.

She [Mrs. Bergius] was coming out. He had come out first, and she was coming out, so they were allowed to sell the apparatus to her and they delivered it to her at the Liverpool docks. She got on a Blue Funnel ship and came up to Hong Kong,

one of the first trips that the Blue Funnel did after the war. That was, oh, "excess luggage," which we paid for. We got the apparatus that way. The most extraordinary things we had to do to get things. We couldn't get drugs. We couldn't get instruments. It was all very difficult. But we managed.

Fortunately one of my partners, Dr. McElney, who just died 10 days ago (died here, as a matter of fact), he was in London in September `39 when the war broke out, on the 3rd of September. The next morning he went and joined the RAF medical service. He had a very interesting war the whole time, mostly in Africa. But he survived and was never wounded or anything, and he was available, you see, at the end of the war, he was quite fit. He came out with the Army of Occupation. He applied to join them. But, he fortunately came out. So he arrived a few days after I left in October of '45, and he was able to start in trying to get things together again.

I got back, as I say, in April of '46. In the meantime I had arranged for these two people to join us. There again, you see, we had no money [laughter], so it was a little difficult. However, the banks were very good to us. Mind you, they didn't lose by being good to us, but it was something to be considered a good risk in those days. And we got on and as you can see there's still the firm.

C.G.R.:

How about your health?

J.W.A.:

Well, as I think I mentioned before, I was ill each summer in Hong Kong from '46 to '51, and the war crimes trials rather

upset me a bit, I think. There was more strain trying to remember things and trying to be really fair. They were awfully fair, you know, the War Crimes trials were. I was terribly impressed by that. They had five judges for each trial. They came from Australia, from Canada, from Britain, mostly from Britain. All of these judges, none of them had been in action during the war against the Japanese. They made that provision so that they wouldn't be prejudiced. Then each defendant -- Col. Tokunaga, Lt. Saito -- they had a Japanese lawyer and a British lawyer. They had engaged British lawyers to defend them. That meant that the evidence was given properly, and the cross questioning was absolutely according to the ordinary legal procedure.

Of course, you know the famous case of "Slap-Happy," the Japanese whom the Canadian troops absolutely loathed, because he was very down on the Canadians. "Slap-Happy" [Kinawa Inouye] was one of the Japanese Canadians who left here in early '39. They were young men and they went back to join the army. This was long before Japan was in the war. He had come from Kamloops. He had been graduated in Kamloops High School, so he was called "the Kamloops Kid." He was an absolute swine, a thorough sadistic bastard. He was one of those who was tried after the war, and he was convicted.

Right at the end, his lawyer suddenly got up and said to the war crimes judges, "Look, we should point out that my client is a Canadian citizen, and therefore the War Crimes Court has no jurisdiction over him." Well, they'd never thought of that happening, you see. So they recessed the court for five

minutes, and came back and said, "Well, you're right. We don't have jurisdiction over him." So he was allowed to go off. He walked off quite proudly. But what he forgot, or didn't know, or his lawyer didn't know, was that officially the civilian government had taken over the day before, it was the 1st of May, I think. There were only a few lawyers around -- I mean there was only one government lawyer, I think, out there by then -- but they'd formed a police force. I think they'd got 40 policemen going by that time. But anyway, someone rushed around and got this lawyer and he told the police, and the police arrested him as he left the court. He was later tried for treason and hanged. So that's what happened to him, you see, they hanged him as a civilian. You see, he claimed he was a Japanese Canadian.

But that was terrible, those Japanese like that. Even our Japanese who had lived in Hong Kong, the same thing: they had suddenly appeared in uniform, the barber in the club for example was a Japanese. He was quite a good barber, but he would always talk, like all barbers generally -- he talked a lot. The officers from the naval yard and the military officers, they very often went to the Club and had their hair done there. Anyway, he was a spy the whole time. As I say, he was interned as soon as the fighting started, but as soon as we surrendered he was out and in a day or two he was in uniform. In other words he always had been, as far as the Japanese were concerned, he had always been Lieutenant So and So.

C.G.R.:

He was a spy.

J.W.A.:

He was a spy. Yes. They had nearly 2,000 Japanese living in Hong Kong. I don't say all of them did things like that, but a good many of them did. In other words there was a great fifth column in Hong Kong. Of course, some of the Chinese, no doubt, told them, either by design or by accident. Because every move that the military made or the navy made, every move was followed almost within the hour by enemy action. At least that's what it appeared to be to most of the people concerned.

C.G.R.:

More than coincidence.

J.W.A.:

More than coincidence, yes.

C.G.R.:

Well, Dr. Anderson, this has been absolutely fascinating.

