

JOSEPH ROGER RAYMOND QUIRION
Experiences as a Prisoner-of-War, 1941-1945

Interviewed by
Charles G. Roland, M.D.
22 November 1985

Oral History Archives
Hannah Chair for the History of Medicine
McMaster University
Hamilton, Ontario
L8N 3Z5

Interview No. HCM 84-85

JOSEPH ROGER RAYMOND QUIRION
Experiences as a Prisoner-of-War, 1941-1945

Interviewed by
Charles G. Roland, M.D.
22 November 1985

Oral History Archives
Hannah Chair for the History of Medicine
McMaster University
Hamilton, Ontario
L8N 3Z5

Interview No. HCM 84-85

Charles G. Roland, MD:

Well, Mr. Quirion, would you tell me a bit about your background -- who your parents were, what your father did for a living, a bit about your early years?

Joseph Roger Raymond Quirion:

Yes. Well, I born on the Gaspé, more precisely at Percé, which is known as Percé Rock. I was one among 15 children, a family of 15 children.

C.G.R.:

A large family.

J.R.R.Q.:

A large family. My father was a fisherman by trade, and we lived from fishing and from the tourist industry, later. For myself, before I joined the army, I had done very little fishing, but worked as a tourist guide for the tourists, previous to the war in the late '30's. It was 1940 when I joined up.

C.G.R.:

Were you taking them out to the Rock, things like that?

J.R.R.Q.:

Well, I was more or less guiding them, like trout fishing, to lakes. Then in 1937, my dad sold his fishing boat and he converted, he bought another boat which he used to take people out to that bird sanctuary which is Bonaventure Island on the Gaspe. Then I became more or less a salesman selling trips, you see, for the boat rides to the island, and I did that right till I joined the army, from '37 to '40, 1940.

C.G.R.:

Yes. How did you come to join the army?

J.R.R.Q.:

Well, I think I was influenced; I had two good friends -- being a small town, you know -- that I used to go out with. One had joined in July, that's 1940, and I missed him. I thought that I should join but then we were right in the tourist season this July or August, and I thought that I'd wait until the season would be over. So anyway, in September I thought would be the proper time and I thought I would join then, you see. Then I had the choice of joining the Chaudiere Regiment or the Royal Rifles. But then I was improving my English (which I still have a lot of room to do). But I thought if I joined the Royal Rifles that it would be better for me, so I had another friend, which was a neighbor that also joined at the same time. I think that there was some [feeling of] adventure, of course, being from a small little village, and I had never seen even the train, being so far isolated. And then the war, of course, it was always a duty -- I think it all combined.

C.G.R.:

Tell me a bit then about your early days with the RRC. What kind of training did you have? You went to Newfoundland, did you?

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes. Well I joined September the 12th, and we went to Quebec City to pass our x-rays -- medical x-rays -- and from there we went to Valcartier where we stayed for, if I recall, maybe a month. This was our first training camp. After a month in Valcartier we were transferred to Sussex, New Brunswick, where

we stayed until November, when we departed from Sussex to Newfoundland, where we headed for Botwood, Newfoundland. We stayed for three months. From Botwood we were transferred to Gander for the winter months. Then from Gander we went to St. John's and we spent two or three months there as well. That made it eight or nine months in Newfoundland, you see.

C.G.R.:

Before they shipped you west?

J.R.R.Q.:

Before they shipped us west. From there we came back to Quebec, of course. This was during the late summer, we came to St. John, New Brunswick, we were stationed there for a short while, and then we went back to Valcartier. And that's when we got the news that we were leaving on a boat for overseas. We heard on the boat the news that we were heading for Hong Kong.

C.G.R.:

Were you on the Awatea?

J.R.R.Q.:

I was on the Awatea, yes.

C.G.R.:

What was the trip over like?

J.R.R.Q.:

It was a pleasant trip, I would say, because we had heard so much about the Hawaiian Islands. We knew where we were heading, and that we would stop at the Hawaiian Islands for just a stopover. It was a long trip, I should say, because of the Pacific being so immense. From there to the Philippines, where

we also stopped for a couple of hours; then from there direct to Hong Kong. But the whole trip must have taken seven or eight days, if I recall.

C.G.R.:

What was your impression of Hong Kong when you got there?

J.R.R.Q.:

Well, I was impressed there because I thought it was a picturesque place, and, of course, very crowded. We were very excited to be there, and to see another way of living.

C.G.R.:

Did you get an opportunity before the war actually started to see Hong Kong? Did you go to the bars -- did you get to do any of that?

J.R.R.Q.:

I'm sorry, you mean in Hong Kong?

C.G.R.:

In Hong Kong.

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes, well, I did -- we had the NAAFI there, something like our Knights of Columbus, or YMCA, the NAAFI [Navy, Army, & Air Force Institute]. We used to go, that's where we had our meals most of the time. You could buy different things like maybe a beer or things like that. I was out probably once or twice before we were captured, to one or two hotels there that I thought had music and that. It was very entertaining I would say.

C.G.R.:

OK. Well, tell me about your war. Tell me about the three

weeks of fighting as you saw it. Where were you and...?

J.R.R.Q.:

Well, I think it was on a Sunday, maybe the 6th or 7th of December, that we were held for a muster parade. Then from there they decided that we'd get all our gear together, and then we crossed over to Hong Kong.

C.G.R.:

To the Island?

J.R.R.Q.:

To the Island. But we were at Kowloon, you see. That's where our camp was.

C.G.R.:

At Sham Shui Po?

J.R.R.Q.:

Sham Shui Po, right. Then from there, you see, we took position in the hills. We dug a few little trenches. We had these pillboxes that we were around most of the time, guarding. Well, we didn't see any action there the first few days, anyway it was more or less calm, you know. A few flares at first up in the air, telling us that the enemy was coming.

Then after a few days, if I recall, they were asked to go to -- the Japanese had landed somewhere on the Island, you see, and we were told that we had to go. So they got us on a truck to go with C Company, I think. At the time that was already -- they had had a little action. This was at nighttime and we took positions all night, which was very calm. Then from there we went to different peaks which I just don't recall the names --

there was Parker Hills, and there was quite a few. I remember well that we had to do a lot of climbing. The hard part, I think, was that we couldn't always find water to drink, and food, of course, we had no kitchen that would normally follow the troops, you see. That was the hard part. A few hardtacks that we had.

That lasted maybe four or five days of the same thing, going up or down the hills. Finally one day, anyway, we saw some Japanese and were supposed to make an attack there towards the evening. Well, that's where I was wounded, you see. There must have been this firing line there. Three of us were shot at the same time -- two boys in the legs, and I was shot in the arm.

