

Diary
Capt U. Laite, M.C. D.D.



Laite, Uriah Capt. Chaplain Winnipeg Grenadiers

Padre

Hong Kong P.O.W. Dec. 1941 - Aug. 1945

**Winnipeg Grenadiers and R.R. of C.,
and Imperials**

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Foreword by Grayson Laite (son)

My father kept a handwritten diary while he was a P.O.W. He was able to keep it secure, and it was never found by his captors. After the war, he retyped it as it is presented here.

Some highlights:

- Catch & Release The Wong Nai Chong Gap Battle
- Col. Sutcliffes' Funeral
- The Craft Contest Winners
- Entertainment
- Christmas Dinner 1942
- New Years' Day Service, Names & Addresses
- The Dutch Submarine 0.20
- His Radio Broadcast Aug 42 in which he was able to name many fellow P.O.W.'s without the censors getting wise

Many, many names

We hope that this diary will be of use to the Hong Kong Veterans, their families and friends in the Commemorative Association, and will be meaningful to you. We tried to get all the names but might have missed some.

Grayson Laite
North Saanich, BC

1941 In Brief

Oct. 27th, 1941. Left Vancouver with Force "C" for Hong Kong but sailed under sealed orders.

Oct. 31st. Pte Schrage of R.R.C. died on board - buried at sea.

Nov. 2nd. At Honolulu.

Nov. 4th. Submarine sighted.

Nov. 5th. Crossed International DateLine. (Lost a day).

Nov. 6th. Lecture by Brig. J.K. Lawson.

Nov. 8th. Ship's guns fired in practice. Lecture by Capt Dennison.

Nov. 11th. Lecture by Capt E.E. Dennison.

Nov. 13th. Nearing Philippines. Funeral of Awatea seaman. Blackout lifted at night. Lt Young put on a mock broadcast.

Nov. 14th. Manila - confined to ship - U.S.A. chaplain on board. Re-fuelling and water - Escot "Danae" - Blackout again enforced. Major Linden lectured.

Nov. 16th. Sunday. Arrived at Kowloon. Met by planes and M.T.Bs. Docked at 8:30 a.m. disembarked at noon. Men confined to barracks until 1800 hrs on Nov. 19th. I spent two days at Peninsular Hotel and on the 18th rejoined my unit at Shamshuipo Camp - Hankow Barracks.

Nov. 18th. Cable from Halifax, from Stan.

Nov. 23rd. First Sunday Church Parade. 315 men at Church. Subject - "Spiritual Reserves" Matt: 25. Lt. Parks in charge.

Nov. 28th. Designated H.K.I.B. (Hong Kong Infantry Brigade) and responsible for the defence of Hong Kong. The other forces (British) designated Kowloon Infantry Brigade.

Diary of Capt U. Laite

Nov. 29th. Cable from home - 3677 West 19, Vancouver.

Nov. 30th. Sunday Parade. Subject - "More than conquerors" Rom: 8: 37 Major Hook in charge.

Dec. 2nd. Cable to Florence in receipt of cable.

Dec. 3rd. Attended meeting of Committee "Service Section" Y.M.C.A.

Dec. 4th. Visited twenty men in Hospital. Attended lecture at Chinese Fleet Club, by British Colonel from Ministry of Information, on War Conditions.

Dec. 6th. Visited C.A.M. Hospital - 25 V.D. patients. Visited Bowen Road Hospital - 60 patients. Special interview with three in a group and one alone. Blackout.

Dec. 7th. Church Parade. Over 200 present. Text - Ezekiel, 2: 1 "Stand upon thy feet". Sudden call to man positions on Hong Kong Island. Evening - Kai Tak Airport bombed.

Dec. 8th. War began. Planes overhead at 8 a.m., and our Hankow and Nanking barracks bombed. Two Canadian casualties. Later in day took truck load of supplies to Wan Chai Gap where our headquarters established.

Dec. 9th. The last plane of China National Airways came to Hong Kong and returned. Late in the afternoon D Co: of W.G. came to Kowloon.

Dec. 10th-18th. Spent time at H.Q. and at different Co: H.Q. Serious shelling and bombing daily but military personnel sustained no losses.

Dec. 11th, 1941. Evacuation of Kowloon Mainland.

Dec. 12th. Complete occupation of Kowloon Mainland by Japanese (except Devil's Peak).

Dec. 13th. Japanese ask for surrender of Hong Kong. Visited D Co. on return from New Territories with Major Trist.

Dec. 16th. Heaviest air-raid of war, on Aberdeen. At "B" H.Q. - Major Hook. Visited men at different stations as well as R.C.A.M.C. at For Folun.

Dec. 18th. Japanese again ask for surrender of Hong Kong. Attempted first landing but repulsed.

Dec. 18th-19th. Night landings of Japanese on Island, and first British prisoners taken.

Dec. 18th. In afternoon sent to see Lt. (Rusty) Young and men at Aberdeen and had dinner with them after which left for Little Hong Kong to visit "A" H.Q. - Major Gresham. Shortly after arrival Brigade H.Q. telephoned for CO to be ready to move. The order was cancelled later, but within two hours another order came through to say that enemy at Jardine Lookout. Within a few minutes Major Gresham and his H.Q. staff were on the march. I went with them and expected to see action with them. After an hour or so, while resting by side of road near Wang-Nei-Chong Gap, and waiting for other Co. platoons to contact him, he met a runner - Kutot - from D Co. and advised me to go with him and remain at D Co. H.Q. for the rest of night. We certainly walked into what, later in morning, and for four days became a veritable death trap.

Capt. Bowman and his Co. went into action shortly after my arrival, and during early forenoon, Capt. Bowman was killed and his 2 I/C - Lt. R. W. Philip and Capt. Bush, seriously wounded. I took charge of any wounded brought in and applied field dressings to them. Later in day it was learned that our Brigadier had been killed near his H.Q., just across the way from our H.Q. That night we moved our wounded from H.Q. shelter to the kitchen, hoping to be rescued but spent until the fourth day there in a veritable Hell fire. Bombs, snipers, hand grenades, trench mortars, and shells were played on our section, and on Monday the 22nd, our men were out of ammunition and forced to surrender. At that time we had more than thirty wounded men in our shelter including Col. Reg Walker of the H.K. Volunteers, Lt Philip, and Lt. Blackwood. During the four days the few men left displayed marvelous skill, courage and daring.

Monday, Dec. 22nd, at 7:30-8 a.m. we surrendered. The enemy officers, with interpreter, came and took me up for questioning, and later had me go to Brigade H.Q. and other places to find men, ammunition and other supplies. They gave me water for my wounded, and later allowed me to take six tins of milk to them as well. They left me with the five serious cases for about two hours and then led me to their H.Q. where they fed me biscuits, meat (Bully) and water, and later sent an N.C.O. and three riflemen with me through their lines. This experience was more harrowing than the four days and nights with our men under fire. In such times we forget wounds or death in the thought of serving others, and in that service a new comradeship was born.

Note: Found body of Brigadier Lawson, and was permitted to remove his armband.

Later that day I reached the Naval First Aid Station at the Grandstand Racetrack, after being taken in by a Chinese resident, and fed biscuits and milk. At the station Dr. Selwyn Clark, the D.M.H. took me in Red Cross car to Queen Mary Hospital, and ordered me to bed, and quiet for three days. I was there for twenty-nine days when, with forty-seven other patients from different units, I was sent to Shamshuipo Military Prison Camp. After two days all Canadians in this camp were taken to North Pt Camp on Jan. 22nd.

1941 – Diary of the War in Hong Kong

War between Japan-Britain, U.S. of America, and the Netherlands began on Monday, a December 8, 1941. The Winnipeg Grenadiers Regiment to which I am attached, had headquarters at Hankow Barracks, Shamshuipo, Kowloon, Hong Kong.

On Sunday - Dec. 7 - most of our unit in command of Lt Col. J.L.R. Sutcliffe, moved from our barracks to take up manning positions on the island of Hong Kong. Cat. J. Norris, our Quarter Master, with Lts Blake, Harper - Rations officer - and Harry White were left behind with about forty men to transport Q.M. stores, etc., when ordered by H.Q. at Wan Chai Gap. Capt Terry, Paymaster; Acting Capt. G. Porteous Y.M.C.A. Auxiliary Service Officer and I - all three attached - remained as well.

On Monday morning I was having breakfast at 0745 hrs, when Capt. Norris came in. I told him that I would spend the morning censoring letters which had been unfinished on the previous night. When he quietly asked "Don't you know there is a war on?" It was my first intimation.

Just then we heard the sound of planes, and together we walked on our verandah and counted five planes coming in from the direction of our local airport and the sea. At first we thought them friendly but within a very few minutes bombs were dropping in the harbor and on buildings and land close by. We then realized that they were coming directly towards our camp, looking for concentration of troops which ordinarily would have been on our "Square" at that hour of the morning. All of our men remained under cover while we hurried to our quarters.

Bombs were dropping within one hundred and fifty yards from our quarters, and struck the Jubilee building, causing casualties and deaths amongst British soldiers stationed there. Our quarters were badly shaken by concussion and plaster, glass, etc., were being thrown everywhere. The windows of our dining room were smashed and heavy glass thrown where Capt. Norris and I had earlier breakfasted. Fortunately none of our men were hurt.

As soon as the planes unloaded their bombs they moved off and we were immediately busily preparing to move to our new Head Quarters at Wan Chai Gap, Hong Kong. Our Quartermaster was able to get extra trucks with Chinese drivers. He asked me if I would take charge of one and try to get through with a load of accoutrements. I assured him that I

would do my best. Pte Williams of the pay staff sat on top of the load with rifle while I sat inside with the Chinese driver.

We couldn't understand each other and so, with difficulty, went first to the wrong dock. Sensing the possibility of fifth columnists amongst the hundreds of Chinese people surging around our truck I ordered him along the route to a police station near Shamshuipo. There, on request, a police officer talked to him in Chinese and advised him about the proper ferry for us. Without further delay we reached the ferry and on it found another truck enroute to our new H.Q. Fortunately the driver could speak and understand English as well as Chinese, and so he became our guide and interpreter. Our driver was a bit upset as he had been through the barrage of the morning and his truck showed marks of shrapnel, bullet, and bomb splinters all over it. Bullets had pierced his windshield, but he was unhurt.

On arrival at Hong Kong we went to the oil station for gas. Imagine our chagrin when our truck stopped within fifteen feet of the hose as our truck was dry. After taking on gas and oil we left for Wan Chai Gap and reached there in the early afternoon. I was to remain at Headquarters, and for a week made contacts with men in or near that area. On one occasion I visited D. Company - Capt. Bowman, O.C. - which had returned from a couple of days in the New Territories, supporting the Royal Scots in their withdrawal from that area.

On another night, Capt Porteous, Mr French and I took a truck with men, back to Hankow Barracks for extra bedding for our men. On our return trip, Mr. French and I stood guard over our truck while Mr. Porteous took the men into Hong Kong Hotel restaurant for eats. Fifth columnists must have been about but our luck held and we reached our H.Q. with load intact.

On Sunday the 14th Lt Queen-Hughes, our transport officer, was making a tour of the units stationed, and willingly took me with him. Sgt Neal went with us while L/Cpl Singleton drove the car. On our way back we were nearing Wan Chai Gap when we found the enemy sending over a barrage of shells and pitching them right in our road. By keeping cool and timing the shells we got through the Gap. We had only reached a point of shelter near a high cliff when smoke came about us but no splinters hit any of us. A few minutes later I scrambled along and found safety in a dressing station of the R.A.M.C. From then until the fight was over Wan Chai Gap was a very hot spot. Planes would be over daily, spotting positions, and later shells would pour in while bombers unloaded their racks. Possibly they thought that because of its location - about centre of the island - it would be Brigade Headquarters. However the enemy did their best to shell or bomb us off the earth.

I was anxious to keep in touch with men in their front line posts and so on Monday the 15th, I arranged to leave in a ration truck under cover of darkness to get Major Hook's position for a day or so and from there go to see Major Gresham's (A Co), Major Baillie's (C Co), and Capt Bowman's (D Co) men. Just as we were ready to leave our ration dump, shells

began to fall in Wan Chai Gap through which we had to pass. Under a real barrage we got through without being hit. Sgt Major C.A. McFadyen and Capt. McGavin (driver) were in front while Pte Smith and I remained outside with the rations. As we neared the Gap the S.M. called "Keep low. Shells are coming over" and come they did but we got through and delivered rations at two or three places before reaching our destination. Tribute should be paid our transport men who without consideration of themselves tried to get rations and supplies through.

On the following days I visited Lt MacKechnie and his men in their pillbox, the C.A.M.C. in their post along the valley, and on the afternoon of the 18th spent a few hours with Lt H. Young and his men at Aberdeen. This area was badly shelled and bombed as shipping lay in the harbor nearby. Lt Young was keenly interested in showing me a secret passage by which he could reach his position and after we had ascended and descended it he sent word to the scribe of his Co telling him that I was the first to go with him. He was in the best of spirits, looked after his men and later led them in a worthwhile attempt to repulse the enemy. We deeply regretted his passing during the fight but are grateful that he was killed instantly and so spared from any suffering. He was last heard to say as he went into position "Heigh Ho Silver".

After dark the ration truck came through from Major Hook's H.Q. and picked me up at Aberdeen - the place of a million odours - to take me through to Major Gresham's position at Little Hong Kong. On the way we missed the proper road - easily done in the dark - and stopped at one of his platoons H.Q. Lt Pendregast sent along two of his men with me. We reached there in good time. One of the first things the Major did after his cordial greeting, was to show me a large piece of shell which had been found quite near during the day, having been dropped there the previous night. A large magazine filled with ammunition was near his position, and I presume that the enemy was trying to destroy it, hence the large shell.

After a while with him in his office, Capt. Tarbutt and I were advised to go to the shelter near the office, and get some needed rest. Everyone had been pretty much on the alert since the 8th and very little good rest was had by officers or men. Basement floors and such like were more often used than any bed or shelter bunk.

We had just laid down when Sgt Major Osborne called us to report to the office immediately. We were informed that a small detachment of enemy forces were attempting a landing at Lymun and that we were to be ready to move at a moment's notice. A few minutes later however the report was contradicted and the order cancelled. Capt Tarbutt and I again returned to our bunks and were really asleep when we were again called and told that trouble had started at Jardine Lookout, near Wan Nai Chong Gap and this time we were ordered to move immediately.

In a very short time our H.Q. staff platoon led by Major Gresham, were on the move. The major had telephoned his platoon commanders and all were soon moving towards the scene of action. I asked the major what I was to do. He could have left me with the English section of the Middlesex Regt, so I was pleased when he said that I could come along with him. I was with our own men and was content.

Very cautiously we hurried towards Wan Nai Chong area. Near there we halted for a short while to ascertain, through runners from D Co - Capt Bowman - contacting us, the position, or movements of the enemy forces. While waiting there, Major Gresham decided that instead of allowing me to go into action I should go along to Capt Bowman's H.Q. at Wan Nai Chong. Our Brigade H.Q. was also there.

When Pte Kohut came along for me, and I made ready to move, Major Gresham turned to me and quietly asked "Padre, you'll write to Mrs. Gresham, won't you?" He was killed a day or two later while in the act of surrendering to the enemy forces. Capt Tarbutt was killed earlier in the fight, while Lts Vaughan and Eric Mitchell (brothers) were reported missing. Lt McKillop was wounded, taken prisoner, and later died and was buried at Argyle St. Military prison camp. Lt Pendregast was wounded slightly, and is in prison with us.

When I reached Capt Bowman's headquarters, he was in (5:30 a.m.) telephone communication with Brigade headquarters, and later with our own O.C. Lt Col Sutcliffe, appraising him of the situation. The enemy was soon within firing distance of our place and some of our men were soon in actual conflict with them.

At about 0900 hours on the 19th snipers were noticed quite near. This checked the movement of our men in front of our shelter but with Bren, Tommy and Rifle our men kept up constant fire. By keeping the steel doors to our shelter open we were able to occupy the trench in front and during the whole day there was a great deal of firing.

19th, 7:30. Lt Blackwood came to us from H.Q. at 0730hrs. At 1100hrs he, with Pte Wm Morris, went out to the highway near Brigade H.Q. and under heavy fire and at great personal risk brought Lt Col Walker of the H.K.V.D.C. (Hong Kong Voluntary Defence Corp) who had been badly wounded earlier in the day, to our kitchen shelter nearby. Pte Dowsell of our transport had been severely wounded, in the early morning, and was the first casualty I had seen and while I really expected them, when I first saw one I felt heartsick. Then I realized that I could be of some practical service and so in the absence of First Aid men, from that hour until our surrender on the 22nd was busy with wounded.

An enemy sniper had found himself a good position near our shelter and was a constant menace to our movements, as he had our trench covered. He had plenty of arms and ammunition as well and was very active. Capt Bowman decided to clear the position. He, under cover of our own guns (1115-1130hrs) went out armed with a Tommy gun. He did not

return.

Capt Howard Bush of Brigade H.Q. came to us in the forenoon, and during the afternoon, Lt R.W. Philips, now Capt - 2 I/C of D Co - and he were standing near our steel door when a grenade came from the enemy, struck the door and exploded, wounding Mr. Philips badly in face and eyes - he has since lost his left eye - Capt Bush was wounded slightly in the lips and face. Other men were wounded during the day. I had just moved from a position near the officers and was caring for one of the wounded chaps when the grenade exploded.

We had been able to keep in touch with our H.Q. during most of the day and were told that reinforcements were being sent in during the evening, a truck for our wounded, and that a Bren Gun Carrier would likely bring food for our men. Hoping that the promised help would become a reality we took our six wounded men across our trench and along to the kitchen near the highway. Just before leaving for the shelter Major Hodgkinson of H.Q. staff came on a reconnaissance and left. He and most of his men were later wounded. He was picked up and taken to Queen Mary Hospital, while two of his men came into our shelter, suffering from wounds. Both of them - Sgt Watson and Cpl McAuley - have suffered a great deal since.

On December 20th we were again in touch with our H.Q. and were told that Major Hook was coming with his company in an attempt to relieve us. Our spirits were high as we knew the Major would get through if anyone could but he was intercepted by a stronger Japanese force before he could reach us, and at 1700hrs when we were expecting B Co we saw instead a considerable force of the enemy above Brigade H.Q. along the side of Mt Nicholson. Our telephone communications were cut on that day. During the early evening Pte Williamson told Capt Bush and Capt Billings of Brigade H.Q. that we had only 800 rounds of ammunition left. They decided to try to get through under cover of darkness to Wan Chai Gap or Battle Box, to appraise them of our plight. Capt Bush mentioned it to me and I said that they could please themselves but I felt that my place was with my wounded and would remain. I was sorry to see them both leave as all of our officers were wounded and most of our men pretty nearly worn out.

On the morning of the 21st before dawn, Lt Blackwood received his first wound, in foot and ankle. During the day the enemy closed in on our position, and with our many wounded - we had twenty or more then, in our improvised shelter - increasing we were in a precarious position. Our men were being worn out and had no rest, or food, since the night of the invasion. Some of the enemy were attempting to get to our shelter, as they saw the activity there, and knew that many wounded should be in the shelter. A Mills bomb dropped down our ventilator would have ended everything for us, but our men were alert and kept all avenues of approach covered.

Our kitchen was a concrete building of about fifteen by fourteen feet, with a large window space but no window. On the 20th I had my men fill the space with any boxes, tins, sacks of rice, etc., which could be found. This would prevent hand grenades, etc. from entering. Our door was the regulation size. We put all our cooking kettles and boilers, piled one on top of the other, in the half of it and kept the other half for exit or entrance. There were many times when the little building shook like a leaf in a wind, when trench mortars, hand grenades, machine gun bullets., etc., rattled around, but it stood the test. It is interesting to note that our original shelters were blown to bits and any man who sheltered there was either seriously wounded or killed.

On the evening of the 21st Major Lyndon of Brigade, who had already come through the Japanese lines, after an awful experience while on reconnaissance, came to our shelter and after saying that he was hoping to get through to our H.Q. turned to me and said "Padre, since no M.O. (medical officer) is here, you are in charge of the wounded. I shall try and get water for your men." At first he suggested water to be boiled before giving it to them, but I pointed out that such was an impossibility as all utensils were in use as barricade, and any fire would be the reflection needed by the enemy as a guide. He agreed and left, and was killed before getting far from our Gap. On leaving he said, "Padre, I shall commend you for this."

My work during those days and nights consisted in bandaging wounded, trying to make them comfortable for rest on the concrete floor, and getting any drink - such as milk, pea or carrot juice from the tinned vegetables, of which we had a few in shelter. From the first I rationed everything, and this kept our lips moistened, until the 21st when we were out of everything. Water, in small portions, was brought in by a soldier, but that also was finally exhausted. We also found a few cigarettes, and the boys enjoyed them, and twice someone, looking for ammunition, found a small amount of rum. They brought it all to me and I rationed it as well.

Every evening at dusk I would get a tin and "take up the collection" as I used to say - used the tin as a urinal - and then settle the boys away for the night, give them a cigarette, which was to be the last until morning, and then sit amongst them and keep chatting and trying to keep them cheerful, until sleep took them off. All through the nights some chap would be saying, "Padre, fix my arm", "Padre, fix my bandage", "Padre, lift my leg", "Padre, give me a drink", etc., etc., etc. The Lt Col was awake a great deal with pain in his leg, and it seemed that, crowded as we were, if a chap moved in any part of that shelter it would affect him, and so I sat near his feet or leaned by the wall near him during each night.

During the whole of my ministry I have tried to be a helper of others but for nothing am I more grateful than the opportunity of serving in such a capacity.

Just before dawn on the 22nd Lt Blackwood was again wounded and crawled into our

shelter. With him came Cpl Boyd - wounded. Altogether, including three English soldiers and four Chinese, we had thirty wounded men in that shelter. Shortly after dawn we were told that our ammunition was exhausted. Capt Philips consulted Lt Col Walker, who gave us no hope of being allowed to live, even though we surrendered, but the only thing left for us to do, Capt Philips, wounded, bandaged and weak though he was, stepped out of the shelter to surrender.

Before our surrender I decided that it would be to our advantage if no arms or ammunition were found in our shelter, and so the boys cleared everything out and left nothing whatever there which would be to the disadvantage of the wounded. We were amply repaid later for this precaution, as after our surrender, they made a thorough search of our shelter, after asking me if any arms or ammunition were in the place.

Immediately after our surrender I was led out and searched. Through their interpreter they learned that I was a chaplain - or minister as he called me. I showed them my bible and field dressings and told them that my duties were with the wounded. I had made a complete list of our casualties in my notebook. They took it and my pencil. I asked for water for my wounded which they readily gave me, but watched closely as I gave each chap an allowance. After I had finished and I took some, the interpreter asked, "Oh, you give your men drink first?"

On my return from questioning I realised that the walking might have a chance, and said "Boys, if any of you can walk, for God's sake do so." Many of our wounded would have been, if we could have taken them out ourselves, stretcher cases, but a stretcher was found for Lt Col Walker only. Three of our Canadians, Cpl Boyd, Pte Swanson and Pte Dowsell, and one English Sgt, and one English private, were left in the shelter.

I was then taken under armed guard along the Gap to Brigade Headquarters, and along the trenches to other shelters, and advised to call any men to come out with hands up. It was in one of these trenches that I was saved by only a step. Pte Rimmelard of the W. Grenadiers, with a few men from British and Indian regiments, were covering the entrance to their trench shelter, with door ajar and rifle ready, when we entered. He saw the Japanese officer, but waited for him to get nearer and was just going to fire when he saw me and heard me call. If that officer had been killed, none of us in Wan Nai Chong would have been living now.

During the rounds I found the body of our Brigadier Lawson, and was given permission to take his identification disc off his wrist. He had been shot apparently, nearing or coming from his Headquarters. Later I asked for, and was granted permission to take a few tins of milk along to my remaining wounded. On my return to the shelter I was left with my stretcher cases, while Capt Philips, Lt Blackwood and all others, numbering over forty, were taken to the Japanese Headquarters established just above Wan Nai Chong Gap. Private

Japanese soldiers were left in charge of us and took watches, rings., etc, from us.

Shortly after noonday I was taken up to the said Japanese Headquarters and given two ration biscuits (Canadian), small piece of bully beef and a drop of water. Imagine my feelings when, as I stood and ate, one officer - subaltern - stood over me, and made a circle over my head, and then pointed upward. I glanced up and saw that I was standing near a big tree, with a branch standing out from it, just over my head. Probably he was telling his fellow officers something about a halo, but I thought of a piece of rope over that branch and around my neck.

Our men were resting by the roadside nearby. A high ranking officer came and looked at my haversack, and I asked if I could speak to my men. He understood my request as he readily answered, No! When I had finished my food I was put in charge of an N.C.O. carrying revolver and sword, and three privates with fixed bayonets, and taken down the road. Our first stop was shortly after leaving, when I was thrust into a large water culvert. I thought "This is the end" but after a short while was called out, and together we hurried over the hillside to a road and walked along in the shelter of a high bank - because of shellfire - for quite a distance. We then turned abruptly to the right and went down the hillside to another road.

I had begun to hope that I was being given a chance for my life, and taken nearer to city of Hong Kong, but on entering another road, we were met by a small group of the enemy. When we came within sight of these men, one soldier rose from a hunched position and shouted in English "British bugger, kill him now". My N.C.O. escort spoke, and I was still alive. After a brief halt I was told to hold my hands over my head and hurry along the roadblock. I was feeling too near exhaustion to hurry, but with hands up, I walked along for a short distance, when I was again met by another small group of the enemy. On seeing me, they rose from a haunched, to a firing position, and drew their rifle bolts as they raised their rifles. Again my escort called, and again I was safe. After that I was led down another hillside and encountered more soldiers, without mishap.

A little later I was taken to the top of a knoll and the N.C.O. called me to his side. We knelt together, and he, pointing across the valley, then touching his eyes and face, indicated to me - as I interpreted - that across the valley were men with face and eyes like mine. When he knew that I understood, he said "Ha" and pointed down the valley and indicated that I could go. I felt very grateful for his gesture and felt that perhaps, not only was I being given a chance, but our men left behind would also be saved. I wanted to show my appreciation so gave him my best smile and handshake, and departed.

Naturally I took whatever shelter I could, as I came down Happy Valley - the name I learned later - but hadn't gone far when I heard voices on my left, looked hoping to find British troops, but saw instead another small group of the enemy. They must have known of

my presence as I noticed that telephone wires were strung on the ground all along our route, and only waved their hands in a gesture as if to say "Keep going". I needed no encouragement and immediately came to a steep bank and swung, with aid of tree branches, down to the road.

After a pause I cut across the road, and saw, in the distance, a large nullah - a large concrete waterway through which waters flow in wet season only - open, dashed across to the nullah, and went down a ladder to the shelter of it. The nullahs are roofed in certain sections and under one of these I found a number of Chinese folk who were taking shelter from raids, etc. I rested there for about an hour and was given boiled water and toast. This was the first food I had eaten since having dinner with Lt Young at Aberdeen on the eve of the invasion. After the rest I walked further down the nullah but stopped twice for shelter from shells, and bombs, whenever a barrage was on.

After reaching the vicinity of homes near the racecourse, I determined to make contact with some home and learn the way to a hospital. I saw a large modern home and thinking that it might be European, climbed out of the nullah and walked up to it. I found it occupied by Chinese and Eurasians. As I neared the entrance, a woman came to the door and asked what I wanted. I replied, "rest for a few minutes". She unlocked the gate and let me in and gave me milk and biscuit, and told me about hospitals in the vicinity. I decided to go down to the race course to a naval first aid station established in the race course grandstand, or pavilion. She then decided to send her servant with me, but had me cover my uniform with a long raincoat, took my steel helmet and covered it with newspaper, gave it to her maid and sent us on our way.

We went down the streets, passing houses which had been badly damaged by shells, etc., and as we neared the grandstand, I heard voices on my left. I turned and found three British soldiers in a trench by the side of the road, with a truck standing nearby. I asked what the trouble was and they replied "We were just machine gunned coming across that open space over which you have just come, and will remain here until after dark." "Well", I said "I will try to make the last three hundred yards". So giving the girl the coat, taking my hat, which she had carried, I ran across the open space to the station. On reaching there I was met first by first aid men and later by the M.O. for all civilian hospitals in Hong Kong. When he heard my story he said "I will take you along to a place where you will get a badly needed rest." I breathed a prayer of thankfulness, got into a Red Cross car with him and two Chinese first aid men and later reached the Queen Mary Hospital. When he took me into the reception room he said "Take this officer and put him to bed and don't let anyone talk to him for three days." I remained there for twenty-nine days.

On December 25th the colony surrendered and firing ceased at three o'clock in the afternoon. Two or three days later our M.O. - Major Crawford - came and said "Laite, we had you listed as killed". (Before going to bed on the 22nd, I had Dr. Selwyn Clark, who

took me along to the hospital, promise to get my report through to Battle Box, and our own Colonel).

(Rance report) Pte Rance of the H.K.V.D.C. who is one of our interpreters tells me that he has been through Wan Nai Chong Gap since the war. The Japanese have erected a large poster telling of the fight and of how half their number attacking Wan Nai Chong died there. The number includes two of their high ranking officers. It also speaks of capturing a high ranking Canadian officer there. The wording must be wrong as the only high ranking officer taken was Lt Col. Reg Walker of the H.K.V.D.C. - wounded. Brigadier Lawson of our own brigade was killed there, as well as Capt Bowman. Men who displayed outstanding ability and courage during the fight at Wan Nai Chong were:

Lt T. Blackwood, L/Cpl Price, Pte Williamson, Pte Morris, who helped Lt. Blackwood, with Lt Col Walker.

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Jan. 25th, 1942. Sunday. Our first service in a prison camp. Capt Barnett, of R.R. of C. took communion service at 8:15 a.m., when fifty of us attended, including Naval - which came to camp yesterday - and Military. At 1100-1120 we had a brief service in the square attended by Military and Naval - about 200 attended. I took charge of service, and Barnett was to preach but rain came on and we omitted it. One comment later was that we had a Baptist service conducted by a U.C. and shared by a C. of E. The naval padre is in camp and we shall co-operate in the future. A band has already been assured us, and while we lost service books, etc., we can type hymns for future use.

Note: Lt Philip, who was wounded at Wang-Nei-Chong, for whom we had grave fears, came to camp from Argyle camp, and reports most of our wounded there. Lt Blackwood getting better, and due next week. One of our boys - Gunn - died and is buried there. He told me that the boys in the shelter were kept from becoming panicky by my coolness and cheery words, as well as by the splendid spirit of Pte Williamson. For this I am grateful and pray that I may be a worthy padre. He also spoke of praying for the first time. Others have spoken to me too, in the same manner.

There are about 2300 men in this camp, which was originally built by a religious organization in Hong Kong for the use of Chinese refugees, and was meant to accommodate about 1600 persons. With our larger number, quarters for all are cramped. We are sleeping about 164 men in a hut which should have no more than 100 or 120 but the men are adapting themselves to their new quarters with commendable spirit. The officers quarters are small and not very comfortable. We have tiered bunks (one over the other), but some are being cut off so that we can be nearer the floor where there is less draught.

Each morning at 0800 or 0815 hours we have roll call on the square, and at 1000 hrs our men take a certain amount of P.T. During the day those who desire take classes in languages, and other courses of education.

Meals in our camp are certainly not European. We have rice three times each day, and as long as we get a portion of milk or sugar, or both, it is fairly palatable, but we are never satisfied as we are not accustomed to such diet. We have been able to get a bit of meat, and a few vegetables, at times which, when mixed with the rice makes a much better meal. There are times however when we really wondered what we were eating, and on Feb. 3rd we had whale meat for dinner with rice. If we had allowed our thoughts to centre on "Whale" I don't think that many of us would have finished our meal, but we were hungry and so forgot the big fish in our eagerness to satisfy our hunger.

On Sundays we have joint Protestant services in camp. On Sunday Feb 1st Capt Barnett of the Royal Rifles, led the service. The naval padre - Rev. Strong - read the lesson - Acts 16 and I gave the address from Acts 16:7, on "Broken Plans". A communion service is held each Sunday morning at 0745 or 0800 hrs as long as the wine lasts. In the fight, and surrender of forces, I lost my communion service as did Capt Barnett, but the naval chaplain saved some of his. We also lost our hymn books, apart from three copies which I had in my haversack. A few pieces of our band were also saved and will be used on church parades. We have organized a choir, and hope to have about thirty or forty voices to lead the singing at service as well as to form a Glee Club for concerts, etc. It has been arranged to have choir practice each Friday night and a concert on Saturday nights.

I try and visit the huts of our Winnipeg Grenadiers three nights a week and chat with the boys and a visit to the hospital is made as often as possible - about once in two nights. There are about thirty men there and so far I have been able to have a piece of toffee, a chocolate, or a cigarette for each man, but my money is now spent and therefore I will not have anything to take to these sufferers of Dysentery, Diarrhoea, or Piles, etc.

The men are keeping in fairly good spirits but long for the day of our release. Of course there are fantastic rumours amongst the men every day about possible chances of our early release, but some of us are inclined to think that rumours will not become fact for a long time. We are anxious about home and families and pray that loved ones are bearing the strain of suspense and anxiety with God-given grace. I know that Florence and Grayson are a source of strength for their mother in these trying days. I saved their photograph and once in a while look at it - too often is not the best for me.

Since Jan. 30th we have been having a choir practice each Friday night at 6:30. We now - Feb. 7th - have about twenty-five members as well as our Grenadier Band. This will make for better services on Sunday morning. We have amongst our naval officers and men some splendid singers and last night (Feb. 6th) I spent an hour sitting around a campfire with them singing old and new songs. It is surprising - and yet not surprising because of our circumstances how many ask for old spirituals and such like. I left the campfire thinking of the best things which money cannot buy and now realize the true meaning of such a word as "Freedom".

Our meals are the same - rice three times a day with very little change. We did have a bit of bully beef and a few beans with our evening meal, which made quite a change. Some of us had planned for a good sized piece of ham baked in a casserole with tomatoes and scalloped potatoes. We get great fun out of planning a special meal once in a while, but we know we must wait for freedom before we can get it.

Rumours are rife in the camp daily. Some are a bit amusing but others speak of the turmoil in men's minds and the longing in their hearts for the day of liberty.

Today (Feb. 6) there is a rumour that a Russian ship has arrived to take us to Vladivostok and that within twenty-four hours the Navy will take over our kitchens. I shall record others from time to time.

The Japanese have given us a ration of cigarettes - nine per man - and our M.O. (Major Crawford) has asked me to take over his hospital quota and distribute these. Many of our men - about 30 in hospital now - suffer from Dysentery and other kindred ailments. I make a visit nearly every day and if at all possible take chocolate or toffee or a cigarette to each. I fear that since my money is now spent the boys must go without the above as far as I am concerned.

Feb. 8th, Sunday. Celebrated communion in carpenter's shop at 7:45 about forty present. Led Parade service at 1100 hrs on square. Hymns - "All people that on earth do dwell" and "Fight the good fight". Naval chaplain spoke on "God's corner and ours" Psalm 95:4. Christ began life in the corner at Bethlehem; followed by Wilderness Gethsemane, Calvary, Sepulcher. Out of all these came victoriously.

We are thinking of home a great deal. While at last night's concert a sergeant spoke to me of it. This morning one of the officers spoke to me of his thoughts. He has been at communion. Others have spoke of the same thing. The week-ends at home were all that we desired and now we realize their value. We did not appreciate their value at times but while there are regrets we have pleasant memories of homes and families.

Friday, Feb. 13th. The weather has been very cold during the past few days and we are uncomfortable as no one has ample or proper clothing for such weather. Our meals have not been the best either but we remember that we are prisoners of war and must not allow food or weather conditions to break our morale. Many of the men are ill but will, we hope, be better by the time the warmer weather comes. Two or three of our officers are keeping to their bunks today. These berths are not very comfortable. I have four rice sacks tacked between bed r\frames and use two blankets - light ones - as covers. For the past two nights I have slept with all my clothes on, including my trench coat. Most of us lost all of our best clothes. I have one suit of underwear - worn threadbare - two pairs of socks with holes, and no wool to darn, one khaki shirt, and one worn white one - it was white originally - I have no cap but had a summer helmet given me since coming to camp. I have the cover for my dress service cap and wear it at night or in the hut. The rice contains 75% water and so we are all visitors to the latrine two or three times during the night.

I visit the hospital and huts each day now and make contact with as many men as possible. They are always interested in any new rumours. The latest news is that Singapore has fallen, but the rumour is that we shall be moving to other parts soon. My shoes' soles are very thin now. I hope to have patches of rubber put on them to-day. I am now wearing a borrowed pair of canvas shoes until my shoes are repaired. These shoes are very cold and uncomfortable and I long for my own again.

Feb. 13th, Ash Wednesday. News reached us two days ago that Singapore has surrendered. There are varied opinions in the camp as to the effect of such a surrender on our position here as well as on the general Eastern situation. Some think it will prolong, but others that it will shorten the war. However we must be content.

Our food has not been the best, especially in this cold, damp, penetrating weather. Most of us sleep in all our clothes, and on Monday I sewed my two blankets together and made a sleeping bag of them. I had been so uncomfortable sleeping - or trying to sleep - in my clothes that I determined to take off all my clothes for one night: which I did. I was far from being warm but felt more comfortable in clothing yesterday. The weather is a bit warmer to-day and we are all planning to shower bath as soon as weather permits.

On Monday night Capt Barnett and I went to the hospital and had a short service with the patients. Yesterday they thanked me for it. We shall go again Thursday and Sunday night. We each lost our New Testaments and service books and now find that many men are asking for the New Testament. Many of the men are reading their bibles and are deeply interested. Just last night I had a pleasant chat with a small group who, without question, spoke of their faith in the church, and how belief in, and the acceptance of the principles of Jesus only could save our civilization.

The men are shaving and cleaning up generally this morning. Some are playing games. I have learned how to play "Cribbage", "Rummy", and "Push Pull", with our O.C. News has just come in that the C in C in East has been killed. We think it is Admiral Hart of the U.S. Navy.

Feb. 21st. Rumours are many to-day. They interest us while they are being told as we know that since Singapore has fallen we are likely to be here for the duration. Number 1 rumour. That the Red Cross ship, Empress of Japan is in harbour, either bringing us food and medical supplies, or here to take us away - perhaps home. Number 2. That U.S.A. and Britain have agreed to give Canada and Japan a separate peace. Number 3. That, according to Jap sentry, we are to be away from here within thirty days. Number 4. That Pres Roosevelt, in reply to Premier Tojo's address, said that within the next fortnight Japan would be sorry that she had entered the war. Interesting are the comments after such rumours are brought in.

To-day our fatigue party cleans our hut and, if it does not rain, all bunks are to be taken outdoors. I put on extra clothes last night before going to bed, and had a good sleep. Yesterday the whole camp was inoculated against Cholera. Last night the Padre of R.R. of C. went with me to the medical hut for a sing, scripture, and prayer.

Feb. 25th. It is just two months since our surrender and it seems like two years. Life goes on as usual in camp; with the odd diversion. We were given a splendid lecture by our adjutant, last night, on "How Canada is governed". I understand that other lectures will be given later. If the weather gets warmer we shall enjoy these open air lectures, but for the present I hope they will be deferred.

During the week I had a chat with a naval man about Britain's influence, and help, during her century in Hong Kong. He tells me that out of all industries here, most are owned by the Chinese. There are more than 100 Chinese millionaires here and more than 5000 worth over \$100,000 each. The living standards of the Chinese, he says, have definitely been bettered.

I just spent my last dollar for a shirt, purchased from one of the soldiers. I have no spare underwear so will have to convert an old hospital shirt into underclothes soon. The meals are not improving. We have, as from to-day, rice twice daily, and at lunch time will have bread and tea. The tea will likely be without milk and sugar. We have jokes sometimes about our first meals when we get home. I fear that our purses will be thin in a short time. We would like a meal of roast beef, vegetables, and Yorkshire pudding to-day. I wonder how much some of us would eat. We would be satisfied to spend the rest of the day groaning.

Feb. 28th. We are now in our third month as prisoners of war. Some of the men are already showing the effect of lack of vitamins in our food, and they have suffered from dysentery, diarrhea, and indications of beri-beri. Every day we feel hungry, in fact the gnawing pains of hunger are never absent. I have already lost twenty pounds in weight, and others have lost as much or more.

In the morning we have rice with a little sugar and milk - one tin of milk, with water, shared between thirty-six men. At noon we get one or two small slices of bread with tea, and for supper, more rice with, maybe, a very poor, rank grade of fish. Just recently we had squid with the rice. One can imagine my thoughts when I remembered that, as a boy, I jigged thousands of them for bait or fertilizer. Last night we had a treat of rice and gravy made from a little meat, with a few peas.

Cigarettes are scarce in camp now. Yesterday I was given one, and after our meal mentioned above Major Hook, who sleeps near me, said "Now if we had a cigarette". I produced mine and Major Hook, Major Hodgkinson and Capt Terry, shared it with me. Today three of our men were taken to Bowen Road Hospital for special treatment. We have had an average of upwards of thirty men in our prison hospital since coming here.

The Quartermaster and I threw an added interest into our hut, two days ago, by introducing the Ouija Board. We play it by placing the letters of the alphabet in a circle on a smooth table and with our fingers on a tumbler have it move all over the place contacting certain letters which formed into words answer our questions.

First questions to be asked were: "Do our home folk know about us?" Yes.

"How did they know?" My Japanese Police Radio Ottawa.

"When shall we get out of here?" May.

"When Home?" June.

"How do we travel." Canadian Line., etc. etc.

One of the interesting questions asked later was "What are our people doing about us?" Sending food and clothing.

"How are our people?" Well. Worried.

Officers from the Colonel down played the tumbler for amusement, of course.

The weather is still cold but a bit warmer than for the past weeks. If we had better food we would prefer the cold as flies are very numerous as soon as the sun shines, and in our weakened condition we think of cholera, malaria, typhus, etc. But no one is downhearted. We still crack jokes about what we are going to eat when we get home, and how we shall eat all the left-overs at home. Some of us plan to go to cafeterias so that we can overload our trays.

I imagine that Grayson would like to visit such a place with me. Every day I think of Vancouver, Moncton, Halifax and the old home and wonder how all are. I know that Stan is not only thinking of me but is keeping in touch with Mom and the children by mail. God bless them every one.

Mar. 5th. The day is very bright with the sun shining and little wind from the North.

Most of us are in lighter garments, and many of us have changed our clothes and instituted our first search for lice. Many of the men located numbers, while three or four of our officers have also found some in their clothes. I have yet to find my first. These body lice are the means of giving one typhus and so we hope by keeping free of lice to be also free of this disease.

Our meals - evening - have been a bit heavier of late, and we are without the gnawing pains of hunger today. We ate duck eggs for the first time on the 2nd. Each man was given two but few of us got beyond the first. It was not 'fresh' by any means, and the second was more than enough even for hungry men. One egg was dated, or numbered, 1909. We couldn't get the taste of the first out of our mouth, and the smell off our hands, for hours, even though we cleaned teeth and hands. We were fortunate yesterday and had two fairly good eggs. I really enjoyed them.

Beginning on Sunday last (Mar 1st) we had communion at 1130 as well as at 0800 hrs. There were a hundred men who received communion at these services. At the parade services Rev. Strong took charge. I read the story of the Temptation of Jesus, and Capt Barnett spoke on the said story.

Each day, beginning on Monday, we have held a brief prayer service, at noon, and at 7 p.m. a brief service of prayer, hymn, scriptures and prayer. From the first many of our men showed keen interest and at last evening service we had 81 present. We hope to keep these services going during our internment.

The protestant padres share in these services as well as in the communion. Each one takes a noon and evening service as well as in turn taking charge of the communion, assisted by another. We are very happy in the service together.

Organized games are held every day on the square, if weather is suitable, and is keenly enjoyed by participants and onlookers. A game of baseball is in progress now.

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

May 7th. Saturday. The wind has been from the N.E. to-day (strong) and this means cold. It was warm enough for shorts and shirt yesterday and the sudden change has meant that most of us are remaining indoors today. Meals are still meagre. To-day, for lunch, we had griddle cakes and syrup. It was a treat but insufficient for men who know how to appreciate full meals. I understand that for supper to-night we are to have rice and squid.

We have just been informed that men with friends in town may, through the courtesy of the Japanese authorities, receive gifts from them. I have sent out three letters for three of our boys, and await results.

Our noonday and evening worship services continue and the number at the evening devotions have daily increased. Now upwards of one hundred are attending.

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

Rice (sweetened) without tea, for breakfast.

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

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

I have been thinking a great deal of home to-day, and while since about Feb. 22nd I have felt content that they have heard from us and know that I am living and a prisoner. I do wonder how they are. I know how much Mom thinks and prays that she can bear the strain. I know that the children will be good to her and that they will help her in every possible manner. I looked at our photograph to-day, and wished that they (family) could speak to me. I think a great deal of Stan and Florence and thank God more and more for Stan's love and affection. I am certain that he is a bulwark of strength for Sally and the children. This afternoon I played Cribbage with Lt Dennis, and later, for twenty minutes, walked about the prison square. No one is allowed on the square after 8.30 p.m.

I conducted our noonday worship service. To-night I go to our evening service and then go to the hospital to see our men. Later I will likely read, or play games with the Colonel and Lt Dennis.

At our evening services we sing a a vesper the following:

Holy Father in Thy mercy, hear our anxious prayer
Keep our loved ones, now for distant neath Thy care.
Father, Son and Holy Spirit, God the One in Three
Bless them. Guide them. Save them. Keep them.
Near to Thee.

I know that every man sings this vesper from his heart and retires with it still on his lips..

Mar. 14th. During the week the Japanese officer commanding prisons paid our camp a visit. The whole camp lined up on the square to receive him and give him the honors due his office. He visited huts, kitchens, etc., and at the end of his tour, told our O.C.s that we should be very grateful for the treatment received as Japanese nationals in Canada, and the U.S. are not receiving good treatment. In fact, he said, that they are receiving treatment that is much inferior to ours.

We received orders later to collect all books in huts and be ready to receive a visit from a lesser official to censor literature. Capt Barnett, the Rifles padre, and I were made responsible for books and so were ready when he came with our interpreter. After visiting the huts and getting the number of books as well as taking journals of military tactics, he gave us stickers to put on each book. We did that this morning.

Our evening services continue and are well attended. This evening I led the services and had as hymns "When I survey" and "Fight the good fight." Lesson from Matt: 14: 16 The boys love these old hymns. We plan for communion service to-morrow morning at 7.45 service at 1100 hrs and evening worship at 7. The warmer nights are bringing out the mosquitoes and they must like us as they bite us and suck our blood. My hands and head are filled with bites today. Some of the fellows have swollen foreheads. The food is as usual but last night we did get a surprise and had a bit of pork and vegetable pie, with rice and tea. I hear that we may have eggs tomorrow.

During the week I had the dentist, Capt. Cunningham. Capt. Spence is also here - examine my teeth. He said that they were in good shape, but one small cavity needed attention, and of course all my teeth received a good cleaning. We are fortunate that the Japs have allowed our dentists to keep all of their instruments and material.

I wonder if my little family had any extra pleasure to-day. I do hope so as I hate to think of them having a poor time because of my absence. I am sure that Mom will "carry on" as I would like until I can again get home and share the honours with her.

A concert is now in progress on the Square so I will share in it for a few minutes. I shall go to rest to-night with a prayer that wars shall soon cease and that loved ones may be kept in perfect peace.

Mar. 16th. I must have been very much at home in my thoughts on the 14th as I was thinking of Valentine's Day even though it was a month past. Yesterday (Sunday 15th) there was a communion service at 7.45 a.m. I was assisted by the Rifles' padre. Rain came and we had to cancel our morning parade at 11. The skies cleared in the afternoon and we had an evening service on the Square. I led the service with hymn "Praise the Lord Ye Heavens adore Him" - Prayers - Hymn - "O Son of Man our Hero strong and tender" - Nunc Dimittis - Address of Naval Padre Strong on "Sirs we would see Jesus" - prayers - Hymn - "Abide with me" and our vesper. The lesson was read by Capt. Barnett - John 12. At the close of service we three padres went to hospital and sang two hymns, had scripture - Psalm 23 - and prayer.

