

Sample

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Did you know your wife at that time, in '39?

L.M.C.:

No. I met my wife after I joined up. I'd come to Toronto to visit with a cousin -- a guy I called cousin -- he was really a very, very, close friend. His mother was one of these "aunts" that's an unrelated aunt. He had arranged a blind date for me, and it turned out later to be my wife.

C.G.R.:

I met my wife on a blind date also, incidentally.

L.M.C.:

We didn't get married until after the war; we put our heads together and decided that because of the turmoil it was better off both doing our own thing. Mary later joined the armed services in WD with the RCAF and she was on pay accounts in Eastern Air Command during most of the war. At this same time she organized dance troops for Victory Bond drives and things of this nature -- having been a professional singer and dancer in her early years.

Shortly after, well, I had a bet with a buddy of mine overseas, with Larry Dowling; he bet me that I wouldn't last six months [after coming home from the Far East] before I was married and I think he won by about 3 days. [laughter] So that's how we came to get together.

C.G.R.:

Well, tell me a bit then about when you joined the RCOG. What happened? Where were you sent, what kind of training did you get? Just a summary.

L.M.C.:

Well, in the Ordnance Corps at that time we didn't receive any formal training. I was lucky in that I had some, a little bit of shooting experience by working at the Dominion of Canadian Rifle Association meets every year. And a very good friend of my father's was an armourer and I was one of the few chosen to test rifles after they had been re-blued (I believe the expression is), and we used to take these out to the rifle range and test them. So I had a little bit of drill that way. As far as formal training with the Ordnance Corps, we had absolutely none. Our function at that time was to make sure that supplies were designated to the various and sundry troops that were going overseas. All we did was gather together the basic equipment.

I was stationed, pretty well from the time I joined up until the time I volunteered for C Force (which is the name of the group that went to Hong Kong), I worked at Headquarters in Ottawa, first in the stores and then I went up to Headquarters on the paper work until the day we went to the Horse Palace and sort of got ready to go over seas.

C.G.R.:

Why did you volunteer, what....?

L.M.C.:

I volunteered mainly because I was bored to tears with Ottawa. I have a very funny philosophy, and I had it at that time. I don't feel that I joined up because I was a patriotic soul. I joined because depression was hard times and there was no better place to earn an honest living and get free room and board and clothing and the whole schmeer, at that time in our

life. So I would say I joined more out of hunger and need than I did out of any kind of patriotism, and I still believe that today. I don't consider myself to be a flag-waver, and I'm certainly not a fraternal brother of any kind. I'm very much a loner. I'm a member of the Hong Kong Veterans Associations but I don't attend too many of their functions. I'm not inclined to that kind of thing. Once in awhile it's nice to meet the odd fellow or a couple of them, and have a few beers or something like that. For instance, I couldn't be a full-time member of the Royal Canadian Legion because some of the things I've heard and seen is just not my cup of tea. I've listened to a few war stories and, you know, they seem to be embellished a little more every time they have another beer, and everybody works out to be a hero when, you know, some of them were no more hero than I was. So this kind of thing has always bothered me.

Anyway, we left from Ottawa in October of '41, to Vancouver, on the train. That was rather a fun ride because every time the train stopped we'd all run out and find the local liquor store and see if we could get a bottle on board without being caught. And you always tried to make it back before the train took off without you. It was just one big hayride as far as we were concerned, at that point.

It took us about 30 days to get across the Pacific to where we were going. We stopped in Hawaii, briefly, and took on supplies.

C.G.R.:

Were you on the Awatea?

L.M.C.:

Yes, Awatea, Wellington. We were told, when we were getting close to Hong Kong, that the Japanese, in fact, were working their way down through China and the chances were good that we may have to fight our way off the ship, although it didn't turn out that way. We had a couple of days before the fighting broke out. We were billeted in married quarters right on the island.

C.G.R.:

Oh, you didn't go to Sham Shui Po or....?

L.M.C.:

Well, Sham Shui Po, no. Brigade headquarters were stationed right on the island because we were there to relieve another garrison. So we had to find out, for instance, from the Royal Ordnance Corps what our duties would be as, well, I think they called them Garrison Relief or something like that. As a matter of fact, a lot of us joined the Force because we thought we were on an 18-month holiday in the Far East. For instance, the Winnipeg Grenadiers, which you've probably already heard, were down in Jamaica, I believe, and they were on garrison duty there; they were shipped to Hong Kong with the same thing in mind. I think they were picked because they'd had some experience in garrison duties and figured they'd be a real asset. Mind you, it didn't quite turn out that way.

C.G.R.:

It turned out to be a longer holiday than they had anticipated.

L.M.C.:

A little longer than they had anticipated, I'm sure. But

really, I think that's why a lot of us volunteered -- those of us that had the option of volunteering. Anything to get away from the everyday humdrum, too.

I don't know what to say from there now. We weren't there very many days before we woke up one morning and we were being bombed. I can remember going down to the kitchen and some English officer, I don't recall his name at this point in time, was screaming his head off for everybody to go back and put on their tin hats, that there was an air raid taking place. We couldn't see the value of tin hats -- if you get hit with a bomb a hat isn't going to do you much good anyway. However, I guess that was for fallout. We did have breakfast that day and I guess it was one of the last good breakfasts we had for awhile.

C.G.R.:

Before you get into that, could you just tell me something about your impressions of Hong Kong as a place. I assume you perhaps got out into Victoria, or across to Kowloon?

L.M.C.:

Yes, we had a few trips. I thought Hong Kong in the main portion was quite a nice city with a lot of history. That is, Victoria was quite a nice city with a lot of history. I had made friends with an English army fellow, also in the Ordnance Corps, in the Royal Ordnance Corps, and he was quite a boating enthusiast. Now, I had done some boating when we lived in Britannia, as a kid. We used to go over to Repulse Bay, whenever we could get away, and I'd go sailing with him. He was a very good friend of, I think it was Colonel Winkleman. I'm not sure of his rank, but he was a Dutch Attache in Hong Kong at that

time, and he happened to be away while we were there, and his wife and adopted children were taken into concentration camp.

My impression of it was it smelled funny, because there was an awful lot of incense and things like this that you're not used to. The smells and odors were totally foreign. By and large, the people that we met and mingled with were quite friendly. It seemed to be a place where everybody was grabbing for your dollar bill. I can remember losing, I think it was a watch, and we went to Paddie's Market and we found it on sale there about half an hour later and we bought it back. This guy that I was with just seemed to know where to go, and he could speak a little Chinese, which helped the cause too. I can't say that I would want to go back to Hong Kong. I've never been back since, although lot of the fellows that I was overseas with have been back. I've never felt inclined to go back.

C.G.R.:

OK., can you just tell me what happened to you, then, for the next three, three and a half weeks, that the war lasted -- as far as the fighting was concerned for you?

L.M.C.:

Well, we moved out, a group of us moved out from Victoria to Wan Chai Gap. I'm not sure what we were moved out there for, it was just that they needed a squad at Wan Chai, and there was a sort of a flat place there with some buildings on and we were housed in these. I don't even know what kind of buildings they were. There was quite a string of them, almost like a small factory, and yet there was living quarters within this building.

Up on the ledge behind us, there was a pathway up there, right in the house. I guess the purpose of us being there -- there was another group on the other side of the Gap -- and I guess the idea was to try and defend the Gap in the event that the Japanese made it over to the island.

I can remember going out on one truckload. We were taking some equipment out to one of our field pieces that was facing the mainland, and on our way back we were bombed, but you know, there was quite a crater in the road, but we were on a downhill run and we managed to get across the crater on the way home without too much harm. This is the kind of thing we were doing -- shuffling stores and supplies back and forth to the needed areas.

Well, at one point I can remember on one of our trips we were right over to the shoreline, and they had pulled the White Cliffs of Dover stunt. They'd poured gas and oil on the water and the Japanese were trying to get across in the wooden sampans. They waited until the crucial point and set fire to it, and burned their little boats up. The problem there being that as fast as you burned one there were ten more on the way, each one of them loaded to the gunwales with Japanese troops. I think they overran the whole thing by just sheer force of numbers, as much as anything.

Another day, I can remember watching the Japanese going across on this foot path, which was above our building. They were moving field pieces along the foot path, and we were instructed not to fire on them for fear we'd be giving our position away. All the while the Japanese were waving at us as they were going by, so I'm not sure we were going to give too

much away [laughter]. We'd been there for awhile and then we were instructed to move out; now, I'm not just sure of the road, but we had to move around to the other side of Wan Chai Gap. We were instructed that there was an ambush taking place over there and our job was to break up the ambush so certain supplies could get through. Now mind you, not many of us had had any formal training. The Royal Rifles had very, very, little training and quite a few of those boys were with us.