C.G.R.:

What, your left arm?

J.R.R.Q.:

Left arm, yes. From there I was sort of lucky. I was hungry and thirsty. Then we went down towards the town of Hong Kong, and then I saw a car, a big open car, a gentleman sitting [in it], a civilian all by himself. I think he was English. He had been very nice to us, inviting us -- he said, "You're wounded, so let me take you to the first aid post -- Red Cross." I was sitting in front with him, you see, and he had this glove compartment; he said, "You look in there, there's something for you." So I opened it up and there was a small little "mickey" [flask]. I couldn't, it was worth a million dollars to him. He said, "You have a good drink of that." That was something I really appreciated and have never forgotten, and his courtesy, very nice. The two other boys, of course, they were also

wounded. We were in the same car, they were sitting in the back of the car.

C.G.R.:

So you had a pretty fancy ambulance.

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes. I had a sort of a dressing around my wound, so did the other two boys who was with me. So we stayed there for a few hours; from there, it was getting dark towards the evening, and they transferred us to the hospital. I think it was St. Stephen's -- I'm not too sure. It was converted; it was an old college converted into a hospital, you see. But my clothes didn't follow so I got there in my pajamas. This was a couple of days before Christmas.

Things in the hospital were rather bad. I would say that the Japanese were already around the hospital. I noticed some of the British troops there were defending outside with their submachine guns that were noisy all night. So, finally, when they came to bring the clothes, you could see the Japanese around the hospital.

Then arrived the moment, Christmas morning, when we were captured. The Japanese came in and they broke glasses, windows. They got us all into a room upstairs, you see, maybe 70 or 80 of us in one huge room where we spent Christmas day. It was very, very hot, I remember, very hot, and nothing to drink all day, of course, and no facilities. So it was very, very, stuffy in there and very hard to take.

C.G.R.:

Were you getting any medical care at this time?

J.R.R.Q.:

Well, I had, after I got wounded, at this first aid, Red Cross. They gave us, they gave me something with the other boys too, of course, they gave me a dressing anyway. That was the first attention that I got. At the hospital, well yes, they used to look after my wound, which was not major, it was just a minor wound, and they would look after my dressing.

C.G.R.:

I just wondered if during the day, on Christmas day, if you were getting any care while you were in this room?

J.R.R.Q.:

Oh, no, nothing at all. No, no, not....

C.G.R.:

The orderlies weren't with you, or nurses, or doctors?

J.R.R.Q.:

Oh no, no, no. There were all the boys that they had gathered together and they took us all in that one room, and we stayed put there, just waiting for results -- what would happen that day, you see. Of course, we knew that Hong Kong couldn't last too long, because it was like the end.

C.G.R.:

Now St. Stephen's, was that one of the places where there were atrocities where people were....?

J.R.R.Q.:

Well, I heard, yes, I heard while I was in there, that they had killed three nurses, two or three nurses. I didn't see them, of course, but I heard that. I know that the Japanese came in

our room, the guards. They came up, and there was one of our boys that, for some reason -- I always thought because he grew a beard maybe, he was different from the others -- they wanted to take him out of the room. We all, every one, said, "No, don't go," you know, "don't get yourself be pulled out of the room." Because we knew that something wrong would happen to him. So he didn't go, anyway, and they left him alone. But then we heard about the nurses.

I recall that they got us out on the next morning, which was the 26th. On the 26th they had their Christmas. There were quite a few bodies outside. Some were, well most of them were dead anyway. But they had us all, forced us to make a fire and burn the bodies. I had been wounded so I could only use one arm. They had this sort of stretcher, they would lay the body on and then throw them on this fire outside.

C.G.R.:

Were these Canadians, British or....?

J.R.R.Q.:

Well, they were mixed, you see. We had Indians also, Indian troops.

C.G.R.:

But they were soldiers.

J.R.R.Q.:

They were soldiers, yes, to my knowledge they were all soldiers -- I think because they had been fighting around us. In fact from the window where I stood, I saw a few, I saw a little fighting from the window, I could see like one, [I have a]

recollection of one Indian that was hit by a bullet. He laid on his back with his foot and his leg upward, that never came down again, you know what I mean.

C.G.R.:

Yes. OK, then what happened to you? What did they do with you after the burning of the bodies?

J.R.R.Q.:

Well, then we came back, this was maybe an hour's job, came back to our room. Then around 5 or 6 o'clock, a few hours I would say, we heard that Hong Kong had capitulated. The Japanese came and they threw a few cigarettes to the boys, maybe five or six cigarettes on the floor. Then someone came and said that the island had, the Governor of Hong Kong had capitulated, and then the Japanese came and said, "You are now the prisoners of Japan's army." So they asked some of the boys if they were thirsty --of course, we were all thirsty -- and they gave them a huge tub to go out and get a little water. That I remember. So we all had a little sip of water that we really badly needed.

I stayed there for maybe a week after, at which time they decided to transfer us to a different place, a different hospital. I'm not too sure, I think it was...I just can't recall the name of the hospital.

C.G.R.:

There was a Bowen Road hospital.

J.R.R.Q.:

Bowen Road. I think I was transferred to Bowen Road for a few days and then again to another place -- I think there was two or three transfers in my case -- where I stayed for say a month

or two before they got us to go and live with the boys at the camp.

C.G.R.:

At North Point.

J.R.R.Q.:

At North Point, right.

C.G.R.:

So you were in several different hospitals?

J.R.R.Q.:

I was, yes, due to my -- my wound was perfectly all right, but they decided that we'd stay there at these different hospitals for a week or two and change about. The worse part, I guess, was the food. The food was not too good, I would say -- very very small. We used to have something to eat -- if I remember, a very, very small amount of rice in the morning. That was at the hospital before I went to camp. And they used to give us, I think, something like a slice of bread, and we were lucky if we had anything else to go with it. You see, we had to walk [down] four floors to get that and I always thought, by the time you walk back up those floors again, what they had given you to eat was finished.

C.G.R.:

You'd used it up.

J.R.R.Q.:

You used it up walking. So that was the hard part before we got to camp. In camp, of course, food was very small too -- rationed, of course. But at least there was a little more.

C.G.R.:

Do you remember anybody who was looking after you when you were in the hospitals, any of the doctors?

J.R.R.Q.:

No, because to my knowledge I think that the doctors in the hospitals where I was there in St. Stephen's, they didn't have very much; it was just changing of a dressing which was done by a nurse. I recall there was two or three nurses, and unfortunately I don't just remember names.

Doctors, I think most of the doctors was at the Bowen Road, maybe, since it was the main or the larger hospital, I think. The one at St. Stephen's was more or less, maybe nurses or....