We continue our week evening services and hope to have in addition to our Sunday morning services regular Sunday evening service. We hope to have a platform for our blackboard on which we write our hymns. In the morning we shall use our Band, but in the evening, the piano. We are fortunate in having the organist of Hong Kong Union Church who delights to assist us in any way. His name is G. E. Longyear. His wife is in Vancouver now.

Rumour has it that we may have a canteen in our camp. If we also get some pay we shall fare much better as we shall be able to supplement our food allowances by jams, etc., as well as keep toilet articles by us. Many of us will be able to have cigarettes and chocolate bars as well and since we have all lost weight the chocolates may help to restore some of it. Yesterday we had two boiled eggs and two slices of bread with tea, for lunch, and for supper, we had a bit of cheese added to our ration of rice. We rejoice over any change and are deeply grateful. Our O.C. told us yesterday that since our food allowance may be reduced we may soon have but two meals per day. This will mean that breakfast will be much later and perhaps supper earlier.

There are many books in camp but very few worthwhile. I miss my religious books especially in my preparation for services. Most of my notes, and all of my books, apart from my bible, were left at Wan Chai Gap, and looted at the close of hostilities.

The batmen are around cleaning up our bunks and arranging to wash to-day. The officers are trying to keep themselves busy or amused. One is learning to type, another making up scores of games played, others shaving, while others are reading or grouped for a chat. After I make a few more notes re next Sunday, I hope to play a game or two with Lt. Dennis.

Mar. 19th, Thursday. The weather is glorious to-day and reminds me of happy days at Bamfield. This is the kind of a day I would like to have for splitting wood - nice breeze blowing from the West, and not too warm. I can imagine a very fine chap coming along from the Station to see me and perhaps to help with the wood, unless he persuaded me to quit. Later we would either go to the manse for tea or Mom would bring it along to the beach, and how our chins would wag. Dear old Stan! I wonder how he feels in my absence. As for Mom I know that always I am in her thoughts. Life for me here is endured and I am content because of one set purpose - that of getting home to her and the children again, and trying to sow by deed and word my deep sense of appreciation for such a wife and children.

We had another visit from the Japanese Camp Commandant yesterday. This meant that all troops were on the Square in proper formation. At the close of his inspection he informed our party - Col. Sutcliffe, Col. Price, and Col. Holme - that he was very pleased with all that he saw. He visited huts of officers and men during the inspection as well as men on Parade Square. He has assured us that soon we shall be permitted to communicate with our families and that a casualty list will be sent to Canada. The names of prisoners will not be sent but since the Ottawa authorities get the casualty list I presume that our friends will be notified that we are prisoners of war. Better conditions and food have also been promised so we should be in fair health during our internment. I weighed yesterday and find that I have lost 25 pounds since capture. I did lose some during my twenty-nine days in hospital but more since coming to the camp. Florence would be surprised to see how tin I am, and Stan would have nothing to punch.

On St. Patrick's Night we had a sing-song in our hut and last night the naval chaps had one in their quarters. A piano was brought to the camp by our officers a few days ago and we are fortunate in having men who can manipulate the keys in a very commendable manner. One man, Mr. Longyear, has been organist of Union Church Hong Kong for more than twenty years and shares our evening services with us. We had rice, sweetened, for breakfast and for lunch a bit of fish loaf (a morsel) and one piece of bread and tea.

Mar. 22nd, Sunday. Life goes on as usual in our camp. During the past week the Protestant padres have been making a hymn book. We are writing our hymns in as we use them with additions and hope before late Easter to have at least twenty-five hymns. We are now writing in our Passion, and Easter hymns. Our evening services are continuing and attendance is being sustained. We have now decided to have voluntary services each Sunday morning instead of the regular parade service. We had our first service this morning and were pleased with the response. We have begun regular Sunday evening services which will be, I feel sure, a success. This morning the service was in charge of Rev. Strong (R.N.) with Barnett as preacher - Peter's confession at Caesarea Philippi - and I read the lesson Matt: 16. Hymns - "Rise up O men of God" and "Take up thy cross the Saviour said". To-night Barnett is in charge, Strong reads the lesson - Mark 10: 42, and I speak on "Christ at cross roads of Jericho". Hymns - "At even when the Sun was set", "Stand up, stand up for Jesus",

and "Abide with me". a naval man will sing "Rest in the Lord". At the close of this morning's service I went to the naval hut (next door) and enjoyed piano music by Mr. Longyear and solos "Nazareth" and "Green Hill" and others, by a naval baritone.

Rations during the week have been a bit better for which I am thankful. I shall do my best to have some of my lost twenty-five pounds restored. To-day's meals however have been very light. I do hope that Mom and the children had roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, etc. This would be a good place for Sadie is she is still anxious to reduce. It can be done with little difficulty here.

It has now been definitely stated that we will be paid by the Japanese. This means that we shall have available a bit of cash for clothing and extra eats. I had a dress cap given me a few days ago for which I am grateful as I just had a summer helmet and my steel helmet, both unsuitable now. The weather has been fair during the past week with the odd hot day. The nights are cool and we get ample rest and sleep. At our communion service this morning we had nearly one hundred present. This is a record but expect that on Easter Day we shall have many others.

Six men - officers - are at another table opposite me - outside the hut discussing the possibility of our being in Australia before we get back to Canada, with the idea of course that we shall again fight. All these, of course in conjecture, but before we take an active part in any campaign we shall need months of recuperation and training, after this detention.

Our service at 7 pm was well attended after which Capt Barnett and I visited the hospital and had a brief service. Later we went for a ten minute walk around the square. We noticed that all street cars are being stopped opposite our camp and passengers are being questioned or searched by members of our guard. I suppose this is some new rule being enforced by the Japanese Authorities. Barnett and I were talking of home as we sauntered along the square and plan to be home for Christmas of this year.

March 25th, Wednesday. We begin the fourth month as prisoners today. The weather is still fine, our appetites are keen and meals are as usual. This morning the padres meet for a conference to answer questionnaire sent in yesterday by Japanese officials. One of our requests will be that we be allowed to visit our patients at hospital as well as procuring hymn books, bibles, etc., for us. I shall write in my complete list later. Lt Harper is sitting at my table sewing buttons on his shirt while Major Crawford, our M.O. looks on. This morning my batman took my fly net, given me by Capt Bush last night, and is putting the finishing touches to it before to-night. The mosquitoes are busy every night now and we must needs have the net to protect our face and arms. The weather will be much warmer early in April and I expect that we shall have a real problem of keeping the whole body protected from them then. The Dr and I move our beds to-day to make room for our meal table. Five tables are being used now and at ours we have the O.C., Adjutant - Capt Golden -

Q.M., Lt Dennis and myself.

March 27th, Friday. Nothing new to report. We were happy to-day to hear rumours to the effect that our forces have been successful on all fronts of late, and that the Prime Minister of Britain, in his recent speech, was very optimistic.

I have been suffering a bit to-day from Diarrhoea, but feel better to-night. I was able to conduct our open air service at 7 p.m. Our hymns were "Peace, perfect peace" and "eternal Father". Psalm 139 was our lesson. Since I have had a walk around the square with our Q.M. and later helped him with his mosquito net over his bed. For the past hour we have been playing Cribbage. Every evening I feel lonely for home and last night dreamt about my dear ones. I would see Mom as plainly as if she were near me. I guess she is always with me in thought as I am with her and the children.

March 28th, Saturday. During the week the padres prepared a list of our supplies on hand, and our requirements and requests, in reply to a query from the Japanese. Our supplies are nil but our requirements included amongst other things, one hut with chairs or seating accommodation for services in wet weather. Prayer and hymn books, devotional books, bible for each man, and altar linen. Our request was that two padres be allowed to visit sick patients at hospitals and prison camps, each week. Under international law "Chaplains are non-combatants and are not to be considered prisoners of war as long as they confine themselves to their spiritual ministrations".

To-day the "Pioneers" made a table 24" x 18" x 30" for my bedside and fixed up a stool as well. Already Lt Parks, who is studying typewriting and whose bed is next to mine, has decided that it is very suitable for his typewriter. He is free to use it. Our best meal to-day was dinner at 5.30 p.m. We had rice and soya bean juice and a bit of fish - similar to sole - rolled in batter and fried in peanut oil.

March 29th, Sunday. Communion at 7.45. About eighty men attended. Barnett's birthday, so he was in charge. At 1100 hrs our National Day of Prayer service was combined with our Palm Sunday service. Hymns - "All people that on earth do dwell", and "Ride on! Ride on! in majesty. Capt Barnett led. Rev. Strong read Psalm 72, and I preached on "Empire's Ideals" - Psalm 72: 1. Since lunch of pancakes and tea (meagre meal), I had a rest and slept for forty minutes. At 4 o'clock went on parade. The Camp Commandant and new guard made an inspection. Baseball matches are being played this afternoon between the Rifles' officers and sergeants, and there is quite a bit of excitement as they keep the score fairly even. Our evening's service will be held at 7 p.m. I am in charge. Barnett give the address. Hymns - "All glory, laud and honour" and "When I survey" - will be sung. At its close the padres will visit the hospital (camp) and have a short service.

I have been terribly lonely to-day and miss Mom, the children, and Stan, a great deal. I

wonder if they know that I am alive. I pray that they keep well and that soon they learn from Ottawa about our location and condition.

March 30, Tuesday. Weather has been very disagreeable since Sunday afternoon. We had to cancel our Sunday evening service in the square but Capt Barnett and I went to our hospital and held a short service with the patients. Hymns - "When I survey" and "Sun of my soul". Palm Sunday story was read and prayers said.

Most of us remained indoors yesterday because of wet weather and since few of us have suitable boots, we must keep off the ground as much as possible. Capt R. W. Phillips, who was 2 I/C at Wang-Nei-Chong Gap, in our fight, and badly wounded in the eye, went to Bowen Rd Hospital yesterday for examination of eye, and special treatment. Lt Parks also went for X-ray of jaw and teeth. Major Crawford our M.O. has also gone there with amoebic dysentery. Others are suffering from dysentery in its milder form. Major Hodgkinson, who spent several weeks at Queen Mary Hospital - while I was there - returned, after a few days at Bowen Rd Hospital. He still has some shrapnel in his chest and for a while his lung gave him great trouble. He has greatly improved.

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

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from falling hands we throw
The Torch; be yours to hold it high,
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields.

To-day we (padres) make copies of more hymns for our book. I conduct this evening service. This morning I fix my mosquito net and this afternoon visit the hospital. The rest of the time will be spent in reading and playing games.

There is a quotation which is being used by us when we think of our departed comrades.

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

April 3, Good Friday. The weather is finer now and we are able to wander around the camp in glorious sunshine. Capt. Barnett and I spent most of yesterday writing hymns for today's and Easter services. We continue to-day. Yesterday I had a naval chap bring me a lovely pair of long grey stockings and as I can wear them at services with my shorts, I feel properly dressed. I met him at this morning's service and found him to be Irish with the name of Griffith. I shall try, in some way, to compensate him later.

We conducted a very impressive communion service last evening at 7 o'clock, on one of the "blocks" near North end of camp. Capt. Barnett and I shared in it and Barnett gave the short address. About eighty men shared in the service.

This morning more than three hundred men attended a voluntary Good Friday service at 11 o'clock. Barnett opened the service, Strong read the lesson. Mark 16:, and I preached from Matt: 27: 16. "They watched Him there". What the groups about the Cross saw (1) soldiers, (2) disciples, (3) Sarabbas, (4) Centurion. What we see: (1) Saviour (2) by recognition of (1) We share in "Fellowship of suffering", and (2) are given power to endure. Hymns - "Glory be to Jesus", "There is a green hill", and "When I survey", were sung; led by the choir with piano. I conduct a ten minute prayer this evening.

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

Wilhelmus van Nassau

Wilhelmus van Nassauwe

Wilhelmus Van Nassouwe

Ben ick van Dietschen bloet

I am of Dietschen blood

Den Vaderlant Gethrouwe

Faithful unto death

Blyp ick tot i dendoet	To my Fatherland
Den Prince van Oranje	The Prince of Orange
Blypick vay onverseeat	I am afraid of nothing
Den Koningk van Hispanje	The King of Spain
Heb ick altyd deert	I have always honored
Myn schildt ende betrouwe	My shield and my faith
Zyt Gy O God, Nyn Meer	Are You O God, my Lord
Op U zoo wil ick bouwen	I put my trust in You
Verlast my nimmer megr	Don't ever forsake me
Dat ick loch vroom mag blyden	That I may remain
Uw dienaar c'aller stond	Your faithful servant at all times
Den tyranaia verdayven	Driving out the tyrants
Die my myn hert voorwandt	Who are making my heart bleed

This anthem was written in 1585 by Marnix van sint Allegonde, Magistrate of Antwerp. When the Spanish troops seized the town then in 80th year battle with Philip 2nd. Fought for freedom of faith. In 1584 Prince of Orange was murdered and we swore off Spanish rule in 1581. The Prince of Orange was born at Nassau at Castle Dillengburgh in 1533.

[Story of submarine 0 20 - as told by Sub Lt Anne Willem Huidekoper. Born Bussun, Holland, Oct. 13, 1918.](#) (moved to separate page)

April 5, Easter Day. Communion service at 7:45. The three padres shared, and over two hundred received the sacrament. At 1030 I led a parade service. Barnett read the lesson - 1 Cor. 15: 1-21. Rev. Strong preached from "If Christ be not risen". Hymns were "Jesus Christ is risen to-day" and "Now thank we all our God". 1100 hrs communion when fifty others shared. Later during the afternoon I visited the hospital, and made ready for our evening service at which I was to preach.

Heavy rains came and so we have been confined to our huts. My thoughts are with Sally, the children, Florence, Stan, and the rest, To-day and my old heart has been very very lonely. Lt. Dennis has been here lying on my bed for a while, others have been around, and while there is much idle chatter, all our thoughts are at home.

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

Easter Day was much more pleasant in our mess because of this extra cash as it means an extra tin of milk for rice, porridge and tea. This morning, April 6 - we had rice and oatmeal porridge with milk and sugar and a huge slice of buttered toast. We anticipate an improvement in at least one meal per day, which will mean much to us all. My only regret is that our soldiers will not get paid any cash, and many of them are really in need of some comforts. I regret that I am not being paid as I would delight in using it in the interest of our sick in hospital. I have had four officers offer to loan me some money but I am determined not to borrow unless in extreme need.

April 8th. Our O.C. had been ill for some time. He had lost much weight, and we were not surprised when he contracted dysentery, that he was quite ill, but naturally we hoped that after a few days he would be well again. Loss of weight did not worry us over much although, of course there could be a maximum which we desired not to reach. On Thursday last - April 2 - it was possible to move him to Bowen Rd Hospital. Our doctors were anxious to get him there earlier, but transportation could not be arranged for him earlier, according to the Japanese authorities.

The O.C. had been very ill during the night of Wednesday and we were anxious to have him at the hospital. I helped to carry him on a stretcher to the truck on Thursday afternoon and was the last to say "Cheerio, and the best of luck!" to him. I was really very anxious and worried about him as I know how weak he really was, and as he had suffered from Malaria during the last war, while in India, there might be a recurrence and this added to dysentery, would play havoc with him, but naturally we hoped for the best.

We could not hear of his condition during the next days, and our feelings cannot be described when, on yesterday morning - April 7th - the Jap Camp Commandant came to inform us that our Colonel had died at the hospital, on Easter Monday - April 6th - at 6 o'clock. We were all dumb with amazement and shock.

The Brigadier, in consultation with the Jap Commandant, made arrangements for his burial at the hospital grounds and the following officers, and burying party were allowed to attend. I was listed at the hospital as the Grenadier padre so was on the original list. When

we made up a supplementary list here I asked that the R.R.C. padre be permitted to attend. We were later able to arrange for the naval padre to attend as well.

The party left here by truck at 1500 hrs and the funeral was conducted at 1600 hrs at a small plot near the hospital. The following officers and men went from our Camp.

Representing the Navy were Commodore Collinson, and the naval Chaplain Rev. Strong.

Representing the Brigade: Brigadier Holme, Major Atkinson, and Capt. Howard Bush.

Representing the Royal Rifle of Canada: Lt Col. Price, Major Bishop, Major Parker, Major Young, Capt Barnett (Padre), and R.S.M. Shore.

Representing Winnipeg Grenadiers: Major George Trist (new O.C.), Major Harry Hook (2 I/C), Major J. Bailey, Major K. Baird, Major Ernest Hodgkinson, Capt David Golden, Adjutant and myself.

Our N.C.O.'s were in charge of R.S.M. C. C. Keenan, M.M., R.Q.M.S., H.B. Seare, Staff Sgt R. Boyd, C.S.M. H. McFadyen, U.S.M. F. Logan, C.S.M. F.B. Caldwell, C.S.M. M.C. Tugby, and two buglers - McKnight brothers (twins).

Floral tributes were many and included not only those from our own forces but the Japanese as well. We arranged for Capt Barnett to open the service at the graveside with suitable selections from scripture and to read a prayer which had been given him a few evenings before by our Colonel. Rev Strong followed with the reading of Psalm 90, and I took the full service of committal before the Last Post and Reveille were sounded.

To sum up - our O.C. was buried with full military honours. I shall miss him a great deal. He was very kind to me, and showed his interest in our work. He took me into his confidence a great deal of late, and there were times when he seemed to have laid bare his soul. I can say nothing less than these words which I was able to give him a few days ago, and which he treasured, as I think of him with others in that fuller life.

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

The prayer read by the R.R.C. padre at the funeral is as follows:

"O Lord, who hast pity for all our weaknesses, put away from us worry and every anxious fear, that having ended the labours of the day as in Thy sight, and committing ourselves, our tasks, and those we love, into Thy keeping, we may, now, that night cometh, accept as from Thee, Thy priceless gift of sleep. We ask this in Jesus Christ's Name, our Saviour. Amen".

At the end of the funeral service we were given twenty minutes in which to visit the patients in hospital. It was a rush but we saw most of them, and I was glad to see so many of the men, who were with us at Queen Mary Hospital, so greatly improved. Captains Robert and Don Philips (brothers), of our unit had been taken from here for wound treatments. Capt Don had a nerve grafted in his arm and a plaster cast put on it. He was just coming out of the anaesthetic and could only smile and say a word. Capt Robert, who was wounded with us at Wang Nai Chong, is to lose one eye for fear of it becoming diseased and affecting the other, which is now giving trouble. Major Crawford is slowly improving but still loses some weight. James, whole right leg was amputated at Queen Mary, is doing well. Major Macaulay's arm is improving, as are Lt. Laundereau's legs, but Capt Gavey, who was wounded in the lung is very poorly.

Others are ready to move to one of our prison camps. I was very pleased to see that Dr Groves, Major Templar, and Mr. Berg who were wounded, and with us at Queen Mary, are so much better, and Prof. Simpson, who was one of the first casualties, reports that his fingers are doing well, but his chest burns are still giving some trouble. We were particularly anxious to meet our two Canadian nurses - Sisters, Christie and Waters. They are both looking very well. Miss Christie told me that she had not eaten rice, to date, and in some way, she managed to keep and even increase her weight.

Thursday, April 9. Capt Pendregast went to hospital to-day for X-ray on his hand which has a shrapnel wound in it. Our hospital (camp) is crowded to-day with patients. A total of forty-two men are there. Most of them suffering from Dysentery and kindred ills. It is a terrible sight to see these men lying on stretchers on the stone floor, looking haggard and thin, and suffering a great deal of pain. I am always troubled in mind and heart each day in my visits as we are unable to get any cigarettes for them, and a cigarette is good for them when they awaken during the night. Major Bailie has arranged for me to take smokes to his men who are in hospital, but it is hard to have to taken them only to two or three out of forty or more. The padres were hoping that they could be paid by the Japanese authorities, as we had planned to spend a large portion of our cash in the interest of our men in hospital, but with no cash, we are greatly handicapped.

There is a rumour that men who are non-combatants may be repatriated and already our officers are hoping that the Canadian padres can be allowed to return home as we could do so much to alleviate the worry and anxiety of the families of our units. One Major was talking to me about it to-night, and Capt Barnett says that one of his officers came to see

him about the same thing to-night. As far as we are concerned, however, we cannot act, nor will we act as we feel that, unless ordered by the Japs to prepare for repatriation, our duty is to remain here, but if our O.C.s make the arrangements be happy to go anywhere to benefit our men.

Last night I had an invitation to a concert in the next hut - Navy - I have a standing invitation. Last night's programme was as follows:

	Hut 10 Concert	North Pt Prison Camp, Hong Kong	Apl 6, 42
1	Overture: Schubert's Unfinished Symphony (1st Movement)	Chopin's Nocturne (Part A L B)	G.E. Longyear, D.D.C.
2	Songs	Paddy McGinty's Goat & Darktown Strutters Ball	A. Lee, D.D.C.
3	Piano Accordion	Selections	N. Clarke (R.N.)
4	Songs	King Henry VIII & Bread, Bread, Bread	Lt. Mitchell (R.N.)
5	Piano Solo	Selections	C.E.R.A. Hodge (R.N.)
6	Odd Stories		Lt. Brown (R.N.)
7	Songs	Will You Remember & Rose Marie	Cpl Willis (W. Grenadier)
8	Comedian		Cpl Ambrose (R.M.)
9	Community Singing	Annie Laurie Deer Little Shamrock Land of My Fathers There is a Tavern in the Town Land of Hope and Glory	
10	National Anthem		

Before the programme really began, Commander Collinson spoke of the sudden passing of our Colonel, and had us stand for a minute in silence as a token of respect. To-day, Pte Gerald Mabley came to see me about his baptism. I am arranging for it at my first communion service which will be on Sunday the 12th or 19th. He is a very fine chap and I am proud to have him make his declaration of faith and partake of Holy Communion with us.

April 10, Friday. The weather is getting very warm now, in fact during the middle of the day we have about 90 degrees of heat, and this will increase as the days pass. It is now 1000 hrs and I am wearing shoes, hose, and shorts, only. I expect to have a good tan soon.

This morning I visited the grave of the only soldier whose grave is within our camp grounds. A stone has been set up at the head, and on it this inscription "R.I.P." No. 1873361 Sapper B.W. Todd. Died of wounds, December 26, 1941. We are now thinking of a memorial park somewhere in Hong Kong where, after the consecration of said plot, we shall lay slabs of stone with name and number of our fallen comrades. We still have books in camp, but most of them are pretty shoddy. I have just read "Nero", a biography, and to-day get another biography of another Roman emperor.

Sunday, April 12. Capt. Spence (Dentist) returned from Bowen Rd. Hospital yesterday. He is much improved in health but very thin. He told me, to-day, that he has lost about thirty pounds in weight.

This morning the naval padre and I had our communion service at 0745. Nearly fifty men attended. This was a service of special interest to me as one of my young men, Pte Gerald Kitchener Mabley, received Christian 'adult' baptism, and partook of Holy Communion as well.

Name - Gerald Kitchener Mabley, Born at Kelwood, Manitoba, Canada. February 20, 1916. Parents - James Albert, and Elizabeth Anne Mabley.

I shall prepare a certificate tomorrow.

Our 1100 hrs service has been cancelled because of heat. We have arranged for an evening service at 1930hrs instead. This evening Rev Strong leads, I read the lesson - John 20: 19-31 and Capt Barnett preaches on this story.

I have been having trouble with my right leg during the past ten days but said nothing until to-day. Lt Dennis and I went for a walk this morning and I had to come back to our hut

as my leg gave me added trouble. I consulted the doctor, who says, that a ligament near the thigh has been strained and it will take some time for it to get strong again. I will need to rest as much as possible. I am glad that it does not indicate Beri-Beri. There are a few cases in camp, and one wonders if he will escape it.

We have been able to get chocolate bars to-day, for which I am thankful, as they supplement our meals. Last evening we had a good dinner, rice, whale meat and gravy, two raisin buns, figs, and tea. Our breakfast and lunch to-day were very meagre but we hope for at least one fair meal per day. There is a rumour current that we are to be given meat daily. We shall believe it when realization takes the place of anticipation.

The week-ends are hard on some of us as home and loved ones are much in our thoughts. Our one consolation is that by this time they should have learned of our casualties, and know that the rest of us are in prison. I do pray that Mom and the children, as well as Stan, Florence, and the rest, are not painting or imagining too dark a picture of prison life. If we get out of here, and we hope to, we will need months at home for recuperation, before taking up any new duties, but such are the fortunes of war. Personally I have no regrets. I am happy to have a share in this game and shall in later years think of it as a worthwhile contribution to that Peace which we believe must, even through war, come to a torn and discordant world.

Thursday, April 16. Five months ago to-day we arrived at Hong Kong Barracks. The padres (2), and senior officers of Brigade and some of ours (2) stayed at the Peninsular Hotel for a day or two until quarters were ready at our soldiers camps or elsewhere. We were busy getting telegrams ready and having them sent home. Every man was keen on sending word to wife, mother, or sweetheart.

Now we are prisoners of war.

We can see our Kowloon piers from the waterfront of our camp, and we wonder how long we must wait before we set sail from the same docks for Canada. Rolls of barbed wire have been brought into camp during the past two days. We hear that when in position it will be electrified. This should halt any attempted break.

Yesterday we had a "Muster" parade at 1400hrs as the Camp Commandant made an inspection. The Colonel of the prison camps (Jap) was to make the inspection but changed his plans, perhaps the heat was too intense. One man only had to be taken out of the ranks because of heat.

Yesterday morning I wrote the letters of the alphabet for our B.M. who is arranging a class for a few men unable to write. There are about forty men ill now, with even a larger number on sick parade. I attended a good concert at the next hut (Navy), at the close of our service last evening and greatly enjoyed it.

It is now 8:30 a.m. and breakfast of rice and tea is up. How we would enjoy an egg, piece of bacon, and some buttered toast. Mom would come and sit with me while I ate and made ready for work. How I did enjoy having her do this each morning. I do pray that she keeps well, and that the children are kept busy at school.

I have just had breakfast, rice - not very sweet - tea, flat - and a surprise, a piece of toast and apricot jam to cover it. How happy an extra such as this makes us.

My leg has not given me much trouble for the past two days but I still have to walk carefully. The day will be very hot and with much humidity. It will be very depressing.

The Japanese salvage men are very busy in the harbour, reclaiming sunken ships. They have got two afloat near here. One is of four thousand tons, the other much smaller. Now there is a British tug being towed up the harbour. It is full of water and over on its starboard side and is giving much difficulty. The naval men say that the Japs are masters at salvage work and will make a success of even the most difficult jobs.

Sunday, April 19. The morning was very wet. We were unable to have our communion service at 0800 hrs but will conduct one at 1030.

On Friday evening the naval men were ordered to be ready to move to Shamshuipo Camp on Saturday morning at 9:30 o'clock. Every man was very busy packing until "Lights Out" at 2300 hrs. As some were leaving mattresses etc., I was fortunate in having one given to me. I was also given a blanket, a sheet, a pillow, and a pair of long rubbers. I shall be able to fix my bed properly now and get better rest.

The weather conditions were terrible. It was raining in torrents and very muddy, and the men must have been very miserable, by the time they left for the ferry. A number of our men, who had been taken prisoners with me at Wan-Nai-Chong, and sent to Argyle Street prison, and later to Shamshuipo, came back to camp. Most of them had been wounded and I was glad to see them. We shall compare notes during the coming week. Lt Blackwood who was the last officer to be wounded, and whom I fixed up before our surrender, was welcomed by us and we shall get our story of Wan-Nai-Chong fight again from him and we shall be able more fully to compare notes and get the story complete.

April 24, Friday. The weather has been dull and a bit chilly, but while the days are cool,

the nights are much better for rest. The food has been below the average for the past few days and we all long for meat, or fish, in larger quantities, so that we won't need to pull our belts in any more. The Jap Commandant came to the camp this week with samples of dry goods. Most of the officers ordered something. I asked for shoe laces, shoe polish, and two pairs of undershorts. When we shall get these things is difficult for us to say. Maybe tomorrow, and maybe in two weeks time.

Lt Dennis has been sent to hospital with a hurt foot. He will likely have it in a cast as we fear that the piece of heavy timber falling on it crushed more than a nerve or artery.

I have been able to get the list of Japanese ranks and they are as follows:

Red Stars	Different class of private
Red Stars	1st class private
	Corporal
Silver Star	Sergeant
Silver Stars	Warrant Officer 2nd class
Silver Stars	Warrant Officer 1st class
3 Golden Bars	2nd Lieut (Shou e)
3 Golden Bars	1st Lieut (Chou e)
3 Golden Bars	Captain (TI e)
4 Golden Bars	Major (Shou sa)
4 Golden Bars	Lt Colonel (Chou sa)
4 Golden Bars	Colonel (Ti sa)
All golden	Brigadier (Shou shaw)
All golden	Major General (Chou shaw)
All golden	General (Ti shaw)

The pay of Jap Lt is 25 yen per month.
The pay of Jap Capt 62.50 yen per month.
The pay of Major 110 yen per month.
The pay of Lt Colonel 162 yen per month.

We were handed a few Japanese magazines and periodicals to-day, so will have a bit of Japanese propaganda to read, which will be a change at any rate. It is now 4:30 p.m. We just came off parade, and wait for supper at 5:30 p.m. Our poor stomachs ache but we will not and do not complain one to another. The usual comment after a meal is "Well, if that's supper - or dinner I have had it".

April 25, Saturday. Today we begin the fifth month since our surrender. We wonder how many months must pass before we hear of our liberation and home-going. The huts are pretty quiet today. It has been raining hard during the night and morning, and men confined to huts are reading, writing, resting, or playing card games. Bridge and Cribbage seem to be leading in choices, but Chess is just making an appearance and so will undoubtedly become popular. I have a small table by my bed - 24 x 18 inches - and one of the boys has offered to mark out a checker board and cribbage board on its top for me.

I have been reading one of the Jap magazines called "Contemporary Japan. A review of Far Eastern Affairs", and I quote from its leading article on "March of Events" from February 1942. The Crown Colony of Hong Kong, which had been the base of British exploitation and aggression for the last century, surrendered to the Japanese forces on December 25. This was preceded by the occupation of Kowloon opposite Hong Kong Island, on December 12. Landing on Hong Kong in the face of stout opposition was effected on December 18. The Japanese forces brooked no delay in starting violent attacks, and as a result, the British troops proposed unconditional surrender on December 25. The following day the island was completely occupied by the Japanese. The prisoners taken number 11,241 and the dead 1400. The spoils consisted of 5 airplanes, 120 guns, 15 heavy guns, 19 tanks, 1070 motor cards, 309 railways cars and many other war materials.

I spent a long time this morning looking at my family's photograph. I know that Florence and Grayson are a wonderful source of strength to their mother, and together they will keep cheerful and look forward with interest to my return.

Before the naval men left the camp some of them asked for my home address. I may sometime hear from them. They also thanked me for the messages which I had given. Following is the list of names:

528983 Cpl J. Edmunds (A splendid tenor singer) 43 Yetcalf St Caeran, Bridgend, Glamorganshire, S. Wales.

E. A. Fry (Our concert chairman) C/O The Commodore, H.M. Naval Yard, Hong Kong.

W. C. Knight (Baritone soloist) C.E. Dept, Naval Yard, Hong Kong.

F.E. George (Member of choir - Naval Lt - Salesman) C/O G.P.O. Hong Kong.

G.E. Longyear (Pianist for church services, concerts, etc.) Homestead, 7 Station Road, Drayton, Cosham, Hants. England.

Mrs. Longyear is now in Vancouver, and lives at 3500 Willow St., Vancouver, B.C.

Alfred Reginald Lee (Good soloist and keen on Irish songs) C/O H.M. Dockyard, Portsmouth, Hants, England.

W.L. Short, C/O S.M.S.O. Priddy's Hard, Gosport, Hants, England.

F. Crothers (Very considerate and ready to help, gave me long rubbers) 312 High St., Sheerness, Kent, England.

J. Broady, 112 Broadway, Gillingham, Kent, England.

P.R. Holloway (Keenly interested in our work and ready to help) C/O. Mrs. H.E. Atkins, St. Percy Road, Southsea, Portsmouth, England.

Sunday, April 26. Communion was held at 0800 hrs today, and more than forty of our men attended. Since lunch it has just rained in torrents, but cleared for an hour or so which I spent visiting huts. We planned for a service at 1915 hrs but rain is coming again (1800 hrs) so it will not be held. Capt Barnett and I will later go to the hospital for a service.

Rumours are making the rounds again now, and today's gem is that British, U.S.A., Russian, and Japan are negotiating for terms regarding the Pacific war. Another which came out of the air, yesterday was to the effect that U.S.A. and Russia had told British to get busy and do something extra in this war. These rumours make for topics of conversation and help to pass another hour or so.

Sunday, May 2. It is now 0935 hrs. Breakfast of pancakes, syrup and tea is finished. We had planned for a communion service at 0745 hrs but it was raining in torrents from early morning until breakfast time. It is beginning to clear. I can see patches of blue sky through

the clouds so we hope to have our communion at 1030 in the workshop and our regular worship service this afternoon at 1600 hrs.

Our men are keenly interested in softball these days and as there is a play-off between the men of E. Co. Grenadiers and officers of the Royal Rifles, excitement has been high for the past two days. They are to play three games and the winner of two games gets the prize - maybe of cigarettes. Two games have been played and each has a game to credit. This will mean keen interest and we are looking forward to tomorrow's game.

Yesterday the road next to our compound was closed to traffic for a while as a Japanese Prince was to pass along the route. All prisoners of war were ordered to remain indoors, so only from our windows could we see the advance guard on motor cycles, the cars containing His Highness and party, and the rear guard of armed soldiers, in trucks, pass.

Since our officers have been paid, the food in our hut has improved, as our orders have been filled, and this means an extra once in a while, I enjoy a breakfast of porridge (rice and oatmeal) toast and tea. The rations have been fair of late, and we were fortunate in having an extra allowance of whale meat. We did really enjoy the whale steak. Of course we would not be partial to it at home but since it tastes good when men are hungry, we are happy to have it.

I have been reading fiction, etc., during the past few days and was happy to get a copy of "Cappy Ricks comes back". There is lots of humour in it which brings the occasional chuckle. One story will suffice. "Six men were adrift at sea, on a raft, and after days, were swept ashore. Two Irishmen, two Englishmen, and two Scotsmen, comprised the crew of said raft. When they reached the land, the two Englishmen were not on speaking terms because they had not been formally introduced; but the two Scots had formed a Caledonian Society and were very happy". Peter S. Kyne has Cappy speak of a business man who is so mean that if he were asked for three cheers he would ask for two back.

May 9, Saturday. We learn that the Japanese are apprehensive of an air-raid on Hong Kong by U.S.A. bombers from somewhere in China, at any time. Already necessary precautions are being taken around our camp, and we have had our first test - Blackout - me placed in particular places where they are to remain, stretcher bearers and other parties made ready for emergencies. Naturally we are hoping that if a raid is experienced by us, the U.S.A. have already been given proper information about us so that the camps at Stanley Fort, Shamshuipo, North Pt, and Argyle Street, as well as men in hospital at Bowen Road may have a measure of safety.

May 19, Sunday. Mother's Day. Most men in camp today are thinking of home and their mothers, as well as the mothers of their own homes. I think of last year and of the carnations and chocolates sent to Bamfield for Mom and the children. It is now four o'clock.

We planned for a service at 4:45 but it is very wet and disagreeable so will have to cancel it. We will conduct a brief payer service at 7 o'clock, in the workshop, but only about forty men can be accommodated there, standing.

Today the Hong Kong New came to camp and we note one item of interest. It is to the effect that Ottawa says that Canadian prisoners are being well treated. Trucks are allowed to go out for rations as well as vegetables, etc., ad that we have our own ovens built for the baking of our bread. We do hope that our families have seen such a note so that their hearts may be easier and minds no so perturbed. The "News" also tells of a battle in progress in the Coral Sea - N.E. of Australia, and near New Guinea - The Japs report many of our ships are lost without receiving any damage themselves. We receive this with a question and reserve for reasons known to us.

May 12, Tuesday. Today the padres have been asked to try to ascertain fuller particulars regarding any of our men killed, missing or died of wounds. Barnett will deal with the R.R.C., Delourhey the Brigade, while I deal with our Grenadiers. This afternoon I got my list from S.Sgt Boyd and tomorrow will begin working on the individual cases. Tonight Capt Bush and I have been talking about Wan Nai Chong, where we both were throughout the fight. Around this death trap most of our men were killed. Staff Boyd told me this afternoon that they had me listed as dead. Major Crawford, on this visit to Queen Mary Hospital told me the same. Of course it was thought that we were all wiped out in Wan Nai Chong.

Friday, May 15. The weather is getting much warmer now and even hot during the day. We sleep now in our pyjamas (if we have any), and with a cotton sheet over us. As sheets are very few most of us will be sleeping on our rubber ground sheets. This morning I was up before 0730 hrs and had my first morning shower. It felt good after the exhausting heat and humidity of the night. Meals are good now because of purchases made by officers who have been paid. One certain days we have the extras which help me to be able to get through our rations with a bit more relish. Our kitchen staff is really doing a good job. I am happy to note an increase in weight and I do feel a great deal better now. There was a time when I felt pretty miserable but kept quiet about it as I hoped to be on the upgrade after I could make some adjustments and adapt myself to certain foods. We have had cucumbers served with our rations on three occasions of late. At first I determined to try them for the first time ever and have enjoyed them not from choice but from necessity.

The R.R.C. padre and I have been continuing our prayer service each evening at 1900 hrs and although we have to muster for parade at 1915 hrs we have quite a few men attend for the brief service. We have been reading the parables of Jesus and making comments and drawing a lesson from each parable. The Jap guards are fairly considerate of the prisoners but the odd Chinese gets into difficulties outside the guard gate. Some have been killed because of broken rules or regulations.

I attended a concert at Brigade hut last night and greatly enjoyed it. The fellows entered into the spirit of the hour and gave themselves to it with zest.

Saturday, May 16. The day begins with fine weather but black clouds are gathering and rain may fall before noon. I was up and out for my shower before 0730 hrs. For breakfast I had rice and oatmeal with milk and sugar, a bun, and tea were also served but I did not take the bun.

Our hearts are saddened by the treatment meted out to a Chinese family during the night. The father, mother, and daughter had been searching round some scrap-heap near here. The father was killed, and the mother and daughter are now tied to an electric light pole just across the street.

During the past week we have been interested in our men at the hospital regarding cigarettes. At first our Grenadiers (Officers) decided to pay 30 yen per month into a fund for smokes for our sick men on condition that the R.R.C. officers would do the same. They refused. Now an order or recommendation has come from the Brigadier saying that each company commander must be responsible for his own men. Some of us think the pooling system would be better as each is sharing the others burden. Some of our Company's may not have men there for weeks whereas other Cos perhaps with less officers have many men there. The pool would have all share.

Our A.S. Officer (Capt Geo Porteous) has been having some difficulty in financing his sports. After a while he devised a splendid solution which was readily adopted by our senior officers; i.e. the sale of 5 military yen for one Canadian dollars with the guarantee (written) of reimbursement of any loss by these senior officers, if the rate of exchange was incorrect, on arrival in Canada. The Brigadier was approached by the A.S.O. and at first agreed but since has suggested a reduction in price - \$1 Canadian for 1 yen 80 sen - (Japanese military). To many of us this does not seem fair since the cash - military - is available and men are willing to accept it with the guarantee of protection. Our A.S.O. even offered to give the A.S.O. of the R.R. of C. fifty per cent of proceeds for his use but apparently the Brigadier wants his will be done.

George has since told me that the Brigadier is reconsidering and likely things will be worked out on an equitable basis later. The cash is used for smokes for men who share in concerts, on entertainments, sports., etc. and is meeting a real need. 2100 hrs.

The whole day has been fine and hot with just a sprinkle of rain this afternoon. The sky is overcast tonight which may mean rain before morning.

Today we were interested in a Japanese movie outfit taking moving pictures of a landing of troops near our camp. We are situated in the vicinity of the first landing of the Jap

forces and today a party was landing again. Of course this picture was taken in daylight whereas they landed their first party at night. Today's show did not look or sound very realistic as there was no opposing force. I do think that some heard some machine and others guns and saw a smoke screen. However the picture will impress the Japs at home and be good propaganda.

Sunday, May 17. I led in Holy communion at 745 hrs on Concrete block. 48 shared. Our evening service hour is changed from 1645 to 2000 hrs because of excessive heat. Sunday seems to be our loneliest day as we think of weekends at home with our families. I dreamt of home last night. Stan has been much in my thoughts of late and I wonder if he has been transferred to the coast. My sister Florence has been with me in thought also. I do pray that she, Billy, and Bob are well.

I have been to the hospital today to see our men. There are several new ones including four sergeants. Some are very feverish which may indicate Malaria. I went through all our huts this morning and did not get back to lunch on time but the sergeant was good enough to keep it for me although we are supposed to be in at the proper hour.

We had decided to change our service hour from 1645 to 2000 hrs and tonight we were well repaid. Our voluntary service was attended by well over two hundred men. Capt. Barnett was in charge. We sang "Breathe on me Breath of God" and "Unto the hills around do I lift up my longing eyes". I read the lesson - John 15, last part - "But when the Comforter etc.,". I spoke from John 19: 41 - "In the place where He was crucified there was a garden".

This afternoon I played my first game of Volleyball. We have a series of games arranged and a league formed. Our team won the game this afternoon. Most of us are new to the game but will enjoy it as it will give us the needed exercise.

May 23, Saturday. We begin our sixth month of captivity today. The weather is clearing and we hope for a pleasant weekend after a week of fitful weather or rain, cold, and winds from the North.

Today our Brigadier, Adjt Major Atkinson, Lt Col. Price, Major Young, Lt Col. Trist, Major Hook, Capt. Bush and Capt. Billings have gone with some Japanese military official (presumably the officer in charge of prison camps) for an outing and a conference.

Our camp had an exhibition of handicraft articles made - mostly wood-carvings - today. Some are exceptionally well done. I will ascertain the number later in the day.

I have been reading the biography of the Duke of Wellington and just finished it. It

portrays him as the greatest military genius England has produced. It portrays of sterling qualities, and in private and public life he seems to have been above reproach. The author was George Robert Cleig. He served in the army with the Duke 1813-14. Ordained in 1820. Chaplain of Chelsea Hospital, 1834. Chaplain General of Forces, 1844-1875. Died 1888. Book was published by Everymans. Some of the sayings of the great duke are interesting. Amongst the outstanding were

- (1) Be discreet in all things, and so render it unnecessary to be mysterious about any.
- (2) Animosity among nations ought to cease when hostilities come to an end.
- (3) He is most to blame who breaks the law, no matter what the provocation may be under which he acts.
- (4) One country has no right to interfere in the internal affairs of another, non-intervention is the law, intervention is only the exception.

This afternoon the whole camp was called to parade before the Japanese Prison Commandant, Col. Tokunaga. He spoke to us through his interpreter and told us that we were expected to sign a statement to the effect that we will make no effort to escape. All with the exception of Cpl Porter of the R.R.C. signed it. Of course it was done under duress and therefore cannot be considered an act of disloyalty to our King, or the breaking of our pledge of loyalty . Porter has been taken by the Japs for further questioning and possible trial.

May 24th, Sunday. The day began fine. We were able to have our communion service outside one of the huts on concrete block at 1100 hrs. I had to visit the M.I. room today because of a slight infection on my left arm. I had quite a few similar infections on my face last week but as they did not itch, gave me very little both and soon cleared up.

I have been able to get the list of contributors to the exhibition yesterday which is as follows and in order of merit.

1	E30318	Rnf Bernier, R (H.Q.) R.R.C.	R.R.C. Crest	1st Prize
2	H6754	Sgt McCarthy, G.T. (H.Q.) W.G.	Cribbage Board	2nd Prize
3	H6016	Sgt Payne, J.O. (H.Q.) W.G.	Cribbage Board Buddha	1st Hon
4	H612	Sgt Kitkoski, J. W.G.	Chess game	2nd Hon
5	C5898	Rfn Wellman, D. (A) R.R.C.	Cigarette holder,	

			wood bird	
6		Pte Krajenchuk (A) W.G.	Leather shoes	
7	H6708	Pte McBride, T. (E) W.G.	Calendar	
8		Rfn Johnson, J.S. (H.Q.) R.R.C.	Drawings of camps (wood)	
9		Cpl Perreault, A. (D) R.R.C.	Memoriam of officers	
10	H6036	L/Cpl Falcon (C) W.G.	Rings from coins	
11	H17550	Pte Rollick, P. (H.Q.) W.G.	Knitted socks and mitts	
12	H30614	Rfn Generous, L. (H.Q.) R.R.C.	Painting crests on kit bags	
13		Sgmn Alastair, Brigade H.Q.	Pencil sketching	
14		G.P.O. Smit, B.H.Y., Dutch Navy	Map of world	

May 25, Monday. Stan's birthday. How I thought of him today.

May 26, Tuesday. On Saturday evening Capt Barnett and I began the story of the Apostles, at our devotional service at 7 p.m. I began with the story of Peter and we have continued with Andrew and John. Tomorrow I may speak of Mark, and so on.

Since a few of our men are feeling the effects of weather and food, and our camp hospital is now crowded with patients suffering from dysentery and other ills, our Canadian doctors are worried because of the lack of supplies for our hospital. Tonight we hear that our rations are being cut by twenty per cent. This will mean very meagre living for all. We have had no milk or sugar in tea for days and while our officers kitchen staff have been doing splendid work they cannot do the impossible.

We heard today that we shall be allowed to write one letter home, per man, per month. This is good news to all of us and we do pray that these letters reach home in good time. Our first lot will go out on or about June 6. We are also informed that we may get mail and parcels from home. If this be so, but it sounds too good to be true, we shall go wild with delight to see familiar handwriting.

May 29, Friday. Yesterday was my birthday. Three officers of the R.R.C. had theirs as well - Capt. Banfield (M.O.), Capt. Dennison, and Capt. Price. The day was very hot, meals were none too good so one can imagine my thoughts. I wondered what Mom and the children were doing and I did hope that they had a cake etc., for my sake. We do hope that we don't spend another birthday here. The Japs issued a piece of soap, one tooth brush, a small hand and face towel, and a small portion of tooth powder, to each man in camp. I did not take my tooth brush as I still have a good one.

The nights are very warm now and one needs very little over him. Many of our men are off parade because of temperatures, dysentery, etc., and at present forty men are in hospital here as well as a number at Bowen Road. Each prisoner has been given a number to be worn on the right breast of his shirt or tunic. My number is 4452.

June 1, Monday. We have been all excited over getting our first letter off to our families. I typed mine yesterday and just wrote more of a general letter. I did not want Mom to be very worried about me. I know that she will be very happy to get it and to know that I am alive. Stan, Florence, and the rest of the families and friends will be interested.

I led communion service yesterday morning at 0745 hrs, and had fifty men present. We had more than two hundred at our evening service, and I spoke from Exodus 33: 14. I especially emphasized my conviction that life in this camp for many of us is harder than the glamour of battle. I spoke of my four days in the hell of Wan Nai Chong and how one night many of our wounded became nervous and how I spoke quietly to them about never getting beyond the circle of God's love. One badly wounded boy spoke up and said "Padre, the worst of it all is that we think of God at the wrong time".

We have battalion parade twice daily now. At 0815 hrs and 1930 hours.

I have my shower every morning before parade, and feel fresh and fit, although I have lost about twenty-six pounds in weight since being captured. This is largely because of the food and heat, and hard living. We all have numbers to be worn on our shirt or tunic.

June 3, Wednesday. The King's birthday. Last night after we had all finished our letters, the Jap camp commandant came to say that no letter was to be more than two hundred words, so lights which are ordered out in the mens huts at 2230 hours and in our huts at 2300 hrs were kept on until midnight in order to give us an opportunity to re-write our

letters. We were all indignant but of course had to abide by regulations. I had typed my first letter of four hundred and seven words, but decided to write my two hundred words in block letters. We were later told - today - that our letters had passed the Japanese censors. We wonder how many weeks will pass before they reach home.