As it turned out, the ambush broke us up instead of us breaking the ambush up. We ended up in this private home, and then we were surrounded by Japanese pretty quickly. We were instructed to throw down our weapons. The sergeant that was in charge of us just commanded us to turn over all our weapons rather than make a fight for it. I suppose the thinking then was that we were so outnumbered that we wouldn't have stood a chance anyway. We were all pretty well in one room on the second floor, by this time, and the Japanese kept opening the door and throwing in hand grenades at us. We were fortunate, I suppose, in a way, that first of all, their hand grenades weren't as powerful as ours, and the fusing on them was quite a bit slower than ours, so we managed to throw a lot of them back out the window in amongst the Japanese that were throwing them in at us, which we thought was a bit of a lark. However, the odd one did go off. I got one that clipped my jaw bone [right cheek and chin], and a buddy of mine was sitting beside me; I had two of them [grenades] there, I rolled one to him and just as he went to throw it, it went off in his hand. He came home with his hand,

but it was badly crippled.

Then they set fire to the house. This is in the middle of the night. So those of us that were able to, just jumped out the second-storey window. On the one side of the house there was only about 20 feet and then it dropped out very steeply to the road and then down to Repulse Bay. I was one of the ones that jumped out the window and managed to get down to the bay. When we were down there some guy was hollering for a field kit. This guy had been hit in the face; it looked like half his face was gone and he wanted to bandage it. So I handed him mine. The next thing I knew he was bandaging my face! I didn't even know I was hit at this point in time, which rather astonished me later. I find it hard to believe that I wouldn't know I was hit in the jaw. But I guess in the heat of the excitement and everything, and adrenalin flowing the way it was.....

C.G.R.:

It seems to happen a lot -- I've heard.

L.M.C.:

Yeah. We just didn't realize it -- a lot of us didn't realize we were hurt. Bill Campbell, who had a bad hand, I don't think he realized his hand was that bad, and it was the second field dressing that was put on his hand. At this point in time, of course, the Japanese were trying to get at us from up on the hill -- those of us that they could see. So we decided we'd swim across Repulse Bay to get to the other side, where there was a big resort center there -- it's just the name -- I don't know whether it was The Repulse Inn or something like that.

C.G.R.:

There's a place called Castle Eucliffe.

L.M.C.:

That doesn't ring a bell.

C.G.R.:

I've got a little map of Hong Kong here.

L.M.C.:

Anyway, what happened here, most of us were in full battledress. I'd had a bit of training in scouting as to how to undress in the water, so that you could hopefully save yourself a little bit. That came in very handy. I managed to get down to my underwear and start swimming across the bay. I don't know how far it was, but I know that when I got to the other side I was pretty well exhausted. Quite a few of the boys couldn't get rid of their clothing, so they drowned on the way across. At least four of us made it to the other side. I can recall this very vividly because we banded together and we hid out under the mat-sheds that were over there, which I suppose people had used for summer cottages or beach cottages or something.

C.G.R.:

Excuse me, what did you call them?

L.M.C.:

Mat-sheds. Mat-sheds, they're like a small building and they're made out of bamboo and reeds and this kind of thing. They have a matting in Asia, a woven mat, and it's made out of bulrushes or something of that nature.

C.G.R.:

I see. So these were sheds made out of mats.

L.M.C.:

Yeah. Warehouses over there were all called mat-sheds. I don't know why, because some of them were made out of metal. In one of them we found a little bit of canned food, and we found bags of peanuts and things like that, that we lived on.

Eventually we were found, and the four of us were led to a ravine and we were tied together and shot. I got shot in the shoulder and the hip and the right hand; the first shot hit me in the [left] shoulder and knocked me down. And I sort of just played dead. Well, when I came to, or when the Japanese had disappeared, and I sort of felt it was safe to sit up again, my buddies were dead, but I was still tied up and we were still tied to one another.

Well, in the course of my visits over to Repulse Bay with Blackie -- this is the friend of mine from the Ordnance Corps, the Royal Ordnance Corps -- the houseboy, now, I've got to get the name here, and I'm having trouble remembering it, we had a sporting goods outfit in North America, and one of the family lived in Montreal and it was like a two-family-named thing, and one relative of the family was permanently in Hong Kong as a distributor. They made parts in Hong Kong and shipped them back to Canada for assembly and this kind of thing. I might think of the name in the course of our conversation. I recognized him [the houseboy] and so I called him over. I said, "Well, untie me." The cost of being untied was to allow him to strip anything that he wanted from the bodies including myself. I lost a watch and a ring and things of this nature, but nothing that was quite as valuable as getting away from there.

C.G.R.:

This was a Chinese....?

L.M.C.:

A Chinese houseboy, yeah. Gosh, I can't think of the name of the family. Anyway, from there I just started wandering in the hills.

C.G.R.:

What did you wear?

L.M.C.:

I was still wearing my army underwear and shoes. What we found in the mat-shed was clothing. That's right. So I had on a pair of white shorts and I think it was a very loose-fitting shirt. All I could do then was start wandering through the hills and, you know, I'd had all kinds of nightmares and visions and things like this, but every time I'd hear a patrol coming I'd try and duck somewhere. At one point I was pretty close to a walkway when they were coming along, and there was an old potato sack, as I can recall, and I crawled into that and rolled into some bushes and just laid there hoping they wouldn't see it and maybe have a bit of bayonet practice or something like that.

I managed to get away from that. I got on the road from -- what's the point out there? Stanley Point -- from Stanley Point back to Victoria, which goes through Wan Chai Gap, I believe. I stopped at this hotel resort in Repulse Bay again to get directions to find the Red Cross. In the meantime I'd lost my dog tags -- I should mention that. I guess I was a bit of a mess because even the Japanese officers didn't seem to worry

because of the fact that I was wearing, sort of, Chinese clothing and I was blond. It never dawned on them, I suppose. He couldn't understand what I was saying anyway, so he just showed me on my way. But I got back over to Wan Chai Gap, and I was stopped by a patrol there. Now this was just after Christmas Day, I guess this would be pushing, well this would be January the first of '42.

C.G.R.:

So you'd been on the loose for a week.

L.M.C.:

Excuse me, I was 11 days from the date I was first hit in the jaw to the day I was picked up -- however that works out. In and out of delirious periods and periods of nightmarish reactions and mirages, you name it. I can remember, one night, lying down half way up a hill and I swore I saw a NAAFI up there. I was going up to have some of their famous orange drink and steak, eggs, and chips and all this sort of stuff. I never quite made it but it was lucky at that point that I moved because where I had been a patrol came through. So by moving another couple hundred feet up the hill, I was able to get away.

Anyway, I got to Wan Chai Gap and this guard that was there stopped me and he had a gun at my head, a rifle at my head, and was threatening to shoot me. I couldn't identify myself. [Just then] one of the patrol trucks came by from the hospital -- they had permission to bury the dead and pick up any wounded, and they had a Japanese interpreter with them. Now, he was from the Hong Kong Volunteer Defence Corps, but he spoke Japanese quite fluently. He negotiated for my release to the truck. This

guard called the sergeant down and they argued and yelled at one another for awhile, and they finally put me in the truck. I can remember the first thing I asked for was a cigarette, which I got from one of the boys. And they took me into Bowen Road Hospital.

Now, unknown to me at that time I was literally crawling with maggots, from both the shoulder wound and the cheek wound. I can remember Dr. [James] Anderson [HCM -85] saying, this is probably the thing that saved my life. Just kept the poison and gangrene or whatever might have been from harming it.

C.G.R.:

The maggots ate it.

L.M.C.:

But I can remember this one doctor, as I got there, one of the last things I remember was a Major in the British Medical Corps saying, "Well, we won't do too much with him tonight. If he makes it through the night then we'll fix him up tomorrow." I can remember they sort of washed me up, cleaned me up a little bit, and got rid of most of the maggots and dressed the wounds a little bit, and then gave me some nourishment.

I think the next thing I remember from that was about 3 months later. I was in the hospital ward and lo and behold, I was still alive, with packing in my face and a splint on my finger to set this finger and great gobs of stuff on my shoulder and the hip here. I had shrapnel peppered all across here and they were, sort of, almost open sores that they were treating.

This was when my old buddy, Larry Dowling, happened to spot me. Nobody knew who I was because, you know, I hadn't told

anybody. What happened in that 3-month period, I just don't have a clue, haven't got a clue. Then they came to me and tried to get some identification from me. They knew I spoke English because evidently I'd been conversing with some people, but what was going on I have no idea. So that was when they finally found out who I was and what my rank and serial number was. And there I stayed. We went from there to North Point, and I was only there a short while when we went over to Sham Shui Po. Well, we'll try and speed this a little bit for you. The truck took me to the hospital and as I said, they said if I'd last the night then they'd fix me up.