C.G.R.:

Do you remember about when you went to North Point?

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes. You see, I was in the hospital on Christmas day. Of course I was captured on Christmas day, and I said a month, maybe a month and a half, I would say a month and a half, this would be early February, I guess, when I was taken from the hospital to North Point camp.

C.G.R.:

Were you pretty well recovered? Was your arm in pretty good shape by then?

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes my arm was in better shape, yes.

C.G.R.:

OK., well tell me about North Point then. What was it like?

J.R.R.Q.:

Well, North Point to me, of course, there was all those boys; when I got there, first, I was very glad to meet all my buddies. I was wondering who had been...who had lived through it. That was the main thing, the main goal the first day I got there to look around for all my friends, the ones that I knew and who had gone. So I was given, like we had each, sort of, a bunk, if you like, to stay.

I was fortunate because I was given some, not clothes, but since I said the college had been transferred to a hospital, since it had been a college there was a lot of cupboards there with much, a lot of clothes, you see, and since I had left all my clothes, they didn't follow me from the Red Cross, close to where I was wounded. I had only pajamas. So I found there some clothes to my fitting, you see. I had shirts and pants. So I guess when I got to camp I was glad that I had found that, because the Japanese weren't issuing anything. Also, a mosquito net that I had brought, was good too, maybe avoid malaria or something, due to so many flies in camp.

The food was very, very small. It was just [enough] to exist, I'd say. But, on the other hand it was maybe -- I looked at the climate: would it have been better in Japan with small food in the cold weather than being in Hong Kong with the tropical weather? So I thought that it was all right to be in Hong Kong because of the small portion of food given us.

The excitement, there wasn't very much doing in camp except waiting for if you could get news, which never came through, of course. Or always, many rumors as would be expected in the camp.

That always kept us alive, to hear rumors; the war would end shortly! Then in camp we had quite a few other nationalities, being the big camp at North Point -- we got some of the Dutchmen there that had been captured at sea, the Dutch Navy, and Australian troops, a few Chinese, and the British troops, Middlesex from England, and the the Royal Scots. But I thought it was interesting, too, in a way, I mean to live all together and share the same joys and sorrows and compassion.

C.G.R.:

Did the different nationalities get along, would you say?

J.R.R.Q.:

I would think so, to my knowledge, yes. Or at least, you know, I mean then there was some Portuguese also from the Hong Kong Portuguese Regiment there that was, they were with us. But, they were all, to my knowledge, they all got along fine. We were all sharing this, as you understand, we were all sharing the same things. It was quite an experience.

Then, the worst came, of course, when we started after a few months of lacking in the proper food. The illness that came, when the malaria started to come and the beriberi, which was very severe and very common in camp. I myself had the beriberi. But in camp, as we called it, was the dry and the wet beriberi. You would understand. I had the dry beriberi. That was the really painful part. Now the only way you could get consolation, or the only way that you could get relief, it very difficult to explain or describe how painful it could be.

C.G.R.:

This was the "happy feet?"

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes. The electric feet as they called them there, were shooting pains continuously. The only way that you could get relief was to put your feet in the water. I, with other boys, we shared a big bathtub there in one place. The doctor, Dr. Ashton Rose, I think, was an Indian doctor in camp. He wasn't all for that. Of course he told us that it was bad for the heart, you see, to put your feet for a long, long time in the tub and spend the night, you know, soaking your feet in cold water, which made sense. But that was the only relief you could get.

Then we had an epidemic there of diphtheria. We lost quite a few boys. I was taken to a place there, anyway, I had just a very small swelling. I was very lucky in that part. I was taken to the isolation.

C.G.R.:

Now was this still at North Point?

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes, I'm sorry, this was in North Point. Then it was very severe. In the whole camp, I think we'd lose four to five boys every day due to diphtheria. In that camp, well that's where I probably suffered the most from my electric feet. We had this tub and we used to sit around this bath tub and try to find relief from that.

C.G.R.:

Were you working at this time? Did you have to go out to work?

J.R.R.Q.:

No, no, they didn't force us to work while we were in Hong Kong unless you volunteered. Like, they had work around the....I think they probably had the work when I was in the hospital, they probably did have a compulsory group that went to work on Kai Tak Airport, I think. But when I came out I know there wasn't many of us working for the Japanese outside the camp unless you volunteered. The reason why was probably to get that little extra food or maybe an odd cigarette if you smoked.

C.G.R.:

Did you get malaria?

J.R.R.Q.:

I was fortunate I didn't get malaria, no, no. Because I remember how it affected some of the boys. I saw some boys next to me that had it and you could see all these shakes and what they went through.

C.G.R.:

Pretty severe disease.

J.R.R.Q.:

Very severe disease, indeed, yes. But this beriberi was the only thing that I got, I mean in Hong Kong.

C.G.R.:

Well it was probably enough.

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes, that was enough.

From there, of course, the months went by. This was up to 1942. Now in 1943 I was on the draft to Japan to go to work. This was like our second, the second draft. One had left previously, a few months before [January 1943]. I was on the

second draft that took us from Hong Kong to Niigata by boat [15 August 1943].

C.G.R.:

OK. before we get on that if I could just ask a few more questions about Hong Kong. Before you went on the draft were you moved to Sham Shui Po?

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes, we had moved to Sham Shui Po, if I recall.

C.G.R.:

When was that? Do you recall?

J.R.R.Q.:

Well, this must have been in '42 [25 September 1942]. I could be wrong, you know. But it seemed that it was some months after that we had left Hong Kong.

C.G.R.:

Was there much difference between Sham Shui Po and North Point? Was one camp, would you say, better than the other in a way?

J.R.R.Q.:

Maybe Sham Shui Po was a little better for the camp. You see, North Point had been a camp that had been there for years, used for the Chinese refugees, I think. Because when that war with Japan, you know, they would [try to escape to Hong Kong]. There was a lot of bedbugs, I mean in North Point, if I recall. It was probably more hygienic in Sham Shui Po, probably, and maybe more space too, because I think in Sham Shui Po they were in barracks, you see. They were soldier's barracks, while in

North Point had been more or less a camp for the refugees. I think that was the difference, maybe.

C.G.R.:

Did you have your officers with you?

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes we had our officers with us all along.

C.G.R.:

All along.

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes, yes.

C.G.R.:

How did that work out? Were they good officers?