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DEATHS • AVIS DE DÉCÈS

Abramowicz, Aleksander, Willowdale, Ont.; Lodz Akademia Medyczna (Poland), 1952; anatomical pathology. Died Feb. 16 aged 68; survived by his wife Dr. Irena Abramowicz and two children.

Allen, Alexander S., Brockville, Ont.; McGill University, 1929; former medical missionary, China. Died Sept. 3 aged 92; survived by his wife Winnifred and four daughters.

Anderson, James W., Victoria, BC; University of Edinburgh (Scotland), 1922; general surgery; former chief-of-staff, Royal Jubilee Hospital. Died July 20 aged 90.

Carnaghan, William C., Victoria, BC; University of Western Ontario, 1933. Died Aug. 5 aged 85.

Cleghorn, John M., Toronto, Ont.; McGill University, 1958; psychiatry; FAPA, FRCPC; staff, Clarke Institute of Psychiatry; professor, McMaster University. Died June 8 aged 58.

Criswick, Valentine G., Victoria, BC; University of Saskatchewan, 1963; ophthalmology. Died July 1 aged 65.

Douville, Gédéon J.T., St-Augustin, Qué.; Université Laval, 1950; anesthésie. Décédé le 18 avril à l'âge de 69 ans; son épouse, Gilberte, et cinq enfants lui survivent.

Harris, Paul W., Kelowna, BC; University of British Columbia, 1955; general practice; retired. Died July 22 aged 66; survived by his wife Betty and three children.

Jean, Clément, Sainte-Foy, Qué.; Université Laval, 1949; pathologie générale et anatomique; professeur émérite, Université Laval. Décédé le 5 mai à l'âge de 68 ans; son épouse, Thérèse, et quatre enfants lui survivent.

Kalman, George S., Windsor, Ont.; Debreceni Orvostudományi Egyetem (Hungary), 1938; obstetrics-gynecology; FRCSC; staff, Windsor Western Hospital Centre. Died Feb. 28 aged 78.

Karols, Janis, Mississauga, Ont.; Latvijas University (Latvia), 1931. Died Jan. 29 aged 87.

Kugler, Michael, Toronto, Ont.; University of London (England), 1946; orthopedic surgery; FRCS, FRCSC; orthopedic surgeon, Northwestern General Hospital; consultant, St. John's Rehabilitation Hospital. Died June 3 aged 69.

Lacerte, Jean, Montréal, Qué.; Université Laval, 1929; oto-rhino-laryngologie, opthalmologie; professeur retraité, Université Laval; chirurgien retraité, Hôtel-Dieu de Québec; membre honoraire, AMC. Décédé le 10 janvier à l'âge de 88 ans; son épouse, Agathe, et un fils lui survivent.

Lapierre, Irenée, Québec, Qué.; Université Laval, 1933; anesthésie. Décédé le 15 mars à l'âge de 85 ans; son épouse, Bibiane, et ses deux filles lui survivent.

Magnan, Louis A. Saint-Lambert, Qué.; Université de Montréal, 1922; obstétrique/gynécologie. Décédé le 24 avril à l'âge de 94 ans.

Mountain, Harold E., Chatsworth, Ont.; University of Western Ontario, 1932; anesthesia. Died July 18 aged 88; survived by his wife Stella and sons Dr. Harold and Dr. Thomas.

Mutungi, Nicodemus N., North Battleford, Sask.; University of London (England), 1975; MRCS, LRCP, MRCS, DA; staff, Battlefords Union Hospital. Died July 23 aged 41.

Nadkarni, Shankar V., St. Catharines, Ont.; Karnatak University (India), 1965; obstetrics-gynecology; FACOG, FRCSC; staff, St. Catharines General and Hotel Dieu hospitals. Died Sept. 9 aged 51; survived by his wife Kalpana and one daughter.

Nitikman-Ellison, Gladys, Montreal, Que.; University of Manitoba, 1936; anesthesia; senior member, CMA. Died July 8 aged 78.

Robinson, John G., Toronto, Ont.; University of Toronto, 1952; anesthesia. Died Feb. 1 aged 68.

Ryan, Valerie P., Kingston, Ont.; University of Edinburgh (Scotland), 1952; family practice; associate staff, Kingston General Hospital; courtesy staff, Hotel Dieu Hospital. Died July 14 aged 64.

Spillas, George, Toronto, Ont.; University of Guadalajara (Mexico), 1982; orthopedic surgery; FRCSC. Died Mar. 8 aged 39.

Stechishin, Orest, Edmonton, Alta.; University of Alberta, 1943; anesthesia; FRCPC; retired. Died June 25 aged 79; survived by his wife Pauline and two children.