C.G.R.:

Excuse me, you mentioned a Dr. Anderson.

L.M.C.:

Dr. Anderson, he lived in Hong Kong. He was an English doctor. He was with the Hong Kong Volunteer Defence Corp.

C.G.R.:

I interviewed him in Victoria in April.

L.M.C.:

Did you?

C.G.R.:

Yes.

L.M.C.:

Well he was quite a guy, he was quite a guy. A very wiry type of man, I always thought. He was the type of person that you could just picture him almost, on a polo pony or some kind of other real bodily contact sport. He just seemed to be that type of person. I don't remember the English major. Now, he was with

the....

C.G.R.:

Ashton Rose?

L.M.C.:

No. Now he was with the medical corps. Ashton Rose was another one. He was with the Hong Kong Volunteer Defence Corps too, I'm sure. He was a local doctor. Did you get to speak with Ashton Rose, at all? [Major Ashton Rose was with the Indian Medical Service.]

C.G.R.:

No, I've heard the name often. One of the British, there was Harrison, a Major Gerald Harrison, who was one of the RAMC people, but there were quite a few, there were several of them.

L.M.C.:

I'll never forget Anderson, because when I sort of came to my senses, Anderson doctored me until I went to POW camp. One of the beauties of being in Bowen Road Hospital was the fact that we did have a certain amount of European food supplies. So we sort of tapered into the Asian diet, which allowed our bodies to assimilate, if you will, the new type of diet that we might be facing -- and, as it turned out, we did face for a good many years. [Making the change slowly] I think, as far as I'm concerned, was probably a God-send, because I didn't develop as much beriberi or pellagra and this kind of thing as some of the boys did, and I think it was because they went from an old fashioned European diet overnight to a bit of rice and water.

C.G.R.:

They went from white to black.

L.M.C.:

That's right. Their bodies deteriorated very, very rapidly. So, if you can find a blessing, as far as I'm concerned, that was my blessing.

We were pretty well left alone in the hospital. Of course, we had Japanese guards all around us. We used to watch, daily, the tortures of local people out at the gate -- such things as the water torture, or they'd gag them and put cigarettes up their nostrils and this kind of thing. All kinds of funny little things. Bamboo under the finger nails. For no apparent reason. Just that they seemed to get some kind of pleasure out of this. Now, this was in the early days of our incarceration, but later on, when the Koreans moved in, things were quite a bit different.

I'm not just sure how long I was in Bowen Road before I went to North Point, but I would suggest it was somewhere between 6 and 9 months. I was still in Bowen Road when there was talk of repatriation of certain people. One of them being Kay -- what's Kay's name?

C.G.R.:

Kay Christie.

L.M.C.:

Kay Christie. We were supposed to be repatriated by way of Australia. There's my name right there. I was still there when repatriation talks were taking place.

Mrs. Canivet:

You were still in hospital in April of '42, because the one note I got came in the fall of '43, saying you were wounded in

hospital and you were all right, and that was in April of '42.

L.M.C.:

OK., so we were there at least somewhere between 6 and 9 months, because I know when we went down to North Point Camp it was starting to get cool. That was a real grubhole. What happened on the repatriation we never knew until many years later, but we weren't one of the lucky ones. Some of us around there weren't all that lucky. But while I was there I was fortunate in that when I was able to get around I was given certain duties to do in the hospital which probably equipped me for things that were going to happen later on.

One of the funnier things that happened there, we had received a shipment of dates. Now, I think they were local grown dates. We used to call them coolie fruit, but they were a form of raw date. We decided we were going to make wine with these dates, and we had found a place where we could make it that wasn't disturbed too often by the locals or the Japanese people, as part of the hospital complex. We managed to get this through to the point of bottling, and we bottled it in what used to be an old locker room, with the old steel lockers. We only had one or two bottles in every locker, figuring that if someone found one bottle they'd go away happy and leave the rest alone. So in the middle of the night, one night, all this wine decided to explode, and it was bottle after bottle. There was great panic amongst the Japanese guards because they thought they were raided, so it created quite a disturbance.

However, it had it's repercussions because they figured that

someone was playing a joke and they didn't take too kindly to jokes in those days. So some of our privileges were withdrawn. Nothing really serious.

Anyway, from there we went to North Point. Then, when they closed North Point we went over to Sham Shui Po Camp. Now, in Sham Shui Po Camp I managed to get together with people like Colonel Howard Bush, and a good many of our doctors. There was a Dr. [Winston] Cunningham [HCM -], who was a dentist, there was a Dr. "Long John" Crawford [HCM -], and there was a Dr. Gordie Gray, who I believe passed away just the last year or so, [Dr. S. Martin] Banfill [HCM -], the whole bunch of them.

Down at Bowen Road we had a doctor who somehow became the Senior Medical Officer by the name of Ashton Rose. He was part Indian -- now, that's not American Indian, but India Indian, and English. Anyway, he had a way of getting things from the Japanese, like vitamin pills and things of this nature that were rather vital to a lot of our people. I'm getting a little bit ahead of myself but I had to mention that while I thought of it.

We had a great bunch of doctors. I was just one of the group. I would go around, for a little extra grub I would maybe shine an officer's boots or do a little bit of laundry for them and anything that would help. There was a group of us that used to do this kind of thing because we still felt that even though we didn't have proper clothing, some of our officers did, and we were always being called on parade at any unknown time, and we thought, well the least we can do is turn the officers out in fairly respectable garb, because they are the ones that had the respect of the Japanese officers. Because at the drop of a hat

you could take a severe beating from these people [the Japanese]. There was a certain amount of, I don't know whether it was -- for want of a better phrase I'll use it again: esprit de corps -- from officer to officer. A certain amount of respect, if you will. So there was quite a few of us that felt it was worth our while making sure that at least they were turned out in fairly good order.

At the same time, I managed to get a job in what was called the local canteen. And we used to go out on work parties and we'd get 10 sen [100 sen in 1 yen] a day for working. We were digging down a mountain to extend Kai Tak airport and I think we were getting 10 sen a day and a bowl of rice to go on these working parties. Anything that you had you could come into the canteen and spend for a little extra.

Now, we hadn't heard too much of the expression "inflation," but we sure learned about it in a hurry when we went to buy something at the canteen. It took a good many days of work to buy even the smallest thing. But while I was working there, now I could only work so long at the canteen and then I had to do my stint out in the field with the rest of the work crews. I can recall, at Kai Tak we were building this airstrip and cutting one of these sandstone hills, almost shovelful by shovelful. When we started this [work], the Japanese engineer in charge had sort of turned the authority over to one of our engineers, who happened to be, again, one of the Hong Volunteer defence men, and in the corps we had people from just about every walk of life you could think of. This guy was a structural engineer.

So as we were laying this strip out, when it came time to pour the concrete, being a bit of an expert, he showed us how to pour the concrete and trowel it up so that it looked just the most beautiful piece of concrete you ever wanted to see, and yet in fact had little or no strength to it. I can recall that the first flight in would bring in a bunch of dignitaries with a squad of fighter escorts, and when they touched down on the tarmac, well the tarmac literally crumbled underneath the aircraft. These big aircraft and fighter aircraft just sort of ended up in a big burning mess. There was no repercussion as far as we were concerned, but the Japanese engineer that was put in charge of it, he was brought out in front of the whole bunch of us that were there -- we were immediately put on parade -- and he was beheaded right before our eyes. We thought this was very, very, interesting!

During the building of that we had another funny experience. There was an air raid taking place. The Americans were bombing in around Hong Kong at that time. I remember an air raid, this one day out at the airport, and of course everybody is diving for cover or getting as close to the ground as you possibly could. I dove down, not realizing where I was, and all of a sudden I looked up and I'm about 6 feet up in the air, and I just couldn't figure what's going on here. It seems I'd fallen over a manhole and a concussion had shot the manhole [cover] up out of this old sewer line, and I'm floating in the air [laughter]! I was a long time living that one down. The boys thought it was pretty good.

Mrs. Canivet:

They still kid him about it.

L.M.C.:

Yes, even now. So that's some of the lighter side. Anyway, during my stay in the canteen the Japanese had sent in some supplies, and one of the things that came in that was not ordered, was about 4 pounds of salted peanuts. Those of us that were working in the canteen figured, well, they're not on the manifest, so let's just eat them. Nobody will be any the wiser. Well, as it turns out the Japanese had done it on purpose, to see if we were honest or not. I was the only one with any amount of injuries, so they said, OK., we'll get around it, because if you're in the hospital they won't bother you, they won't touch you. So we'll just tell them that we found it was you that took them and we beat you up and put you in the hospital. And they could go over to the hospital and check it out if they wanted.