J.R.R.Q.:

Very good to me. I had much respect for the officers, yes, very much so. I think they were very nice. In fact I shared a lot of the, like in Hong Kong, before this beriberi and so on, for a few weeks there we were in better shape. I recall that the officers would go and maybe play games like volleyball, and I used to go and play with them. I think they were very, very nice, what they could do in a camp. You know, I'm sure the doctor, that Dr. Banfill, was a very, very good man, but for him, he had nothing but that, maybe, trying to say, "Well, do this or do that." But he had no medical [supplies] to distribute to the...they knew how badly we needed that. Yes, I think the officers, we had some very good officers. Not only in [POW] camp but as well when I was in the army; I always liked them very much. I think they were very nice.

C.G.R.:

Well that's good. Do you remember any of the other doctors besides Dr. Banfill, the other Canadians?

J.R.R.Q.:

Well, not Canadians, no. Dr. Banfill, there must have been one, of course, with the Winnipeg Grenadiers, but I wouldn't remember his name, of course. But I recall more or less Dr. Banfill being our own medical doctor.

C.G.R.:

Did you have any problem with the dysentery that so many men had?

J.R.R.Q.:

Well, I had, I would say, more or less, I probably got dysentery. I had a lot of diarrhea; that really got us so weak in camp because we used to go with so little food. It was more or less rice. But we used to go to the toilets there several times a day for a period of at least three or four months, to my recollection. That really made us very weak, and that was the case with maybe most of the boys. They all had diarrhea.

C.G.R.:

OK. Well, please go ahead and tell me about your trip to Japan then.

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes. Well then we left on the second trip. They had us on this boat, and on the way to Japan we stopped at Formosa for eight or nine days, waiting, I'm not too sure, maybe for a Japanese escort -- because of the American planes, maybe. I don't know. I remember we went out to the Yellow Sea there, on

the coast of China for awhile. Then we got into Osaka, where we landed with the boat after nine days at sea.

The trip was a very long, very tiresome, very hard trip because it was an old boat, you see, and they had us crowded, very crowded, and we were only allowed so many minutes to breathe fresh air on deck. The food was very, very bad. I think it was worse than at camp because it was very liquid. It was just like in camp as far as -- well, it was no better. But it was worse the way that it was dished out to us -- very sloppy. When we disembarked at Osaka a few of the boys sort of collapsed there from the trip, because it was really a hard trip.

At the station in Osaka (because we took the train, you see, to Niigata from Osaka) there at least they gave us each a little box of rice, you see, with a few pickles. Every one of us got that before we got on the train. This was given us at the station, railway station. Then we got to Niigata some hours after. It was quite a difference from Hong Kong. Of course it was in the fall of the year, October, if I remember, and cold, but I sort of liked the climate because at least you'd think, being a little colder that it would be maybe a little healthier because we people are from the north. I mean we thought probably we would be better able to take than under the tropical sun.

C.G.R.:

It would be more like home.

J.R.R.Q.:

More like home in that respect. But we stayed there, you see, that one camp, the first camp in Niigata, for a week or two. Then there was two companies that employed the prisoners. There

was one called the Suntatsu, I think it was [Shintetsu]. Yes, Suntatsu was a....At Suntatsu where I worked, you see, that was a steel foundry. Then next to the steel foundry was something called the press, they did some iron work, but the heavier [type]. Then they decided that we should probably have different camps so some of the boys moved. They made two camps in the same town, and we had two different camps, you see.

C.G.R.:

Both in Niigata.

J.R.R.Q.:

Both in Niigata, and we didn't see one another very much because we were maybe a mile or so apart, you see. Maybe on the road sometime, on our way walking to our work in the morning you might see an odd boy.

C.G.R.:

Right. I think some of the men in Niigata did mining.

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes. While in Niigata, to my recollection, not to my knowledge. Not in Niigata. Niigata was a steel work, mostly steel work, like in foundry. Some were maybe at Nagayo, or Kobe, some of those places that worked in the mines.

C.G.R.:

But both camps in Niigata worked in the steel, different steel....

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes, right, yes.

C.G.R.:

OK. What was that like? What kind of work, in a typical day for you, what would you have done?

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes. Well, you see, we got there in the morning at 8 o'clock. You see we left camp about 7:30 in order to start work about 8 o'clock. That was their schedule there, we used to have our breakfast. We had to walk about two miles to go to work every morning, and they got us into this little, it was more or less like a kitchen, located maybe at a 5 minute walk from our factory, or foundry I should say. Then we would all congregate there, and we'd leave around 10 minutes, it was maybe 10 minutes walk, 10 minutes to 8 we'd leave to work to go to the foundries. But in this little so-called kitchen, if I sat there, more or less like a room, it was very cold there because it wasn't heated, you see. It was a 7th floor. The building was maybe, say, 30 by 40 or 50 feet in size. I remember all the boys beating our feet trying to get warm, you see, because of the cement floor, and no heat. It was very, very cold, and we were all sort of glad to get to the foundry where at least it was warmer.

Then they would establish...tell the boys what they had to do when we got to the foundry. Like, if you felt you were sick, like maybe trouble with your....Well, I would say we can test it; the Japanese sometimes, some would ask -- I'm talking about the bosses -- if you were in shape to do certain jobs. Then you were sent to your job. You kept the same job most of the time. But it was working on steel. In my foundry it was four furnaces, big furnaces where they made iron. Then there was a jackhammer crew.

I remember working with them; I was among the boys who worked on that jackhammer, which was, well, fairly hard -- very hard work to do.

Then they would give us a break at 10 o'clock for maybe 10-15 minutes. At noon we used to go back to this, one of the places I was telling you about, this kitchen, where it was cold there. We'd go there to eat our rice at noon, and come back, to be back for 1 o'clock at the foundry, till 5 o'clock in the evening when the day was over. Then they would walk us back to this sort of kitchen, which was more or less like a station. We'd stop there and then the Japanese would decide, well, now we leave for the camp.

[End of side 1.]

Yes, at camp it was rather cold, because our camp was not heated, although we had three stoves -- but they wouldn't let us heat the stoves. They wouldn't let us have any wood, you see. So when you got there it was very, very cold, I thought; of course, it was worse for some boys because of going through [so much], I mean this lack of food and all that. Some had kidney troubles too, and some would wet their bed, you see. That was the unfortunate part because some of the boys that I remember would maybe have to go to work in the morning after getting up in the morning in a wet bed. They had to take their blankets that was wet outdoors to dry. So when they come in, coming back in the evening, well the blankets sometimes were frozen. If it rained during the day, well they had to sleep with those wet blankets, you see. There was no bunks. It was more or less like a

mezzanine there, it was all straw mats.

C.G.R.:

All together.

J.R.R.Q.:

All together, yes, where we stayed, where we slept, I mean.