Some time ago some of our men were chosen by lot to broadcast to Canada. One of our officers was elected to broadcast, as well as four men from the Royal Rifles of Canada, with one of their officers in addition to Brig. Holme. Our men were Major J.M. Baillie, C.Q.M.S. Laidlaw, Sgt McCulley, Pte Bires, and Pte Forsythe. They were away quite a while and enjoyed the change and new experience. We can imagine the pleasure in many homes in Canada when these recordings get through.

We have all had an issue of shorts, shirts, boots and tunics - if needed - and our men certainly showed a better appearance on parade this evening. We have been getting a bit of news today which heartens us and makes us think of our release earlier than we are first anticipated.

From the first I have said that I wanted to be home for Dec. 20th - Florence's birthday, as I knew we couldn't possibly be free by July 6th, Grayson's birthday. Wont' it be great if I can be home for Christmas, and Mom's birthday on January 2nd. I wonder if Stan will be in the West then. If so, I will be wanting him to visit us during the Christmas and New Year. Won't we have a pleasant time if all is well at home.

The nights are very hot and we are very restless. The bugs are making their appearance and some of us have found them in our beds and fly netting. We try to keep our beds and huts clean but apparently they like clean beds as well as any other. Tomorrow I will take my mattress outdoors and made a good search.

June 6, Saturday. Our numbers at camp hospital have decreased during the past week, but the numbers of R.R.C. have increased. Today we have eleven and they twenty-three. Four men are on stretchers outside our hut now waiting to be taken to Bowen Road Hospital. The batmen are now cleaning our hut while all officers remain outside from 1000 to 1100 hrs. My batmen - Fines - has been suffering from Beri-Beri, and is off duty for a few days. Another splendid fellow - Schnell - is doing his works while he rests.

While at camp hospital this morning one of the boys - Swartz - who was taken in yesterday suffering from dysentery, said "Padre, I would like to be home now". I laughed and tried to cheer him up by saying, "Why, Swartz, home was never like this". I chatted with him then and helped him to be brave. He is a good athlete and will likely fight his complaint successfully. It is just natural for any of us when we feel hungry, which is daily, and weary, to long for home, but we must be brave and cheery, amidst all of our ordeals. Last evening I read Psalm 137 at our fellowship service and noted that while the Psalmist, who was in

exile, said in reply to his captors about singing "How shall I sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" but then he remembered the goodness of God. He challenged his heart and determined not to forget Jehovah.

The Hong Kong News - Japanese controlled - is brought into camp once in a while. I notice a long list of regulations governing this city of Hong Kong. Some of them are amusing. I have culled two or three.

No. 10. "Making any unnecessary noise, lying down or getting drunk in any place of traffic."

No. 55. "Making water in a street, park, or other publicly visible place, or compelling another person to do it".

The guilty person will be liable to three months imprisonment or a fine not exceeding 500 yen.

Sunday, June 7. Sixty men attended our communion service this morning at 0745hrs. I visited the camp hospital at 1000 hrs. Pte Porter of the R.R.C. who refused to sign the declaration brought to the camp by the Japs, two weeks ago, and was taken to prison, returned to our camp yesterday. He must have suffered much as he is worn and pale and thin, and shows loss of weight. He was at communion this morning and told me that he intended to attend in future as he has much to be grateful for. I understand that he hasn't been attending services of any kind for nearly forty years. He told me that for the first five days he, and the six others, from other camps, who did not sign the papers were not given food or drink. For fifteen hours each day they were compelled to kneel with faces to the wall of prison and at night were allowed only three hours sleep, after which they were aroused each hour. The prison guard - Portuguese - were used by the Japs to beat them.

Our meals are none too good these days. This morning we had rice porridge, toast and a cup of tea without milk or sugar. For lunch we had a small piece of tinned mutton, plain bread without butter and a cup of tea with milk and sugar - small portions. I thought of Mom and knew how she used to enjoy having good meals for her family. We look forward to these days again. I have just been looking at our photograph again and long to see Mom, Florence, and Grayson again. This evening we are to have a special - meat and vegetables.

Service at 2000 hrs. Capt Barnett preached on "Ye are the salt of the earth." For fifteen minutes before the service began our band gave us some very good music. They are planning to continue this each Sabbath evening prior to our service.

Sunday, June 14. About sixty men were at communion this morning at 0745hrs. Nothing unusual happened during the past week, but we learned this morning that about two hundred men are being sent out daily in charge of an officer or two, and under Japanese guard. Undoubtedly they will be doing manual labour somewhere around Hong Kong. On Wednesday night a small group of us had a chat with our O.C. about the beliefs and teaching

of B.P. It was a very interesting evening. This morning we were all pleasantly surprised by having coffee and cinnamon raisin buns for breakfast. Tonight we had meat (beef and onions), which was a real treat. The bread was sour so I did not eat any. Subject of evening service (Our lives dedicated to Christ). Text "Except a grain of wheat."

Sunday, June 21. Communion service at 0745 - Capt. Barnett - 45 present. At the evening service, Barnett preached on Christ and the need of his disciples on the Lake, and our need."

During the week parties have been going out to work. The Japs are pleased with work accomplished. As many as 204 men go some days, under the command of our officers (5). I am hoping to go some day soon. It will be a change of scenery anyway. Life inside these barbed wires gets very tiresome at times and one longs for a release. I am grateful that my faith holds and I know that He who has been my guide and strength will give me power to see this experience through.

During the past two nights I have been at home in my dreams. On the first night I dreamt that I found on my arrival that Mom had gone away with Bertie Hodge and had taken the children with her but had left a little woman to care for me. She came to see me a few days after my return and while my heart was breaking, she seemed very content over the whole matter. During the second night I went home to Vancouver and was told by a senior minister that I was to be offered a good church, and then went to his home to see Mom. She was sitting in a chair, with her back turned towards the door. As I entered I went quietly towards the chair, and leaned over her shoulder, and kissed her. The folk in the house teased me, but I just said "Well, it is a long time since I saw her." The dreams were very vivid and while the first made me sad for most of the morning, after the second dream I awoke with a gladsome mind and carried the picture of me in that chair, with me ever since. Daily the whole family (Stan included) is in my thoughts, and how I long to see them all. We are all alike here and in my contacts with the men I find that the two chief topics are "The time of our release" and "How our families are."

Monday, June 22. Six months ago today I was one of the group that surrendered at Wan Nai Chong at about 0800hrs, after which, later in the day, they sent me through their lines. It was an awful experience. I have been discussing the day with some of the men during this afternoon.

During the week we had a concert at the CO's hut, Major Baillie (O.C.) The best part of the programme was a mock broadcast. It is as follows.

Introduction: Imagine yourself back at home. You settle down in the old easy chair, light your pipe, and then one of the family turns on the radio. You hear something like this.

"1st announcer. This is C.K.V. Winnipeg, your announcer Tommy Benson. We now join the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

2nd announcer. This is the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Now comes our Wednesday night exchange programme with the National Broadcasting Co. We now turn you over to New York.

3rd announcer. (Tone beats) The National Broadcasting Co now presents - Sung in chorus - R.I.C.C.O. (pun on rice) Wan Dilson. The Ricco programme starring Jack Lenny and Jerry Sivington. The band opens with Sweet Sue (after a few bars the band tones down while Wan says) Have you that general down in the dumps feeling, that worn out look, no pip or vitality, housemaid's knee, Beri-beri? Do you need a general lift up? Then try a nice big bowl of Ricco guaranteed to make the toughest C.S.M. (Co Sgt Major) smile. Get it today at your grocers, ask for it by name. Look for the big green stripe on the bag - Ricco! (Band finishes number)

Wan: We now bring to you those two gentleman adventurers, those two dashing brummells, those rogues of laughter, the \$1.30 a day Lenny and Sivington.

Lenny: Thank you, thank you, Wan Dilson. That reminds me - Sivington - take a letter.

Sivington: I can't. I can't get out. You can't be on "attend B" and get out on scrounge parties too.

Lenny: Quiet dope! We are on the air.

Siv: I thought this was only a practice.

Lenny: It's not, but you sure need plenty.

Siv: Year, and so do they. They haven't laughed yet.

Lenny: Who was that gentleman I saw you walking with last night?

Siv: That was no gentleman. That was the R.S.M. (Reg't Sgt Major)

Lenny: Which reminds me. Did you hear the story of the two old tightwads who went into the corner store, slapped down a yen and asked for a couple of decks (cigarettes), or, I mean put down a buck (dollar) and asked for some fags?

Siv: Then what?

Len: When the change cam back, one fellow says to the other fellow - this is good, you'll die laughing.

Siv: Go on! Go on! don't stop now. What happened next?

Len: Gee! I forget.

Siv: With a memory like yours you should go to night school.

Len: Why, I am. I'm taking up bookkeeping.

Siv: Is that so? How are you making out?

Len: Fine. I've got three books already but I don't think I'll get any more.

Siv: Why?

Len: It takes too long.

Siv: What do you mean?

Len. Well, the teacher's forty-five and he's not finished yet.

Siv: He;ll probably be a lot older before you're finished the class. What you need is a mental examination.

Len: I've had one. They found my mind "A".

Siv: A what? A blank? Say, I hear you met a nice girl at your school dance.

Len: Yes, Rosilda Gilthorpe by name. An actress, you know. She took the lead in "The Villain Foiled", that famous play which originated in Hong Kong.

Siv: But hasn't she a boy friend? I thought she was engaged to Throckmorton Fotheringham.

Len: Doesn't mean a thing; for a couple of smokes the old man get him out of the way and the rest is a cinch. Besides, she's a sensible girl and has eaten nothing but Ricco for the last five months and has it ever given her a slim figure.

Siv: What do you think it has done to me?

Len: I say! Is that Wan Dilson coming along with a couple of bowls of Ricco?

Siv: It sure is, and there's sweet sauce too.

Wan: Ricco now presents the weekly newscast (fanfare). Headlines in the news brought to your home at this time each week, through the courtesy of the Associated Press news.

Winnipeg, Man.: The Winnipeg rowing club is practising strenuously for the summer regatta. It is reported that their only threat is the guard on the North Pt Camp H.K. who practice daily in the swimming pool outside the camp.

Berlin, Germany: Prosperity is returning once more to the barber industry. Hitler had his first hair cut yesterday. The scoop of the evening, and speaking of scoops - why not try a scoop of Ricco right now? Back to the news - we are now bringing you our German news correspondent, Herr Less, who brings you up to date on inside Germany by giving you word for word, Hitler's latest special to his storm troopers.

Herr Less: (Spoken with a rolling guttural accent) Herr Storm troopers. Our heroes of the great German army, it gives me much pleasure to be able to congratulate such a great body of men, on our recent victories in the Leningrad sector, but there is one thing I want to warn you about. Watch very closely when you are firing on enemy planes that fly over here. One of these days we may send up a couple of our own planes. Our secret services overseas, warn us that the British Navy will be strengthened by the shipping powers of the Winnipeg Canoe Club. Do not worry, my heroes, for both our submarines will soon be ready to taken to the sea. "Guten Nicht."

Rome, Italy: Activities on all fronts are virtually at a standstill this afternoon. The reason being Mussolini got himself all tied up in his supper spaghetti. Detectives are now trying to unravel the problem.

Paris, France: The Vichy and Free French governments are still deadlocked over the vital wine question - reports our correspondent. When asked where he received this information, he reported that he picked it up at the Folies Bergere, where the bare facts are always presented.

Flash. Through the courtesy of the Jap Gov't (who claim their P.O.W. are all well fed), and the N.B.C., Ricco brings you a personal interview with an inmate of North Pt Camp, Hong Kong. We are now bringing you none other than Beri Beri Hardy.

Hardy: (Cockney accent) Hello Muvver! Coo, lumme but it's hot! I'm having a lovely time here. I only have to do two parades a day because I have Dobie's and don't do P.T. I sleep all day. It's a lovely life. How's Pop and Sis? The food is real good here, or all our officers say so anyhow. How's my dog? I've got a swell sunburn. I made a pair of wooden shoes. Gee! I wish they'd give us more rice. We only eat three times a day here. If I'm here long enough I'll have a mustache. Our Q.Master has a dandy. How are you, Muvver? They issued us with a towel and toilet paper. I haven't used the towel yet. Hopin' you are the same. Give my love to Jean, and tell her I'm being true to her. Bye.

Our final bulletin comes from Berlin, Germany. Adolph Hitler underwent a serious operation on his eye today. The accident occurred while he was seriously scanning the Heavens for British bombers. A bird flying directly overhead and practising bombing, score a direct hit, or in this case, a bull's eye. Hitler is said to be reorganising his A.A. batteries in order to cope with this new menace.

Wan. This winds up our Newscast. Listen in again to the Ricco programme, next week at the same time for more up to date news. Ricco now presents its weekly guest artist. This week we have with us none other than the dumb pianist, Tony Semple, who will play a medley of Irish Airs.

Wan: (After pianist finishes). We now present our weekly drama, brought to you through the courtesy of the Ricco Theatre Guild. Our play this week is based on the great historical event - "The discovery of America". (Orchestra plays a few bars of Columbus). Scene, opens with Columbus in conference with the Royalty of Spain, over the raising of the money. The King speaks.

King: So you are convinced the world is round, Chris? If it is why don't we all fall off?

Chris: Because of the force of gravy, but we won't go into that now. I'm here to raise enough ducats so I can equip the Santa Maria with new diesels, and a new anti-magnetic cable so I can reach America.

King: How much to you need?

Chris: Well, I could get the diesel at Eatons on my D.A., and pick up the cable at Kresges. I guess a grand will be enough.

King: Nix! I ain't spending my dough at those firms. The deal's off.

Chris: Aw, Ferdy, give me a break. I've got to discover America, this year or history will be all wrong.

King: I never look at history. Deal's off.

Chris: Well, how about you Isobel. If you could coax the old man into forking over, maybe I could bring back enough skins for a mink coat.

Isobel: Well, I don't know how I can raise a thousand dollars unless you can pawn these pearls. They should be worth a grand.

Chris: That's a deal, babe. Gimme the pearls now, and I'll come back tonight and let you now how I made out.

Isobel: Oh my! Ferde! Isn't he just wonderful?

King: Scrawny looking wretch, looks like a con man to me. Why those pearls were the best thing I could buy at Woolworths. Just wait till he gets back from America.
(Orchestra plays a few bars of Columbia)

Wan: Scene two opens on the deck of the Santa Maria. Columbus, like the true sailor he is, walks up and down, attending the management of his boat. Columbus calls his first mate.

Chris: Mr. Bush! Mr. Bush! Mr. Bush!

Bush: Did you call me, Sir?

Chris: Of course I called you. If you spent more time on the deck of this boat, instead of hanging around the Ration store, we would be able to get a lot more done around here. I want the boat thoroughly scrubbed and cleaned. We dock at Manhattan Pier, 3:30 this afternoon. See that that infernal racket is stopped at once. I told Mr. Porteous (A.O.S.) once before, there would be no trombone practicing on this boat. And while you are at it wake up P.O. Pigot, and tell him to get shaved, and his moustache trimmed, in preparation for this afternoon. Now off yo go and make a good job, as the commodore himself will likely inspect the ship.

Bush: Aye, aye, Sir.

Chris: Boy!

Boy: Sir!

Chris: Get up there, and clean the birds' dirt off the poop deck.

Boy: Aye, Aye, Sir, Anything else?

Chris: Yes, when you have finished with the poop deck, go and see if there are any eggs in the crow's nest, but first bring me my sextant. I'm going to shoot the sun.

Boy: Shoot the sun! Coo, we've been too long on the trip.
(Orchestra plays few bars of Columbus)

Wan: Scene three opens as the Santa Maria docks at Manhattan Pier. Columbus steps forward to be received by the welcoming committee (Orchestra plays). The mayor speaks.

Mayor: Right on time, eh, Chris? We sure been waiting a long time to be discovered by you.

Chris: It's nice to see you, LaGuardia. Say, who won the world series?

Mayor: The Yankees.

Chris: Yippee! I won five pence.

Mayor: By the way, I want you to meet some of the reception committee. Here we have Chief Pontiac.

Chris: Hi Chief! I sure admire those cars you are turning out. I had one myself. That 1489 model sure was a dandy.

Mayor: Now meet Mae West, one of our stars from Hollywood.

Mae: Hello, Chris, old boy. So you've been to sea for six weeks have you? Why doncha come up and see me some time, when you've nothing on?

Chris: Will I! After six weeks! Wow!

Mayor: Now meet our chief of police.

Chief: Stand still Columbus, old boy. Hold your head up! Say! This crew of yours could do with a bit of straightening up. What say if we take in the town tonight?

Chris: Just a minute while I give my crew some instructions. Listen, boys. You can all have Reveille passes tonight, but stay out of the night clubs. If you go over to Coney Island, stay off the Roller Coaster. The blue light will be in the same place on the foredeck. Now off you go and have a good time. See P.O. Piggott for all your requirements.

Chief: Well, Chris, what say we start the evening off right before drinking, and have a bowl of Ricco and beef stew?

Chris: I cannot think of a better way to start the evening.

Wan: Neither can I. Ladies and gentlemen of our radio audience, why not try a bowl right now. Columbus not only discovered America, but he made another great discovery in Ricco. The best all round food on the market. Why not make the same discovery yourselves? Try Ricco, get some today at your dealers. Look for the big green stripe on the bag - Ricco - (Orchestra plays few bars). We're late folks. Good night.

1st Announcer: This is the N.B. Co. We now turn you over to your local stations.

2nd Announcer: This is the C.B.C. Stand by for your station announcements.

3rd Announcer: Your station C.K.V. Winnipeg. At the sound of the gong, it will be 12 o'clock midnight. We are signing off now, but will be back in the morning at 7:30 with our "Why go sick?" programme. Good night folks.

Sunday, June 28. Life goes on as usual in our camp. Every morning Roll Call at 0815 hrs, hospital visitation 100-1030 hrs, errands, etc., for the odd fellow, reading, chatting, and games, as well as a quiet time from 1400-1500 hrs. Dinner at 1750, and roll call at 1930 hrs. The rest of the evening is spent in an attempt to get cooled off before going to bed at 2230 or 2300 hrs. Bedbugs, lice, etc., show themselves sometimes. So far I have seen them only. The officer next to me - Capt Bardel - found a great many in his burlap mattress yesterday, and had to have everything on his bed boiled, in order to clean them up. So far I have been immune, but expect them later in the seasons.

I spent yesterday with four other officers - Capt Pendregast, Lt White, Lt MacKechnie, and Lt Corrigan, in charge of 250 men, as a working party on the Japanese Airport here. It was my second time outside the camp - the other to attend the Colonel's funeral - and I was very happy to cross the harbor on a ferry, and spend the day. Left here at 7:45 and returned at 6:30 p.m. - working on the airport. Officers are just to direct the men and keep them working just fast enough to prevent the Jap Guard from interfering with them. I had a funny, or rather peculiar type of Jap with me and my sixty-four men. He would get agitated quickly, but after I studied him for a while, I had no trouble with him. In fact, he would

come and take me by the shirt sleeve, and show me what he would like done, and so we got along together very well. From 1200 to 1400 hrs we had lunch and rested. We take our own lunches on these trips, which consist of buns made into meat sandwiches, if meat available, and water. Before 1400 hrs they gave us unsweetened barley water - very insipid, and at 4:30 p.m. work stopped, for a bowl of soup. It reminded me of the scratch feed we used to feed our chicken. I question if it was washed, as the liquid was the color of dish water. I had plenty of sugar in it, which made it palatable. I know that Grayson feeds his dog much better than his Dad gets fed. I would be glad to have Snuff's supper tonight.

This morning I had a communion service at 0745 hrs, forty men attended. Tonight Capt Barnett leads, but I read the scripture and shall preach from "And some on broken pieces of the ship, escaped safe to land". Acts 27: 44. Hymns are "Unto the hills" and "Glory to Thee my God this night", and our Vesper "Holy Father in Thy Mercy".

My family was very much in my thought today. I wonder, oh, how I wonder about them. I only wish that Stan may be on the coast and can see them sometimes. If so, I know that Mom will be happy. I do know that wherever he is, they are his constant care. God Bless them all.

Report has come to our camp that Estevan has been shelled from the sea. I can well imagine the commotion along the coast.

During the day I visited Detention, with Capt Barnett. Life in camp is not easy, and the odd fellow breaks rules, and so must pay the penalty. Detention runs from seven to twenty-eight days. There are 28 men in hospital suffering from dysentery, fever, etc. We learn today that all American and Canadian embassy staffs are leaving tomorrow, for their homes, via West Africa. We hope the the day when we shall be exchanged or liberated.

July, 2, Thursday. Our thoughts were very much at home yesterday - Dominion Day. We had arranged a programme of games for the day but rains came, and prevented the completion of it. The weather cleared in the evening and we were favored with a Minstrel Show, by our men. It was very well done, and O'Neil, Mackinnon and others deserve a great deal of credit for it. Even the cooks put on a better meal in the evening, and we had steak, onions, peas, potatoes, and gravy, of meat sandwiches, raspberry tart and cocoa.

The Japanese Commandant - Lt Wadda - had a conference with a few of our leading officers yesterday, to say that negotiations are now in progress between their government and ours, about the possible exchange of prisoners. The time spoken of is within the next three months. We are praying that it may be so. If it does materialize, we will go to Portuguese East Africa, and from there, across the Sound Atlantic to Canada. The whole thing sounds pretty fantastic and almost too good to be even within the realm of possibility, but it may be so, and we continue to hope.

During the morning I located a map in one of the huts and we have been studying the likely route to be taken. I notice that it also contains the signs to be used during this season when typhoons may be experienced. It has been raining all day. Our working party to return to camp.

2000 hrs, Brown of R.R.C. gave me a gold watch asking me to keep it for him until August 1. He has loaned a fellow some money and was given it as security, but since he has no safe place to keep it while he sleeps, he desires me to keep it for him. I warned him that if I lost it I could not be responsible, but shall do my best to keep it for him.

July 4, Saturday. We had a visit yesterday from the Colonel in charge of prison camps (Lt. Col Tokunaga). He was accompanied by a Red Cross representative, and one of the neutral consuls. During their tour of the camp, the Red Cross man asked about food and medical supplies. In the first matter, he was told there are days when we nearly starve, and in the latter, the answer was "We have insufficient supplies". This may result in added supplies for dispensary, and kitchen, but I have my doubts.

This morning our O.C. Lt Col Trist, the O.C. R.R.C. Lt Col Price, Capt Cunningham of Brigade, and about a dozen men are being taken down town to broadcast. We were all very sick at heart since yesterday's visit of the authorities of Jap Army, and Red Cross, as our O.C.s were informed that our casualty list has not been sent to Canada yet. My heart nearly broke as I thought of my own family and the hundreds of others living in suspense for nearly seven months. I know that Mom and the children will be as brave as any, but their worry must be awful at times. We pray earnestly that soon they may know at home. Some of us tried to exercise a bit of humor, and since this rumour about repatriation, we voiced the opinion that maybe we would be given the information on paper, to take with us. We would enjoy pushing our doorbell and passing in the information that we have been prisoners of war, and then passing in ourselves.

Sunday, July 5. Grayson's birthday. Dear Son: This morning I spent a long time looking at your photograph, and thought of how you were so grateful to have your bicycle last year. I wonder how you are doing at school, and in the city. I do know that you are doing all you possibly can for your Mom, and are a real little man. I thought of you as a little fellow who used to climb on my knee and say "Daddy sing Sonny boy". I spent much thought about you, Florence, and Mom, and hoped that you spent a very pleasant day. I spent today around our huts, and spoke of this being your birthday. They shared with me a wish that I may see you soon. God bless you, Sonny boy. You mean more to me than you think, and I pray that you will be the splendid man I believe it possible for you to be. I know that Mom, and Florence, will be good to you today. I hope they give you something for Dad's sake. I plan to be a real Dad and pal to you if I ever return.

We had our communion service this morning. Our evening service was very well

attended, although it had rained all day, and the skies were still black, and lowering, but it kept fine. Capt Barnett spoke on "Fear God, Love the Brotherhood" and our hymns were - "Rise up O men of God" and "Abide with me", with a solo by Pte Willie. "I vow to thee my country".

I have been reading "Pilgrim's Progress", and will read a little more before bed time. Good night, Sonny Boy, and God bless you, Florence, and the best of mothers. I long to see you all.

July 9, Thursday. During the week rumours about our repatriation have been many. While the idea of repatriation is good, nought may come of it, but still the rumours keep the fellows interested, and give them something to chat about. This morning, on my way to camp hospital, I went through the Sgts' hut and the question asked was "How long will it take you to pack up, Padre? and how about the 52000 buns we are to have ready? How will they keep? and how long will they last?"

At the hospital similar questions were asked. We have 35 men there now. Most of them are suffering from fevers, or dysentery. Some will have to go to Bowen Rd hospital, but the majority will get better here. The weather has been unsettled during the past few days. Rain showers have been experienced every day, although we were told that this is supposed to be our hot month.

Major E. Hodgkinson has been teaching shorthand, and I have enrolled in his latest class, which began on Monday, 6th. It is interesting, and the study of it will help to pass time.

July 10. Storm signals have been ordered up, and the authorities fear a typhoon. Most of the officers in the R.R.C. section of the hut have everything packed ready for a quick move. The wind is high now and rain squalls are frequent, with a rising temperature. Our huts will not withstand the typhoon, as they are very poorly built. We have already had many surprises, and a typhoon would be just one more so why worry.

Sunday, July 12. The officers were given another opportunity to write letters for today's mail. We learn that for some reasons, unknown to us, this may be our last mail. We think that there must be a shortage of shipping, or shipping lanes are changed, and do not touch neutral country.

I had communion service at 0745 hrs today, as Capt Barnett is laid up with a bad leg. Some infection has set in a recent hurt, and he may be off his feet for a few days. Lt McKechnie went ill early this morning, and has quite a fever now (1200 hrs). He is being sent to Bowen Rd Hospital today. I have been suffering with head colds, and body pains for the past few days. My legs were very tender for a couple of days, but are better now. I hope to escape fever or dysentery.

Our typhoon or storm signals were unnecessary as far as we were concerned. We had just a stiff breeze with rain for a few hours, although the signal No.7 - green over green over white - meaning gale from N.E. was up. Today it is calm and hot with much humidity. We are wearing shorts only.

I finished my letter a few minutes ago and with the letter went a prayer for the best of wives, the loveliest of children, a marvellous sister, good brothers, and a matchless friend and brother in Stan. We get terribly lonely at times but our faith helps us to smile and carry on. One of our officers was terribly upset and lonely for the past few days, but we kept with him and he has snapped out of it again, for which I am thankful, as this life within such a small enclosure certainly wears one down unless his faith and will to win are uppermost in his thought. By the good and grace of God I will win through. I have felt from the beginning of the war, and even through the hell of Wan-Nai-Chong, when all seemed lost I had a feeling that I would get through.

Naturally there were moments of doubt as on the night of December 21st when we were being shelled, sniped, grenaded, and mortared, when I thought that while there was still a chance, it was very meagre. I did not have my identification disc on me so put my haversack over my shoulder as it carried my name and contained my shaving kit and family photograph. If we were all killed, parts of our equipment would have been found, on or by us, and in this way I would be identified.

I had to conduct the evening service without Cap Barnett's assistance. There were 225 present. Hymns "Breathe on me" and "Onward Christian soldiers". Lesson - Acts 4: 5-14. "No other Name". At the close of the service the Dutch officer thanked me for the message and complimented me on it as well. To bed at 2230 hrs with my last thoughts being of home.

Thursday, July 16. The weather has been very disagreeable during the week with heavy rains during the nights and showers with squalls during the days. On Tuesday night I caught cold while sleeping with window open, and spent most of yesterday on my bed. Last night Capt Bush gave me two aspirin tablets before I retired, which relieved me somewhat and today I feel much better. No one seems to have any surplus vitality, or reserve energy, and even a slight cold greatly affects us.

The food is not as good as a while ago. I understand that rations are being reduced. This

morning we had boiled rice, coffee - unsweetened, with little milk - and one slice of toast - a bit sour. For lunch we had bread (sour) with meat, very little but enough to make two sandwiches. For dinner we will likely have stew, bread, and water.

Sgt Payne made some drawings of our camp, the inside of our hut, and some eating utensils and footwear. I pay him ten pkgs of cigarettes for them. I was unable to study my shorthand yesterday, so will have to spend most of today at it. With our low vitality, owing to lack of proper food. I think of Florence, who once said to me "Dad, if I do not eat, I cannot work, or study". I know now what that means.

The camp hospital is in a deplorable state today because of last night's heavy rain, and the twenty patients looked pretty miserable this forenoon when I was there. Some of our boys have returned from Bowen Rd Hospital and report two rumours.

- (1) That the repatriation scheme between Japanese and Canadians will soon become effective.
- (2) That a division of Canadians have landed in Egypt as reinforcements.

We also hear that B.B.C. news said that the Swiss visitor to this camp of recent date, reported that we 1600 soldiers here and that all are being properly cared for. If this has reached Canada prior to the casualty list, I can well imagine how many, or all of our loves ones, are wondering if we are numbered with the 1600 or the 400 who are killed or missing. The camp is very quiet now - Brigade order that time from 1400-1500 hrs be a quiet period - and we are reading, writing, or sleeping. Capt Barnett's leg is much better today.

Saturday, July 18. During the past days my cold left me with neuralgic pains in face, neck, and head, and I have been miserable but am feeling better tonight. While our morning and noon meals were meagre our evening meal was much better - steak and potatoes, one slice of bread (sour), a cup of good tea, and a piece of cake, cookies, or pie, would have been like pennies from heaven. It is not much to have to go on for sixteen hours before our next meal, tomorrow at 0900 hrs.

The Hong Kong news tonight reports that 1400 Australians were being moved from one prison camp to another in a Japanese ship which was torpedoed by a submarine. All are reported lost. This we consider to be one of the fortunes, or misfortunes, of war, and if our repatriation is put into effect, we too will be taking our chances with, I trust, added precautions.

The Dutch officer and two of his men are outside my window, talking. They are very interested in some topic, but I cannot understand their language. The officer was admiring my family photograph today and spoke of the good looking children. He said "Every man is not so blest".

Today was cleaning day and until lunch time our batmen were very busy taking beds, cots, and bunks, outside, cleaning the hut and then bringing everything back and arranging the hut as before. A concert is in progress on the square tonight, and I can hear them singing "I wonder who's kissing her now" and "By the old mill stream". In all our songs etc., we think of home as we know our loved ones are thinking of us. God bless them all tonight.

Wednesday, July 22. Rain storms have occurred every day since the beginning of the month, and what downpours. Last night it seemed as though the bottom was out of everything, as it sounded like hail. The whole camp was flooded, as the drainage system is not adequate to cope with such cloudbursts. This afternoon it cleared for a little while and men were around the square, happy to be out in the sunshine but the sky is overcast again and showers are experienced. Word has been sent around camp that the roll call which ordinarily takes place outside, will be held indoors.

Yesterday I was making some notes about the battle at Wan Nai Chong Gap, where I spent all of my time from the night of the invasion of the island on Dec. 18 until the morning of the 22nd, when, because of lack of ammunition our group had to surrender. Lt Blackwood who was the last officer to be wounded, and who did a magnificent job, has submitted his report. He gave it to me for comparison with my notes and in it he writes of me as follows. "At the time of our surrender the padre, Capt Laite, who had been with us from the first day, was marched away at the point of a bayonet in the direction of Wan Chai Gap. That was the last we saw of him". In his comments at the end of the report he continues "The padre, Capt Laite, whom we were fortunate in having with us, was of inestimable value in aiding and comforting the wounded, which office he executed unremittingly, night and day, with no regard for himself". I was glad to read this note and comment and am grateful to the lieutenant for it.

Saturday, July 25. It seems a long time since Christmas Day. We wonder how many more weary months will pass before we experience the joy of freedom, and be on our way home. For the past few days we have had a persistent rumour around the cap to the effect that Canadians would be on their way home by the end of August. Today we hear that it was idle rumour, although given to our men by the Jap guard. The hopes of the men were pretty high for the past few days. How this contradiction affects them remains to be seen.

I had one of my eyes inflamed a bit during the week, and had to have treatment at the M.I. Room, but it is all cleared up again.

Sunday, July 26. Communion service at 0745 hrs - 40 present. For the first Sunday our men were called out as a work party and more than four hundred have gone. This may mean no service this evening as our bandsmen are away with the party. I have spent part of the morning visiting the camp hospital, as well as sick in the huts. Some of them are suffering a great deal from dysentery. One fellow told me that during the past 24 hours he has gone to

the toilet every fifteen minutes. The poor chap looks very ill today. I will take him along a few makings for cigarettes this afternoon. I only wish that we could have lots of smokes in the camp as it would help the fellows who have been smokers so long. Some of the older ones have been smoking for fifteen or more years. Today I was given 50 packages of Gold Leaf cigarettes by Capt Bush - proceeds of tobacco sold - to be used in the hospital. He still owes me about 17 packages. Capt Barnett gets the same number for his men. We are hoping that when the S.S. Asama Maru gets here from Portuguese East Africa, she will bring us some mail from home. I wonder how Mom is, and long to hear from her. I do know that she is brave and will carry on hoping and praying that I am still alive. Our letters are gone and may reach Canada soon. Our meals are pretty slim now and we hear that there may be less rations as time passes. This morning we had rice with little milk and sugar, coffee unsweetened, and one slice of toast. For lunch we had tea, two fresh buns with enough jam for half of one, and two wee raisin tarts. In the evening, rice and vegetables, and water, but we are accustomed to pulling in our belts another notch and will carry on until we are free. Rain storm prevented evening worship.

Tuesday, July 28. The morning began with very heavy rain. The working party (200) from our unit was drenched before they left the camp but rain or shine makes no difference now, as the Japs have determined to get the airport completed, and the men must go out every day, 200 or more from either unit. Five officers went out today. I have been asked if I care to go and naturally said I would so I may go on Thursday or Saturday. Last night one of the R.R.C. men sold me a copy of the Hong Kong Telegraph, issued on Nov. 16 (day of our arrival). The payment for anything and everything amongst the men, is in cigarettes. I had none left so gave him 10 sen which will buy about six. It was my last bit of cash, but I get some more on pay day. The weather is clearing now, and for the first time since coming to Hong Kong, I saw a rainbow. I thought of the promise made to Noah so long ago, and the thought of the promise to him and to me as well, gives me faith and courage to carry on. I just said good morning to my family's photograph, and only wish that I could see them in person. I can imagine how Stan keeps in touch with them and in this I am comforted.

Wednesday, July 29. Capt Gray (R.C.) just handed me a copy of the P.C.E. Post dated Dec. 26, 41 - the day after our surrender. The heading of the editorial is "Time for calmness". I quote in part "whether or not the Japanese surrender terms prove generous there is reason to presume that they will be fair. In the battle of Hong Kong, both sides have fought fairly and with discrimination. The Japanese have obviously sought to confine their fire to reasonable military objectives, and other buildings damaged - even hospitals - have been mostly in the line of fire... The vanquished have still a dignified part to play: it is to accept defeat with a good spirit, and to be properly appreciative of reasonably humane terms."

A note under the heading "A Bird's eye view" has caught my eye, which makes me think of some of us who have lost 30, 40, or more pounds. "One sailor I know is now so

reduced that the battleship tattooed on his chest has become a steam launch". I am reminded of Grayson when I further read what the turkey said to the pudding "See you later". Here is a better thought "Give me a share of you faith but keep your doubts to yourself".

Wednesday, July 29. (1700 hrs). The storm signal No. 9 has been up since noon, as a sudden storm of wind and rain came up. This signal denotes that the storm may increase. Wind is East. Lt Mackechnie has just returned from hospital and looks much better.

August 1, Saturday. The weather is continuing wet. We have had rain showers every day of July. Our food is not so good now. Rice is the staple diet, and while I have at last been able to eat it, many of our men are finding it very difficult. We have been told that there will be no meat or fish in camp for at least another ten days. I visited four huts this morning to heck on sick, and have just returned from the camp hospital where we - the W.G. - have eleven men. The R.R.C. have ten men there as well.

We had our final game in softball league yesterday, played between E Co men of the W.G. and R.G. men of R.R.C. Our men won with a score 9-8. The game was very exciting and all our fellows were keen as mustard to win. There was an accident during the game. One of the R.R.C. men was sitting of the sidelines with others watching the game. The bat slipped from one fellow's hand and hit the spectator on the side of the skull, which necessitated sending him to Bowen Rd Hospital.

I have been reading "The menace of Japan" by T. Conroy, who has spent fourteen years in that country as a professor in one of the universities. He married into one of the aristocratic families. It is a very penetrating and revealing study of the country, its history, its faith, education, habits, customs, and politics. The story of its aggressive annexation policy is worth noting. The book is published by the Mayflower Press, Wm Bros & Co Ltd, England. (1934).

Sunday, Aug. 2. It rained very heavily during the night, and early morning, which prevented us from having our 0745 communion service on the concrete block outside. We plan for one in the workshop at 1030. The sky is overcast, with clouds black and lowering, indicating more rain during the day. It is now 0900 hours. Breakfast will be up in fifteen minutes, which will consist of rice I suppose. Last night we had a bit of scalloped potatoes, and two dessert spoonfuls of tinned beans. Some of us were talking about Johnny Cake and Maple syrup, with beans. At 10 o'clock last night our kitchen staff surprised us with a cup of cocoa, meat sandwich, and a raisin tart.

I have just been handed a copy of Kipling's "If" and must inscribe it in my diary for safekeeping.

[IF]

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you
But make allowance for their doubting too,
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream--and not make dreams your
master,
If you can think--and not make thoughts your
aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to,
broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it all on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breath a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your
virtue,
Or walk with kings--nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much,
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And--which is more--you'll be a Man, my son!

--Rudyard Kipling

Our evening service had to be cancelled because of rain, which came in torrents. Meals have been meagre today. For lunch we had a bread bun with a touch of jam, and for supper, we had a spoonful of scalloped potatoes and one raisin tart. No rations have come to camp today so meals tomorrow will likely be about the same as today.

Some of the men in camp have taken up hobbies of one kind or another. One fellow makes slippers out of bits of leather, felt, etc., and sells them for 12 pkgs of cigarettes. Another makes cribbage, or chess boards. Another makes cigarette cases. Another does inlaid work on cigarette cases, etc. One of our Sgts makes chess boards, etc. I have given him an order for a set of dominoes, with room for a pack of cards, and space for a pencil, and cribbage pegs. On the base of it is a set of Chinese characters, meaning something sacred, as the board for the box came from a Chinese altar. Another has made quite a number of canes for the officers. In this way they keep themselves supplied with cigarettes. One fellow has already made a mess tin, and a soap dish (tin), for me, and now has an order for another tin with cover, to put purchases in. I spend most of my allowance, each month, in this way, in order to meet my present need and at the same time help the other fellow.

Tuesday, Aug. 4. The Jap comprodore came yesterday with some supplies for sale, to the officers' mess. He reports that many lines of groceries are getting short in this city, especially meats and milk. Our order for cigarettes was also short, and this means an added problem in camp, as so many who buy, pay with smokes. This morning our men who have been working at the airport, are being paid. They get 10 sen for each day's work, which will purchase 6 cigarettes. It is surprising how far the men will make them go. Some will get as many as four smokes out of one cigarette, by re-rolling its contents. Some tomato juice (tins) came in yesterday and each officer had to take four in order to pay for them. This morning I used most of my tin (shared it with Capt Cunningham) on my tin of rice, and saved the bit of sugar for my coffee. This with a piece of toast, made a good breakfast. Bun and tea for lunch.

1400 hrs. There are lots of bugs (bed) around and while I write, Porteous our A.S.O. officer, Capts Terry, and Walker are watching ants attack the bugs. Porteous is giving a running commentary on the fight. He just announced that the ant won the fight.

Saturday, Aug. 8. Rfn Brown of R.R.C. had his watch returned on Thursday. I was glad

to return it as I was worried for fear of losing it. Nothing out of the ordinary happened during the week. Food is none too plentiful now and our meals are less appetising. Smokes are also scarce. I have received my Domino-Cribbage set, which is considered the best in the camp. Already I have been able to get two orders for similar cases for the sergeant, which pleases him greatly (Sgt. Joe Kitkoski).

I have just been told that, in a draw for an officer to speak over the Japanese radio broadcast, my name was drawn. I am rather pleased and interested, and pray that my family may hear my message. Have just finished reading Charnwood's "Life of Lincoln" and greatly enjoyed it.

Sunday, Aug. 9. A glorious morning. Conducted a communion at 0745 hrs. Forty men attended. We are waiting for breakfast to come up, and wonder what it will be. Officers are resting on their own, or the other fellow's bed. One just commented on the ten months since we left home, and that it seems like ten years. We are talking of what we would like for breakfast. One would be satisfied with good buttered toast, and coffee. Another wants bacon and eggs, and another says "Don't forget the grapefruit". The time will come when we shall be able again to enjoy such a meal. Until then we must keep going and not allow this trying experience to weaken our characters, or sour our life. Out of this experience we hope to emerge with a larger sense of fellowship, and I trust, with malice towards none. I have just finished my script for the broadcast. This may be slightly altered by the Japanese authorities, but I do hope it passes with only a slight, if any change. Each officer is given five minutes on the air.

August 10. Third Canadian Broadcast. Hello Canada! This is Capt U. Laite of the Canadian Chaplain Service, attached to the Winnipeg Grenadiers, now prisoners of war in Hong Kong. We deeply appreciate this opportunity, afforded us by the Japanese authorities, to speak to our loves ones in the Land of the Maple Leaf. Naturally my first thoughts are with my dear wife and family, in Vancouver, my sisters in Moncton and Montreal, as well as Stanley, in Halifax, and my brothers in Newfoundland. Please don't be over anxious about me, I am keeping well, cheerful, and as optimistic as ever. I am certain that Florence and Grayson are doing well at school and will share the loneliness of the best of mothers, in a commendable manner. You have my fondest love.

Life in our camp is as good as we can expect here under war conditions. While our Japanese authorities are making very effort to solve our food problem, still with our hearty occidental appetites, we would welcome a ship laden with foods, containing all the necessary vitamins. We have an educational scheme by which fifteen subject are being taught to twenty-five classes of Grenadiers. Many of our officers are teaching, and include, Lieutenants Blackwood, Nugent, Park, McCarthy, Moze, and Campbell. Series of lectures on economics are being given by Lt Queen-Hughes, while Lts Corrigan and Black are interested in music circles. In all this work we have the hearty approval of the Japanese

authorities. The health of our troops, under the careful supervision of Major Crawford, with capable assistants in Captains Reid, Gray, and Baufill, remains reasonably good. Although we suffer to a greater or lesser degree from the circumstances under which we are living, conditions in general are not as bad as the medical officers expected them to be. If things get no worse than they are at the present time, we shall not have suffered too severe a damage. Our religious work goes on apace. Visits to our camp hospital, and the huts, are made daily by the Canadian chaplains. Capt Barnett, of the Royal Rifles of Canada, and I share in joint communion and preaching services. We are happy in our work and find officers and men responsive.

The Brockville group of Grenadier officers is intact. They send greetings to their friends in that city. Lt McKechnie is considered the humorist of our hut, and helps to keep us in a pleasant mood. Our thoughts are always with you at home, and the time of our release is daily discussed or spoken of. We are eagerly looking forward to replies to our three letters sent from this camp. Repatriation is the big subject under discussion just now, and while doubts are sometimes expressed, we are hoping that it is still within the limits of possibilities. To all friends of the Grenadiers we say "Don't lose heart". We long for the day when we shall be with you in the old home again. Until then, Chins up! and Cheerio! and with my closing word to the dearest of wives and children, all my love and the best of luck.

Tuesday, Aug. 11. Our week evening services had to be discontinued because of working parties etc., but we have begun again, and had our first meeting last evening. We have arranged for Capt Barnett to lead a discussion on St. Mark's gospel, after which I will lead with the gospel by St Luke. Today I have been over three times to see Pte Cake who has been suffering from dysentery. He cannot get his rice or his bun eaten. A few tins of tomato juice came to our canteen so I am using my portion for him. I emptied the contents of the tin in a bottle so that it will keep longer. It should last him 24 hours as he can take just a little at a time. He has lost a great deal of weight and looks very ill. At our own supper table - rice, potatoes, and two small spoonfuls of beans, and a few dates. Lt Dennis becomes ill. He lost all color and his whole body was trembling. He rested on his cot for a while and is feeling much better now (9 p.m.)

Our working party of 100 men was out to the airport, cutting grass today. Major Hook and Mr. Porteous went with them. They report that very ancient tools were given the boys with which to do the work. I fear that many of them will feel tired after having to be in a stooped, or cramped position while working. One of the boys of the R.R.C. died this morning at Bowen Rd Hospital, where he had been taken a day or two ago, suffering from pneumonia. Capt Deloughery went along to conduct the funeral service.

Saturday, August 15. Our wedding anniversary. During the week our M.O.'s have been very anxious about the increased number of men on sick parade. There have been found a couple of cases of infectious diseases in our W.G. ranks, and so today, our camp is divided.

The R.R.C. are kept within their own grounds and we within ours. I understand the ban has been placed by the Japanese authorities but may be lifted within a week. Our religious services, educational classes, concerts, etc. are all curtailed now. Meals today are poor. For breakfast we had rice, sugar, hard toast (sour) and coffee made of ground rice. For lunch a bun and more coffee, unsweetened. Supper of potatoes and a tiny fish, with sour bread and water. Today our officers decided to establish a fund for extra food for our very sick men. We are hoping that the numbers will not increase so that the number provided for may really benefit by this fund. Capt Walker was taken to hospital today, suffering from dysentery.

Sunday, Aug. 16. Ban on. No evening service. My thoughts have been a great deal with my family today. I think of Mom as one of God's best gifts to me, and long for another opportunity of proving to her and the children my affectionate devotion. I have today written my story of the war - my part in it - from the day it began until our surrender at Wan Nai Chong Gap, on the morning of December 22. I shall write it into my diary when I have corrected it.

Friday, Aug. 21. There has been great excitement around camp during the past two days. Yesterday morning Sgt Bayne, L/Cpl Herzinski, Pte Ellis and Pte Adams, were reported missing. We immediately knew that they had escaped. Our companies had special roll call, but nothing could be found of them. It was then reported to our O.C. who in turn reported it to the Brigadier. We all hoped that it would be withheld from the Japs for a few more hours in order to give the fellows a better chance to get away. However, the camp commandant was notified and we were all out for a muster parade. A ban which had been placed on the camp for fear of the spread of infectious diseases was immediately lifted and everything was astir. We learn now that the fellows had been planning this for a long time and had maps, money, binoculars, and a compass with them, as well as enough food for about ten days. I know the boys and believe that they have brains and ability, and given a fair chance, should get through the Jap lines and on to Chinese territory. We wish tem luck. Some of the men were later questioned by the camp commandant, and asked why the boys left. He was told frankly but honestly that they felt what many feel. First, that it is the duty of any soldier to plan for and try to escape, and again, that it is better to stop a bullet in an attempt to escape than it is to slowly starve in this camp. The officers are fed a bit better than the men and we are poorly fed but most of the men will certainly show bad signs of malnutrition. Already many of them are showing them. Others must follow. Following are the names and addresses of the four men who escaped.

Sgt John Bayne, 125 Harroppy Ave., St. Vital, Manitoba (24)
L/Cpl George Berzenski, 457 Macdermott Ave., Winnipeg. (26)
Pte Percy J. Ellis, Wawanesa, Manitoba. (25)
Pte John H. Adams, 609 Balmoral St., Winnipeg. (25)

A few days ago I hit my right leg front and it is now infected so I must use fomentations

on it daily. This is really the only treatment for it in camp as we are without any salves, powders, etc. I have just been giving it a good sun bath as it may help to dry up the pus. I have been excused parades for the past two days but hope to exercise it today by playing volleyball. The swelling which was up yesterday had subsided and I hope the leg gets better soon.