So we got together with Ashton Rose and we sort of hammed things up a little bit, and I was admitted to hospital. I remember I had a few bandages and things put on me. They never even bothered to come over and check. They took this one sergeant -- he was an English service corps man -- they took his word for it and that was the end of that.

But I never left the hospital after that. A sergeant from Vancouver -- what was his name? he went blind when he came home; we were talking about him the other day. He was a medical sergeant, anyway. He asked me if I'd like to stay on, because they needed help. Now, this was following our diphtheria epidemic, and I'd been very, very, fortunate in that I hadn't contracted the....

C.G.R.:

This wouldn't have been Bill Mayne?

L.M.C.:

No. We had a couple, one from Winnipeg, and one from Vancouver. They were both sergeants -- one I think was in the Dental Corps and the other was the Medical Corps, but they were working in the hospital. One guy stayed on in the army after the war. I'll think of his name, hopefully, before I finish. So they asked me if I would stay on and help. And I did.

C.G.R.:

Do you remember about when this would have been?

L.M.C.:

Oh, let's see, probably around the beginning of '45.

C.G.R.:

Fairly late in this period.

L.M.C.:

Yeah. I had done some work out in the fields and on the work parties, and I'd done some work in the canteen and things like that, so probably early '45. It would be a couple of years after we had been captured, anyway.

One of our biggest problems was medical supplies and good food. One of our biggest, well what would you call it, medical problems was beriberi; dysentery, of course, diphtheria, and pellagra, which was very pronounced, all kinds of skin eruptions and things of this nature. Ashton Rose was very, very, good at being able to scrounge a certain amount of supplies, but he could only go so far. He knew just when to stop. When he got a winner, he'd wait a week or so and go back and try for another

shot at it. We were lucky in that he was able to get multiple vitamins and an awful lot of Vitamin C, and what was that other stuff we keep talking about, the purple crystals?

C.G.R.:

Potassium permanganate.

Mrs. Canivet:

Right.

L.M.C.:

Potassium permanganate. We used that very extensively for just about everything. And an awful lot of mouth wash and things like that; we had a lot of ulcerated mouths and things of this nature. Well, speaking for myself, I had no idea how to treat these kind of things. I guess one of the jobs that has probably stood me good stead over the years was just learning how to comfort some of the guys, and try to keep them quiet while any medication we had could be applied.

We put on a couple of skirts there. I can remember we had found some old pink silk pajamas and we put on this skirt where I wore these as ladies bloomers, you know. Just brought the house down, including the Japanese that were there. But this is the kind of thing you'd try to do to keep morale up. Do a lot of walking, played a lot of bridge. Ray -- that other Sergeants name was Ray something.

C.G.R.:

Ray Squires.

L.M.C.:

Ray Squires, right. He's blind now, is he not?

C.G.R.:

No, no.

L.M.C.:

Well, someone told me Ray had gone blind after he came out.

C.G.R.:

Oh no. I've had dinner with he and his wife, in fact, it was the second or third time I've met him, this spring.

L.M.C.:

Is that right? Well, we've never been able to get together anytime we've been out to the Vancouver area, but Ray Squires was the guy that really drafted me into working in the hospital. I never really felt that I was doing that much, but there was another thing there in that there was a certain amount of safety in the hospital. When they started shipping people up to Japan, anybody that was either in the hospital or wounded was not taken in the boats. They wanted people that had full facilities of their four major limbs at least, you know.

I don't know what else you want me to get into here, now. Maybe you'd want to.....

C.G.R.:

Well, what I'd like to do -- this side of the tape is just finished on me. I'll turn it over.

[End of side 1.]

I wonder if you'd just tell me, in some detail -- can you sort of make up an average day when you were working in the hospital. What kinds of things did you do?

L.M.C.:

First, let me qualify that by saying that it's pretty hard

to pick an "average" day because we might work very hard for a couple of hours and then things would quieten down. But at 3 o'clock in the morning you'd have something come in and someone like Ray Squires would call you and say, "OK. come on, I need help. We've got to do this, that, and the other thing." And I have to repeat: without his guidance I certainly would not have known what the hang I was supposed to be doing. Or we'd have to go over to the dental clinic and peddle the bike for a while so the dentist's drill could operate. It was [Dr. Winston] Cunningham, wasn't it, the dental officer?

Mrs. Canivet:

I think so.

C.G.R.:

I've interviewed him too. He's down in London now.

L.M.C.:

Is he? He was a great character. What was the other one -- Spence? Was it Cunningham and Spence? There were two dentists there.

C.G.R.:

I think so. He's dead.

L.M.C.:

I knew one of them was dead. Cunningham was at Howard Bush's the night we had the big Chinese chow.

Mrs. Canivet:

Right, right.

L.M.C.:

Spence or Spencer -- something like that. We'd have to

take turns peddling. Now, in the meantime I would have someone like Dr. Crawford checking my jaw and my shoulder, and every once in a while I'd get a little piece of bone. What's the term -- sequestrum or something like that.

C.G.R.:

Yes.

L.M.C.:

He'd have to probe for it, and then get it out and dress it; there was always a little bit of a splinter coming through. So it's really hard to determine what would be an average day, because every day was so different. The need was so different.

C.G.R.:

Let me tell you what I'd like, because I realize making up an average day isn't all that easy. What I'd like to know is just the kinds of different things that you did, like peddling the dental drill, and the different kinds of duties that might come up.

L.M.C.:

Well, if we knew, let's say, that there had been an air wreck or something near where the work parties were, because we could go under the cover of hospital workers, and they always took someone with them because of sun stroke or heat problems and this kind of thing, Ray would always assign one of us to go with the work party and give us instructions on what to do if this happened or that happened, just little accidents and things. So if we knew that something had taken place and there might be something that we could [get for] the hospital, we could maybe get close to an air wreck and pick out bits of wire or whatever.

We were usually given instructions and we'd bind these things around our body and bring them home. Now, a lot of this stuff wasn't used in the hospital, but if we were caught, we were always given an excuse as to why we were bringing this particular article home with us. Ray always had some way that we could make use of that as part of the hospital requirements. A lot of it went into making radios. They kept radios in mess camps so that we had a little bit of contact with the outside world.

C.G.R.:

Tell me a bit about your own health, and how you were, and what kinds of problems did you have?

L.M.C.:

Personally, I consider that I was very lucky, as I said before, having been weaned off the European into the Asiatic by a gradual process at the hospital. I feel that I fared a lot better than a lot of people, healthwise. Physically, I was quite thin. I think I was down to about something around 100, the 90 to 100 pound mark.

C.G.R.:

From what? What was your normal weight then?

L.M.C.:

Well, my normal then might have been 125 soaking wet [laughter]. It was after I came home that I put on another 30 pounds and sort of retained it. But even in that picture I didn't look all that thin. I felt that I was in pretty good shape. I did get dysentery. I was very lucky, we were helping to look after the people that had diphtheria -- I didn't pick

that up. I had some beriberi but not nearly as serious as a lot of the boys. My ankles didn't swell up or my joints didn't swell up like a lot of them. Well, there was some swelling. You could get the indentation with the thumb press, but it wasn't nearly as bad as a lot of the boys. So I was a little more able to get around, perhaps, than a lot of them. I didn't have what we called "hot feet," which was a form of pellagra.

We had another thing -- well, to be crude about it, the way we called it was "strawberry balls." This again was much the same idea -- inflammation of the scrotum -- and it was very painful for the boys. This took very special treatment.

I would say, while I probably was feeling sorry for myself, I was in a lot better health than a lot of the fellows. I think Larry and I managed to survive pretty well because we were both a pair of scroungers. We had cut back on our smoking because cigarettes was the means of barter for things. Once the Koreans moved in to be our guards, they were rather sympathetic because they didn't like the Japanese that well, and they were sort of conscripted into the service; they were very easy people to deal with. We could go over to the fence and for a few cigarettes we could pick up little odds and ends, like sweet potatoes and onions and things of this nature, the odd bit of fruit. Mind you, you had to almost have a Brinks guard to get you back to your hut with this stuff.

One of the other things we did do in connection with the hospital, we grew a lot of sweet potatoes in the sand there. While we never dug up the potatoes themselves, we used the leaves as a good source of greens. This was chopped up and sort of

fried in a peanut oil and mixed in with our rice. We used to call that chow fan. One of the things about this is that that food was better than what the Japanese guards were given when we went on work parties. Quite often you could doodle your ration of chow fan for their ration of rice plus three or four packs of cigarettes, which gave you something else to wheel and deal with. People like Ray Squires, for instance, and there was, oh, I can't remember that United Church minister that was out there. He was on the Missionary Boat out in Vancouver for years, a heck of a nice guy. We used to bring cigarettes back to people like Ray Saunders....

C.G.R.:

Ray Squires?