C.G.R.:

Did you have enough blankets, enough clothing?

J.R.R.Q.:

Well, we had some blankets but as you may imagine, doctor, the Japanese, of course, their blankets are not as long. I mean they're short blankets. Then you had to be careful how to put them on, because sometimes your feet or your toes were out, standing out of the blanket sometime.

C.G.R.:

How did they treat you there? Was there much brutality?

J.R.R.Q.:

Well, they were pretty bad, I think, especially if you were ill. If you were -- if you're not in good shape, like some of the boys, some of them were very weak, you know. Like especially in the morning when they had to go on this working parade, as you went on the ground in the morning there was always at least three or four boys that was not fit to go to work but they were forced to, you see.

I remember one man in particular, he was really in bad shape and they hit him with a stick, you see, and cut his forehead. They were warned not to report it, you see, to a higher [rank], like an officer. This was the guard that would do that, the escort. One, his rank was a corporal or something, he was noted

for his brutality. He had this man that one morning, and he was told not to say a word because the worst would [happen]. So one morning, I think it was when an American was forced to -- he was in very bad shape too when they got him into a sort of wheelbarrow to take him down to work, to force him. He had to go and the forced him to do this. Well, at first, yes, because before we got to be familiar, or they to be familiar with us as well, I think they were worst the first, maybe the first few weeks. Then, of course we hadn't worked for a long time and being so weak, most of us, we weren't ready to undertake anything heavy. So there was some interference. So the Japanese were a little more brutal then. They forced you to do the work. In other words it was forced labor.

C.G.R.:

Was there a doctor in the camp?

J.R.R.Q.:

There was no doctor there, no. No, we had, in the camp I was in, we had a couple of orderlies, a couple of orderlies just for minor [problems]. But, of course, there was no medical attention very much. If you had a wound or something, a cut, there was nothing they could do for you, or they would do what they can.

C.G.R.:

They wouldn't send you to some place where you could get cared for?

J.R.R.Q.:

Not that I remember. In Hong Kong they did, yes, they would

send them to the hospital. But in Japan it was different.

C.G.R.:

Were the orderlies, were they in your regiment?

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes. There was one or two from my regiment.

C.G.R.:

Do you remember who they were?

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes. Well, I remember an American by name, his name was Dyer, and Chief Petty Officer Dixon. They were American boys, you see. Then there was -- my own boys, I just can't remember the names, although there was one anyway, you know, from my own regiment that I can't, it just doesn't click there, the name. But while they gave good attention to us, I remember well that regardless of the illness or the disease you had, all they could do for you, I think, was to give you the common medicine there, which was hot water. They'd give you a hot water bottle.

C.G.R.:

How was your health while you were in Japan?

J.R.R.Q.:

Well my health in Japan, I would say, was fair. Although one time I got -- I don't know if it was a bout of pneumonia, but I spitted blood. I spitted blood and then I couldn't, I was so weak. I was on this jackhammer; I couldn't understand why I couldn't lift my hammer. I really ran a fever. This was around 4 o'clock in the afternoon. But then the Japanese came to me and the boss, he took his pliers and got me by the nose, like this you see, and forced me to go back to my job. I done what I could

but I was very weak.

But I was strong enough though to walk to camp, to make the camp around maybe 6 o'clock in the evening -- a couple hours later. But I remember spitting, oh, a quarter of a cup of blood. When I got there our section leader, as we called him, explained to the Japanese that I was in bad shape, that I should not go back to work the following day, that I had a fever. They fixed that all right -- I didn't have to go to work the next day. Then I was put into a room there with others who were also ill. It was not a hospital but sort of an apartment.

C.G.R.:

Like a sick bay or....

J.R.R.Q.:

Like a sick bay, yes. So I stayed there for a good three weeks, you see, to regain a little strength. I was doing some coughing.

C.G.R.:

Did you bring up more blood?

J.R.R.Q.:

No. No, that stopped.

C.G.R.:

Just the once.

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes, just that once in the foundry, yes. But I just felt very weak and no appetite. That I remember -- no appetite for nearly a week. Quite a few boys died in that period, that three weeks I spent in this one place. Some boys that would, I

remember, ask me, "Could you loan me a cigarette," and half an hour later he would pass in a blanket, dead. Another fellow asked me for matches. It was that situation, and some of the boys were Americans, or Canadians, we were all mixed at the time.

C.G.R.:

Were you in the camp where the building collapsed?

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes, I was next to it. I recall, yes, in Niigata this was during the night. I was in the right building. In other words that was the [left] building next to us. There was only two buildings on that ground, and we occupied, of course, the two and one collapsed. There was a storm, anyway, on that night.

C.G.R.:

Yes. Yes, I've interviewed a couple of men who were in that barrack that fell in.

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes, because some of the boys came to stay in our camp after that because we were only about 50 feet apart, we were just neighbors. Fortunately, ours didn't collapse, but it was bad because I think my sergeant died, not right there but, maybe, I think so, yes, Sergeant Sauson, his name was [Sgt. Lester Sauson, E29903, died 5 April 1944]. He died from....

C.G.R.:

Sergeant what?

J.R.R.Q.:

Sauson. S-a-u-s-o-n. He was one of them, anyway. I know there was many but....

C.G.R.:

OK, and then what happened after this three weeks? Did you just seem to get better?

J.R.R.Q.:

Well yes. Then I gained a little strength. When the Japanese would come for the medical tour in turn, in the morning, Chief Petty Officer Dixon would say, "Well do a lot of coughing," you know. And he'd point at us, the Japanese, "Cheebe, cheebe, cheebe," trying to extend our time with the only care they could give us. But then, yes, after maybe a month I was back again to work; from there on I managed it. Although with pains and all that, but I lived through it, I would say, the hard way, but the....

C.G.R.:

Do you remember about when this was?

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes, this must have been, you see, in, we were liberated there in '45, so this must have been the winter of early '44, I would say. Yes, '44, I would think.

C.G.R.:

OK. Did you lose a lot of weight?

J.R.R.Q.:

I came down to 42 kilos, which was 80 some pounds or something, yes, from my normal weight. Of course I was never heavy -- my normal weight was 137 to 140, you see. But from there to about 80 some pounds.

C.G.R.:

Was the absence of sex in the camps, was that ever a

problem?

J.R.R.Q.:

No. The only thing, the only recollection was, you lived with the souvenirs [memories], I think in my case. Like you had loved someone. You would love someone. And you would say, well, you are...it's very difficult to explain or describe. In my case I would say, looking forward. My health came first, I think. Like, always looking for the day to see my folks, and the loved ones. But it never bothered me, no. I think it's a matter of mind, isn't it, too? So my mind was not there. And no, I said to myself, well looking forward to joyous days, meeting the loved ones and all that.