I have just finished my notes on my experiences from the declaration of war Dec. 8, 1941 until we surrendered at Wan Nai Chong Gap on Dec. 2, 1941. It may make a bit of interesting reading for someone in years to come.

Sunday, Aug. 23. Barnett leads. I read Psalm 46 and speak on "Facing life with steady eyes".

Sunday, Aug. 30. Barnett was alone in services today because of my leg.

Sunday, Sept. 6. Barnett led the communion service this morning but went ill with fever shortly after. The M.O. wouldn't allow me to stand on my leg long enough for evening service, but before the time for service came a thunder and rainstorm came on and everyone was confined indoors.

Friday, Sept. 7th. During the past two weeks I have been kept indoors suffering from an ulcer on my right leg (front). I am able to get about on it a bit now but cannot be out very long. Added to this I had a terrific headache for a week, with a slight cold added for good measure. I have lost more weight and now am only one hundred and forty-two pounds.

During the past two weeks quite a few changes have taken place because of the escape of our four men. The whole camp has been reorganised and now men are grouped in fives with each party of the group responsible if another party attempts an escape. Three of our N.C.O.'s Sgt MacNaughton, S. M. Logan and S. M. Adams, were taken away to Stanley prison for a few days for questioning in relation to our escaped men. The comradore has been taken from our camp as a punishment, for awhile. We do hope he returns soon as our food problem is becoming acute. To those of us who have been suffering this means a great deal. Nothing seems to be very palatable, even at the best of times. Now we just have to compel ourselves to eat.

Capt Walker has returned from Bowen Rd Hospital and reports that Major Hodgkinson will be away for two months because of his feet condition. Today we have Major Baird of the W.G. and Capt Thompson, P. M. of the Rifles, going to hospital. Other officers are ill today with fever. Some of us got our colds a week ago when a muster roll call was ordered at eleven o'clock (2300 hrs) and we were either standing on the parade square, or sitting (those of us who couldn't stand) by the side of the huts for five hours. The night was showery and many of us got wet. I had my feet soaked.

This is Labor Day in Canada. I do hope that Mom and the children are having a pleasant day. By this time they know where I am and I trust that their minds are content and not over worried.

Sept. 8. Capt Barnett went to Bowen Road Hospital suffering from Enteritis and Dysentery.

Sept. 10, Thursday. On Tuesday the Japanese authorities made another search of all huts in our camp. Nothing of any value was found, but some rubber boots and groundsheets were taken away. I hear that the latter will be returned. The Japanese soldier who searched my section was born at Steveston, Vancouver, B.C.

Sept. 12, Saturday. This morning at 0700 hrs Pte John Spicula Smith of B Co died in our camp hospital of Dysentery. We bury him today at noon. The Japs have sent in five very lovely wreaths for the grave. The funeral was conducted at 1245. The party of fifteen men, besides eight bandsmen with Capt Pendregast in charge. Lt Col Holm, Lt Col Trist, Major Atkinson and Capt Golden also attended. He was given full military honors.

This evening I found one of our boys in D Co Hut suffering from ulcers on his left foot. I have gone twice and applied hot cloths and tomorrow will follow it up with more heat. Many of the boys have awful sores on their bodies - all from malnutrition and lack of vitamins. Our meals are not Canadian and lack the necessary proteins and consequently we suffer.

Sunday, Sept. 13. Capt Golden may go to hospital today. He suffers from Dysentery. Yesterday Capt Price and Lt Smith went there from the Rifles hut. A rumour about repatriation is around camp today. Now we hear that a revised list has been prepared and that the amputation or similar cases are included. It will be a blessing if such cases could go home, although there are many men who are physically worse than some cases - amputation, etc. - that have been kept in hospital since our surrender last December.

I am feeling much better now. My leg is nearly well. My appetite has returned and I eat whatever we can get to eat. I have regained one pound during the past week. I was able to have communion service this morning at 7:45 - 30 present - and plan for an evening service as well. I have had five of our men speak to me about joining the church and will meet them next week for consultation and advice. Capt Barnett is still at hospital and so I will begin a study group tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock. I will begin with St Luke's gospel. It is now 3:30 p.m. I just came from giving the soldier mentioned above another application of hot cloths. His leg has greatly improved.

I am now sitting on one of the bits of grass in the camp. I have my pillow under me though. I think of home. The street car is passing. I wish it could take me to Dunbar to see

the best of wives and the dearest of children. There are times when my eyes ache for a sight of them. How glad they would be to see me and what a fuss they would make in order to have me regain my strength. I weight 143 pounds today. This means that I have lost 35 pounds. Other have lost even more.

Evening worship at 2000hrs. Psalm 42.

Friday, Sept. 18. The weather has been better during the week with the nights cooler and better for rest. Men from our camp have been going to Bowen Rd Hospital each day. Two deaths are reported from there. Lt Harper, Lt MacCarthy and Lt Nugent have gone to the hospital too, for special treatment. Rumour has it today that the Royal Scots and Middlesex men - about 2000 men - will be leaving for some part of Japan within the next day or two. Many constructions or interpretations are placed on that rumour. Capt. R. Philip is back from Bowen Rd. His name is on the list for repatriation. Dr. Reid is in bed today, with fever. I began my course of studies on St Luke's gospel, on Monday evening at 8 o'clock, and my group of fellows seem to enjoy it.

Friday, Sept. 26. Nine months have passed since the war in Hong Kong ended. On January 22nd the Grenadiers moved into this camp. We have orders now to be ready to leave tomorrow so we have been busy today packing and making ready. We are to be out on the square for inspection tomorrow morning at 0700hrs. The working party goes out as usual but will be taken to our new camp after the day's work. We do not like the idea of returning to Shamshuipo as the quarters and conditions are not nearly as good as here, but it is no use for us to worry or bother. It just can't be helped and so we smile and carry on.

On Saturday the 19th I was taken with diarrhoea and was just saved from dysentery, for which I am thankful. I was pretty sick for a few days and have lost much strength. I am better now but will not be strong enough to carry my packs tomorrow. My batman has arranged for other fellows to take them for me. Arrangements have been made whereby many of our sick men have been, and are being taken to Bowen Rd hospital instead of Shamshuipo. Most of them will be there for at least three weeks. Many of the English troops are being taken to some place in Japan - presumably for work - and some of us are inclined to think that we too may be left at Shamshuipo for just a short while and then sent outside this area. Our food has been very poor of late. This morning we had rice, bit of sugar with watered milk - very much diluted - plain toast, and rice, coffee without sugar. For lunch two buns with a bit of sausage sandwich.

Oct. 7, '42. Shamshuipo Camp. We have been here since Sept. 26, and have been trying to adjust ourselves to the new conditions. When we left here in January, windows were in many buildings but now I have not been able to find a pane of glass anywhere. The British troops quartered here before us built bricks into the window space and put sheet galvanised iron outside to keep rain out. We were not allowed to bring our beds with us so have either

slept on the concrete floor or on iron beds picked up around camp. I have one and find it solid but uncomfortable. One of our C.Q.M.S. told me that when he entered the British Army many years ago he was told that he would have solid comfort. We are finding the beds solid and staunch. Our beds of North Point camp have been brought here and all but three or four of them have been placed in the hospital. The others have gone to the Brigadier, our O.C., the Brigade Major, and the acting O.C. of R.R.C. - May they rest in peace.

On arrival we found an epidemic of Diphtheria in the British camp and every day they had funerals. We have been here eleven days and to date we have had about twelve funerals. Two were buried today and another funeral is to be held tomorrow. Many of our men have beri-beri, others have dysentery, and others have other ailments such as electric feet, etc. I visit the wards every morning and keep i touch with our men as much as possible.

Today Pte Habb died. He was a very splendid type of man with deep religious convictions and principles. Another chap, L/Cpl Clarence Stephens is very sick. He is of like calibre. I shall be very sorry to see him go. Thinking of these men who went through the scrap on the island of Hong Kong and now see them go out here convinces me more than ever that they are not dead. Somewhere - with lives hid with Christ in God - they live.

Most of the deaths are caused because of lack of proper food. We have not had meat of any kind since July and with just a rice, bread, and sometimes a fish diet, it is hard to carry on. The officers fare a bit better than the men if the compradore comes in but there is not enough to pass around. There are over thirty officers in our mess and when we have been able to procure bully beef we have used it as stew. Imagine how much each one gets when we put two tins into stew enough for thirty men. The gravy is all there is, with the taste of mutton or beef.

Capt. Barnett is still in Bowen Road hospital. On our arrival I found Padre Strong of the Navy, and Capt. Davies of the Middlesex Regt., here. They had hoped to have gone to Japan with their men who left here on Sept. 27th but were told that no padres could go.

We co-operate in all our worship services. On Sundays communion services are held at 6.45 and 8.15, a preaching service at 1230 and an evening service at 7.30. Two of us always share in the two latter services, while one will take the morning communion service. Mine was at 8.15 on Sunday last. We also hold an evening service at 8.15pm and conduct a fifteen or twenty minute service. They have been very well attended but because of the working parties now our groups are smaller. I conduct this evening service.

All of our men have been tested (swabbed) for Diphtheria and now we have an isolation hut. The officers have also been tested. We shall know tomorrow about our test. It means that if any of us - officers and men - are "carriers" we shall be isolated for about three months. I learn today that there will be some anti-toxin (Diphtheria) sent into camp. This

will lower our mortality rate considerably for which we are grateful.

The Japanese have a habit of giving the funeral party cigarettes or fruit after the funeral service at the grave. Yesterday they gave us ice-cream. There were thirty of us as we had three bodies for burial - 2 British and 1 Canadian. Today we were given cigarettes.

Monday, Oct. 12. During the past week we have had many deaths from Diphtheria and dysentery. Yesterday - Sunday - four Canadians and one English soldier were buried. The four Protestants were taken to the church hall where a brief service was held by Capt Strong of the Navy, and myself.

The father of the English chap is in camp and attended the service. The mother and sister are at Stanley prison camp at Hong Kong and do not know of the soldier's passing. It was pathetic to see the old father kiss the boy's coffin three times, once for mother, once for sister, and once for himself.

We were late in having the funeral - 6.30pm - and it was quite dark at the cemetery and we found it difficult to bury the bodies. Rainstorms came up which added to the difficulty. Later our truck broke down and we had to walk about three-quarters of a mile in the rain. Another truck was sent for us and we reached home at nine o'clock, drenched.

Today I have been suffering with a stiff neck but feel better tonight. Today I buried three Canadians. We are praying and hoping that the epidemic will soon be over. The doctors are doing marvellous work with very inadequate material. Suspects are placed on isolation, swabbings are going on and within a few days all carriers should be segregated from others, while infected ones will be in hospitals.

We learn that American surface craft attacked and sank a convoy of transports, north of here, on Sept. 28. In that convoy we - Imperials - had 1800 men. More than 1000 were lost. The loss to the Japs was much heavier, according to reports since, one large cruiser, two light cruisers, many destroyers, and other ships, were sunk. Apparently Uncle Sam is busy on this side of the waters.

Our meals are very light now and we have a real fight against hunger. I felt terribly hungry this evening and could have eaten the poorest food. I would have gladly exchanged places with Snuff at home as I know that he was well fed.

On Sunday we held a memorial service for the men who had left this camp on Sept. 27th, and were lost at sea on the 29th, enroute to Japan in convoy. Padre Strong led the service, Padre Davies read the lesson - John 21, and I gave the sermon from "And when the morning was now come Jesus stood on the shore". A very large number of men attended.

It is now 8.45pm. Lt Dennis has just come in for a game of cribbage, after which I retire and hope to dream of those whom I long to see and who mean more to me than ever before. Tiny Tim's prayer is ever on my lips - "God bless us every one".

Oct. 18. Time passes and we are still at this camp. We think that we shall remain here possibly until the war is over. Since my last note we have had tragedy added to tragedy every day. Our men have been contracting Diphtheria, and many of them have died. More than twenty have died since we came from North Point camp, and while we pray that few deaths will be recorded from this date, we find our hospital full. About 160 men have been placed in isolation as carriers. At the same time we have 252 in the three hospitals for Diphtheria, Dysentery, and Diarrhoea, and convalescence. I make my rounds of the whole hospital every day, either morning, afternoon, or night.

This afternoon I went to one of the Diphtheria wards and gave communion to Pte Oake. A year ago he was at home with his wife and attended services with her, and wanted to celebrate again today. He is a splendid fellow and has put up a good fight against the three D's. For a while we despaired of his life as the Diphtheria crushed him considerably, but he has the will to live and he will win, we hope. It is heartbreaking to bury so many of our men who fought well in the fight of a year ago, and now because of malnutrition must succumb to these new diseases. We have been given some serum but not sufficient. Apparently our captors are not interested in supply us with ample food or medicine. While the officers fare a bit better than the men - but not much - we find that the least cold or temperature sends us to our beds.

I had a slight cold for this past few days but yesterday went to the burial of five of our boys, and on my return decided to sweat the cold out, so went to bed and wrapped in an extra blanket, and sweat most of the night. Instead of aspirins I ate garlic. Today I feel better.

Today we hear more rumours about U.S.A. successes over the enemy and that 150,000 troops have landed in the Philippines. We joke about them but pray that there may be a bit of truth in them as we dare not think of another year under conditions such as ours here.

We are sometimes treated unkindly and unfairly by our captors. Yesterday Major Crawford who, with his capable staff, is giving his full measure of devotion to our men, and some of his orderlies were slapped in the face by the Jap doctor, as they were blamed for health conditions in our camp. Since he is an intelligent man he should know that the cause of all of our health condition is lack of proper food and necessary vitamins. I cannot think that men who are prisoners in Germany, Italy, or elsewhere are treated worse than we are here. The fact is that, at the present time our two Canadian units have nearly half of the men under medical care.

Some weeks ago we were told that Red Cross parcels had reached Hong Kong and that we could expect them soon. Day has followed day but no parcel has come to our camp. We hope that the Red Cross authorities in other parts of the world are more energetic and active in the interest of the prisoners of war than are the representatives in this part of the world.

Amidst all the stress and strain our faith holds. We have regular services on Sunday as usual and on each week evening as well. I conducted this evening's service - vespers - hymns - "Jesus where'er they people meet", "Rock of ages", and "The day is past and over", with a vesper "Hail gladdening light". Today at noon we had our Harvest service. Padre Strong preached from "Seedtime and harvest".

While I write tonight I have my family photograph before me. It is nearly a year since I said goodbye. I wonder if they have received the casualty list. If so, they know that I was not listed as dead or missing, so they will live in hopes of seeing me again. What a fine boy Grayson will have grown in that year, and Florence will be more charming than ever, while Mom will be the same lovely gift of God to me. How I do love them and long to see them. Then there is Florence at Moncton, daily wondering about me, and dear, true, noble and faithful Stan standing by ready to help by word and deed. God bless them everyone.

Oct. 24, Saturday. During the week we have had other deaths in camp and the total number of Canadians dead since coming to this camp on Sept. 26, is thirty-seven.

The weather has been a bit chilly at night and since we have no windows and only parts of, or makeshift doors, it is difficult for anyone to keep warm. The men in hospital have pretty chilly nights. Last night was the worst as a very high North, or North West wind blew all night. This meant clouds of dust all through the camp. I visited the 250 men in camp today and they spoke of the awful night. It is a bit sunny but chilly today and with the wind velocity still fairly high. I cannot begin to think of how we shall fare during the winter months if extensive repairs are not made in every hut in camp. There is a large building in our camp - Jubilee Bldg - and it accommodated the H.K.V.C. and others including the R.A.M.C. Two days ago they were given notice to vacate the place immediately and now they are across the lines from our camp. Most of their moving had to be done at night because of daily work, fatigue, ration, and other parties having still to function. We were told weeks ago that Red Cross parcels are in town but to date they have not been brought into camp. We wonder why.

Fruit - bananas and pomelo - had been brought into camp a few days ago but the bananas were taken away again. We enjoyed the pomelo last evening and, believe it or not, this is the first fruit - apart from a wooden apple brought in months ago - we have tasted since our surrender on Dec. 25, 1941. This fruit is citrus and was very much appreciated and enjoyed by all the men. During the past few hours we have been trying to make our diggings a bit more comfortable. Last evening I found a suitable door and had it brought here. Later

we hinged it and today have closed any other openings around our room which measures 10 x 20 x 7 1/2 ft. Cpl Sheffer is putting brick half way up our window and since we have a bit of glass we hope to have half a window of light anyway. Planes have been flying high for the past few days and Dame Rumour says a great many things, e.g. that Canton is being bombed, Americans in Philippines, Chinese Army coming from Burma, local Chinese paying Yen105 for \$100 H.K., etc. It gives us something to discuss but we just patiently wait for our release.

I visit every patient in our Canadian hospital huts daily. They are facing the fight against the three D's with good heart and we hope to win. We have more than fifty orderlies caring for them and great credit is due these men as they work amongst their comrades and care for them in a commendable manner without thought of themselves. They may be forgotten but theirs will be a record of which any men may be proud. We had our fifth swabbing for Diphtheria today.

Sunday, Oct. 25. Twelve months ago today - I was spending with my family at home in Vancouver. This morning we were at Dunbar United Church together and after lunch Rev. Gay and family took us for a drive in his car. The rest of the day was spent at home. Two months later, and since, we have been prisoners of war.

Today at 1540hrs the first friendly sound was heard when American planes came over and dropped bombs in Hong Kong harbor and on the shoreline. A blackout is ordered for tonight as from sundown. The sky is now clear of planes but they have been active all day. This morning a large number of Japanese planes flew towards Canton where there is fighting. Orders have just been issued by the Japanese to the effect that all are to remain within huts unless necessity requires work outside. If a man is caught outside, unless on duty, he will be dealt harshly with - maybe shot. My thoughts are at home today. I wonder if this activity spells our freedom and how soon.

Our services of this morning were well attended. I led the regular service at 1200hrs and Capt. Davies preached from "If a man die shall he live again". Our men suffering from Diphtheria have all been taken to the Jubilee building and, after a few adjustments have been made, will be much more comfortable than in their huts. I visited them all during the day as well as the Dysentery, Diarrhoea and other patients. We are all in good heart and hope that our freedom is near.

Saturday, Oct. 31. Another week has passed. Friendly planes have made two visits during the week and dropped more bombs. I never thought that I could come to the place in my experience when I would welcome death throwing machines. Now we welcome them and only pray that they know where the prisoners of war are located in this area. Rumours have come to us that a portion of the British fleet may be expected in the Indian Ocean soon. This will hasten the end of hostilities in this part of the world.

Every day finds me busy visiting the three hundred - plus - patients in our camp hospital. I have been able to take candy, brought by or officers from airport work, to our patients, every second of third day. The men certainly appreciate the sweet tooth. We only get enough to give each an a single sweet but it is a blessing as we have lacked sugar from the beginning. In this camp we are hourly facing the grim and stark realities of starvation and death as well as intense suffering. We certainly are in the front line and on twenty-four hour duty. Men who today are active and helping, are tomorrow in hospital and men who may today be showing signs of improvement may quite suddenly collapse and be buried the following day. I have two funerals today.

Last evening I took a tin of tomato juice to one of the boys. He shared it with another and this morning he asked me how it would be, heated. I encouraged him to have it done. I was able to get a tin of jam yesterday, for my former batman who is in the Diphtheria ward. Our batman of two days ago is also there. Suddenly the men are stricken and so the tragedy deepens and we wonder when it will, or where it will end.

We have blackouts every night after 8 or 9pm so we have our evening service immediately after evening muster and roll call - about 5.30 - quite a few men share. It is in such experiences as this that the shams of life which were, by too many, called real life, are left aside, and the reality of life, time, and eternity, become uppermost in many minds. In these times there is testing of men's faith and many are standing the test very, very well. Never before in my experience have I been so certain of God. His grace helps me to carry on at times when I feel physically like giving up. Service for the sake of, and on behalf of others, is Christ in action. If He uses me as a blessing I am content. Capt Barnett is still at Bowen Rd hospital but expects to be here soon. Capt Deloughery is in the isolation section but Capt Green of the Imperials is doing his work.

Thursday, Oct. 29th was Mother's birthday. She still lives in my memory as an inspiration.

Large parties have been going out of camp during the past three or four days handling Red Cross parcels. Eventually we hope to see some of the parcels in our own lines. They will mean new life to all of us.

Sunday, Nov. 1. One of the Imperials was killed at Kai Tak airport during the week. Yesterday afternoon the Jap officers (10) in charge of our camp arranged for a special memorial service for him. The padre of Middlesex - Capt Davies - conducted our regular funeral service, after which the Jap officers, who had arranged a shrine in the church hall, surrounded by floral wreaths, paid tribute to the deceased. It was interesting to see them bow before the photograph of the soldier, placed on the shrine.

This morning we had communion at 8.30 and our regular service at noon. Capt Strong

conducted the hymns and prayers, while I read the lessons - Heb. 11, and Rev. 7, and preached on Matheson's hymn - text; Rev. 3:4.

Another Imperial and another Canadian died during the night. Our church funeral service has been held and now we await the call for the burial service.

Japanese planes are scouting overhead as I write. We hope that our own bombers come over soon.

We have had a new food brought into camp. It is called Ghi (Ge) made like a lard from Indian buffalo milk. It is really good for frying purposes and contains vitamins needed.

Sunday, Nov. 8. This has been a busy camp during the past week. Work parties have been out to the airport on two or three days. Ration parties and Red Cross parties have gone out regularly. We have been hoping that Red Cross parcels would have been brought into camp ere this date, but it is slow work handling the packages for Indian Red Cross, and we do not expect ours for a long while. It may be near Christmas time before ours come into camp.

There is however a fat called Ghi, made from the milk of the Buffalo, which came for the Indian prisoners, and some of it has been given us. After proper preparation at the cook house it is used on our rice, or bun and is quite good and makes the food much more palatable. We are allowed 1/2 oz - later 1 oz - per man per day. The fat is really what is needed by us all as many are suffering from sores, impetigo, dried skin, electric feet, etc., because of lack of oils in our system and now we begin to feel the benefit of the ghi. It reminds me of ordinary beef fat.

The Japs are now interested in propaganda pictures and we were to be ready today to have them take silent pictures of contented (?) and happy (?) prisoners at worship and at play. They planned to take a purely Canadian picture at nine o'clock this morning. Two hundred of our men with twenty officers were asked to attend a special Canadian service of worship to be conducted by me. We held the service but no photograph came. I planned the service to be a commemoration of Nov. 11, and so had lessons, prayers, and hymns suitable for the occasion. I wonder what they would have thought if they had come and heard us praying for our King, our forces, etc. The Imperial forces were to hold a service at twelve o'clock noon. The service was conducted but no photographer made an appearance. He may come tomorrow.

This afternoon I went to the Diphtheria hospital and gave communion to three of our men who requested it. These services mean a great deal to them and to me. More and more we learn the meaning of the fellowship of the sufferings of Christ. Men fail in health here because of malnutrition chiefly. The other diseases are the result. Truly we have the halt, lame, and blind in our midst.

Monday, Nov. 9. Today the Japanese authorities had our men arrange a football and softball game which was photographed by the movie camera. They also had a band present themselves to be photographed while they played. It was all staged for the sake of propaganda purposes. It was amusing to us when we saw on the band stand fellows with instruments, who could not play a note, posing as bandsmen.

Today about thirty of our men went to Bowen Rd Hospital, while forty-seven came to us from there. We learn from them that Lt Blake Harper died at the hospital on Saturday, Nov. 7. We are all feeling his loss keenly as he was well liked by all and during the fight did good work as a ration officer. Diphtheria was the cause of his death.

Wednesday, Nov. 11. Yesterday at noon the Middlesex Padre and I were called to the cam commandant's office and told to dress as we would for a funeral. As I had just finished a funeral service in our church hall for two of the R.R.C. men, I was ready with shorts and shirt on. All my other clothes including my gown and chaplain's scarf had been lost in the fighting at Hong Kong hills.

Later the interpreter came and took us in his car and out to the headquarters of the Japanese Camp Commandant and from there we went to our cemetery where we met our Scots padre - Bennett - and a number of Japanese officers and party. A grave had already been dug and in it was a box containing the ashes of an American airman. They asked that we conduct the funeral service. Each of us took part. Photographs were taken of us during the service. When we were finished the Japanese officers paid their proper respects by passing by the grave and placing clay in the grave after the manner of our committal - Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust - and then bowing twice before retiring to their former positions around the grave. Later they asked that we form a group with them for another photograph. Beautiful floral wreaths and a floral cross were placed on the grave. Later in the day I went to the same cemetery for the burial of the two men of the R.R.C. - mentioned above - and with Major Parker, who was in charge of the funeral party, visited the grave of the airman.

I have had a septic arm for the past two days and have had to bathe it in hot water in order to prevent poisoning. For the past thirty-six hours I have had pains under my arm - left - but it feels better this afternoon.

Lt Vic Dennis was taken ill while on parade this morning and has since been sent to our

Diphtheria section, suffering from that malady. Capt Terry was sent to Bowen Road a few days ago suffering from serious infection (H.K.B.).

A unit inspection was made by the Japanese Commandant this morning. It is difficult to think of the outcome. We do not expect any improvement in conditions but may be surprised.

We know that the food stuffs sent by the International Red Cross are in our area but while our men are being taken out daily to work at them, nothing is being sent into camp. The food is just what is needed especially the meats, vegetables, vitamin tablets, etc. Hunger, malnutrition and kindred diseases are all because proper food is not being given to us. It is a sad chapter to write but it must be said that men suffer and die here for the lack of food which has been sent by friends and is only within a few minutes walk of our camp. Still we cannot get it. We may get some at Christmas time.

We have had 402 Canadian men in our camp hospital but with proper food and medicine this number would be considerably lessened in short time. I have not been able to visit for the past two days because of funerals yesterday, and my poisoning which gave me fever last evening and night. I fought it by going to bed early and rolling myself in the blanket, sheet, and towel, and sweating most of the night. It left me very weak this morning but I feel better this afternoon.

I often wish I could have a movie camera here. Folk will never believe what we may be spared to tell but sitting in my room and watching the common road through the camp, one sees lame, halt, blind, stretcher cases, etc. In our huts are men with septic arms, legs, etc., men with voices lost completely, men being slowly paralysed, as well as men blind, or nearly blind.

One's heart bleeds at such sights and can well imagine the truth of the New Testament which tells us that "When Jesus saw the multitude He was moved with compassion". Out of the 3000 in this camp there are cases that would melt one's eyes to tears, but we carry on as cheerfully as possible and long for freedom and Home.

Friday, Nov. 20. About ten days ago a swelling came on my neck - left side. At first I thought it was a boil but it gave me so much pain that after a couple of days I asked the doctors about it. Their first prescription was hot fomentation, and for days I kept the neck hot. Instead of a boil, they found that a gland had swollen badly. Since Monday the M.O.'s seem to have been more worried and have seen it twice daily as well as supplied me with hot water bottle and confined me to bed. This is the longest while I have been off my bed for a week - 30 minutes - and now I am waiting for my batman to come with hot water for bottle. I may be sent to Bowen Road Hospital when the next lot of men are sent.

Capt Strong and Davies of the Imperials have been very good to me and took funerals, etc. during the week. Barnett is still at Bowen Rd. I do hope that he comes home soon so that if I go there he will be able to carry on and so take over from me. I have been pretty weak and miserably upset during the week but will not lose heart. So far since Tuesday I have taken fifty tablets for my condition. I suppose they are to help purify my blood.

Saturday, Nov. 21. My condition is slowly improving. I was hoping that I would not have to go to Bowen Road Hospital but this morning Dr. Reid came in to see me and to say that he had seen Dr. Saito, the Japanese doctor and I am to go tomorrow or on Monday. This will mean a few weeks there. Possibly Christmas will find me as a patient but anywhere with the assurance of new health is better than here with no certainty.

Red Cross rations of meats - bully beef - came into camp today and all are looking forward to a good evening meal. This will be the first beef the men have tasted since July so it will be a red letter day in their lives. Today I was fortunate in being able to procure two hen's eggs from our mess. I had them for lunch and have felt like cackling with pleasure ever since. They were a real treat as it is a long long time - many months - since last I saw one.

Capt Davies and Strong have kindly offered to perform any funerals for our Canadians while I am away and until Barnett returns. It is very good of them as they are now busy padres and have ample work to do for their own men. I am also asking Capt Strong to take care of this diary for me. If I take it with me it may be taken from me at Bowen Road, since it is so large that I cannot carry it in my side pocket. I only wish that I could pass it in to 3677 West 19th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. even though I had to go on through to the Shaughnessy Military hospital. How Grayson and Florence would be interested in reading my scrappy story of the past year. Some day I hope to write it more fully.

Men are on the move today as many who have been Diphtheria carriers and were in isolation for the past two months are being released. They are trying to re-settle in their first huts. Many of them look very well indeed. In fact some of them look as though they were off on holiday. The fact really is that most of them were category A men and had nothing to do while in isolation but eat and rest and a few minor fatigues so did not use up very much energy while there. Many of our B men had to carry duties which, if these men had been free, would have been taken by them. However we are glad to see them looking so well.

Monday, Nov. 23. Memories of the yesteryears come crowding in today - my sister's birthday. What a marvelous wife and mother she was and a wonderful sister to me. Her home was always open to all, and an influence for good kind Christina living always pervaded that home. Truly "To live in hearts of those we leave behind is not to die".

Dr. Reid comes in every day to check on my neck and still orders me off my feet, but he does not tell me why. The tablets - more than 60 now - have done me much good but I still

feel very weak. I am thankful that my appetite is good and for the past two days our meals have been a bit better.

Our Pioneers have been able to fix up a bathtub in our cook house where the officers may have two baths per week. My hours are at 11.30 on Tuesday and Saturday.

This is a glorious day and one wonders if loved ones are experiencing such weather in Canada and especially on the coast. Japanese planes are very active over this area today. Lights are ordered out early every night so maybe another raid will be staged soon.

Nov. 26. Capt Terry who went to Bowen Rd hospital on the 11th died there on the 14th. We are all very sorry as he was liked and although he had suffered a great deal, put up a good fight.

The poison in my neck gland is absorbing slowly, so much so that I do not go to Bowen Rd. The doctor was just in and after examination said that it is improving. I asked him how much longer I would need to rest and be quiet and he said for at least another week. I am still keeping hot water bottle on my neck. I think that the doctors were worried about Septicemia from the neck gland. My bed is terribly hard and after sitting or lying on it all day it seems to much harder to rest on during the night.

Nov. 29, Sunday. This has been a very happy day in the life of our camp. Red Cross parcels, which came to Hong Kong at the end of July, have at last been distributed and today each man in camp received one. They were more or less standard packages. Mine was packed at Bermondsey, England, and contained 1 tin Galantine (Jellied meat), 1 tin tomatoes, 2 oz Maypole tea, 2 packets sugar (4 oz), 1 tin margarine, 1 tin cheese (4 oz), 1 apple pudding (16 oz), 8 oz golden syrup, 1/2 lb bacon, 1 lb minced beef and vegetables, 1 tin condensed milk, 1 creamed rice, 1 tin biscuits, 1 soap, 4 oz chocolate.

On Thursday a party was sent to Bowen Road. I had improved so much that I was not sent. Later in the day, however, my neck began to enlarge again and I had to send for Dr. Reid who put me back to bed and poured more tablets into me - 20 in 10 hours. The swelling has gone back a bit and I feel much better today. I still take 1 tablet every two hours until 8 are taken and then am to rest overnight and begin again with a new day. I am grateful for the rest of last night. It is the first night's rest I have had for more than a fortnight and I feel much better because of it. Another night or so like it will mean much to my state of health.

Three of our Canadians are being buried today. Capt Barnett is still at Bowen Rd and this means that the Imperial padres are doing extra work. I long to get back to work amongst the men.

Dec. 8, Tuesday. One year ago today (yesterday by day of week) war began, and our camp here at Shamshuipo was bombed in the early morning. Fortunately most of our Canadians had gone to Hong Kong on the previous day and were taking up positions in the hills, for its defence.

One year has passed.

Many changes have been seen by us since then. The greatest change has been in the appearance of men since becoming prisoners of war. Because of short rations and rations to which we cannot become accustomed and which do not give us the necessary vitamins, men who a year ago were in first class condition are now either dead or suffering from diseases of one kind or another. We seem to be adding to our D's daily. We began with Diarrhoea. To this we add Dysentery, Diphtheria, and Dementia.

Lt Dennis is now ill from Diphtheria and Dysentery. Capt Bardal was taken with Malaria two days ago but is much improved today.

My neck is improving but the doctor keeps me in bed and resting with hot applications still, but he is pleased with my present condition and hopes to have me back on the job soon. It has been a long four weeks trying to get the swelling down. My appetite is good and I rest better since last week so by Christmas time I should be ready for work again.

Our death rate has dropped considerably of late but we still have many who are very sick. With the rations which have been supplemented by Red Cross food we may do better while the added rations last.

On Dec. 3rd we were inspected by the Colonel (Japanese) in charge of prisoners of war in this area. On the following day we were again paraded to the "square" for an inspection by an outstanding Japanese general. We noticed that both he and the colonel were wearing British decorations of the war of 1914-1918.

Capt Deloughrey who was in the isolation camp for the past two months was allowed back to our lines a day or two ago. He kept fit while he was there and looks very well. Capt Barnett is still at Bowen Rd Hospital.

Dec. 9. Dr. Reid was in to see Capt Bardal and me this morning. Bardal is improving but is being kept on quinine for another day or two, while I still have to rest and keep the heat to my neck. The gland is getting much better though, and I feel that I will win out. Capt. Reid teased me this morning about my living after all. I know that for a few days he was a bit anxious, but now I have beaten the germ. Today I have planned to make a blind for our window if Capt Walker finds a burlap - or some other - sack for me.

Dec. 13, Sunday. I am still kept indoors because of my gland but feel that another week should see me back at work. I miss visiting the men in the hospitals, as well as our worship services on Sunday and every evening. Rumours have been coming to camp about successes of our arms in North Africa, and our planes over Germany. We do hope they are correct as successes there will mean an earlier end to hostilities everywhere.

We have just had supper - meat and vegetables - (tinned). Our cook tried to give us a chocolate cake and while it was not "as good as mother used to make" it was very good, and a change. Since our Red Cross foods have been coming to camp we feel much better physically and mentally.

The Japanese authorities are arranging for band instruments and are allowing concerts in camp again. The first concert was given in our church hall last night. It will be repeated on Wednesday.

In our room now are Capt Bardal, playing his guitar - he is much better of malaria, but is still on quinine. Capt Pendregast is resting on his bed, Capt Walker is lying on his bed reading "Clive of India", while Capt Philips of the next room is sitting by Pendregast. Sgt Sinclair of our kitchen staff just came in, so food will be the topic for a few minutes. Most of us have eaten most of our Red Cross parcel but are keeping something for Christmas. I am keeping my pudding to eat on Sunday next - Florence's birthday - unless I change it for my bacon. The other will be eaten on Christmas Day.

I do hope that I will be well enough to go to church service on Sunday next. Florence will be in my thoughts a great deal during the coming week. I know that I shall see great changes in her and Grayson, on my return home. I do know that they are being good to the best of mothers. We sometimes discuss our plans for our arrival at home. Today we agreed that we shall make it a Christmas event even though it be in midsummer.

Dec. 16, Wednesday. My neck is not well yet. Capt (Dr.) Reid came in two days ago and ordered me back to rest with hot water bag to be applied until the swelling has completely gone. My appetite is good as is my general health, but apparently Dr. Reid is not yet satisfied. My appetite is so good that at lunch time today, when we had a good helping of Konji (boiled rice mixed with boiled vegetables and peanut oil, and all cooked together) I was not satisfied but opened a tin of tomatoes (small size) and heated it with a duck egg fried, made an extra large meal. Capt Bardal said that I had an archbishop's appetite, but with a curate's salary - The Japanese haven't paid the padres yet.

We learn today that there is to be a daily inspection of our camp, until further notice - culminating in a special inspection by some official from Tokyo. It is intimated that the official from Tokyo may be the last Japanese consul at Ottawa. We hear that he made a worthwhile impression amongst the diplomats of our Canadian Capital.

Dec. 19, Saturday. One year ago today I was with D Co at Wan Nai Chong, under heavy fire from the Japs who landed about midnight and early morning - naturally our thoughts are centred around that area today. I think especially of the splendid fellows who fought there and of how they, inferior in numbers to the enemy, fought until all ammunition had been exhausted, on the 22nd, and how on that day only four men came out without wounds. Lt Philips (now Capt) had been wounded a year ago this afternoon at 2 o'clock, while the O. C. Capt Bowman was killed at 9 a.m.

Rumour has it today that Turkey has entered the war on our side. If this be true, we are nearing the end of hostilities and this coming year should see us free.

Parcels have been sent in to certain members of this camp by friends in this area. I was one of the lucky ones, and had 2 tins soya beans, 1 bottle Australian honey, 1 tin bean curd, 1 tin beef, and 1 cake of Palmolive soap, sent from Doreen Xavier - no address. I regret that the address is unknown as I would like to send a note of thanks to her.

Dr. Reid was in to see my neck this morning. It is daily improving but he says rest is required in order for it to be cured. I think, however, that I may be free by the New Year. Capt Bardal is better now but feels pretty weak.

Dec. 20, Sunday. Dear Florence: I have been thinking of the bonny baby girl who came to our home sixteen years ago and this is to wish you many happy returns of that day. What a fuss Mom and I made over you, but you were worth it as you have brought much joy and happiness into our lives since then. I am satisfied today when I think of how you have grown and developed into such a lovely girl, without causing any shadow to cross our hearts or minds. I wonder what you are all doing on this birthday of yours. I do hope that "all is well" at home and that Mom - the best of mothers - and Grayson - a brother of whom you will be proud as I am - are giving you a present for my sake, and that you are trying to enjoy our separation as a brave mother and children.

I decided to have something special for lunch today for your sake so kept a tin of fig pudding from my Red Cross parcel, for lunch, and it was exceptionally good. With it I had honey as a sauce, and enjoyed every morsel.

I know that you are doing well at school and will continue to do so. I can imagine how much you have grown during the past year and can, in fancy, see you with Mom getting nice clothes, etc. for you. We hope this old war ends soon so that we can get home to you all again.

If we are to spend any time here before we embark for Canada, I hope to be able to find something nice for each of you. I shall think much of you during this Christmas season and shall daily look at our photograph. You can imagine my thoughts.

From the time of your birth I have considered you my little sweetheart and trust that always you will have just as large a place in my affection as you have at this hour, and in return ask that you will always think of me as a Dad who is worthy of your love and affection and will continue to be worthy of it. - Dad.

Have not been allowed away from my bed yet but hope to be out by the New Year, as my neck is daily improving. Out of the parcel received yesterday, have sent 1 tin of bean curd, and 1 tin of beans, to two of our boys in hospital. Had a nice note from one of them this afternoon. He was baptized by me at North Point P.O.W. Camp. the other fellow was a very brave soldier and helped to save the day at Wan Nai Chong. He, with others, deserves special recognition.

Dec. 22, Tuesday. We were called on parade yesterday morning at eleven o'clock, for an inspection by the Japanese O.C. prison camp who was accompanied by two Red Cross representatives, and while the inspection lasted but a few minutes, we were kept on the parade square for fully two hours. Because of my weakened condition, I felt pretty miserable for the rest of the day and night but am much better again today and hope to be out by the New Year. I am hoping too to be able to attend communion service on Christmas morning.

At last evening's parade (4.30-5.20) two of our men - orderlies at hospital - failed to report and the O.C. of their company was called out by the Japanese for questioning. Capt Norris gave his report but apparently it did not satisfy the camp commandant and so the Captain was smacked by one of the Jap interpreters - known to us as the Kamloops Kid, as he was born in Kamloops, B.C. and returned to Japan eight years ago. His face is marked and swollen today. Major Atkinson of the Brigade was also kicked in the knee and is unable to be on duty today, and so life goes on in our prison camp. We hear that the Red Cross representatives asked some pertinent questions as they made their inspection, and we do hope that the correct answers were given. It is understood that they were told, after the inspection of the Imperial hospital, by one of the Imperial officers, that there were 250 Canadians in another building, in a worse condition than those already seen. The result of the inspection remains to be seen.

Our batman has just finished cleaning our room. He had our cots (4) taken outdoors, aired our bedding, and gave the room a good scrubbing. The floor is made of rough - or coarse - concrete and quickly harbors dust, but he manages to keep it fairly clean. It is much too small for four officers and under normal conditions two men would occupy it but we are P.O.W.'s now and are accustomed to cramped quarters.

Capt. Porteous (Y.M.C.A.) is in today with a touch of fever. We do hope it is not malaria. By this date nearly every man in the camp has been smitten by some kind of malady through lack of food and medicines and my heart bleeds as I watch the men hobble past. I have been nearly two months shut in because of my poisoning and long to get out to see the boys in hospital.

One year ago today I was experiencing the harrowing experience of being taken through the

Japanese lines, down Happy Valley. What a day! The rest of the officers and men were being tied up at Wan Nai Chong by the enemy and at night were marched over hills to North Point Camp, and from there taken across the harbor, and on to Argyle St. Camp. Some of us have been comparing notes today.

Dec. 24, Thursday - Christmas Eve. I was deeply grateful today when the doctor told me that I can go around a bit next week. This means that my work begins, and increases as my strength increases, and with care, I should be back in full time work in a little while. The eight weeks have been very long and trying, but now that I am well, I will forget, and find joy in renewed service. Today, through the International Red Cross, 10 yen were handed to each Canadian soldier as a Christmas gift from Canada. The following message accompanied the gift, and was read on parade this afternoon.

Geneva, Nov. 19, 1942.

Minister External Affairs Canada asks us to communicate all Canadian prisoners and internees the following message:


"The Prime Minister of Canada requests the International Red Cross Committee to convey to all Canadians in prisoner of war, or internment camp, on behalf of their relatives and friends in Canada, and also on behalf of the Canadian government and Canadian people, heartfelt Christmas greetings, and best of wishes for the New Year.

The Prime Minister desires to assure them, one and all, that the thoughts of the Canadian people were never more, of them and with them, than they are in the greetings they send at this Christmas season, and in the wishes they send for the New Year.

Kindly communicate this message to prisoners representatives in camps, to be distributed at Christmastime.

International Red Cross.

Plans have been made to give the men in camp special meals tomorrow. Sgt Ray Squires, whose home is at 1035 Bewdley Ave., Victoria, B.C. is in charge of Jubilee Hospital, under supervision of Capt Pendregast and doctors, and is doing excellent service. He has given me a copy of tomorrow's menu.

Dec. 25, 1942 - Christmas Day 
Christmas Menu - 1942

Breakfast

Stewed Pears

Oatmeal Porridge

	2 Fried Eggs
	Sweet Cocoa
Tiffen (Lunch)	1/2 Tin Bully Beef
	Canned Tomatoes (Fried)
	Boiled Cabbage
	Roast Yam (Vegetable)
	Tea
3 p.m.	Tea and Raisin Cake
Dinner	1 Tin Meat and Vegetable
	Vegetables
	Christmas Pudding
	Jam Sauce
	Tea

Tonight at 1145 there will be a Choral Service, with carols, in our Church Hall, and the services of tomorrow, conducted by Padres Strong and Davies - Imperial Padres. The services are announced as follows:

8.30am - Holy Communion
10.00am - Holy Communion
1200hrs - Carol Service
2000hrs (8pm) - Evensong and Carol Service

Christmas Day. all hearts are at home today and we hope that our loved ones are well and enjoying the festive season to the full. I am thinking of the joys of the yesteryears, and am certain that the most wonderful and glorious days of my life were those with my lovely family. Tiny Tim's prayer for them and us is mine today. "God bless us every one".

The services were well attended. I was able to go along to the 12 noon service, and to the short evening service. At the close of the latter, we sat on the floor and sang Christmas carols. Our meals today were special for today. The men in the lines also had better meals, and at noon, tables were set up between two huts and most of the men sat at them, and ate, while the officers helped to serve. Our evening meals was our "heavy" and took the form of a mess dinner. Each officer had a menu which will be taken home as a worthwhile souvenir.

Christmas Dinner Menu

Individual Meat and Vegetables

Fried Potatoes

Rice

Plum Pudding with Cinnamon Sauce

Tea with Milk

Shortbread

Toasts

The King

Our Dead

Music

Brass, Capt Porteous

Lt Black

(comedy)

Song

Cpl Harvey

The Officers Christmas Dinner, Dec. 25, 1942. Six o'clock P.M.

In Attendance

Lt Col G. Trist

Major H. W. Hook

Major E. A. Hodgkinson

Major J. A. Baillie

Major K. G. Baird

Capt J. A. Norris

Diary of Capt U. Laite

Capt R. W. Philip	Capt E. B. Walker	Capt N. O. Bardal
Capt A. W. Pendregast	Capt D. G. Golden	Lt H. L. White
Lt J. E. Dunderdale	Lt J. E. Park	Lt H. E. MacKechnie
Lt R. A. H. Campbell	Lt R. W. Queen-Hughes	Lt R. Maze
Lt T. A. Blackwood	Lt A. S. Black	Lt L. B. Corrigan
		Lt J. D. McCarthy

Attached

Capt H. A. Bush	Capt G. M. Billings	Capt G. Porteous
	Capt U. Laite	

Hospital

Capt D. G. Philip	Lt F. V. Dennis	Lt W. F. Nugent
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In Spirit

Lt Col J. L. R. Sutcliffe	Major A. B. Gresham	Capt A. E. Bowman
Capt L. T. Tarbuth	Capt E. L. Terry	Lt G. A. Birkett
Lt C. D. French	Lt G. B. Harper	Lt J. A. V. David
Lt R. J. Hooper	Lt E. L. Mitchell	Lt W. V. Mitchell
Lt O. W. McKillop	Lt H. J. Young	

Dec. 27, Sunday. Last night I dreamt that I was at home for Christmas and saw lots of parcels, etc., around the home. Florence, Grayson, and Mom were very happy to have me home again, and did I enjoy buying a huge turkey. I wakened to have rice and chocolate sauce for breakfast. For lunch we had vegetable soup only, and for supper we had rice, meat and vegetables, and a biscuit - underdone - with tea.

I have been thinking of Moncton today. I only wish that I could send a birthday message to Florence, as I know that she is wondering about me. She has a good husband in

bob, a very lovely boy - Billy - and a good home, and so I don't need to be anxious about her. She has been a wonderful sister, and I long to see her. How our chins will wag when we meet again.

Monday, Dec. 28. Sgt T. H. Sinclair, in charge of kitchens, has just handed me the Men's menu for Christmas Day. It is as follows:

Menu December 25, 1942

Breakfast

Rice and Chocolate Sauce

Dinner

Individual Tin Meat and Vegetable
Fried Potatoes
Plum Pudding and Cinnamon Sauce
Bread, Tea, Rice

Supper

Vegetable Soup
Rice
Corned Beef - 3oz for each
Pear Turnover
Tea

The camp was visited yesterday by several Japanese high ranking officers, including one Lieut. General, several Colonels, Lt Colonels, and Majors. The camp was supposed to be doing the regular routine. A concert was in progress at the church hall, while games were being played on the parade square. Men were assigned to huts, while officers were asked to be in different places in the camp. Some were at the concert, others at the games, and others in their huts. I was glad to be left in charge of our hut. Our batman - Ray Fidler - came over and made a cup of tea which I enjoyed.

I was able to conduct our evening service in our little chapel of St. Francis - one of the huts, used as a chapel, with a few seats and an altar set up - I am happy to be in harness again, and visited the general hospital this afternoon.

Dec. 30, Wednesday. Attended a communion service conducted by Padre Strong, this morning at 8.45. Spent most of the forenoon visiting our organist for Sunday - Mr. Longyear - at Jubilee building. Met there a Mr. Gill of the engineering department of the dockyard corps, who, while he is not a British Israelite, knows a great deal of its origin, and the career of its greatest supporter - Dr. Davidson, who is one of Britain's leading scientists, and engineers, and who has written "The Great Pyramid".