L.M.C.:

Ray Squires. He would find ways of dealing these off for little supplies that he needed for the hospital. Or we would give them to this minister and he would find things, or he'd take the cigarettes and...he was criticized a lot because people said he was always scrounging cigarettes. Now, he didn't smoke. A lot of people didn't realize that, but he would take these cigarettes to the boys in the hospital that he felt would enjoy a cigarette. He'd hand them out to them. A lot of people didn't know that and he was being unduly criticized. But the Anglican priest that was there, we used to let him have cigarettes. Now, when I say we, I mean collectively --not me, or me and Larry, or Larry and I, collectively we would take these up from time to time. He used to be able to buy something that would pass for a

consecrated wine for his communion service and that was one of the few ways of getting it. So cigarettes was our source of barter. People like Ray Squires and Ashton Rose made great use of it for the hospital.

Personally, I think I survived very well. I think the mental anguish was the hardest part because we were always betting on, "Next week we're going to be on a boat going home," sort of deal. And next week would come and there we are still standing out on parade in the hot sun, being threatened by a machine gun or something, or just left to stand there until we were told to disperse. I don't know what else I can say about my own health. I never really felt tired that I can recall.

Sleeping was very difficult because of the numerous bed bugs, and there was just no way of getting rid of them. Any of us that were in the steel beds, why we could burn the bugs out but they'd come back just as fast from other areas. So the thing was really, the whole place was infested.

One of the other things we did once is, we had someone send in four piglets. We managed to find a compound to try and raise these critters so we could get some meat, and when we got them up to the butchering stage the Japanese took three and we were allowed one for the whole camp! But there was enough nourishment, perhaps, in the fat on these things when it was processed in our food. We felt it did some good, but it was a one time thing, so there was no follow through on it.

C.G.R.:

You said you felt not bad physically, how about mentally. Did you keep your spirits up? Did you have depressions?

L.M.C.:

Well, in the beginning it wasn't too bad because we all had something we could do. Like, I was teaching french for awhile. I'm not that fluent in French, even now, but I was brought up in a neighborhood where you had to have at least street French to survive. I think I had enough French that with the aid of a textbook that it was a means of filling in the hours. We were teaching French to people.

We had other people, when some musical instruments came in by way of the Roman Catholic priest, the local priest in Hong Kong, we had people teaching musical instruments. That sergeant who's name I can't remember, he was teaching wind instruments, because that's what he used to play. I think he played the trombone. We had bookbinding classes, where you'd learn how to...We had a whole bunch of books came in and they had broken backs and things like this, or broken spines. We had to repair them and we were taught how to do this. That was very interesting. We made our own little books and went around and got mementos from people. I have a little book here somewhere that I made while I was in there [this was borrowed and copied]. People like [Capt. S. Martin] Banfill and these people all signed it; that I managed to bring home with me. This went on for quite a while.

I was studying German and Spanish while I was teaching French, and I was studying music while I was doing other things. The thing that happened all of a sudden was they decided....What was happening was that messages were getting out, and messages

were getting in, through what we called the "bamboo telegraph." They couldn't figure out how it was, so they wouldn't allow us to congregate in groups any larger than two at a time. So all our instructional programs broke down.

As I said before, in the Hong Kong Volunteer Defence Corps we had people from all walks of life. One of the things I was studying was meteorology, which I really enjoyed. This is the kind of cross-mix of people we had in there. We had a crew in from one of the Dutch submarines and we were all allocated time to teach them English. But then they decided we couldn't have this anymore so we couldn't congregate in groups. Then we had to look for other means of passing the time. And that was a full time job.

Anybody that didn't work at filling their time -- we had a few of them that sort of went around the bend, went a little bit snakey. You could manage to bring them around once you get them implicated in something that seemed to catch their attention. We had a few troublesome fellows who went a little brutal when they went a bit snakey, but we were able to bring most of them around, because we were so concerned with the dysentery, which would just flow right through if you couldn't check it, so you needed to find some way to keep these guys from developing any further.

C.G.R.:

Brutal -- how do you mean?

L.M.C.:

They were beating up on people, or just being destructive. And if we didn't contain them, control them rather, they'd be shot or otherwise maimed by the Japanese, because they had no

tolerance for anybody that didn't have their mental capacities. So we had to try and keep them away from the sight of the guards, especially the Japanese guards. The Korean weren't too bad.

One of our worst guards was an interpreter that we called... oh, there it's just gone.

C.G.R.:

Not "the Kamloop's Kid"? [Kazawa Inouye.]

L.M.C.:

The Kamloop's Kid. He was absolutely ruthless. Now, he was a Canadian Japanese and he was an absolutely ruthless person. He had no tolerance for anything like that. So we had to keep these kinds of people hidden. He used to sneak around at night and try and catch people that were smoking that weren't supposed to smoke, or little things of this nature.

That brings up another thing. (If you don't mind I'll say it while I'm here.) While we had hydro we had ways of boiling water by insulating sides of tin cans with bamboo and connecting them to wire and we'd immerse them, like an immersion heater, put them in the water, and they'd boil the water. We used to make little stoves and we'd have small fires. The Japanese, one day, would be told to look for these immersion heaters and they wouldn't see the small fires that were burning right at their feet where we were trying to cook stuff that we were able to scrounge. Alternately when they were looking for small fires they didn't see the immersion heaters, so you had to sort of try and find out what they were searching for that particular day. If they were looking for radios they wouldn't see anything else.

So you had to get a little bit wiley. But that was just a sideline, I'm sorry about that. What was I talking about before I got to that?

C.G.R.:

Well, first of all you said among the kinds of patients you were looking after were the ones who had diphtheria. Now, were you functioning as an orderly when the big diphtheria epidemic was going on, or was this later when there were scattered diphtheria cases?

L.M.C.:

No, this was when it was scattered. When the big diphtheria thing was going on I was more in the canteen and work parties. Again, I was lucky. My throat swabs didn't show a thing and I never got sick. But the ones that we were looking after later were the scattered ones that were sort of off-shoots or maybe later developments, or they were the tag end and one [patient] would pass to the other so we were looking at several months after the big outbreak.

C.G.R.:

How about surgery? Was there surgery going on? Did you have any involvement in it personally?

L.M.C.:

I personally didn't, other than any surgery that took place on myself, which was relatively minor.

C.G.R.:

But as an orderly you weren't?

L.M.C.:

No, I wasn't involved in participating in any surgical work

at all.

C.G.R.:

Did they do much surgery?

L.M.C.:

They did a little bit. Dr. Crawford did some minor surgery, and Ashton Rose did some. I don't know where Dr. Anderson went, from Bowen Road -- I haven't the foggiest idea. I know he wasn't at Sham Shui Po with us, to my knowledge.

C.G.R.:

He stayed at Bowen Road.

L.M.C.:

He did stay?

C.G.R.:

Right through until about April of '45, almost through the war, he stayed at Bowen Road.

L.M.C.:

Is that right? Because we lost total contact at Bowen Road. There was always some minor surgery, but there was nothing of a major...It seems to me we had one appendectomy and I think Ashton Rose got him into a hospital. There again, he may have gone back to Bowen Road for the surgery as far as I know, but I really didn't know of it.

C.G.R.:

Another thing that I ask about is, what about sex? Was sex something that was talked about a lot?

L.M.C.:

Oh, I think we did a a lot of fantasizing and dreaming and

what have you, but there was little or no sex that I know of. There was some comment about a little buggery going on, but I wasn't aware of it. I wasn't aware of it.

C.G.R.:

I was going to ask about that too.

L.M.C.:

In the group that I was with there was none of that going on. I don't know, I guess there would be a certain amount of masturbation going on. That would be normal too, under the circumstances, I would think. Oh, I heard a few rumors, but I never saw any personally.

After the war there was quite a few of them that had the cigarettes, managed to break out and go down to some of the Chinese brothels for a while, but that was a bit of a dangerous practice. If you were following people like the Japanese and other Chinamen, God knows what the hell you could pick up. I don't know, it isn't a case of keeping yourself so much pure as healthy [laughter], I think, even though it may be forced on you.

C.G.R.:

Are there any things you can tell me about particular patients that you recall? Sometimes people have recollections of patients with remarkable diseases or who made remarkable recoveries or things like that.

L.M.C.:

The only one that comes to mind -- this guy, he never made a recovery. I know he came home. But he had the most God-awful ulcers, ulcerated skin -- real wide open sores, it was ugly! We used to look after him. I used to seem to catch the thing of

swabbing and cleaning once, and some one like Ray or one of the guys with more knowledge than me would come and do the dressing. But they were the ugliest looking things, and they seemed to be very deep, almost, what's the word, I'm not sure what the word is for it, they had a name for it and I can't remember. But it was just, I don't know....Oh, I can't remember what they used to call those darn things. But they were like boils that had just completely opened up and they were very deep-seated into the flesh and the muscle -- just horrible looking. I can remember this one guy had a lot of those. To me that was one of the worst, the worst things.