C.G.R.:

You were not married at that time?

J.R.R.Q.:

No, I was single. But I also -- see, when I thought of that, the sex or things like that, it never appealed to me. Like, to try to know. But my admiration was always for the married ones (because you asked me if I was married); but I had much admiration for the ones who were captured but married, thinking, at least I say I have myself, but the next guy to me has a wife and children.

C.G.R.:

It would be extra tough.

J.R.R.Q.:

So it was. You know, that sort of made you feel....

C.G.R.:

In your opinion what was the worst thing about being a

prisoner? What do you thing bothered you most as you look back?

J.R.R.Q.:

Well, I think it's living with people that were brutal to you; I mean brutality. I always thought it was not human. That was my sorrow, like being a captive, in captivity, to have to live with people, forced to live with people who would treat you so badly. To me I could never explain, understand, why some people would be....

C.G.R.:

The guards and so on.

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes, yes, the surroundings. Of course, not getting any news from your folks. That was hard to take after a year, two years. When it gets to three or four years, no news, you are wondering what is happening. Not only wondering how they are, but wondering also what they think. Like, are they getting any news from us? Do they know I'm here, do they know I'm still alive or, you know. It's all these things together that makes it very hard.

C.G.R.:

But the Japanese, I suppose, weren't all bad.

J.R.R.Q.:

No, no. I must say also I have no hard feelings; probably after we get to be a certain age we have a different philosophy of life and we accept certain things that we refuse to believe. But I think we have not to blame people, sometimes, maybe from what they are taught to do, or how did they, or were they told

that we were bad. There was two ways of looking at it. Would they be excused because they were bad, because they thought well, we were worse than they were because of their propaganda. But, there was some good ones, yes. I would say that I ran across some Japanese who were, I would say, human. Like, they tried to make it easy for you by giving you a few things, or a smile, which was really worth something, I would say.

C.G.R.:

How did the war end for you? What do you remember about the end of the war?

J.R.R.Q.:

Well, that's a good question, an interesting question. When the war ended, of course, we had been bombed practically every day, on the last few weeks that I was working there at the foundry. We used to take cover every day. So we knew there was more bombings, where the things were not going too good maybe for the Japanese, you see. Their reaction at camp or at work hadn't changed much. You couldn't tell from their reaction how things were. Although we had no news but we could feel that there was something. So anyway, one day they told us that tomorrow you stay in camp. This is like the first time that I had...So we thought there was something suspicious. We said, "why should we stay in camp tomorrow?" So the next day, that tomorrow came anyway, and I remember going to pitch a baseball with a chap that I knew; he had a baseball mitt and I had one. Not that we were in that good shape but we thought, you know, we'd exchange a few balls. There was a huge fence, I recall. Behind that fence was another camp, Korean prisoners. And we could understand some

Japanese, like senso, war in Japanese, owari, finish. So we got those words and this chap who was with me, his name was Kelso, Johnny Kelso, and he had picked up some Japanese too. So we said, "Did you hear the same thing as I heard?" We are talking about the senso, senso, and owari, the war is finished. So we started to feel that there was really something coming up good for us. So I'm not sure if it was the same day or the next day but we heard that the war had finished.

Then the first thing that we confirmed, that we knew that something was really finished, was a small little plane that came from the USS Lancaster, which was a carrier, a plane carrier. But this plane came over, flew above our camp, and left a cartoon of cigarettes down with a note saying that the war was ended. Tomorrow, please clear ground because we are bringing you food tomorrow. We'll drop these parachutes tomorrow, and please clear ground. The B-29's, that's right, they said, B-29 planes would be over your camp tomorrow. They said you are coming back to the land of milk and honey; and really it was exciting.

C.G.R.:

Yes, I'm sure.

J.R.R.Q.:

Very exciting news, which was true. The next day the planes came over and dropped all this food and medical supplies, in parachutes, and clothes. That was really a treat from heaven. Very exciting.

C.G.R.:

Was there any retaliation against the Japanese at this

stage?

J.R.R.Q.:

No, no. Japanese, you see, what they did, if I remember, the camp commandant left camp and he didn't come back. He only left the troops there -- some troops -- to sort of protect us, you know, because everything was finished, but they still had responsibilities, I guess. So a few troops remained. I took, now that I remember, they threw some papers -- all the Red Cross papers and correspondence that they probably had with the Red Cross, I'm not too sure. Their files and all that. And they burned them all in the air raid shelter. They probably did the same in all the camps, other camps too, eh. But no, there was no retaliation. I mean, the Japanese stayed around until maybe the last day when the Americans came, but sort of for protection, more or less.

C.G.R.:

OK. Why do you think that you came back and so many didn't?

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes, I often thought about that. I even thought about that just a few days ago. Why did I come back and my poor friend didn't? Because I thought about that on account of my good friend there, Pidgeon was his name. He was my neighbor, home on the Gaspé, and we joined together. It was hard for me because I took all his personal belongings, you know, to his mother. That was hard.

C.G.R.:

Yes, it would be.

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes, that's what I say; like, why me?

C.G.R.:

Yes, it's an interesting question, isn't it?

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes it is, yes, a touchy question. Yes. When I mentioned Pidgeon and his mother, I always felt why Mrs. Pidgeon didn't say, "Why you and not my son?" So it was very terrible.

C.G.R.:

What was her name, Pidgeon?

J.R.R.Q.:

Pidgeon, P-i-d-g-e-o-n. Yes, I missed him, because we were very close friend. He was our neighbor too.

C.G.R.:

Did you have other particular friends in the camp?

J.R.R.Q.:

Well I made some friends. They are Portuguese, they were very nice. One Portuguese boy who had received -- because he lived in Hong Kong before the war started; his family was still in Hong Kong after we had been captured -- so the family would bring him some candies, or just things that the Japanese, something small like maybe vitamin pills too, if I can remember. So I was very close to him and he would give me something like that, a little treat. I made some good friends. In fact I made an Australian friend there too. I used to correspond with him after the war. He was from, I think he was from Sydney; we exchanged letters and he was a very nice chap. Also an American from San Diego. I sent him a card and he sent me his picture.

You know, we exchanged....Yes, I made some good friends. Boys from the west, too, that I knew, and Ontario, one chap, his name was Lee, he was from Oshawa, I think. I worked with him and we were pretty close together.

C.G.R.:

Were there any bad apples in the camp? Any bad people?