This afternoon I went visiting the Canadian General Hospital and arranging for communion service with a number of the patients, on New Year's Day. Had a very interesting talk with one of them who has not had communion for a number of years, but who would like to begin again. Somewhere, sometime, he made a mistake. I told him that all of us make them and are conscious of them, but the One with whom we have communion, understands, cares for, and loves us, and welcomes our return. He has decided to have communion on New Year's Day with the other men.

There is a rumour in camp today that Rome has been declared an open city. Many are thinking of the end of war during 1943. Some predict one date and others, others. I think of July, Major Baird of October - November, and so on. Capt Norris says that my date is near enough to agree with his hunch, and so we go on longing in our hearts for Peace, and for liberation from this camp of horrors.

10pm. I have just returned from a concert given by members of our P.O.W. camp. Each and every item was very good, but the prize - if such were given - would go to a Portuguese string band, and to a group from the Middlesex Regiment in a sketch called "The Disorderly Room". Special mention would be made of our own Canadian band. Cpl Robertson (solo), and Cpl Harvey of H.K.V.

Today while visiting our men in what the boys term the "Agony" ward - hot feet, etc. - I went to a room assigned to one of our Sgts (C. More) who has bad feet, stomach, and hands. I found him in tears and knew at a glance what the trouble was. His violin, which he used to good advantage, and for our pleasure at concerts, in the early days of our internment, was lying on his cot, with its bow beside it. He had, apparently, been trying to play and found that his hands were so cramped with pain that he could not do it. I tried to cheer him a bit but his comment was "What will my wife say? What will my wife say?". A snapshot of his family - wife and two children - was hanging in a frame on the wall beside him.

Men who were stalwarts a year ago are now mere skeletons and shadows, but the spirit of the men remains unbroken and we hope that that spirit will see most of us through. We are looking forward to our release in 1943.

Dec. 31, Thursday. Spent part of the day around the hospital in our Canadian lines. Everyone is hoping that 1943 and early in it will find us at least free. Some would like to

remain here for a while after our release and be given an opportunity to visit parts of this old country, while others want to leave as soon as freedom is ours for home.

The men are all suffering from hot feet - pellagra sores, pellagra stomach, eye trouble - some are nearly blind - from malnutrition, diarrhoea, dysentery, heart condition, etc. I found one fellow of the Royal Rifles crying because of pain in his feet, and from lack of sleep or rest. Another chap, who, until a few weeks ago was very healthy, is suffering excruciating pain in his feet, but it is amazing how the boys fight to live. One fellow had just been given a sponge bath. A few nights ago he was reported seriously ill. I went before breakfast the following morning to see him and found him slightly improved. Today after his bath, he told me that if at all possible he was going to make the grade or die trying and trying hard.

I conducted worship - Vesper - service at 5.30 this evening. Tomorrow I will give communion to several of our protestant men in hospital. Many of them are thinking of the deeper things of life and our services mean much to them.

Within a few hours - it is now 8.30pm - a New Year will be here with its double-faced January - Janus the god with two faces, one looking backward, the other forward.

We have much even out of the tragedies and woes of the past year, to thank God for. We face the future with a feeling of hope for, and expectancy of better things, and with faith in God stronger than ever. We all think of home and loved ones and with them share the hope that 1943 will be the year of our reunion.

ry of submarine 0 20 - as told by Sub Lt Anne Willem Huidekoper.

(Born Bussun, Holland, Oct. 13, 1918.)

On Nov. 20, 1941 we left Sours Baya to join the squadron near Timor. Travelling in that direction we received an order to join a squadron in Paternoster Isles. We lay there for three days.

On Sunday evening (Dec. 7) we received secret warning that there may be a Japanese attack in Malaya. We left the squadron with sister ship 0 19 and travelled back into the Java Sea and in the direction of Singapore where we arrived on Dec. 15th. We refuelled and took on refreshments as well after which we left Singapore on Dec. 16 with the 0 19 and were put under command of the Commander in Chief - British Naval - in Singapore. We received an order to attack every Japanese carrying troops or material and in the night we heard by secret message that we could expect two Japanese battleships, coming Southward.

During the day time we stayed submerged and only after sunset did we travel on the surface. Our speed then would be fifteen knots. Every day we saw the shoreline and on the morning of the 19th we saw a convoy consisting of a few transport ships escorted by two or three destroyers. We sometimes saw a Japanese aeroplane.

We were then off the coast of Kotta-Bareo (meaning New Town). At 1115 hrs on Dec. 19th we heard a few explosions near our submerged submarine. Japanese aeroplanes had discovered our positions and had dropped a few bombs. We dived deeper to avoid more bombs from air. Immediately thereafter we came back to our original depth so that we could see through our periscope.

We did see some destroyers coming towards us. We dived to the bottom. The depth was 120 feet. The destroyers charged with depth charges at certain intervals. With our direction finder we could hear in which direction the destroyers were steaming. When the noise became stronger we knew that they - the destroyers - were coming in our direction.

On board our submarine we had closed our water-tight compartments and had to take off our shoes. We were not allowed to speak above a whisper for fear of the Japanese picking up any noise on our ship by their direction finders. For the same reason every engine was stopped. This means that in a tropical sea the heat would become intense because the motor of the refrigerator was also stopped.

By telephone our commander asked after every attack by the destroyers how the

situation was in each and every compartment. Of course, the noise of the explosion of the depth charges made a great impression on the crew, but everyone remained very calm and without thought of panic.

At 1515 hrs we got the last attack. It seemed that a destroyer had found our exact position and he charged a salvo of nine depth charges in thirty seconds, which exploded just above the submarine. To avoid our sticking to the ground we travelled with both electric engines at full power for half a minute. We remained submerged until 2045 hrs. No damage was done our ship apart from a leak in ones of the tubes through which a screw went - tunnel - to the outside and a quantity of water came into the rear compartment. We still heard the destroyers near us.

The Commander later said that we would try and escape by coming to the surface and trying to travel with both electric and diesel engines working. Fifteen minutes before we dived up we heard a noise like rain on our submarine. Later it was confirmed that this was a kind of radio signal sent out by a Jap destroyer to locate our position.

We dived up at a great angle. The gun crew came on deck to be ready to act with the gun. For fifteen minutes we travelled at a speed of nearly twenty knots, but while we travelled there came a flame outside our submarine. It was the gas charges - hence the flame. The Japanese destroyer, which was three or four miles away, saw the flame and saw our submarine as well.

Suddenly we saw a searchlight from a Jap destroyer beaming over the sea, which fell on our submarine and kept her in its rays. They fired shells and we replied with our guns. We, too fired a number of torpedoes which the Japanese destroyers avoided.

We lost seven of our men, including our commander. He had given his last order "To scuttle the submarine and to leave the ship with life belts". We obeyed his order. While we were in the water, we heard two more explosions of Jap's discharges.

At 2130 hrs the thirty-two of us were in the water. Three officers - two of which lost their belts - another officer's belt was wrecked and another - the author of this story - was sick. He lost all his fever after the fight began. The three officers were held up by the rest of the crew. Of course, we did not again fear an attack by a destroyer, but an attack by sharks or poisonous snakes. The sharks however, did not attack because we were in the fuel of the submarine. The weather was moderate and the water comparatively smooth. We hadn't eaten during the day (During our 19 hours submerged most of our oxygen had been used and we were really forced to come to the surface).

We couldn't swim because of life belts and the three officers, as well as feeling weak because of lack of food. The stars showed us the direction i which we should swim and we

knew that shore would be twenty-five miles away. We also knew that there was a current running towards the shore at a speed of half a mile per hour. The most marvellous thing while we were in the water was our spirit. There was no panic whatever. No reference was made to sharks or snakes.

During the night we saw the destroyer and once she was outlined about four hundred yards away. We shouted to her to pick us up, but our voices were too feeble to be heard by her crew, and again, they might not have been willing to pick us up.

At 0300 hrs next day it became very chilly. At -630 hrs - sunrise - we saw the shore fifteen or twenty miles distant. On seeing it we were given new hope. During the night already mentioned, the eldest officer said that he was willing to let go and drop but the crew would not hear of it but kept him afloat until rescue came.

At 0715 hrs we saw a Japanese destroyer moving slowly in our direction. Some of the crew wanted to shout but others did not trust the Japs. We might hear them say "swim for the shore" or perhaps have them kill us with machine gun fire or run over us.

So we all kept together and waited. The last minute we were in the water we sang our "National Hymn". The destroyer stopped, threw over a rope ladder on which we climbed to her deck. the Japs told us to sit. When we were on board the destroyer increased her speed and went in the directions of Kotta-Saroe (Malayan). We were all ordered to the fo'castle where we were given biscuit and saka (their national gin).

Their paymaster and a Sub Lt came and talked to us. They spoke disparagingly of the British and then they questioned us. They wanted to know of each member of our crew. Soon there came more food, underwear, and blankets. We were allowed to dry our clothes and to make ourselves comfortable. Cigarettes were also given us, and later cigars. Some of our men were exhausted and tumbled to sleep under their blankets. For all of Dec. 20th we remained in the vicinity of Kotta-Saroe. We had a few alarms in which cases we were ordered amidship, but all alarms were false.

In the afternoon we were given rice, Japanese tea, cattle fish, and some biscuit. The oldest officer (Lt) was ordered to give information about our naval strength, army, and airforce, the places from which we came, and information about our own submarine. They also told him that he knew the exact position of the British, U.S.A., and Dutch naval forces operating in the South West Pacific and warned that if that information were not given every man would be shot.

They asked if we were a mine laying submarine - which we were. They asked for positions of mines, and the answer was that he would not divulge. The same answers were given to each question by two other officers. Later the senior officer had to go before a

commission. He again refused to give any information relative to any forces in the South West Pacific. Instead of shooting or bullying, they said this amazing sentence - "You will be treated as knights after this war".

I was later questioned and when I reminded them of their oath and mine to our respective rulers, they respected me for my answer and refrained from questioning me and changed the subject altogether. We were well treated after then. The food remained the same. In the night we received more blankets and, if during the night they blew off us, the Jap sentries put them back. On Sunday, Dec. 21st, I collapsed and they gave me milk and a lot of vitamin tablets. Later their paymaster and the Sub Lt talked with us and took photographs of us.

In the meantime a course was set for Cape St Jacques - near Saigon in French Indo-China - where we arrived in the evening of the same day. To the poorest dressed members of the crew they gave a shirt and shorts (Jap). A river craft took us on board at 10 p.m. The two Jap officers P.M. and Sub Lt shook hands with us in farewell.

We anchored in the mouth of the river and were there until morning when we steamed up the river to a small refinery of the Texas Oil Co. - along the river five miles from Saigon. Here we were landed.

The officers were put in the house of the manager, and the crew in another house nearby. The Americans had already been captured and imprisoned in Saigon. We were kept there for a fortnight for questioning, after which we came to Hong Kong. The chief engineer and the senior officer had been taken to Tokyo. The other three officers were here in camp but after four days two escaped and got through to Chinese territory.

The day after our arrival at the house at Saigon a commission of four or five men who spoke perfect French - they were civilian Japs - visited us and tried to learn from us officers what the destroyer officers failed to do. They used their third degree, i.e. every ten minutes during the night we were wakened. On unimportant questions we answered "Yes" but to unimportant ones we answered "No". We had all agreed on certain lies to be told; however they learned that we had been at Singapore, and that we had not dropped any mines. They were very anxious to get secret codes, signal calls, and ciphers. They threatened to shoot two of the petty officers if they did not give the information asked for, and gave them one night to think this matter over, but in the morning they refused to give the required information and were forgiven.



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New Year's Day, 1943.

At 1100 hrs celebrated Holy Communion in ward E of our Canadian Hospital. Men from other wards attended, and the following patients shared in the fellowship.

Clark G., Arnprior, Ont
Herring, e., Bury, P.Q.
Devouge, C., Gaspé County, P.Q.
Mabley, G.K., 493 Sargent Avenue, Winnipeg
Herman, J., Lake Beauport, P.Q.
Summerville, S., Bergerville, P.Q.
Porter, J., 2343 Frederica St., Niagara Falls, Ont.
Siddall, H., Sackville, N.B.
MacKay, L.V., 1082 Prince St., Truro, N.S.
Martin, J., Port Alfred, P.Q.
Ladds, W., 29 C Avenue, Noranda, P.Q.
Williamson, G., Suite 4, Carnado, Winnipeg
Dayton, E., Chilliwack. B.C.
Cadoret, B., Gaspé, P.Q.
Fleming, R.J., 193 Rhodes Ave, Toronto
Cameron, F.C., Marien Heights, P.Q.
Stoddard, R., Cookshire, P.Q.
Lyons, H., Mann Settlement, P.Q.
Campbell, J. Elmvale, Ont.
Sumner, W., 1596 Alexander Ave., Winnipeg (Died Jan., 25, 1943)
Hotton, B.N., Gaspé, P.Q.

Jan. 2, 1943. Last night we had a New Year's visit from two of our English friends, Capt. H.G. Caskeed, Chief Officer of H.M.R.F.A. Ebonol, and 2nd Engineer R.H. Nichol, of the same ship. The former is know to us as "Jaeger", and is a great teller of stories. He has sailed into most worthwhile - and some not so worthwhile - ports of the world, and last night kept us in laughter for a while, telling us stories of Lisbon, South America, and England. He went back to farming for four years but the call of the sea was too persistent and so he went back to sea. His stories about his farming experiences are very amusing. I list a couple of his specials as "The purchasing of a cow", "The raising of hogs and chickens", and "The Christmas Eve with wife away on a buying expedition". This morning the Captain of his ship - Capt J. Solby - came in to have a game of cribbage with me. I had beaten him a few

days ago, and he came to renew the attack. This was his day. Guy Walker, engineer, also visits us.

This is Mom's (my wife) birthday. I looked at our photograph often today, and if she could have heard me, I would have been saying "Happy Birthday to you, dear".

Shamshuipo, Kowloon, China, Jan. 2, 1943.

My dear wife:

How I would like to see you today, and wish you many happy returns of this day. It is a long time since we had the first January second together, but I just want to say that with the passing of the years, you have become dearer to me. Not only are you the mother of our two lovely children, but you have been my best companion, and I know that if I could go back and begin my life since 1917 over again I would still want you as sweetheart, bride, and wife. I have often failed you but never have you failed me. Your life has been a splendid pattern for copy and I only trust that the children will emulate you in their lives.

I am writing this from a Prisoner of War camp, and longing in my heart for the day when I can return to you. I do know that during our separation and especially in the months before our casualty list was known to you all at home, your suspense must have been awful, and at times, almost unbearable, but because of your quiet, calm, and persistent faith, hope, and courage, I am confident that you faced those days and months, very bravely indeed. We shall try to forge the separation, when we reunite and pray that an eventide of life for us will be just as happy as were our earlier years. With you as my companion, sweetheart, and chum, that eventide for us - let's hope - may be very long - in years - as every day with you means a bright day. I shall ever think of you and daily pray for our freedom, and homecoming. Home to rest and peace and you.

With more love than ever, Hugh.

We can count on one good meal each day. This will continue as long as the Red Cross Ration of bully beef lasts. Our M and V issue is very low. Today we had rice with sweet sauce, bun and tea, for breakfast. For lunch we were served more rice, a rice and meat pattie, and tea. At supper we shall fare a bit better. I had planned to have my tin of bacon (Red Cross) with two chicken's eggs, purchased a few days ago, at 35 sen each, but will hold them over for another few days. We are getting a small electric heater made - toaster - and after we have it, may celebrate. Tomorrow will be my first Sunday to preach since the first of November. I do pray for strength for that service, and for the right message. I shall try to forget prison camp for that service. Padre Strong will lead the service, while I read the lesson, and preach. In the evening I shall lead the service and Capt Davies will read the lesson. He celebrates communion in the morning.

Jan. 3rd. On New Year's Day the Japanese Camp Commandant invited Brigadier Holm, and two other Canadians, with two or three English officers, to his quarters. They brought back - after a repast - offerings which the Japs place on shrines at this season of the year. Two large dried sea weeds, which form the base, and two loaves of bread, one slightly larger than the other. They are set up at the shrine, and represent sea, air, and fields from which they derive their food.

I was happy to be able to take part in the services today, and at the morning service preached from Psalm 31: 8 "Thou hast set my feet in a large room". Padre Strong shared the services with me.

Jan. 8, Friday. Nothing out of the ordinary happened during the past few days, but this morning the bugle sounded about six o'clock, and called us all out for a muster parade. It was quite dark but everybody bustled, as we wondered what it was all about, since our reveille does not sound until 6:30. We thought that possibly there had been another attempted escape from the camp. We feared this, knowing that if such were the case, it would have repercussions which would affect our camp in every particular, pretty hard. Well, we went - 3000 of us - and formed up on the "Square", were counted again and again, and then suddenly, the bugle blared "There will be no parade today". This meant our dismissal. It was eight o'clock when we returned to our huts, but we were happy that no escape had been recorded. We have not been told why the special early muster. Perhaps it was the manner in which the new camp commandant takes over his duties today - and it may be - well we don't know and why guess.

I spent all the forenoon visiting our general hospital. Some of the cases are getting more pitiable every day. Men with hot feet will remain outdoors most of the day and night, if allowed, in order to keep bare feet on the ground. Others in the huts will wrap all other parts of their bodies, but leave their feet exposed to the cold and draughts, in order to find ease. There are some others whose feet are just the opposite - as cold as others are hot. None of them are able to find comfort, and one's heart bleeds to see men in such miserable condition. Others have pellagra mouths, stomachs, or sores, and some have all three parts affected. Only a certain number of beds have been given to us for use in the hospital and the majority of the men in all wards are sleeping or resting on wooden forms, or cement floors. The nights are cold now, and life is hard indeed for every P.O.W. in this camp. Rumour has it that another Red Cross parcel will be given to us during the month. The dame also says that Canadians are to go to Stanley Camp on the island of Hong Kong. She also talks of repatriation, drafts for Japan, etc., We all long for a good meal of food, at home, and a good snooze between clean sheets, after a hot bath. The bugs are our daily companions.

January 13, Wednesday. On Saturday, the 9th, a number of parcels came to our camp from people in Hong Kong. Most of the 500 parcels were for the British prisoners. A few however, came for Canadians, and one was for me. It contained a 5lb tin of Apricot jam -

either Canadian or English, certainly not Chinese, 7lbs beef drippings - fat, 2 lbs rolled oats, 1 tin of beef, or mutton, 1 tin of evaporated milk, and 1 cake of Palmolive soap. The other officers, and especially, Capt Walker, Bardal, and Pendregast - roommates teased me about this new lady friend - Mrs. B. Fox, 29 Pok Fulam Road, Hong Kong. They were glad however to sample the jam. We may be shorter of fats than we are now, and God knows they are short now, but we do get some bully beef, and so, apart from using a bit of fat for bread, I hope to save most of it for a later date. The rolled oats etc., will go in a little while. I am eating my oats dry with a little pinch of sugar and find it quite palatable. These parcels are a real blessing to men, as food is not very plentiful, or substantial at any time.

On Monday the 11th we received another surprise. We were called on a special muster parade, when the men were divided into two classes, A and B. About 600 men were placed in the A class, while others were put in the B class. Others are in hospital. Now we feel that since the A group have been tested for dysentery, and inoculated against certain diseases, and separated from the rest of the camp, that it must be for a draft to be taken out of this part of China, to Japan or elsewhere, to work. Another similar group, and number has been taken from the Imperials, and they are with our A group in isolation.

Tonight orders are given to get proper sizes of men so that, tomorrow, proper clothing will be supplied, including 1 suit of winter inside clothing, 1 suit of summer undies, 1 winter suit (outside), 1 summer K.D.'s, boots, or canvas shoes, and cap. I have spent most of the day amongst the boys. At first, brothers, and in a couple of cases, twin brothers, were in different groups. Now they are united in "A" group as, to use the words of one fellow, this afternoon, when speaking to me - "We have been through so much together that we have decided to go the rest of the way together". To date no officer has been selected to go - apart from the medical officers - our Capt Reid is our Canadian M.O. selected. The selection rests with the Japanese. So far no padre has been allowed to go with any draft, and so I expect that we shall remain with or sick and crippled.

Today one hundred letters came into camp for Canadians. How long they have been in this colony, only the Japanese know. Some of us think that they came with the repatriation ship, in July or August. However they came today. Most of them were dated late in April, and left Canada then. The boys who received them were delighted. Just a few officers (8) received any, only one of our Grenadier officers received one. Tonight I was visiting our B group, and there found a fellow who had received one from his girl friend. He had his chum read it to the rest of us. It was a very sensible type of letter, and one of which the fellow may be proud. Whenever a letter is read the crowd gathers and quiet reigns, as all want to hear, even thought the letter may be ten months old.

Major Parker of the R.R.C. told me this morning, on parade, that this was his daughter's birthday. During the day he visited the little chapel where we have our communion and vesper services, and on opening the hymn book, found himself reading a children's hymn -

the first one he saw. Later in the day he was brought a letter from his family. Was he a proud dad?

What tomorrow has in store for us we do not know, but we are no longer troubled. I don't think our experiences of the future can be worse than those through which we have already passed. Surely this experience will go down in history as the story of the lost army, as we have been out of contact with our home, or country since December 1941. Rumours are current that our forces are doing good work in Burma, the Russians still successfully dealing body blows to Germany, and the American Navy and Airforce, making Japan pay an awful price for her successful raids on our Pacific possessions.

Tears came to my eyes today when I read a letter from home to a boy whose eyes are too dull to see much. His dad at home is blind, but the letter was written by Dad in type, and mother and sister with pen.

Jan. 14, Thursday. Men have been very busy today, making ready for the departure of the "draft". Tonight Staff Sgt Barton of Brigade came to see me and we went for a walk and had a long talk about the terrible days at Wan Nai Chong. He, with others, rendered valuable service, and on the morning of our surrender, he, with two others dared to get through the enemy lines, and got through to Wan Chai. It was a daring venture, but they won. Others tried but failed.

It is now 9:30 p.m. For the past two hours I have been visiting B group and my heart bleeds as I think of them. Nearly every man has bad feet. Each man in the eight huts is a patient, as each suffers from one form of sickness or another. Pop Worf - one of the older men - a veteran of 1914-18, has bad feet, and I found him tonight with them wrapped in sacks of tea leaves, which he had given him by the kitchen, since supper. I will check on him in the morning to learn what kind of a night he had. Men are now - as I left - going outside their huts to make their beds on the cement walk in order to keep their feet cool. Capt Bardal and Lt Corrigan have been in one of the huts, giving the boys music on the guitar and saxophone.

Jan. 20, Wednesday. During the past week the camp has been astir with men getting ready for embarkation on ship for unknown parts of the empire of Japan. The area was under guard and men were not allowed in or out without special permission. I was anxious to spend every spare minute with the men and procured a pass from the camp commandant. Yesterday morning at six o'clock they paraded out of the camp and onto the ship at Kowloon docks. Special treatment and favours had been given the men by the authorities and before leaving the camp, each man was given 10 yen in Japanese currency, a pair of socks, and a pair of woollen gloves. On their arrival at the ship they were also given candy and cigarettes, for the voyage. Rumours are current to the effect that the International Red Cross were sponsoring the move and Japan was providing the ship. She was one of the Maru passengers

ships. Today we learn that the men were given third class passage - one room for four men - and that deck games etc. were planned for the voyage.

Jan. 21, Thursday. Orders were given today for another move. This time however it is only for a move from one set of huts to another. The senior officers will move to another three roomed hut a few yards from our present hut, while the rest of us, and the junior officers move to a large hut in the men's lines. The British officers and all attached will be moving to another part of our Nanking lines while all sick and convalescent will go to the Hankow barracks.

Here is a list of all the corps in the camp, totaling in personnel 2000 men.

R.A.N.C., R.C.S., R.E., R.A.C.C., R.A.S.C., R.A.P.C., C Forces, R.C.P.T., R.M.P., Middlesex Regt., Royal Scots Regt., H.K.V.D.C., D.D.C., R.N.Y. Police, R.N., R. Fleet Auxiliary, British Merchant Service, American Merchant Service, Royal Marines, 5th A. Aircraft, R.A., R. Dental Corps, R.A.F., Indian Medical Service, Royal Indian Army Service Corps, R.Netherlands Navy, R.C.A.M.C., R.C.O.C., R.C.A.S.C., R.C.D.C., C.C.S., R.C.C.S., Winnipeg Grenadiers and Royal Rifles of Canada.

Yesterday for the first time since the first week in November, I was permitted to go to the Diphtheria hospital. At last my neck is quiet well although at times I have pain in the gland. During the afternoon I passed a large group of men on the square from the Imperial Forces. They were hospital and convalescent cases, and showed signs of much suffering. Some were using one stick, others two sticks, while others were helped by their comrades, as they came to their place on the square, for inspection. It is rumoured that some of them may be sent to Stanley prison camp which, we understand, is quite an improvement on our Shamshuipo Camp.

Red Cross parcels are in camp today. The boys are hoping to receive them tomorrow, but it may be days before they are issued, as we are busy moving, but it cheers the boys to know that another parcel has come from the Red Cross society for us. They need it badly as today most of the men and many officers are suffering. About half of our Canadians are now in hospital. We have 750 left in our units but nearly 400 are in hospital or in isolation under medical care.

Jan. 23, Saturday. Yesterday was moving day. The Canadians - men and officers - moved from one group of huts into another. Just one apartment hut was given to the senior officers, so most of us are put in a long hut within the lines. I was given a corner section so that I could have it quieter. This morning, however, I was informed that an apartment hut - one with three rooms - had been set apart for the Imperial and Canadian chaplains, and so we move again today. Capt Deloughery and I are in one room, with an adjoining door opening into it from ours - which will do for Capt Barnett, and where we can have a spare

table, and a place of quiet where we can meet with any men who want to see the padre alone. It will be much better with this new arrangement.

Yesterday the men - 50 - in R. ward, which is called by the men "Agony ward", or "Electric feet", or "Hot foot", ward asked me to hold a service for them there. This is what we had hoped for as it has not been my policy to thrust services on such men, although they knew that I would respond readily to their request. They asked. I went at 8 p.m. and began the service. At the close of the first hymn, the lights went out over the whole camp, so we were in darkness, but we carried on. I had prayer - with the Lord's Prayer - and then quoted a few verses of Psalm 91 and talked to the boys. Every man was quiet as I spoke, and since then several of them have thanked me for that talk. One of the Sgts who is a patient there told me today that he would never forget the service and how I carried on. He said "It is the first time I heard a sermon in the dark. It was impressive". The lights came back and we sang other hymns. Now they want a service each week. They will get it.

Today I buried LCpl Singleton. He died of Diphtheria. He was the driver of our car when we got our first shelling in Wan Chai Gap. Lt Queen-Hughes, Sgt Neil and I were with Singleton, and today the three of us made up, with others, the burial party. I am glad that I saw him twice since getting better, and when I was told he was dying, I went and saw him again. Capt Barnett came back from Bowen Road today, and is looking much improved. Lt Nugent also returned as well as several of our men, all greatly improved.

Jan. 24, Sunday. Since we haven't very much to move we are all settled again and enjoyed our first night under new conditions. Capt Davies, and Padre Strong, are in the other apartment. Last evening I received another parcel from Miss Doreen Xavier, Ava Mansions, May Rd, Hong Kong. It contained 1 large tin of beef dripping - 7 lbs. 2 1/2 lbs Rolled Oats, 1 glass jar honey, 1 large bar soap, 1 package salt, 1 in sardines. We shall enjoy it in our new cabin.

This morning we had Holy Communion at 9:30, regular service at 12 noon. I preached from 2 Cor: 1:10. "Courage for the Future", and since lunch, Capt Barnett and I gave communion to twenty-five men, going from hut to hut, and bed to bed. One fellow, Thompson, asked me last last, about a service and I spoke of communion, and he said that he was a Baptist, and would be delighted to have me give it to him.

All of our General Hospital patients have moved to better quarters, and none are on the floors or old board forms now. They look much more comfortable and are much happier than when in the other section of the camp. The men from diphtheria, and kindred ills move tomorrow into this area, and we hope will be better. It will make it a little better for us in our visitation. This evening Padre Strong, and I share the evening service.

I dreamt of Grayson last night, and saw him wearing shorts with a lovely white blouse,

and with hair brushed up, oh, so nicely. He must be a handsome lad, and I know that he will take care of the best of mothers, and be good to a lovely sister. How I would love to see them now. Would I let them fuss over me, and enjoy it? I have been dreaming of home quite a lot lately. Just a night or two ago I was with Stan, and we were very happy together. Good old Stan! How our tongues will wag when we meet. We shall want an open fireplace with Mom in a comfortable chair, the children about the house, and Stan sitting on the carpet by my chair as he used to sit, in the yesteryears. Thank God for those days. "O memories that bless".

9 p.m. Sunday. Just back from our vesper service. Our hymns were "At Even" - Tune Abend - "O for a Faith" and "The Day Thou gavest", with a vesper.

"Holy Father in Thy Mercy
Hear our anxious prayer
Keep our loved ones, now far distant
Neath Thy care.

Jesus Savior, let Thy presence
Be their Light and Guide
Keep, o keep them in their weakness
At Thy side.

When in sorrow, when in danger
When in loneliness
In Thy Love, look down and comfort
Their distress.

May the joy of Thy Salvation
Be their strength and stay
May they love, and may they praise Thee
Day by day.

Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life
Send Thy grace, that they may conquer
In the strife.

Father, Son and Holy Spirit
God the One in Three
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them
Near to Thee.
Amen."

At the close of the service, a few of the others with the choir, gathered about the piano, and sang tunes such as Lyngham, Simeon, and others. Amidst all of our distresses, we still sing the sons of Zion and our faith deepens.

Jan. 26, Tuesday. This is moving day for our Diphtheria patients. They are being taken to our own lines and placed on beds in huts. Very many of them are stretcher cases and all available men are busy carrying their comrades to their new quarters. We have so few men equal to this task that the officers are doing a great deal of the work today. Before the men can be really comfortable, a lot of repair work will have to be done around the huts, as there are no windows complete and very few doors. We hear that the Red Cross representative in town is very incensed about conditions here and is demanding immediate attention. The results of his special unannounced visit yesterday remain to be seen. We shall watch developments with interest.

We three - Deloughrey, Barnett and I - are now settled in our new quarters, and find it quite an improvement on any former, occupied since the war ended. We have our own batman - Carter - and go to the mess for meals, but bring them to our own room to eat. I have a bed made of burlap sacking between a frame of wood, and on the first night was too comfortable to sleep, having slept on an iron one since September 26, '42, but for the past two nights have slept well.

4 p.m. I have just returned from another burial. Sumner died yesterday morning. He put up a gallant fight until the end. I am glad that on Sunday I gave him communion. His last words to me were "I never give up my faith."

We have no heat in any huts and so are now accustomed to the cold. At nights we put our overcoat, or raglan, over our blankets and this helps to keep us comfortable. The men in the hospital huts are faring as we are, but all are cheerful. To visit these boys is as good as a tonic. No matter what happens they treat it lightly, and hope for better days. The orderlies are very good and treat the patients well. We have one old chap who is himself a patient but who works amongst the patients. He was a prisoner in Austria during the war of 1914-18 and was placed on a farm with nine other men. He ended his imprisonment by marrying the farmer's only daughter. He told me yesterday that he had a laugh for me. When asked what it was he said that when they moved into their present hut there were no light bulbs anywhere in the place. He searched around and found two broken ones and marched off to the first sentry he could find, showed him the broken bulbs, pointed to the Red Cross band on his arm, such as all orderlies wear, and in a few minutes had two new bulbs for his hut. He was pleased when I complimented him on his shrewdness, and ingenuity. He suffers from beri-beri, but nothing daunts his spirit. Good old Henckel!

Capt. Deloughrey just came in and reported that 63 Diphtheria patients have taken to the "sick huts", and 77 have gone into the convalescent wards. Although seven hundred

Canadians are at present in camp, we have difficulty in finding six suitable men for a burial party. Today my men had to set their own pace when bearing their comrade to and from the church service. One can hardly be expected to believe our stories but the worst will never be told.

Jan. 28, Thursday. Capt Barnett and I held a service in our hospital huts last night and are conducting one in another hut tomorrow night. At the close of last night's service, one of the boys asked me to read for him the story of the boy who went away from home. I read Luke 15: The prodigal son. He asked for the story of the boys who was sold by his brothers, so tomorrow I will go and read it to him. I went today but found him sleeping, and would not disturb him.

I had a long chat about the Christian life, last night with another soldier - Williamson - who fought well at Wan Nai Chong. He told me how he was beside his Bren Gun one night, and heard the enemy approaching, but could not detect them in the darkness. He had never prayed, and had not been in church for years, because he had been thrown out when a boy, but he said, Padre, I said "O God where are you?" and just then a flash of a shell revealed the enemy, and I turned my gun on them, and wiped them out. What do you think that was? An answer to my cry? My answer satisfied him. He said "I have you to thank for my resolution to go back to church, when I get home. He said "I watched you at Wan Nai Chong, amidst that hell, waiting on the wounded at night, and in the day carrying on as usual, without sleep, and without thought of yourself. You won me over by your unselfishness". I am grateful for such a tribute. He asked that I go back and talk to him and a comrade tonight. I have just come back after spending an hour with three of them. I think of how Paul and Silas prayed and sang in prison - so we do here. I told them tonight that I have banished worry out of the present and live one day at a time, with a prayer each day that I may be a blessing to someone else.

My neck gland has been giving me a bit of trouble during the past two days, and now I visit hospitals in the morning and rest in the afternoon. This seems to give me a bit of relief. Otherwise I feel fairly well.

Feb. 5, Friday. On Saturday last - Jan. 30 - every man in camp - apart from paid officers - received the sum of 16 yen and one can . Imagine the excitement and the pleasure. Immediately the canteen officers were busy receiving orders for food stuffs, and cigarettes. No great variety is brought in and therefore there is very little to choose from, but every fellow wants sugar - white and brown - the brown is brought in cakes - pineapples - tinned beans - and oatmeal.

On Sunday afternoon Capt. Barnett and I went around our hospital for communion service, and twenty men received the sacrament in their beds. We now conduct a service in each of the hospital huts, during the week, and use Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights.

The boys ask for these services since my first in our Agony Ward, about a month ago.

During the week Japanese sentries have been visiting some huts and if they see something which does not please them - they just slap a few of the boys. We have had two visits from them during the week - late at night - but so far we haven't been slapped.

Dame rumour is busy today, and says that German armies have surrendered to Russia, and that action is in evidence around Singapore. This is the Chinese New Year's day, and now firecrackers are going off like rifle and machine gun fire. During the whole of last night there has been a rat-tat-tat of the crackers. Two nights ago I had only been in bed a few minutes and was feeling quite comfortable when my bedding broke, and I went kerplunk on the floor. I had to improvise for the rest of the night, but got very poor rest.

The electrician of the R.E.'s just came in and fixed one of our lights, and switches. Now I am heating some water for a cup of tea. With a piece of electric wire and two vegetable, or fruit tins, one can make a genuine heater for water, and with another piece of electric wire, a plate of asbestos, and some chicken wire, we have a toaster. It is amazing to see the things men have constructed in this prison camp.

Feb. 11, Thursday. Weather has been threatening during the week, but no heavy rain has fallen yet. The days have been quite raw and cold with the nights much colder. It is not cheery in the morning to dress in a cold barren room, and longing in your heart for a nice mat or carpet to step on, but we jolly each other, and by the time of breakfast, feel that matters could always be worse. Since Sunday there has been a slight epidemic of Diarrhoea, amongst the troops. On Saturday we were fed Chrysanthemums as a vegetable. This was too much for some of us - we would prefer beet tops, spinach, or dandelion and we went under. Capt. Barnett was first in our hut, Deloughrey and I followed. Barnett and I rallied after a couple of days of unpleasantness. Deloughrey developed Dysentery, and is now in hospital. Six of our officers have been sent to hospital. Thank God none are on the D.I. list. They are all improving now.

Barnett and I are alone now and last night had a lousy experience. Yesterday morning I awoke with a very itchy feeling, but after a few rubs and scratches, felt that the coarse blanket was the cause. During the day I was not disturbed. Last night we decided to have a sponge bath and when I took off my shirt I called Barnett into action with me. On my shirt I found a company of the biggest lice I have yet seen. No wonder they were quiet during the day. They slept after the debauch of the previous night. However we won the fight but they won the shirt, as our batman says that the material out of which it is made harbors many eggs. They have been issued to us and many men in the lines found the eggs before they wore the garment. Today we had fun with the British padres about them and had the Naval padre almost convinced that he too was lousy and that his new shirts may be full of eggs. He brought out the new garment and searched it for the pest. I may have to go without a shirt as

I will destroy the one worn yesterday. We keep our room as clean possible but bugs and lice are our daily visitors.

Most of our men who were in isolation are well enough to return to the regular lines, and one hundred and nine Canadians went to their old huts today.

Feb. 13, Saturday. During the past week many of us have been ill with slight Diarrhoea, or Dysentery. Some have gone to hospital. Yesterday thirty of our men were sent to Bowen Rd hospital. Capt. Deloughrey was also sent, suffering from Dysentery. Apparently he did not respond to the treatment here, and was very ill when taken away. We are anxious to hear how they have all fared there, as most of the boys were pretty sick.

This evening the news went around the camp like wildfire that Red Cross parcels were to be distributed. The report was true but the time was incorrect. Tomorrow will be the big day. It will be a pleasant Valentine for us all.

Sunday, Feb. 14. Good news is in the camp today and our hopes for the cessation of hostilities are raised. Attended communion at 9:30 this morning. About sixty men attended. I thought of the fellowship of Christ's sufferings as I watched the men partake of the Bread and Wine, in His name. During the afternoon Capt. Barnett and I gave thirty communions in the General hospital, and tonight visit the Diphtheria ward, for others. While visiting the Dysentery ward today I had an interesting chat with an old Wesleyan (England) about hymns and hymn tunes.

Feb. 19, Saturday. My bowels have been all upset during the past ten days. I have been hoping for improvement, but last night I became ill, and this morning Dr. Grey was called in, and I am ordered to hospital. While I packed a towel, soap, etc., as well as my pyjamas and shirts, I said to Barnett "I can imagine how my wife and children would fuss over making me ready for hospital if I were going from my own home".

Sunday, Feb. 21. The doctor has pronounced me as a Dysentery patient, and here I am in hospital for at least eight or ten days. I am to get powders (4) at 8, 9, 10 and 11 o'clock tonight, and am put on No.3 diet which is liquid - soup.

Feb. 23, Tuesday. I am beginning for feel better today, although the cramps were a bit severe this morning. Major Baird, Mr. O'Neil, the R of C officer, Lt. Ross, and Lt Brakey of the R.R. of C. are in my ward, suffering from Diarrhoea. They are all recovering. Our wards - infectious - are full today, but the epidemic is lessening. Beside me is a young R.R.C. man who was with that unit in Newfoundland. He has been talking of the wonderful time given him by some folk in Bay Roberts, and of his visit to Harbor Grace, Bay Roberts, and Old Perlican. One fellow across the ward is hunting for lice, and he just told me that he found one as big as a horse. It must have come off some other patient as he is very emaciated.

Amongst visitors to enquire how I am progressing is the Hon. Mr. Samuel whose father is Viscount Samuel, and Home Secretary in the Baldwin regime. Mr. Samuel was a member of the Hong Kong Volunteer force, and is himself a prisoner of war. He is quite interested in this hospital and daily comes for a visit.

The clerk in our senior M.O.'s office - Eric Bright - was just in to see me, and he reports that out of our 2000 men in camp, there are not more than 200 category A men, while there are 1024 category C men in the lines and in the hospital. It has been learned that there is a ton of Canadian mail in Hong Kong. Of course we hope that it comes to the camp soon, but as with the Red Cross parcels, we cannot be certain of their distribution, until we receive them. How pleased we will be to receive mail from home. Major Baird left hospital today. An extra half pound of sugar has been issued to each man in camp. We received ours this morning. Cpl Milan and I have been teasing S. M. Williams and Mr. Burgess about going on special food from Jimmy's kitchen.

March 9, Shrove Tuesday. Returned from hospital today. My Dysentery cleared up a few days ago, but my neck gland gave a great deal of trouble, and I have been receiving treatment for it. I am glad that it is quite O.K. now. I feel a bit wobbly on my feet today, but after a few days will be going on my regular rounds. I weigh 146 pounds. This means a loss of nine pounds during hospitalisation. The compradore came in today and brought a full order of eggs. I have six and will enjoy them. Health around the camp is as usual. With rainy weather likely to set in - since this is the time to expect it - we will have to take great care of our health to save ourselves from recurrence of the D's or Pneumonia. News has been brought to camp that there is a ton of Canadian mail in the camp. Our hopes are for getting it during the next month, but of course that will depend on the generosity and large heartedness of the Japanese authorities.

Today at home pancakes will be served at one of the meals. What fun we used to have with the children when search was made for the money, etc. I do pray that they "carry on" as usual.

March 20, Saturday. While the health of our camp has slightly improved we still have a large number under hospital care. Pte Stodgell died during the night and I bury him today. We were anxious for a while about the draft of men taken from here some time ago for parts unknown, but during the week, the Japanese commandant, who went in charge of the party, returned to this camp and said that they had arrived safely and were being well cared for.

Today at noon we were excited to know that the first letters from the ton, supposed to be in Hong Kong for Canadians, were in camp. No one knows how grateful I was when I saw the handwriting of the best of wives, on the two letters handed to me. One was dated April 21, 1942 and the other May 21, 1942. While they are eleven months old they seem to be speaking to me from yesterday. For a long time I was very worried over the strain caused

by lack of information, in Canada, about us and know that the four months must have been like a nightmare to many of our loved ones. Oh! the joy which came to me to see that familiar writing and the thrill to find snapshots enclosed. I have read and re-read my letters, and looked at the snapshots very often. I did have a feeling that Mom would carry on just as she knew I would desire. I do know that the children and Stan were a source of strength to her. I also knew that the folk of Dunbar would not be lax in giving her all kinds of encouragement, and that Bee and Susie would not fail to keep in touch with her.

Barnett had two letters as well, and snaps of his wee girlie, so if our families could have heard us last evening and night they would have wondered if we were still sane. For me not to have heard from my lovely wife and children for eighteen months was a real test. Only 360 letters came in yesterday but report has it that others will be in during the next day. Our own happiness was shadowed by the fact that Capt. Hanfill had news about the passing of his wife just a few months after their baby was born.

Sunday, March 21. Padre Strong and I shared in our morning service. I preached on "The sufficiency of God". I take the evening service. My family was much in my thoughts during the morning worship.

March 26, Saturday. I have had a recurrence of Diarrhoea for the past three days and have felt pretty miserable, but am much better today. I was glad to receive another parcel from Miss Doreen Xavier, Ave Mansions, Hong Kong today, consisting of 1 jar honey, 1 tin milk, 1 tin peas, 1 tin beans, 1 tin campie. Tonight I had three of my boys - Durrant brothers - come to see me about joining the church. I hope to have them join on the night of Easter Sunday. Two others boys, Macpherson and Colvin, now in hospital, will also join.

This afternoon Mr. Holloway of the D.D.C. came in with a number of snapshots of his family - wife and two daughters and son - now in Australia.

Barnett has had to put his arm in his sleeve because of a torn ligament, or strained muscle, after a fall, a week or so ago. Of course since I have had Diarrhoea pains we tease each other in hospital and the boys get a kick out of it. They ask why the bandage, and he accuses me of throwing shoes at him, but tells them of how I was in bed for a day, and so we keep cheerful and try to radiate a bit of cheerfulness into this camp life, which becomes very monotonous at times.

Wednesday, March 31. More mail came into camp last evening, so today we - padres - will check and compare notes. Some of the Imperial troops received word from their families in England, and Australia. It makes a great deal of different to all of us on receipt of letters though they are a year old. Not that we need them to keep memories fresh, but just to see the handwriting gives us a thrill of pleasure and especially when we learn that at long last they know where and how we are, and we know that they stood their sterner testing so

well.

Our services are being well attended. Davies was the preacher on Sunday last and spoke of Naaman the leper, and of his dealings with the prophet, and vice versa. Three points were named in connection with men's attitude towards religion - Bravado - Tolerance - Patronage. Barnett preaches on Sunday next. Each Wednesday evening during Lent we are having a layman lead a discussion group on subject of interest. On the first evening Mr. Starbuck - a member of the meteorological staff here in Hong Kong - spoke on "God in the Universe". His key was "Behind our universe there is direction". On Wednesday last Mr. Gaunt - a mission teacher and mathematician - spoke on "God in the mission field". This subject provided a great deal of interesting discussion. This week the subject is "God in Education" and will be led by Mr. Noble - Headmaster of some school here.

My bowels are still playing havoc with me but the doctor gave me treatments and I should feel better soon. Lt Black is now in the Dysentery hospital and our O.C. may have to go today. Oh, for some food from the land of the Maple.

Sunday, April 4. On Friday I buried Pte J. Davis, who died suddenly on Thursday of cardiac trouble. This morning I held a communion service at 9:30, and had fifty men present. Tonight at the close of our vesper service, the choir of ten voices, went with me to one of our hospital wards for a brief epilogue. It was greatly appreciated by the patients. Today Col. Trist came back from Diarrhoea hospital, and was fortunate enough to receive a letter from his wife. He immediately came to our hut to tell us, and have us read it. More letters came in today, but none for Barnett or myself.

Sunday, April 11. More letters have come into camp during the week and cables were received by Mr. Porteous, Mr. O'Neil, Capt. Gray, and Capt. Thompson. The messages were not dated, but gave us to know that letters had reached Canada, from us. Mr. Porteous' message was for Christmas, as it contained Christmas greetings. The information was received with gladness as now we know that some letters got through. Mail for Canada was received at the camp office this week, and Capt. Barnett and I were very busy writing cards and letters for hospital patients. I wrote 54. Mine was written to Florence and Grayson, and addressed to Grayson. I tried to make it cheery, but Oh! how my heart ached for Mom and the children.

We were each handed 10 yen on Thursday, but at present no foodstuffs are in camp. We hope they come on Tuesday. On Wednesday night Mr. Goodban - Principal of the local diocesan school - introduced the subject of "God in History", in a very excellent address. The weather was so disagreeable that it was very unpleasant sitting in the chapel, with no windows or doors, and at times one could not hear others speak.

During the week the Guard took six Imperial, and Canadian fellows to task for breaking

camp regulation - speaking to guards while on duty, gambling petty cash etc., - and three Dutchmen, and their officer, were also chastised for having a radio in their possession, although it was not in operation. If camp rules are broken, one must expect to pay the penalty. This morning Barnett conducted a communion service at 0700 hrs. Strong holds another at 0930 hrs and Strong and I hold the noonday service - 1200 hrs - tonight I conduct a short vesper service or epilogue in one of our hospital huts.

Friday, April 16. About fifty of our boys returned from Bowen Road Hospital. during the week. Many of them were amputation cases, and two or three of them were with me at Queen Mary Hospital, a year or so ago. I was delighted to see them so cheerful. The blind, legless, and armless fellows surely have lessons for each of us.

More cards have been written for the hospital patients, this week. Some of them just say "Padre, here is my wife's name and address, you do the rest". Naturally we read such cards to them and they are delighted, as we try to put as much as possible into the two hundred words, and of course when it comes to a love letter, I haven't forgotten how to write one yet, as I am still in love with my sweetheart and bride, of my earlier years, and know how to write a love letter. Ask her.

Tonight three boys - Durrant brothers - came in to chat with me about their church membership - two others, Forsyth and Hogarth, already members of our church in Canada - were with them. They are all keenly interested. Today I have finished preparation for Palm Sunday. I have to preach at the noon services.

On Thursday night our Lenten discussion group closed with a very excellent address by Mr. Gould - barrister of Honk Kong - on "God and post war problems". He has kindly handed me his notes, and I shall reproduce them, as they will form the basis for three or four good addresses later. Dr. Gray of the R.A.M.C. was just in for a few minutes chat on the above subject.

Capt Deloughrey returned from Bowen Rd Hospital, on Tuesday, Sunday, April 18 after being away for two months with Dysentery.