I think the worst thing was to just have to stand there and watch a guy go from reasonably healthy, by our standards of the day, to just skin and bones, and not be able to do anything for the guy. Most of this was created through the dysentery. There was an awful lot of amebic dysentery in there and nothing to treat it, nothing to try and get at the bug. You just couldn't do anything except stand and watch the poor guy just literally disappear in front of your eyes.

What other questions do you have?

C.G.R.:

I'm starting to run out.

L.M.C.:

Well, I'll tell you a little side story then. We had one fellow there, now, I can't remember his name either, but he was from the maritimes, he was with the Royal Rifles [of Canada]. He had lost a foot in the war. His father, before him, had lost

a foot in the First World War, and it turns out that both wore the same size shoes. He thought this was the greatest thing since sliced bread because he'd lost his right foot, and his father had lost his left foot. Now they could buy one pair shoes between them! I think that helped get that kid through the thing, because he just was waiting for the day when he could get home and share shoes with his father.

C.G.R.:

Split the cost.

L.M.C.:

Yeah. You get a lot of little stories like this. I found them very interesting at the time. You'd say, "How can a guy think like that?" But I guess we all had our own ways of keeping some form of mental stability.

C.G.R.:

Are there other orderlies that you can think of, who are alive, as far as you know? Men that I might talk to. I've talked to Ray Squires. I've talked to Ken Cambon. I don't know if you knew him.

L.M.C.:

Yeah, vaguely. I'll tell you, I'm having a lot of difficulty with names, because I notice when our publication comes out I see names in there and you try to remember now, "Who was he, where was he, what does he look like." I don't remember too many of the orderlies, and I think it's because Ray was the type of person that you could almost get to the point of worship, worshipping someone like that because he was always cool. He always seemed to know what to do or what had to be done. He had

a way of getting you to do it -- you felt like he was doing you a favor, giving you this extra work to do, and you'd just rush right in and do it. Other than Larry and myself. And I don't know how much of the orderly work Larry did, because although he bunked in the hospital with us, Larry was Signal Corps. He was working as an orderly up at Bowen Road when I first came to. I guess he just carried that experience down there with him. But I have great trouble remembering names. And there were a lot of us working there in this one area that we had confined as a hospital compound. There was a lot of guys helping out.

C.G.R.:

Well, the only other one I can think of is Pat Poirier.

L.M.C.:

Yes, I remember Pat.

C.G.R.:

I'm supposed to be interviewing him whenever I can get to Montreal.

L.M.C.:

As I mentioned earlier, when we knew the war was over -- when we found there were no guards around -- we went over and we found these three rifles and one round of ammunition. A group of the boys commandeered a truck and we headed downtown to get into these mat-sheds to find food. We found all our Red Cross boxes down there -- warehouse after warehouse full of these Red Cross boxes that were never distributed. Whenever we got stopped we just threatened people with these rifles. Well, you know, if anybody had challenged us there wouldn't have been very

much we could do. But shortly after that, we met the Australian air force marines. And they were rounding up these Japanese like they were going out of style, and running the pants off these guys. They just had them going full steam everywhere. They helped us load a few trucks too.

I can remember right after the war, when the Prince Robert came back in the harbor, and I'm told, now I don't know how true this is, that the Captain, the skipper, was down in the South Pacific when he got the word that we had been released, or that the war was over, and he just rushed right up to Hong Kong to meet "his boys," as he put it. And we spent a few days on there.

One of the boys, one of the engineers there, his dad used to have a shoeshine stand in Ottawa. He and I got quite friendly and I used to eat in the ERA mess there with him periodically. That was fun. The cook on board the boat baked his own bread, and of course to us it was like cake, we were eating it just by the handful. That was rather interesting. But I thought it was pretty good of this old skipper to bring his crew back up to us with the threat of dishonorable discharge or something, which never came to pass, of course.

C.G.R.:

No. I've heard something similar. I've also heard that there were several, I think, Australian or British ships at the approaches to the harbor that refused to go in because not all of the mining had been, not all the mines had been taken up, but the Prince Robert came in.

L.M.C.:

Yeah, he just steamed right past everybody and came into the harbor. I don't remember anything being blown up by the mines that could have still been there. I remember a lot of the bombing raids. I can remember in the hospital in Sham Shui Po we thought we could reach out and touch the American aircraft. They flew over our parade square and dropped Camels and things like this. Everybody rushed out to try and grab cigarettes. But I can remember right beside us at Sham Shui Po was a ship-building yard where they used to bring the junks, and I can remember them bombing that and I remember shrapnel coming through the roof of the hospital compound. They were pretty close, they were pretty close. I can remember watching them torpedo Japanese ships; the aircraft would come over the hill -- you wouldn't even know they were there until all of a sudden they were there and dropped their torpedoes in the bay and blew them up. That was very interesting. We did a lot of cheering in those days.

C.G.R.:

Well, good. Thank you very much.

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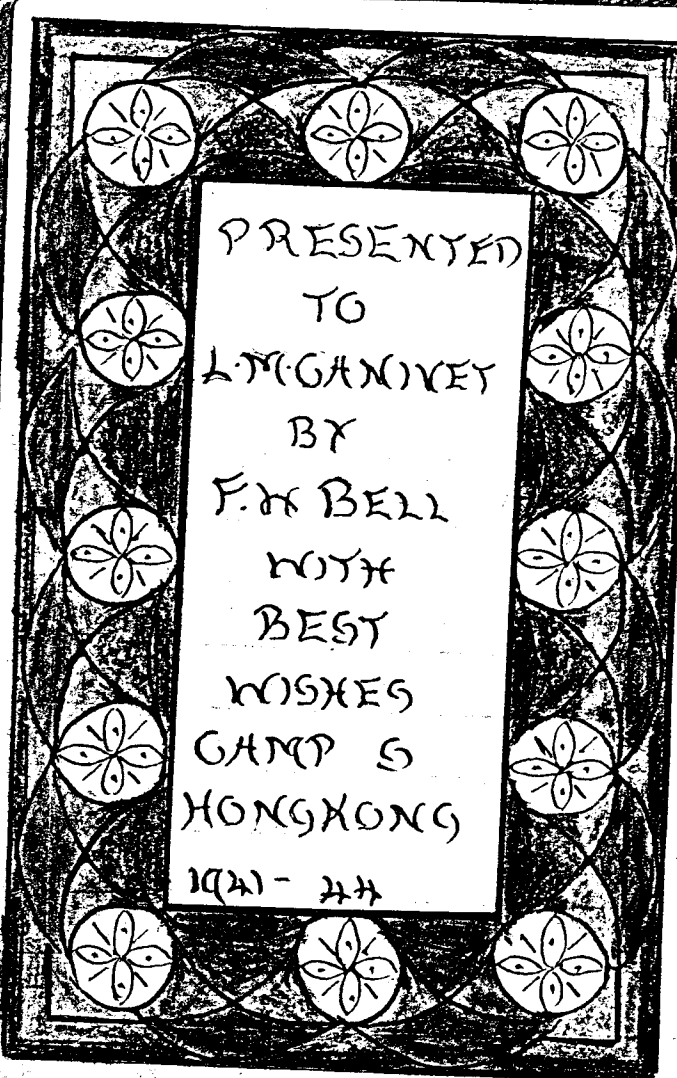
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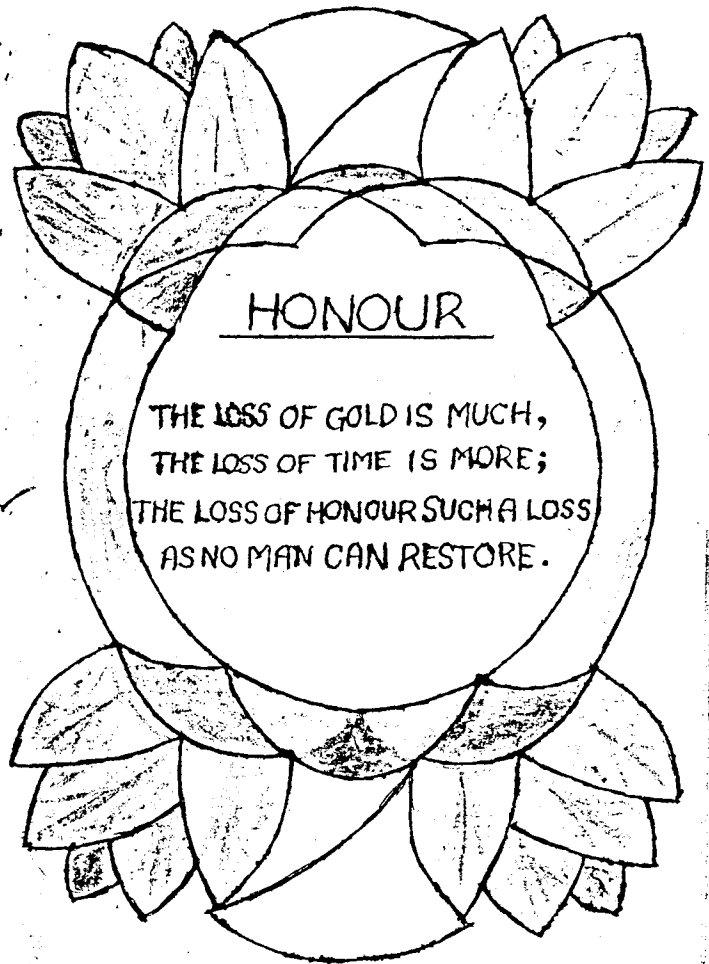