J.R.R.Q.:

Well, I must....You are putting me on the track. Now, we had, of course, a couple of boys. I don't know if you'd call them bad; they were, of course, very hungry boys, like we all were. The Japanese had given us some Red Cross parcels that came into our camp. For some reason the two boys broke into the Officer's office, the Japanese office, and stole some of the Red Cross, you see, and they were caught. They tied them, for punishment. they tied them near the gate, the entrance to the camp; they tied them to a post for all day and part of the night, I think. It was very, very cold, very inhuman treatment, I would say. But they survived it. I think that they might have contracted pneumonia, or the two of them. But one died from it, I think. The second one, why he pulled through.

C.G.R.:

But one of them lived to come home, did he?

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes, one lived to come home. But those were, when we say "bad apples," of course they were very hungry. What did they have in mind, I don't know; if they went there with the thought that they would distribute, or if it was just for themselves, it is very difficult to say.

C.G.R.:

Anything else that you can think of that might be of interest to me, particularly, as I say, anything medical at all?

J.R.R.Q.:

Well, I can tell you things that are not too, a little more on the laughing side, if you like. A little more joyful maybe, because we talk about very sad things. Well, exactly one of those two boys there, he worked with me on this what we call the jackhammer crew. Of course, he used to leave his job every 10 minutes. The Japanese always had a hard time with him, because we had four furnaces which was nice and warm, you know, near. None of us was cold because working out sort of kept you warm anyway. But he'd always tend to go every 10 minutes. Maybe to get the cigarette from the Japanese that worked around the furnaces, because he was a heavy smoker. But he had trouble. He always, he'd go around furnace No. A. There was four furnaces, A to D, I think. When the Japanese would see him there they would sort of chase him but he wouldn't go back to work he would go Number B, Number C, and take his time, you see. Until one day, the poor guy hurt his foot, and the Japanese told him that he had to stay in camp, he couldn't walk very well. So in camp after a few days, well his ankle and his leg started to become a little better, in better shape. Like almost ready to go back to work.

But there was a school house located at about a quarter of a mile, maybe, from our camp. Before I say that I must explain why I talk about this school. The Japanese decided, this was the last year of the war, they felt something, but they decided they

would give us a hog, you see, that we would kill after the war. That was quite an idea, eh? Which we did. We had a hog in camp; the poor hog couldn't have no, there was no leftovers from our place because we couldn't feed a hog. So this schoolhouse being about a quarter of a mile, there was one selected to go and get their leftovers from the students from that school, from that schoolhouse, to feed the pig. So, this chap I was telling you about, he was getting better so they thought they would give him the job to go and get, every morning he'd go with the pail to go and get the food from that schoolhouse, which he did with a guard, he'd go and he'd come back. But after awhile there, a few day, with some boys from market, that the pig was getting thinner. The guy -- Smitty, his name was -- was getting fatter. [laughter] He was eating, he was a big boy, you see. Well, that was something, I mean to it was very....

There was another chap that I met. He was from Nova Scotia. Anyway, one day I met him, and that was after the war, you see. I asked him, I says, "How do you feel," and all that. "Well," he said, "I'm in pretty good shape," he says, "you know when I was in camp, if you recall," he said, "I had a very sore stomach," and he says, "Now I feel better." Because in camp you see we had the air-raid shelter and some of the boys would take some sort of an oil, and some sort of a powder, and they made some kind of a little cake with that to eat, you see. He was one of them; he would sometimes sell them to the Japanese for cigarettes, some of the guards, you know, they didn't know what it was, you see. But it's true that when he sold that to a couple of guards they never came back, you see, so I don't know what happened to them. But

anyway, apparently he ate some of those little cakes. When he came back I asked him how he felt? "Well", he says, "you know I told the doctor that I had eaten all these little cakes made out of that." So he says, "The doctor told him that's what saved you, because you sort of cemented your stomach inside." He said, "That's why you had no sore stomach." [laughter]

No, there were some very amusing if they're well explained, of course, but this is way, way back.

C.G.R.:

It wasn't uniformly black all the time.

J.R.R.Q.:

No, no, no. There was always, even like we say in darkness, there was always a little light sometimes. There was always something. Because I remember the night that I was captured I came down and we, the same night I went down with some of the British troops and went down to a basement. I probably was the only Canadian. I don't know how I got there, but I was mixed with them. We had some singsongs. I thought that was nice. I mean the spirit was there still.

C.G.R.:

Quirion 84-85, p. 39-40

Does this experience have bad effects on you?

J.R.R.Q.:

No, it has enriched my life, I would say. Like I said when I first met you, that I didn't go around too much, like following the Association, maybe as I should, probably. You know, because of being away to the Gaspé for 4 or 5 months in the summer, and back to Montreal for the winter. But no, for one sure thing, as

we all know, going through such an experience enriches one's life in a sense, that it makes us, I think, appreciate life much better. Like we say, sometimes you have to be close to death to appreciate living or life. I think that is one thing that we really appreciated. I saw some very interesting, some touchy things too, that really enriched my life. I find some bad but it was also some very, very good human, touch. No, the experience I think was really very enriching in many ways, in many ways.

Faith, like you had the faith, like something when you had faith. Like I had a little, not that I'm that religious, but I had a [religious object], like I'm blessed. I lost everything -- my belongings. I never did wear it around my neck like some do. But somehow I never lost it. So I said to myself, it's just I never told that to anyone, but just thinking about it now, because we're on the subject of that. Yes, so there was things that really give you a strong feeling, like a belief in things. And I admire, especially admire other people for their deeds, what they did, and what they went through. Some of them went through much more than I. But on the whole thing, even the Japanese were noted to be brutal, because it was war, of course, but also in Japan I thought there was some good people. Which is good to think about anyway, that they're not, everybody's not....

C.G.R.:

Do you know Will Allister?

J.R.R.Q.:

The name tells me something. A-l-l-i-s-t-e-r, Allister. Yes, in fact this summer I met someone on the Gaspé and his name was mentioned to me. I'm not too sure if he didn't come from the

Eastern Townships, maybe Sherbrooke or around there. Yes, Allister. Was it not him that wrote a book or something? Did they not have an article in the Reader's Digest about him sometime about two months ago, September maybe?

C.G.R.:

Well, I didn't see that. He wrote a novel called, A Handful of Rice, which is based on his experiences.

J.R.R.Q.:

Well, if you didn't know, I'm not too sure now, you probably did, there was an article on him in the Reader's Digest.

C.G.R.:

I'll have to look that up. I don't see the Reader's Digest.

J.R.R.Q.:

August or September.

C.G.R.:

Well thank you, I'll look that up.

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes, I think it would be interesting to you.