Sunday, April 18. Palm Sunday. Barnett conducted communion service at 7 a.m. I attended. At 1200hrs Davies was in charge of the service, while I preached from Luke 22:42 - "Thy will be done - And angels came and ministered unto Him". I led the vesper service at 8 p.m. and at 8.40 pm went with the choir to one of the hospital huts, for an Epilogue. "God Reveals His Presence", "What a friend we have in Jesus", and "Now the day is over", were the hymns. I read the Palm Sunday lesson and had prayers. The boys greatly enjoyed it.

Mr. Woods, one of the D.D.C. men came in after for a chat. He has a splendid tenor voice and is a valued member of the choir - and a good Methodist. He brought me letters,

and snapshots, from his family in Australia. He has a daughter and son, and spends his twenty-first wedding anniversary here in camp.

I spent part of the afternoon in hospital wards, and shall visit Hugh Anderson in Dysentery, before going to bed tonight, as he is seriously ill at present.

Tuesday, April 20. Four more of our men have been to see me about joining the church, on Easter Day. This gives me great joy because it proves that men are thinking of the best and worthwhile things.

Wednesday, April 21. One year ago today Mom's first letter was written to me. I think of them today, and pray that the year has been good to them, and especially that they have received one of my letters from this P.O.W. camp. Today I had given me a copy of "If I have wounded any soul today". In fancy I hear the blind singer giving as this beautiful song over the air.

"The Evening Prayer"

If I have wounded any soul today
If I have caused one foot to go stray
If I have walked in my own wilful way
Dear Lord forgive.

Forgive the sins I have confessed to Thee
Forgive the secret sins I do not see
Oh! Guide me, help me, and my keeper be
Dear Lord, Amen.

I wonder if Mom ever plays "Bless this house", as it is my daily prayer for them all at home.

Good Friday - April 23. St. George's Day - Attended service at 1200hrs today. About 250 attended. Padre Strong in charge. Hymns "When I survey", "Throned upon the awful tree", "There is a green hill", "Lord in this Thy mercy's day". Barnett preached from Mark 15: 33. Tonight the choir gave us a treat in sacred song, and music.

Copy of programme to be written in later.

As I looked at these choir members, clothed in prison garb - singing the songs of Zion, and singing from their hearts, I felt that there was a Presence - the Presence of one who was sharing with us our place of agony, sweat, and tears, and blessing us in the sharing. A large congregation sat and listened, and enjoyed every item. I will plan to reproduce it on some

Good Friday in Canada, and I told the men that I would tell my Canadian choir that I would forgive their clothes, if they could sing it as well as this choir sang tonight.

Before the service began I sat in the church hall and looked through the open windows - all glass, frames, etc. have been removed by looters - and saw a beautiful evening sky speaking of Peace. One whirl of smoke was rising from some hut or chimney beyond the nearby hill. Birds were flying around our building, as well as through the open windows, and I thought how beautiful all created things are. Truly God hath made everything beautiful, and man, who was made in His image, and should be workers in His world, is the one who has caused God's world to be torn with strife, separation, sorrows, degradation and wars. Still I believe that God has faith in man, and believes that eventually he will learn his lesson, and with a prayer for pardon, with return to Him. I cannot believe that Christ died in vain. It may take centuries but mankind will learn, understand, and return.

Two years ago today I was in uniform and went to work as area padre, with office at 125 Vancouver Barracks Major Jackson, District Chaplain. He was a splendid supervisor, and I really regretted having to leave him. Since then many experiences have been mine. If I have by my life and work, helped anyone I am thankful, and feel that I have not lived in vain.

Saturday, April 24. While visiting the Dysentery hospital, a man told me that he had been thinking of my sermon given to the men on our first Sunday on board ship, from Vancouver, and as we were nearing Manila. The story of Shackelton, whose text was - and min for that service - "Even though I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the midst of the sea, even there, Thy hand shall lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me" - Psalm 139: 9-10. It did cheer me to know that again in God's promise, was fulfilled "My word shall not return unto me void".

Evening Song Service - Good Friday, April 23, '43.

Introductory voluntary Passion Choralo
Sentence - Prayer - Lord's Prayer
Hymn - Congregation - "There is a Green Hill"
Recital - Piano
Choir - Hymn - "O Come and mourn with me awhile"
Solo - Mr. Gahagan
Choir - Hymn - "O Perfect Life of Live"
Solo - Violin - Dr. S. Bard, H.K.V.D.C.
Quartette - Hymn - "By Jesus' grave on either hand"
Solo - Mr. Piercey - "A Green Hill far away"
Hymn - Congregation - "When I survey the wondrous cross"

Easter Day - April 25, 1943. Attended Choral Communion service at 9:15 this morning. Padres Barnett and Davies, in charge. One hundred and five men attended. At 7am Padre Strong led a communion service when one hundred and fifty-eight attended, and tonight at 8 o'clock I conduct Vespers, the reception of ten young men, followed by the communion of the Lord's Supper. This afternoon, Frank Neufeld, of Swift Current, Saskatchewan, received adult baptism by me. He will be one of the ten in the reception service of this evening. This afternoon Sgt Ian Lyle came to see me about church membership. He is a Scots Presbyterian. He will likely attend my class during the coming weeks.

Today I received a gift from Dr. P.S. Selwyn-Clark, 2 Naka, Meizi Dori, Hong Kong, consisting of 1 large tin Marmalade, 1 tin Beef Dripping, 1 tin Rolled Oats, 1 tin Chocolates, and 1 tin Hot Cross Buns. I shared the chocolates with the officers of our unit. Then I passed the tin to Lt Blackwood, he said, "No! Padre, it can't be. It is just a mirage I see and not the real thing".

At the close of the Choral Communion, this morning, we had the choir - 12 in number - in our hut for a cup of tea. Each man brought his own mug. We regret that no milk or sugar was served, since no one has any, but we enjoyed the tea, and especially the fellowship.

For today I have hung my family photograph over my bed, and have been talking to them often during the day. I hope that their Easter is a very happy one. In the thought that it is I am content and happy too.

Capt. Davies conducted the Noon Day service, and preached an excellent on "Reasons for belief in Easter". I conducted Vespers at 8 pm, and had about three hundred men present. During the service, ten young men were received into the membership of the United Church of Canada. They are: Maurice Durrant, Philip Durrant, Gordon Durrant, Frank Neufeld, George Hall, Donald H.J. McPherson, Abraham Peters, Kenneth McClelland, George Alfred Temple, and Alexander Colvin. The last three men could not remain standing for the reception, so I had chairs for them to sit on, while the others stood. It was very impressive and men have spoken to me about it since. Our communion service was held at the close and fifty-five men shared. During the three communion services of the day, three hundred and eighty men took communion. The padres were tired out after the full day but we were content over the work of the day and feel that our lives are not being wasted or thrown away even here in this prison camp.

April 27, 1943. We were amused last night to hear a catalogue of new rumours, and here they are. Today, Tuesday, Canteen; Wednesday, Mail; Thursday, Japanese Emperor's Birthday, Red Cross parcels; Friday, 10 yen; Saturday, 1 pound sugar, each; Sunday, Rest; Monday, move to Canton. These rumours will keep the boys interested for a while, as they just love them, and enjoy passing them along.

Friday, April 30. Yesterday was the birthday of the Japanese Emperor and we were pleased to receive a Red Cross parcel. Everybody seemed to get a new lease of life on receipt of these parcels, and today fellows are exchanging items. Today Barnett and I have been changing our beds around our hut and putting up a mosquito net. The weather is getting very hot now, but today a North Westerly wind has made it a bit cooler, after mid-day. Blackouts had been ordered for the past week, but are cancelled as from tonight, and it is much better tonight sitting with the lights on, than sitting in the darkness.

Sunday, May 2. Conducted communion service after morning muster parade - forty-five present - Barnett conducted noonday service, Davies at 8 pm, and at 8:30 pm I went with choir to Dysentery ward, for Epilogue. During the afternoon I had an invitation to H.K.V.D.C. hut for cup of tea, with group of six English Methodists. Enjoyed the tea and conversation. After service at Dysentery, Lts Blackwood and White came in for a chat about things spiritual, and we had a very profitable hour together. I have arranged to meet my new members of Tuesday night in my hut from 8-9 pm. Two other men have spoken to me about church membership, and others will likely follow. A young Scotsman has also asked to come with us for our class. These talks, requests, etc., make us feel that some good is being done by us. For these blessings we are very grateful.

Have just finished reading "Wrestling Jacob" by Marjorie Bowen. It is another biography of John Wesley, but it is not as good as one would expect from her pen. I am certain that her sympathies are not with the Nonconformist churches. I am reading and reviewing "Let's get things Right" by T. Howard Somervell, M.B., M.A., B.C.H., F.R.C.S., published by the S.C.M.

Wednesday, May 5. Weather very hot now. At night we sleep in pyjamas beneath a mosquito net, and in the day time, wear shorts, socks, shoes and hat. Shirt is not necessary except for parade. The O.C. of our camp is making an inspection of the camp this afternoon, so everyone after making huts tidy, remains indoors, until inspection is over.

Met thirteen of my boys in my room last night. Most of them joined the church, on profession of faith, on Easter night. Others are coming to see me, and I expect to have another class for a later reception. We plan to meet on Tuesday nights of each week, for study and meditation. I have arranged for my service on Sunday evening next and have taken order of service with hymns, to our organist.

Sunday, May 9. Mother's Day. Only wish I could have a peep into our Vancouver home today. I am sure that I would receive even a heartier welcome than did the telegram, a year ago, saying that I was amongst the living. I hope the best of mothers is having a quiet and yet happy day with the children, and friends. Perhaps another year will find us at home.

Today I went to our communion service at 9 o'clock and shortly after took over flowers

to Lt Maze, Blackwood, White, and Queen-Hughes, Capt. Walker and Capt. Bush, and many men, who are now in Dysentery ward. The weather is much better today and we have had no rain for weeks. Shamshuipo is in the drier belt of this area. A blackout has been ordered as from last night, so Capt. Deloughrey has been fixing his light in the next room, with the aid of our batman, while I have been adjusting ours.

News has come through the Hong Kong News that the African campaign is over. This surely is good news as we think that it will mean more activity either in Europe or the far East.

May 15, Saturday. I have been troubled with "Hong Kong Foot" during the week. Blisters and sores with pus between toes, caused by heat - something like athlete's foot. It is very painful and I have been treating it by applications, rest, and air. It is much better today. Many of us will suffer from it during the excessive heat. I am grateful that this is my first, as I am unable to stand very long and even parade time - 20-30 minutes - seems hours.

Today I was called to Major Crawford's (M.O.) office to meet Mr. Wadda Nabi, one of the Japanese interpreters. He had heard of me from Mr. Kote, another interpreter, and wanted to meet me. He is a graduate of some Lutheran Seminary in Pennsylvania, U.S.A., and is a Christian Lutheran minister. He has done much for our medical staff here, and is highly spoken of by the M.O. and others. He spoke to me of his niece doing Y.M.C.A. work at Ocean Falls, as well as one of our ministers in Vancouver. He has promised to come in at a later date for a chat. He asked for my health, what I was doing to cure my foot. I told him that we had no iodine for my feet, but otherwise my health is good and faring fairly well. He seemed to be a very sincere Christian, and I was happy to have the few minutes with him.

7:30 pm. I have just been handed a post card from Miss Doreen Xavier, Ava Mansions, May Rd, Hong Kong, dated March 2, 1943, which reads: Dear Mr. Laite: I write to tell you that I have received your post card dated February 2. I am much obliged to hear from you, and to know that you have received the parcel. I hope that I will be able to send you more in the future. Wish you the best of health. Your sincere and best wishes. - Doreen. Lt Col Trist was here when I received it so he and Barnett teased about trying to explain things to my wife. I feel sure that my explanation would be satisfactory. Anyway, I was pleased to receive it, and will be glad to meet the lady when the show is over.

Sunday, May 16. Attended communion service at 0930 hrs. Led in mid-day service 1200 hrs. Hymns "Holy, Holy, Holy", "How sweet the name", and "All hail the power". Lesson - John 9. Texts - "Jesus cometh, when the door was shut" and "Behold I stand at the door and knock".

Spent most of the rest of the day in hut, because of my foot, which is progressing favorably. Have been talking to my family group today and Barnett and Deloughrey have

been teasing - as we do tease each other - but I guess that pretty often, all our hearts yearn for home and a decent meal. Meals are much better than a year ago, thanks to Red Cross parcels, etc., but one does get tired of rice at every meal. I bought five pounds of sweet potatoes a few days ago. They cost 40 sen per pound, 2 yen for the lot. Barnett and I have enjoyed them. I have two or three left for tomorrow - perhaps.

Saturday, May 22. During the week our men have been having a war on bugs. Now all wooden beds have been taken out and men sleep on the concrete floors. Whether the change will be for the better remains to be seen. One boy told me that he counted and picked forty-three off his blanket one morning. There are many men who cannot sleep during the night because of the bugs. I have just finished reading a book "Bengal Lancers" by R. Yeats Brown, who was a prisoner of war in Turkey during the last war. Apparently he suffered from the same plague there, for he writes - "Lice all are familiar with. Fleas are lively little beasts. Scorpions, hornets, wasps, mosquitoes, leeches have none of them the Satanic quality of bugs. One squashes a bug and there is a smear of blood - one's own blood. One lights a candle or match, and there scuttling under the pillow, are five or six more of the flat fiends. Having killed every living thing in sight one lies back, hoping to sleep, but they smell horribly when dead, and keep alive the memory of their itching, at neck and wrist. Presently out of the corner of one's eye one sees monsters darting about avidly magnified and distorted by proximity. There is no end to them. You kill them on the bed, and they jump on you from the walls. You slaughter them by fives and tens, but still they come from the crannies where they have been for months - waiting for the scent of live bodies. They fatten on the young. Of two victims they will choose the healthiest. They suck your blood and sap your energy and your faith".

Capt. Deloughrey was taken out of our camp on Wednesday. We presume he is taken to Argyle camp. Barnett and I are alone now. Today I had a cup full of Rolled Oats, and after soaking them for five or six hours put them on to cook in our own contraption of a double boiler, and now it is cooking so well it is reminding me of home. We only wish that we could change it into a good meal of meat and vegetables. Our meals are much better than those of eight or nine months ago but they are very scanty.

During the week a troupe put on a two act comedy called "Baridia". It was an excellent performance. Costumes, etc. - in fact everything was made here in camp. One lady - impersonated - was dressed in green and white. The style was perfect. The green was made from paint - the material was mosquito net. Another wore red, the color was made from mercurichrome - silver stars were made out of tin cans, but it was all artistically done, and deserves high praise. Two of our Grenadier N.C.O.'s were the leaders in the production - S. M. McKinnon, and Cpl Guy Falconer. Scenery was painted by a Portuguese - S. M. Baptiste.

Sunday, May 23. Conducted Communion service this morning. Padre Davies preaches

at noon, and Barnett conducts evening worship. A blackout was on for two or three nights during the week, but it was lifted last night. This is surely a dreary looking camp at night with all lights out. It does not mean that we go to bed earlier, but since beds are none too comfortable we are glad when day breaks.

Thursday, May 25. Stan's birthday. This is just to say "I wish you many returns of the day". I wish I could see you in your own office today. I certainly would not like to see you here. Well, I'm going to celebrate your natal day by giving myself a special lunch - steak pudding - from my Red Cross parcel. I have kept it for today. I know that we have been together in thought and prayer this week, and I feel that you are as ever the same staunch, true and noble san. Trust that next year will find us in the same land and if possible in our home for the day at least.

We read with interest the newspaper - Japanese controlled - which comes daily to the camp, and we have a feeling that events are turning in our favor, so there is hope that within another year this war may be over. I have no snapshot of you as all snaps were taken from me when captured, but a large picture of you is in my memory, and it does not fade. Let's go down and chop some wood this morning. It is now 9:20. My breakfast of rice-rata with flour and brown sugar syrup, bun and tea, is finished. Sally will call us at eleven for a snack, or better still will come down to the beach with her tray. I can imagine how our tongues would wag. Later in the day we would sit in the living room and be content together. So what about it? I'm just ready for a quiet day with lots of Mom's eats around.

Friday, May 28. My birthday. Capt. Price, Capt. Banfill, Capt. Everett Dennison, and I have been felicitating one another on this our birthday, and wishing that we can spend our next with our own folk. Weather is changing today. Heavy showers occasionally. A member of the Ministry for the information and welfare of the prisoners of war, from the Imperial Japanese army visited us today. We had marched to position on the "Square" for the inspection. Rain came shortly after he and his party has passed, and we were soaked before our dismissal. Thunder and rainstorms are on now - mid-day - with a forecast of a full day of such weather. I am celebrating my birthday by having my Red Cross apple pudding for lunch. There will be little else today. About twenty-five of our men came from Bowen Rd Hospital during the week. If you, Mom, Florence, and Grayson, could have listened this morning, you would have heard me discussing with you, plans for the day. Only wish they could be carried out.

2000 hrs. The following men came in for an hour. They are my new members, so I ask them to have a cup of tea with me to-night. We haven't any eats. What about a cake, Mom?

Don MacPherson	Miniota, Man.
George Auld	St. James, Winnipeg
George A. Temple	Winnipeg
Albert E. Boulding	Pilot Butte, Sask.
Alex Colvin	Carman, Man.
Kenneth McClelland	Winnipeg
Bert McKinnon	Magnet, Man.
Frank Neufeld	Sperling, Man.
Maurice Durrant	Winnipeg
Randy Steele	Grand Cascapedia, Que.
Philip L. Durrant	Winnipeg
Gerald K. Mabley	Winnipeg
Seymour G. Allison	Escuminac, Bona Co., P.Q.
Kenneth J. Hogarth	Box 268, Griswold, Man.
Thomas S. Forsyth	Pipestone, Man.
James A. Malloch	Lucky Lake, Sask.
J.I. Lyle	Edinburgh

Sunday, May 30. Conducted Communion service at 0900 hrs. Thirty-five present. The weather was very disagreeable, with heavy rain showers. Our church hall is flooded, and we are unable to conduct our mid-day service. Evening worship in the chapel at 8 o'clock. About sixty attended. Rain continues.

Monday, May 31. A few more letters came into camp. Capt. Cunningham received his first letter, and did he feel pleased? He had snapshots of his wife and baby. Rains were too heavy today for outside parade so formed up inside the flooded hall. Many feet were soaked.

Tuesday, June 1. The men in hospital are doing very well now. They are much more cheery than they were a few months ago, and keep each other amused by games, humour, etc. One fellow in particular is the life of his ward. Yesterday morning, when I visited, I asked others about him, and they told me that he was feeling fine, but asked if I knew about the baby, baptism, and all. Later in the day I went back with a cigarette for the new mother, and while he smoked it, he allowed a pal to have a draw or puff. I commented on it, and he replied - "Padre, 'tis all right as he washes for me while I am sick". What could I reply to that? This morning I asked him about the baby and he said that someone had her in the garden, and she must be near as he heard someone speak to Mary Jane, just before I came in. Symes is a scream, and never, in his nights of agony with his feet, allowed his spirit to be broken. When he would remain awake for hours at night with pain, the boys would hear him eventually say - addressing his feet - "I'm not going to speak to you any more tonight. I am just going to ignore you, and have nothing further to say to you". Such as he deserves to live.

June 3, Thursday. Ascension Day. New regulations are out today. Food rations are drastically cut. For how long we do not know, but it will likely be for some time. We dread the thought of months on shortened rations, as many - most of us - are just on the border, and may hold our own at present standard of ration issue, but with a reduced issue may be disastrous for many men.

June 4, Friday. Tonight I had a very interesting hour with Mr. Noble - Teacher Missionary - of the London Missionary Society, about the idea of asking the United Church of Canada for a man for their union church here at Kowloon. To me it seems that the right type of man could have a very interesting term amongst the English speaking people here, and at Hong Kong. He knows Dr. Norwood very well. Later a soldier came to get the quotation beginning "Judge not that ye be not judged" - Matt: 7, 1-2. He told me that he belongs to the Latter Day Saints. And so the work goes on. Always something of interest.

June 8, Tuesday. On Saturday last I developed a temperature of 100 so had to get a powder, and rest. After the second one on Sunday, I felt much better, and am now O.K. again. The weather was too wet for service at 1200hrs on Sunday, when I was to lead. The hall was flooded because of rifts in the roof as well as no windows or doors. Padre Strong led the evening service. Tomorrow morning I conduct a Communion service in our chapel. David Johnson, W.G. - 52 - married - Non-con - died yesterday, and I buried him today. Major Baird was in charge of the burial party. Capt. Barnett went along with me as I wanted him to see the cemetery. The Japanese have re-filled, and mounded all the graves, and have each numbered. They did a really good job. Johnson's number is M12.

Have just finished reading "All this and Heaven too" by Rachel Field. It does make delightful reading.

Sunday, June 13. Services today conducted by Capt. Barnett at 0700. Choral Communion 0930 by Capt. Davies. Preaching service at 1200hrs by Padre Strong, and Evening worship at 7:30, followed by Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, by myself. All services were well attended.

Sunday, June 20. Services as usual today. I led the Communion service at 0930hrs, Davies preached at 1200hrs, and Barnett led the evening service at 7:30.

Thursday, June 24. Meals have been meagre in quantity and poor in quality of late. Prices are prohibitive now, and one's yen does not go far. This morning we had boiled rice with flour and water and a wee bit of sugar, made into a sauce - called sweet sauce. At noon we had a fried egg, eggplant and rice. Since we have no butter or grease of any kind, it is difficult to eat our bun which goes sour after a day. Because there was for a while, fair food, many of our men have been able to leave hospital for their lines, but if there is a recurrence of poor food, and a further lack of medical supplies, I fear the results. During the week seven more of our men returned from Bowen Rd Hospital, and are much improved.

Some letters came into camp on Monday and yesterday. Most of them had been written fourteen months ago, but are received with delight. During the week I have written cards and letters for men in hospital, who are still unable to see well enough to write.

Sunday, June 29. Held Communion service in the early morning - thirty-five present. Barnett preached at 1200hrs on "Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord" - Isaiah 6. During the afternoon I had a very interesting hour's conversation with Q.M.S. Quenell of the R.E. who was with us at Wan Nai Chong. We compared notes, and still wonder how anyone got out of that Hell. Hemmed in on all sides, covered by machine guns, fired on by every kind of weapon; still we lived there for four days, until our ammunition was used up. He, with Sgt Paisey, and Sgt Barton, came through the lines in the early morning and won through successfully.

Pte James, who lost a leg in the "show", was also in to see me, and to have me read a letter from his best girl, and asked for advice about a reply. He stayed and chatted, and had a cup of tea. It was Barnett's wedding anniversary, but no cake was served. What would a piece of cake look like - the kind that Mom used to make? During the week, pangs of hunger have again been experienced, as meals are meagre, but today at noon Barnett gave me his omelette - eggs and cornstarch - as he had kept a tin of vegetable and beef pudding, for celebration. With my own ration, I had a fairly good lunch. Lt Col Walker, who was with us at Wan Nai Chong - wounded - returned from Bowen Rd during the past week. He did not lose his leg as we had expected, and is looking quite fit, but lame. We shall compare notes later.

July 3, 1943. My dear Son:

This is to wish you many happy returns of your fourteenth birthday. I only wish that I could be at home with you all. I wonder what you would get on this day. I know that your lovely mother, and attractive sister, will remember you and add something extra for Dad. Hope your bike is still good.

By now you are quite a young man, and I can imagine the care you give to your mother. I was delighted to receive your letter, and so often fancy you at your home chores, and also at your school, and cadet sports. Have you planned for your future studies? Because you have been doing so well at school, it won't be long before you will, I hope, be going to University.

How I have thought of you, and talked to your photograph, today. I can fancy hearing you saying "Hello, Pop!" I am keeping quite well enough although I have lost nearly forty pounds in weight, and am nearly as thin as Bugs, but I hope to regain some of it before I reach home. How I am looking forward to that day.

I think of you, and pray daily that you will develop into a splendid man. With your wonderful mother as guide, I am not worried about the type of man you will become.

Today I celebrated your birthday by having an egg - very small - and my last - for lunch, with half a tin of our Red Cross bacon, it kept me from being hungry - which I am on most days - on your birthday.

With more love than ever, and best wishes,

I am, as ever

affectionately your - Dad.

July 4, Sunday. Services at 7:00 and 9:30, 1200 and 7:30 p.m. I preached at 1200hrs on "No other Name", Acts 4: 12, while Davies, Barnett, and Strong, took other services in order.

Sunday, July 11. Nothing out of the ordinary routine happened during the week. Hospital visitation daily as usual. The health of the men seems to have improved greatly during the past months and is still fair.

To date however since imprisonment our Force has lost 114 men. Now our total casualties since the war began stands at W.G.'s killed and missing 136. Died 51. Total 187. R.R.C. killed and missing 131. Died 55. Total 186. Brigade killed and missing 21, Died 8. Total 29. Grand total 402 or more than 25% of men leaving Canada on October 25, 1941.

On Wednesday Staff Sgt McNaughton had a birthday. He is about 55 but says he is 21 - or rather this is his 21st birthday, so he, with Sgt Pugsley, challenged Barnett and I, to a game of cribbage, and we beat them in two rubbers, three out of five games, and two out of three. What fun we had. I told him that I didn't have the heart to tell him how sorry I was, but that I would later write him a letter of sympathy. However since we had a few eggs on hand, we saved a few slices of our day's ration of bun, and give him egg sandwiches, to celebrate his natal day, and our victory. Before leaving, I put a black band around his arm, by which he could announce to the other sgts, his defeat.

Today the weather was fine so our regular services were held. Barnett and Davies taking communion services. Strong took the 1200hrs service when he spoke on "Patience", and at 7:30 I conducted Vespers. Since service tonight, Barnett and I have talked about things spiritual, and I thought of how Stan and I used to sit in our room at Bamfield, and talk. Good old Stan, I long for such other days. I have a young English chap coming to see me tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Sunday, July 18. Capt. Davies was taken to hospital yesterday suffering from fever. Capt Porteous went to the Dysentery hospital suffering from Dysentery. A few of our men are still pretty sick, and if food or medical supplies diminish, we have our fears about their recovery.

I conducted Communion service this early morning - forty-one present - Padre Strong took one later with fifty-five present. Barnett preached at noon on "Christ the Door; Christ the Shepherd". Strong conducted the evening service.

Tuesday, July 20. I had a very interesting evening with Pte Marsh of Middlesex Regt, who was with his regiment in France as a truck driver. He was through the whole show until after the evacuation from Dunkirk. High tribute was paid by him to the Guards' Brigade which held up the German Army at Abbeville, three miles from Dunkirk, and so made the evacuation possible. He later spent three months in London, during the awful raids. He later came here, and was through the show with us. We did have a laugh when he told me that on the tip - \$1.00 Canadian, or \$3.25 H.K. - which I gave him on the day of our landing from Canada, for taking our grips, and us along to the Peninsula Hotel, he got drunk. He is not a drinker but, he said, that day everybody was so very excited over our coming, that fellows did things without thinking.

Monday, July 26. We are now beginning the twentieth month as P.O.W.'s. News reaches us through the Hong Kong News that fierce fighting is in progress at Sicily, and air raids are over Italy, and that severe fighting is being experienced along the whole Russian front. We are also daily told of activity between the forces in the Southern Pacific waters. This all leads me to feel that we may be in the last stages of the conflict, and that by the end of this year, the European situation may be very near the end. Not many months will elapse

after that before the far Eastern situation will clarify itself.

Yesterday, Sunday services were held as usual with Capts Strong and Barnett taking morning communion, myself in charge of noon service, when I spoke on "The Garden and the Cross", and Barnett in charge of the vespers at 7.30. The only unusual thing to happen during the week past was that our mess bought a pig - about sixty pounds and costing us over 85 yen or - according to exchange with Canadian money, \$200.00 - and we have had two meals with pork in them, and two or three others with gravy, or pork flavor. It was good. The men are having one tomorrow.

Wednesday, July 28. We had a visit from six bombers and eight fighters yesterday afternoon at 5:15 o'clock. A group of us at service in the chapel were singing -

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The storms ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessing on your head".

From Hymn - "God moves in a mysterious way"

It was certainly a coincidence to have our planes overhead for the first time in nine months. It is now 9:30 a.m. Planes are again overhead and we hear the sound of bombs dropping, ack ack and rifle fire. All of us are ordered indoors. We all breathe a prayer that they - the planes - know where our camps are.

Sunday, August 1, 43. On Thursday at 2:45 p.m. we had a real bombing raid, when some damage was done around the docks. During the past week we have had, these three visits, an announcement that we are to receive 24 yen, and were told of Mussolini's resignation. With the Italian nation out of the war, it should be greatly shortened, and we are all very hopeful of peace in early 1944. The morale of our men is fairly high, and this has a good effect, especially on our hospital patients.

This morning Communion services were conducted by Strong and Barnett. Strong preached at 12 noon from John 18: 15. He spoke well on the lack of loyalty to home and family, Church, and State. The cause of most of our troubles, and the result of which becomes international. Since the service an old agnostic has sent him two texts - Isaiah 51: 14, and Ezekiel 16:27.

I conduct the evening vespers at 7:30, which will be followed by the Sacrament of the Lord's Super. Eighteen letters came into camp for Canadians, yesterday. These are the first in about four weeks. Food is short just now and we are beginning to tighten our belts. I

weigh less than 140 pounds now, but feel fairly fit, but with very little reserve strength.

Saturday, Aug. 7. This has been an interesting week. On Monday the camp was informed that a number of messages of not more than 35 words would be accepted, and sent to Canada, and Australia. The Japanese authorities ordered that our three O.C's be listed, teachers, officers who have done outstanding service in the camp, and the chaplains, and A.S.O. men were listed under this head, other ranks, etc., a total of twenty Canadians. Capt. Barnett and I drew lots for the favor, and I won. On Tuesday morning the bugle sounded at 10:30 and all men and N.C.O's fell in for immediate medical inspection. We knew this meant another draft, so wondered if one of us would be allowed to go with our men. Later we were told that one administration officer, one M.O. and one chaplain would go, so Barnett and I again drew lots and he won. He immediately went into the segregated area, but was keenly disappointed when, on Thursday, he was told that no padre would go. Capt Bardal is O.C. troops, and Dr. Gordon Gray, the M.O.

Twenty-four yen for each man has been in camp for quite a few days, but to date it has not been paid to the men, so we just cross our fingers, and patiently wait.

On Thursday I wrote another letter to Mom. There was so much to be said, but so little space allowed. Just one hundred words could be used.

Sunday, Aug. 8. Weather this morning made it impossible for us to have services at 9:30 and 1200hrs, but it cleared for the evening vespers. Padre Strong conducted them in the hall, while Barnett and I went to the chapel of St. Francis for a very unique service. The men on draft were not allowed out of their compound so at 9:30 this morning Barnett went in for a communion service, and at 7 o'clock this evening I led a combined Reception and Communion service. Barnett received six men into the membership of the Church of England, and I received seven into the membership of the United Church of Canada, and gave a letter to another who had been receiving religious instruction from me in view of becoming a member of the Presbyterian Church, on his return to Canada. At the close of the Reception service we held a joint communion service, and forty-five men received communion in His Name and for His Sake. Hymns asked for were sung - "The Church's one foundation" and "Abide with me". The service, lasting ninety minutes, was very impressive, and will, I believe, mean much to each man who shared. I am now instructing a fellow in the faith of the Lutheran church. He married a Lutheran, and will join her church on his return to Canada. A member of the Lutheran faith has had books sent in from friends in Hong Kong, and is translating for me. So the interesting work in the interest of the Kingdom, goes on. John's vision of the twelve gates and four points of the compass are being fulfilled in this camp, and life for me is very interesting. A total of twenty young men have now been instructed, and received into church membership since our internment, with others to follow. The other Communion services are also receiving men into their respective churches, and so we have faith, that, although war impedes the progress of Christ's church, it does not stop it. His

Kingdom shall come.

Sunday, August 15th. Our 19th wedding anniversary. My thoughts throughout the day were with Sally and the children, as I know theirs were with me. Many happy memories came crowding in, and my day, while lonely, was blessed. I led 25 in Holy Communion in the morning, and felt near those whom I love and long for.

About 376 of our Canadians with 126 Imperials, left for ship at dock in Kowloon, this morning at 6:30. We hear all kinds of rumours now about the type of ship on which they sail. We do hope that they may reach their destination in safety. Most of them were known personally and became part of my life, as I have been with most of them through fire, prison, and sickness, seeing some of them return as by a miracle, from the brink of the grave. About 17 of them joined my church on profession of faith.

During the week we received 24 yen from the Red Cross Society, and a day later - Wednesday, 11th - we were handed 30 yen as a gift from our Canadian people. It was a gift from heaven, and will mean renewed health to many of us. Prices are very high now, and there is very little to buy. Because of rate of exchange, if I had 19 Canadian dollars I could purchase 1 tin Bully Beef (12 oz), 1 pk cigarettes, 15¢ and 1 box matches, 5¢, or to buy 1 lb of Margarine I would need \$30.00 Canadian. Prices in yen are Bully Beef 7.50, Margarine 12.00, and so on. Today Barnett purchased two tins of Chinese beans, and one tin tomatoes (4 tomatoes in small tin), price 2.70 yen, and we had them for our lunch to celebrate my anniversary. I later bought 2 tins tomatoes, and had 1 given to me. This morning we had rice and diluted sugar sauce, lunch vegetable soup, rice, and tea, supper - 2 sausages (bread and meat), rice, 2 slices of bun fried, and tea.

Our services are held regularly. Davies preached at 1200 noon, and at 7.30pm he, and Strong, received into the membership of the Church of England, by confirmation, 16 candidates. While we all received \$30.00 Canadian, our senior officers, who are carrying the A.S.O. and myself on account, did not change their system, so the \$30.00 will really benefit us. The R.R.C. seniors have asked Barnett, the A.S.O. and Subs, to pay their own way in September, which really means that they have the \$30.00 extra to spend, while Barnett and others are cut to just a few yen. Some of us feel pretty badly about it, and consider it very mean on the part of men who could afford to be generous.

Sunday, Aug. 22. On Thursday morning our senior officers, including Lt Col Trist, Major Hook, Major Hodgkinson, Major Baird, Major Bailie, Capts Norris, Don and R.W. Philips, were told to be ready within one hour for moving to Argyle St camp. They were ready but did not get away until about 7pm. The seniors of the R.R.C. and Brigade, including Lt Col Hume, Lt Col Price, Majors Young, Parker, Atkinson, Bishop, and Capts Thompson, Hurd, and Billings, left as well. Now our O.C. W.G. is Capt N.O. Bardal, and for the next few days we shall be busy reorganising our work as units. This will include

changing our mess set up, and we may, as from tomorrow, mess with the British officers.

Had communion at 9.30 this morning - 20 present. Capt Barnett led at 1200hrs, and Davies at 7.30p.m.

Sunday, Aug.29. My service at 1200hrs. I spoke on Psalm 46. Evening service by Capt Barnett.

During the week we have had four deaths in camp. Sgt Wood of the D.D.C. was a friend of ours, a member of our choir, and choral groups, and a member of the Methodist church in Hong Kong. His wife, son, and daughter are in Australia. I led the funeral service here in our hall assisted by Padre Strong, who later went to the cemetery at Argyle St. One of the French internees was accidentally killed while doing fatigue duties. It was his wedding anniversary, and before going to work he was able to speak to his wife across the wire. At his funeral, our Japanese commandant and his interpreter were present to pay their deep respects. Mr. Wada, the commandant, has shown his sympathy in many practical ways, and is thought highly of by the whole camp. Anglo-American planes have been over each day during the week. Some bombs were dropped.

Sunday, Sept. 19. During the past weeks there was a special inspection of our whole camp, and we were away from our huts for nearly ten hours. Sgt Pope died and was buried by Capt. Barnett. Services today as usual. I led the communion at 9.30, Barnett preached on "Matthew's Call" at 1200 hrs, and Davies conducted evening vespers. Tommy Weir is coming to me for instruction in his preparation for membership in the Lutheran church on his return to Canada.

Our Canteen comes in on each Tuesday. Prices are high, and according to prevailing prices and exchange, if I had to use Canadian money for a meal of Bully, with Beans, and Tomatoes, I would have paid \$27.75 - Some Meal!

Sunday, Sept. 26. Time passes, and another week brings us nearer home. This morning I led the 1200hrs service and spoke on "Fundamentals of the Kingdom of God". Barnett and I are busy now checking with fellows in hospital about writing home. We each have about 75 letters or cards to write, or see written. Mail came into camp yesterday. Barnett had word from his mother-in-law. I hope to get one from home soon.

Sunday, Oct. 3. Services as usual today. Strong preached at 1200hrs. At close of evening service - Strong exchanged with me because of Sacrament on Sunday next - a male choir of fifteen or more voices sang some select pieces. It was well done and much appreciated. On Thursday night Dr. Bard and his orchestra, gave a musical concert. All enjoyed it. I am glad that it is to be repeated on Monday next. Rumours galore have been floating around the camp lately. We call them hospital rumours, kitchen rumours, party

rumours, and latrine rumours.

Sunday, Oct. 10, 1943. Today Dr. Budden of the D.D.C. was buried - aged 63 years. One year ago today we buried his son. His wife and daughter are still at Stanley. One of the finest tributes I have heard paid to any man was paid today, by one of his fellows of the D.D.C. He said "He was the whitest man I ever met".

Capt Davies conducted noonday service, and spoke well on Saul and the witch of Endor "Bring me up Samuel" - Lost Opportunities.

Sunday, Oct. 17. Capt Barnett went into hospital today, suffering from Fistula, but has much improved and will be discharged in a day or two. More mail came into camp last evening, and although it is 17 or 18 months old it is greatly appreciated. The hour of morning worship has been changed from 1200 to 1100hrs. I conducted this mornings service and spoke on Matt: 16: 24 "Conditions of entrance into Kingdom of God".

This is a special day in Japan - His Majesty visits shrines of dead soldiers. Our local guard has been busy on our square, all day, with sports etc., and judging from the singing etc., they certainly enjoyed the holiday.

Sunday, Oct. 24. During the week my neck gave me some trouble and after our T.A.B. inoculation it became very aggravated so the doctor has put me on powders and hot compresses for a week. I am still able to carry on my duties, and feel O.K. so I hardly expect a recurrence equal to that of a year ago. Conducted 9.30 Communion service this morning. Capt Barnett preached on "The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ", at 1100hrs. Padre Strong conducted the evening vesper. I have been thanked directly and indirectly for last Sunday's service, which heartens one greatly under such circumstances as ours.

Monday, Oct. 25. Today - two years ago - I was saying au revoir to my lovely wife and family at Vancouver. How they crowd my thoughts and prayers today, and how I long to see them. Well, we have two years in and can stick it for the duration. Our photograph hangs in our room and I get great pleasure in looking at my splendid boy, charming daughter, and lovely wife.

Friday, Oct. 29. Mother's birthday. Memories of her have been with me throughout this day and although she has passed out of my earthly life, I am satisfied that she lives more gloriously than ever, and memories of her dwell in my heart as an inspiration and help.

Sunday, Oct. 31. Barnett and Davies conducted early communion services. Padre Strong led the noon day service and spoke on "Saints Day" (Nov. 1), reading Hebrews 11, the Westminster Abbey of the New Testament. The marks of a saint, he said, are humility,

prayer, and sacrifice through service. At 7.30 pm I led the vesper service, read Psalm 91 and told story of how it has become of greater value to me. - Manitoba experience of 1923. I administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at its close, when 26 men shared. After service Mr. Holloway, Mr. Piercey, Mr. Hume, Mr. Geegan, and Sgt Lyle, came in for a chat and a cup of tea.

Monday, Nov. 1 - All Saints Day - A naval officer stopped me on the square this morning and spoke of how much he enjoyed my evening's story, and of how many others had been speaking of it as well. This spells encouragement for the padres, and we really need it as well as others.

Sunday, Nov. 7. During the week another of our Grenadiers died. Pte Badger of the DeSoto Indian tribe. He was a very fine type of fellow and had no enemies amongst his fellow soldiers. Mail came into camp and we find that it is much later - some January 1943 - than any mail received earlier. How our folk must have suffered during the months of silence. One fellow read me part of his mother's letter, and she asked "Were you ill, or hurt during the three or four weeks of October 1942? I felt that you were". It was during those weeks that he was very, very ill with Diphtheria, Feet, etc., and was expected to die.

Services as usual today. I had communion this morning. Davies led the noon day service.

Sunday, Nov. 14. I conducted communion service at 9.30. Barnett preached at noon. Men have returned from Bowen Rd hospital, feeling greatly improved. The death of Cpl Atkinson there recently is deeply regretted by all of us who knew him so well.

Tuesday, Nov. 16. Two years ago we landed here. It has been a very lengthy term especially since we have received very little news from home folk or they from us. Last night at 11.30 we had our first night air raid. We had just gone to bed. All lights were out. When hearing the planes droning overhead and then the bombs falling, we just kept hoping and praying their their bomb sights were correct, and that they knew their targets, for while we are no more than others we do think that our airmen would not want to do us unnecessary injury, but we felt very helpless at that hour of night. They have been over again during the day. Blackouts will be the order for a while as from tonight.

Sunday, Nov. 21. Sunday services as usual. I led the 1100hrs service and spoke on "The Standard of Jesus" John 15: 12. This is the third in my series on the Kingdom of God.

Sunday, Nov. 28. On Friday the men of our camp received 10 yen each from the Japanese authorities. Today Barnett and Davies conducted Communion services in the morning. Strong preached at 1100hrs on "There standeth one among you whom ye knew not". At 7.30 I conducted vespers and gave a short talk on Psalm 121. The first in a series of

talks during the Advent season. At the close shared in a Communion service - 26 remained.

Sunday, Dec. 12. Services as usual during the past two weeks. On Sunday the 5th Davies conducted the 1100hrs service. Today I led in the Communion service at 9.30, and Barnett preached at 1100hrs. There was no evening service because of blackout. On Saturday - yesterday - I held a Communion service - assisted by Padre Strong - for any men who would like to have Communion before leaving on draft. Eighty men participated.

Sunday, Dec. 19. Services as usual today. My service was at 1100hrs when I spoke on "When ye have found Him". Tomorrow being Florence's birthday we decided to have a special lunch. One of the D.D.C. men Sgt Holloway had birthdays in his family on the 19th and 21st, so he came with us. We had Bully Beef, Tomatoes, Beans, Rice and Pineapple. We did enjoy it, and talked family while we ate. Our draft of over 500 left on the 15th. Before leaving, Barnett and I arranged for a fellow, Humphreys (R.N.), to celebrate his 25th wedding anniversary with us. Sgt Ian Lyle of 11 Alderbank Place, Edinburgh, came with him, and we enjoyed our meal together. On another day we had two boys, Gordon Durrant, and Savage, of the W.G.'s with us for tiffin. We were pretty busy while the boys were getting ready for draft, as cards were to be sent, etc., and naturally the boys came to us for help in these matters.

Sunday, Dec. 26. During the week a hut was handed over to us for use as a chapel in place of our former one which is, with other huts put out of bounds in the reorganisation of the camp. We have a fine place, but it needed lots of attention, so during the week, Padres Davies, Barnett and I worked with other men in whitewashing the walls, making proper blackout curtains for windows, building an altar, and cleaning up generally. Padre Strong's strong point is decoration so he looked after the arrangements for the altar, etc. and did a splendid job. All was in readiness for a midnight service on Christmas Eve when we had about 200 men present, and 100 partook of Communion.

On Christmas morning at 7 o'clock, Padre Davies had another Holy Communion service, and at 9.30 Barnett conducted a choral Communion, and at night I led in a Choral service. with George Longyear as organist (piano) and leader of an augmented choir. This morning Padre Davies had Communion at 9.30. Padre Strong led the 1100hrs service and spoke from "There was a man sent from God whose name was". At 7.30pm I led service and spoke of "The Festival of the children" - Matt: 18 - and held a Communion service at its close. Two hundred men attended and shared in our communion service with us, and so we feel that even here the church is still playing a worthwhile part.

During these days my thoughts are naturally of home, and I like to sit alone at times and fancy the home I left, with Mom and the family, and I pray that they are still keeping well and content. Since Florence was a Christmas present to us I have looked back over the years and thought of how that bright-eyed baby has developed into a very attractive young

woman, with excellent qualities. Now she is seventeen and is becoming more and more attractive as time passes. I feel sure that with her handsome brother, she will do all in her power to keep the best of mothers from any unnecessary worry or care. I look forward to a reunion that will help us to forget ours years of separation, because of the larger joy which will be ours then. Blessings on thee, Florence.

There's another Florence whom I always think of and especially on December 27th. What a wonderful sister! May her days be filled with the beauty, joy, and happiness equal to these blessings which she has brought into other lives.





Sunday, Jan. 2, 1944. Mom's birthday. I conducted a Communion service in our new chapel this morning and I felt that our spirits were indeed kindred there. At lunch, Sgt Ray Squires, of Victoria, B.C. and Chief Engineer Shottan of England, came with us to share. We had procured a few potatoes, so I had par-boiled them, and then we found a baking pan, and put beans as first layer, spuds, tinned mutton, spuds again, beans and bread crumbs. The bake house heated it for us and together we enjoyed the best meal for months. We are planning something similar for Mrs. Barnett's birthday on Jan. 14, and perhaps another on May 28, as Shottan and I were born on that day. Of course we hope to be free before that day in May, but one never knows.

Mom Dear. How I long to see you. My whole life aches for you, and the children, many many times, and I pray daily that you all may be kept well, and are not over anxious. This prayer helps me to carry on here, even at times when flesh aches, mind is perturbed, and my soul troubled. Faith, as you spoke of in your letter, keeps me steadfast, and unafraid of the tomorrows. Our group photograph hangs in my hut, and today I talked with you. You already know what I said. What a wonderful wife and mother you are, and how I long to be able again to tell you of my love and devotion. As time passes you become more and more part of my deeper life. I am sure that Grayson is playing the man, and Florence is an added joy. God bless you, dear on this your birthday.

Capt Davies preached at 1100hrs on "Demas" - good sermon - Padre Strong conducted the evening service, and gave a short address on Paul. Barnett and I led a Watch Night service on ;Dec. 31, 11.30pm. I gave a short New Year's wish from 3rd John, verse 2 "Beloved I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health even as thy soul prospereth". A large congregation was present in spite of the rain, and many favorable comments have since been made.

Sunday, Jan. 9. Services as usual. Barnett preached at 1100hrs on Epiphany, and I conducted the evening worship and spoke from Exodus 33: 14, and used "Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh" to represent respectively (1) Our work for material good. (2) The blessings and joys of life. (3) Sorrows and difficulties.

News about more folk of Stanley Camp being repatriated. Some of our men here have wives and children there now. Sgt Major Hume just received word that his wife and daughter - who was born in prison at Stanley - are leaving for Australia.

Sunday, Jan. 16. Conducted 1100hrs worship and began series of short sermons on the

Prodigal Son. Today had Johnny Hoosha, and Ron Claricatte, in for lunch. We had beans, a few onions, some rice, a couple of tomatoes, 1 tin Bully Beef, and some bread crumbs - baked. It tasted very good.

Barnett and I still do our own housework. I do the dishes, etc., while he does the sweeping, because of my arm and neck. We have lots of fun, and get along well, but we do get tired of the monotonous life and food, and long for freedom, and home. We have had no mail for nearly a year, and so naturally we talk a great deal of home, and wonder, wonder, wonder, how they all are.

Williamson who was with me at Wan Nai Chong Gap, through our fighting, brought me a lovely cribbage board - made in hospital - with Chinese characters, meaning something like "Best wishes and many sons". The sons will undoubtedly refer to grandsons.

Sunday, Jan. 23. I conducted a Communion service at 9.30am. Strong preached at 1100hrs on "Principles of God" - Justice, Mercy, Sincerity, and Love - and began with illustration of first principles of seamanship. The three L's - Log, Lead, and Lookout. At night Barnett led the service and spoke of the conversion of St. Paul.