THE
HONG KONG
AND
SHANGHAI
NAVY



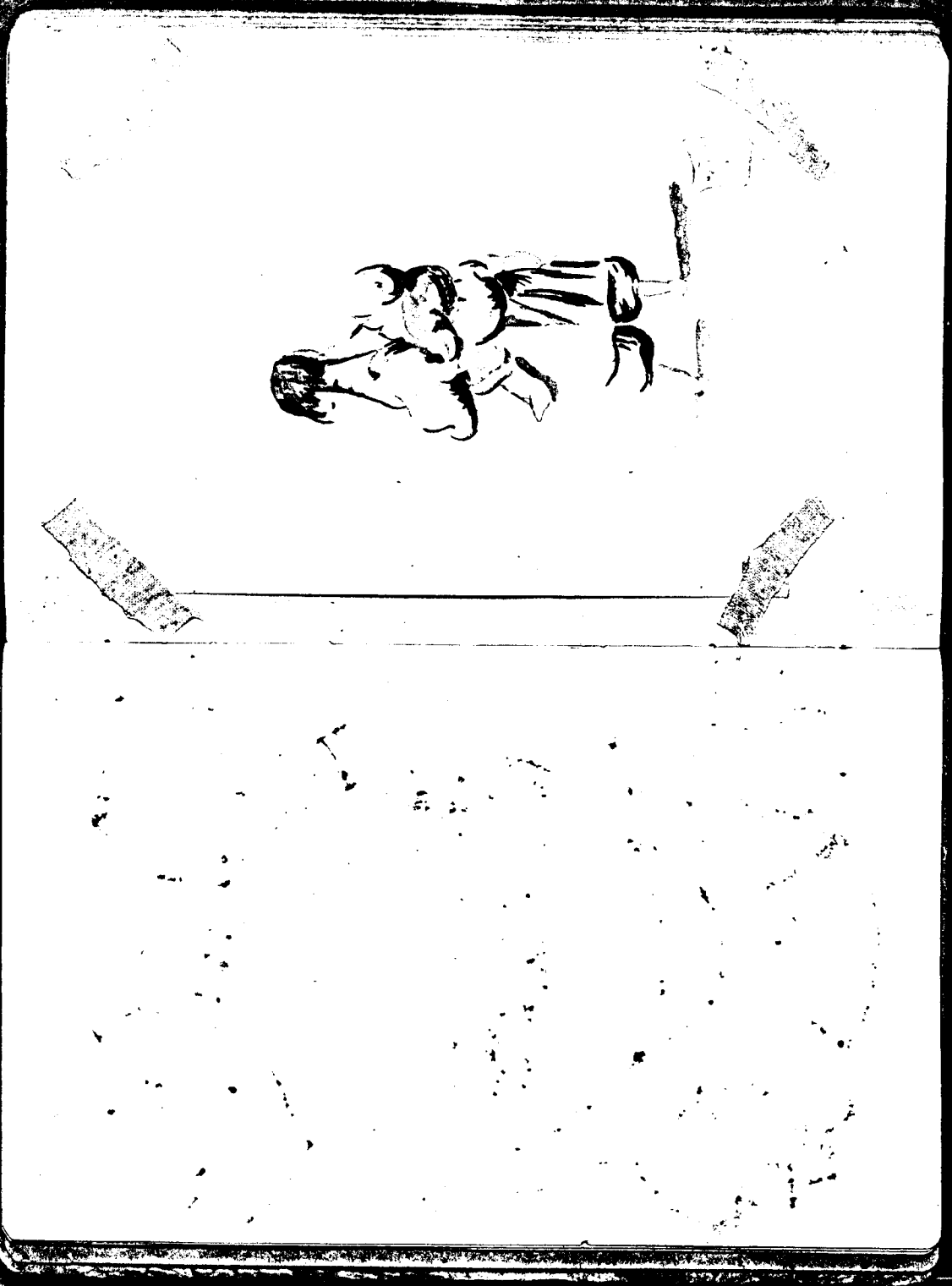
A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring a repeating pattern of stylized floral motifs. Each motif consists of a central circle with five petals, arranged in a circular pattern. The motifs are connected by a series of overlapping, curved lines that form a lattice-like structure.

PRESENTED
TO
L. M. GANNEY
BY
F. H. BELL
WITH
BEST
WISHES
CAMP 5
HONGKONG
1921 - 22



HONOUR

THE LOSS OF GOLD IS MUCH,
THE LOSS OF TIME IS MORE;
THE LOSS OF HONOUR SUCH A LOSS
AS NO MAN CAN RESTORE.



J. P. Sawyer. Major RRMC
% Glyn Mills (Noble Brand)
Niklan's House.
Whitehall
London.

DR JOHN. V. CRAWFORD. RRMC.
203 OAK ST.
WINNIPEG, MAN.

DR S. M. BANFILL. RRMC.
% EAST ANGUS P. Q.

DR G. C. GRAY JR. RRMC.
10206-123 ST
EDMONTON, ALTA.
AUG 1941

Dear Sir

Wishing you the
Best and say all you
Love

James A. Wilson

Grand River
920071

Geo. KARAYANIS

215 KENT ST.

OTTAWA.

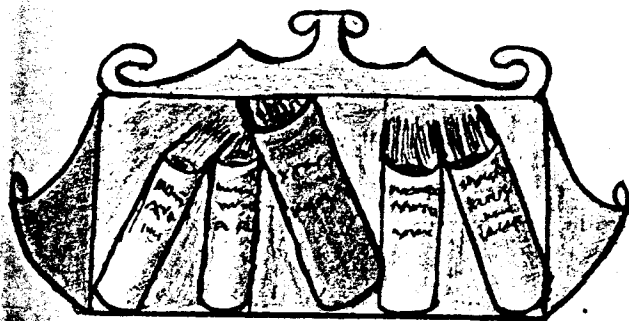
a. 205 Queen ST

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.

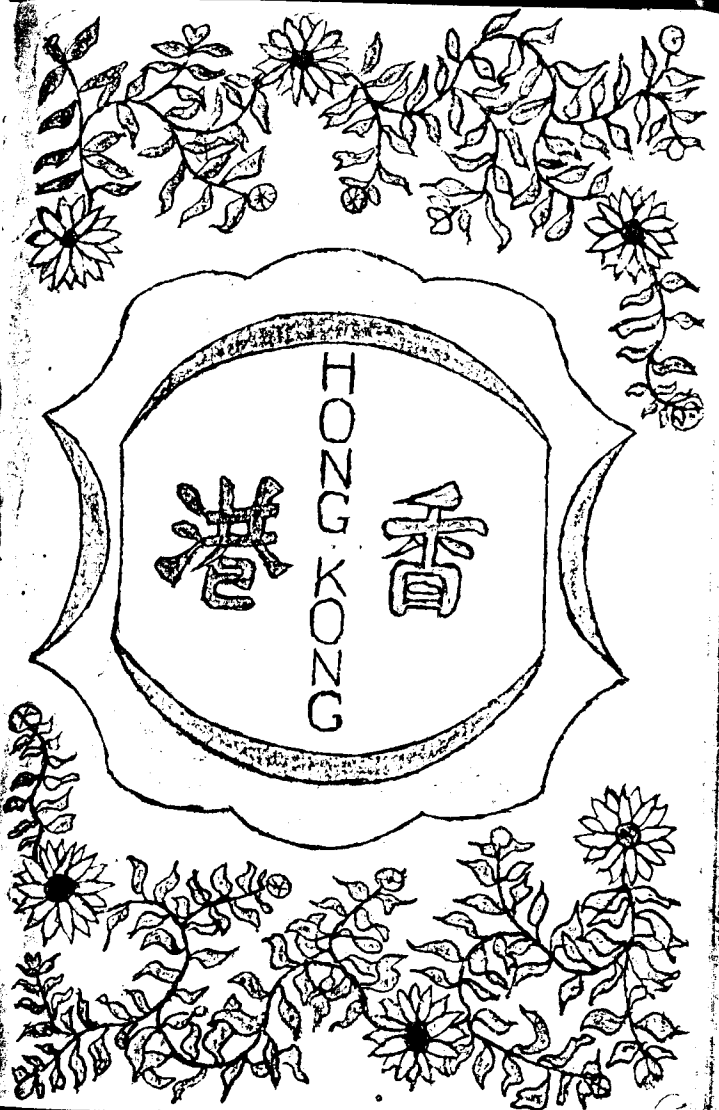
YOU MUST WORRY ABOUT WORDS.
FOR WHATEVER ELSE YOU MAY DO, YOU
WILL BE USING WORDS ALWAYS. ALL DAY,
AND EVERY DAY, WORDS MATTER.