C.G.R.:

I have interviewed him, and he lives in British Columbia. I interviewed him last March.

J.R.R.Q.:

Doesn't he paint or something?

C.G.R.:

Yes. That is really why I asked, because I know you also paint.

J.R.R.Q.:

Yes, I paint.

C.G.R.:

I thought you might possibly have known each other because of that, also.

INDEX

Adventure, 2
Airport, 16
Air-raid, 38
Allister, Will, 40, 41
Ambulance, 7
American, 19, 25, 26, 28, 34, 35
Ankle, 37
Appetite, 27
Army, 1, 2, 4, 10, 18
Ashton Rose, Dr., 15
Atrocities, 8
Australian, 14, 35
Awatea, SS, 3

Banfill, Dr. S. Martin, 18, 19
Barracks, 17, 28
Baseball, 32
Bathtub, 15
Beating, 22
Bedbugs, 17
Beer, 4
Beriberi, 14, 16, 18
Blankets, 23, 24
Blood, 26, 27
Bodies, 9, 10
Bombings, 32
Bonaventure, 1
Botwood, NFD, 3
Bowen Road Hospital, 10, 12
British, 7, 9, 14, 39, 41
Brunswick, New, 2, 3
Brutality, 24, 25, 31, 40
Buddies, 13
Bunks, 23

Camps, 21, 29, 34
Canadians, 9, 19, 28, 39
Candies, 35
Capitulated, 10
Captivity, 31
Captured, 4, 7, 12, 14, 30, 35, 39
Carrier, 33
Chaudiere River, PQ, 2
China, 20
Chinese, 14, 17
Christmas, 7, 8, 9, 12
Cigarettes, 10, 16, 28, 33, 37, 38
Climate, 13, 20
Clothing, 24
College, St. Stephen's, 7, 13
Columbus, 4

Commandant, 34
Compassion, 14
Correspondence, 34
Coughing, 27, 29
Cross, Red, 6, 8, 13, 34, 36

Dead, 9, 28
Death, 40
Diarrhea, 19
Diego, San, 35
Diphtheria, 15
Disease, 16, 26
Dixon, Chief, 26, 29
Doctor, 15, 18, 19, 24, 25, 39
Doctors, 8, 12, 19
Draft, 16, 17
Dutchmen, 14
Dyer, 26
Dysentery, 19

Eat, 11, 23, 38
England, 14
English, 2, 6
Epidemic, 15
Escape, 17

Factory, 22
Family, 1, 35
Father, 1
Feelings, 31
Feet, 14, 15, 22, 24, 28
Fever, 26, 27
Fighting, 5, 9
Flares, 5
Food, 6, 11, 13, 14, 16, 19, 20, 23, 33, 38
Formosa, 19
Foundry, 21, 22, 23, 27, 32
Furnaces, 22, 37

Games, 18
Gander, NFD, 3
Gaspé, 1, 34, 39, 40
Grenadiers, Winnipeg, 19
Guards, 9, 31, 38

Hammer, 26
"Happy Feet," 14
Hardtacks, 6
Health, 26, 30
Heart, 15
Heat, 22, 23
Hong Kong, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 13, 14, 16, 17, 18, 20, 25, 35
Hospital, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 16, 26, 27
Hungry, 6, 36
Hygienic, 17

Illness, 14, 26
Indian, 9, 10, 15
Iron, 21, 22
Isolation, 15

Jackhammer, 22, 23, 26, 37
Japan, 13, 16, 17, 19, 26, 40
Japanese, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 13, 16, 19, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29,
31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 40
Job, 10, 22, 26, 37, 38
John's, St., NFD, 3

Kai Tak Airport, 16
Kelso, 33
Kidney, 23
Knights of Columbus, 4
Kobe, 21
Kong, Hong, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 13, 14, 16, 17, 18, 20, 25, 35
Korean, 32
Kowloon, 5

Labor, 25
Lancaster, USS, 33
Laughter, 38, 39
Letters, 35
Liberated, 29

Malaria, 13, 14, 16
Market, 38
Married, 30
Meals, 4
Medical, 2, 8, 18, 19, 25, 29, 33, 37
Medicine, 1, 26
"Mickey," 6
Middlesex Regiment, 14
Milk, 33
Mines, 21
Montreal, 39
Mosquito, 13
Mother, 34, 35

NAAFI, 4
Nagayo, 21
Navy, 4, 14
Newfoundland, 2, 3
News, 3, 13, 31, 32, 33
Niigata, 17, 20, 21, 28
North Point POW Camp, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 20
Nova Scotia, 38
Nurses, 8, 9, 12

Officers, 18
Orderlies, 8, 25, 26
Osaka, 20

Oshawa, Ontario, 36
Owari, 33

Pains, 15, 29
Pajamas, 7, 13
Parachutes, 33
Parade, 5, 24
Parcels, 36
Parker, Mt., 6
Perce Rock, Gaspé, 1
Philippines, 3
Pickles, 20
Pidgeon, 34, 35
Pillboxes, 5
Pills, 35
Planes, 19, 33
Pliers, 26
Pneumonia, 26, 36
Po, Sham Shui, 5, 17
Point, North, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 29
Portuguese, 14, 35
Prisoners, 10, 20, 32
Propaganda, 32
Punishment, 36

Quebec, 2, 3

Raid, 34
Railway, 20
Rationed, 11
Red Cross, 6, 8, 13, 34, 36
Refugees, 17, 18
Religious, 40
Retaliation, 33, 34
Rice, 11, 19, 20, 23, 41
Rose, Dr. Ashton, 15
Royal Rifles of Canada, 2, 14
Rumors, 13, 14

Sauson, Sgt., 28
Schoolhouse, 38
Sex, 29, 30
Sham Shui Po, 5, 17
Sherbrooke, 41
Shintetsu, 21
Sick, 22, 27
Singsongs, 39
Smoker, 37
Steel, 21, 22
Stephen's, St., College, 7, 8, 12
Stomach, 38, 39
Stoves, 23
Stretcher, 9
Supplies, 18, 33
Sussex, 2, 3

Sydney, 35

Tak, Kai, 16

Toilets, 19

Train, 2, 20

Transferred, 2, 3, 7, 10, 13

Valcartier, PQ, 2, 3

Vitamin, 35

Volleyball, 18

Water, 6, 10, 15, 26

Weight, 29

Wheelbarrow, 25

Wife, 30

Winnipeg, 19

Winter, 3, 29, 39

Work, 15, 16, 18, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 29, 32, 36, 37

Working, 15, 16, 22, 23, 24, 32, 37

Wounded, 6, 7, 8, 9, 13

X-rays, 2

YMCA, 4