Tuesday, Jan. 25. Barnett and I were delightfully surprised today to receive our first pay from the Japanese government. We were paid - as from December 1st, 1943 - which means that for exactly two years we were imprisoned as unpaid officers. Now we do feel independent and are glad.

A new order has been put into force as from today. Now everyone - apart from hospitals - goes on the parade square for 15 minutes each morning, after parade, and does P.T. Our camp band gives us the music while we do our exercises. At 1500hrs daily the ranks go out for more exercises and games. It is an excellent thing and all are pleased, but we would like a bit more food and something besides Atta for breakfast - unsweetened - Rice and vegetable stew for lunch, and more Rice and vegetable stew, and bread (4 oz) for the evening meal. However although I am now down to 134 pounds as against 185 when I arrived here two years ago I am feeling fairly well but tire very easily. We play bowls about once a week.

Saturday, Jan. 29. About thirty men left for Bowen Rd hospital today. Thirteen of them are Canadian. A like number will be coming from Bowen Rd this afternoon.

Sunday, Jan. 30. I held Communion service this early morning. Capt Davies preached at 1100hrs, and Padre Strong led the vespers at 7.30, and spoke on "The joy of the Christian life" - Psalm 33.

We hear that our ration of bread is to be halved during this week - 12oz per man per week instead of 24. Keep smiling and notch up the belt is the pass word now, and said with a grin.

Sunday, Feb. 6. Services as usual today. Strong and Davies leading in the early communion services. Barnett preached at 1100hrs - Matt: 20 - and I led at 7.30pm and spoke on Psalm 62: 5 "Leave it all quietly with God, O my soul" - Moffatt - and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the close. Very little news worthwhile apart from pressure being placed on Franco, Spain by Britain and U.S.A., and a story of heavy fighting around Marshall Islands group.

Today was the second birthday of Barbara Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hume. She was born at Stanley Internment Camp. Her mother and she are now enroute to Australia - we hope. S.M. Hume (Tiny) asked us to share her second birthday party, so he and Chief Eng. George Shottan came. They brought tomatoes, spuds and beans, with their ration of rice and greens. I made a fire in our hut - stove made out of an oil tin - and poured everything into a pan, and heated well. It tasted very good even though we had no meat. Our tea was without milk or sugar. Our bread ration has been cut from 24 to 12oz per week, and now we get a piece of fruit (???) cake twice a week. The taste is different anyway and perhaps a change is good.

We are hoping and longing for mail and Red Cross supplies. If the latter do not soon arrive we may have to pull in another notch of our belt, but why worry. It doesn't help. We do know that our loved ones are not prisoners of war and so we are sure that they have ample food and will be ready to feed us well on our return. May our anticipations be soon changed to realisation. Until then we keep smiling and carry on.

Sunday, Feb. 13. During the past week every unpaid officer and man in camp received yen 28.50 sen - from the Canadian and International Red Cross. The rest of us received yen 8.50. Prices are very high now but it will enable men to get salt, 2.20, Soya Bean sauce, 3.70, Garlic, 1.40 per pound, Onions, 2.70 per pound, and cigarettes - 25sen packet of 10.

Services as usual today. At 1100hrs I continued my series on the Prodigal Story, while Capt Davies spoke at night on Refusal - "He would Not".

Sunday. Feb. 20. During the week all officers' huts were searched. We do not know why. Our books, etc., in this hut were moved, but nothing was taken. During the search we were all on the "square". Mr. Wada - the O.C. - was very gracious in his apologies when we were called to his office, and told us that the search was to take place so soon after tiffin. He is very courteous in many ways.

Today I conducted early Communion service. Strong preached at 1100hrs on "Things

Temporal and Things Eternal", and Barnett speaks tonight on "The good Samaritan". As from Wednesday next - Ash Wednesday - we conduct our evening service at 7pm instead of immediately after muster.

Sunday, Feb. 27. The weather has been glorious of late: clear and cool, with very little rain. Food stuffs are more expensive now, and so our cash hasn't much purchasing power. Services as usual today with Barnett supplying for Padre Strong who has gone to hospital with Malaria. Davies conducted evening worship. During Lent our evening vespers are held at 7pm with a fair attendance. We are following a set topic each week, beginning with Love - Joy - Peace, etc., until Passion week. Some of our men are developing or contracting Malaria, and our hospital is filling up again, but it is not serious yet.

Thursday, March 2. Today I was patching the back of my shirt when an orderly from Camp office came in and said "Mail is in, and there are some for you". I immediately went to our office and received five, one from Mom, three from Stan, and one from Dr. Sclater, our Moderator. Was I pleased? Believe it or not, I wept for joy. Mom's letter, written just before Christmas 1942, was as cheery as I knew her to be. I am proud of our children as she says they are as good as gold, and doing well at school, and good old Stan! His letters, written Oct., Nov., and Dec 8, led me to feel that he often writes to me, and keeps in touch with the family in Vancouver. His reference to Moncton, and Vancouver was very heartening. Deeply regret that letters - or rather cards - can be sent only to family, but he and Florence will understand. The message from the moderator was a real stimulant, and as one officer said, "a letter one likes to keep". Barnett heard from his English family, Davies from his Aunt, and Strong had his first three letters from his wife. He is very happy today. Quite a few letters came in, with others to follow.

Sunday, March 5, 44. Charmed today to receive another letter from Mom, dated Oct. 27, 42. The news about her health, Stan's kindnesses, and the childrens' successes at school, filled me with pride and gratitude. I could imagine Grayson and his sports, Florence with her speaking tests, etc. This evening I led the vesper service and spoke on "Spiritual Reserves" Matt: 25: 4. Barnett preached at 1100hrs and he, with Davies led the morning communion service, while I had a Sacramental Supper at the close of the evening service.

Sunday, March 12. More letters of 1942 came into camp during the week. We were all pleased that Lt Harry White, who had not heard to date from his family in Calgary, received three letters from his wife and three from his brother in the R.A.F. He was delighted with news that all were well. Today at 1100hrs I conducted worship and spoke on "Elder Brother". Davies this evening's vespers, and Barnett early Communion. Padre Strong comes out of hospital tomorrow.

Three air raid calls sounded on Friday night. Bombs were dropped in three relays, but none near our camp. We were in bed when the last siren of the night sounded, and were

asleep long before the all clear sounded. No paper comes in today or tomorrow so we will be without any kind of local news, or information, about the raid. Yesterday morning we were all called to our parade square for full Red Cross kit inspection. I just had a hat and a pair of worn out canvas shoes.

Sunday, March 19. A letter from Stan dated Sept. 6, 42, reached me today. I learned from it when Sally received my first letter, written on June 1st, 1942, at North Point Camp. I can imagine the thrill they all received on receipt of it, but no more than was mine to see her handwriting for the first time in many months - 16 months after the war began.

We are on seconds in food today, and so had comfortable tummies. Breakfast, Atta, sweetened, and tea. Tiffin, rice and greens stew. Supper, rice and meat and vegetable stew, and tea. I was weighed during the week, and am now just 128 pounds. I came back to my hut, singing "Fading away like the stars of the morning".

Whenever Barnett and I have a sponge bath here in our hut, we laugh at our figure. I persuade myself that I must be the other fellow. I can truly say that I am like the old grey mare - "Not what I used to be", but our spirits are up, appetites keen, and hopes high. I conducted a Communion service this morning at 8.30. Strong preached at 1100hrs, and Barnett at 1930 hrs.

Sunday, March 27. We have been talking of feeds we are to have when we get home. I have been reading "How green was my valley", by Richard Llewelyn, and here is a recipe of a broth made in the home of a South Wales miner. It is called:

"Brandy Broth"

Take one shoulder (small) of lamb, one small piece of ham, and one chicken. Stuff chicken with sage, thyme, and onions, and lay all together in a pot, and cover with water. Cook in oven until tender (but not broken). Make a past of soft roes of fish, with yoke of eggs, cream, and butter. Whip together tight. Add to meat broth. Next add diced carrot and turnips, and some cracked marrow bones, and a mixing of boiled potatoes and milk. After half an hour, pour in a noggin of brandy, and a pint of ale. Another two noggins of brandy at intervals of fifteen minutes. With second of these add chopped white onions, and chopped green of leeks, or a little parsley. Serve hot with toast.

How we would enjoy this now, but look forward to having it at home with Mom and Florence as chief cooks, and Grayson, Stan, and myself as best eaters.

Sunday, April 2. Psalm Sunday. Services as usual. Strong and Davies conduct morning Communion, while Barnett conducts 1100hrs service, and I lead the 7.30pm service, and a Sacramental service at its close.

April 7, Good Friday. I conducted the service at 1100hrs, and Strong led a service of sacred song and music, at 7.30pm.

Had a letter from Florence at Bamfield, dated 6-8-42, which thrilled me with pleasure. I thought of the Summer of '41, when she did the making of meals, because of Mom's indisposition, and how pleased she would be when I could get home for them, and they were good meals too, sweetheart. I look forward to even better ones from you on my return, and am sure that you will be as pleased as ever. I had a good laugh over Grayson working in a garage. He is proving to be the right kind of boy, and one who will go far. His mother must be proud of him. It must have been lovely for Mom to have Cis with her for a month. It meant much to both. Received Mom's letter, written on receipt of my first, sent from Camp H, North Pt Camp, and was delighted with enclosed snaps. What a bonny girl Florence is.

Easter Day - April 9. Barnett and Davies conducted early Communion. Strong preached at 1100hrs on "Facts of the Resurrection". Barnett conducted 7.30pm service, and I led in Sacramental service at close of vespers. A good day; impressive services and many worshippers. These were the last services to be held in this chapel as in the reconstruction of the camp, we are being given a hut in C lines, and so tomorrow, we clean and make ready C 1, for services in the future. We are all sorry to leave our present chapel as it was well conditioned and met all requirements.

April 12, Wednesday. Was delighted today to receive letters from Florence and Cis. These are the first letters from them, and were written 29-8-42. News of our Newfoundland relatives was interesting. I was glad that Cis found Mom so well and the children so happy, and that Florence gave such a glowing report of Bob and their lovely boy. No wonder they are so happy, and I know that that boy is an added attraction at Moncton for Stan as I am sure they get along well. I hope to see him too some day, and won't we have fun?

Sunday, April 16. I was especially pleased to get letter from my wife today, date Sept. 1, 42, telling me of receipt of my letter. I know her love, and can imagine her joy. Her letter of Aug. 10, 42, came today as well, with news of Grayson at work and on holiday, and Florence at Bamfield.

Services as usual today. Barnett and I with early Communion. Davies at 1100hrs preached from Job "If a man die shall". Strong at 7.30pm spoke on "The hands of Jesus" Deut. 26:8.

Our hospitals and camp have been rearranged lately. We have now about 110 in Canadian hospital. There are many suffering from Beri-beri, about 400 in whole camp of 1100. Hope few are serious. Our food has increased and improved during the past fortnight, which may have a salutary effect on us all. My stomach gave me trouble last week but is now O.K. again.

April 21, Friday. Received an order to move our quarters today, and now about 40 of us are domiciled in a long hut. We have very little room, but meals come up on time as usual, and we can still rest and read. Windows are of galvanized iron, but now can be kept open by day and night. Sgt Paul of the Dental Corps, died today, and will be buried tomorrow. I will conduct the church service and Barnett will go out for interment.

Letters during the week from Mom and Cis, written Aug. 23, 43. The first for 1943, and only 8 months old. How happy am I to know that good old Stan is on the coast, and how delighted the family will be to see him occasionally. I can imagine how their tongues wagged when they met. I went to church on Thursday evening on receipt of the news, with a special prayer of gratitude in my heart.

April 23. St. George's Day. The third year in this service has ended. I do hope that the next year finds us home. Regular services today with Barnett preaching at 1100hrs, and Davies at 7.45pm.

April 30, Sunday. A draft of about 200 men left yesterday for parts unknown to us. Amongst them were 148 Canadians. Today our regular services were held. Strong and Davies with early Communion. I preached at 1100hrs on "More than Conquerors" Romans 8:37, and Barnett at 7.45pm on St. Philip, "Lord show us the Father, and it sufficeth us".

May 1, 1944, Monday. Orders to move were given our hut this morning and now we are settled in B1. It is quite a squeeze to get 41 officers in this hut, but we are finding room for eats and sleep, so why worry. Meals are very slim now and we find it difficult to do P.T. and other duties daily. Much rain has fallen during the past few days, and more is to be expected daily since this is the rainy season here. How beautiful Canada is looking today. Flowers, shrubs, etc. are in bloom and the whole country is coming into seed time. Rumour has it that more men and officers will soon come into this camp, and that soon we shall have three camps, including the Guard, within one perimeter.

Sunday, May 7. On Friday one of the Japanese soldiers was accidentally crushed by a truck, and died a few hours later. We all felt sorry - regrets were expressed by many - over such a death in this quiet spot. Some officers returned from Argyle St. Camp during the week. Others, we think, are to follow later. They are separated from us and although most of them are Canadians, we have not been allowed to contact them.

This morning Barnett and Davies held Communion services, while Strong preached at 1100hrs - Isaiah 33: verse 17, 20. At 7.30pm I conducted a "Mother's Day service" - Proverbs #1:28 - "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also and he praiseth her". A very large congregation attended.

Thursday, May 11. The new officers' camp, adjoining ours, is now fully occupied by

the former personnel of Argyle camp. All our Canadian officers have returned but we are not being allowed to contact them.

Sunday, May 14. Barnett and I held Communion services today, while Davies led in the 1100hrs service, and Strong at 7.45pm. Davies preached on the story of "Ruth and Naomi", and Strong on "A bruised reed shall He not break" - Isaiah 42:3.

My thoughts were at home today "Mothers' Day" and I knew that many were thinking of me. How we all long for home and good food again. This evening we had rice and a special curry which gave us a really satisfied feeling for a little while. Our portions are very small, but we are satisfied if, with even these reduced rations, we can see this thing through. I have been able to sell something this week - the first ever - and spent the yen in Soy a bean milk powder, 2 lbs onions, 3 lbs potatoes, and some soap. This will help out for a few weeks with careful economy.

Sunday, May 21. Letter from Mom dated July, 43. Delighted to hear of Berkley's visit to old home. Know how much A.J. and Lottie enjoyed his visit. Hope he was able to visit his brothers and sister as well. Services as usual today. Strong and I had Communion services. Barnett at 1100hrs, and Davies at 7.30.

Have been able through sale of coat, to purchase some extra food, as well as help out a couple of fellows in hospital. Our meat, vegetables, and cocoa, are cut now, so our diet is very, very unsubstantial, but something will turn up later, we feel certain. One door may close but another opens.

Sunday, May 28. Today Barnett and I shared in my birthday party. We had decided on Barnett's birthday - March 29 - to hold over our last tin of bully beef - really mutton - until today. Yesterday we prepared our meal. It consisted of beans, yen 7.10, bully, yen 25.50, onions, 3.5, potatoes, 3.60 (2 lbs), pickles (1bot.), 16.50, tomatoes, 3.00. Total yen 61.20 or with exchange \$153.00. Today it came from the bake shop, piping hot, and we devoured half of it. Will have the rest at supper time. A bouquet of wild flowers adorned our table. The officers shouted, or quietly expressed their best wishes. Capt. Dennison, and Capt. Banfill, whose birthday is also today were seen, and Lt Blackwood informed me that today is his wife's birthday, and thus best wishes were exchanged with a wish which was really a prayer that next year would find us at home.

This morning (Whitsunday) Davies and Barnett held Communion services. At 1100hrs I spoke on "The need of a new Pentacost" - Luke 24:49, and Acts 1:8. Tonight Strong leads at 7.30.

Today I have read my twenty letters received, and know that loved ones are thinking of me as much as I think of them. Especially near and dear is Sally to me today. Perhaps

William Blake's words express for me quite aptly my thoughts of her today.

"So when she speaks, the Voice of Heaven I hear;
So, when we walk, nothing impure comes near;
Each field seems Eden and each calm retreat;
Each village seems the haunt of holy feet."

There are still about 80 men in our Canadian hospital. Campbell Rutherford is quite ill, and yesterday his group in the lines were given 1 dozen eggs to sell - by lot. The boys, who haven't had an egg for many months, knowing of his condition and need, sent the eggs, after purchase, to him. It was such a fine gesture that it touched many of us deeply, and Campbell in particular. It was a real tonic to him, and the boys feel better because of it. Such is the spirit amongst our men. Even though all are hungry, we recognise the larger need and fellowship.

Monday, May 29. Had Pte Fleming to see me with a letter from Young United Church, Winnipeg - Rev. Donnelly. It always cheers to know that the home church does not forget us. Since his visit at 9.30, C.C.M.S. Cairns of H.K.V.D.C. came to see me, with an old Whitsuntide hymn which came back to his memory during my sermon of yesterday morning. He said that forty years have passed since he learnt it, as a boy at home, but the real meaning was made vivid by me during my sermon - "We've a story to tell to the Nations". Last evening I sat at the rear of our church, and watched the men, as they assembled. What a motley group we were. Men with patched shirts and pants, clogs on feet. Others with a sleeveless singlet, and patched shorts, and canvas shoes. Other with a whole shirt - really - and fair shorts, and good shoes, and the odd one removing clogs, as soon as seated, in order to rest his feet. Some came with canes, a couple being led by a friend, or comrade, because of blindness. Some with an arm or leg missing, others with wounds, and all showing loss of weight and lacking vitality and energy, but our faith is not impaired - Faith in the things that abide.

Sunday, June 4. During the past week we were photographed, at P.T. and at work. Maybe we shall see pictures of our camp in the Japan Times, a little later. More mail came into camp during the week. I was not fortunate enough to receive any. I am longing to receive Grayson's letter and snaps mentioned by Mom in her August 43 letter. Services as usual today, Davies and I at Communion service. Strong at 1100hrs, and Barnett at 7.45. Blackout since Friday night, which meant shortened service. Have sold my coat, and am now hoping to sell pen, letter case, and shaving kit. Anything to provide extra food by which I can get through this ordeal. Rice, green horror, and bully - very little - and vegetable stew, does not indicate long life. Cash means beans, salt, Soya bean, milk powder, etc. Very few of us have reserve energy now, and very little sets us back for a few days, but no one despairs as we hope to be free this year.

George Sokalski died during the week. His family live at 890 Pritchard Ave, Winnipeg. I wrote all his cards and read his letters as we were good friends. He was a fine type of fellow and we regret his passing.

Sunday, June 11. Just change of routine this week in camp, and of course the big event for which we have been looking and longing - the big Western front offensive which began on June 6 - Dunkirk Day - and which we believe will shorten the global war. The Hong Kong News did not give us many details, but enough to excite and interest us exceedingly. How our tongues wagged, and what a boost to our spirits. We think of the sacrifices which must be made in this great adventure, but we know that our men are - and were - ready to face it with courage. Services as usual today, Barnett and Strong for Communion. Davies at 1100hrs, and myself at 7.45pm, and Communion after if blackout off. Subject of message "Finding Christ in life's common ways".

Sunday, June 18. Davies and I led Communion services today, while Barnett led the 1100hrs service, and Strong the evening vespers. I was weighed during the week and find that I have gained another three pounds and am now the great weight of 135 lbs. What a weight!

Thursday, June 22. Had inoculation against Cholera on Monday, and have been ill for past two days with fever and headache, but am on deck again this evening, and feel like my old self. Yesterday was a miserable day, with terrific headache and loss of appetite. How I long for fruit today, or some of the nice things out of the home pantry.

Sunday, July 2. Yesterday was Dominion Day and we celebrated it by having a baseball match, in the afternoon, between our Guards, and Canadians. Our team won - score 10-1. At night Huck O'Neill and party put on a concert for the men, and each man had a treat supplied by the Officers. It was sweetened tea, after the show. We had hoped to procure a package of May Blossom cigarettes for each man but there are now no cigarettes in camp - we say the horse barn is empty. Meals are very meagre now and prices are very high, and very little can be purchased. This morning we had rice porridge and tea; for lunch, rice, tea, and curried vegetable stew. Tonight we have rice, tea, and beans flavored with Bully Beef.

Services as usual today. Davies and myself with Communion. Strong at 1100hrs, and Barnett at 7.45pm. The news is very vague these days, but apparently Churchill is hopeful of ending the war this year. Let's hope so as the world must be sick of it by this time.

Monday, July 3. Grayson's birthday. Just off quinine, and report tomorrow for blood test. Hope the bug is dead. I am having a duck's egg for lunch today. Bought it yesterday for Y3.50. I know Grayson will fare better. I hope he is given something as from me. Wonder if he and Florence are working during holiday. Will send hi a card this week.

Monday, July 10. Rumours current today about twenty thousand Germans surrendering at Cherbourg. Roosevelt's new ultimatum to Japan, and bombing of Japanese meteorological station at Sprattley Group - near Indochina. Yesterday spent as usual. Barnett and Strong had early communion. Davies at 1100hrs on Philemon, and myself at 7.45pm, on "Life's Troas' experience" - Acts 16:8. This morning I was thanked for the service, by Mr. Jones on behalf of others. Sacramental service at close of evening service with twenty-one present.

Monday, July 17. Nothing unusual happened during the past week. Our Sunday services were conducted as usual with Strong, and myself holding early Communion services. Barnett preaching at 1100hrs on "Ye are the salt of the earth", and Strong at 7.45pm on "Inasmuch a ye did it".

Today a lot of excitement has been caused by reported escapes from the officers' camp adjoining ours, and we have spent much time on the parade square, for recount. It was very tiresome in the heat.

Tuesday, July 18. On the square again today for recount and a later call for inspection by a party representing the General of this area. We - the officers - were at extreme end of parade while the party came and inspected from the other end, while we did some P.T. exercises. I later learned that sixteen were in the party.

Food is horrible these days. Rice and tea in the morning, rice and vegetables - mostly potato tops and a bit of vegetable marrow - for lunch, and something similar for supper. The fish ration is very small, and generally little sprats stewed, but sometimes fried in peanut oil. The issue is very meagre. A bread issue is ours on Tuesday and Saturday - about 6oz each time. It is surprising how we carry on and keep fairly well, under such conditions. Some play volley ball, others bowls, and some work gardens, while others just read and do ordinary camp fatigues.

Had a letter from Mom today under date of April 28, 43. Note Florence's cooking and Grayson's work around lawn. Glad they are keeping well and that Grayson has a keen sense of humour. Note especially Stan's interest and attention. Good old Stan!

Prices in canteen are advancing - Soap ^3.60, small tin tomatoes Y.3.80, Soya milk powder Y11.75, cigarettes Sen 50, matches Y1.10, sugar Y10. All the orders must be small because of shortages.

Sunday, July 23. On Thursday, 20th, there was a partial eclipse of the Sun for approximately three hours - 1355-1655hrs.

We were weighed again during the week. I now weigh 130 lbs.

Services today as usual. Strong and Barnett, for Communion services, myself preaching at 1100hrs on "Faith in time of war", and Davies at 7.30pm. Holy Communion at close.

Basketball is in vogue now and teams are keen, even on the present diet. Letters in camp today for some officers and men.

July 26. Sgt Major Rose of H.K.V.D.C., whose wife died at Stanley recently, has been notified that his two children, Dawn and Gerald are to be repatriated to Canada, if homes can be provided for them. Naturally, when Barnett and I heard of it, we each offered our homes to them, and today I have written the following card to their guardian at Stanley.

Miss Gladys MacNider,
Block 3, Room 17,
Military Internment Camp Stanley.

This card assures hearty welcome to Dawn and Gerald, from my family at 3677 West 19th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C., Canada. This leaves me well and in good spirits. Know you will be happy together. Best wishes for you and fondest love to my family. Sincerely,
U. Laite.

Sunday, July 30. During the week the officers moved into other huts. There are now 27 in ours. This gives us each a bit more room. Two or three are still in hospital and fourteen are in the adjoining hut. Today services were conducted by Davies and myself at Communion. Strong conducted the 1100hrs service, and because Barnett was ill, I took the evening service for him and spoke on Deut: 33:27, followed by Sacramental service. We no longer get the Hong Kong News, so are deprived of any news. Of course rumours galore will be heard within a few days. We are all hoping however that this year finds us free, and perhaps on our way home, but we try to possess our souls in patience, and keep fairly well in spite of very poor food.

Wednesday, Aug. 2, 1944. Yesterday afternoon I had a very interesting half hour with Mr. Thomas of Vancouver. He had been in Hong Kong as a consulting engineer, and worked with one of the power companies, when war was declared. His wife is at West Vancouver, and he hopes to return to her as soon as the show is over.

Thursday, Aug. 3. Last midnight we were all roused from our slumbers by Ack Ack fire, because our bomber was over dropping bombs near our camp - some say on or near Cosmo docks. The plane was very low, and by the vibrations glass was broken in a nearby hut. Planes were over again at 4am, but it was too cloudy and dark for bombing. All of us heard the midnight visitor, and the siren sounding, but most of us were asleep before the all clear sounded. Are we getting callous or is it just steady nerves?

Sunday, Aug. 6. Great excitement today as the Hong Kong News came to camp, and during the past seventeen days, while we were without it, many things happened. New governments in Thailand, and Japan. Turkey has broken off diplomatic relationship with the Axis. An important meeting of Reich leaders in Berlin, and story of attempt on Hitler's life. Advances by Allied forces on every front indicate that the end of hostilities may be near.

Services as usual today with Davies and Barnett as preachers at 1100hrs and 6.30, respectively. Had long chat with Mr. Thomas of Irvin Drive, West Vancouver. He is ill with Pellagra, and jaundice, and will go to Bowen Rd Hospital next week.

Aug. 10. Chas' birthday. Hope he and family are O.K.

Sunday, Aug. 13. The same old routine during another week. Raids on three nights of the week, keeping some awake. We all feel that the raiders must be after shipping around this coast. Land mines have been dropped about twenty miles from here, according to the Hong Kong News. We also learn from it about the hanging in Germany of seven high ranking army officers. Apparently something is going wrong in that country. Now men are talking of the end of hostilities, and some are even hopeful of being home for Christmas.

Services today: Communion services led by Davies and myself. Barnett at 1100hrs and Strong at 6.30.

Tuesday, Aug. 15. Our wedding anniversary. Twenty years ago we were married. My breakfast that morning at Nin's was a good one. This morning I ate rice porridge and tea. For lunch we are to have pumpkin stew, rice, and tea, and for supper, rice, fish sauce, and tea. My thoughts today are at home. My prayer this morning was one of thankfulness for Sally's love, kindness, patience, courage, and faith, and that the children would follow her way of life. What a devoted mother? I still think of her as the finest and most loveable of wives. I've been humming "Let's grow old together - we shall weather life together, you and I". Flowers for her today from Stan as from me, no doubt will be sent to 19th Avenue. Good old Stan. What a brother. Surely he is the Thousandth Man.

August 18. I have been interested today in one of our men, who recently came out of Dysentery ward. He had a bad case of worms, and to date has the worm record - seventy four worms with an average length of more than 8 inches. He did weigh two hundred pounds, but now his weight is about 140. His height is still 6 ft 1 in. It is a wonder he didn't shrink in length as well. He is doing well now as the treatment received dealt effectively with his enemies. Some of the diet now is fit only for worms. Potato tops, roots of shrubs, improperly cured fish, etc.

Sunday, August 20. This is the 90th day since Jan. 1, with rain, but it does help cool the air, and keep down flies, mosquitoes, etc. Barnett held Communion service after morning

muster. I led the 1100hrs service, and spoke on "Road Builders" Isaiah 30:21. Davies led the 1830hrs service and spoke on "There were other little ships" - Intercessory prayer was the theme.

Tuesday, Aug. 22. Great excitement today. We learn that large Red Cross supplies of food, and medicine, from Canada, are coming into camp today. We look forward to receiving them, and feel that our M.O.'s difficulties will be greatly lessened by the arrival and use of their quota. We learn that the parcels contain jam or marmalade, sardines, salmon, cheese, chocolate, sugar, butter, soap, prunes, raisins, tea or coffee, biscuits, Klim, meat, salt, pepper. How we will enjoy first of all our slab of chocolate.

Sunday, Aug. 27. During the past week our men have each received yen25 as well as a parcel - Red Cross - from Canada. The weight is 135oz and great pleasure was ours on opening it and finding most items unharmed after these three years. Only the cheese, in many parcels, was unfit for use. We have had an exceptional surprise as well - two stews of pheasant, and yesterday, roast partridge, and quail or turkey and geese. How our tummies rejoiced, and our spirits bounded. Services today as usual. Early Communion. Strong at 1100hrs, and Barnett at 7.15pm.

Monday, Aug. 28. Had an invitation to Middlesex hut this morning for a piece of cake and a cup of milk - made from some of contents of parcel - with one or two extras. Here is recipe - 2 oz butter, 1/4 lb rice flour, 1/4 lb Klim, 1/4 lb Soya bean milk powder, 2 eggs, 2 oz chocolate, a dessert spoonful sugar, 1/2 lb mixed fruit, salt, yeast. Mix ingredients in the normal manner. Line cake tin with greased paper, and cook in oven - moderate - for 2 1/2 hours. After using this recipe at home write L/Cpl H. Harding, 2 Upper Baker Street, Liverpool, England. He showed a sense of humour when asked for the recipe, by writing the following - 2 tins Dubbin, 1 boot lace, 2 old socks, 1/2 pt red ink, 7 tins Tiger balm. Mix and cook for 19 months.

One of the H.K.V.D.C. men died on Saturday morning, after attempting suicide. It has been a terrific strain for most men, on such food for three years. Some have Pellagra tummies, etc., while the brain can also be affected. Our batman is debugging my bed today. Hope to sleep in comfort tonight.

Thursday, Aug. 31. A.J.'s birthday. Wonder where he and family are, and if Lottie is still living. What a day! What a day today! Two other Red Cross parcels have been given us, making three within a week. It is amusing to watch the members of any hut, or group. One fellow likes crackers and cheese, another eats chocolate, while another wants a cup of milk. Six of us share one tin of Bully, once or maybe twice - a week. Mail came in yesterday and I had a letter from Mom dated Nov. 10/43. The twenty five words meant everything to me. I am glad too that they are using my typewriter, while I am away. The news is so good now that all are hopeful of an early end of hostilities.

Sunday, Sept. 3. We are all enjoying the contents of the Red Cross parcels. Many are making little puddings, or loaves, of salmon, meats, etc. I am planning a pudding of biscuit, chocolate, milk, butter, raisins, and salt. Services as usual today. Strong and Barnett with early Communion services. Davies at 1100hrs and myself at 7.15pm. I spoke on "The Owner's Mark".

Wednesday, Sept. 6. Had my pudding last evening. Yum! Wasn't it good. I enjoyed every morsel of it. My next attempt will be a salmon loaf.

We now learn that Finland has severed relationship with Germany, and accepted the Soviet's terms of peace; that our forces are nearing the German border, and that in the whole global war, our forces are doing well. Our camp band under the direction of Freddie Irving is having a rehearsal in the next (room) so I will rest, read, and listen for awhile. I was delighted with Mom's letter of Nov. 10/43. Now the children are at school again. I know they will do well. I can imagine how they have both grown and developed.

With our Red Cross parcels came a few religious books, as well as about 150 others. For the religious literature some of us are very grateful, as we have had nothing of its kind since our imprisonments. The padres are enjoying the change as it helps us to keep in touch with present day thinking. Many of the other books are scientific, biography, etc., and will be of great benefit to the camp in general. Some mail comes to camp on three or more days each week now.

Thursday, Sept. 7. Delight last evening to receive letter from Stan written Sept. 13/42. I was struck by one sentence in his letter. "I am thankful that we have been able to keep Sally cheerful, and hopeful, whilst she has been waiting for news". I can imagine how much Mom went through during those early months until she felt convinced in her own mind and heart that I was safe. Her faith was tested, but did not waver, of that I am certain, and good old Stan stood by, and with his letters, messages, etc., helped more than he can ever know. The children too, by their sunny personalities, and hopefulness, were an added blessing. Friends of the family made their contribution as well. I was anxious about her for weeks but sometime in February or early March I felt a deep inner peace, and from that day ceased to be over anxious, as I felt that Mom was satisfied in her heart that I was safe. I remember telling Colonel Sutcliffe about my feeling, and peace of mind in this particular. Surely Prayer was heard and answered.

Another letter dated Jan. 7/43, reached me last evening. It was from George Jeffers, Farmville, Virginia, U.S.A. It was a delight to receive it, and to know that he has been in touch with Sally, after so many years. How the years rolled back, and memories that bless came crowding in.

Friday, Sept. 8. Another surprise this afternoon. The kitchen announced Liver for

supper. What a treat! For two years we have been starved, and now with our Red Cross parcels, and extra foods, we sometimes wonder if we are in the same camp. Maybe the show will soon be over.

Sunday, Sept. 10. Just wrote Grayson. This, I hope, will be final card from this camp, as news seems so good now, that optimism is running riot, and we are imagining ourselves out of camp and free within a few weeks. To Grayson I wrote,

"Dear Son; Delighted with letters from Stan and Jeffers. Know you and sister busy at school. Give every attention to studies, and proper care to the loveliest of mothers. Don't let her worry. Keep smiling. Am quite well and hopeful. Regards friends. Love for you all. As ever. Dad".

Davies and myself at Communion services today. Barnett at 1100hrs, and Strong at 1915hrs.

Friday, Sept. 15. Ralph's birthday. What a happy home it was when he came. How his Dad and Mother rejoiced, and what a bonny boy! Now they are "just away" and he is married - maybe with a son - and living in the old home. Best wishes, Old Boy.

S. M. Hume of the H.K.V.D.C. Just came in for a few minutes. He had with him a measuring tape, and so some of us had measurements made and compared with pre-prison days. Here are mine - pre-prison - chest 42, waist 37 inches. Today, chest 36, waist 31. I look forward to borrowing Grayson's clothes on my return home, for my first visit downtown. Or will I buy, and have him borrow mine? Wait and see.

Delighted with letters last evening from Mom and Stan. Mom's dated July 25/42, and Jan. 16/43. Stan's was Jan. 3/43. What a man Stan is. How shall I ever repay him for all his goodness to my family. Am sure that Sally is very happy to have him at Bamfield again. Good old Bugs! I look forward to a deeper friendship, or if comradeship is a stronger word I will use it.

Since our Red Cross parcels arrived I have enjoyed every meal by adding a little something from the parcel of good things. Barnett is surprised that I have chocolate left as he knows what a sweet tooth I have. I have put on weight and am now 143; as against 129 a month ago, and I feel so much better, too. When at my former low there were days when I felt like falling over, but just kept going. Now I feel so much better that I wonder if I ever felt weak, hungry, or ill. All of us have added pounds to our weight lately. We are also on a treatment of capsules or needles of vitamin B, etc., so we will not look so emaciated when the gong sounds.

Sunday, Sept. 17. Communion services by Strong and Barnett. I spoke at 1100hrs on "Standing in the Gap" Ezekiel 22:30. Davies at 7.45pm - topic - "St Matthew".

Wednesday, Sept. 20. 1000 days a prisoner.

Sunday, Sept. 24. Today I conducted Communion. Strong preached at 1100hrs, and Barnett at 7.15pm.

Sunday, Oct. 1, 1944. Barnett and Strong leading Communion services, with Davies at 1100hrs, and myself at 7.15pm. I spoke from 2 Timothy 2:12 - "My Deposit".

Meals are very poor these days. For breakfast we had unsweetened bran porridge and tea; for lunch, salt fish Chow Fan - a mixture of very salt sprat and rice, fried together; for supper, bean stew - or soup, a bit sour - rice, and tea. Planes have been overhead for the past week. We wonder if they are looking for shipping.

About thirty men - British and Canadians - came from Bowen Rd Hospital during the week. We sent two Canadians, and about fifteen British, to Bowen Rd for special treatment. Lts Languedoc, and Queen-Hughes went to hospital suffering from fever. Others of us have had fever lately, but escaped hospital. Within a period of 36 hours I swallowed, 4 Dovers powders, 3 10 grain aspirin, and 6 4 grain aspirin. This treatment allayed the fever. Once one has had Malaria it may return on short notice. Letters received today by some officers and men. I did not get one. My turn will come soon.

Had a walk today and a very interesting conversation with Sgt Major Rose, of the H.K.V.D.C. We tramped around the road and talked. Our conversation eventually centred around the services conducted by the padres in camp, and I was very grateful to hear him say that the services have meant a great deal to many men, and that although there have been many setbacks and times of testing for us all, the interest in and for the church services was maintained. Faith in many has been deepened, and they will go out of camp stronger Christians than heretofore.

Monday, Oct. 2. Dull with threatening of rain. Good day for reading indoors. The nights are cooler and better for rest, but the bug season is on, so most beds harbor them. If the Sun shines we take my bed out of doors today. Yesterday while Barnett and I were having lunch we saw six of the pests crawling over our burlap chair and finally killed them. How the folk at home would shudder if such things happened in our home dining room.

Oct. 8, Sunday. Services today - Davies and myself Communion, Barnett at 1100hrs - "Dives and Lazarus", and Strong at 3.45pm. Note the change of hour. No lights for later service. Week evening services as from tomorrow will be at 6.15pm.

Breakfast today was of bran porridge, lunch of fish Chow Fan, and supper - pork and vegetable stew with rice. This was a very tasty meal, but each one could have eaten many extras. A number of the boys who have been in camp hospital for a long time returned to the lines today. Two or three had been there for at least eighteen months. Most of us are still on vitamin tablets for another month at least.

My neck troubles me quite often, and my eyes are much below par. As soon as evening comes I cannot read and even during the day I can only read for short periods, but I am very grateful for being so well in other ways, and feel that as soon as I can have home foods I will soon be as fit as ever. My weight is now 143 lbs, thanks to our Canadian Red Cross parcel, and medical supplies. Tomorrow we are to have an inspection by our Japanese O.C. Camps, and on Tuesday another by some other official from Japanese administration staff.

Oct. 11, Wednesday. With no European news in Hong Kong News for two or three days, Dame Rumour was very busy yesterday. Bets were lodged that Germany is out. The Dame said that German Navy scuttled; no more fighting now between U.S.A. and Japan - all talkie talkie. Internal trouble in Japan: British Atlantic fleet en route to Pacific waters.

No cigarettes in camp, and now men are smoking tea, coffee, etc. The odd package in camp is being taken for prices ranging from Y5 to Y9 for an ordinary 50 sen package. This morning the News arrived and we learn that the war in Germany is still on. We were sorry to read that Wendell Wilkie has died.

Sunday, Oct. 15. This morning Strong and Barnett held Communion services. I led the morning worship at 1100hrs and spoke on Psalm 103:2 "Forget not all His benefits" - Thanksgiving.

This afternoon I visited the Camp Farm and saw pigs, goats, ducks and hens with chicks - some very new baby chicks. It reminded me again of old days, and for an hour I was in fancy taken out of this place of hunger, poverty and illness, into the days when Mom and the children were with me and we were very happy. What a happy home was ours! How I long for the day when with them, Stan, and others, days shall be bright again. Mail came in today - old and new - with some dated early 42 and others early 44, but no mail for me.

The meals are meagre today. For breakfast rice porridge; lunch - green vegetables and rice, and supper - vegetable stew and rice - just greens and rice. Weighed by Japanese doctors yesterday - am now 141 lbs. Nothing unusual happened during past week apart from air plane visits - two - and the harboring of about thirty Jap vessels, including war vessels, merchant, hospital, and oil ships. Formosa given heavy bombing during week - 1100 planes. Wrote card to Mom today. Padre Davies conducts evening worship.

Monday, Oct. 16. At 1540hrs today we had a very heavy air raid. About 28 bombers

accompanied by fighters came over - a total of 50 or 60. Some of the lighter planes passed over our camp so low that markings could be easily discerned, and did they spit fire as they flew? A large concentration of ships must have received quite a strafing. Ten men in camp were hit - eight of them were Canadians - but none seriously. We understand that two officers from the camp adjoining, were taken to Bowen Rd Hospital. Pieces of shrapnel or shell came through roofs of huts. One shell burst on the roof of our hut and pieces came through, wounding Mr. Oneill on the elbow. Our only place of shelter is beneath our beds, and canvas, or open spring beds, would not very effectively stop heavy pieces of shell. We do hope that walls don't collapse.

Monday, Oct. 23. Services yesterday - Communion, Davies and myself; 1100hrs Strong, 7.30pm Barnett. Red Cross clothing issue today. I received a U.S.A. woolen blanket.

Wednesday, Oct. 26. Cigarettes have been very scarce and those who had any, found a ready market, at prices ranging from Y4.50 to Y10.00 or more. Last evening we were delightfully surprised to have an issue of four packages at 65 sen each. Today everybody is enjoying a Royal Leaf smoke. It is our only luxury, and as food is poor and scarce, a fag seems to help stave off the hunger pangs. Today the Japanese are putting on pictures, in the adjoining hut, for about one hundred of their soldiers - guards. We hear the music and singing from this hut.

Friday, Oct. 27. Three years ago today I said good-bye to my dear ones at Vancouver. What a change in my condition. Then I was in the best of health, and free. Today I weight forty pounds less. I am always hungry, and hemmed in by barbed wire - a prisoner of war.

Plain rice, vegetable stew, and rice and fish Chow Fan, made up our meals today. Memories crowded n today. Memories that bless. Memories of my early days at home, college days, marriage and happy family life, of friends, and of that special friend in Stan. We all talked of our last days in Canada, and of our longing to return, and feel that soon we may be free.

Sunday, Oct. 29. My Mother's birthday. In thinking of her today I am certain that John's words were meant for her type of mother - "And they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy".

Services today: Communion by Barnett and Strong. Morning worship by Davies, and evening - 3.45pm - myself. Text Ezekiel 2:1.

The Hong Kong News of today tells of Japanese successes at Leyte Gulf in the Philippines, yet in spite of their successes, they admit that U.S.A. forces have landed large numbers of troops, supplies, etc. If they have control how can we land forces? For meals today we had - Breakfast, rice and tea; lunch, rice and cabbage stew, and for supper, rice and

stewed cabbage - called in China Pok Choy. A very heavy rainstorm came up just at parade time. Everyone was soaked. Many of us came back to our huts, took off wet clothing, put on pyjamas - if we had them - and tumbled into bed at that early our of seven o'clock.

Sunday, Nov. 5. Services today: Communion, Davies and myself. 1100hrs Barnett, and 6.15pm - after muster - Strong.

Rumours are about the camp to the effect that this camp is to be moved to the vicinity of Canton. Others are that Grew, ex-ambassador to Japan, said, in a fireside chat to his nation, that now is the time for Japan to sue for Peace, and that the largest force in the history of U.S.A. is now in Manila Bay. Still another: The premier of Japan, Admiral Kiosha, has stated than an all out effort must be made now as U.S.A. have fifteen planes to Japan's one, etc., etc.

One hundred yen notes in camp for first time on Saturday. Three of our men called to Japanese headquarters about it. One of them was Williamson - our batman. No mail. Meals awful.

Sunday, Nov. 12. Twenty-six years ago we were celebrating the cessation of the World War. We wonder what is really happening in Europe, and the Pacific today. A paper comes to camp, but the news is so garbled that one cannot really accept it as authentic. It is good propaganda.

Services today: Strong and Barnett led Holy Communion services. I led the service - Armistice - at 1100hrs, and spoke on "The language and challenge of the Cross", John 19:20. Davies at 3.45pm.

Visited the chicken farm this afternoon for an hour, as well as saw two litters of little pigs. Learned that two older pigs are to be killed for us at Christmas time. Three hundred pounds of pork won't be much for nine hundred men. Today we had boiled rice for breakfast, rice and pumpkin stew for lunch, and rice, with bean and Taro root stew for supper. We are still very hungry, but look forward to our rice breakfast tomorrow morning, as though it were really something extremely palatable. Oh, for a good old Jigg's meal.

Nov. 16, Thursday. Three years since we arrived at Hong Kong. What changes since then! Then food was plentiful, and everyone keen for any new adventure. Today, as prisoners of war, appetites only are keen here. Food is exceptionally poor, but morale is still fairly high, as we now believe that the last stage of the war has been reached. About forty officers and men returned from Bowen Rd Hospital during the week. Others are expected within a few days. An extra piece of rice bread is given daily to most - or all - employed personnel of the camp. It is not very palatable without butter, jam, etc., but it serves to stay hunger pangs during the night.

New orders are being issued to the effect that all windows - excepting one on either side of hut - are to be closed after midnight. We amused ourselves over this detail by advising the midnight picket officer to be sure and close our window, and, since no one is to sleep with head covered, to be sure and visit our beds, tuck us in, and see that our heads are exposed.

Mail has come to camp today. We hope to get it tomorrow, but expect it to be 1942 mail. However even that will be read with pleasure.

Nov. 19, Sunday. Communion led by Davies and myself. Strong preached at 1100hrs, and Barnett at 3.45pm. Mail yesterday, but many of us received only a card from Canada's Prime Minister. We were hoping for home letters, but must await later distribution. Inoculation yesterday for Dysentery. My neck has been giving trouble of late. I applied Iodine to the exterior and felt some relief. I try as much as possible to avoid aspirin, which is the only other thing available to give any relief.

Sunday, Nov. 26. Barnett and Strong conducted services of Holy Communion. Davies preached at 1100hrs - St. Andrew's Day Sermon. At 3.45pm I led evening vespers, and spoke on "The call of Christ to Peter and us" - Matt. 14:28-29.

For quite a while any fish brought into camp has been such as we did see trodden under foot in the Chinese markets - salted, old, and smelly - rotten. During the week some fresh came in, and it was a treat. It was fried in peanut oil, and although the piece given each man weighed not more than two ounces, it tasted delicious, and we were all delighted at the change, and hope for more. Prices of canteen foods are beyond the limits now.

Sunday, Dec. 3, 1944. Davies and I conducted services of Holy Communion today. Barnett preached at 1100hrs, and Strong at 3.45pm. We are now thinking of Christmas and making plans for our Christmas church services. Looking back over the three years as a prisoner of war I know that that which has kept many of us going on has been that amidst the humdrum life, the monotony has been broken because while in this camp we have lived above it. Paul summed it up when from prison he wrote "Whatsoever things are true, etc., think on these things".

I thank God that even here we can dream dreams. One fellow in speaking of this to me, a day or two ago, told of a chap in a T.B. sanitarium, who was being given sympathy by a friend, and his reply was "Don't be sorry for me. I was, and am, an architect, and in this place I have built the most wonderful cities".

Rising above one's difficulties one finds the Peace of God which passeth knowledge.

Sunday, Dec. 10. Had our monthly weighing during the week. Most of us have lost

weight, undoubtedly owing to poor food. My weight is down three pounds.

Padre Strong, and Barnett conducted Communion services today. I was in charge of 1100hrs service and spoke of "Victory through difficulties", Romans 5:3-5. Davies at 3.45pm this afternoon - subject - "The Bible".

Had our first hot bath in a year today. Wood was made available by the camp commandant, and for which we are grateful. Mail in camp today. Mine was from Mr. Towler of Tofino, dated Oct. 29/42. I was delighted to receive it.

Monday, Dec. 11. Letter from Stan, dated Oct. 18/42. Good old Stan! How our tongues will wag when again we meet.

Friday, Dec. 17. Orders are being taken for Christmas supplies such as eggs, oranges, bananas, cake, etc. The prices make it impossible to order much. Eggs at 6.50 each, oranges 3.00 each, bananas 19.20 catty, and cake about 40.00 lb. I have ordered 4 oranges.

Red Cross clothing was issued a little while ago. The Japanese sentries are keenly interested in buying much of it, for sale outside we presume. However prices range from Y200 for pullover sweaters to Y750 for Red Cross blankets. I hear today that only seven blankets are left in camp. Mine is one of the seven, and I am trying to hold it for a while longer unless I can get a blanket or two to take its place. The nights are miserably unpleasant, with a damp cold, and as our food is poor there is no hot blood in our veins. We all wear every piece of clothes available but still we are cold.

Prices in the camp canteen are very high now. Syrup is Y60.00, Bean powder Y39.00, salt Y15, small tin tomatoes Y9, ketchup - poor - Y8.75, cigarettes sen65 - cigarettes in the lines Y5 per package.