THOUGH YOU LIVE IN A BARREL AND
SPEAK TO NOBODY BUT YOURSELF, WORDS
MATTER. FOR WORDS ARE THE TOOLS
OF THOUGHT, AND YOU WILL FIND
OFTEN THAT YOU ARE THINKING BAD-
LY BECAUSE YOU ARE USING THE WRONG
TOOLS, TRYING TO BORE A HOLE WITH
A SCREWDRIER, OR DRAW A CORK
WITH A COAL-HAMMER.

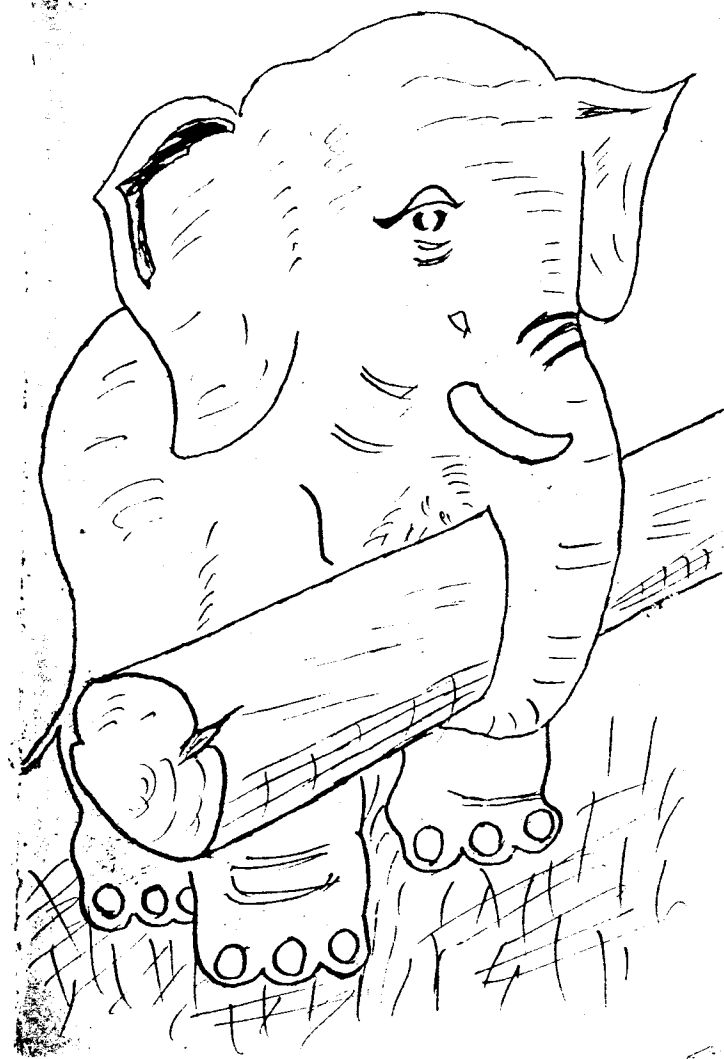
FROM: A.P. HERBERT'S
BOOK "WHAT A WORD"



Handwritten text or markings on the left page, possibly including a signature or date.



IZOZU KOZU
和歌



Encl. to Comd
27 Hickory St.
Ottawa Ont.

E. M. Combs ^{S.F.}

MEADY

H.M.S. Prince Robert

90 R. C. M.

Americas.

I want a
measure of
Soy saved
PLEASE

Platt - yes
we're just
tapping
the
barrel
"200

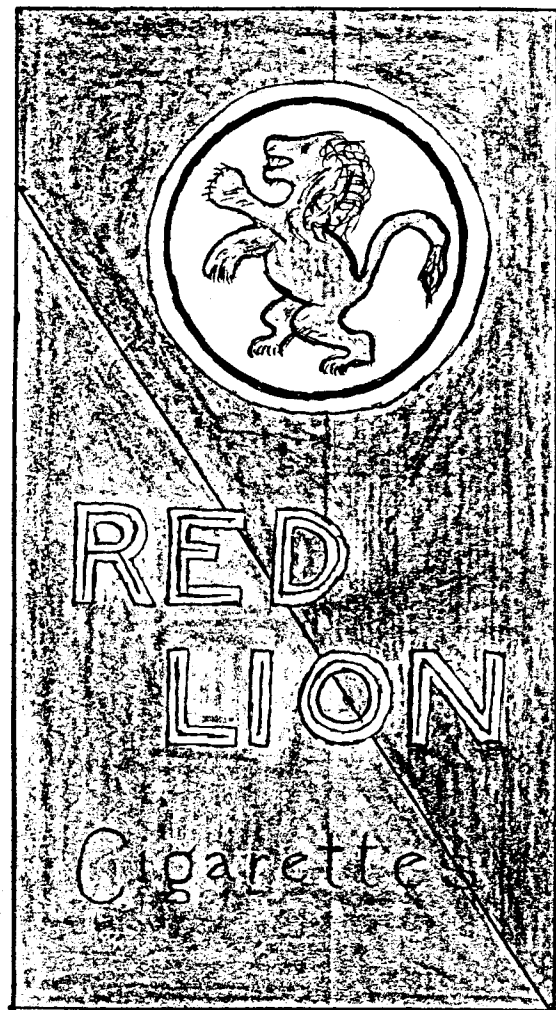
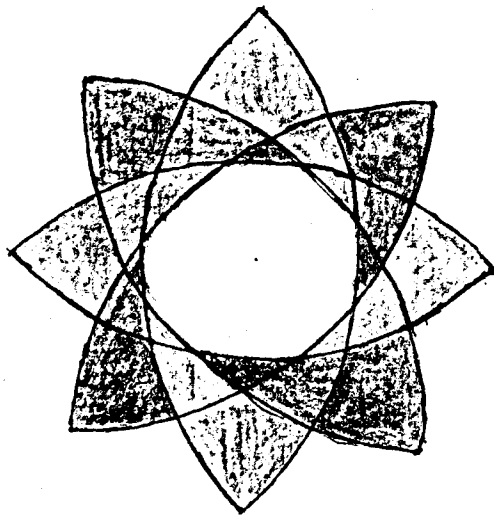


THEY DO IT
EVERY
TIME.

Handwritten signature

Really the price of these fags is quite steep.
Especially with straw in China so cheap.
Don't let this surprise you.

Lions should stay where they belong.
In cigarettes they are far too strong.
Only those men with wills of iron
Never refuse to smoke a Red Lion.



MAPSON 172

2-6-44.

Dear Les.

Here's to your selling Canadian
ONIONS.

Instead of.

SHAMSHUPO GARLIC.

ix

1945

Ray S.

Myrs

1945

in

SAMSHIPO GARLIC.

instead of

ONIONS.

Here's to your selling Canadian

Dear Joe.

2-6-44

WPSA 112

MATHEW FRASER

LAGHNAIRICK

LISBURN

Co. Down

(UNCLE)

N IRELAND

WILLIAM FRASER

552 SIMMONS ST. W.

TORONTO ONT.

To The Royal Rifles of Canada
and
The Winnipeg Grenadiers

Ears that cannot hear, eyes that cannot see,
To answer England's clarion call
You came across the sea,
Hands that cannot feel, lips that cannot speak,
Your tale resounds from shore to shore
From the Rockies to the Peak.

With dauntless hearts you faced the hills
And dared the enemy guns
You gave your lives to make this earth
Safer for your sons.

And we that are left shall honour you
Our sons shall hear your tale
Your sacrifice shall not have been
Without some true avail.

The sun each day shall not go down
But shall gild your lonely graves
That lie upon the hillside
And face across the waves.

Across the blue Pacific

Beyond the rolling range

To your homes in far-off Canada

To hearts that will not change.

And to them we pledge our solemn word

Their men shall not grow old

Their names with blue white Hongkong lives

Till tropic winds blow cold.

W. J. G. S. 15