Sunday, Dec. 17. Services as usual today. Davies and I conducted services of Holy Communion, with Strong, and Barnett, leading the 1100hrs, and 3.45pm services, respectively. At the evening service three Englishmen and three Canadian soldiers were accepted for confirmation.

Wednesday, Dec. 20. Florence's birthday. Mr. Percy Holloway of the D.D.C. whose wife, and daughter, as well as he, have birthdays this week, came in for lunch with Barnett and myself. I had two tins of salmon saved from Red Cross parcel for this day, in order that we could share such a meal, and for another reason: I did not want to feel hungry on her birthday. We had rice, vegetable stew of Pok Choy cabbage, and the salmon. We did enjoy it. For dessert we had an air-raid over Hong Kong, and vicinity, and for a while it was a bit lively around here, with Ack Ack fire, and other fires ascending, while bombs were

dropping around Kowloon and Hong Kong areas. It is quiet now and I have been over to the chapel to say a special prayer for Florence, Grayson, and Mom, on this day.

Later I visited the boys in hospital area, and found everyone O.K. but reporting that pieces of shell or bullets penetrated a roof and a door, and one window was broken. I shall prepare a birthday card for Florence, and mail it this afternoon. With it will go a prayer that the words of dedication written for her day of Baptism - March 20, 1927, will be fulfilled in her life. Letter from Stan today, dated Nov. 23/43. Good old Stan, standing by as usual.

Friday, Dec. 22. This morning Col. Walker, Lt Blackwood, and I were chatting about today - three years ago - the day of our surrender at Wan Nai Chong. What a day! With the passing of the years it becomes more vivid to us. Today began with an air raid over Kai Tak area. Presumably they are planning to destroy the airport. The Ack Ack and Pom Poms near our camp were in action, and even the Japanese guards around camp were firing their weapons. It must have been to keep up their courage. They certainly could do nothing more.

The Red Cross representative visited our camp today. Amongst other places in the compound, he visited the canteen, and - I hear - wrote a list of prices. I hope he considered the prices a bit high. The following are listed for sale today;

small tin tomatoes Y9.25,
salt Y21.40,
bean curd Y14.20,
tomato sauce Y9.25,
jam (small) Y16.40,
matches Y2.80,
cig: papers .25,
razor blades Y2.60,
sauce beans Y14.60,
Chinese tobacco Y7.00,
small tin pickles Y12.00,
sugar Y26.45, per pound.

After our assessments for amenities have been paid for on pay day we have about Y50.00 left or about enough for 1 lb sugar and 1 lb salt. Cigarettes are limited to two packages per week at 55sen each, while any fellow with reserves for sale gets Y5.00.

Sunday, Dec. 24. Three air raids today; one immediately after Tiffin, one at 3.45pm, and another at 6pm.

Strong and Barnett held Communion services in the morning. Davies preached at

1100hrs "There was no room for Him in the inn". I had just begun our service at 3.45 when siren sounded and we had to return to our huts. At 6pm I had just sounded the gong for an evening Communion, and men began to go to our chapel, when the siren again sounded. A few had reached the chapel, and after waiting a while I decided to carry on with the service. Our service was ended before the "all clear" sounded. Thus ended our Christmas Eve.

Meals were poor today. For breakfast, boiled rice and tea; tiffin, curried bran liquid, rice, and tea, with a small piece of cake; for supper, vegetable Chow Fan.

Monday, Christmas Day. Strong led early Communion. Davies conducted Choral Communion at 0920hrs. Barnett at 1100hrs. I lead a Christmas Carol service this evening at 6.30pm. We have learned today that one of the American planes was brought down yesterday; the pilot baled out and - we hope - was picked up.

All thoughts are with home folk today. The distance from here to our respective homes may be long, and the waiting wearisome, but distance does not divide our thoughts and affections today. Lt Harry White and I made a tour of hospitals at 1000hrs, and everywhere hopes are high that soon we shall be at home, and that peace after this time of chaos will be permanent. I know that Grayson and Florence will give Mom all cheer possible today. On my ninety minute picket this morning from 0400-0530hrs, I was thinking of them and planning for my first days at home. All being well, what a time of grateful rejoicing.

A concert is in progress in the adjoining hut, and is held for hospital patients (walking) only. The place is packed.

Our 1100hrs service had just begun when the air-raid siren sounded and so our service was canceled. Since lunch we have had another, so apparently the Yanks are busy even on this day. This afternoon spent time looking at snapshots of family, and read letters from Stan, Florence, Cis, children, and the best of wives. I know how their thoughts are with me today. Other officers and men are doing similar things today, I notice. If thoughts of home and prayers for the end, help in ending this war, we should soon be out.

Meals were extra special today. Breakfast consisted of ground rice, ground burnt beans - sweetened - and tea; lunch - rice, potato chips, pork gravy, and coffee; supper - rice, mixed vegetables and pork, one large piece of cake, tea.

At 6.30pm I had just begun our Christmas Carol service when the air raid siren sounded. I did not hear it, fortunately, so just carried on for a while, when Davies went for a light for the piano, and on his return told me about the siren. I did see a large Jap plane come to the airfield, so did not worry. The boys had a good laugh when the all clear sounded, just before closing, and I told them about the first siren, so much earlier. Since then I have been told that many heard the first siren, but just sat, and were glad I did not hear it. They teased

me and said it was a case of listening with a deaf ear, or looking with a blind eye. However we had a good service and all are pleased that even amidst the raid we did carry on.

Wednesday, Dec. 27. Sister's birthday. She has been in my thoughts during the day. Barnett celebrated today his Christmas by having eggs, meat, fried vegetables, rice, and tea, at which Douglas, of Navy; Sgt. Pugsley, and I, had with him, a good lunch, in Pugsley's room.

Thursday, Dec. 28. Parade of all camp personnel on the main road, for inspection by some Lt General - some say new governor. We were on parade for about three hours. Attended concert in the afternoon. McKinnon and team put on a very good show. Many of the men have been sick with Diarrhoea, since Christmas dinner. Since we have been a very long time without much fat, it was too much for our sensitive tummies. Three officers are in hospital - Capt Dennison, Lt Strong, and Lt Ross. Capt Pendregast goes tomorrow. Lt Queen-Hughes came out of hospital today.

At Christmas time I bought 4 oranges Y8.00 each, 6 small bananas for Y15.00, and a bottle of wine for Communion at Y55.00. Barnett gave me Y10.00 towards the wine. I had disposed of my Red Cross blanket for some cash, and two other blankets, so had more cash than the other padres, hence the special wine for Christmas and New Year.



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New Year's Day 1945.

Yesterday our regular services were held. Davies and I led Communion services, Barnett preached at 1100hrs, and Strong at 1545hrs.

Today we fared fairly well with meals. For breakfast we had sweetened bran porridge, and tea; lunch - rice, fish and vegetables - Chinese style - fried in peanut oil, and coffee; supper - mixed vegetables fried in fat, rice, tea, and cake with peanut butter. Most of us will save the cake and butter for tomorrow.

Jan. 2, 1945. To my lovely wife, today, I say "Many happy birthdays and may I be with you and the children for your celebration in 1945. Naturally my thoughts are with you all, these days, and I know that you will carry on as I would like you to. We are in this game together. I will do my best to return home, while you will do your best to keep the home fires burning, never neglecting yourselves in any way, must because you may sometimes think that I may be having some unpleasant experiences. It must be very lovely at Vancouver now, and soon the first signs of life will be seen in your garden. Just today I have been reading "The lure of the countryside" by W.C. Finch, and he quotes:

"With kiss of the Sun for pardon,
And song of the birds for mirth;
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth".

For all the beauty and happiness, Mom dear; which you have brought into my life; I am deeply grateful. When I awoke this morning, an old song was the first of my thoughts: "God send you back to me". I feel sure that on this, your birthday, it was the prayer of your dear heart".

Meals today: Breakfast - rice porridge, tea; Tiffin - potato soup, rice, and tea, with cake left from yesterday; Supper - rice with half tin sardines, i banana, tea. I feel sure that folk at home shared much better meals than these. Attended concert (New Year) this afternoon, put on by Club Canalusa.

Jan. 6. Many rumours about camp during the past day or so, largely due to absence of Hong Kong News in camp for 48 hours. They are as follows:

(1) That Japanese are refuting a statement of Moscow to the effect that Japanese Embassy has left Berlin.

- (2) That American Air Force now based in France instead of Britain.
(3) That General Montgomery now acting Generalissimo in absence of Eisenhower. (4) That shipping diverted from Atlantic to Far East waters.

The News did arrive today, and states more air raids over Taiwan and parts of Japan. Prices of commodities are rising weekly now. Brown sugar is Y46.00; salt Y21.40, beef dripping Y150.00, cigarettes Y6.00 per pkge, white sugar Y99.90 per tael.

Wrote Grayson today but dated card as Jan. 10/45. Oranges purchased by me for Christmas were used - peel and all - with rice, sent to the steamer to cook. With sugar it would have been delightful.

Sunday, Jan. 7. Services today as usual. Communion, Strong and Barnett. I spoke at 1100hrs on "Pathways to God". Davies at 3.45pm Today Barnett and I celebrated our wives' birthdays - Betty's 14th and Mom's 2nd. Tiny Hume, whose wife's birthday is Jan. 1, came in with us. All had saved a tin of Red Cross bully beef, so I cleaned a few potatoes, tomatoes, spoonful of sauced beans, a few beans, and a pinch of salt, and had it steamed at the cook house. Added to our evening meal of fish and vegetable fried Chinese style, and rice, we made a good meal. For a sweet we had rice and a small bit of marmalade steamed. For another birthday celebration we managed to have full tummies. No bombing raids for the past few days, although planes must have been active in the vicinity as we have had several alerts.

Thursday, Jan. 11. During the week I have had several men thank me for my Sunday morning sermon, and one has asked for notes on it so will let him have them this week. Sermonising is difficult now as we have very little material for even worthwhile suggestions, and we do appreciate the commendations received, from time to time. It does repay us when we know that someone has been helped by our messages.

Monday, Jan. 15. Services as usual yesterday. Davies and myself at Communion, Strong at 1100hrs, and Barnett at 3.45pm.

This has been a day of very heavy air raids. The early forenoon one was very heavy. A number of pom-pom and ack-ack stuff fell, in the camp. In the afternoon fewer planes were over, but did much damage to shipping in the harbour. We have no shelter but our huts, and when the show becomes intense we shelter beneath our beds. Bombs will not likely drop in camp except by accident. The sentries use their fire arms, and the ack-ack keeps busy. From them there is the most danger. A couple of small shells exploded in front of our hut. Bullets were picked up by our windows. Pieces came through some roofs, and windows were broken. Our men on work parties were in the places of great danger, and some of them came back tonight with nerves on edge.

Tuesday, Jan. 16. We had a very full day. Ten hours of very intense raiding, presumably by American carrier based planes. We had thirteen planes lost. During the day Staff Sgt Williams of the Liaison office, who went to hospital suffering from Malaria, died. Last week Sgt McCulloch of the Ordnance Corps died. These are the first two deaths for some time. For this we are very grateful. Today's paper says that war has been intensified all around this Eastern theatre - Burma, China, and the Philippines.

Saturday, Jan. 20. Three years ago - yesterday - with many others, I came from Queen Mary Hospital to this camp, and was billeted with Lt Col Sutcliffe, Major Trist, and Capt Golden, in a room at the Jubilee building. Many changes have taken place since then.

Some particulars about the heavy raid on Tuesday are to hand. More than 300 planes - carrier based - were over, that day. The Alert has gone every day since, and on Wednesday, vessels near our camp were machine gunned. I have just been given the address of Mrs. Williams, whose husband died in hospital on Tuesday. I must write to her as soon as this war is over.

Mrs. E. B. Williams
21 Kexby Avenue,
York, England (Deceased - Herbert Joseph Colin)

Jan. 22. Willis' birthday. Here's wishing you the best, old boy. Trust your family keeps well, and that soon we shall meet. Memories of our years together are blessed indeed.

Yesterday our services were: - Barnett and Strong leading Communion services in the morning. Davies at 1100hrs, and myself at 6.15pm. Sacramental service at close. I spoke from John 7, last verse, and first verse of chapter 8.

During the afternoon a number of planes - some say more than 30 - bombed the Hong Kong waterfront, and did much damage. This morning a large number of troops, fully equipped, moved past our camp. Pack horses, mules, etc., were with them. Apparently they are taking up positions in the New Territory section, or maybe moving towards Canton. Rumour has it today that Singapore has fallen, but what are rumours? We place little credence in any of them, although all are told with a wish that they become a statement of fact later. I have greatly enjoyed "The golden milestone" by F. W. Boreham.

Monday, Jan. 29. A great deal of interest has been created by the call for a special work party of one hundred and fifty men, and three officers, to go from this camp to the island of Hong Kong, for a period of approximately twenty days. They left this morning. Rumours are rampant already. The most persistent is to the effect that they will be housed at Bowen Rd hospital, and will work at Happy Valley, at gardening. However some spade work will be done since one hundred and fifty spades have been taken along. Mail came to camp

yesterday, but I did not receive any. Most of the mail was written in 1944.

Services as usual yesterday with Davies and myself at early Communion, and Barnett at 1100hrs "St. Paul's Conversion", and Strong at 6.15pm on "The Church's contribution to world order".

Meals are very poor these days. Ricco in the morning; sloppy soup or vegetable stew at noon, and about the same at night, with an occasional fish Chow Fan in the evening - the difficulty is to find the fish in the Fan.

No worthwhile news comes to camp these days, and while a big fight is on at Luzon - Manila - very little is written of it. Burma, New Guinea, are also involved, but very little news comes through, and above all, we have had very little European war news for many days. Dame Rumour is very busy. Bets are being offered, and hopes are high, that the whole show will be over this year, and maybe early this year.

Jan. 30. Thirty seven extra men were taken out of camp today, to work with those who left yesterday.

Feb. 6. Services on Sunday were as usual. Strong and Barnett at Holy Communion. I spoke at 1100hrs on "How Christ won through", and Davies led at evening vespers.

The weather was very wet and extremely cold. News comes through daily about heavy fighting on the European and Pacific fronts, with the possible collapse of Germany at any time. We are really tired of this prison life, and believe that the whole world is now tired of this senseless warfare, and privation, and misery.

Meals are exceptionally poor these days, with just Ricco for breakfast. Rice and poor vegetable stew for lunch, and either a similar stew or vegetable Chow Fan for supper. We learn today that we are to get no more fish as it is needed for Japan's 23rd Army stationed around Canton, and centres near here.

Mail again today. I have yet to receive my first 1944 mail. I do pray that all are well at home. Mr. Porteous received word today, in a card written in June 44, that his wife died at home in January 44. This news really upset the whole hut, and he has everyone's sympathy. None of us are physically fit to stand a heavy shock, and especially one of this nature would sap one's energy to breaking point. Porteous has been having a rough time with his health lately, but he is facing this ordeal with commendable courage.

Feb. 12. Services yesterday - Davies and myself at early Communion; Strong at 1100hrs, and Barnett at 6.15pm. Nothing unusual happened during the week. Our three

officers - Boots, Smith and McKechnie - came from Dysentery today. More mail during the week, but none for me. News would indicate very active warfare around the Philippine section, as well as on the Russian front. Meals are very very poor and scanty these days. But for the capsules from the Red Cross we would all be faring very badly by this time. Meals this week much the same as last. No fish whatever. It has been very cold during the past week or more, and many small fires were made by us, in our huts. The huts were very smoky but those around the fires were warm. Cans of tea were brewed and drunk by many of us.

Feb. 13. A letter dated Jan. 11/44 reached me today. It was delightful to see Mom's signature, and to get news that all are well at home. While letters may be a year or so old, it is marvellous to receive them. We can imagine the thrill which is experienced at home on receipt of any news from us here.

Feb. 18. Services today - Barnett and Strong at Holy Communion, Davies at 1100hrs, and myself at 6.15pm when I spoke on "The mists of the morning", John 21:4.

Feb. 24. This week has been very interesting. Rumours were around camp that Red Cross parcels were due. Men who had gone to Hong Kong for farming duties, and were billeted at Bowen Rd. returned on Monday with this rumour, and one of the patients returning from Bowen Rd with the working party, brought a list of articles in the American Red Cross parcel, which is: 2 lbs milk powder, 1 tin milk, 1 lb egg powder, 7 kinds meat, 1 lb chocolate, 1 lb cocoa, cheese, jam, syrup, and butter. A comfort parcel consisting of underwear, shaving kit, pipe, tobacco, and cigarettes, was also listed as having been distributed amongst prisoners in Japan.

Imagine our interest, and how keen we became when on Wednesday our Adjutant came and asked for volunteers to work on Red Cross parcels. Nearly all of us volunteered. Yesterday morning the trucks rolled in from the docks and began to unload parcels. We had thought only in terms of American Red Cross. Instead we received about 6000 (6012 exactly) Red Cross parcels as sent two years ago by England. The cartons containing them look old and dilapidated, so we fear that the contents are at least two years old, and much will be spoiled. Some medical supplies and a couple of boxes of cigarettes, and some clothing also came. Altogether about 39 tons. When the camp adjoining ours, Stanley, and Bowen Rd hospital, have their quota, there will be about one small package per person, so today everyone is keenly disappointed. Some think that the real shipment has not yet arrived. We shall wait and see.

About 200 sacks of Canadian personal parcels have also been seen - so we are told - and taken to Japanese Headquarters, who will get them, and when, rests with the M. O. According to the manner in which we have been getting mail, a month may pass before we know anything further about them. Now we are fighting our disappointment, and continuing

our starvation diet of rice, green horror, and more rice, but hope springs eternal, and so we crack jokes about the whole thing and hold on.

Delighted with the letter on the 22nd saying all well at home and Stan visiting for a week - date May 15/44. I mailed a card to Stan, just before receipt of it.

Feb. 28. Letter today from Mom - July 13/44. Note the new address at 3650 West 19th. One from Cis - Sept. 20/44. Glad with such late news, and to know all so well.

Yesterday the personal parcels came from H.Q., and our names were listed. We were then taken to Japanese camp office and given parcels. Most of the officers were fortunate to receive personal parcels, and cigarettes. Ten of us just received cigarettes, and we were so disappointed, after waiting three years for them, that I don't think any of us slept well last night. I felt sad because I thought of Mom and the children, and others, packing mine with a hope of my receipt of it, and how they will be disappointed when they know. However we must be content, and hope that we may later receive them.

I needed my comfort parcel for now socks, underwear, shirts, etc., are very ragged, and cannot stand a mending, and I feel like a scare crow. Many of the men are without parcels, so we share each other's regrets and hopes. Out of my 1600 cigarettes I have given 600 away, many of the others will go during the next months. The smokes are a treat and I am enjoying the Sweet Caps, and British Consols. The 600 came from Mom, and the 1000 from the Overseas League (Canada) Tobacco and Hamper Fund, 255 Bay St., Toronto - sent by George A. Touche and Co, 67 Yonge St., Toronto.

Sunday, March 4. Services today - Strong and Barnett at Communion, myself at 1100hrs. I spoke on "Visions that disturb contentment" (Rich young ruler), Mark 10. Davies preached at 6.15pm.

During the week our British Red Cross parcels came. Each man received one - later there was 1 1/2 given for every two men. Since then we have been feeding a bit better. I made a pudding of rice, chocolate, sugar, and eggs, for Barnett and myself, as well as another of bad cheese, 1 tin tomatoes, rice and salt. Our cigarettes have been exchanged for eggs, and so we have enjoyed our meals for the past day or so.

Air raids are experienced by night and while sleep is disturbed, we feel that all will be well. Because no comfort parcel came to me, I have not been able to renew any clothes, and I am now reduced to very poor clothing. My shirts are ragged and beyond repair. My undershirts are worn thin, my underpants have been made out of an undershirt, and my socks have been darned and darned and darned beyond description. The words of the proverb were certainly true in many cases this week, especially in the experience of men who hoped for, but did not receive, a personal parcel. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick".

Most of my cigarettes have been shared by others particularly amongst men who did not receive any, and who could appreciate and enjoy a good smoke.

Sunday, March 11, 1945. Services today - Davies and I led Holy Communion services, Strong preached at 1100hrs, and Barnett at 6.15pm.

The weather is getting warmer now, and we shall soon be able to discard the battle dress heavies. I have very little clothes now, especially underclothing and socks. Maybe our personal parcels may come to hand soon, and if so, I know that mine will contain necessities.

Food is more palatable because of addition from our Red Cross parcels. Cigarettes (Canadian) are fetching high prices in Yen currency - 25 Black Cat for 5 duck eggs; 20 British Consols for 4 duck eggs (85 and 75 Yen respectively). Small fires are to be seen in all huts. I made a stove, and had a frying pan made, so now we can have a cook up. Today we had a fig pudding for lunch. Tomorrow we shall fry our galantine with onions, with vegetable chow fan, for supper. It is interesting and amusing to see everyone trying to make something a bit tasty for meals. A fried, boiled, or poached egg, mixed with rice or chow fan; a bit of cheese or condensed milk mixed with ground soya or plain beans; a bit of galantine, tomatoes, and a pinch of salt, added to rice or chow fan - always rice and chow fan - a piece of bread toasted, roasted, or fried in butter or peanut oil. Any of these things help us to forget our malnutrition, and the hunger of the past.

My weight today is 138 lbs, so I have still a long way to go to reach 185 or my pre-war weight.

A package of Jap cigarettes and a piece of bread, today netted me a week's or more - supply of wood. Frying pans, tea kettles, etc., are being made out of scrap metal. I had a frying pan made of a piece of steel drum, and an egg boiler out of our cheese tin. The latter will just hold an egg. My toaster is from a piece of grating with a short piece of iron bar attached. We are learning here how expensive modern life really is, and yet how little should make us happy, but I would surely prefer our home and modern cooking to the primitive and crude methods here.

Tuesday, March 13. We were amused today at noon. Four or five Japanese soldiers came to our hut trading eggs, sugar, etc., in exchange for Canadian cigarettes. One fellow in particular had purchased a pipe, and had no tobacco. He procured enough for a smoke in the hut, and he toyed with his pipe and smoking something like boys who are having their first smoke.

Monday, March 19. Services yesterday were conducted by Davies and Strong at Holy Communion, Davies at 1100hrs, and myself at 6.15pm, Sacramental service at close. I spoke

on the Shepherd Psalm, and today have been thanked by some for the exposition. Barnett went to hospital on Saturday, suffering from Diarrhoea, so he will be off duty for the next ten days. Today we learn that Bowen Rd personnel is to move to this camp, and there has been re-grouping and re-crowding because of it. We have had less than thirty in our hut until today. Now we have the extra fourteen and we are like sardines in a tin. This re-crowding may be just temporary - so Boon says - and if so we may be given other rooms for some of us, until then.

Books which were sent to Barnett had been taken to H. Q. and returned yesterday. Some very interesting books are in the lot of 22 and we shall enjoy reading them.

Saturday, March 24. Our camp was mildly excited and keenly interested during the week. The whole personnel of Bowen Rd Hospital moved to this camp - 179 patients and staff members. Most of them are on the road to recovery. Others are still confined to bed. We learn that this is a temporary move as a large school near our camp is being prepared for them, so during next week most of them will likely be taken there. I expect that most of our Canadians will remain with us. It is very pathetic to see many of them helpless from malnutrition when food would put them on their feet. The past three years have surely been testing each and every one of us, and it is remarkable how so many have been able to carry on in spite of the D's (Diphtheria, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Dementia).

Major Squires (C.F.) will take on of the services tomorrow as Barnett is still in hospital.

March 26. Services yesterday - Davies and myself with Holy Communion services, Strong at 1100hrs, and Major Squires - here from Bowen Rd - at 6.15pm, with Sacramental service at close.

During the past week I had trouble with stomach and bowels, but feel better since my stool produced worms - one 12 inches long. Appetite much better now and nerves steadier. Today Red Cross clothing will be issued, consisting of shirts, pants, shorts, underwear, socks, handkerchiefs, and towels. I received 1 pair long pants, 1 khaki shirt, and 1 handkerchief.

Easter Day, April 1, 1945. During the past week my left eye has been very painful, and the M. O. has been treating it with hot applications and strep drops. It is still aching but much better.

Services today were as follows: Holy Communion - Strong and Barnett; 1100hrs Davies; 6.15pm myself - Lord's Supper at close. Splendid congregations. At 8 o'clock this morning Capt. W. Le Boutillier and fifty men - all Canadians with two exceptions - left for Taifo, near the border, for a month's work, presumably on gardens.

This morning had sweetened rice for breakfast. For lunch, 1 egg, onions, bacon (Red Cross parcel) with rice, and tea. Tonight we have beans and vegetables with rice. I have a bit of bacon and a few more onions, so should enjoy it.

Wednesday, April 4. During the past three days we have had air raids over this area. On Monday about 60, yesterday 50, and today less than 50. Some bombs dropped within three blocks of our camp. Our huts trembled, tins tumbled off shelves, and Lt Nugent was wounded yesterday, in leg and back, and went to hospital. Today the five padres had lunch together in the chapel during the latter part of the raid. We waited for a while but felt that we should eat, so cooked meat and vegetables, and coffee, and has salas and cake. It was Jim Barnett's birthday party. In Japanese Yen it cost about 700Yen but this meant about 5 decks of Black Cat cigarettes.

Monday, April 9. Yesterday services as usual. Communion services by Barnett and Strong. I spoke at 1100hrs on "Love's optimism", 1 Cor: 13:7. Squires at 6.15pm - "The Dry Bones".

The staff ready to move out to hospital near Argyle St, went today - 4 Doctors and about 35 R.A.M.C. I saw Dr. Anderson and got his wife's Victoria address. We had a long chat, a few days ago, about Victoria and our families. The balance of Canadian personal Red Cross parcels are being given to next of kin today. Some of our men will fare well.

April 14, Saturday. The whole camp has been upset during the past week. Hospital patients left for new hospital - China British School. Old men and cripples also went there. Officers in adjoining camp were shifted to lines formerly occupied by some of our medical staff, and a possible general move is anticipated for the rest of us. In all this activity, the traders still come to our huts, bartering eggs, sugar, onions, etc., for cigarettes and clothes. Black Cats at 220, British Consols about 180, and Sweet Caporal less. Onions sell at 20 Yen per lb, eggs at 14 1/2 Yen each, sugar about 35, and beans at 55. It is amusing to see the Jap sentry coming in to find a certain officer, or man, laying his rifle aside, and acting towards his man as though he were a long lost brother.

We heard last evening that President Roosevelt has just died in the U.S.A. We hope it is not true. If it is, our Hong Kong News will give us particulars about his death, successor, etc.

We have our chapel taken over by officers from adjoining camp. Now we shall likely use the hut next to this one.

This morning Lt D'Avignon gave me an egg and I fried it with bread. For lunch I will fry my extra chow fan, from last night, with a few onions. I toasted some beans this morning, and will grind them this afternoon. We eat the powder over our morning rice.

Planes have been over often this week, and as I write now, they are over, and comments are being passed about what they are after, as well as about the big raids of Jan. 15, 16, 17. We all agree that we do not desire a repetition of those raids.

Our last service was held in our chapel last evening. We opened it on Easter Monday, April 10, 1944, and I held this last service on April 12, 1945. We enjoyed every service and we trust much good was accomplished.

Monday, April 23. St. George's Day. Four years ago today I took the "Swartout" around to Vancouver, and after visiting Major Jackson, donned my uniform. Memories crowd in today. Services as usual yesterday. Barnett at Holy Communion, myself at 1100hrs - "The last breakfast", Davies at 6.15pm.

Rumour has it today that all Canadian officers move from this camp to the officers' adjoining camp, within the next day or so. We shall wait and see. We are interested now in the coming San Francisco conference, and hope that shortly after, the war will end. According to the Hong Kong News, Germany should be out of the fight soon.

Saturday, April 28. During the week it was leaned that a number of officers would transfer from the men's Shamshuipo camp to the officers' camp adjoining. Padre Strong R. N. and I were listed as padres, while Davies and Barnett were kept in the men's camp. Because Davies and Barnett are Church of England, we thought it better if I would remain, so as soon as Barnett knew that he was to remain, he went and saw Major Boon - Liaison Officer - and asked for change. His reply was that the C in C had said that officially there was no church in the camp, as from this week, so there would be no change, although he would make necessary representations. I saw him later and received the same answer, so yesterday about fifty of us - Canadians and Imperials (37 Canadians) - came to this camp. We just put our beds up last evening, and packed in for the night. I had used a semi-spring bed in the other camp, but now own a cast-iron bed, and felt it very uncomfortable, but will get accustomed to it soon.

New rules and regulations - to us - govern this camp. For instance; Meals - 7.30am tea; 8.30 breakfast; 1100 tea; 1230 tiffin; 3pm tea; 4.30 supper, and 7pm tea. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, breakfast - porridge; tiffin - rice and greens; supper - porridge. On Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday; breakfast - porridge; tiffin - rice and greens; supper - plain boiled rice.

Already I have met many of the officers who were with us at North Pt Camp in 42, as well as all of our own officers, who had come to this camp nearly a year ago. It is very interesting comparing notes, asking and hearing questions, and answers. I was sorry, in many respects, to leave the other camp, but since this will be a decided change, and in some respects, an improvement, I am content.

The consensus of opinion is that it will not be for many months, as Germany is losing in Europe, and the Yankees are determined to win here. Weights are being checked today, and compared with that of a year ago. Last May I weighed 128 lbs. Today I weigh 138 lbs.

Monday, April 30. Spent a quiet day yesterday. Bennett conducted a Communion service at 9am with Strong assisting. Bennett led the evening worship and spoke on "Mark the perfect man and -".

We are now getting settled and have much more room than in other camp huts. I have been renewing North Pt acquaintances, and making new ones. Each evening after muster, I like to have a walk with some other officer. We do not find the petty things here, and so should be much happier than in the other camp.

Monday, May 7. On May 3rd I was delighted with card from Mom saying that letters had been received, and all are well at home. On the same date heard of Hitler's death in Berlin, and yesterday learned through the Hong Kong News, of the surrender of German armies in all parts of Europe, to the Allies. This means that at last the European war is over. What joy must there be throughout all nations because of this. We had been expecting this for the past weeks. Very few signs of jubilation were evident in our camp, but each man expressed thankfulness and hoped that Japan would soon realise her inability to cope with the situation out here, and ask for terms. We should be able to decide within the next few days whether we shall be prisoners for a few more weeks, or prepare for months longer in incarceration.

Yesterday morning a service of Holy Communion was conducted by Strong. I was to take the evening service, but because of rain and the condition of the hall - floor flooded - we postponed it until this evening. It is raining very hard now but may clear during the day.

We have been experimenting with rice and bean flour cakes - 1 egg, 1 spoonful Doma milk powder, peanut oil, salt and sugar added. Excellent job for this life, but I don't think Florence would like it very much, although Grayson and I would perhaps enjoy it, especially if we were camping out. I am looking forward to spending a few days with him away in the bush, and doing our own cooking. Either this or a good hiking tour. Which would you prefer, son?

Yesterday's service was held in the church - concert hall - this evening. I wore Bennett's gown - the first time since made a captive - I spoke of "More than Conquerors".

Monday, May 14. During the past week I saw Dr. Strong on the 9th, for check up, and on the following day, saw Dr. Evans about my eyes. Since then I have been given injections of nicotine and thymine, with eye baths and eye drops daily. I report again after one week. I am enjoying the change from the other camp, and have met many interesting people. I have

been asked to give a lecture on my work on the West Coast of Vancouver Island. I will give it in three separate huts, on 23rd, 25th, and 29th.

On Sunday next - Whitsunday - we have arranged for four services. Holy Communion at 7am (Strong). Holy Communion at 8.30am (myself). A Scottish Presbyterian full Communion at 1200hrs (I have been asked to give the address), and evening service at 6.15pm. (Bennett).

Wednesday, May 16. A very interesting detail came to our huts this evening. The C. in C. visited the camp yesterday and was in a very bad mood, hence the interesting detail following: -

"General discussion re Col. T's inspection. While fully retaining their attitude of loyalty to Col. T, the O.C. admitted that he was not in the best of tempers that afternoon, and said that although we had had a battle, it was nothing to what he and the sergeant had gotten after. C.C. stated "We know the war is nearly over but we cannot get H.Q. to agree".

Since coming to this camp most of us have been doing one kind of work or another. Major Templar came and asked if I would work with him and a few others in the shoe repair shop, as a stitcher. I was amused as I had never used a cobbler's tools before, but was willing to try, and so began work by putting a couple of patches on a fellow's shoes. It was not difficult after a word of instruction. Since then I have mended five other pairs, and am enjoying the two hours work each day.

Tuesday, May 21. On Sunday the 20th (Whitsunday) services as follows: - Holy Communion 7.15am - Strong; 8.15am - myself; 1200hrs I shared with Bennett in Scottish Communion service - I gave the sermon on Psalm 23. Evening service, Church of England with Strong in charge. Bennett gave address on "It filled the house where they were". 120 communicants during the day.

Planes are over each night now, and rumour has it that Kyoushu is being attacked. During the week Major H. Hook was taken to hospital suffering from Spinal Meningitis, and since then, the hospital, hut 8 where he lived, and certain camp areas, have been isolated. The Major has improved. A camp bulletin as to state of his condition is read daily.

Visited Dr. Strachan today for re-check. Still on nicotine and thyamin. Committees have been slated to prepare reports on life with the camp, as well as during fight, for the past years. Deloughrey and I are on the cemetery and chaplains committee.

Monday, May 28. My birthday - Stan's on Friday last, the 25th. Naturally home is very much in my thoughts today, and I can imagine many pleasant things happening if I could

have been home for our birthdays. Never mind, Stan, we shall celebrate anyway, whenever I get home. Wrote a card to A.J. today. Hope it reaches Newfoundland.

During the past week I gave two lectures on my work along the West Coast of Vancouver Island. Have been asked to give it in hut 2 tomorrow night.

The isolation ban is lifted today so will be able to visit hospital and hut 8 again. Lord Merthyr just brought in a pair of shoes for repair, so must get busy. Rumours last night about our heaviest raid over Japan. Call of special Japanese cabinet session, and Okinawa finished. News about ninety divisions crack Chinese soldiers, officered by 3000 Americans, near Canton - about 180 miles from there. Himmler suicide while in Allies' hands.

Concert held on Saturday night. We had great fun dramatising high lights in world news. Geo Porteous took part of Eisenhower, and I that of Donetz. We were all dressed up for the occasion. I wore Admiral's uniform.

Monday, June 4. Services as usual yesterday. 7am Holy Communion, Bennett (69 present). I led evening worship at 6pm and spoke on "Standing in the Gap", Ezekiel 22:30.

Distribution of white sugar (6 oz), oil (11 oz), Soya sauce (8 oz), - month's issue. We tomatoes every day (8 oz), from the prison camp garden, and learn that enough will be forthcoming until the end of June. They surely make a difference to at least one meal a day. Blackwood and I serve meals this week. Cigarettes cost Yen 14 for ten, so few are being smoked now.

I am still getting nicotine and thiamin for my eyes. Had a field test last Thursday. My left eye is useless now, and my right one is very poor. I have difficulty in reading notes after writing them. Perhaps good food and special treatment will restore them.

Major Hook is still very sick and had a poor day today. Dr. Strachan told me that he now has Malaria as an additional illness. Slapping has been the general rule in the camp of late, due to disobeying (?) of orders, etc. Have given my lecture again, and have had many men speak to me of it since.

Thursday, June 7. Found a ten inch worm in my stool on Tuesday so am to go to hospital today for treatment. Will be there - I hope - until tomorrow evening. I am being starved today. While the meals aren't very palatable, still I feel hungry now. Breakfast - porridge; tiffin - rice and greens; supper - plain rice (6oz each meal).

Friday, June 15. Left hospital on Friday last, but came in again on Sunday with Malaria Fever. For the first four days I was very sick, but am much better now. Rapid pulse, and a

slight temperature is all I feel now, but this is from the treatment, which I trust will be effective. Major Hugh Williams (H.K.V.D.C.) and I mess together. He is a real fellow, and I am glad his name is Williams. He fusses over me as over a long lost brother. We are able to send a casserole (tin can) to the kitchen, for steaming. I just prepared a broth of a few beans, tomatoes, from cap garden, onions (40 Yen per lb), a spoonful of soya bean sauce, and a very small drop of oil. I will have that for supper, with rice. Breakfast consisted of porridge and salt; lunch, rice and greens.

There are upwards of 40 officers in hospital today. Many of us are suffering from malaria. My next bed patient is Capt. J. Rodrigues, a Portuguese. He is very jolly and interesting. My family photograph is on my box table, and has been admired by many. We had a draw last evening for a parcel remnant. I drew a shirt, a razor blade, a pipe, and 4 cigarettes - all from left over Canadian parcels. I hope the exchange the pipe for food or clothing. It is worth 100 Yen, the shirt 150 Yen, razor blade 3 Yen. Around the hospital men are preparing their tins for the steamery.

The weather is warm and our dress is a Fan-du-shi (band between the legs and a string around the waist). Some wear a hanky around the neck, so we are a fine looking bunch. This is also worn by most in camp now. No shirt, and no shoes or stockings. They must be saved for cooler weather. Some are very thin, and all of us display our ribs.

I was fortunate yesterday in drawing for a message of 130 words home.

"Grateful to report that I am still keeping well. Co-operative church services regularly conducted. Varied camp activities appreciated and enjoyed. Your letters and pictures delightful. Hope you are well and taking care of yourselves. Planning for trip East with you. Know children doing well at school and music and sharing pleasures of your new home. Have you been able to finance my pension and insurance, as well as household, school, and other demands? You are always in my prayerful thoughts. Am strengthened by assurance of your love, kindness of your friends, and especially Stanley's constant loyalty and care. Keep smiling and don't worry. Regards to all friends and relatives. Deepest love for the dearest of wives and lovely children".
This message was to Mom.

Friday, June 22. Have been giving a great deal of attention of late about my future. I plan to go down to the sea, have my brothers and John Pennell come from Newfoundland, and Williamson and Colvin, with Chinese cooks, as part crew. Added will be one capable St. John Ambulance man, Mom, and myself. In addition to a sick bay we will always carry sick walking as paying guests. Could easily have twenty. Added to this we carry stores for sale - groceries, provisions, dry goods, boots, rubbers, oilskins, gramophones, radios, typewriters, wines (non-intoxicant), ice cream, chocolate bars, etc., Rep. Insurance Co., and newspapers. Have Florence, if she is finished school, as secretary, otherwise Chinese. Two

cadets from Naval College as paying for training. The vessel should cost about 50,000 complete. Furnished free of charge. Goods, collateral, should pay for running expenses. I see it as a long felt need. Uniform for crew, suit like officers of Navy uniform - blue and white with gold cross as collar badge, and crown and anchor on cap - gold band - wide for self, 2 for captain, 1 1/2 mate, 1 boatswain. Crew blue with 3 buttons on cuff as Chief P. O.

Am still in hospital. Have been on awful tablets and have lost appetite. Weight about 130 lbs. Major Harry Hook very very ill.

Plan to change my name to "Hugh Creighton William Laite", because of confusion. Fleet of cars and ambulance attached. Name "Smiling Through". Asking Princess Margaret Rose to be Patron, and for a donation. Wages should be self - \$300, Captain - 200, Chief Officer - 200, next - 175, Engineer - 175, Crew - 100, Cooks - 50, Florence - 50, 1st oiler - 75.

June 28. I am leaving hospital today and I am feeling very much better, but have lost considerable weight. I am still thinking of my future prospects and ship. My new idea is to consult leading hospital authorities and doctors, as well as business men, government officials, etc., before keel laid. Then cater particularly to convalescent patients recommended by doctors. They will bring certificate of illness. Have a graduate nurse in charge, instead of St. John Ambulance man. One who would be a good dietician. Cruise North on inside waters, and South along West Coast of Vancouver Island. If can accommodate 75 patients per month it will pay. Pre-natal clinics held on board at every port of call. Serve guests the best food procurable. Minimum price to pay should be about \$3.00 per day, or \$90.00 per month, \$50.00 for 2 weeks, \$27.50 for week.

July 8. On Sunday last was able to attend services, but unable to conduct one. Strong led the morning Communion, and Bennett the evening worship. During the first six days after leaving hospital suffered excruciating pain in my stomach and bowels, and the doctors had no treatment for it. Lack of medical supplies again, but Ralph Sisson brought me some stomach powders, which, after two days, gave me some relief. Later I was given a dose of Castor Oil which helped, so far the past two days I have been nearly normal, and feel much better. My weight is now about 128 pounds - a long way from 185.

Wednesday last - 3rd - was Grayson's 16th birthday. What a handsome boy he must be by now. I long to see him. I wonder if Mom and Florence gave him something as from me. No news in camp these days, and we are very impatient and restless, wondering how much longer this East war will take. Have a feeling that forces and material are being brought over here for a final assault on Japanese mainland.

July 11. Weighed today. Down to 129 lbs. Have been thinking of home today, and in my mind has been cold chicken, salad rolls, fruit, and ice cream. What a feed! but here we

had rice porridge - rice and pumpkin seed - for lunch, greens and rice, and for supper, plain rice. I made a pudding of porridge, rice, a spoonful of bean powder, a small drop of peanut oil, and some salt. We have no tea, except at 7am, but today D'Avignon found some tea, and I boiled a kettle of water, and about six of us enjoyed a cup of brew.

Thinking of fireside chats monthly on new Field at home. Shall read up then on Alaskan Highway, Salmon fishing in B.C., Gold mining in B.C., Red Cross work in B.C. - with the three latter I am familiar - and my own work and experiences. No news these days, and time passes slowly.

July 16. Services on Sunday - Myself at Holy Communion - 61 present. Scottish Communion at 1200hrs - 49 present. In the evening Strong spoke on "Humility".

Fuel shortage in camp and may be reduced to two meals of rice per day. Meals not at all palatable now. Beans 115 Yen per lb, sugar Y145, salt Y25. Had a very interesting walk and talk with Major Hook last night about coming to B.C. and having as hobby - bees and honey. Had another chat with Lt Com. Stevenson re Channel Islands, and Heraldry.

July 27. We have been served a few (3) small fish during the week. today we get some pork gravy with our noon day greens. Morning and evening meals are the same for the next few days - porridge of rice, bran, and beans.

Services on Sunday as usual - my free day - Strong at Holy Communion, and Bennett at evensong.

Had a very interesting hour on Sunday evening with Lord Merthyr, Capt Campbell, and Major Herridge, about Vancouver Island and vicinity. I had a map of the Island with me, which made the hour and chat more interesting. Lt Wood of the H.K.V.R.N.R. has been to see me about his going to Canada. His friend Paul is in Vancouver now. I am making a list of officers whose relatives are around Vancouver and Victoria, and hope to contact them on arrival.

Tom Blackwood and I serve meals this week. We finish today. Everyone talking and dreaming of home. Often a voice is heard in the night - "When do we go home" or "I want to go home". Dreams of home and loved ones. Jamy Gilbert's cat will have kittens soon. Much interest is shown in her, and we see that she feeds.

Have sold two blankets and received 750 Yen for them - poor quality - with it I can purchase 4 lbs of beans or salt fish - salt 25.60 lb, matches Y8, Mesa Y80 per lb, peanuts Y130 per lb, fish Y125, beans Y150 per lb.

Wonder if children are working this summer, and how much cash Mom has saved. Longing to see them all, and take Mom a trip East, maybe by bus across U.S.A.

Monday, July 30. Services as usual yesterday. Holy Communion at 8am (Bennett). I spoke at 6pm on "Pathways to God".

Report has it that we received our last meat on Saturday. We may get fish instead - but what fish! The meat was a great change even though it was only once a week - about 5 or 6 ozs. If the fish is fresh it will be O.K. Meals are the same as in my last note.

Lts Danderdale, Languedoc, Power, and Blane, are now in hospital. The bugs are giving everyone a great deal of trouble at night. They seem to be everywhere. They crawl under night clothes and crawl all over one's body. We catch them and crush them between thumb and finger, or in the garment. They smell to high heaven. Since they bite the fatter ones, many of us are free from bites. They get in every crevice of table, bed, or stool, in the walls on which clothes are hung, and around dish box. They exasperate one almost to distraction.

Wednesday, August 1, 1945. We are all counting on the end of hostilities to be realised this month. It will mean home in September. I have spent all morning in cleaning my bed of bugs. I began with the iron bed and washed it in a strong solution of boiling water and lye. Then I took all the bed clothes outside and spread them on the hot cement block. Later I gave them all a good shaking. There must have been hundreds of them. I am also hanging my shirt, shorts, etc., on the line, so for a night I may be free of the pests. They have never been so plentiful at any time since we came to camp, as now.

Many of us are working on our reports. I hope to finish mine this week.

Wednesday, August 8. Holy Communion service on Sunday morning - 60 present. No evening service because of rain. The service was held last evening in a hut set apart for concerts and services in wet weather. Strong conducted it, and in the name of his church (Church of England) received 8 officers into membership by confirmation. He spoke from Moffatt's translation "Ye are a colony of Heaven".

Weighed today. Still 129 lbs, but feel greatly improved. Have been busy with my report lately, but hope to finish it this week.

August 15. Twenty-one years ago today Sally and I were married. It has been a wonderful road with her as my daily companion. I know that I am in her thoughts today, as she and our lovely children are in mine.

Last evening we had a roll of toilet paper sent in by our hosts for each man - a three

months issue. Today we had pork and chicken - puzzle to find the pork and chicken - with our greens and rice.

There are many rumours about Japan's surrender. Let's hope they become realities. However everyone is hopeful and very optimistic, and many who have little iron rations stored away are getting them out and having an extra for dinner or lunch. Prices are high. For instance we get 85 Yen per month, but a tin of syrup would cost us ten months wages, 1 box of matches, 1 week's wage, and a package of smokes about the same, salt 50 Yen per lb.

On Sunday last Strong held Holy Communion at 0800hrs, and Bennett preached in the evening on "They that wait upon the Lord".

I am now working on a comprehensive report for my church, and am finding much help from men representing the different types of Hong Kong life, and already I have articles of merit on yachting, the floating population, newspapers, Hong Kong old and new, and an excellent article on our Thanksgiving service after the fall of Germany. My own report for the O.C. is ready. I have read it to our own O/C who complimented me on it. Capt. R.W.P. came to me last evening and said that on our way back he wants my church office address, as he wants to write them about my work during the fight.

Monday, August 20. On the 16th we received an authentic report about the surrender of Japan, and the destruction caused by the atomic bomb. Since then we had interesting days. It was with interest that we watched our O.C. Lt Col. White hand over the parade to Lt Col. Field at 0800hrs, and with Commander Wornell of the R.N. meet Wada, our C.C., and demand an audience. It was granted, and later we heard the report that Japan had surrendered.

See note about thanksgiving service, hoisting of colors, etc., and services of yesterday with over 100 at Holy Communion alone. Strong led in the morning, Bennett held a Scotch Communion at 1145, and Davies and I conducted evening service, and I held a Communion service at the close. Later a concert was held outside the hall.

Broadcasts were coming in at 7pm, 9pm, and 10pm. News about Japanese delegates reaching Manila, etc. Many of our officers are away to Stanley today, to see relatives. We await their return with interest. I sent word to Nurse Leslie of Queen Mary Hospital staff, enquiring for my little Chinese nurse Ruth Caswell (or Lou). I also sent Yen 100.

Thursday, August 23. News broadcasts daily which we are glad to receive. We learn of the Japanese surrender, occupation of Japanese mainland, etc. Now we hear that a relieving force is headed for Hong Kong. We expect them within the next few days. The local C in C has assured us of European food, but to date we are still getting rice and greens for our meals, and now our stomachs are reacting against such stuff. I suppose it is largely due to

our nervous condition. Everyone is keyed up to a very high pitch. If they do not give us good food today at noon, our senior officers are making other arrangements for good food so the situation may be changed with the next few days.

I have been ill with a cold for the past few days, and have been in a good sweat. I am feeling much better today. Rumour has it that we are to be taken to Manila before going home. We do know that we will get proper treatment before going home, as we are now - a bunch of scarecrows.

I still weigh 128 1/2 lbs.

